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VOL. I.

"How to the Time, Let the Chips fall where they May."

J. E. BIGNET, Editor & Proprietor.

ACADIA MINES, N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1886.

NO. 53

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SPRING, 1886!

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Poetry.

DEEDS NOT WORDS.

BY CHARLES SWAIN. If words could satisfy the heart, The heart might find less care? But words, like summer birds, depart, And leave but empty air!

A little said—and truly said— Can deeper joy impart? That's hosts of words which reach the head, But never touch the heart!

If words could satisfy the heart, The heart might hold a truce; But words, when summoned to the test— Oft satisfy the least!

The Farm-Boy.

My son do not smile derisively at the farm-boy, toiling contentedly yonder by the wayside. He is not attired as trimly as you are; nay, his trousers lag at the knees and hang on him loosely by one suspender, his hat is less shapely than it was week before last, and his boots are coarse and roomy, but some years hence you may be down at Washington, begging his influence to help you get a little \$1,000 post office.

And the farm boy may not write as prettily as you do, but, in the near future his plain, every-day signature may draw a great deal better than your beautiful autograph, at the bank.

No, my son, the farm-boy does not begin his letter with "Dear Sir," and he does not leave his victuals unattended and fade away to a shadow because he cannot have a single-barrelled eye-glass to his back.

The farm-boy is not familiar with the lap of luxury and in his working clothes he does resemble a fragile hot-house flower, but he is full of grit, my son, and is not getting much more than his board and clothes for his labor just now, a silver dollar may seem almost as big as a cart wheel to him, but he is storing up experience that is better than gold—fine, all-wool experience full two yards wide—experience that will pull him through places in which you may get mired in spite of your college education and highly cultured legs.

I know that you can walk all around that uncouth farm-boy, my shapely son, for he has not had time to educate his feet so that they might not get tangled up with each other in the mud, many whirl; but if you don't keep your eyes open and the inside works of your head busy, he will be likely to walk so far ahead of you on the race-course of success that you won't see his coat-tails after the end of the first quarter.

Oh no, the farm-boy hasn't much time to read, but I do not doubt but that he uses well the little time he has. His life is not sedentary. He has a great deal of exercise in the open air. His father is a very lively old man. He works like a barrel of new cider, and when his resonant voice is heard thundering through his ancestral halls at 4 a. m. there is a general resurrection on the premises.

At noon our merry farm-boy comes in with an appetite like a sausage-machine, and after he has swallowed his dinner his father invites him out under the early harvest apple tree to turn the grindstone while he is resting his back. The energetic old farmer can always find something for the farm-boy to do while he is resting his back at noon, and he generally finds it. In the evening the tired farm-boy reads his few books, and is thus soaking in valuable information in small but effective doses, whilst you, my beautiful son, are forgetting a large part of that knowledge which cost me a very

high price. Mayhap, it does not seem so valuable to you because I paid for it.

But you are not such a bad boy, after all is said, and I am not finding fault with you at all. I merely suggest in a gentle sort of way that you should not smile derisively at the toiling farm-boy.

Look about you, my son, among the successful men in every calling. A large majority of them were once toiling farm-boys who absorbed book knowledge out of business hours; and there are not many hours which are not business hours on the farm, my son.

The farm-boy early learns the value of time. He can't help but learn that, and he learns it so hard that he never forgets it. If he leaves the old farm to satisfy a swelling ambition you will most likely soon find him on one of the front seats of the symposium. And whenever you do find him, my son, in the editorial chair, in the White House at Washington, in the Halls of Congress, Governor of his native or adopted State, an eminent professional man, at the head of some great commercial or manufacturing firm or corporation, you will find him knowing the value of time and making use of the large and varied stock of priceless experience he soaked in on the old back country farm.

How to Avoid Scars.

Scars are always unsightly, says the Springfield Republic, and are often painful or inconvenient on account of their propensity to contract as they become older. Dr. Ward, of New York, asserts that they may be removed by manipulation, which he describes as employed as follows: Place ends of two or three fingers on a scar if it be small, and on margin if it be large, and vibrate the surface on the tissues beneath. The surface itself is not to be subjected to any friction; all the motion must be between integument and the deeper parts. Location of the vibratory motion should be changed 10 or 15 seconds until the whole scar has been treated, if it be of moderate size. If the scar be result of a large scald or burn, the margin should only be treated at first; advances toward the centre should be deferred until nutrition of the margin had been decidedly improved. Only a little treatment should be applied to any one spot at same time, but vibrations should be repeated as many as 20 times a day, but never with sufficient frequency or severity to cause pain. If the scar becomes irritable, suspend treatment until it subsides. In course of two or three weeks of faithful treatment the surface of scars of moderate size becomes more movable, and will begin to form new wrinkles like new skin when pressed from side to side. All these changes are due to improved nutrition, consequent on better blood circulation—the development of entirely new sets of bloods in the clercial tissue.

Two Hundred Millions. Mr. Vanderbilt was worth \$200,000,000. If we say that he was worth \$500,000,000 or \$1,000,000,000, do we get a perceptibly different impression about the bulk of his fortune? To the average mind the conception of enormous wealth is much the same whether it be reckoned in hundreds or thousands of millions. Let us try describe Vanderbilt's fortune in terms of length, square and cubic measurement and of weight. If \$200,000,000 were in silver dollars it would present such features as this:—Put lengthwise, dollar after dollar, it would stretch a distance of 4,672 miles, making a silver streak from New York across the ocean to Liverpool. Piled up, dollar upon dollar, it would reach a height of 355 acres. Laid flat on the ground the dollars would cover a space of nearly 60 acres. The weight of this mass of silver would be 7,190

tons. To transport it, would require 358 cars carrying 20 tons each and making a train just 2 1/2 miles long. Ordinary grades it would require 12 locomotives to haul this train. On roads of steep grades and sharp curves, 15 or 20 locomotives would be needed. In one dollar bills this \$200,000,000 fortune would assume such shapes as this:—The bills stretched lengthwise would extend 23,674 miles, or nearly the circumference of the earth at the equator. Piled up one on another, close as leaves in a book, they would reach a height of 12 miles. Spread out on the ground they would cover 746 acres. A safe deposit vault to contain these bills would require to be 23 feet long, 22 feet wide, and 20 feet high.—N. Y. Times.

NEWSPAPER MEN'S TRIALS.

A SERMON ON THE PRESS BY REV. DR. TALMAGE. BROOKLYN, N. Y., April 11.—Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached before a vast congregation this morning. The opening hymn begins:— Before Jehovah's awful throne Ye nations bow with sacred joy! After expounding passages in reference to the spread of knowledge all over the world the eloquent speaker announced his text, Zechariah v. 1, "Behold a flying roll!" Dr. Talmage said:— This winged sheet of the text had on it a prophet. The flying roll today is the newspaper. In calculating the influence that affect society you can no more afford to ignore it than you can ignore the noon-day sun or the Atlantic Ocean. It is high time that I preach a sermon expressing my appreciation of what the newspaper press has done and is doing. No man, living or dead, is or has been so indebted to it as I am, for it gives me perpetual audience in every city, town, and neighborhood of Christendom, and I take this opportunity before God and this people to thank the editors and publishers, and compositors and typesetters the world over, and I give fair notice that I shall take every opportunity of enlarging this field. I have said again and again to the officers of this church, whoever else are crowded, DON'T LET THE REPORTERS BE CROWDED. Each responsible and intelligent reporter is ten or fifteen churches built on to this church. Ninety-five per cent. of the newspapers are now my friends, and do me full justice and more than justice, and the other five of the hundred are such notorious liars that nobody believes them. It was in self-defence that sixteen years ago I employed an official stenographer to take notes of the appalling misrepresentations of myself and church. From that things have miraculously changed, until now it is just as appalling in the marvellous opportunity opened. The newspaper is the greatest force of the nineteenth century. There is no force compared with it. It looks, pulp, platform, forum all in one. And there is not an interest—religious, literary, commercial, scientific, agricultural, or mechanical—that is not within its grasp. All our churches, and schools, and colleges, and asylums, and art galleries feel the quaking of the printing press. In the United States the people would not average one such book a year for each individual! Whence, then, this intelligence—this capacity to talk about all these, secular and religious—this acquaintance with science and art—this power to appreciate the fortunes of the grand? Next to the Bible, the newspaper—swift-winged and everywhere present, flying over the fences, shoved under the door, tossed into the counting-house, laid on the work-bench, RAWLED THROUGH THE CARS! All read it, white and black, German, Irishman, Swiss, Spaniard, American, old and young, good and bad, sick and well, before breakfast and after tea, Monday morning, Saturday night, Sunday, and week day. I now declare that I consider the newspaper the grand agency by which the gospel is to be preached, crime extirpated, the world raised, Heaven rejoiced, and God glorified. In the clanking of the printing press, as the sheets fly out, I hear the voice of the beautiful and the terrible, of all the dead nations of the earth. "Lazarus come forth!" and to the retreating surges of darkness, "Let there be light!" In many of our city newspapers, professing no more than secular information, there have appeared during the past few years some of the grandest appeals in behalf of religion, and some of the most effective interpretations of God's government among the nations. There are only TWO KINDS OF NEWSPAPERS—the one good, very good, the other bad, very bad. A newspaper may be started with an unadvised character, but after it has been going on for years, everybody finds out just what it is, and it is very good, or it is very bad. The one paper is the embodiment of news, the ally of elevated taste, the delectation of the elevated, the mightiest agency on earth for good, a brigand amid moral forces, it is a belier of reputation, it is the right arm of death and hell, it is the mightiest agency in the universe for making the world worse and battling the cause of God. The one angel of intelligence and mercy, the other a friend of darkness. Between this archangel and this fury is to be fought the great battle which is to decide the fate of the world. If you have any doubt as to which is to be the victor, ask the prophecies, ask God; the chief lattices with which He would vindicate the right, and thunder down the

SKILLED WORKMEN.

Some follow a trade for years without becoming proficient in it, while other men acquire the aptitude of experts in two or three years after passing their apprenticeship. It is evident that the qualifications of skilled workmen do not necessarily come from a long term of shop practice. The skilled workman, it will be observed, exercises his brains as well as his hands. The man who acquires a skill superior to that of his fellow workmen and commands better wages is the man who thinks. While the take-it-easy mechanic, whose ambition it is to put in a certain number of hours each day and get away from the shop, is bothering the foreman for instructions in over-coming some difficulty, his thinking fellow-worker contrives a plan of his own and accomplishes the desired object. The demand is for mechanics who think, not only in the shop but out of it—those who probe outside sources of information in order to advance themselves in those qualifications which are sure to command recognition. Here the question arises whether mechanics are hired to think as well as to perform manual labor. Some act upon the supposition that hand work is all they are required to furnish. This class of workmen make no progress.—Ex.

In his Lenten sermon Dr. D. Costa, in New York, said that allowing the total population to stand at 50 millions, and the proportion of Episcopal population to be only three per cent. their proportion of the nation's tobacco bill, which was \$600,000,000 a year, would be \$18,000,000 against \$15,000,000 for bread and \$9,000,000 for meat. This amounted to \$49,314 a day for the Episcopalians' share of tobacco. This for 40 days would amount to nearly \$2,000,000. For several years, he said, the Church had been trying to raise a mission fund of \$1,000,000. Now, here was a chance to raise \$2,000,000 by Easter Sunday. Cut off the tobacco for Lent and it will be done. He would not say that Episcopalians consumed their share of the nation's drink bill, which is \$900,000,000 per annum, but if they did, that would add \$73,971 a day, which, for 40 days, would make \$2,958,844—both making nearly \$5,000,000 in Lent! Just now missionary secretaries are quite active sending circulars to Sunday Schools, advising boys and girls to save their pennies for missions, and they write feigningly out of their atmosphere of tobacco smoke, which costs more than the nation's bread. Until the elders could make a better Lenten exhibit they had better leave off advising children to go without milk and honey. Do not, said he, let us make a farce of Lent and render religion ridiculous.

"I have no patience," said Rev. Joseph Cook recently, "with the low white's mouth disease of chewing tobacco. I must say that if I had a dog which was addicted to chewing tobacco and expectorating or to smoke miscellaneously, I would shoot him."

ARMAGEDDON OF THE NATIONS.

is not to be fought with swords, but with steel pens; not with bullets, but with type; not with cannon, but with Hoe's ten-cylinder presses; and the Sunmets, and the Moultries, and the Pulsaks, and the Gibraltarers of that conflict will be the editorial and reportorial rooms of our great newspaper establishments. Men of the press, under God you are to decide the human race shall be saved or lost. God has put a more stupendous responsibility upon you than upon any other class of persons. What long strides your profession has made in influence and power since the day when Peter Shaffer invented cast metal type, and because two books were found just alike they were ascribed to the work of the devil; and books were printed on strips of bamboo; and Rev. Jesse Glover originated

THE FIRST AMERICAN PRINTING PRESS; and the Common Council of New York, in solemn resolution, offered \$40 to any printer who would come there and live, and when the Speaker of the House of Parliament in England pronounced with indignation that the public prints had recognized some of their doings, until in this day when we have in this country about five hundred skilled phonographers, and above five thousand newspapers printing, in one year, one billion five hundred million copies.—The press and the telegraph have gone down into the same great harvest field to reap, and the telegraph says to the newspaper, "I'll take while you bind," and the iron teeth of the telegraph are set down at one end of the harvest field and drawn clean across, and the newspaper gathers up the sheaves, setting down one sheaf on the breakfast table in the shape of a morning newspaper, and putting down another sheaf on the table in the shape of an evening newspaper; and that man who neither reads nor takes a newspaper would be a curiosity. What vast progress since the day when Cardinal Wolsey declared that either the printing press must go down or the Church of God must go down, to this time, when the

PRINTING PRESS AND THE FELICITY are in contemnation; and that the Sabbath day may preach the Gospel to five hundred people, while on Monday morning, through the secular journals, they may preach that Gospel to millions. Notwithstanding all this, that you have gained in position and influence, men of the press, how many of you sympathize with the cause of a year? Not ten. How many sermons of practical helpfulness for your profession are preached during the twelve months? Not one. How many words of exhortation and denunciation, and hypercritical do you get in that same length of time? About ten thousand. If you are a typesetter, and get the type in the wrong case, the foreman storms at you. If you are a foreman, and cannot surmount the inevitable, and get the "forms" ready at just the time, the publisher denounces you. If you are a publisher, and make mismanagement, then, the owners of the party will behold on you for lack of divided.

IF YOU ARE AN EDITOR, and you announce an unpopular sentiment, all the pens of Christendom are flung at you. If you are a reporter you shall be held responsible for the indelicacy of public speakers, and for the blunders of typesetters, and for the fact that you cannot work quite so well as the flickering gas-light and after midnight as you do in the noonday. If you are a proof-reader, upon you shall come the united wrath of editor, reporter and reader, because you do not properly arrange the periods and the semicolons and the exclamation points, and the asterisks. Plenty of abuse for you, but no sympathy. Having been in a position where I could see these things going on from year to year, I have thought that this morning I would preach a sermon on the trials of the newspaper profession, praying that God may bless the sermon to all those to whom this message may come, and leading those not in the profession to more kindly and lenient bearing toward those who are.

One of the great trials of this newspaper profession is the fact that they are compelled to see more of the trials of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day by day, go the weaknesses of the world, the vanities that want to be pulled, the revenges that want to be wreaked, all the mistakes that want to be corrected, all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent, all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns in order to save the tax of the advertising column, all the men who want to be set right who never were right, all the cross-bred philosophers, with story as long as their hair, and as gloomy as their finger-nails, in mourning because of a bereft of soap; all the itinerant bross who come to stay five minutes and stop an hour. From the editorial and reportorial rooms all the follies and slanders of the world are seen day by day, and the