

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N.S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1888.

Vol. VIII.

No. 16.

### 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.

Cures colic, Croup, Constipation, Spasms, Diarrhoea, Eruptions, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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

### THE ACADIAN

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFFVILLE, 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 the day are cordially solicited. The office, and payment of transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The names 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 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 arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until the amount is paid, 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 prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Mail is made up 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. Rand, Post Master.

### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. DEW. BARRS, Agent.

### Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A 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, Tuesday at 7:15; Prayer meeting, Thurs. day 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 B D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3:00 p.m. Sabbath School at 11 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p.m.

### METHODIST CHURCH—Rev P C L Harris, B.A., Pastor—Service 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.

### CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Horton, by John's Church, Wolfville. Services: Sunday 3 p.m.; H.C. on the 1st Sunday in the month at 11 a.m.; Thursday (during Advent and Lent), 3 p.m.—St James Church, Kentville, Services, Sunday, 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. H.C. on the 2d Sunday in the month at 8 a.m. on the 4th Sunday at 11 a.m.; Wednesday 7:30 p.m. Strangers provided with seats by the Warden, or other members of the vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D.D., rector. Residence, rectory, Kentville. E. S. Crawley and B. Prat, Wardens of St John's Church. T. A. Masters, and S. E. Hise, Wardens of St James Church.

### 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 o'clock p.m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

### Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION 3 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

### DIRECTORY

—OF THE—

Business Firms of WOLFFVILLE

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' Furnishings.

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.

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.

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 and 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 Maps, 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.

WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

### JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFFVILLE N.S.

### Campbell's

Cathartic

Compound

It cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Disorders, Sick Headache, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Flatulence, Nervousness, and all the ailments which attend the bowels. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and may be taken by the most delicate. Sold by all Druggists in nearly all countries. Price, 50¢ per bottle.

### Select Poetry.

#### Life.

To have hoped and suffered in cheer and woe,

To have trusted, betrayed and grieved,

To have doubted the things you best might know—

This is to have lived.

To have sinned, repented and been forgiven,

To have lost what was once received,

To have fallen again from the gates of heaven—

This is to have lived.

To have loved, and tasted the Dead Sea fruit,

To have pledged, to have been believed,

To have seen love wither, from branch to root—

This is to have lived.

To have stood in the strength of virile might,

When baffled, betrayed, deceived;

To have ground your teeth in the rage of fight—

This is to have lived.

To have trodden the wine-press, weak alone,

Of our life's fair fruit bereaved;

To have slain your sorrow without a moon—

This is to have lived.

To have given the helm to a stronger hand,

To have listened, to have believed;

To have yielded life to a high command—

This is to have lived.

—David A. Curtis, in *Once A Week*.

### Interesting Story.

#### A Game of Cards.

It was a handsome room in the Fairwood plantation house. A room all afloat with brilliant chandeliers and lamps which cast their radiance over the luxurious furniture, and brought out every fold in the heavy crimson curtains, every tint in the dark, rich carpet which covered the floor.

A blazing wood fire was in the large, old-fashioned fireplace, and whenever it showed signs of dying out, a colored man, who was seated on a stool in the corner of the hearth, would replenish it with fresh logs.

A table stood in the centre of the room, and around it were seated four gentlemen absorbed in a game of cards. On a side-table were silver trays, containing cut-glass decanters full of liquor, goblets, cold game, a venison pasty, olives, anchovies, and all the luxurious accessories of a choice supper.

The servant at the fire yawned sleepily, and glanced at the clock, which was on the stroke of two.

"Reckon mawster's gwine keep it up till broad day," he thought, discontentedly, "and I'd dat sleepy I had fer fitch myself to keep my eyes open. Wen dat Cunnel Lowry comes to Fairwood, it's cards! cards! cards! cards! from night till mornin', and from mornin' till night as well. De cunnel ain't got no family ter keer wot he does; but my poor misters, she's just a-erjint her party eyes out, case Mass Faulkner, he's just not on ravin' hisself."

"Upon my word," said one of the gentlemen, helping himself from one of the decanters, "if you and I haven't had the worst luck this evening! Stanhope and Lowry have beaten us almost every game."

"It's nothing new to me to have had luck at cards, Atkins," Mr Faulkner said, with a forced laugh.

He was a man about thirty years old, with handsome, well-cut features and a fine intellectual head; a man whose laughing, genial eyes usually looked with cordial kindness upon every one, but to-night they wore a strained, excited, wandering look.

"I suppose I ought never to touch a card, as far as luck goes; but the tide is sure to turn some day. By sides, my fortune was once told by an old gypsy, and she said a game of cards would save me from ruin; so," with a laugh, "as I'm not a thousand miles from the last game, I've a right to expect a fulfilment of the prophecy. Eh, Lowry?"

Colonel Lowry was the older man of the party—a man with grizzled hair and beard—cold, self-possessed, with an inscrutable face which never reflected his thoughts and feelings, if he really had feelings, which those who knew him best doubted.

He was of a good family, the owner of a fine estate, and if he was fond of cards, why that was a common weakness to all his neighbors at that time. Though he played an excellent game

no one ever suspected him of an unfair one. He simply seemed to have mastered the cards, as he mastered every other chance in life, by the force of an indomitable will.

"I do not think our friend Faulkner should complain," he said, in his cold, even voice. "He's been such a lucky man in things more important than cards, that like the ancients, he must make some sacrifice to Destiny. He has the best state, the best wife and most beautiful children in the county. He's unlucky at cards. Well, I, who am lucky, am a lonely old bachelor, and finding my only amusement in a friendly game. Now, gentlemen, I appeal to you. Which of us is the lucky one?"

"Oh, Faulkner! Faulkner!" they cried in chorus. "Come, a health to the lucky loser, and the unlucky winner!"

The toast was drunk noisily, and was followed by several others, and then two of the party took their leave, leaving, as usual, Colonel Lowry and their host to finish the night.

Poor Jerry, punching up the fire, groaned in his inmost soul.

"Dat ole Satan's gwine ter clean out mawster 'fore he goes away!" he thought. "Wot fools white folks is, tobeho!" I don't like dem little slips of paper mawster keeps writin' and handin' ter de cunnel. Oh, it's so sleepy!" and he dozed sitting upright on his stool, a habit he had acquired as fire-tender during the long watches of the night. The clock was striking four when Jerry roused himself, and rubbed his eyes.

The attitude of the two players was unchanged, but Jerry noticed that the sweat was standing in big drops on Mr Faulkner's brow, and his hand was tremulous. Though he often had recourse to the decanters by his side, Jerry noticed that his face was ghastly pale, and his eyes wild.

"I believe, cunnel, you've pretty well cleaned me out," he said, pushing the cards from him, and laughing a wild, mirthless laugh. "Except the land and most of the negroes,—my wife's property, you know,—everything I own is gone."

"Is that so?" Colonel Lowry said, consulting the slips of paper. "Well, luck has been against you. But I can't say that I care for any more than I already own. Have you a good housekeeper among your own slaves? My negroes eat no right and left, I never have a meal decently served, and I want a good, steady servant to take charge of my ménage."

"Yes, there is Maum Liza," said Mr Faulkner.

He was so utterly miserable that he did not even wonder at the colonel's strange question. "But money can't buy her. She was my children's nurse, and she's a first-rate housekeeper."

"Well, then, I'll tell you what I'll do," in his cold, deliberate voice. "I'll have more money already than I can spend, and I don't want yours. You say you are ruined, and to meet your debts you will probably be forced to sell your slaves, Maum Liza among them. Now see here. I will put up all I have won from you to-night, at least twenty thousand dollars, against your house-keeper."

"Mr Faulkner poured out a goblet of brandy, and swallowed it. He was ruined, and he knew it; and he knew, too, that his wife would sacrifice all her possessions to pay his debts—and oh, such debts! He had won a few cards, and why should he not, at one lucky stroke, retrieve his losses? A brain heated by liquor and excitement is incapable of reasonable thought, and he cried out:

"Done! Maum Liza against your winnings!"

"Oh, my blessed mawsters!" muttered Jerry, jumping up in his excitement. "Ef his habit put up Maum Liza, and she wid her husband and her chilluns, and Mis' Marg'ot tinkin' as much ob her as ef she wor her own kin! It's gwine ter be me nex', and de poor fellow shivered and clasped his hands.

With starting eyes he watched, not the game, but the players. He knew nothing of cards, but in his master's face he read as in an open book, the hope, the fear, the abject despair, with

which he played his last card.

"Done for, by Jove!" he cried, in a trembling voice, "and covered his face with his hand. He had drunk a great deal, but not enough to stifle the sharp pain with which he realized that he had been guilty of the vilest and meanest act of his life.

In memory he saw his children in the arms of Maum Liza, their bright heads pillowed on her breast, and her loving voice soothing their infant woes. Such a good, faithful servant! Never weary in her ministrations at the sick-bed, and so cheerful and smiling! He was roused by Colonel Lowry's voice.

"Look here, Faulkner, you must not worry about your losses. You can take your own time to pay them, and if it's not convenient you needn't think of them for years and years. I suppose you would feel insulted if I proposed to cancel the debt altogether. But the house-keeper I must have, and just as soon as possible. By the way, it's broad daylight and I presume the woman is up and about. Suppose you send Jerry for her. I'd like to see her."

"Tell Maum Liza to come here, Jerry," Mr Faulkner said, in a choked voice.

"Well, I believe I won't wait," Colonel Lowry said, after a pause. "The woman will be apt to make a scene, I suppose,—they always do,—though she'll be queen and more in my household. I don't like to see, or to lose, a servant of my own, if possible. Good morning."

Mr Faulkner sat stunned, holding his seething head in his hands. If he could only die then and there and get out of it! A full, melodious voice roused him.

"Jerry says you sent for me, mawster. Does you want anything, sir?"

"Did not Jerry tell you?" stammered her master.

"No, sir; he jest 'lowed you wanted me." Her voice was getting tremulous with fear.

"Well, you see, I've been losing everything at cards"—how stiff his lips were! "Colonel Lowry wants a house-keeper, and my good Liza, you must go to him for a while. Oh, I'll have you back, of course, in a very few months, a very few, if it takes every cent I have. You see, it's a debt of honor, and I have to let you go for a short time."

"Mawster, did you play me off at a game of cards?" she asked, strangely quiet.

"Well, yes, that's about it. Don't make a fuss, my good Liza, and disturb your mistress. I'm ruined, I tell you, I would have had to sell you anyway, and perhaps not to as kind a master as Colonel Lowry."

"You played me off," she went on, in the same monotonous voice, "me wot has tended yer babies in sickness and in health and nursed dem at his breast. Me wot has watched yer wife in illness and took no rest nor sleep till she got well. You played me off like I was a stone or a stick, and you tears me from husbin and chilluns dat I loves as you loves yer own. O blessed Lord!" her voice rising in passionate agony and her hands uplifted, "judge twixt me and dis man, my mawster. I has worked for him early and late, I has given my strength and my heart to serve him and his, and he tears me from my family—sells me! sells me! sells me!"

Her voice rose to a shrill shriek, and Mrs Faulkner aroared and terrified, ran into the room in her night-dress.

"What is the matter, John?" she cried. "What is the matter with Maum Liza?"

The woman had fallen on her knees, her wild eyes raised to heaven.

"He's done lost me at cards, honey," she said, with a shrill, wild laugh more terrible than tears. "It's to be sent away from you all, from my Peter, and my little chilluns, to Cunnel Lowry's, and I'll never come back no more."

Then, as if the words evoked some memory in her poor crazed brain, she sang aloud in her beautiful, pathetic voice:

"I'll never come back,

I'll never come back,

I'll never come back no more,

He's tuck my cross, my crown is won,

And I'll never come back no more."

"She does not know what she says; she is crazy!" Mrs Faulkner exclaimed.

ed. "John, speak, it is not true?"

"He bent his head in the deepest humiliation.

"God forgive me, Margaret, it is true! She belongs to Colonel Lowry."

To the day of his death Mr Faulkner never forgot the look of horror and contempt with which his wife looked at him.

"She shall be brought back."

"She cannot, for we are ruined, ruined! Hate me, Margaret, for it is my work!"

"I will go to Colonel Lowry myself," continued Mrs Faulkner, unheeding his words. "I will kneel to him for Maum Liza. He is a gentleman, and he will never refuse me. Poor Maum Liza!" her beautiful, pitying eyes were streaming with tears, as she put her arms around the woman's neck.

She did not notice her mistress's caress. Her eyes were fixed on vacancy, now and then bursting into snatches of hymns. They laid her on her bed, and all that day and the next night her gentle mistress sat beside her. The shock to her brain had been so sudden and dreadful that it never recovered. She was never violent and after a time she knew those around her, but she was almost idiotic, and the past was to her as if it had never been.

Colonel Lowry lost his house-keeper, and Mr Faulkner was reduced to the verge of poverty by his game of cards.

He lost more than money, however. He lost his wife's confidence, and his own self-respect. The sight of the idiotic old woman was a perpetual reminder of his sin. He never touched a card again, but to his dying day he could not free himself from the consequences of that one night's folly.

—*Youth's Companion*.

### Mrs Benjamin Harrison.

No woman has figured in Washington society better able to fill the position as mistress of the White House than Mrs Benjamin Harrison. Well born, well bred, and well educated, she has the easy charm of the woman of the world, yet without one tinge of cynicism or hardness. Given the dangerous gift of wit, she has never used it to sting or wound—one great reason for her personal success. There is no one whose respect more than a clever woman who can hold her tongue under temptation. For her *bon mots* and her claret punch, made after the "Tippecanoe!" receipt, the wife of the Republican nominee is famous, and, be it said, she serves both with discretion. Mrs Harrison is a little woman, plump, fresh, and wonderfully young for one that assumed the responsibility of life in her teens. As a girl she must have been exceedingly pretty. The regular features, bright dark eyes, and abundant dark hair of the matron told that.

The lady from Indiana has one of the greatest charms of her sex, a beautiful hand, every finger of which is straight and shapely, tapering at the ends with a rosy nail. It is also very white, and cared for as a lady's hand should be, not by a manicure, but by its owner. No such hand has been shaken in the White House for at least this generation. In talking Mrs Harrison uses her hands to emphasize her meaning and does it gracefully. Her eyes, too, are very expressive, and have in their depths a certain roguishness that is captivating. Mrs Harrison is not a woman of fashion, but she dresses well and her gowns "fit." As to her hair, it is arranged most becomingly in waves close to her face and drawn back into a knot fastened low on the neck. Mrs Harrison carries herself with dignity never degenerating into stiffness.

—*N. Y. Press*.

### Beautiful Women.

It is not in the smiles of a pretty face, the delicate tint of complexion, the enchanting glance of the eye, the beauty and symmetry of person, nor the costly dress or decorations that compose woman's loveliness. It is her pleasing deportment, her chaste conversation, the sensibility and purity of her thoughts, her affable and open disposition, her comforting and relieving the afflicted and distressed, and above all, the humbleness of her soul, that constitutes true loveliness. Disraeli

observes:

"It is at the feet of woman we lay the laurels, that, without her smile, would never have been gained; it is her image that strings the lyre of the poet, that animates the voice in the blaze of eloquent faction, that guides brain in the august halls of stately councils."

Whatever may be the lot of man,—however unfortunate, however oppressed—if he only loves or is beloved, he must strike a balance with existence, for love can illumine the dark rove of poverty, and can lighten the fetters of the slave.

Rev. Phillips Brooks says: "No man or woman of the humblest sort can really be strong, gentle, pure and good, without the world being better for it, without somebody being helped and comforted by the very existence of 'that goodness.'"

### BEST ON EARTH

### SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send 25 Cents for a Trial Box of Surprise Soap. It will wash your face, neck, and hands, and remove all dirt and grime. It is the best soap ever made. It is sold by all Druggists and Grocers.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg 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. In order to place the WEEKLY EMPIRE 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 the 1st of January, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$1.

Now is the time to subscribe.