

**WHO BIDES HIS TIME.**  
Who bides his time, and day and day  
Faces defeat full patiently,  
And lifts a mournful roundelay,  
However poor his fortunes be—  
He will not fail in any realm  
Of Poverty—the paltry dime  
It will grow golden in his palm,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time—he tastes the sweet  
Of honey in the saltiest tear;  
And though he fares with lowest feet  
Joy runs to meet him drawing near.  
The birds are heralds of his cause,  
And, like a never-ending rhyme,  
The road-side bloom in his applause,  
Who bides his time.

Who bides his time and fears not  
In the hot race that none achieves,  
Shall wear cool wreaths of laurel, wrought  
With crimson berries in the leaves.  
And he shall reign a goodly king,  
And sway his hand o'er every clime  
With peace writ on his signet ring,  
Who bides his time.

**VICTOR HUGO'S DEATH-BED.**

"Hush," said they, "make no noise—the poet is dying." And they stood reverently and watched the coming of the death angel. Even the winds were hushed; they had stolen in softly, and asked the morning sunbeams what it all meant, and the sunbeams had told the winds that the death angel was coming to take the poet away, and so the winds stood still in great wonderment and sadness.

But the death angel did not come. His grim shadow did not steal athwart the morning sunbeams nor chill the gentle winds that hovered round the poet's couch. Withal the poet was dying and there was sadness everywhere. Suddenly a thousand voices filled the chamber with sweetest music.

"How strange and yet how beautiful," thought the people. And the dying poet thought so too, for a smile came and rested on his venerable face, and his lips moved as if they would echo that sweet music. They were the songs the poet had sung; all over the world had they been and every human heart had they touched, and now they had come back to bear the poet's soul away. What could be more beautiful than that?

And the poet went with his songs, the hoary father with his children, and entered into his rest. From that still chamber was the weary soul borne away upon the thousand singing voices, and the clouds stopped in the sky to hear the wondrous music.

So shall they come to thee—thy songs, O Master Poet—and, lulling thy wearied soul to sleep, shall bear thee with sweet music to eternity.

**ROWING.**

It is said that the muscular strain endured by competitors in an ordinary boat-race is twenty-four times as great as that endured by a good mower working in a heavy field of grass. But in the case of the rower, the strain is so divided among different sets of muscles that it is felt scarcely more than the mowing.

Again, it is said, that if of two men of equal strength, one works as hard as he can at pumping, and the other at an oar, the latter produces force in a ratio of five to two compared with the former.

It is because rowing brings so many muscles into play that it is so fine an exercise, and in it a man can exert all his strength without feeling more fatigue than an ordinary amount of labor would entail.

Bell-ringing stands next to rowing as an exercise in bringing a large number of muscles into action, but it is not so feasible nor so pleasant as that sport which invites those who practise it to the cool waters of rivers and lakes in the summer weather, "when the woods are green."

**ONE GLASS OF RUM.**

A captain related this sad story at a temperance meeting:

"I had a little vessel on the coast; she had four men besides myself. I had my wife and two children on board; the night was stormy, and my brother was to stand watch that night; the seamen prevailed on him to take 'one glass' to help him perform his duties; but being unaccustomed to liquor, he fell asleep, and in the night I woke to find my vessel a wreck; I took my wife and one of my little ones in my arms, and she took the other, and for hours we battled with the cold waves. After hours of suffering, the waves took my little one from my embrace; then after more hours of suffering, the waves took my little one from my wife's arms, and our two little dears were lost to us forever. After more battling with the storm and waves, I looked at my wife and behold, she was cold in death. I made my way to the shore, and here I am—my wife, my children, and all my earthly possessions lost for 'one glass of rum.'—[Anvil.]

No fountain so small but that heaven's dew may be imaged in its bosom.  
of Syd

**THE "ACADIAN,"**

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INDEPENDENT,  
FEARLESS.  
—PUBLISHED AT—

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B. F. Congdon, Geo. S. Hoyt,

**W. & A. Railway  
Time Table**

1885—Summer Arrangement—1885.

Commencing Monday, 1st June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Exp. Daily.		
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Annapolis Leave		5 30	1 30	
14 Bridgetown "		6 25	2 19	
28 Middleton "		7 25	2 47	
42 Aylesford "		8 25	3 20	
47 Berwick "		9 10	3 33	
50 Waterville "		9 10	3 40	
59 Kentville dpt	5 40	10 40	4 15	
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 28	
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 34	
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 20	4 43	
72 Avonport "	6 40	11 35	4 52	
77 Hantsport "	6 58	11 55	5 05	
84 Windsor "	7 10	12 45	5 30	
116 Windsor June "	10 00	3 10	6 50	
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25	

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. Daily.		
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax leave	7 00	7 15	2 30	
14 Windsor Jan "	7 38	8 25	3 30	
46 Windsor "	8 55	10 50	5 35	
23 Hantsport "	9 17	11 20	6 03	
58 Avonport "	9 30	11 40	6 29	
61 Grand Pre "	9 39	11 56	6 33	
64 Wolfville "	9 49	12 10	6 46	
66 Port Williams "	9 55	12 22	6 55	
71 Kentville "	10 25	1 15	7 10	
80 Waterville "	10 44	1 52		
83 Berwick "	10 51	2 07		
88 Aylesford "	11 04	2 30		
102 Middleton "	12 05	3 43		
116 Bridgetown "	11 34	4 49		
130 Annapolis Arive	12 50	5 45		

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Empress will leave St. John for Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, returning on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tues, Thurs and Frid. p. m. for Digby.

The steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Saturday, p. m. on arrival of W. C. R. Y. train from Digby. Returning leaves Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Tuesday.

International Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Lines leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.30 a. m. and 8.30 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.  
P. Innes,  
General Manager.  
Kentville, 23 May, 1885.

**1885-CALDWELL & MURRAY.-1885**

To our Customers in Wolfville and elsewhere.

We have not had time to paint our Store, whitewash the hitching post, or straighten up our wood pile this spring, but we have cleaned up the old paint, washed the windows, and are selling that unsightly pile of wood as quickly as we possibly can.

What has kept us so busy? Why we have been selecting, receiving and putting in shape one of the finest stocks of Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, and Furniture, etc. that we have ever had the pleasure of showing in this place before.

We are a good deal like the proverbial singed cat, better than we look, and don't try to look better than we are.

We now ask you to come in and see for yourselves that we can back up what we advertise.

**Seasonable Dry Goods,**

In Dress Goods we have a splendid variety of shades in the following fabrics:—Ottomans, Nun's Cloths (plain and fancy), Serges, Sateens (plain and fancy), Galateas, Peques, etc.

**House Furnishings**

LACE CURTAINS, LAMBREQUINS, BORDERS, CRETONNES, DAMASKS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c.

**DOMESTICS**

GREY and WHITE COTTONS, PRINTS, SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, HESSIAN, OSNABURG &c.

**Gents' Furnishings**

READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, ETC.

**BOOTS & SHOES**

WE HAVE GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THIS DEPARTMENT AND HAVE A FULL ASSORTMENT.

**FURNITURE and CARPETS**

Just come and see the improvements we have been making in our Furniture Store. Nothing stale or old to be seen, everything fresh and sparkling.  
Come and see for yourselves and if you buy

**WE CAN SAVE YOU SOMETHING!**

CALDWELL & MURRAY,

WOLFVILLE, APRIL 16.

**THE BOOKSTORE!**

Eagle Building, Wolfville, MAY 19th, 1885.

Riel has been captured and the papers announce that the Rebellion in the North West is practically at an end. This is encouraging news and makes all loyal people feel good, but it is only a cipher in comparison to the joy we have felt during the last few months as we have supplied our customers with Room Paper at less than cost and seen them depart full of that joy and happiness which can only come to those who feel that they have done a good deed.

True it does not pay in dollars and cents to sell at cost but it does pay in the satisfaction we have of making families happy and homes clean and pleasant.

And still the great work goes on. People are coming daily and hourly to buy. They do so and go away happy. Probably never in the history of Wolfville has Room Paper been sold so cheaply as now. We have been (and will continue till our present stock is exhausted) selling our papers at the same prices as we paid for it at the factory in England. You cannot afford to lose the opportunity.

Just think of it, Room Paper at one-third the price you have been paying all your lives. Oh verily, in the words of Burdette, what is home without its wall paper.

We have no second price and ours is a "bona fide" cash sale. Come early! come 3 or 8 times a day, but come! and we will make you smile.

Ever keeping in mind the fact that we must work for the welfare of our customers we have after two years of patient waiting been enabled to secure the services of Mr. John F. Herbin to carry on a Watch Making and Jewellery business here. We can assert confidently that although he has spent two years and a half in the west he is perfectly harmless and that he can clean and repair your watch and repair your Jewellery with that neatness and thoroughness which can only be attained from a life-long study and practice of the trade. Give us a call and see for yourself. All his work is guaranteed and must give satisfaction.

When you come for your room paper at one-third the usual price bring that Watch that wont go and that clock that points to half past six and strikes 25 when it is only 3:15 and you will be able to get to Church in time to make a full inventor of Deacon Smith's wife's spring bonnet and silk dress and Squire Jones' whole outfit before your beloved pastor has thought of commencing on sixtieth. Oh yes time is a great herb but must be correct in its habits to be properly appreciated.

By the way, if John wants a new School Book you might also bring some change with you for we can fit him all out for the next term in about two minutes; and who knows but that he may some day be some kind of a governor if he lives and uses our books to advantage.

Ours is a work of love and we are bound to do it so long as people have homes to beautify, children to educate, and watches, clocks and Jewellery that wont keep time.

Don't forget, we live in the Eagle Building and it is next door to the Oni in H. use.

Beware of cheap imitations. Ask for the Western Book & News Co.'s and see that our name is on the sign over the door. None other is genuine.  
Yours, muchly,

**WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.**

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