

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1888.

No. 2.

Vol. VIII.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is well adapted to children that are subject to colic, wind, flatulency, or any other ailment of the bowels. It is a safe and pleasant medicine, and is sold in bottles of 10, 25, 50, and 100 doses. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

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 notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

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

Legal Decisions

1. 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 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 uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mails are sent on as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a. m.

Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

Express east close at 5.10 p. m.

Kentville close at 7.15 p. m.

Geo. V. BARR, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. NEW, BARR, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. 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 7.15; 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.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. P. L. Harris, B. A., Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 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, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.15 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 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 Purebred Horses and Breeds of Poultry, Swine, and Cattle. Also, a large stock of Farm Implements, and all kinds of Hardware, Groceries, and other goods. Address: Wolfville, N. S.

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.

DISHOP, B. 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. E.—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.

PATRICK, 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 Tobacconist.

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, if 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.

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, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Sick Headache, Constipation, etc.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists in family medicine every where.

Address: Druggists & Perfumers.

Select Poetry.

TWO VISIONS.

Where close the curving mountains drew,
To clasp the stream in their embrace,
With every outline, curve, and hue
Reflected in its placid face—

The ploughman stopped his team to watch
The train, as swift it thundered by;
Some distant glimpse of life to catch,
He strains his eager, wistful eye.

The morning freshness lies on him
Just wakened from his balmy dream;
The travellers, begrimed and dim,
Think longingly of mountain streams.

Oh, for the joyous mountain air,
The fresh, delightful autumn day
Among the hills! The ploughman there
Must have perpetual holiday!

And he, as all day long he guides
His steady plough, with patient hand,
Thinks of the flying train that glides
Into some new, enchanted land.

Where, day by day, no plodding round
Wearies the frame and dulls the mind;
Where life thrills keen to sight and sound,
With ploughs and axe narrow left behind.

Even so, to each the untrod ways
Of life are touched by fancy's glow,
That evers sheds its brightest rays
Upon the path we do not know.

Interesting Story.

IN HASTE.

It was when postage stamps were three cents a piece, and eggs twelve and a half cents a dozen, that Mr Huggins, the proprietor of a little country store at Elkton, sat at his high desk, one dreary afternoon, his head studiously bent over his book, making out an account of sales.

"Please, sir," suddenly interrupted a thin, small voice proceeding from the space in front of the desk, "will you give me a stamp for these three eggs, and you needn't mind the change?"

Mr Huggins slowly lifted his eyes from the big book, to look for a small speaker below him.

It was a mite of a girl, not more than six years old, who held a letter in one hand and with the other tightly grasped her apron gathered together for the safe keeping of three eggs lying within.

Mr Huggins' senses had been so absorbed in the difficulties of his long sum in addition, that it was several moments before he could recall them and bring them down to a level with the little head lifting itself eagerly up to him; but reaching out his hand mechanically he took the letter and supposing he would immediately take the eggs also, the little girl incautiously opened her apron, when, alas, with a pip! pip! pip! as though kissing each other a hasty good-bye, out rolled the eggs, and, with a smash! smash! smash! lay on the floor a medley of gold and silver, and ivory shells!

For one moment the poor little messenger stood silent with dismay, and then, lifting her distressed face to that of Mr Huggins, she burst into a wail so pitiful that the heart of the store-keeper was touched with compassion.

"Why, what on earth did you open your apron for, little gal?" said he, by way of soothing her.

"To—let—you—get—the—eggs," sobbed the child. "I thought you were going to take them."

"And so I was," he answered, but you ought not to have let go your grip till I had hold of them. Well, they won't hatch now, that's certain."

He continued, with a touch of philosophy in his tone, "but there's no more use in crying over spilt milk; you ought to be glad there were so few of them; and what were you asking me to do with them?"

"To give me a stamp, please sir. But oh, what will mother do now! Her letter can't go, and she said it was to start at once, and go in haste!"

The sob grew louder and the little girl seemed to realize more and more the extent of the disaster.

"To go in haste," repeated Mr Huggins with a smile of superior knowledge. "Yes, I see, she has written on it, 'In haste.' Well, that might have done some good, perhaps, fifty years ago, when letters were carried around the country on horse-back; and doubt if it will bury up the steam-car, do you stop crying!" he ejaculated suddenly, as the deepening sob smote his heart anew and brought him back to the business on hand. "Didn't I

tell you there's no use crying over smashed eggs? So look up now and tell me what is the great haste about this particular letter?"

"I don't exactly know, sir," stammered the child, tearfully, "but I know it is something very particular indeed, and it will break mother's heart almost to know it hasn't gone. You see, she had been over to Miss Riley's and she came back with the tears all running down her cheeks, and hunted round till she found this paper and a pencil and wrote the letter with her hands all in a tremble. But after it was all done up, she just remembered that she hadn't a stamp and I ran as fast as I could to Miss Riley's, but she hadn't one, nor any money either, and mother just sank down and cried as if her heart would break, and then, sir—wasn't it lucky?—I knew a stamp cost three cents, and I just thought of my old hen, Bun, who was laying eggs that I wanted so to hatch, and there was just three in the nest, but I could not see mother cry so, and run out and brought them to her, and she was so glad—well, I wish you could have seen her—and she said, 'Thank God for the eggs, and run as fast as you can, for the letter must go in haste,' that's just what she said—but oh, the eggs are all broken now, and what will mother do?"

The long story comes to an abrupt end with a wail of grief.

"Well, don't take it so to heart, child," said Mr Huggins with his gruff kindness, "there's no great harm done; the letter can't go till to-morrow anyhow, for the mail has gone these three hours."

"To-morrow!" repeated the little girl in dismay. "Oh, sir, mother won't sleep a wink to night if she knows that, and she said if you would read it, you would know it must go in haste."

"But that's all nonsense, child," said Mr Huggins beginning to lose patience. "There's no such thing in these days; letters now all go one way and in one time and that's a deal quicker than they ever did. But you run home now, and if you like you needn't tell your mother anything about the waiting, nor the eggs either. I'll put a stamp on for you and send it as soon as I can."

The little eyes beamed like stars through the falling tears. "Oh, sir, if you would!" she cried, "and when my hen lays three more eggs I will be sure to bring them to you."

She turned quickly to the door, but pausing there, as with an unconquerable impulse, she looked back, saying, "And if you please, sir, do make it go fast, for that's what she said—in haste."

"That child has got more heart than head," thought Mr Huggins to himself as he silently watched her depart without further effort to explain the mail regulations.

He knew the little customer quite well as the child of Widow Carson, who had come to the neighborhood just after the first of those terrible floods that had sent so many homeless ones back from the banks of the treacherous Ohio. It was said that her husband had perished in the waves after placing his wife and child in safety, and here she had lived since in a little log cabin not far from the store, with her small patch of corn and potatoes she supported herself and Jess and the little yellow dog. But only a few days previous to this, Mr Huggins had felt compelled to refuse her any further credit until the bill, slowly lengthening on his big book, was paid up, and it was doubtless because of this that she had not sent to him at once to get the advance of a stamp for this all-important letter.

Mediately he looked at the envelope, with the address scrawled in so tremulous and unpractised a hand that he doubted much whether it would ever reach its destination, and the words of Jessie returned to his mind—"She said if you would read it you would know that it must go in haste."

It seemed a sufficient permission to the kind thought in his heart, and opening the awkwardly sealed covering Mr Huggins was met with difficulty the words written evidently by a hand tremulous with emotion:

"I have just heard you were seen in Rockport yesterday looking for Jess

and me; it seems too good and wonderful to be true, but I write at once to say that we are here, and God grant my letter may reach you in time. I will write 'in haste' on it, and I will pray day and night that He will make it go quickly, for Jess and I are in such need that unless you come to us soon, I do not know what will become of us. We have mourned for you so long as dead, that I can scarcely write now for the beating of my heart at the thought of seeing you again."

Though Mr Huggins was often called a rough, cold man, yet there was certainly a strange moisture in his eyes as he closed the letter. In a moment he had taken in the whole situation, Jessie's father, then, was not dead as he had supposed, but had been separated from his wife and child on that terrible night, and had lost sight of them. The sorrowing woman had just heard that he had been seeking those who mourned him; but it was evident that he was not long to remain in Rockport. What if the chance of reunion should be lost? These words, "I will pray night and day that God will make my letter go quickly," and the wan, anxious face of little Jess rose together before Mr Huggins' mind, and with a sudden movement he rose abruptly, saying half aloud: "And my name is not Huggins if it don't go quicker than the thought."

Striding from the store and locking the door behind him, Mr Huggins was seen a little later riding rapidly to the nearest railway station.

"I want this telegram sent at once," he said, handing a slip of paper to the clerk, on which was written:

"To John Carson, Boatman's Tavern, Rockport."

"Jessie and I are here; come at once and inquire at the Elkton store for the house." MARY CARSON.

Rockport was only a hundred miles away, and Mr Huggins cast many an expectant glance next day along the road leading from the station. And sure enough, about half an hour after the 3 o'clock train whistled, a snub-nosed stranger with an eager, anxious face came down the road and hurriedly entered the store.

"Can any one tell me where Mary Carson lives?" he asked nervously of Mr Huggins.

"Yes, my friend, and I will lead you part of the way, myself," answered the proprietor, promptly, and without losing a moment the two were soon in sight of the little log cabin.

"That's the house," said Mr Huggins. "You can easily find the rest of the way alone," and with these words he turned back leaving the stranger to hasten onward.

He heard the little dog give its quick, yelping bark, and a backward glance showed him Jessie at the gate and the mother standing with clasped hands, motionless in the doorway; but this was all, and you and Mr Huggins both will have to imagine the rest of the story.

A Roman Circus.

Rome is astir early,—citizens and strangers, slaves and soldiers, all are hurrying toward the great pleasure-ground of Rome—the Circus Maximus.

With flutes playing merrily, with swaying standards and gleaming statues, with proud young cadets, with priests, and guards with crested helmets, skilled performers, restless horses, and glittering chariots, down the Sacred street winds a long procession, drawn by the magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the favorite of the Emperor. It passes into the great circus, and files into the arena; two hundred thousand excited people—think, boys, of a circus tent that holds two hundred thousand people—rise to their feet and welcome it with hearty hand-clapping.

The trumpets sound the prelude, the young magistrate (standing in his *augustus*, or state box) flings the *mappa*, or white flag, into the course as the signal for the start; and, as the ringing shout goes up, four glittering chariots, rich in their decorations of gold and polished ivory, and each drawn by four plunging horses, burst from their arched stalls and dash around the track. Green, blue, red, white—the colors of the drivers—stream from their tunics.

Around and around they go. Now one and now another is ahead. The

people strain and cheer, and many a wager is laid as to the victor. The red chariot, turning too sharply, grates against the *meta*, or short pillar that stands at the upper end of the track, guarding the low central wall; the horses rear and plunge, the driver struggles manfully to control them, but all in vain; over goes the chariot, while the now-maddened horses dash wildly on until checked by mounted attendants and led off to their stalls. "Blue! blue!" "Green! green!" rise the varying shouts, as the contending chariots still struggle for the lead. White is far behind. Now comes the seventh or final round. Blue leads! No, green is ahead! Neck and neck down the home stretch they go magnificently, and then the cheer of victory is heard, as, with a final dash, the green rider strikes the white cord first and the race is won!

Now, in the interval between the races, come the athletic sports: foot-racing and wrestling, rope dancing and high leaping, quoit-throwing, and javelin matches. One man runs a race with a fleet Cappadocian horse; another expert rider drives two bar-back horses twice around the track, leaping from back to back as the horses dash around. Can you see any very great difference between the circus performance of A. D. 138 and one of A. D. 1888?

Spurgeon's Preaching.

Further, in his preaching, Mr Spurgeon is intensely practical. By that we do not mean that he indulges in "moral" preaching. We mean that his preaching exactly meets the wants of souls. It is common enough to hear and read appeals to people to concern themselves about their salvation; what people need to be told and desire to be told is what they must do to be saved.

Mr Spurgeon, more minutely and more patiently than any preacher we know explains the way of peace. Then, in preaching to Christians, he deals with the actual problems of the Christian life. The chief desire among Christians is to gain an assurance of God's love, and to this subject Mr Spurgeon constantly recurs, not dismissing it with a wave of the hand, but taking it up fully and elaborately. Many excellent sermons cast merely as a mental stimulus; they instruct and even to some extent excite, but they do not meet the deep needs of the soul. It is, we are convinced, one of Mr Spurgeon's chief sources of power, that he devotes himself almost entirely to the great concern. It is this that has made his writings so dearly prized by the dying. There is no more enviable popularity than the popularity which this illustrious minister has amongst those who are in presence of the profoundest realities. When cleverness and eloquence have lost their charms, the dying often listen hungrily to Mr Spurgeon's writings, when nothing else save the very Word of God has any charm or power.

Materialism in America.

I do not ask that men of wealth shall give more money to the church, which is often stronger when it is poor than when it is rich; nor to the poor and thrifless, whom unearned money only keeps in poverty. I urge that the power to make money, like any other power, is a trust bestowed on the possessor for humanity. The preacher who preaches for his salary, not for the spiritual well-being of his parishioners, is a mercenary; the politician who enacts laws for what he can make, not for the community, is a mercenary; no less the manufacturer, the merchant, the trader, the man on 'change, who transacts his business to make money, not to give the community its meat in due season, is a mercenary. In the history of the nineteenth century, the doctrine that wealth is a trust bestowed by the side of the doctrine that labor is an honor and liberty is an obedience. The materialism that it rears the American church is not the materialism of Herbert Spencer. It is the materialism of the railroad, the factory, the shop; the materialism that puts thinghood above manhood; that does not know that things were made for man, not man for things—! at God gives us, not Irishmen to build railroads, but railroads to build Irishmen; not Hungarians to dig our mines, but



The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. S.

mines to develop manhood in Hungarians.—Century.

Some Large Incomes.

The largest income of any man in England is said to be that of the Duke of Westminster, who has miles of tenement houses and many square miles of agricultural lands. He is said to receive \$50 a minute the year round, or \$3,000 an hour, or \$72,000 a day. Queen Victoria has a nice income, and it is estimated that she has received nearly \$100,000,000 since she ascended the throne. The Duke of Devonshire and Norfolk and the Marquis of Bute have each rents amounting to \$2,000,000 per year, and the Duke of Portland, after extravagances like those of Monte Christo, accumulated \$10,000,000 of unentailed property during his life. Mr Crasey, a railroad contractor, acknowledged to having \$30,000,000 personally, and Mr Morrison, a dry goods man, \$20,000,000. Lord Dudley, one of the large owners of Bogland's coal mines, had for years an income of over \$5,000,000 from this source alone, and the Duke of Buccleugh gets \$1,130,000 a year from his lands.

Two or Ten.

Is a word of three letters which appears in the will of a wealthy lady recently deceased "two" or "ten"? is a question which the lady's executors find it impossible to determine. The gift is either \$2,000 or \$10,000, but as the word is written out in an open hand it can be taken for either amount. A large number of experts have examined the writing, but only a few of those have ventured an unhesitating opinion and these few are about equally divided in their views. The case will probably go to the courts as the sum of \$8,000 depends upon the interpretation to be on the writing.

For Toilet Use.

Ayer's Hair Vigor keeps the hair soft and pliant, imparts to it the lustre and freshness of youth, causes it to grow luxuriantly, eradicates dandruff, cures all scalp diseases, and is the most cleanly of all hair preparations.

Ayer's Hair Vigor has given me perfect satisfaction. I was nearly bald for six years, during which time I used many hair preparations, but without success. Instead of thinning, until I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor. I used two bottles of the Vigor, and my hair is now well covered with a new growth of hair.—Judson B. Chapel, Peabody, Mass.

HAIR that has become weak, gray, and faded, may have new life and color restored to it by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. My hair was thin, faded and dry, and fell out in large quantities. Ayer's Hair Vigor stopped the falling, and restored my hair to its original color. As a dressing for the hair, this preparation has no equal.—Mary N. Hammond, Stillwater, Minn.

VIGOR youth, and beauty, in the hair, may be preserved for an indefinite period by the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. "A disease of the scalp caused my hair to become harsh and dry, and to fall out in large quantities. Nothing I tried seemed to do any good until I commenced using Ayer's Hair Vigor. Three bottles of this preparation restored my hair to a healthy condition, and it is now soft and pliant. My scalp is cured, and it is as free from dandruff.—Mrs. E. R. Foss, Milwaukee, Wis.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

PERFECT SAFETY, prompt action, and wonderful curative properties, easily place Ayer's Pills at the head of the list of popular remedies for Sick and Nervous Headaches, Constipation, and all ailments originating in a disordered Liver.

I have been a great sufferer from Headache, and Ayer's Cathartic Pills are the only medicine that has ever given me relief. One dose of these Pills will quickly move my bowels, and free my head from pain.—William C. Foss, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists in Medicine.