

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 18, 1899.

No. 23

VIII.

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Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended as superior to any prescription known to us.

It cures Colic, Constipation, Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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

THE ACADIAN

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

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, will continue to guarantee satisfaction in all work turned out.

News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The day copy writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the contribution, although the same may be written on a blank sheet, and addressed to the Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

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BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Single Built, Repaired, and Painted.

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BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner, and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

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MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

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WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and Dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAR.—Harness Maker, is in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Select Poetry.

Consolation.

Grieving because there's a gray sky,
Lonely because they loved is gone?
Thinking for thee there is no more sunshine,
Feeling so sadly alone, dear one?

Yet there is some One near thee, darling,
Thy Saviour is "with thee unto the end."
Thou hast He spoken, and He will perform it,
In sunshine or shadow thy dearest Friend.

And though the clouds now lower darkly,
The blue is always above the gray,
And though for a season it now has left thee,
Be sure there is sunshine somewhere away.

It will not always be dreary, darling,
In the cloud God sets his promise bow,
And anon the shining will be 'em bright-
For passing the clouds and darkness now.

Then cheer thee, and be brave-hearted,
Daring!
Look up till the blue sky meets thy sight!
The darkness endureth but for a season,
He will send thee joy with the morning light.

Alice Mabel Young.

Only a Husk.

Tom Darcy, yet a young man, had grown to be a very hard case. At heart he might have been all right, if his head and his will had been all right; but these things being wrong, the whole machine was going to the bad very fast, though there were times when the heart felt something of its own truthful yearnings. Tom had lost his place as foreman of the great mowing shop, and what money he now earned came from odd jobs of tinkering which he was able to do here and there at private houses, for Tom was a genius as well as a mechanic, and when his head was steady enough he could mend a clock or clean a watch as well as he could set up and regulate a steam engine, and this latter he could do better than any other man employed by the Scott Falls Manufacturing Company.

One day Tom had a job to mend a broken mowing machine and reaper, for which he had received five dollars, and on the following morning he started out for his old haunt, the village tavern. He knew that his wife needed the money and that his two little children were in absolute want of clothing; and that morning he held a debate with the better part of himself, but the better part had become weak and shaky, and the demon of appetite carried the day.

So away to the tavern Tom went, where for two or three hours he felt the exhilarating effects of the alcoholic draught, and fancied himself happy, as he could sing and laugh; but, as usual, stupefaction followed; and the man died out. He drank while he could stand, and then lay down in a corner, where his companions left him.

It was late at night, almost midnight, when the landlord's wife came to the bar-room to see what kept her husband up, and she quickly saw Tom.

"Peter," said she, "not in a pleasant mood, 'eh? don't you send that miserable Tom Darcy home? He's been hanging around here long enough."

Tom's stupefaction was not sound sleep. The dead coma had left his brain, and the calling of his name stung his senses to keen attention. He had an insane love of rum, but did not love the landlord. In other years Peter Tindar and him had loved and wooed the maiden—Ellen Gos— and he won her, leaving Peter to take up with the vinegary spinster who had brought him the tavern, and he knew that lately the tapster had gloated over the misery of the woman who had once discarded him.

"Why don't you send him home?" demanded Mrs. Tindar, with an impatient stamp of the foot.

"Hush, Betsy! He's got money. Let him be, and he'll be sure to spend it before he goes home. I'll have the kernel of that out, and his wife may have the husk!"

With a snip and a snap, Betsy

turned away, and shortly afterwards Tom Darcy lifted himself up on his elbow.

"Ah, Tom, are you awake?"

"Yes."

"Then rouse up and have a warm glass."

Tom got upon his feet and steadied himself.

"No; I won't drink any more to-night."

"It won't hurt you, Tom, a warm glass."

"I know it won't," said Tom, buttoning his coat by the solitary button left.

"I know it won't."

And with this he went out into the chill air of midnight. When he got away from the window of the tavern he stopped and looked up at the stars, and then he looked upon the earth.

"Ay," he muttered, grinding his heel in the gravel, "Peter Tindar is taking the kernel, and leaving poor Ellen the worthless husk—a husk more than worthless! And I am helping him to do it. I am robbing myself of love and life—just that Peter Tindar may have the kernel and Ellen the husk. We'll see!"

"We'll see!" he said, setting his feet firmly upon the ground; and then he wended his way homeward.

On the following morning he said to his wife:

"Ellen, have you any coffee in the house?"

"Yes, Tom." She did not tell him that her sister had given it to her. She was glad to hear him ask for coffee, instead of the old, old cider.

"I wish you would make me a cup, good and strong."

There was really music in Tom's voice, and the wife set about her work with a strange flutter at her heart.

Tom drank two cups of the strong, fragrant coffee, and then went out—went out with a resolute step; and walked straight to the great manufactory, where he found Mr. Scott in his office.

"Mr. Scott, I want to learn my trade over again."

"Eh, Tom, what do you mean?"

"I mean that it's Tom Darcy come back to the old place, asking forgiveness for the past and hoping to do better in the future."

"Tom," cried the manufacturer, starting forward and grasping his hand, "are you in earnest? Is it really the old Tom?"

"It's what's left of him, sir, and we'll have him whole and strong very soon, if you only set him to work."

"Work! Ay, Tom, and bless you, too. There is an engine to be set up, and tested to-day. Come with me."

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"How is it now, Tom?" asked Mr. Scott, as he came into the testing room and found the workmen ready to depart.

"She's all right now. You may give your warrant without fear."

"God bless you, Tom! You do know how like music the old voice sounds. Will you take your place again?"

"Wait till Monday morning, sir. If you will offer it to me then I will take it."

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"Tom! Tom! You have been in the old shop."

"Yes, and I'm bound to have the old place, and—"

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"Ah, you heard what I said to my wife that night?"

"Yes, Peter; and I shall be grateful to you as long as I live. My remembrance of you will be relieved by that tinge of warmth and brightness."

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Read in the newspapers or the stores. You will see the name of the inventor, and the name of the soap. It is the best soap ever made. It is the best soap for the skin. It is the best soap for the hair. It is the best soap for the face. It is the best soap for the body. It is the best soap for the soul.

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The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and moving them, is not a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. H. 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. D. W. Johnson and G. F. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Wolfville, by John's Church, Wolfville. Services: Sunday 3 p. m.; H. C. on the 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a. m.; Thursday Morning Advent and Lent, 8 p. m. by James Church, Kentville. Services: Sunday, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; H. C. on the 1st Sunday in the month at 8 a. m. on the 5th Sunday at 11 a. m.; Wednesday 7:00 p. m. Strangers provided with seats by the Wardens, or other members of the Vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Rector, Residence, Rectory, Kentville. E. S. Lawley and R. F. East, Wardens of St. John's Church. F. A. Masters and S. E. Hue, Wardens of St. James Church.

By FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, Rector. Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Manonic.

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J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. M. meets every Monday evening in T. M. Hall, Witter's Block, at 8 o'clock p. m.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 8 o'clock.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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Interesting Story.

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May keep out tramps and burglars, but not Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Coughs, and Croup.

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We hope that our friends will show their appreciation of our efforts in their behalf, by making up their minds to take advantage of this splendid offer—

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