THE ACADIAN

AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 16, 1888. No. 31

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

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.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising 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

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.

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 arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, 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 uncalled for is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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.

Express east close at 5 10 p. m.

Kentville close at 7 15 p m

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. DEW. BARSS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor——Service every Sabbath at 300 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 Friggens, 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 & Farnum, Importers and Breeders of Percheron and French Coach Horses, Island Home Stock Farm, Grand Ledge, 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 & Farnum, Durand, 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.

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.

McINTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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.

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

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.

BRANDON, MAN., 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. N. McDONALD.

Sold by dealers in family medicines everywhere. 25c. per bottle

Select Poetry.

BIDE A WEE.

'Twas a little Scottish maiden,
When or where I do not know,
Spoke the quaint words richly laden
With a truth that all should know.

Turning to the Northland dearie,
What is patience? some one said;
"Bide a wee and dinna weary,"
Thus replied the little maid.

Ah, yes: wait a bit—the morrow
May chase all your fears away:
If to-day is filled with sorrow,
Do not weary, 'twill not stay.

Though the way seems long and dreary,
And the soul feels lone and chill,
Wait a bit and do not weary,
There's a balm for every ill.

What if storms are breaking o'er us,
There's a rainbow after rain;
And, though all is dark before us,
Soon the sun will shine again.

If the shaft of disappointment
Strikes us like a poisoned dart,
Patience is the sovereign ointment
That can heal the wounded heart.

Time will change each sad condition.
Lift again the drooping head,
Give, perchance, to hopes fruition,
That were long ago thought dead.

Let us, then, be calm and cheery,
As we seek life's golden shore,
Wait a bit and ne'er grow weary
Till we need to wait no more.

Interesting Story.

A BIG MISTAKE.

I.

Henry Dyson was alone in the little office at the back end of his store.

Mr Dyson was a pleasant-looking man of about thirty-five or forty, and his fellow-townsmen frequently pointed to him with pride as a self-made business man.

But while everybody had a good word for Henry Dyson, very few people spoke well of his brother Tom.

On the night our story opens the merchant was waiting for his graceless brother, and as the hours rolled on the frown on his face grew deeper.

"I can do nothing with him," he said, as he paced the floor impatiently. I have given him every possible chance, but he grows more idle and dissipated every day. Perhaps I ought not to wait for him, but he was so urgent in his request for an interview to-night that I could not refuse. Poor fellow! What new trouble can he be mixed up in?"

The front door opened and a young man entered quietly, and, after a furtive glance around the store, proceeded to the office.

"Well, Tom?" said Henry Dyson.

"I am here, you see," replied Tom.

"I suppose," said Henry, "that it is useless to ask why you are so late or where you have been during the past two days.

Tom looked a little nervous, and his eyes fell.

"That is neither here nor there," he answered in a swaggering way; "I have had some business of my own to look after, and I knew that you were not short of help in the store."

"Well, what is it?" asked Henry abruptly.

"Brother," Tom broke out hurriedly and in a faltering voice, "I must have some money—$200 or so."

"I wonder where you will get it," Henry rejoined. "You will not get another cent from me—that is certain. Why should I toil here and economize in order to furnish you with funds to be lost at the gaming table?"

"If I do not get this money," said Tom, turning very pale, "I shall have to leave the country."

"A good thing for the country, then," snapped Henry. "Don't let me interfere with your travelling plans."

Tom seemed to fall all to pieces at this reply. He made one more effort.

"I hope you are not hard up yourself," he said.

"I was never getting along better," responded the merchant, "but that has nothing to do with the case."

He pulled open the door of the iron safe, and pointed to a little tin box.

"Do you see that?" he asked. "Well, that box contains twenty crisp $1,000 bank notes. I drew the money from the bank to-day for an investment. No, Tom, I am prospering, but I am tired of your endless drain upon my purse. It must stop, and now is the time."

Henry rose from his chair, and went into a little closet for his overcoat.

In an instant before a man could count three seconds, Tom had drawn the flat tin box from the safe and slipped it into the breast of his heavy overcoat.

His brother slowly emerged from the closet, and put on his wrappings. Then he closed the door of the safe with a click.

"I am ready to go," he said. "You have no further business with me, I presume?"

"No, sir," Tom responded with a pale, determined face. "Neither now, nor later, good-bye."

"Good-bye, old fellow," said Henry with a yawn."

Tom walked out of the store without another word, banging the door after him.

"I know him," soliloquized the merchant. "He will not leave here. He will be around to-morrow with a new proposition. Perhaps, after all, I had better look into his affairs, and give him another chance."

He walked slowly out of the building, and locked the door. A glance up and down the street showed him that Tom was not in sight, and he then quietly made his way to his hotel, where he straightway went to bed.

II.

After leaving the store Tom hugged the tin box to his breast and walked at a rapid pace.

"It was an awful thing to do," he muttered; "but I had to have money and I worked to make some of it."

The young man sped onward through the deserted streets until he reached the river. He crossed the bridge and started up the hill on the other side.

His plan was plain enough. He was going to a suberban railway station to take the train for the West.

Suddenly he pulled up with a jerk. He took the tin box from under his coat.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed; "I must have been mad. I am no thief, and I will cut my throat before I will become one. There is but thing to do. I will take the box back to my brother, confess my folly, and then leave him.

He turned and retraced his steps. When he reached the bridge he paused a moment and looked over into the dark waters below.

"I may find peace there," he said gloomily.

He leaned over the railing and listened to the swift rolling current.

"Mercy!" he cried. "The box! the box!"

It had slipped through his fingers, and already the rushing waters were carrying it to the sea.

Tom ran in the direction of his brother's hotel, and then wheeled about and ran back to the bridge. His first impulse was to throw himself into the river.

"I am a fool!" he said. "Suicide will not restore the money. I must be a man now if there is any manhood in me!"

Across the river and over the hill, into the thick darkness of the night, the guilty fugitive fled. Mile after mile he walked like a madman.

The lights of the city disappeared from view, and Tom found himself wandering in an unfamiliar locality.

Again the river came in sight, and the wretched man decided to follow its course. It was not far to the sea. He would go on to the nearest port and ship as a sailor.

Anything to get beyond his brother's reach, and the eyes of those who knew him!

Thus the light of day found him, but it was not likely any one along the river side would recognize him. There were few dwellings, and the people he met were farmers who were not disposed to be unpleasantly inquisitive.

So the half-crazed man rushed on through the day, till at nightfall he limped wearily into a small seaport town.

III.

Henry Dyson made every effort to find his missing brother.

When he thought of the pained look in Tom's eyes the night the poor fellow left, he reproached himself for allowing him to go away without a kind word of encouragement.

The detectives took the matter up, and the newspapers published an account of Tom's mysterious disappearance.

But it was all of no avail. There was no trace, no clue, and after a year or two the merchant came to the conclusion that his brother was a dead man.

Henry Dyson continued to prosper. He married happily, and in the course of time little children came to make his home still brighter.

Twenty years had rolled away, when one night the merchant found himself alone in his office writing a letter.

As he leaned back in his chair to take a moment's rest he thought of the night a score of years before when Tom had visited him there to make a last appeal.

Tears came into the rich man's eyes.

"He was my only brother," he sobbed, "and I acted like a brute. How easy it would have been for me to have paid his little debts. Then I could have watched over him, and in time my love would have touched his heart, and he would have turned out all right. But it is too late to think of these things."

The door opened with hardly a creak, and the merchant would not have known it but for the rush of cool air.

He rose from his chair just in time to greet a visitor, who walked into the office without even a knock on the door to herald his approach.

Henry Dyson looked upon him in speechless astonishment. If he could trust his eyes this was Tom Dyson, but not the Tom of twenty years ago. He was an old man with wrinkled face and white hair.

"Brother," said the visitor, holding out his hand, "are you glad to see me?"

With a joyous exclamation the other caught him in his embrace, and then seated him in a chair.

"This is a glad hour for me, Tom," he said; "I had given you up for dead, and all these years I have been reproaching myself for my harshness to you that night, you know."

"Hold on!" cried the other excitedly. "You must not overwhelm me with such kindness until I have made restitution. Here in this package you will find the money to replace the sum I took from your safe in the little tin box. It has taken me these twenty years to make it, but here it is at last.

"But I do not understand," interrupted Henry.

"Oh, but you must," replied his brother. "When you turned away to get your coat that night I slipped the box out of the safe and concealed it. Then you closed the safe, unconscious of your loss, and I left you."

"But the box was empty!" shouted Henry.

"Impossible," answered Tom, "for you told me that it contained $20,000. Well, I rushed off with the box, but repented, and was on my way to return it when I carelessly let it slip into the water when I crossed the river. Now you know why I ran away and concealed myself. I had but one object—to make enough money to pay you back, and then I would ask your forgiveness.

"Oh, what a foolish Tom!" said Henry. "Why, man, I found in the morning that my bookkeeper had taken the money from the box and carried it back to the bank that afternoon, when he found that I was not going to use it until the next day. I missed the empty box, but I never connected that with your disappearance."

"Then this money"—

"Is yours," said Henry; "but even if you had lost my money, as you supposed, you should have come back to me. I sometimes talked roughly to you, but you ought to have known how I loved you, Tom."

The two white-haired men sat there till midnight, talking about old times and making their plans for the future.

"You must live with me, Tom," said Henry, as he took him home. "I can't trust you out of my sight again."

And Tom gave his promise, at the same time thanking the good Lord for blessing him with such a big-hearted brother.

These two knew no misunderstanding and no parting until death came to separate them, and in all the city no man was more respected and more beloved than Tom Dyson. His big mistake made a man of him.

How to Visit the World's Metropolis.

Continued.

LONDON EAST FROM CHARING CROSS.

In this journey we pass down the Strand, which with its immediate vicinity is one of the best specimens of that strange proximity of riches and poverty—the latter condition not ameliorated by the former—which is so often met in London. For elegance and wealth it is almost the peer of Oxford and Regent streets, but to one who is acquainted with the squalor and crime of *Drury Lane* and *Seven Dials*, these sights lose their attractiveness. In passing along we notice Somerset House and King's College while in one of the side-lanes is a relic of the old Roman times—a bath "13 feet long by 6 feet by 4½ feet deep" connected with a spring that throws 10 tons of water per day.

As we leave the Strand—so called for its once being the margin of the Thames—we pass by what is known as *Bookseller's Row*, where will be found enough to satisfy the desires of a bibliophilist or the cravings of a bibliomaniac. When here one feels that "of making many books there is no end."

We have now come to the site of the old Temple Bar which for so many years remained as a remembrance of London in the days of yore, with its battlements and gates. The visitor to London is now reminded of these things only by names such as, Ludgate, *Aldersgate*, Aldgate, *Bishopsgate*, *Newgate*, *Cripplegate*, all of which point to various gates of the city and their particular uses. The new Palace of Justice is here, and without any attempt to describe its merits, mention may be made of its being built of brick and stone and faced with marble. "It took 35,000,000 of bricks, 80,000 tons of stone and is 480 feet long by 460 feet broad." From this point we pass through Fleet street—great newspaper centre—and crossing Ludgate Circus we bend our steps somewhat north through Farrington street, that we may see the Holburn Viaduct. This structure spans the street and connects High Holburn with the *city proper*. "It is 1400 feet long by 80 feet broad and the buttresses are of polished granite." While not of such vast proportions as other bridges it has the reputation of being one of the finest specimens of bridge architecture that has ever been produced. This will be apparent when it is remembered that it cost $10,000,000.

Within a few minutes' walk of the Viaduct are the Old Bailey or Newgate Prison, Smithfield—once the scene of martyr fires but now a meat market 625 feet long, 240 feet wide and 35 feet high, covering an area of 74 acres—St Bartholomew's Hospital, Christ Church Hospital or Blue Coat School—a legacy of Edward VI by which 800 poor boys were to be clothed, fed and educated, but which like most of the guilds of London has been appropriated or rather *misappropriated* by the rich—and St Martins-le-grande or the General Post Office. This latter is really two buildings, one of which 400 feet long, 130 feet broad and 64 feet high, and the other is 286 feet long, 144 feet broad and 84 feet high.

We are now in the heart of the city proper and under the shadow of the famed St Paul's Cathedral. Before entering we may take a constitutional in the half-a-mile circuit of this edifice and imagine if possible the prodigious temple of Diana which is said to have stood on this site. The good Sir Christopher Wren was the architect of the present structure which took thirty-five years to build and cost $7,500,000. On entering we observe a building in the shape of a cross and of the following dimensions:—"510 feet long, 282 feet broad and 40 feet high. Dome is 420 feet in circumference and weighs over 3000 tons. Ball that is above the dome is 20 feet in circumference and weighs 5600 tons. Cross that surmounts the ball is 30 feet high and weighs 3600 pounds." One of the greatest attractions in connection with the dome is the whispering gallery at the base, which is 750 feet in circumference. This is such a perfect circle that the slightest whisper against the wall on the one side can be distinctly heard on the other side—travelling thus a half-circle of 285 feet. The following are items of interest:—"To reach the whispering gallery 260 steps have to be climbed, to the Golden Gallery 560, and to the bell 616." In connection with the clock-tower at the west end there are the following:—"The Great Bell is 30 feet in circumference and weighs 5 tons; minute-hand is 9 feet long and weighs 75 pounds; the pendulum is 16 feet long and weighs 150 pounds."

In the crypt are the tombs of Wellington, Nelson, Collingwood and other worthies, while around are statues to Moore, Johnson, Reynolds, Howard and others who by their bravery, talents and self-sacrifice endeared themselves to the nation and who "being dead yet speak."

F. F.

To be Continued.

Preferred the Cash.

The late John B. Gough used to love to tell this story. He had an engagement to lecture in a suberban town in Illinois, and askod a darky cabman, who drove him from Chicago in his hack to the place he was to lecture, what his charges were. "Well, sah," said he, "if you'd jes gib me a ticket to de lectur', sah, I would be very glad." Flattered by such a request from such a source, Mr Gough not only gave the cabman a ticket, but added another for his lady friend. He did not see his colored friend among his audience, however, that evening. Getting into the same cab the next evening he said to the driver: "How was it I did not see you at the lecture last evening?" "Well, sah," he answered, "I were not dar; you see, sah, I jes' sold dem tickets for a dollar, sah, 'cause I didn't know much 'bout lectures nohow, and thought I'd rather hab de cash, sah."

SCROFULA

Humors,

I do not believe that Ayer's Sarsaparilla has an equal as a remedy for Scrofulous Humors. 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. Lindale, O.

Erysipelas,

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.

Canker, and

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.

Catarrh,

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, and, in a few months, was cured.—Susan L. Cook, 909 Albany st., Boston Highlands, Mass.

Can be cured by purifying the blood with

Ayer's Sarsaparilla is superior to any blood purifier that I have ever tried. I have taken it for Scrofula, Canker, and Saltrheum, and received much benefit from it. It is good, also, for a weak stomach.—Millie Jane Peirce, South Bradford, Mass.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

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

Price $1; six bottles, $5.

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.