

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VIII

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1888.

No. 13.

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for Infants and Children.

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### THE ACADIAN.

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### Select Poetry.

Conscience at Death.

Trembling and wretched, rich yet poor,  
A grey-haired woman was nearing death  
Fast;  
Troubled by sins she thought buried  
Haunted by ghosts of the wicked past.

'Twas a moment's work—her deed of sin,  
'Twas only a parchment rent in twain;  
And the knowledge was locked her heart  
Within—  
That a sister held another's domain.

Years had been born, and years had died,  
Friends and kindred had passed away;  
She had drifted out and in with the tide,  
And dying alone, she lay to day.

Money in plenty, friends and ease,  
She gained by her sinful and selfish deed,  
But a brother wandered o'er distant seas,  
Far from home, through a sister's greed.

Freedom from inward censure she found  
When lifelike young and friends were gay;  
At her dying bed sad thoughts abound,  
For conscience though drugged will wake some day.

We may buy release with fashion's life,  
Stifling the cries of our utmost soul,  
But our body, wearied with constant strife,  
Will waken and loze when near life's goal.

And the deeds of the past will come and creep,  
And close around, as we gasping lie;  
For money and pleasure can rock them  
To sleep,  
But they'll wake and haunt us before we die.

### Interesting Story.

Bonnie Jeanie.

In the latter part of the last century, in the beautiful city of Edinburgh, lived Sir Douglas Russell. Sir Douglas had wood and wood-bonnie Jeanie Ludlow, and was as happy as a man could well be until one unfortunate day some slight difference arising between the lovers, Jeanie, who though a sweet lassie, had a temper of her own, threw her betrothal ring at Sir Douglas' feet, and declared that she would never—no, never—wed such a cruel, hard-hearted monster.

After which she flew to her own chamber, there to cry her pretty eyes out.

As for Sir Douglas, he left the house and straightway sought his handsome, haughty kinswoman, Margaret Lindsay, who had long loved him secretly, and who, when he told her that everything was at an end between himself and Jeanie, and asked her, Margaret, to become his wife, accepted him at once.

At Sir Douglas' desire, the preparations for the wedding were hastened, and before three months had passed, Margaret Lindsay was Margaret Russell.

Poor Jeanie. She laughed as much as if not more than formerly and was the gayest of the gay, but oh, how her heart ached.

Once Margaret's husband, Sir Douglas tried to forget Jeanie, and was a kind, devoted husband; but try as he might, at times his thoughts would turn to his one-time sweetheart.

A year passed and Lady Margaret was a mother. Her child was a fine healthy boy, and Sir Douglas was very proud of his heir. But into the mother's heart there crept little by little, a feeling of jealous dislike for her child; she thought her husband loved the child better than he did herself, and the latter feeling grew until she hated with a bitter hatred her offspring.

When the child was three months old he was put out to nurse, with a woman living in a country town not far from Edinburgh, and the mother and father went frequently to visit him. One day on a visit to the child, by some mischance Lady Margaret was left alone with him. Looking at him she thought, "Yes, soon you will be home again, and then your father will be kind of nothing but you; I, his wife, will take the second place, de-throned by you."

Then came a blacker thought; if he were to die then he would not come between her husband and herself. Ah! Lady Margaret, pause ere it be too late, ere those white hands are stained with blood, the blood of your innocent child. A murderer at heart, it is an easy step to become a murderer in deed. So it was with Lady Margaret. Like the generality of women (even in those olden days) she carried pins in her garments, and hor-

rible and incredible as it seems, she took a pin from a dress, and deliberately stuck it in the head of her child. Instantly piercing screams were heard. The nurse and Sir Douglas rushed in to find the child in spasms. Lady Margaret insisted on being taken home at once, "as she knew nothing about children, and would only be in the way."

Sir Douglas accompanied her home, stopping at a physician's and returning as soon as he had seen his wife safe at their own door.

In the meantime the nurse, poor soul, tried her best to pacify the child, but could not quiet him; on the doctor's arrival they tried to discover the cause of the strange attack, and just as Sir Douglas arrived the doctor had found the pin still sticking in the child's head.

Now whether Lady Margaret had thought to escape detection, or whether she had hoped to return later and remove the pin before it was seen, must ever remain a mystery, but it is probable that in her desire for the child's death, she had not considered the chance of the danger.

The nurse and Sir Douglas knew at once that it must have been Lady Margaret who committed the awful deed, as no one else had been alone with the child. Imagine Sir Douglas' feelings when he knew his wife was the murderer of their child. He sank into a chair.

"My God," he moaned, "my wife Margaret has killed my child!"

From the physician's grave face he saw it was impossible for the baby to live. The doctor's horror on hearing the wild words of his lordship was great.

"Sir Douglas," he said, "you do not know what you are saying; it is impossible that Lady Margaret could have done such a deed."

But the nurse shook her head and said, "Lady Margaret was alone with the bairn and no other."

The child expired in frightful agony, and Sir Douglas with a stern white face went home to his wife. She was in her own chamber, one of the servants told him. He went to her room, and found her with a book she had seized when she heard his step on the stairs.

"Margaret!" She started, looked at his set face, and the guilty eyes dropped. "Our child is dead, and you are his murderer. Why did you do this awful deed? Denial is useless. You were left alone with the boy. No other was with you."

Lady Margaret's ghastly face took on a defiant look. "Yes," she said, "since denial is useless I will tell you why I killed him; I killed him because I hated him, and I hated him because you loved him."

Sir Douglas looked at her. "And this is the woman I call wife," he said, "a murderer." Lady Margaret started at the hideous word, and turned if possible paler than before.

"But," Sir Douglas continued, "I must remember that you have been my wife, and I will do all that lies in my power to save you from the punishment of your crime, but from this day forth you are no wife of mine."

He turned to leave the room. "Douglas, Douglas," she wailed, "do not leave me so I did it for love of you. You loved him best, and I could not bear it." She fell on her knees at his feet, and clasped her arms around him. He bowed her hands, lifted her to her feet, and pushed her from him.

"Your touch is pollution," he said, "never touch me again," and quitted the room.

For an instant Lady Margaret stood where he had left her, then a hard bitter look came over her face, and from that day, until the day she was hung, she was calm and cold, admitting nothing, denying nothing. For she was hung, though her husband did all he could, but the whole country side was aroused by such a deed of cruelty, and he could not save her. She never had been a favorite with the people; her proud haughty temper had never won her friends. And so on a cool clear day in the autumn Lady Margaret Russell was "hung by the neck."

Two years have passed. Jeanie Ludlow, bonnie Jeanie still, though a trifle paler and thinner than when we saw her last, stands alone in a shaded woodland dell, on her father's place. It had been a favorite walk with Sir Douglas, and often had they wandered there, and pledged vows to each other, vows all too lightly broken. Jeanie was thinking sadly of that day when she had thrown her betrothal ring at Sir Douglas' feet, and of the sad events that had happened since—events that would have never happened had it not been for her own hasty temper.

Sir Douglas had gone away, none knew where. Suddenly she heard footsteps, and looking up saw him before her. His hair was thickly streaked with gray, but he was a handsome man still, and Jeanie's heart beat quickly.

"Douglas, Sir Douglas," she stammered, "I thought you were away."

"I returned last night," he replied, "and calling at the house was told you were out, and feeling a desire to see my old favorite walk, I came this way. It looks just the same, and you too, Jeanie, are unchanged, bonnie Jeanie still."

The girl's fair face flushed, her soft bright eyes were raised to his. There must have been something in their expression, for Sir Douglas took the small soft hands in his. "Jeanie," he said, through all these years of suffering and pain I have never forgotten you; in my heart I have always called you my Jeanie. I love you, dear, more than I did in that long ago time, and my darling, if you will give yourself to me, if you love me ever so little I will try to make you happy. Is there any hope for me, Jeanie?"

Her lovely face was raised to his. "Douglas, I love you," she said in a low sweet voice.

He clasped her in his arms, and as their lips met all the bitter past was forgotten.

### Schoolboy Struggles.

School has commenced for the winter term, and the schoolboy gathers up his books and slate and copy-book and wanders off to school. You were a schoolboy once yourself, weren't you? But it was a good long while ago and you forget most all about it. You don't seem to recollect all the misery that schoolboys used to go through when you were one, and you don't even stop to wonder if they have to go through the same nowadays. If you do, your heart would lean out in pity towards them. I think, more than it does now. You wouldn't mind their staying home from school once in a while, and you wouldn't blame them so much for playing the very tricks you used to like to do when you used to go to school. Instead, you smother all these boyhood reminiscences and tell them their school-days are the happiest of their lives—just what your father used to tell you,—bless his poor old heart! You know he lied, but he did it for your own good, and you're going to do as much for your boys, if you can't do anything else. People always have done that and they always will, and still boys have grown up and become great men.

There's nothing like the good old-fashioned way. The harder time a boy has the more likely he is to become a great man: a man that's going to go right ahead if the wind is in his face, and going to keep right straight on to the end. We know this is the case. Experience declares it; history verifies it. Our greatest men have had rough times when they were young—when they used to go to school and when their lessons pounded into them with the rod.

Yet, after all, I think there's such a thing as carrying all this too far. I thought so when I was going to school and I haven't changed my opinion about it yet. I remember I thought so the very first day I went. But I wasn't used to going to school very much, and I wasn't so well up in the rules of school decorum as I might have been. A boy sitting with me fished a paper bag out of my desk, in which I'd brought my lunch, and asked me if I'd "bust" it if he'd blow it up. I told him I would, so he blew it up and I "busted" it. It was a small

thing to do—a trivial thing; but it seemed to cause quite a disturbance and attracted the teacher's attention. She came right down upon us "like a wolf on the fold," and refused to enter into any compromise whatever. I have ever since laid it up against her for her action towards us that day!

Yes, the schoolboy nowadays has a hard enough time all right. If he doesn't become a great man, it's his own fault.—*Ben Greene, in Maple Leaf.*

### He Remembered.

Many years ago, Mr Abram Dodge, of Ipswich, Mass., owned a beautiful horse which was the pet of the family. He was admired by all who knew his playfulness and good qualifications. In the summer it was Mr Dodge's habit to have a frolic with his horse in the barnyard, and let him out alone, and he would go to the river, which was about one-third of a mile distant, where he would bathe, then go to a common and roll on the grass, and then start for home; his stable was renovated for him while he was gone, and oats put in his crib. If he met his master he would show some coitish pranks, run for the stable, pull out the wooden pin that fastened the door with his teeth, and run to the manger to find his food. One night the horse was stolen from the stable. After the expiration of sixteen years, Mr Dodge was at the tavern when a man drove a horse up to the door. Mr Dodge at once recognized his horse and told the driver his reason for believing it was his horse; the man told his story of how he bought the horse, and that he owned him for several years. It was finally agreed that if the horse would, on being taken to his stable, go through the habit of bathing, rolling on the grass, and pulling the pin from the stable door, as above described, Mr Dodge should have him. When the horse was let out into his old yard he viewed the premises for a moment, then started for his old bath tub, then to his green towel on the common, then to his old stable, pulled the wooden pin, won for himself a good meal, and his old master his favorite horse. These facts are vouched for by reliable residents of the beautiful, picturesque old town, and show conclusively the long memory of our noble animal.—*Lowell Courier.*

### Blue Sky Somewhere.

Children are eloquent teachers, says a writer in the *Youth's Companion*. Many a lesson which has done our hearts good have we learned from their slipping lips. It was but the other day that another took root in my memory. We were going to a picnic, and of course the little ones had been in ecstasies for several days. But the appointed morning broke with no glad sunshine, no chorus of birds, no peals of mirth. There was every prospect of rain; even Hope hid her face and wept.

"Sha'n't we go?" exclaimed a child of five, with passionate earnestness.

"If it clears off."

"But how shall we know?"

"Oh, look out for the blue sky."

And so he did, poor fellow, but never a bit of blue sky gladdened his eyes.

"Well, I don't care, mother," said he, when the tedious day had at length numbered all its hours. "If I haven't seen it I know there is a blue sky somewhere."

The next morning there was a blue sky, a whole heaven full of it—clear, glorious blue sky, such as after a weary storm.

"There, mother, didn't I tell you so? There is blue sky."

Then the little head drooped for a moment in silent thought.

"Mother," exclaimed the child, when he again looked up, "there must have been blue sky all day yesterday, though I never saw a bit of it, 'cause you see there ain't no place where it could have gone to—God only covered it up with clouds; didn't he?"

So when the sky of your life is dark with clouds of trouble, remember there is always blue sky somewhere and that the clouds will pass away.

### It Costs, But It Pays.

If one would be of real service to others, he must expect to be the suffer-

er by it. There is no such thing as giving out of one's life in effort or sympathy in behalf of those who need it, without feeling the loss of that outlay. An old adage says, "He that burrs most, shines most," which is only another way of saying that "He that shines most, burrs most." And again, in the great epic of Finland, we are reminded that

"When the victory is greatest,  
Do we suffer greatest losses!"

It costs something to help others, or to be true to one's self; and it is worth all that it costs.

### RELIEVED IN ONE NIGHT.

—Mrs. Thomas Fraser, of Fredericton, N. B., says:—

"I suffered great agony with Rheumatic swellings in my knee. Through friend's advice I applied Simon's Liniment and in one night the pain entirely disappeared."

### BEST ON EARTH

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THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

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### Sore Eyes

The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is an evidence that the system has become disordered by Scrofula, for which Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best known remedy.

Scrofula, which produced a painful inflammation in my eyes, caused me much suffering for a number of years. By the advice of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely cured.

My eyes are now in a splendid condition, and I am as well and strong as ever.—*Mrs. William Gage, Concord, N. H.*

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—*C. E. Upton, Nashua, N. H.*

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and consider it a great blood purifier.—*Mrs. C. Phillips, Glover, Vt.*

I suffered for a year with inflammation in my left eye. Three ulcers formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great pain. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

By Taking three bottles of this medicine, my eye was entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—*Kendall T. Hovey, Sugar Tree Hills, Ohio.*

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Scrofulous Sore Eyes. During the last two years she never saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing excised their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—*W. E. Sutterland, Evansville, Shelby City, Ky.*

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six