

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S. FRIDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1888.

No. 18.

Vol. VIII.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is the only medicine that can be given to them with perfect safety. It is a mild, pleasant, and effective cathartic, and is the only one that does not injure the system. It is the only one that is adapted to all ages and conditions. It is the only one that is so well adapted to children that it is the only medicine that can be given to them with perfect safety.

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.

Notices 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.

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 name may be written in every article, should be given.

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

DIRECTORY

OF THE
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.

BISHOP, 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. L.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc., etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—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.

GOFFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Millinery 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.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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, Sick Headache, Constipation on Costiveness, Dropsical Swellings, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, and all the ailments arising from a disordered state of the bowels. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is the only one that can be given to children with perfect safety.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

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

Price 25 cents per bottle.

Salt Poetry.

Ode to Canada.

Swift as the lightning's vivid beam
From East to West,
The north of brotherhood
The Canadian breast.

Indistinct as the needle's flight
To its magnetic pole,
So turns each true Canadian heart
As to its destined goal.

As graven on cedrella palm
The name of Zion above,
So deep enshrined in every heart
The name of Canada's proud throne.

When'er the honor of our land
Is touched by foreign foe,
There leaps to life a fervid flame,
A patriotic glow.

From ocean shore to ocean shore
Her wide domain extends,
From inland sea to ocean pole
Her kingdom never ends.

The wave that frets Atlantic coast,
That laves Pacific shores,
The icebergs in the Arctic seas
Her scepter floateth o'er.

Her deep soil tickled by the hoe,
Shall laugh with harvest mirth,
Her boundless prairies yet shall fill
The garner of the earth.

Hurrah, hurrah for Canada,
The young, the free, the brave,
In all her grand Dominion
Her flag floats o'er no slave.

O God of nations, be the guide
To lead our nation on,
Should north and south as kindred drops
Be mingled into one;

Or linked with adamantine bond
With noble motherland;
Or as youngest among nations
We independent stand.

May Canada's glad mission be
To aid the coming dawn,
When like an overflowing sea
The gospel tide flows on.

And man to man a brother is,
And nations disappear,
And all are one in Christ's wide fold,
Love banishing all fear.

—Robert Matheson.

Interesting Story.

A Happy Chance.

Leonard Goring was a busy man, for though comparatively young, in his hands rested almost the entire charge of the business of an old-established firm of solicitors in Lincoln's Inn.

An important matter of business, too delicate to be entrusted to a clerk, took him to Liverpool, where he arrived early one foggy November morning, so early, indeed, that being in want of a slave before it was likely that the more fashionable hair-dressers had opened for the day, he turned into a small barber-shop in a quiet street of poor-looking houses, and submitted his chin to the hands of his proprietor.

"It was a happy chance," Mr Goring has often since that murky morning declared—that led his steps towards that humble shop, for just as he was on the point of leaving, a low, sweet voice sounded close behind him, saying:

"Please, Mr Wilson?"

"Hullo, Jessie," said the barber, "what's the matter?—Mother worse?"

"Mr Wilson," and the sweet voice was pitiful and strained, "you said my curls were worth a lot of money the other day."

"So I did," said the barber, eagerly.

"Will you give me some for them? Our coal is all gone, and there is nothing to eat, and mamma—"

Here Jessie broke into passionate sobs.

Mr Goring stooped forward a little, and lifted Jessie to his lap.

"Let me see your curls," he said, gently lifting a shabby hat, and letting fall a shower of hair of the purest golden color. "Suppose you sell it to me," he said, quietly; "but you must promise me that nobody shall cut it off but myself. And I must know your name, and where you live, so I can come for it."

Jessie, whose sobs had been stilled by the sight of money, answered:

"Oh, thank you! Nobody else shall touch my curls. My name is Jessie Herriek, and I live on the top floor of this house."

"And how old are you, Jessie?"

"Ten years old last July. Please, may I go now? It is so cold in our room, and mamma is so ill," the lips quivering.

"You run back to mamma, and I will send the coal," said Mr Goring, muttering, as the child sped away:

"If it should be a direct Providence, I should be a direct benefactor to the child."

"This child of a widow dying upstairs. After her husband died she worked for me, and she was not strong, and things have been going badly for the past few months."

"Has she had a doctor?"

"Yes, the dispensary doctor."

Mr Goring, having given an order at the nearest grocer's for food and fuel, returned to the office, and mounted to the fourth floor.

A door, standing wide open, showed him the interior of a poorly-furnished room, and Jessie standing near a bed, listening to a gentleman speaking in a low tone to her.

"Pardon me," Mr Goring said; "the doctor?"

"Yes; Dr Musgrave."

"I am a friend of Mrs Herriek. I have just heard of her illness. Can you send a competent nurse? I am Leonard Goring, and Mrs Herriek's lawyer. I will be responsible."

To Jessie a few hours later, it seemed as if she was living a fairy tale.

First, there appeared a stout, elderly woman, all motherly kindness, who lifted her mother out of the hot tessel bed, made it comfortable and clean, set the room in order, made such an extravagant fire as Jessie had never seen, and then began to cook delicious things taken out of a great hamper sent into the room.

All the luxuries the poor child had longed vainly to give her mother appeared as if by magic, and her own hunger was satisfied as it had not been for weeks.

Day after day, for the business on which he had visited Liverpool detained him for many weeks, Leonard Goring climbed the stairs to Mrs Herriek's room, to bear from the nurse how the poor little widow was getting on.

She was able, after a while, to sit up, and looked like a fair, pretty child in her big chair. Fruit, flowers, books, all were sent to make the hours of convalescence less tedious, and when at last he departed, he tried to face the fact that an episode of his life was nearly over, that it would cost him bitter pain to resign.

"Who would have imagined," he asked himself, scornfully, "that I, who never cared for a woman in my life, would walk into a back alley and fall in love with a widow? I can't ask her to marry me, that is clear. She would think I had had mercenary objects in view all the time. I think I will write. I will, I'd better not trust myself to see her again, and Briggs knows all about the case."

Little Mrs Herriek, in a soft, white wrapper and shawl, was sitting in her big chair, with Jessie nesting on a low seat beside her, talking of Mr Goring.

Mrs Maguire, bustling about the room, smiled merrily at the sentences reached her ears, but she was a discreet woman and held her tongue.

"Though," she thought, "if ever two people were head and ears in love, them's the two. Young folks never had it worse."

"When he comes to-day," Mrs Herriek was saying, when a rap at the door interrupted her.

A gentleman was ushered in who introduced himself.

Twice Mrs Herriek read the letter.

"Do I understand," she said faintly, "My father died four years ago, and forgave me, leaving me his entire fortune."

"Exactly. You see the child's name gave Mr Goring the clue, and he has been working while you were ill, so that everything is arranged for you. You can take possession of your old home whenever you will."

"Mr Goring knew, then, when he came here?"

"Yes. By the way, you were advertised for over and over again."

A brief conversation made everything clear, and Mr Briggs went away.

But Mrs Herriek, who had been very calm through the whole interview, lay back white and trembling in her chair, one thought only in her heart.

"He has gone away! He is afraid I will suspect him of mercenary motives, and he has left me! He loves me! I know he loves me, but he

will never come back to me!"

Busy days followed, and the widow took possession of her property.

But she did not get strong, though she had all things to make her so that money could procure.

What her heart longed for was the presence of Leonard Goring. It seemed bold, unwomanly to send for him.

And yet the happiness of two lives was at stake.

She decided at last. If he despised her the separation could be no more complete.

So, one morning, Leonard Goring found upon his breakfast-table a little note, upon paper stamped with the name of a fashionable hotel. And inside he read—

"DEAREST MR GORING—Mamma says if you would like to cut off the curls you bought last winter, you will find us at this hotel. JESSIE HERRICK."

Face to face once more, pride was thrown to the winds and love triumphed. Leonard Goring had no further fear of being misunderstood when Mrs Herriek's eyes answered his loving words before her lips spoke.

And she never doubted that it was love, and love only, that brought her lover back to her.

And Jessie keeps her curls, although her step father declares they are his, and threatens to cut them off when she is married and leaves him, a threat that may daunt little Jessie's lovers in the future, but assuredly does not frighten anybody now.

Kissing Mother.

A father, talking to his careless daughter, said: "I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you have noticed a care-worn look upon her face. Perhaps it was not brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase it away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast; and when your mother comes, and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her. You can't imagine how it will brighten her dear face."

Beside, you owe her many kisses. Away back, when you were a little girl, she kissed you when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and stollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows, she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, dirty, chubby hands, whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world; and then the midnight kiss with which she routed so many bad dreams, as she leaned above your restless pillow—these have all been on interest for long, long years.

"She may not be so pretty as you are, but if you had done your share of work the last ten years, the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours; yet if you are sick, that face would appear far more beautiful than an angel's, as it hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort; and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavelets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face."

"She will leave you one of these days. The burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. When those neglected lips, that gave you your first baby kiss, and those sad, tired eyes, are forever closed, then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late."—Eli Perkins' Book.

Rev. Sam Jones on Whiskey.

The liquor traffic ought to be made so odious that nobody but an infernal fool will drink it. Separate these liquor-dealers from their liquor, and they will be all right. The church that will house a man who rents a store to sell liquor is a hateful hypocrite. Some of the churches here in Atlanta are doing just that thing. If there is a man or woman in this vast audience who never had a relative or loved one hurt or ruined by whiskey, I want him or her to stand up right now. You have all had a brother, or a son, or a father, or a son-in-law ruined by whiskey! My goodness! these sons-in-law. I'd rather have a ho-constrictor around my neck than

to have a drunken son-in-law. The devil cannot do anything worse than that. Some of you old hypocrites that are dilly-dallying with the whiskey question are going to get caught that way. The devil is going to slip up on you with a drunken son-in-law, and I'll bet he will make you prohibitionists with a vengeance.

I look around your city and see the bar-rooms as thick as the stars in the heavens. Each one of the three hundred bar-rooms in Atlanta represents at least, ten confirmed drunkards. Three thousand men in Atlanta, across the line, are going to ruin! You can stop it if you want to. There are church members enough in this town to turn out any day and vote liquor out of it. You don't want to have a fuss. Well, I'll tell you every good man dreads a fuss, but he doesn't fear anything that walks on the earth. God despises a coward. I had rather die at the mouth of a cannon doing my duty than to run away from it because I was afraid. God entrusts all the noble causes on this earth to men who are game.

Is Marriage a Failure?

"There was a man here and he left a note for you," said a Warren-avenue man to his wife, who was out when he came home in the evening.

"My goodness!" said the lady, while she untied her bonnet. "Who is it from?"

"How do I know?" said her husband, rather tartly. "I don't know all your friends."

"You oughtn't to talk that way to me, Charles," said the wife, just ready to whimper. "You know I never flirted in my life. What did the man say?"

"Oh, he said nothing; he just left the note for you. It's there on the bureau."

"Charlie—boo hoo—I didn't think you'd think that way of me—boo hoo. Where's the baby, where's my baby, and I'll leave you to your unjust suspicions."

"Why don't you read the note?"

"I don't want to see it."

"You had better read it. It won't help things not to read it."

"Why,"—drying her eyes,—it's from Aunt Margaret, and stamped and postmarked too, as though it came in by mail. I thought you said a man left it for me."

"So I did, my dear—the postman."

The Prohibition Party.

The organ of the Third Party in the United States, in order to show the growth of the prohibition party movement publishes the following comparative statement:

1872.....Black5,608

1876.....Smith.....3,759

1880.....Dow.....11,640

1884.....St John.....153,128

1888.....Fisk.....about 300,000

A vote that keeps doubling itself as above will surely absorb the franchise in time. Concerning the late election General Fisk, the Prohibition candidate, makes the following observations:

"For more than two months I have been satisfied that our vote would not be as large as many of our people anticipated. I have received hundreds of letters from Prohibitionists stating that in view of the position taken by the President and his party on the Tariff question, they were constrained to vote this year with the Republican party to defeat free trade tendencies, and would then come back to Prohibition. A large number of our voters who came to us from the Democratic party wrote to me that, believing the position taken by Mr Cleveland on the Tariff question was correct, they thought they ought to vote once again with their old party and declare against unnecessary taxation."

It Takes a Man.

Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost, of Newark, is the minister who says: "When I want a drink I take it." For the soul of me I can't see anything very remarkable about that, even in a preacher. He would be a fool to take a drink when he didn't want it. But when he does want it, that is the time to take it. Even a donkey does that, and the donkey can't be compelled to drink when he doesn't want to. So you see, my son, there is a difference between a man and a donkey. Any man, parson or layman, can do as the donkey, and take a drink when he

wants it, or even refuse to take a drink when he doesn't want it. But it takes a man, my boy, to refuse a drink when he wants it. And when he has this control over himself, he can preach louder and more in a day than the Reverend Pentecost can preach in a year.

—Burdette.

Autumnal Processions.

With shout and noise and dip and roar, like waves that beat upon the shore, with noise and roar and shout and din, like angry breakers tumbling in, with pattering rush of many feet, I see the crowd come down the street; above the tumult on the stones I hear the maddened farmer's groans; in the shrill accents of despair it seems to me I hear him swear; I cannot see the farmer man, his wagon or his patient span; I only hear the rising noise, and see the surging throng of boys. This is the way the boys of town escort the apple wagon down.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 50 cents to the publisher of this paper, and you will receive a box of Surprise Soap. It is the best soap in the world. It is the only soap that will wash away all the dirt and grime from your face and hands. It is the only soap that will make your skin soft and smooth. It is the only soap that will make your hair shine and grow. It is the only soap that will make your clothes clean and fresh. It is the only soap that will make your life a pleasure.

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

THE WEEKLY EMPIRE

Canada's Leading Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

THE EMPIRE, since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but in order to place the WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

Three Months Free

to every subscriber paying for one year in advance before 1st of January, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$1.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

SCROFULA

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofula in my family. It is pleasant to take, gives strength and vigor to the body, and produces a more permanent, lasting result than any medicine I ever used. —E. Haines, No. Lincoln, O.

I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. —W. F. Fowler, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

For forty years I have suffered with Erysipelas. I have tried all sorts of remedies for my complaint, but found no relief until I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. After taking ten bottles of this medicine I am completely cured. —Mary C. Amesbury, Rockport, Me.

I have suffered for years, from Catarrh, which was so severe that it destroyed my appetite and weakened my system. After trying other remedies, and getting no relief, I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla