

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1888.

No. 14.

### CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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### THE ACADIAN.

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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

News 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 ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or 7 meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

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### Select Poetry.

#### Thanksgiving.

The little brown house by the road,  
With vines running up to the eaves,  
Where the summer long there were bursts  
Of song

Add a flutter of wings in the leaves;  
Oh! the little brown house was merry  
In the days that used to be,  
When the boys and girls, with their sunny curls,  
Were close at the window's knee.

But the little brown house by the road  
Is lonely now and still,  
For Robin is dead, and Alice is wed,  
And Louis must hide at the mill;  
Father is gray and silent,  
And the mother's foot aches,  
And you hear the clock with its faint tick-tock,  
As you could not long ago.

The little brown house by the road,  
From the swift train flashing by,  
I watch it stand in the quiet land,  
Under the quiet sky;  
From the time of the golden daisies  
To the time of the falling leaves,  
From the time of seed to the reaping mead,  
And the flush of the ripened sheaves.

The little brown house by the road,  
When I passed it yesterday,  
Sudden and sweet it laughed to greet  
My eyes with a dazling sheen;  
There were lamps in its twinkling windows,  
I knew as I rattled past  
That the fire was bright on the hearth  
And the children home at last.

To the little brown house by the road  
Had come Thanksgiving Day,  
And the wintry air, if they felt it there,  
Had the tender warmth of May.  
The father's tongue was loosened,  
And the mother's laugh was clear,  
For the charm of love was poured  
Above

The home in the waning year.

The little brown house by the road—  
Oh! mother, old and gray,  
Honest and true they return to you,  
The children, who went away;  
And Alice, who is off in the army,  
And Louis, who is far on the sea,  
Never forget the tender days we set,  
At home by the mother's knee.

From little brown houses by the road,  
The strength of our land is brought,  
Paving their way from day to day  
Simple and pure in thought.  
The chord of a grand Thanksgiving  
From homes like this ascends,  
To the glory of One beyond the sun,  
Whose kingdom never ends.  
Margaret E. Sangster.

#### Synopsis of a Sermon.

#### WOMAN'S WORK.

And I entreat thee, also, true yoke-fellow, help these women which labored with me in the Gospel.—Philippians 4:3.

I take these words of Paul for my text to-day because I wish to group under them certain impressions concerning the work done by the recent gathering of the Illinois W. C. T. U.

First, I wish to say that it was one of the most skillfully managed assemblies it has ever been my fortune to attend. The aim is high, the plans are admirable, giving rise only to such mistakes as usually come from the largeness of plan and abundance of material ready for use. The W. C. T. U. is a great army with its agencies reaching out to every city and town and home. Its machinery is exact, yet elastic and pliant. It stands at the head of modern reformatory organizations. It shows the work of a master mind, and reveals that somebody has stood upon a mountain top of vision saying, We must conquer the world for Right.

It is a permanent organization. It meets once a year not to hear speeches, but to plan for work. It lives when the convention is dead. Its anniversary is not an accident, not the end of its career.

I fail to see in the conduct of this company of women any disposition to usurp or occupy any position which, by a right construction of Divine law, belongs to men. True, they speak, they pray, they sing, they vote. They think, and they express their thoughts; they study, and they declare the result of their studies.

But they do this because they see a danger, and the voices of men are, to a large degree, mute or muffled. They see a desperate need, and the hands larger than theirs are prone by the side because the heart is saying, "We can't help it." They are pushed by their own convictions of responsibility. If men have given it up, then let the women save the hope, they say. If the father will not speak strong words, then let the children cry words in his ear. If men are judging merely by policies and parties, then let us go

straight to God and learn from His law.

They seem to think that the poisoning of a child in Kansas by alcohol is actually as bad as the feeding of a giraffe with tobacco in New York.

It may be in some cases these women love the nobility involved. It would not be strange, for their brothers love and seek it. It may be their vision is somewhat obscured. They find plenty of such obscurity in those who are with them in the home, and it would not be remarkable if the example of the husband and father would have some influence.

But as I read their conduct, it is born out of a conviction that work which men ought to do is not being done, and in the evident lack, they will do what they can to supply the need.

I find in the movement also a clear conscience and direct approach to God, which in this time of fear and doubt and policy making, is exceedingly refreshing. These women inquire of God rather than men.

Their first question is, Is it right? and the right being found, action is a necessary consequent. God never wrote a law but He knew somebody would break it. But he wrote the law, and never wrote an amendment saying, You may, for a fair consideration, break it. God bless them, we say, for lifting our policies into the clear light of His countenance, and God keep them from acting in any other way.

And now I say, "Help these women." Help them, for they are our co-laborers in the gospel. It is not for position, not for the sake of getting into a sphere belonging to somebody else. It is for Christ's sake, for souls, for home, for heaven. It is a motive as high, and pure, and holy as any which inspires human conduct in any of its departments.

Help them by showing them their mistake, if they are making one of dangerous proportions, as some appear to think. If they are out of their place say so plainly. But you must give them good reasons, for the time has come when mind is moved by reason and less by custom or authority than was formerly the case.

There is a mighty movement going on very silently, but very powerful in the direction of complete equality of sexes. Legal enactment gives rights to the wife to-day, which she never dreamed of possessing a few years ago. Social restraints are removed which not long ago appeared. A little time ago it was said that women were found in the State of Massachusetts in only seven occupations. Five years ago they had found three hundred open to them in the same State. Look at our churches! In scores of them the vigor, earnestness and life comes from a few good women, and there would be a church graveyard fall of dry, dead bones if it were not for these women. Examine the benevolent work of the church. The women are more thoroughly organized than the men. There is a revolution upon us whose dimensions are larger than we comprehend. If the tendency is wrong, if the revolution means hurt, then be very quick and earnest in declaring and opposing it. These wives and mothers love their quiet homes as much as they of a generous past. They are pushed by a great purpose. They see souls in danger, and eternal death waiting for drunken immortals. If you want to persuade them they must not strive to rescue souls and save homes, merely because they are women, you must have strong argument and ply it with arduous earnestness.

Yes, help these women by doing the work ourselves. Quite possibly the weak are taking the place of the strong, but it is because the strong are growing weak. We let them go out to do rough work in the fields. Why? Because we don't want to do it ourselves. If women are becoming manly, men are becoming womanish. It is because men are not using the ballot for God and the home, that women are preparing to take it. It is because men in their parties are not fighting for living principles, but are feeding on dead memories, and biting their lips to keep themselves dumb on great issues,

that women are saying, If you will not speak, then we will speak. It is because men are confessing weakness and daily saying, We can't put down this demon, that women are saying, Then let us try. You stay at home and get our dinners ready; we will go out and fight.

If woman has our place it is because she is showing herself entitled to it. "They have gotten our place." Yes, I am inclined to think they have. We ought to have that splendid organization. We ought to map and district this state till we can reach every home and touch every man. We ought to do this work and let these women stay at home. They are in our place fighting in the field right before the cannon's mouth, and we are organizing home guards and telling these heroes how to fight and urging them above all things not to aim at the crowd around the ballot-box lest they hurt some of our friends! They are in our place and we should be ashamed of it and take it, saying to them, "Go back; we will fight this battle and die, if need be, fighting for the home."

"Help these women," by doing the rough work ourselves, by our prayers, our earnestness and faith. Help them. Don't make them feel they have committed an unpardonable sin if their policy is bold and pure, or if for conscience sake they chafe to say that opposition to the wrong should be expressed at the ballot box as well as in prayer meeting and convention.

The time is coming when the pure things shall live and the base shall die, when the side which God takes shall prevail. Let woman go as fast as she can after the truth, let her gain all she can for the truth. If man is too weak or too confused to lead, then let him thankfully follow where the way is made plain.

#### What Beauty Ought To Do.

Women ought to be kinder to each other, the pretty ones to the plain, because of what they miss, in the gift and power of beauty; the plain to the beautiful, for the certain bitter in their experience. I have known women to whom their uncommon beauty was an annoyance, almost a curse. In my school-days a girl of southern beauty, with peachy cheeks, and dark, velvety eyes, used to be so plagued by the insolent, persecuting admiration of men on the cars that she gave up going into Boston for lessons. There was no affection about it. She was a modest, well-bred girl, and the notice she attracted would have been odious to any woman. Extremely beautiful women are not seldom genuinely modest and unconcerned about their looks, far more so than plainer ones, anxious to "cultivate beauty." One of the most charming women of the Philip Livingston family once told me she never knew she was at all pretty till she went to Europe long past thirty. Of course, she said, she knew her husband thought she was good-looking, but she supposed it was his partiality! If you can't see a kind of simplicity in this, sweeter than roses and milk complexion, and jewelry eyes, I am very sorry. To women who have their own way to make in the world, good looks beyond a decent, unobtrusive comeliness, are as much weight to carry as advantage. In the first place, no matter how modest, how worthy in themselves, they run dead against some woman's jealousy, and it will go hard, but she can embitter life for them. The malignancy of women towards women is something incomprehensible, enduring and a fendish capability. It is the insanity of female natures. They cannot endure or believe in anything, frank, generous, and free of spirit. They would have all women secretive, crafty, calculating as themselves. We are on the verge of times that will call for more than beauty in women, more than cleverness in men. We have but twenty-five years taken breath from a conflict that was but preliminary to the wider struggle against injustice, not to race only, but to all people, in all relations, in our own right hands and in our own hearts. If there is not found with women faith, truth and that kindness which is God's likeness, then and before then, the striving for place and rule, the bitterness and jealousy shall in faded and lustreless womanhood

fulfill the word "for sweet smell, offense; for well-set hair, baldness; and burning for beauty."—Sydney Dare.

#### Little Nell.

An old man and a little girl walked into a downtown saloon about 2 o'clock yesterday afternoon. It was not his first visit. The white-aproned bartender regarded them curiously. The half a dozen loungers lowered their voices in respect to the little tot of femininity. Nervously fumbling in his pocket the aged toper called for a drink. The little girl left his side and with a fugitive glance at the bartender stole over to the lunch table. From noon until 2 o'clock a generous and tempting array of viands is generally provided in this peculiar resort. It had been removed a few minutes before the old man and his little companion arrived. Raising on tip-toe the little girl looked over a clear expanse of snow-white tablecloth. A pitiful expression of disappointment passed over a face pinched with hunger and privations. The old man was just raising a glass of whiskey to his lips when the little girl rushed across the room and clutched him by the arms.

"Grandpa! grandpa!" she exclaimed in a shrill, childish treble, "don't drink; the lunch is all gone!"

The trembling hand withdrew the glass that had almost touched his lips. A look at the table verified the child's statement. He had already paid for the drink. Motioning the bartender to the end of the long polished bar, the old man said:

"Please give me back the money. I must go without the drink, if I die for it. It's all we have in the world, and the little girl has had nothing to eat since morning. Please give me back the money."

"Here's a quarter; don't come in here again," replied the bartender. Hand in hand they went out, he with his head down and she with her head up and with a glad look in her eyes. He started to go into another saloon, but she held him back. They walked half a block and entered a cheap restaurant.—Ex.

#### No Place for Smokers.

Persons who cannot abide tobacco may be glad to know of one town, it is in Pennsylvania, where not only are smoking and chewing prohibited, but the prohibition is actually carried into effect. The story is told by a writer in the American Magazine.

Alighting from the train at the handsome modern station-house of stone, close by the river-side, we start up the railroad leading over the bluff to the village. A middle-aged German accosts us smiling.

"Welcome," he says, pleasantly. "I shall half delight, I half many people's shown Economy."

He laughs and we laugh; there is a general shaking of hands. No other introduction is necessary. As we resume our walk, one of our party lights a cigar.

"What you do?" asked the guide, stopping, with eye-brows raised with surprise.

"Smoke," replies the astonished gentleman.

"Ye smoke not tobacco here," says the guide.

"So?"

"Vell, not in Economy. Ve haf no use mit tobacco."

Objections are useless; the cigar is thrown away. The guide places his foot on it in triumph. For many years no tobacco has been used in Economy, except by stealth. An edict was issued against it because the practice was deemed an evil one, and these sturdy Germans must have credit for self-sacrifice, as it is a national characteristic dearly to love a pipe.

#### Stabbed in the Dark.

"Martha," asked a wild-eyed man, emerging from a dark and lowly closet with a hurried tread and an ill-dissimulated air of composure, a thin cloak of a general state of chaotic anxiety. "Martha, what is in that high-bouldered, square black bottle with a short neck, on the third shelf?" "Kerosene liniment for grandpa's rheumatism," replied the good wife; "why?" "Oh, nothing!" he answered, carelessly, as one who had just swallowed an earth-

quake in the dark. "Nothing; it wasn't labelled, and I thought it might be something dangerous." They said no more, but in a down-town drug store a man of sorrowful countenance sat a long time that night eating raw quinine out of a saucer with a spoon, trying to get a strange, foreign-looking taste out of his mouth, which, he said, had crept in there unawares.—Burdette.

A word is a little thing, but one word has been a man's destiny for good or evil. Therefore choose your words with care.

Those that can look with dry and undisciplined eyes on another's sin, never truly mourned for their own.

As every thread of gold is valuable, so is every minute of time.

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Read the following testimonial from a man who has used the Great Self Washer for several years. It is the best thing I have ever used for washing my face and neck. It is the best thing I have ever used for washing my face and neck. It is the best thing I have ever used for washing my face and neck.

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#### A Common Cold.

It is often the beginning of serious affections of the Throat, Bronchial Tubes, and Lungs. Therefore, the importance of early and effective treatment cannot be overestimated. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral may always be relied upon for the speedy cure of a Cold or Cough.

Last January I was attacked with a severe Cold, which, by neglect and frequent exposure, became worse, finally settling on my lungs. A terrible cough soon followed, accompanied by pains in the chest, from which I suffered intensely. After trying various remedies, without obtaining relief, I commenced taking Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and was

Speedily cured.

I am satisfied that this remedy saved my life.—Jno. Webster, Lawrence, N. S.

I contracted a severe cold, which suddenly developed into pneumonia, presenting dangerous and obstinate symptoms. My physician at once ordered the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. His instructions were followed, and the result was a rapid and permanent cure.—H. E. Simpson, Rogers Prairie, Texas.

Two years ago I suffered from a severe Cold which settled on my Lungs. I consulted various physicians, and took the medicines they prescribed, but received only temporary relief. A friend induced me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking two bottles of this medicine I was cured. Since then I have given the Pectoral to my children, and consider it

The Best Remedy

for Colds, Coughs, and All Throat and Lung Diseases, ever used in my family.—Robert Vandervoort, Mendville, Pa.

Some time ago I took a slight Cold, which, being neglected, grew worse, and settled on my lungs. I had a hacking cough, and was very weak. Those who know me best considered my life to be in great danger. I continued to suffer until I commenced using Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Less than one bottle of this valuable medicine cured me, and I feel that I owe the preservation of my life to its curative powers.—Mrs. Ann Lockwood, Akron, New York.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is considered, here, the one great remedy for all diseases of the throat and lungs, and is more in demand than any other medicine of its class.—J. F. Roberts, Magnolia, Ark.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

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