THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1888. No. 47

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THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS CO., N S

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IT CURES LIVER COMPLAINT, BILIOUS DISORDERS, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

BRANDON, MAN., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for costiveness or biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly A. E. McDONALD.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle.

Select Poetry.

"AT THE LAST."

The stream is calmest when it nears the tide,
And flowers are sweetest at the eventide,
And birds most musical at close of day,
And saints divinest when they pass away.

Morning is lovely—but a holier charm
Lies folded close in evening's robe of balm;
And weary man must ever love her best,
For Morning calls to toil, but Night to rest.

She comes from Heaven, and on her wings doth bear
A holy fragrance, like the breath of prayer,
Footsteps of angels follow in her trace,
To shut the weary eye of Death in peace.

All things are hushed before her, as she throws
O'er earth and sky her mantle of repose;
There is a calm, a beauty and a power,
That morning knows not, in the evening hour.

"Until the evening" we must weep and toil,
Plow life's stern furrow, dig the weedy soil,
Tread with sad feet our rough and thorny way,
And bear the heat and burden of the day.

Oh! when our sun is setting, may we glide
Like summer evening, down the summer tide;
And leave behind us as we pass away,
Sweet, starry twilight round our sleeping day.

Interesting Story.

"MISSUS."

"I say, Missus, d'ye want onythin' from the store? I'm goin' to town to git th' mare shod agin the plowin' tomorrer?"

"Missus" looked scornfully over the washtub at the shifty, uneasy figure in the doorway.

"The mare! She's gone with only one shoe a good three months, and now she must be shod agin the plowin'! But thet's only an excuse to git with yer low cronies in town, an' ye mought as well take thet as another, fer ye will go, spite of all thet I kin say. Yes, she snapped as an afterthought, "you kin bring me a yard of eight-cent cotton—unbleached, mind. Now git out, an spend the rest o' yer mornin' loafin' round some bar-room."

Mrs Loud, or, as she was generally called by her husband and few scattered neighbors, "Missus," watched him drive slowly off down the road behind the patient mare without taking her arms from the suds.

"Poor, shiftless creatur!" she muttered; "nothin' but a nuisance ennyway. Ain't no more use than a last year's bird's nest. Whatever I kum to marry him for I don't see."

She wiped the suds off either arm with her thumb and forefinger.

"Sam Loud!" she called, opening the door sharply, "ef you ain't back fer yer dinner, you don't git any here, that's all."

"Thar!" she exclaimed after a few moments of steady rub-rubbing up and down over the board, the rythmic motion keeping time to "On Jordan's Stormy Banks I Stand," which was running through her mind, "that lazy mortal's clean forgot the pail o' water I told him to git half an hour ago. Ef he never come back 'twould be a starnal mercy!"

Sam did not turn his head as Missus launched after him her parting threat, but jogged slowly on, musing to himself:

"Ef Missus 'u'd only give a feller a chance! Sartin the mare needs shoein' bad; an' a man's got to see how things is in town sometimes—though I can't make her see it that way, somehow.

"A yard o' eight-cent cotton," he repeated aloud, to fix it more firmly in his unstable memory. "An mebbe I kin find some little thing to sort o' pac'fy her, ef so be't as how I can't git the mare shod afore noon. An' I declar' for't, ef I didn't furgit thet pail o' water!"

A man, a stranger to Sam, was walking along the road a little way ahead. At this point he stopped and looked intently up and down the broad, straight highway, stretching in sight for miles either way.

"Good day, my man," he said, as Sam came up to him; "can you give me a lift, as we both seem to be goin' the same way?"

"Reckon I kin, ef you ain't too hefty," returned Sam, cheerfully, pulling up his horse, "fur a spell, 'a fur 's I go."

The man, from his clothes and manner evidently a gentleman, climbed to a place beside Sam and listened silently to that worthy's garrulous conversation.

"Thet little red buildin' on yer lef', stranger," he was just saying, "was whar I fust larned ter stick pins in the schoolmarster's cheer, an' ter"—Here the man broke in suddenly. "Tell me, isn't that a wagon on the road a mile or two back?"

"Thet speck way back by Tim Slocums's place? It's a wagin', sure 'nuff, but it's a good five-mile away. You kin see it so plain kase there's a hill thar."

"Isn't this branch road we are just coming to, the road to Kingslow?" the stranger asked."

"'Spect it be," drawled Sam, regarding him with slow surprise.

"My man," said his companion, hurriedly, "if you will drive with all your might to Kingslow, I'll give you twenty dollars if you get me there in time."

Sam made no reply.

"If twenty isn't enough, I'll make it forty," said the man, watching Sam's face anxiously.

"Oh, 'taint the money," said Sam at last, leisurely, "though I'll allow 'tis some inducement to a man who's got a wife to hum. 'Taint thet—it's *why* you're in such a 'mozin' hurry all of a suddint—. No, stranger, I don't b'leeve I kin stand the racket. The hoss has only got one shoe on, an' I promised Missus ter be hum fer dinner."

"Do you see that speck back there on the road?" asked the man, quietly. "Well, that speck is a buggy containing two constables. They are after me for—never mind what. Now, my man, if you get me to Kingslow docks in time to catch a boat waiting there for me, before those men catch us, I'll give you fifty dollars. If not——"

The alternative was expressed by a drawn revolver, pointed threateningly at Sam's blanching face.

He turned the mare's head into Kingslow road. The minutes and the miles sped by in silence, the stranger watchful, with his fingers closed on the revolver, Sam silently considering his chances for escape from the fate he saw only too plainly hanging over him; that of arrest and perhaps imprisonment for helping a felon escape the outstretched arm of justice.

"And what would Missus say?" Sam groaned.

They were close upon Kingslow when he spoke.

"Lookee byar, mister," he said "You've gone about fur 'nuff with this 'ere hoss an' wagin." And he began to draw in the nearly spent horse. There was a short struggle, then a pistol report and Sam fell backward into the body of the wagon and lay motionless.

Slowly and gradually the consciousness of earthly things began to return to Sam's darkened mind. He made an effort to turn over and look around him.

"Wha—whar be I?" he queried, weakly.

"You're two weeks out at sea, my hearty, and bound for a six months' cruise to China, on the trimmest craft that sails the blue," said a cheery voice beside him.

"A friend o' yourn shipped you," continued the voice, afterwards proving to belong to the kind-hearted, second mate, "just after you'd hurt yourself foolin' with your revolver. He said he'd promised you to, 'cause you had a sick relation or something in China an' seein' your name was on the books an' he furnishin' plenty o' money for your nussin', we had to take you along as we'd agreed. Now go to sleep an' you'll be well before you know it."

Sam had plenty of time to think out many knotty problems during the weary weeks that followed.

"Mebbe I *war* a trifle shiftin an' oneasy-like fer sech a woman as Missus," he said suddenly aloud one day. "F ever I git back, I'm blamed 'f I don't start a new count thet'll please her. But won't the boys open their eyes when they hear about this!"

When the clock struck one on the day Missus watched Sam disappear down the dusty road, she took up her dinner and sat grimly down to her solitary meal. That finished, true to her word, she cleared away the things and went on with her work.

Evening came, but brought no sighs of the absent Sam. When bed-time arrived she rose, shut up the house and went wrathfully to bed.

She unlocked the door in the morning, smiling to herself as she wondered where Sam had spent the night after finding the house securely fastened against him.

"He'll be along in plenty of time for breakfast, with another errant ter do in town—shif'less creatur'!" she thought.

About noon a neighbor drove into the yard behind the old white mare. They had caught her, he said, straying alone over the Kingslow downs, but Sam was nowhere to be found. The few drops of blood in the bottom of the wagon, however, hinted at a grave explanation of his mysterious disappearance, and when, a week later, the unrecognizable body of a man was discovered a short distance from where the horse was found, no room for doubt was left in any mind, even in the most reluctant one of Missus herself. From the day that the fact of Sam's death became evident to her she withdrew wholly from the society and sympathy of her neighbors and shut herself up alone with her tiresome and persistent reflections. That one half wish kept ringing in her aching ears: "Ef he never come back; ef he never come back!"

And it was wonderful how great the number of things she found herself obliged to do during the day that Sam, she remembered now, had always unassertingly done and left ready to her hand.

Day after day dragged themselves slowly across the burning blue and disapeared in weeks and months. The afternoon sun lay aslant the kitchen floor, where Missus sat knitting sad regrets into her winter's work.

It was easy to see that these months had mellowed and softened her severe nature. She was thinking—as she had thought many times before with, perhaps, a touch more of self reproach now in the thought: "Ef I hedn't ha' been so ha'sh with him mebbe things would ha' gone better. A man can't be tied to pots an' tubs an' one spot a fut squar', the way a woman kin, an' stay satisfied, I s'pose. Though I never thought on't thet way then. Ef he could only come back now he'd find things different, I reckon. An' he might go to town now an' then—in reason."

Footsteps were heard crunching their way up the walk to the kitchen door. There was a moment's hesitation, then some one knocked, and as Missus rose uncertainly, filled with vague, undefined expectation, the door was opened wide and a man stood in the doorway.

"Sam!" was all she said, as she stretched out both trembling hands toward him, but there was a look of loving joy in her face such as Sam had never seen before in all the days of his married life.

"Missus," he stammerod, "I—I furgot ter git the water—but I brung the eight cent cotton."—*Detroit Free Press*

Keeping Cool.

With the advent of hot weather, the pursuit of bodily coolness becomes the aim of every intelligent person. The majority of men are wholly given over to gross delusions concerning this matter. There is the delusion that claret, not to speak of stronger liquids, is the proper thing to drink in hot weather. Now, inasmuch as alcohol hastens the process of combustion and increases the heat of the body, to drink iced claret in order to cool the system is about as sensible as it would be to place a few pounds of ice on a hot stove and sit by it until the ice should melt away. As a rule, eating or drinking anything whatever has a tendency to increase the bodily temperature; though, of course, there is a great difference in the heating form of different articles of diet. The less one eats or drinks the cooler he will be, and it is hardly necessary to remark that were this process carried to a fatal extreme the coolness of the corpses resulting therefrom would be additional proof of the soundness of the theory. Not to dwell upon irrational means by which men who are anxious to become cool only succeed in rendering their condition warmer than it could otherwise be, let us speak of the true source by which a rising thermometer may be successfully defied. The bath, in its various forms, is the sovereign defense against excessive heat. There is the bath, taken by the small boy at the river-side, the efficacy of which is shown by the success with which the bather subsequently defies the intense heat of the sun's rays as they fall directly upon the shadeless piers. Better than the river bath is the bath which is usually succeeded by subsequent resting under shady arbors, by which its cooling effect is made to last for several hours. The sponge bath is better than no bath at all, but it is attended with difficulties which nullify to some extent its good effects. The strain upon the intellect involved in the effort not to sprinkle water upon the carpet, and the excitement consequent upon the perpetual search for soap which eventually loses itself and evades recapture with aggravating slipperiness, seldom fail to quicken the pulse of the person attempting a sponge bath to such an extent as to render the bath of but slight efficacy as a cooling process. But above and beyond all other baths, antagonists of summer heat, are those admirable inventions, the Turkish and Russian baths.

Everyone knows that in the former hot air and in the latter hot vapor are the agents employed to produce the profuse perspiration which is the distinguishing features of these baths. By their action the temperature of the body is rapidly lowered and the subsequent processes of the bath being wholly devoid of all possible fatigues tend to keep the body in the cool condition in which the bather emerges from the hand of the shampooes. One of these baths taken at the end of the day insures a cool and comfortable night, or if taken in midday enables the bather to endure with something like contentment the heat of the hottest July afternoon. Like other blessings, however, they can be indulged in to excess. A too-frequent repetition of the Turkish or Russian bath has a perceptibly weakening effect and there are certain diseased conditions in which even the moderate use of either is fraught with danger. A person in ordinary health, however, can find no luxury that is to be compared with the cooling and invigorating bath which he receives in a perfectly-managed bath-house conducted upon either the air or hot weather which we must anticipate for the next two months, the secret of almost perpetual coolness will be found only in the intelligent use of the oriental bath.

A Few Pulpit Vagaries.

Whilst recognizing the noble part the pulpit has taken in the reformation of the world and education of the people, it must be admitted that it has occasionally been the scene of humorous incidents, some of which, perhaps without irreverence, it may be permissible to recall.

Possibly the greatest number of pulpit recollections hang upon misquotations and misplacement of terms.

Only recently a minister declared "it was impossible for any man by thought to add one stature to his cubit"—a truth so important to his mind as to merit an impressive repetition.

Another minister affirmed, on the authority of the scriptures, "Moses pulled off his feet, for the ground on which he stood was holy."

It was a curate who informed us that "immediately Peter crew, the cock went out and wept bitterly."

Another public orator, quoting from Job, gave out—"'Skin for skin,' as the old patriarch said," leading us to infer that Satan was the progenitor of a family, in addition to being the father of lies.

A popular preacher, speaking of Goldsmith's poor parson, told a crowded audience that "children plucked the coats of that good man's tail to share his kindly smile."

These children must have been a contrast to some others spoken about by one who, illustrating moral depravity, said he had "seen even little children that could neither walk nor talk, run about the streets blaspheming."

A minister once commencing grandiloquently: "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message," paused, and thinking, somehow, it scarcely sounded right, he repeated: "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message." Still querying the correctness of his version, and anxious to make it correct, he said again rather more slowly: "Jacob sold his birthright for a pot of message." Seeing the puzzled and amused looks of his congregation, he hesitated once more, only to assume a determination that this time at any rate there should be no mistake on this point by saying very deliberately: "My dear friends, some of you do not appear to sufficiently appreciate the full import of my quotation of a biblical fact; for the benefit of such, I will repeat it with emphasis—that 'Jacob—sold his birthright—for a—pot of—message."

Of all scriptural characters to whom special attention has been paid, not one has received more unremitting favor than the retrospective spouse of Lot, and we can understand the feelings of a long-suffering hearer who had heard the same minister preach nine times upon "Remember Lot's wife."

"Remember Lot's wife!" cried the afflicted hearer; "why, it is impossible for me ever to forget her."

Cardinal Manning (Roman Catholic) says: "For thirty-five years I have been priest and bishop in London, and now I approach my eightieth year. I have learned some lessons, and the first is this: The chief bar to the working of the holy spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intoxicating drink. I know no antagonist to that good Spirit more direct, more subtile, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink.—Though I have known men and women destroyed for all manner of reasons, yet I know of no cause that affects man, woman, child and home with such universality of steady power as intoxicating drink."

BEST ON EARTH

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Of failing health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weariness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.

Failing Health.

Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Minn.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alterative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

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It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.

I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 883 Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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