

THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 15, 1895.

No. 30.

Vol. VIII.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

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

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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 most desirable copy accompanying the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious name, will be returned to the address of communications to DAVISON BROS., Editors & Proprietors, Wolfville, N. S.

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Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
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Churches.
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Prayer Meeting, Thursday evening at 7:30.
Mission Hall Services—Sunday School at 10 a. m.; Prayer Meeting at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. D. W. Johnson and G. F. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 10 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND—Parish of Horton. St. John's Church, Wolfville. Services: Sunday, 9 a. m. and 11 a. m. (during Advent and Lent), 4 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 Wardens, or other members of the Vestry. Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Rector. Residences, Rector, Kentville. F. S. Crawley and R. Pat, Wardens of St. John's Church. F. A. Masters and S. B. Hae, Wardens of St. James Church.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m.—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 7:30 o'clock p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. F. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, White's Block, at 7:30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gentle Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES, H.—Carpenter and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, E. G.—Dealer in Lead, Oil, Colors, Loom 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. FAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GLAHOVE, 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.

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HERRIN, J. E.—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.

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RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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WILSON, JAS.—Hatters, and Dealer in all orders in his line of business.

Select Poetry.

A Life Lesson.

There's little girls, don't cry!
They have broken your doll,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But children troubles will soon
There's little girls; don't cry!
There's little girls, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know,
And the glad wild ways
Of your childhood days
Are things of the long ago,
But children troubles will soon
There's little girls; don't cry!
There's little girls, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know,
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But children troubles will soon
There's little girls; don't cry!
—John Whitman Riley.

Interesting Story.

THE MAN WITH A HISTORY.

STORY TOLD BACKWARDS.

"I can't see those palm trees," said the Major, a gray-headed "franker" who supported a wife and a family of six in West Kensington out of his pay. He and the best part of his regiment under his command were winding their way along the desert, through thick thorny scrub, between treacherous-looking low parallel ranges.

"I can't make out those palm trees," said the Major. "Lieut. Lovett, shoot the guide at the first sign of his playing false."

"Lieut. Lovett's gone with two files of men and the guide to the top of the ridge to reconnoitre, sir."

Lieut. Lovett and the two files of men never came back, and the Major said as more for a volley from the ridge stretched him lifeless.

Officer after officer, sergeant after sergeant, fell marked out by their uniforms as distinctly as if they had been branded. The Arabs evidently had some renegade among them well up on European uniforms.

Still the column fought its way on doggedly. At last there was only one commissioned officer left—a smooth faced boy, fresh from school, just rushed through Sandhurst. But still the magic of Sandhurst held the men together. And even he, too, was picked off by the sharpshooters; and if he had been a Cuirassier veteran, the effect could not have been more instantaneous. The men who were half of them little better than recruits, commenced a savage qui petit—each man rushing for the nearest bulder or thicket to shelter himself for one minute from the murderous hail of bullets which poured from the ridges. The Arabs had been waiting for this like vultures waiting for a lion to die, and spring out of the scrub with spear and knife to make shambles.

Next moment one of the rank and file sprang forward to where the dead boy lay, sword in hand, clenching the colors which he had seized as the color sergeant fell. Quick as lightning he caught hold of the sword, and waving it in the air, thundered out the command, "Form company square!"

The men, when they saw the familiar signal and heard the familiar word of command, sprang into their places with one accord. They were again a regiment, and not a flock of sheep without a shepherd. They had a strange commander; a fine man enough he must have been, one, but his rufed complexion and bloodshot eyes, with their look of devil-may-care, told the tale of dissipated years. Still, the men felt that they had a master among them once more, and neither bullet nor blade could make any impression on their firmness, though their numbers diminished woefully fast, and owing to their commander being one of the rank and file like themselves, the sharpshooters could not pick him out.

Their ammunition was failing and they knew that in a few minutes death must await them as surely as it did an hour ago, when each was endeavoring to save himself, when suddenly they heard the tattoo of a machine gun and saw the swarthy hordes of Arabs mown down.

"The heart of every one but the man with the bloodshot eyes beat high. He did not value his life. In another moment the man was dead, pierced to

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Liver Disorders

Soon cause the blood to become contaminated and require prompt treatment. The most marked symptoms are loss of appetite, headache, pains in the back or side, nausea, and relaxation of the bowels. Ayer's Pills assist nature to expel the superabundant bile and thus restore the purity of the blood. Being purely vegetable and sugar-coated, they are pleasant to take, mild in operation, and without ill effects.

After many years' experience with Ayer's Pills as a remedy for the large number of ailments caused by derangement of the liver, peculiar to malarial localities, simple justice prompts me to express to you my high appreciation of the merits of this medicine for the class of disorders I have named."—S. L. Loughridge, Boston, Texas.

A plucky miner was let down the shaft in a bucket, and brought up the body of the earl, stone dead, but hardly bruised, for he had fallen into deep water. Only, whether it was due to the passion in which he had died, or to his falling through so many feet of air, the expression on his face was ghastly beyond description. Those who saw the last Earl of Morvah lying on a tavern table awaiting the coroner's inquest were haunted by it till they died. The Castle of Doom was suffered to fall into decay. It seemed to have fulfilled its bode when its last owner followed the tradition of his family. The remainder of the history is contained in two letters.

I. From Maj.-Gen. Hon. John Le Grey, commanding her majesty's forces at the battle of Wady Issek, to the Rt. Hon. Lord Hexham Priors, Northumberland, England.

MY DEAR BROTHER,—Our favorite but too wild brother, Charles, has finished the stormy career that opened so brightly. I arrived just too late to save him at the battle of Wady Issek, where he had saved the regiment in whose ranks he was serving by his gallantry and presence of mind in assuming the command, which, of course, as a former captain, he was qualified to do, when it was routed by all its officers being shot down. [He followed a description of the battle.] I send you a lock of his hair, which I cut off before we buried him, and the private's uniform in which he met his death so heroically. He was buried in a spare uniform of the captain of his company, killed in the same action. Our dear old brother made up for his life with his death. I can assure you I wept over him like a child when I found him only just dead, after having been lost to us for many years. I have kept the sword he died with. I feel so thankful that I arrived in time to give him a last kiss and follow him to his grave. I have much more to write, but my heart is too full. I am, my dear Hexham, your affectionate brother,

JOHN LE GREY, Major-General.

II. From the Maj.-Gen. Hon. John Le Grey, commanding her majesty's forces at the battle of Wady Issek, to sister Gwendolen, at the Convent of the Watchers, Rome.

MADAM: Herewith I beg to return to you the miniature of yours of which you gave me my late lamented brother, Capt. Charles Le Grey, together with a letter written by you to him. The stains on the letter and picture are blood, for he was carrying them next to his body when he fell fighting gloriously in the service of his country in the battle of Wady Issek. [Here as in the last letter followed a description of the battle.] Madam, you must excuse a stranger venturing to address you thus, but I felt that you would like to hear of the noble ending of one who had such a tragic influence upon your life. Madam, excuse a bad, untidy letter from a sorrowing brother, and believe me, yours faithfully,

JOHN LE GREY, Major-General.

The poor sinful body of Charles Le Grey does not lie in the sands of the desert, but in the great cathedral whose golden cross shines over the last beds of Nelson and Wellington, whither it was transported at the cost of the last of the house of Morvah. A memorial, conspicuous, but with an exquisite relief of the battle, showing him in his private uniform holding up the sword to give the signal for forming the square, records that it was erected by Sister Gwendolen in affectionate memory of Private the Honorable Charles Le Grey of the Queen's Own, Late Captain in Her Majesty's Rifle Brigade, who fell in the moment

of victory, while gallantly commanding his regiment after it had been denuded of its officers at the battle of Wady Issek.—DOUGLAS SLADEN.

THE ERA OF DISCOVERY
The announcement that a commission of savants was shortly set out for Mount Ararat, on the elevation in Western Asia designated by the name, recalls the alleged attempt many years ago to recover from the bed of the Red sea, at the point where the children of Israel were supposed to have crossed, some relic of the lost hosts of Pharaoh.

It would seem that a new era is about opening in the matter of exploration and discovery. A Danish expedition will shortly start to explore the interior of Greenland, and a Mexican party is preparing to invade the undiscovered interior of Yucatan; the masses of the Amazon are being penetrated, while the Russians are exploring their possessions within the Arctic circle. Stanley is in the heart of Africa, and while waiting to hear from him the world listens to the story of the grand discoveries in the planetary world by the aid of the superb Lick telescope. Taken all in all the indications are bright before the dawn of the year 1900 many of the mysteries of lost cities and forgotten nations, of nebulae and stars revealed to the glorious light of the Nineteenth century.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

There are in St. John at present two representatives of a New York syndicate, who intend running a line of steamers between New York and St. John, touching at Eastport, Bar Harbor and Rockland, Me.

The customs receipts of Halifax for February were \$128,000, an increase of \$30,000.

Minnard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Surprise Soap is a new and improved soap, and is the best on earth. It is made of the finest materials, and is of a pure white color. It is of a soft and creamy texture, and is of a pleasant odor. It is of a high quality, and is of a long life. It is of a high quality, and is of a long life. It is of a high quality, and is of a long life.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP CO., ST. CROIX, 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 EMPIRE in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

Three Months Free

every subscriber paying for one year in advance before the 1st of January, 1895.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$1.

Now is the time to subscribe.

THE WEEKLY EMPIRE, Toronto.