

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1898.

No. 51

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Acheson, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Bow Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CHEMIST COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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 receipt of the copy 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.

Newspapers of 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 over a fictitious signature.

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

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.—Carrriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Colors, 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 PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

FLANNERY, 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.

HEWITT, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY THOMAS—Book 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.

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, is 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, ACIDITY OF STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OF BOWELS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE SYSTEM. It is a safe and reliable remedy, and is sold by all druggists.

Select Poetry.

THE GOOD TIMES COMING.

Grandma Goff said a curious thing—
"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing."
That's the very thing I heard her say
To Kate, no longer than yesterday.

"Boys may whistle," Of course they may,
If they pucker their lips the proper way.
But for the life of me I can't see
Why Kate can't whistle as well as me.

"Boys may whistle, but girls must sing,"
Now, I call that a curious thing.
If boys can whistle why can't girls, too?
It's the easiest thing in the world to do.

First you do that when you do this—
Just like you were fixing up for a kiss.
It's a very poor girl, that's all I say,
Who can't make out to do that way.

"Boys may whistle," but girls may not
A whistle's a song with the noise knocked
out.
Strayed off somewhere down the throat,
Everything lost but the cheerful note.

So if boys can whistle and do it well,
Why cannot girls, will somebody tell?
Why can't they do what a boy can do?
That is the thing I should like to know.

I went to father and asked him why
Girls couldn't whistle as well as I.
And he said, "The reason that girls must
sing,
Is because a girl's a sing-ular thing."

And grandma laughed till I knew she'd
ache.
When I said I thought it all a mistake,
"Never mind, little man," I heard him say,
"They will make you whistle enough
some day."

Interesting Story.

Boys who Became Famous.

Near the mouth of a pit in one of the great collieries of the north of England, a good many years ago, a young lad was sitting on the ground, seemingly engaged in modelling something out of the soft clay.

At first sight you would have thought him a perfect savage, and certainly he did not look very respectable. His bare feet were as hard and black as the lumps of coal that lay strewn around him, his face was grimed up to the very roots of his close-cropped hair, and his entire clothing consisted of a pair of tattered fustian pants thickly smeared with coal-dust, and a ragged shirt of coarse flannel stained with grease, soot and dirt.

But the large, deep, thoughtful eyes with which he looked so keenly at everything around him were not the eyes of one who would be content to do nothing more all his life than handling a pick-axe or wheeling a barrow of coal; but his thin lip and massive jaw told of an iron resolution which no peril could daunt, and no difficulty wear out. So completely taken up was our hero with what he was about that he seemed quite unaware of the presence of two of his comrades who were watching him from a little distance. He is a soft chap, you lad," said the bigger of the two contemptuously. "Instead o' takin' his fun like the rest of us, drinkin' beer an' actin' the dogs o' fightin' he's always messin' in the clay like a baby."

"He be a clever lad, though, for a' that," answered the other. "See what he's making there? It's a model for our engine as like as can be."

"So 'tis forartin'," said the other, looking wonderingly at the model; "it's as like as if 'twas it."

"Ay, and he be 'arnin' to read too; he walks three miles to school thrice a week, after work's done."

"But what good'll that do him?" cried the taller man; he'll just be a poor collier like the rest of us."

"You're wrong there, Jack," said the young modeller, overhearing the last words; "it's just because I don't mean to be always a poor collier that I'm 'arnin' to read, for a man can do naught 'il' the world without that."

"Thy schooling won't help thee much, though, Geordie, when thee joins Tom Nelson's gang to-morrow," answered Jack with a hoarse laugh. Tom's nose for fighting than reading, and he'll dost thy jacket."

The next morning there was a great stir at the mouth of the Callerton Pit. Black Tom Nelson, the bully of the works, was pouring a volley of coarse abuse upon "Quiet Geordie," as the young modeller was called by his comrades, for some alleged dumsiness in doing his work, and everyone was anxious to see how he would take it.

"Well, I appeal to these men here who stood by and saw what I did," said Geordie, with perfect composure,

although most lads of his age would have been grievously scared by the bulky frame and thundering voice of the bully, and by the threatening whirl of his sledge-hammer fists. "If they say I did wrong I'll give 'em."

"None o' your appeals" for me," roared Black Tom, stamping his huge foot fiercely. "I say thee did bungle the job, and if thee won't give in I'll thrash thee."

The young brakeman's eyes flashed fire, but his tone was still as quiet as ever.

"I don't want to quarrel with you," said he firmly; but if you won't let me do my work in peace without a fight, meet me this evening in the Dolly Pit field at seven o'clock, and you shall see whether I'm a coward or not."

At this bold challenge Tom Nelson was as much astonished as Goliath when confronted by David. But he was always ready for a battle, and this time he accepted all the more willingly because he felt certain of winning.

The other men were of much the same opinion, and when the time came and the slim, half-grown youth stood face to face with the brawny champion who had beaten so many strong men already, the utmost that one could hope was that poor "Geordie" might not be killed outright. But that slender frame held a spirit which in after years was to face the opposition of all England without giving way, and the lookers-on soon perceived to their amazement that Black Tom, big and powerful though he was, was likely to have no easy work of it.

George, far lighter and more active than his bulky adversary, kept moving nimbly around him, avoiding his hammer-like blows with a dexterity which made the baffled bully doubly ferocious. Seeming to grow cooler as his enemy grew hotter, and receiving without flinching several hard knocks which he could not avoid, he drew Nelson hither and thither all around the battle-field, till the hulking pitman was quite out of breath. Then George darted in like lightning, and made his blows tell in earnest. Thrice the enraged bully rushed on like a mad bull, and thrice he was sent reeling back, bruised and battered, amid the uproarious cheers of the astonished and delighted spectators. At length a well-planted blow sent him sprawling on his back. Up he jumped, more furious than ever, but only to go down again, a few minutes later, before a still heavier blow.

"Well done, Geordie!" shouted half a dozen hoarse voices at once. "You chap, wunnot ca' thee a coward again."

"I hope he is not badly hurt, though," said the conqueror, anxiously; "I didna mean to hit him too hard."

"Oh, he be a' right," said a rough Tyne man, raising the fallen bully and propping him against a fallen log. "He's met his match, Geordie, and there's won thy hardest fight."

"Not my hardest, mate," answered Geordie, smiling. "A' the trouble I had to thrash you chap was naught to what I had wi' 'arnin' to write my own name."

"Can thee write thy name, then?" cried three or four of the pitmen, to whom such an accomplishment seemed little short of miraculous.

"Ay, that I can," replied the boy, with a beaming face. "Look ye here!" And taking an iron-pointed stick from one of his comrades, he traced in the dust, slowly but correctly, a row of large letters, at sight of which the crowd broke into cries of wonder and admiration.

In truth, their admiration had better grounds than they themselves imagined; for not a few of them lived to see their young "Geordie" famous from Red Sea to the Atlantic, and to behold the name which he had written in the dust engraved forever in history as that of the greatest English engineer of his time—George Stephenson.

Waiting Orders.

He looked something like an old child, his face was so rosy and the sparse locks shading it so white. He had, too, the good humor, the trusting smile, the care-free look of one who has naught to do in the world, who is only amusing himself with life.

But there were those living in the block who said the old Captain had an errible temper, and that his eye could

flash with fury, and his hand clutch with anger, if there was a cause. When a poor besotted wanderer crawled into the doorway to sleep, and a man's brutal hand was raised to strike her, he had stepped between and bade the woman go in peace, giving her the means to pay for a lodging. He was often imposed upon. The professional beggar told a whining story and went away with a fee. His blessing was worth that trifle," the Captain said when remonstrated with for wasting his charity.

The dilapidated old brick building in which he lived had a most pretentious name. It had been a scheme of some sort of co-operative living, and like all such, a failure. Yet over the door in large raised letters appeared that word synonymous with unrealized hope: "Utopia."

That the old Captain was one of different mold from the down-at-heel population about him was evident from a glance. But that did not deter him from forming friendships with the comers and goers—and the bestowal of a moral almsgiving—that made them conscious of their own defects and sent them to character-building.

"You are not going after milk in that state, Polly?" he said to the ten-year-old daughter of the seamstress, who shuffled out in ragged slippers and torn shawl in the early sunlight. "I'll get the milk while you run and make yourself tidy, my dear."

He built a ship for the lame boy whose pale mother worked for the shops, and he explained to him every rope and spar, and taught him the nautical phrases of the craft. On the bow of the boat picked out in golden letters, was the name "Alice."

"Was it named for anyone?" asked the child, thoughtlessly.

"It was named after my—mate," the Captain said gently, as he looked out through the high window on the heaven beyond.

"Where is your—mate?" asked the boy with a vague curiosity.

"She is sailing on the unknown seas," said the old Captain in the clear tones he had been wont to use in command, "she is cruising among the Blessed Isles, watching for a passenger who is always ready. Then she will send out a skiff manned by a boatman pale—hark, boy! I thought I heard the dip of the silver oars—it is my mate coming for me. I am only waiting orders now."

That was what they always heard him say of himself, that he was waiting orders. It was a pretty fiction of the government for its retired officers—they were under waiting orders.

But the ignorant people among whom the old Captain lived expected the arrival of state documents and dreaded them, for then they knew their good old friend would be gone. Into active service, they believed.

But the old man with the child's face and heart went in and out among them, and seemed to grow no older. And he helped lame Johnny with his lessons, and encouraged him to be honest and sincere. And he taught little Polly that order was Heaven's first law, and told her of the discipline of the boat on which he had served so many years. And he played melancholy airs on a wheezy old flute and charmed the babies into the land of sleep and silence, like a second piper of Hamelin. And when some of his old friends in their fine uniforms called to see him, he took the little troubling children by the hand and spoke no word of reproach. And so they dearly loved the old Captain who was waiting orders.

And one day the orderly of Death was sent with the sealed despatch. No one saw him enter, but when the children, weary of waiting for their friend, invaded his room, he was gone. At first they thought he was asleep, and when he neither smiled nor spoke, and when he neither heard his name nor their mother's came and wept over him, they knew he had heard the plash of the silver oar, and gone away with his mate. In another way from that they expected he had received his waiting orders.

Genius and Long Life.

There is a proverb which says, "Those whom the gods love, die young." It is sometimes inferred that this means that men and women who are in any way unusually endowed, are

usually short-lived. It is by no means proved, however, that persons of genius are any more apt to die young than more prosaic people. There are, of course, many instances of talented men and women who have gone early to their graves; and it is a somewhat striking fact that thirty seven has been a fatal age to quite a number of brilliant geniuses whose fame is still great in the world. Byron, Shelley, Burns and Raphael all died about their thirty-seventh year. On the other hand, multitudes of instances might be cited of men who, had they died before their thirty-seventh year, would never have been heard of by the world; and multitudes of others who, while winning some degree of fame before that age, greatly increased it in later years.

Goethe was a surprising example of this. Had he died at thirty-seven, his fame would not have equalled that of Schiller; the work he did in middle life carried it far beyond that of his German rival who died so much earlier. If Milton had died at thirty-seven, we should not have had "Paradise Lost." At that age George Eliot had not written anything that contributed to the great reputation she won at last.

We cannot doubt that the genius of Byron and Shelley, of Keats, Chatterton, and Henry Kirk White, was very far from being exhausted at their early deaths. Death, indeed, found these young geniuses all afire with inspiration, and ardently longing to give expression to greater thoughts than they had ever yet uttered.

If we turn from literature to political life, it is really surprising to see how great ability, far from exhausting physical powers, and wearing out its possessor before his time, seems actually to sustain his vigor and lengthen out his days.

It is true that Pitt died at fifty and Gambetta at forty-four. But where we can point to an isolated instance, here and there, of a man of political genius dying before or in middle life, we find a long list of those who have grown gray and bent in the heat of political conflict. In our own time, we have seen Gortschakoff, a man over eighty, controlling the destinies of the vast Russian Empire; Thiers, a man of seventy-seven, presiding over the French Republic; the Emperor William, a man of eighty-five, ruling the newly-united Germany; Gladstone, a man of seventy-four, proving himself the most vigorous Prime Minister in this century; and Von Moltke, a man of eighty, commanding the German armies.

The vitality of genius, indeed, is far more evident in the biography of the world than its destroying power. It is so rarely that a poet or an author exhausts himself in a single work, or an orator or a statesman in a single great speech or great legislative measure, that such instances are quoted as curiosities.

On the contrary, the rule seems to be that a man of genius is not only likely to live long, but to go on producing, and maintaining his mental vigor, until he is overtaken by the shadows of old age. Michael Angelo was still a great sculptor and architect at eighty-eight. Titian painted finely in his eightieth year. Victor Hugo at ninety-two was still writing eloquent and fiery stanzas. And in our own country the examples of Longfellow, Holmes, Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, and Irving are enough to remind us how our literature has been enriched by men who have passed the psalmist's limit of threescore and ten.—*Youth's Companion.*

Served Him Right.

There is material for half a dozen sermons in the following anecdote. No one will question who was the true gentleman:

On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short-statured, straight-haired, copper-colored Indian, trip to the Indian School at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes, which fitted him badly, and a paper collar without a neck-tie.

He attended strictly to his own business, and was unmolested until a young fellow came into the smoking-car from the sleeper.

"An Indian, I guess," said the young

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

man, as he lighted his cigarette. And then approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by shouting, with strange gestures—
"Ugh, heap big Injun! Hmaha! Sioux! Pawnee! See Great Father? Have drink of fire-water? Warm Injun's blood!"

The copper-colored savage gazed at the young man a moment with an ill-concealed expression of disgust on his face, and then he said, with good pronunciation:

"You must have been reading dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the East at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No; I do not drink whisky. Where I live gentlemen do not carry whiskey-flasks in their pockets."

The cigarette was not smoked out, and amid a general laugh a much crestfallen young man retired to the sleeping coach.

Don't Drink.

The Spartans who lived in ancient Greece used to make their slaves drunk once a year, to show their children how foolish and despicable men looked when they were intoxicated.

Lycurgus of Thraee ordered all the vines to be cut down. Mahomet commanded drunkards to be bastinadoed with eighty blows. Everybody in these days feels ashamed of inebriates, even while they may be very sorry for them. Every boy who takes a glass of beer is certain he shall never be a drunkard, but too often the appetite grows, and at twenty he is what at fourteen he would have loathed himself to think he could be. The only surety against it is never to taste that which spoils the body, and so affects the brain that one does not know what he is doing.

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 am as well and strong as ever.—*Mrs. William Gege, 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 many 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 other remedies, to no purpose. I was finally induced to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and

By Taking.

three bottles of this medicine, have been entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of inflammation, sore, or ulcer in my eye.—*Kendall T. Haven, Sugar Tree Ridge, 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 exerted 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. C. Sutherland, Evangelist, Shelby City, Ky.*

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists. Price 25c per bottle, 60c per dozen.