

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1888.

No. 36

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Adams, M. D., 211 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ACADIAN

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment in advance is required.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited.

The name of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably be a company, and must be written in full, with full signature.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages of the publisher, and continue to send the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

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For Halifax and Windsor close at 6:50 a. m.

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Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturdays at 12 noon.

A. W. Bass, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. H. Higney, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Fredk. Fitzgerald, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next at 9 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday each month at 11 o'clock p. m. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION of T. M. Society every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meet every Saturday evening in their Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Breeds and French (such as) Jersey, Guernsey, Ayrshire, and other breeds of Cattle, Sheep, and Pigs. Also, a large stock of Hens, Turkeys, and other fowls. Also, a large stock of Hens, Turkeys, and other fowls. Also, a large stock of Hens, Turkeys, and other fowls.

Select Poetry.

THE COUNTRY EDITOR'S WIFE.

You have heard of the country editor's life With its care and worry and doubt, Of the shabby gentles of his society, Of his diamond pins, and his calm repose, His happiness, money and gout.

But say, have you heard of the editor's wife? Of this silent co-partner, who, With a blending of sentiment, beauty and skill, With temperate knowledge, with tact and will, The whole of his labors can do?

It is she who embroiders the garments worn By the editor's hard old chair, Now dressed with cushions, soft and neat, And trimmed up with tidies and ribbons sweet, Which once was so poor and so bare.

If the editor's sick, or away, or behind, In need of more hands and more haste, She directs his wrappers so they can be read, And writes his leaders right out of her head, And willingly makes his paste.

She reads the magazine papers and books, As the editor sits softly rocks; While the editor sits in his easy chair, With his fingers thrust in his tangled hair, She quietly mends his socks.

Then she reads the ads, with the editor, Just to find what each has paid. "But the column ad, of the jeweler there," So he says, "and the harness, and human hair, Must be taken out in trade!"

She wears the corsets he gets for ads, And mends his shirts, and his neckties, and his ties, She sews the buttons, and she mends his shirts, The country subletter, so faithfully brings, With a cheerfulness seldom seen.

But her life is so full of merry delight, Has one dark cloud, a tickle to dress and shawl, To lecture, and negro minstrelsy, She can't see his railroad pass!

When time hangs heavy on his hands, She regulates the hours away, With jokes and laughter, music and song, And pleasant talk, and true ripples along The whole of each leisure day.

Oh, who would exchange his sweet content, This simple and trusting life, For that of a queen of royal birth! For the happy editor's wife!

—New York Sun.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

DORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

DORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

DISHOP, E. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors, Iron Paper, Hardware, Crochery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

BLACKBENDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALLIWEEL & MURRAY.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GIL. OBE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GOLDFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner, and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweler.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MANTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

SAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Pumps.

SHAW, J. M.—Basher and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE,

CONVEYANCER,

INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFFVILLE N. S.

Campbell's

Cathartic

Compound

It cures Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Acid Stomach, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Constipation of the Bowels, and all the ailments which result from a disordered state of the system. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and may be used by the young, the old, the weak, and the delicate. It is sold by all the leading druggists and chemists.

live. Tell them.

"Oh, Mr. Martin, when is papa coming back?"

"My child," said the minister, "your father will not come back, but you shall one day go to him. Not yet, but in God's time. A little while ago I was with him."

He looked around on the group.

"We were alone. He knelt beside me, and prayed as a child might. When we parted this is what he said:

"May God raise up friends for my little Ruth! Poor little Ruth!"

"God has answered his prayer. Mrs. Chalmers, get the child's hat and such clothes as she may have. I will take her home with me, and keep her there."

"She ought to be very thankful, I'm sure, sir," said Mrs. Chalmers with a very red face; "for otherwise as she has no kin, she'd go to the poor-house; and little Andy shall bring the clothes to your house after her. It's not much of a parcel, though I have cut up two whole gowns to make her apron, and given her a cape of my little Sally's to keep her warm."

The minister's good, kind wife welcomed the child heartily, and under their roof she grew to be healthy and strong and pretty; her principles were formed, her faults corrected. She was at sixteen a fine and well-mannered young girl as could be seen in a year's journey.

She loved her adopted father and mother, and honored them, and she was friendly and kind to all. But malice and ignorance are never to be trusted, and although the best people in Henchville called Ruth a lovely girl, the people were always speaking to each other of the fact that her father was hung, and taught the story to the younger ones, with the additional prospect that such folks' children never came to good—that the minister would be sorry some day, and that Ruth Godney would not turn out well in the end.

Unconscious of this, good Mrs. Martin often sent the young girl to the low quarter of the town with glasses of jelly or loaves of nice bread for the poor old women, a little tea and sugar, and with a charge to read a chapter before she came back.

Ruth Godney accomplished her task, but sometimes with repugnance. More than once cruel things were said to her, and once when she was reading to old Army Markham, who had a drunken son and a miserable pinny grandson who was not quite full-witted, the latter glanced on the floor before her, calling out:

"Your father was hung, and you'll come to be hung too, Miss Ruth. Everybody says so."

Mrs. Chalmers, the very person who had said so, boxed the boy's ears and said something apologetic; but Ruth was too angry to stay; she went home forgetting to give old Army Markham her medicine, and her flushed face and red eyes attracted the minister's attention. The good man could not explain it, so Ruth was questioned. She told the truth.

"I knew my poor father met with that shameful death," she said, "but certainly, even if I have been guilty, it was not my fault. I have heard spiteful things before, but this time it made me furious; oh! so furious. I hated the child—I hated Mrs. Chalmers; I could have killed them both. Oh, yes, I was angry enough for that. And I came away with the chapter half finished, and I forgot to leave the powder—forgot until I was halfway home. Then I would not go back; I will never go back there again."

"My child," said the minister, "the first thing a Christian should do is to forgive his enemies. You are a professing Christian; you must set an example. Go to your room and pray for power to do this."

"And then," said Mrs. Martin, "go back to the poor old woman's house, read her chapter through, and give her her medicine. Think how much evil speech Jesus bore and was his life lowered."

Ruth went to her room. When she returned to the study her adopted mother again advised her to go back to old Army Markham.

"I'll do it," said Ruth, "I'll do it with her, and Ruth put it in a little basket on her arm.

As Ruth passed out of the gate, the old servant ran after her.

"Please, Miss Ruth, be you going past the hard-are man's?" she asked.

"Yes, Phoebe," said Ruth.

"Then won't you leave my bread-knife to be sharpened?" said Phoebe; "it's getting dull."

Ruth nodded, and took the knife in her basket and departed. She was gone a long while. The tea-table was set, and the old minister put on his hat and declared that he would go and meet her. The street seemed very quiet; he did not meet the usual people standing about, but at last he saw them all gathered together, in a portion of the road that divided the lower town from the "heights."

On the "heights" lived the geanty; down in the "hollow" lay the poorer dwellings. A bit of road lay under a great rock, over a bridge which crossed a stream which made their boundary line. Here was a crowd, and Ruth Godney in the midst of it.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, when she saw him; and he hurried to her and took her hand.

"Don't tremble so, my dear," he said. "What does this mean?"

It was Mrs. Chalmers who said: "It means that the girl who calls you papa, the daughter of John Godney, that we all know was hanged, has followed him to the gate of the gallows."

And now Mr. Martin saw lying on the ground a little dead boy covered with blood, staring upward with terrible eyes.

"Who is it?" he cried. What does this mean?"

"It is my poor little grandson that she has killed for telling her truth," shrieked Aunty Markham.

Uttering a shriek, the old woman fell down on her face in a sort of fit.

"Papa," cried Ruth, "oh, papa, I came down the road to cross the bridge and there under the bushes I saw poor little Sam lying dead."

"I shrieked, and my basket fell out of my hand. I held by the rail of the bridge and everything was black before me."

"Then Mrs. Markham came, and other people. They said I killed Sam, I—oh, papa!"

"They are all mad, my child," said he. The constable appeared upon the scene and took the young girl in custody.

The trial came and Ruth was declared guilty.

She lay in prison. The dreadful day drew near. But she was strangely calm.

Her adopted parents believed her word, and she asked no more.

"I was afraid," she used to say, "that you might come to think I killed the poor little boy. But I was wicked to feel so—you were always so good."

Mrs. Martin never left the prison, but was with the girl day and night. Mr. Martin came often. Their hearts were all in broken.

"Papa," Ruth said, "I have my own comfort out of this; I believe my own father was innocent, too, and when I meet him in heaven I shall be glad. You see any one can be hung who is innocent, if I must be."

On the morning the dreadful end would come.

Mr. Martin walked out of the prison door with his head bent down, but as he would have passed the prison door the jailer stopped him.

"There's a man inside dying," he said. "The policeman shot him in self-defense. He wants to see you (the minister, you know); he's got a confession to make."

"Mr. Martin turned slowly back, and went with a heavy heart into the prison again. The wounded man lay on a cot. He had been taken in the act of burglary, and his breath was fast leaving him.

"You don't know me, person," he gasped. "You used to years ago. I am Ruth Markham, Grand Markham's son, and father of little Sam who was killed. I killed Sam myself. He was a trouble-some, half-witted brat, and he came in my way when I was going to do a good trick—pick a pocket, if you must know—and called 'Daddy.' I kicked him, but he followed me to the

A Plea for the English Sparrow.

Even the kind-hearted John Barroughs has given a reluctant assent to the popular verdict against the English Sparrow. But a popular outcry is not always well founded. The very pugnacious, often greedy little bird has such a host of enemies that it is only rarely to be seen in the city.

Not going too far, and whether or not the sparrow is a wholly bad bird.

Some years ago I lived in a town in Western New York, not far from Rochester. In my garden was a fine peach-tree, full of blossoms. As I lived in the outskirts of the town, a sparrow by that time seldom had been seen in the garden.

One day a neighbor not two blocks away said to me, "The English sparrows are destroying all the peach-blossoms. Smith and his boys are shooting all that come in his yard. But I won't fight the birds. As I can afford it, I prefer to buy my peaches."

"Smith and his boys" saved the blossoms, but got barely fifty peaches from a dozen trees and those were mostly too wormy to be used. My tree, untouched by the "blossom destroyers," had less than a dozen peaches and they were wormy; while the friend who allowed the English sparrows to work their own sweet will had about a half-bushel of fair-checked, fall-sized, beautiful peaches.

At the time when the blossoms were covering the trees, I had a newspaper controversy (through a Geneva journal) with a Rochester fruit-grower on this same subject. For I had examined hundreds of blossoms and found the germ of some insect in most of them. I insisted then, and still do insist, that the sparrows destroyed only such blossoms as not only would have destroyed the fruit for that year, but for many subsequent years. There are portions of Illinois in which farmers are unable to raise wheat on account of the insect known as weevil. But a great outcry is made that the English sparrow destroys wheat! How many have made an examination of wheat to tell positively whether the wheat was sound or not? Now, sons of farmers, you may help settle the question. It is not an unknighly deed to defend the character of an unpopular bird.

Put down in a clear space one peck of sound wheat; then ten feet away put down one peck of wheat that is full of weevil; then stand back and wait and just notice what the sparrows do.

I believe that you will find that invariably the diseased wheat will be eaten first. If the birds are very hungry they may eat towards the good wheat. But even boys eat as long as they are hungry.

For centuries the crow, too, has been shot at, destroyed and abused by men; and to-day how few know—or will believe the good that crows do in agriculture. I refuse to let anyone disturb crows when they settle on my newly-planted corn-fields, and my neighbors, planted in Southern Maryland, have to repent far more than I do. I do not dispute that the crows take some toll for destroying the out-crops; but I think them entitled to as many as they take.

I took a neighbor through his own corn-field and offered him a dollar for every ear of corn (not yet fully ripe) which had been partially eaten by the crows, but which did not show traces of the out-crow. He could not find one from which the crow had not first taken the worm. In no case could a seed ear be found that had been disturbed by the crows. Still the same man continues to shoot the crows.

Entomology and ornithology, in their practical application, are branches of agriculture, and there is need of much post-graduate study in the gardens and lawns in the school.—L. J. Atwater, in April Wild Avian.

A Boy Needs a Trade.

What about a boy who does not take up with a trade or profession? Look around you and the question is speedily answered. He must cast his hook into any sort of pond, and take such fish as may easily be caught. He is a sort of tramp. He may work in a brick-yard to-day, and in the harvest-field to-morrow. He does the drudgery and gets the pay of the drudge. His wages are so small that he finds it impossible to lay up a dollar, and a fortnight of idleness will see him dead broke.

The other night I saw a man dragging himself wearily along, carrying a pack on his shoulders. "Tired, John?"

"More than any horse in Detroit." "What do you work at?" "I am a digger. Sometimes I work for gas companies, but often for plumbers."

"God wages?" "So good that my family never has had enough to eat, let alone buying decent clothes. If it were not for my wife and children I'd wish me for a street-car to run over me."

"Because nobody had interest enough to argue and reason with me. I might have had a good trade and earned good wages, but here I am working hard for \$8 or \$9 a week that many a man does to earn \$18."

And now, my boy, if men tell you that the trades are crowded, and that so many carpenters, and blacksmiths, and painters, and shoemakers, and other trades, keep wages down, pay no attention to such talk. Compare the wages of common and skilled workmen. Take the trades which you seem fitted for. Begin with the determination to learn it thoroughly, and to become an expert workman in the shop. Don't be satisfied to skin along from one week to another without being discharged, but make your services so valuable by being a thorough workman that your employer cannot afford to let you go.—Free Press.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT DISCOVERY TRY IT

A recent scientific discovery, really the most important since the discovery of fire, has been made by the chemists of the St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co. They have discovered a new and powerful germicide, which will destroy all germs of disease, and which is perfectly safe for use on the skin. This discovery has led to the invention of a new soap, which is called "Surprise Soap." This soap is made of the finest materials, and is of a pure white color. It is perfectly safe for use on the skin, and will destroy all germs of disease. It is the best soap in the world, and is the only soap that will destroy all germs of disease. It is the only soap that is perfectly safe for use on the skin. It is the only soap that is made of the finest materials. It is the only soap that is of a pure white color. It is the only soap that is perfectly safe for use on the skin. It is the only soap that will destroy all germs of disease. It is the only soap that is perfectly safe for use on the skin. 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