

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1898.

No. 10.

Vol. VIII.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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THE ACADIAN.

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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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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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.; Tuesday at 7:15; Prayer meeting, Thursday evening at 7:30. Mission Hall Services—Sunday School at 2:30, followed by service at 3:30. Prayer Meeting, Friday evening at 7:30.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. P. C. L. Harris, B.A., Pastor: Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a.m. and 7:40 p.m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p.m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Rev. Isaac Brock, D.D., rector. Services on Sunday next at 11 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday School at 10:4 a.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, A.F. & A.M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p.m. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Horses and French Coach Horses. Breeds and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grand Falls, N.S. Write for Circular. We offer a special inducement to those who will purchase a horse or carriage from us. We guarantee our stock, and we will return the money if you are not satisfied. Write for our terms. Always ready to serve you. Large stock of harnesses. Address: Grand Falls, N.S.

Secret Poetry.

Not Now.

"He that had been possessed with the evil spirit of Satan that he might be the first to strike." St. Mark V. 13.

Not now, my child—a little more rough tossing—
A little longer on the billows' foam—
A few more journeyings in the desert darkness,
And then the sunshine of thy Father's Home!

Not now—for I have wandered in the distance,
And thou must call them in with patient love;
Not now—for I have sleep upon the mountains,
And thou must follow them where'er they rove.

Not now—for I have loved ones sad and weary—
Will thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow—
Will thou not tend them yet a little while?

Not now—for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding,
And thou must teach those widow'd hearts to sing;
Not now—for orphan's tears are thickly falling—
They must be gather'd 'neath some sheltering wing.

Not now—for many a hungry one is pining—
Thy willing hand must be outstretch'd and free;
Thy Father hears the mighty cry of anguish,
And gives his answering messages to thee.

Go with the Name of Jesus to the dying,
And speak that Name in all its living power;
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

One little hour—and then the glorious crowning—
The golden harp strings and the victor's palm—
One little hour—and then the Halle-lu-jah!

It is a long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

Directory

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you 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.

DISHOP, E. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Color Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., 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. FAZANT & 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.

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

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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.

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Boston, Mass., 21st Oct., 1898.—I had Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for curing me of Biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly, A. N. Richardson.

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Interesting Story.

The Pastor of St. Agathy.

In the most remote and unknown parts of one of the French departments, there existed in 1793 a little village of poor peasants under the name and patronage of St. Agathy. It contained about forty houses, which might more properly be called huts for their roofs were composed of reeds and straw, and their walls were a miserable union of woodwork and clay.

There lived here, however, a community distinguished both by simplicity of manners and firmness of religious principles. Its pastor had taken his post here at the age of twenty-five, and had ever since shared the joys and sorrows of his flock, living like themselves in a miserable hut, satisfied with the same meagre fare, and doing his duty in every respect, with that faithful zeal which only a deep and quiet soul can stimulate.

Thus he had spent fifty years, and had won the hearts of all his parishioners who loved and revered him as a father. He had during this time declined all propositions for bettering his position; partly from love of those under his charge, partly from fear that no other pastor would remain long in such a poor parish; and, therefore, he became old on the same spot, amid the same poverty, doing all the good he could in his narrow sphere, for which he felt himself richly rewarded by the child-like love of his little flock.

As the French revolution broke out, the pastor began to fear that neither he nor his flock would be spared from the all-victorious storm.

One day he received orders from the chief of police of the department to swear to what was then called the civil constitution of the clergy, or to give up immediately his post and quit his parish.

The good man was so little acquainted with political matters, that he did not know at first what was required of him; but as a copy of the constitution accompanied the order, he lost no time in studying its contents, and came to the conviction that he could neither acknowledge nor swear to it.

Still less did he think himself bound to obey the orders by leaving the parish. He continued, therefore, to remain at St. Agathy and to perform his clerical offices as if nothing uncommon

had happened, believing himself acting according to his duty and conscience.

Meanwhile, this measure, to which many other clergymen also refused to conform began to create trouble, particularly in the Department of the West. After the authorities had removed many of the opposing clergymen, the discontented parishes, and themselves in a formal alliance, and prepared to defend themselves by arms against all violence. Thus was developed, by degrees, an insurrection, which from a mere spark became a raging flame.

The National Convention, informed of the state of things, ordered a troop to restore tranquility wherever it was disturbed.

Commissioners were appointed with full powers. Such a commissary came to Niort, the chief place of the department in which St. Agathy was situated.

This man was of a cruel nature, and believed himself bound to act with severity against all who resisted. He ordered all insubordinate clergymen to be taken prisoners, putting a price on the head of such as could not be found.

The pastor of St. Agathy could evidently not escape the prescription, and one evening accordingly the news spread, and the next day a company of soldiers was to come from Niort to take him prisoner.

The communal council immediately assembled. Of resistance there could be no question, as it would have been useless. Yet the worthy pastor, whose safety was the subject of universal anxiety, could not be forsaken. It was, therefore, resolved to bring him to a place of safety which had already been found out.

He opened at first, and he would willingly endure whatever Heaven had ordained for him. He suffered himself, however, finally to be led by his faithful parishioners to a coal-hut in the forest where four armed men remained with him, both to prevent him from delivering himself up voluntarily, and to defend him in case of necessity.

The following day eighty soldiers, with two cannon, made their appearance at the village, to get possession of the weak old man.

The leader of the troops made the inhabitants acquainted with the object of his visit, and demanded of them, in the name of law, to deliver their pastor without hesitation.

As the command was not obeyed, the soldiers began a search. They searched every crook and corner of the parsonage, but in vain—broke open the doors of the church, ravaged and desecrated every part of it, but found not what they sought; and finally went again from house to house, but all to no purpose.

The priest of St. Agathy was now declared criminal before the law, and the price of twenty thousand francs set upon his head. The whole village was then set on fire, and amid the desolation they had produced marched forth the soldiers to the sound of the drum and fife.

Towards evening the pastor was informed that the danger was past; but he did not know what price his parishioners had paid for his safety. He returned with those who accompanied him, not to the village of St. Agathy, but to the smoking ruins where it had once been.

No words can express the deep pain he felt as he saw the desolation of the scene, in which the families to whom he had so long administered were gathered in the open air, robbed of their hill. With streaming eyes he reproached his misfortune.

"Would it not have been better to have delivered the old man of three score and ten, who has at the most but a short time to live, and thus have saved the rest?"

They answered him he was the father of the community; and that good children should shun no sacrifice for their father. He rejoined that, such a sacrifice was worthy of equal love, and that he hoped to show them on his part what he was able to do for his children.

Three days after, as the commissary, or Representative of the convention, was in cabinet at Niort, an old bald-headed

man was led before him, supported upon a stick, his shoes covered with dust, and wearing the gown of a priest, sadly and wearily for the wear. The old man approached and said:

"Citizen Representative, you have made known at St. Agathy that twenty thousand francs will be given to him who shall deliver up the head of the pastor of that village. I am ready to earn the price."

Much as the representative was acquainted with the business of men, he was yet astonished at such a proposition from a man who was himself evidently so near his own end.

"Priest," said he, "thou makest me a proposition, which for a man of thy age and profession, must fill me with astonishment."

"Not so much as you think! Do you accept my offer?"

"Who art thou, that thou wilt sell the life of thy fellow-priest?"

"What has that to do with the offer, if I only keep my word? I ask you again, do you accept my offer?"

"I accept it, but may the blood shed fall upon your head!"

"Be it so—you will pay me the sum promised?"

"Thou shalt have it."

"Can you not add something to it?"

"Thou old miser, dost thou not find thyself well enough paid for thy baseness?"

"Well, well, we will let it stand at twenty thousand francs. I have one thing still to remark. You must promise me to let me use the money as I wish."

"As soon as thou hast received thy reward it is thy property, and thou canst do with it what thou wilt."

"I know that; but I have my reasons for being particular on that point."

"Little as I see thy reasons, I give thee my word of honor that no difficulties shall be raised that would affect thee in laying out the money."

"That is enough. I am myself the pastor of St. Agathy, and deliver myself into your hands. Give me now the money."

"You are!" exclaimed the representative, in surprise.

"I am," answered the old man, calmly.

"What do you wish to do with this money? And do you know the punishment that awaits you?"

"I know all that, and your threats are superfluous. Let me now receive the promised sum, and be brought once more to my parishioners of St. Agathy."

"What do you wish to do there?"

"You will learn that. I have performed my promise; now perform yours."

"It shall be done."

The representative ordered twenty thousand francs, in assignats, to be paid over to the old man, who, after putting them in his pocket, repeated his wish to be brought once more to the ruins of his desolate parish.

The inhabitants of St. Agathy had been filled with the greatest uneasiness at the sudden disappearance of their pastor.

As they went to call him one morning to prayer, they found the hut, which they had built in haste for him, empty, and they had sought him everywhere in vain, till, finally, they saw him coming in a wagon, escorted by soldiers.

Old and young rushed to meet him, lifted him from the wagon, surrounded him, and kissed his hands, and the hem of his gown. After the first salutations were over, he addressed them as follows:

"You have been disappointed with me, my dear children, and have thought I had left you without a farewell and without thanks; but it is not so. Friends who have lived together in joy and sorrow for fifty years, do not part thus. I had some business to do at Niort, and, as I feared you would not agree to my journey there, I went without your knowledge. My business is now arranged according to my wish, and I come back to speak a word of confidence with you. To save the life of a weak old man, you have sacrificed all that you possessed. It is my duty to be thankful to you for it, and I bring you, therefore, the means to repair the loss. In this



scarcely visible at the bottom of this fearful abyss, and were we informed that this little streamlet was able to wear off annually only one-tenth of an inch from its rocky bed, what would our conception be of the prodigious length of time that this stream must have taken to excavate the gorge? We should certainly feel startled on finding that the stream had performed this enormous amount of work in something less than a million years.

How Long?

Mammon is a god whose devotees have extinguished humanity and abjured all feeling of the brotherhood of mankind, and among his worshippers are none so cruel as those who make the run traffic the highway to his shrine. "Am I my brother's keeper?" cries each of these modern fratricides. "It isn't my fault if this man drinks. He is old enough to take care of himself." The blood of these poor, weak Abels cries from the grave against their murderer. How long will the people themselves go about with leaden and unheeding ears? How long will this traffic in rum, accursed of God and man, be allowed to burden the earth with woe? How long will the rum power, banded together by selfish greed be allowed to ruin humanity at will, in order that their coffers may be filled with ill-gotten gains? When will men, recognizing the enormity of the evil, cease pruning the branches and lay the axe of public condemnation at the root of the pestiferous tree which fills the land with mourning perpetually? How long will this blood-stained and crime-burdened earth groan under the perpetuation of the evils that come from the rum traffic.—*Toledo Blade.*

"The battle is not always to the strong," said the judge as he awarded the butter premium at a county fair.

Day and Night

During an acute attack of Bronchitis, a coughless 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 cure in cases of Bronchitis. It controls the disposition to cough, and induces refreshing sleep.

I have been a practicing physician for twenty-four years, and, for the past twelve, have suffered from annual attacks of Bronchitis. After exhausting all the usual remedies

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 sweats 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 with Consumption.—S. P. Henderson, Salsburgh, Penn.

For years I was in a decline. I had chronic Bronchitis, 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.—

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25¢ per bottle.