THE ACADIAN
AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1888. No. 32

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. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR 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, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out

Newsy 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.

Address all communications to

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

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M. TO 8 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a. m.
Express west close at 10.35 a. m.
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A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R 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.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev T A Higgins, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11 00 a m and 7 00 p m. Sabbath School at 9 30 a m Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7 30 p m and Thursday at 7 30 p m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev Fred'k Priggens, Pastor—Services 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 00 p m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services on Sunday next at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 2 p. m.

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, A. F & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S OF T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter'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.

ISLAND HOME STOCK FARM.

Registered Percheron Horses and French Coach Horses. Savage & Farnam, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grosse Isle, Wayne County, Mich. We offer a very large stud of horses to select from, we guarantee our stock, make prices reasonable and sell on easy terms. Visitors always welcome. Large catalogue free. Address Savage & Farnam, Dearborn, Mich.

DIRECTORY
—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.

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, Colors Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc, etc.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Wholesale dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load. 10

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 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.

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

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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 Makes, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

CARDS.

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, ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA, LOSS OF APPETITE, SICK HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION OR COSTIVENESS.

BRAMPTON, Mass., 21st Oct., 1886.—I find Campbell's Cathartic Compound the best article I have ever used for costive ness or biliousness, and easy to take. I am, yours truly A. F. McDONALD.
Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle

Select Poetry.

A LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.

I do not know what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit
With a touch of infinite calm.

It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
I shall hear that grand Amen.

—*Adelaide Anne Proctor.*

Interesting Story.

FRED AND DOLLY.

There were twenty boys of us at the Cliff then, and to this day, every one living will remember that January morning.

We had been having rainy weather for a week. One evening the wind veered round into the east and blew great guns all night. It tore the tin roof off the new depot, levelled the old church-spire, and sent the mercury "way down to nowhere, and several degrees below," as Fred Ashton said. I mention the weather because, as you will see presently, it is an important part of my story.

We were crowding about the stove in the hall, that next morning, waiting for the last prayer-bell to ring, when Fred came in. His hands were driven into his pockets, and his shoulders pushed nearly up to his ears. All round the hall the windows looked like ground glass, with fern patterns. Two boys were toasting their slates. Tim Talmage was talking aloud and fast as usual. Fred stepped across to where Dolly Kent was standing, looking white and shivery. He was our little boy. Fred Ashton was fifteen, and a well-grown spirited fellow.

"Hallo!" he cried, and lifted Dolly off his feet and set him down again; "and is it froze ye air intirely? What's that you said, Tim? Who's sick?"

"Starks. Wonder who'll hear his classes? He's pretty badly off, they say,—that is, Norah told me that he'd got pneumonia, and he was 'as sick as sick could be, an' faith, he'd be worse before he was better.'"

"Pretty good Irish, that," answered Fred laughing, and then the bell struck, Dr Salter came in, and we scattered to our seats.

Mr Starks was the teacher of mathematics, and we didn't like him. Most of us hated algebra for his sake. I believe there wasn't a problem in "Robinson's University" edition over which he had not bullied a boy. Dr Salter was head master, and for his sake Virgil was to us the finest poetry ever written. He was a grand, mellow-hearted old giant, and every mother's son of us was loyal to him. But he came in this morning with a frown braided tight between his eyebrows.

"Some fellow's got to take it," whispered Edgar to me. "Glad I've behaved better than usual, lately."

"Silence!" growled the doctor. "Sing the twentieth hymn, tune Mear. And we sang it, Fred at the piano, scowling horribly because we weren't up to time.

"Keep your seats. I've something to say to you," spoke Dr Salter, after the prayer.

Fred was sitting at the piano still. His side face was toward us, and his eyes fixed on the doctor. I remember thinking that instant what a handsome fellow he was.

"Something was done on this place last night, which was, possibly, meant for a joke. It was a crime!" A pause. Every boy held his breath. Fred Ashton's face turned pale, and Dolly's; I dare say mine, also.

"The boy who did it is, doubtless, present, and I tell him this much: He may be thankful if it does not turn out that he has the sin of murder on his soul."

What was the matter? This; and a bad matter it was, as we were soon told. Mr Starks had been locked in the corn-house the evening before, and had been taken out more dead than alive this morning. All that winter night, the most tempestuous that had been known at the Cliff for many years, he had been in that cold building, and with only his dressing-gown for protection.

The corn-house was twenty rods from the school, and even had it stood nearer no cry could have been heard through the wind of that night. The grain for the horses was kept there, and Dolly Kent's rabbits had their pen in one corner. Mr Starks owned a horse, and often went to the corn-house for oats, and the boys were there every hour in the day. Nights the building was locked, but we all knew that the rusty old key belonged on a nail just inside the woodhouse door.

"I don't believe it was done purposely. Some boy locked the door and didn't know Mr Starks was there," said Edgar.

But Talmage replied: "No; Starks can talk a little, and he says he heard the bolt slip, and called out to the fellow, and that he must have heard him, for he wasn't more than three feet off at the time. He says it was just eight o'clock. The town clocks were striking."

"Well, it was a mean trick, I don't care who did it," and Edgar flashed a straight glance round the group of boys. "I don't like Starks; I never pretended I did, but I don't want to see him chopped into inch pieces."

Ashton heard Mr Starks' class that day. His father was an officer in the regular army, and the son was good in mathematics. Fred had come up out on the frontier somewhere, and knew the inside of Indian warfare. He hated Starks, and had been heard to say that "he wished he had the fellow off among the redskins once; he'd scare him a little," and thereupon we, to a boy, had desired that such a crisis might arise, and that we might all be there to see.

Fred had a proud, off-hand way, and he carried an immense influence with us. Hadn't he cowed a "towny" nearly twice as large as himself? Didn't he, on that July day we were over at the pond, dive in twenty feet of water and bring up Dolly, who, but for him, would never have come out alive? Of course Dolly himself almost worshipped Fred after that. He could not do too much for him.

It was seven o'clock in the evening of that same January day, when the long bell called us all into Dr Salter's study. We had been pretty quiet since morning, for we believed that Mr Starks was going to die; and if he did, it would be a wretched thing for somebody. So there had been plenty of scared faces flitting about, and Dolly Kent had looked so white and miserable that Edgar had said to him:

"Why, Dolly, you act as though you locked Mr Starks in yourself. Confess now, was it you or—the doctor?"

It was about as likely to have been one as the other of those two, we should have said.

There in the study that night the doctor spoke a few words to us, pretty sternly. I remember he told us that the sick man had probably seen his last sun go down, and I remember he charged us to tell the truth—as though a Cliff boy would tell anything else. We had our faults, we knew, but we hoped we were neither sneaks nor liars.

"You may all rise," said the doctor.

"There was one shaded lamp in the room, shedding a little circle of light around the table. The boys were crowded together at the apartment. At this order there was a sound of feet and a glimpse of figures rising and standing among the shadows.

"Those of you," very slowly the master spoke, "who know nothing—save by hearsay—about this matter, may be seated."

Instantly every boy dropped into his chair—every boy except one. A single figure, timid, shrinking, stood there not three feet from the doctor's table.

"Dolly Kent! Why, Dolly," cried Dr Salter, "what do you know about it?"

No answer, no sound in the room save the ticking of the clock, and every boy of us hearing his own heart beat. Dr Salter spoke again:

"Well, Kent, what can you tell us about it?"

"There was a long pause, and then we were amazed to hear Dolly's voice answer in a low, clear tone: "There is nothing I can tell, sir.'

"Isn't there?" The doctor was, as we said often, "an easy man," but he could put a deal of displeasure into voice and eyes, sometimes. "We'll see about that, Kent; you may remain. The rest are excused," and we filed out past the small figure which, with downcast eyes, stood there beside the table.

"There, that's what I always said," cried Tim Talmage, the instant the study door was closed behind us. "When a fellow is so awfully good as Dolly always pretended to be, you've got to look out for him."

"Hold on there, Tim," retorted Edgar, and whirled round fiercely on the speaker. "You think he did it, do you? I'll tell you what, it's more likely that you or I did it, and then lied about it. Don't you think so, Ashton? Why, where is Fred?" But Fred had vanished. I had caught a glimpse of his square shouldess going out of sight at the top of the long old-fashioned stairway.

For three days after this none of us saw Dolly. There was a small room adjoining the doctor's chamber, and there the little fellow was understood to be shut up.

"He knows something and he won't tell. That's the trouble, I suppose," said Edgar, and another boy spoke:

"If Dolly won't tell, he won't, and they'll never starve him into telling."

"They aint trying to starve him into it. I met Mrs Salter just now carrying a tray with his dinner—enough for any two of us, let alone Dolly, who never was great at eating."

"If anything will make him tell, it'll be Mrs Salter. She'll pity a fellow, and she'll talk mother-talk to him, and first he knows he'd let out what you'd have said wild horses couldn't drag from him. Wonder what Dolly will do? I say, Ashton, what would you advise him to do?" and we all noticed a queer look on Fred's face as he answered:

"Tell—let it out where it would."

Meanwhile, Mr Starks lived. But he was very ill, and his delirious ravings which could be heard all over the house by day, and the wilder shrieks which shrilled through the dark of the nights, added to our excitement.

At length, one Wednesday, after rhetoricals, we were all in our places sitting quietly, when Mrs Salter came into the hall leading Dolly. He looked very pale. Mrs Salter—she was a gentle little woman—had a certain redness about the eyes, and was tucking her handkerchief into her pocket. The two seated themselves near the desk. There was a hush and then the doctor said:

"I think, Kent, I understood you to say that you know who did this."

"Yes, sir," answered Dolly, quietly.

"Think a moment, before you reply to the question which I now put to you for the last time. Are you willing to tell what you know of the matter?"

"I cannot tell."

"I have no choice, then," spoke the doctor; I can only deal with you as though you were the real criminal. From this hour, you, Adolphus Kent, are no longer a member of this school."

"Wait a minute!" spoke a voice. There was a movement, and some one from the back part of the hall strode forward to the doctor's side.

"Dolly had nothing to do with it. I locked that door myself. I haven't behaved well about it, but I'll tell you the whole thing now."

There he stood, that boy, fronting us all, with his flushed impetuous face, a strange mingling of shame and defiance in his manner—that boy—Fred Ashton.

"I didn't mean Mr Starks to stay there all night. I supposed Bat would go after the oats for the horse, and let him out. How did I know he was going to forget it? And then it wasn't cold all day or the first of the evening. I didn't suppose it would hurt a man staying there a while. When I heard about it all, in the morning, I thought I'd keep still and let the evidence come out."

"One question here, sir," spoke the doctor sternly. "How about your denying all knowledge of the matter that night in the study?"

Fred flushed more hotly and answered:

"I didn't rise with the rest, sir. I was in the corner by the big book-case, and you did not notice."

"And you considered sneaking preferable to lying?" There was deep scorn in the master's tone. "You chose to let Dolly, in his innocence, suffer for your guilt?"

"I didn't believe you'd hurt Dolly, sir, and besides, I've no idea what he knows about it."

Simply this, it seemed, for the little fellow was ready now to tell that he had seen Fred lock the door and run in with the key, and afterward, comparing the time, eight o'clock, with the time when Mr Starks had been fastened in the corn-house, he knew Fred must have been the one who did it. That was all.

The room was still once more, after this story. But there was that in the doctor's wrathful face, in Ashton's, hot with shame, in Dolly's frightened look, and Mrs Salter's womanly eyes, watching all, which meant more than many words. By-and-by the master turned toward Fred, and eyeing him sharply, said: "For Kent, I had simply a dismissal; for you, Ashton, there is dismissal, disgrace, dishonor. Go to your own room. You have a right here no longer."

Fred turned slowly away, but with a swift movement Dolly sprang past him, seized his hand and drew him close to Dr Salter's chair.

"Oh, Dr Salter," cried the little fellow, "do not be hard with Fred. I wish he hadn't told. I wish you'd let me be punished instead of him. Didn't he risk his life for me? I should have been drowned if it hadn't been for Fred. Oh, I'll bear anything, I'll do anything, if you'll only forgive him this time—if you'll only let him stay in school."

Suddenly the doctor raised his eyes and looked around on us all. I shall never know what was in their expression which made me dare to speak out, but before I knew what I was going to do, I had exclaimed:

"Can't you let Dolly have his way, sir? He has had such a time of it?" and instantly Edgar cried:

"Mayn't we put it to vote?"

Then every boy of us sprang to his feet. We waited for no permission. We were voting without it. It wasn't sympathy for Fred, although the frankness of his confession had offset its tardiness a little; it was enthusiasm for Dolly that moved us not a little. Fred stood before us a humiliated fellow. We saw in Dolly another sort of bravery than this.

The kind old doctor looked at us all standing up in front of him, looked at Fred, then at Dolly, and then, with an odd expression, half relenting, he turned toward his wife.

"Well, my dear?" he asked.

Mrs Salter glanced up, a little smile gleaming through the tears in her eyes, and answered very low, but so clearly that we all heard the words: "Guilty, but recommended to mercy—the mercy for Dolly's sake."

And so, for Dolly's sake, Fred was taken back. Five years later, half of our twenty Cliff boys were in the army. Sickness, wounds, imprisonment, came to our lot, but we all reached home at the end of the war—all save one. And that one, who fell leading on a despesate charge, fell at the head of his men, who idolized him and would have followed him anywhere,—that one was Fred Ashton.

The Art of Letter-Writing.

In letter-writing be entertaining, be amusing, be brief, and, if you can, be funny. A funny letter is always welcome. But don't be funny if you can't. Don't try to be funny. Unless you are morally certain that your fun is funny fun, save it for a sermon. Nothing in all this world is so flat, insipid, tasteless, vapid, utterly savorless, as flat fun. It is heavier than stupidity, staler than dulness, blanker than vacancy. Now and then I receive a letter which some writer—who is as devoid of humor as a cow is of feathers—has tried to make funny for my entertainment, and as I dismally wade through the dreary lines, my heart is painfully disappointed, because I think: "What an excellent, sensible letter has his good-hearted fellow spoiled, because he thinks I am an idiot, doing nothing but grin and giggle all the day." He could write a good letter too, did he write like his own natural self. "But," you say, "I might write a letter that I thought was very funny, and yet it would not be funny at all." Well, n-no, no. You see you have some sense. You can tell a brilliant sunset from a burning lumber-yard. You can count the feet of your poems on your fingers, and you know that stethoscope and phalanx make not a good rhyme. You know when a thing is funny and when it is flat. You know enough to eat when you are hungry, don't you? Well, then, you know when a sketch is really funny and when it is only a disastrous imitation. "Well, then," you say, "you profess to be funny. "Do you think that everything you write is really funny?" Oh, my tender Telemachus, if you dreaded to see the paper that contains my written words as I do; if you went out into the wilderness and clubbed yourself with your pen as often as I do; if with heavy heart and streaming eyes, alone in the darkness of failure you buried as many printed jokes, dead in the hour of their birth, as I do, you would trade your pen for a hand-saw and paint-brush and write spectacular dramas!—*Burdett.*

BEST ON EARTH

SURPRISE SOAP

THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes; washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scalding or hard rubbing necessary. The saving of fuel alone pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, softens woolen goods and makes colored goods brighter. One soap for all purposes. Toilet, Bath, Laundry, Scrubbing, &c. Read the directions plainly given on each wrapper and learn the new "Surprise" way of washing clothes, saving time, money, labor and worry of the old way. Wash day is made a pleasure by the use of SURPRISE SOAP and joy and smiles take the place of tired looks. Save 25 Surprise wrappers, send to the manufacturers with your address and get a handsome picture for them. Ask your grocer to show you the picture. SURPRISE SOAP is sold by all leading grocers. If not obtainable at your home send 6 cents in stamps to us for sample bar.

The St. Croix Soap M'f'g Co., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

A Common Cold

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 exposures, 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, Pawtucket, R. I.

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 Vanderpool, Meadville, 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 knew 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,

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.