

THE ACADIAN AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1888.

No. 17.

Vol. VIII.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as a safe and reliable medicine for all ailments of Infants, Children, and the Sickly. It is a safe and reliable medicine for all ailments of Infants, Children, and the Sickly. It is a safe and reliable medicine for all ailments of Infants, Children, and the Sickly.

THE ACADIAN.

Published on Friday at the office WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS: \$1.00 Per Annum. (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 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.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the copy, unless, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

Attention is called to the fact that any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until the payment is made, and collect 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 unclaimed, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mail is made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a. m.
Express west close at 10.35 a. m.
Express east close at 11.10 p. m.
Kentville close at 11.15 p. m.
Geo. V. Rank, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
A. de W. Barnes, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m.; Pastor's Bible Class & Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m.; Prayer meeting, Thurs. day evening at 7.30 p. m.; Mission Hall Services—Sunday School at 2.30 p. m., followed by Service at 3.30 p. m.; Prayer Meeting, Friday evening at 7.30 p. m.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. D. W. Johnson and G. P. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Horton. By John's Church, Wolfville. Services: Sunday 3 p. m.; H. C. on the 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a. m.; Thursday (during Advent and Lent), 3 p. m.; By James Church, Kentville. Services: 8 Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; H. C. on the 2d Sunday in the month at 8 a. m., on the 4th Sunday at 11 a. m.; Wednesday 7.30 p. m. Strangers provided with seats by the Wardens, or other members of the Vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Rector. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. E. S. Crawley and R. F. Masters and S. E. Hue, Wardens of St. James Church.

By FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. P. M. Daly, P. M.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

AGADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors, Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc.

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

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

CALDWELL & 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.

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

GODFREY, 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 Jeweller.

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.

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.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

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 settled 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.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC. Also General Agent for FIRE and Life Insurance.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

Campbell's Cathartic Compound

It cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, Acid Stomach, Disruption of Continence, Sick Headache, Constipation of Bowels, Piles, Hemorrhoids, and all the ailments of the Digestive System. It is a safe and reliable medicine for all ailments of the Digestive System.

Select Poetry.

Alone.

I miss you, my darling, my darling,
The embers burn low on the hearth;
And still is the air of the household,
And hushed is the voice of its mirth;
The rain plashes fast on the terrace,
The wind past the lattice moan;
The midnight chiming out from the minister,
And I am alone.

I want you, my darling, my darling,
I am tired with care and with fret;
I would nestle in silence beside you,
And all but your presence forgot;
In the hush of the happiness given,
To those who through trusting have grown
To the fullness of love in contentment;
But I am alone.

I call you, my darling, my darling!
My voice echoes back on the heart;
I stretch my arms to you in longing,
And, lo! they fall empty apart.
I whisper the sweet words you taught me,
The words that we only have known,
Till the blank of the dumb air is bitter,
For I am alone.

I need you, my darling, my darling!
With its yearning my very heart aches;
The load that divides us weighs harder;
I shrink from the jar that it makes.
Old sorrows rise up to beset me;
I whisper the words you taught me,
Oh, come through the darkness and save me,
For I am alone.

—Robert J. Burdette.

Brave Words for Canada.

SPOKEN IN SYRACUSE, N. Y., BY A CANADIAN DOCTOR.

Dr. Beer tells some plain truths in a good natured way.

At the banquet of the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th districts dental societies of the state of New York, held in Syracuse recently, when 250 members from all parts of the state attended, including many ladies, several judges and clergymen, Drs. Willmott, Cesar, Roberts and Shelgrove, of Toronto, and Dr. Beers, of Montreal, were present. I am able, through the courtesy of R. L. Spearman, shorthand reporter, to send you Dr. Beers' reply to the strangely-worded toast, "Professional Annexation." Dr. Beers spoke as follows:

Mr. Chairman, ladies, and gentlemen,—I must confess to a good deal of embarrassment in replying to a toast which is intended to be both professional and political, but I have been specially asked to do so by the chairman, and if I should offend any one, as I must say exactly what I think, I can only offer to settle on the spot by inviting you, as the boys say, to "come out in the alley!" I have neither the presumption nor the vanity to imagine that I am able to do justice to the personal or professional courtesies which Dr. Jonathan has always bestowed upon his Canadian friends, as well as to the magnificent ignorance—sometimes ill-natured—which Senator Jonathan has recently lavished upon his Canadian foes. But I can assure you that not even the professional liars who supply the New York Herald with Canadian news, or the wily politicians who eat forked lightning for breakfast and dine on dynamite for dinner; not even the insane maniacs of men, who hate Canada as they hate Cyprus, because it belongs to Britain; not even this can lessen the admiration Canadians have for the many noble and generous traits of character which belong to their American cousins. I am sure, I speak, too, for my brethren from loyal Toronto, when I say that we have too often been under professional obligations to the kind nature of the cousin we still, from custom, call "brother," not to know that, however we differ politically, you respect our national convictions as you wish your own respected; and that as you choose to hit at us hard, you have enough of English fair play to take a drubbing back and to allow the possibility of Canadians loving and defending the fame and good name of the Dominion quite as much as you love and defend that of your republic. No one more than loyal Americans would despise the poltroon who carries his patriotism in his pocket; the disloyalty of the political parasite who would make patriotism a house of cards, and dollars the chief end of a people; intriguers who hiss out secession or annexation when they fail to get their political crimes or crochets enshrined; men whose hunger for notoriety and power is a fever of their ex-

istence. I am sure that you could have nothing but contempt for any free people who measure their allegiance purely by commercial standards, and who, fearing to face the difficulties, would meet every nation, turn peddlers instead of protectors of their national birthright. Just as you had and have your croakers and cowards, we have ours; but, Mr. Chairman, Canada is not for sale! There have been prophets like Goldwin Smith since the days of Elizabeth who had predicted England's decline within their time, but all the colonial greatness of England has been developed since the days of Elizabeth. We have, as you have, bitter partisans in the press and in politics who delight to foul their own nest, who revel in the rain that destroys the crops, and who sincerely believe they can change the climate if they could change the government. We have a few of those wisecracks of society who assume to possess a monopoly of foresight, and who, like Caius Caligula, think the world would have been better made could they have been consulted. But these people no more represent the convictions of Canadians than O'Donovan Rossa or your fire-eating politicians and papers represent those of true Americans. I have no desire to hurt anybody's feelings, but I hope I may be allowed to say something to remove the infatuation too prevalent in the States that

CANADA FAVORS ANNEXATION.

Were we to judge you as you judge us—by the vapors of the croakers—what value could we put upon your union, and would we not feel like agreeing with Rossiter Johnson, who in his "Short History of the War of Secession," just published in Boston, thinks he sees in certain Canadian circumstances the threatening elements of a second civil war? For years before the last civil war you had fire-eaters whose arrogance and vanity knew no bounds; who were advised by the Canadian press to study the elements of discord in the South instead of banking for new ones in the North. It was just the same when years before that Georgia and Carolina appealed to arms and defied the general government. Scarcely two threatened disruptions and one terrible civil war in the history of a century could be enough. But last fourth of July I was near enough to the "Reunion of North and South," on the battlefield of Gettysburg, to see the confederates wearing the star and barred badge, with the inscription upon it, "That was the flag of treason in 1861, and it is the flag of treason and rebellion in 1888." I read the protests of General Wagner, General Gobie and the quartermaster general of the grand army of the republic against the glorification and gush of rebels because they had been rebels. I heard an officer boast that Southern privateers destroyed \$500,000,000 of property, and had driven a quarter of a million tons of your shipping to make transfer to the British flag. I heard scores declare that they had not been beaten but starved. Reflecting upon all this, and hearing at this very hour the discordant echoes from that quarter, it strikes me that if senators like Mr. Blaine are sincere in their glissade professions of patriotism, they could find a good deal to monopolize their genius down there in Dixie without meddling in the politics of the future of Canada. Canada mends its own business, and does not worry itself over yours, though you have codded and dry-nursed her enemies, and when she was at peace with you allowed a horde of your citizens to invade her. Frankly, I may say that while I believe Canada

HAS BEEN A FAIR NEIGHBOR,

too often she has not found her cousin one. If for once in the treaty of Washington, remembering Main, Oregon and San Juan, she did not let her diplomatists get the better of her, she felt that she had given you at least a reasonable *quid pro quo*. During the civil war we allowed your armed troops to cross from Detroit to Niagara on Canadian territory on the Great West River rebellion in 1869, your government refused leave to one of our vessels to go up the Sault Ste. Marie canal, and arms and ammunition were transhipped at considerable delay.

When St. Albans raiders, unknown to us, entered your territory from Canada, your government was asked for its bill of damages, and it was paid. When the Alabama claim bill was presented, it was paid so well that, years after every possible claim was settled, your government retains a large balance which should have been refunded to Britain! What about the damage done to Canada in Canada by your citizens during the fenian raids, most of them wearing the uniform of branches of your national troops! Not a cent has been paid. You expect Canada to know that a few quiet and struggling Southerners intended to raid St. Albans; you thought that England should have known that a solitary cruiser intended leaving one of her ports to prey upon your commerce. But what a splendid display of reciprocal consistency, that thousands of armed men should openly muster and drill in your chief cities for months before; openly occupy your border towns and villages, and attempt to invade us, and your government comparatively oblivious! In the face of these facts, it is not easy to swallow the statements or believe in the honesty of public men who talk of the exactions and encroachments of a people of 6,000,000 upon a people of 60,000,000.

CANADA CANNOT BE COERCED

or forced into union with such examples of political hypocrisy. There was a time, twenty years ago, when we were discontented provinces; when Canada proper contained only 370,488 square miles; when we had few railways; when stagnation seemed to mark us; when we had no winter outlet of our own to the sea; when our great Northwest was a great unpopulated. Even then annexation was unpopular. There had not been enough accomplished then by Canadian statesmen to make their rivals envious, and your own statesmen did not dream that we could build a railway to connect the maritime and the old provinces, or with a population of only 6,000,000, we would dare to span the continent with another, a work not accomplished by the states until they had 50,000,000. But can you be deceived into the belief that confederated Canada is now for sale, when since confederation twenty years ago, our revenue or consolidated fund has immensely increased; when our shipping and its tonnage has more than doubled; young Canada standing fifth on the list of nations; having more vessels than old France, Spain, Italy or Russia; when the assets of our chartered banks, the value of our imports, the extent of our exports, tell a story of our marvelous progress; when, instead of about 2,000 miles of railway in 1867, we have now over 14,000, giving us a greater length of mileage than any other part of the empire, excepting the United Kingdom and India; when the Canada Pacific railway has established a line of steamers between Vancouver and Hong Kong and Japan, and our great Canadian line has become of imperial importance; when we have developed our inexhaustible fisheries, thanks to your abrogation of the reciprocity treaty, so that we have 75,000 hardy men sailing our vessels and otherwise engaged in the business, and for 1887 we value those fisheries at \$20,000,000! Can you wonder that annexation, as a serious subject has received its doom, and that in spite of the intoxication of senatorial conceit on the one side, and the croaking of malcontents and political tramps on the other, Canada is loyal to the mother country, from whose stout old loins both of us sprang? Confederated Canada, respected Canada, loyal Canada, progressive Canada is a personal and political insult to the sore-headed parties, who opposed confederation, and who would welcome

ANNEXATION TO TURKEY OR RUSSIA,

we are neighbors, or rejoice even at annihilation rather than live the agonizing life of seeing their prospects and predictions destroyed. There were millions of your own citizens glad to do their worst to dismember your union; there were thousands who gave their lives to wreck the republic that their own state interests might be promoted. Yet when a few obscure

oranks in Canada declare in favor of annexation, you think they speak the sentiment of a sober people who do not find it necessary to indulge in the spectacular or the rhetorical that you may see and hear the truth. You choose to ignore the treason of many a Southern newspaper to-day as you did twenty-five years ago, and you exalt as gospel the partisans of the Canadian press, who are incapable of telling the truth.

PERSONALLY AND PROFESSIONALLY,

I am sure any dentist who visits you forgets he is not an American, and I am sure we try to make Americans coming to Canada forget they are not Canadians. You have big and hospitable hearts that were intended for hospitality and not for quarrel. Personally and even commercially we can find so many points of common agreement that we should overlook the few where we must agree to differ. Politically, I realize I am a foreigner here the moment I cross the line. I am at home when I am at Liverpool, at Glasgow, at Dublin, at Bermuda, New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, New Guinea, Jamaica, Barbadoes or Trinidad. Politically, I have a share in, and am proud of, the glorious old flag which waves over New Zealand, Australia, Gibraltar, Malta, Hong Kong, West Africa, Ceylon, St. Helena, Natal, British Honduras, Dominica, the Bahamas, Grenada, Barbadoes, India, England is an old and apt master in annexation. Since she lost the thirteen colonies here she has annexed colonies far greater in area and population, of far more value to her than if they were joined to her three kingdoms, while Spain, Portugal, Holland, and France have lost theirs, and there is little or nothing left for any other nation to annex. I need no other political passport to the rights of a British subject, and the citizen of a great realm, comprising sixty-five territories and islands than my Canadian birthright. I do not measure my national boundary from the Atlantic to the Pacific, but from the Pacific to the Caribbean Sea.

UNDER THE REIGN OF VICTORIA

no Canadian need be ashamed to belong to an empire which embraces a fifth of the habitable globe, and to know that his own Dominion forms nearly a half of the whole; an empire five times as large as that which was under Darius; four times the size of that under ancient Rome; sixteen times greater than France; forty times greater than United Germany; three times larger than the United States; Australia alone nearly as big as the States; India nearly a million and a quarter of square miles; Canada, 600,000 square miles larger than the States without Alaska! An empire nearly 9,000,000 of square miles, with a population of 301,000,000. Sharers in such a realm; heirs to such vast and varied privileges, Canadians are not for sale. Political annexation must then remain a bug-a-boo for disappointed politicians on our side to play with, and a bubble for certain senators on this side to blow to decay their innocent fanatics at home. But there is an annexation we favor, that of brotherly friendship and political good-will. You have 54,000,000 the start of us. Are you the Goliath afraid of Canada as a political David? Canada has been a good neighbor. When Lincoln and Garfield died, the Dominion was in mourning. Whenever any of your men-of-war come into our ports, the citizens rejoice, and give the men the hospitality of the cities. There are constant reciprocity treaties being made every day in the year between us at the altar of Hymen. At many of our banquets the toast to the President follows that to the Queen. At most of our public gatherings your flag entwines ours. From most of our pulpits prayers are offered for your ruler as well as ours. That is the sort of alliance we do more than you to promote. We want, too, fair commercial reciprocity, but we shall not take commercial union for it, or bend our necks or our knees for either. Whatever besides, we can both be loyal to our own political countries; we can both be fair, even to our own national and natural prejudices, and while Canadians may neighborly pray "God bless

the republic" may you not in a friendly a spirit reciprocate with "God Save the Queen"?

One spring morning a farmer went into his stable to harness up his horse for plowing, when he perceived that the animal was dead.

"This," said the farmer, gazing at the dead horse, "is what I call unlimited gall. I'd like to be a horse myself under these circumstances. All winter long the miserable brute does nothing but eat, and when spring time comes, gentle Annie, when there is work to be done, he just pegs out."

"Let us be of good cheer," says Lowell, "remembering that the misfortunes hardest to bear are those that never happen."

The simple faith of a little child is the world's truest homage.

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT
The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N.S.

THE WEEKLY EMPIRE

Canada's Leading Paper.
THREE MONTHS FREE
FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$1.
Now is the time to subscribe.
Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a ceaseless tickling in the throat, and an exhausting, dry, hacking cough, afflict the sufferer. Sleep is banished, and great prostration follows. This disease is also attended with Hoarseness, and sometimes Loss of Voice. It is liable to become chronic, involve the lungs, and terminate fatally. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral affords speedy relief and cures in cases of Bronchitis, and induces refreshing sleep.

Without Relief,

I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It helped me immediately, and effected a speedy cure.—G. Stovall, M. D., Carrollton, Miss.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is decidedly the best remedy, within my knowledge, for chronic Bronchitis, and all lung diseases.—M. A. Rust, M. D., South Paris, Me.

I was attacked, last winter, with a severe cold, which, from exposure, grew worse and finally settled on my lungs. By night events I was reduced almost to a skeleton. My cough was incessant, and I frequently spit blood. My physician told me to give up business, or I would not live a month. After taking various remedies without relief, I was finally

Cured By Using

two bottles of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. I am now in perfect health, and able to resume business, after having been pronounced incurable by Consumption.—S. F. Henderson, Sausalito, Penn.
Five years I was in a decline. I had weak lungs, and suffered from Bronchitis and Catarrh. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral restored me to health, and I have been for a long time comparatively vigorous. In case of a sudden cold I always resort to the Pectoral, and find speedy relief.—Edward E. Curtis, Rutland, Vt.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Bronchitis. The physician attending me became fearful that the disease would terminate in Pneumonia. After trying various medicines, without benefit, he finally prescribed Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved me at once. I continued to take this medicine a short time, and was cured.—Ernest Collins, Loganport, Ind.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$6.

Prepared in Canada.