

Slaves of Circumstances.

All of us at certain periods of our existence are obliged to yield our lives to altered conditions, which are sometimes of our own choosing, but often are forced upon us by circumstances. It requires a great deal of philosophy to accept the inevitable with good grace and to make the best of the situation, especially if, as is so often the case, a great wave of adversity engulfs us and our ships go down freighted with all that we consider necessary to our happiness.

In such a case nothing remains but to see what is possible to save from the wreck, and to reconstruct our lives on the new lines which fate has left possible for us. Often this painful readjustment is pathetically heroic.

An accident happens, for instance, whereby a man or woman full of life and happiness is stricken down and condemned to lead the life of an invalid. After the first great shock and hapless despair he or she begins slowly and painfully to enter upon the new existence with brave endurance. It is not uncommon to see a woman who, bereaved of husband and children, becomes a ministering angel, full of pity and sympathy for others; or to know people suddenly in possession of life-long luxury, in fact, in fact, a heroic woman, worthy of all admiration.

The world is full of these reconstructed lives, and it is to the credit of our human nature that we seldom succumb to misfortune.

Not Just Right.

A captain in a British regiment stationed in Natal, when paying his company one day, chanced to give a man a Transvaal half-crown, which bears the image of President Kruger. The man brought it back to the pay table, and said to his captain: "Please sir, you have given me a bad half-crown."

The officer took the coin, and, without looking at it, rang it out on the table and remarked, "It sounds all right, Begsire, what's wrong with it?" "You look at it, sir," was the reply. "The captain glanced at the coin, saying, 'This all right, man; it will pass in the canton.'"

This satisfied Begsire, who walked off, making the remark: "If you say it's all right, sir, it is 'right; but it's the first time I've seen the Queen with whiskers on."

When Daughters Marry.

What romanticism women are! How they love to weave webs and entangle people in 'em and if in the weaving they can but make martyrs of themselves the weaving is done with unusual pleasure. Mothers, whose daughters are to be married have a splendid chance at this sort of business. They weep and wail and never stop to think that what brings happiness to those we love is what brings happiness to us. Mothers claim that daughters after they are married will never be quite the same, that their hearts are then divided. Some think not.

There is nothing like matrimony to give one the world with all its responsibilities, and the girl who was frivolous and shallow is as like to become as wise and philosophical a woman as any that ever bumped into numerous, hard-shelled problems of life. Then it is that the mother is appreciated all the more. It works out the same rule that runs up to you the indispensible fact that a mother is never fully appreciated by her children until they are parents. Then they know. The years of sacrifice and sweet uneasiness and constant anxiety and care are brought out clear and full with never a blench to dim the beauty of their perfectness.

Guaranteed Cure For Cataract.

Catarhazone, a potent air cure, is guaranteed to cure Chronic Cataract, Glaucoma, Bronchitis and Hay Fever. It cures by inhalation. The medicinal air is carried directly to the diseased parts, where it kills the germ life that causes Cataract, and at the same time heals the eye. It cures Hay Fever by its direct effect. Catarhazone when inhaled is voluble enough to impregnate the minutest cells of the lungs and bronchial tubes, where it attacks the disease at its foundation. It cures Hay Fever by its direct effect. Catarhazone when inhaled is voluble enough to impregnate the minutest cells of the lungs and bronchial tubes, where it attacks the disease at its foundation. It cures Hay Fever by its direct effect.

Just in Time.

"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engine driver, as he puffed his oil can about his under his machine. "A queer thing happened to me one day about a year ago. You'd think it silly for a rough man like me to cry for ten minutes, and nobody here, either, would you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty fast when I approached a level crossing. I slacked up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly about twenty rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the rails. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop, or even to slack much within that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brakes, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see my more. As we slowed down, the fireman stuck his head out at the side to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me, 'Jim, I see here!' I looked down, and there was a big black Newfoundland dog, bounding the little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward a house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny, and kept on laughing but I cried like a woman. I couldn't help it. I had a little girl of my own at home."—Exchange.

Dean Hole recently told a capital story of two Indians dining in New England for the first time, when one of them took a spoonful of mustard, which brought tears to his eyes. The other said, "Brother, why weepst thou?" and he replied, "I weep for my father, who was slain in battle," and he passed the mustard. The other then took a spoonful, and he had a tear trickling down his cheek. Said the first Indian: "Why weepst thou?" and he replied, "I weep because those were not tears with thy father."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox was born in Johnstone, Mich., and is about 40 years of age. When she was 13 years of age, she wrote her first published poem, appeared. Poems of Passion were published before she was 20. They were: "Frazzled admirer for their almost faultless rhythm, but the sentiment and intensity of expression provoked much adverse criticism. Poems of Pleasure, published later, met with high praise.

Admiration for her writings led Robert Wilcox, a silverware manufacturer, to seek the acquaintance of their author, which culminated in their marriage in 1884. His home was in New York City, and that has been their residence a large part of the time. He is very proud of his gifted wife, and it is said the topics of several of her finest poems were suggested by him. An especially touching poem, written on the death of their little child, has endeared her to the hearts of mothers. Mrs. Wilcox was for some time on the staff of the New York World, and has lately entered the service of the Journal.

She possesses a very attractive personality. She is petite, yet plump, with a wealth of brown-gold hair clustering about a broad, but rather low forehead, and has earnest, expressive eyes. Her charm of manner consists in its simplicity and entire absence of affectation. She is a model housekeeper, and perfectly familiar with every detail of domestic life. She is greatly beloved by her servants, to whom she is a helpful friend and a generous employer. She adopts no conventional style of dress. Her unique and rather peculiar costumes are designed by herself and often fashioned with her hands. One so fearless and independent as to defy Dame Fashion's edicts must expect criticism, but the simple, yet artistic costume in which she appeared at Chautauque did not merit the title of a "Mother Hubbard," which it received. I am glad to chronicle of one of her authentic sayings: "I do not see how a woman of a clean mind can allow her skirts to trail in the mud and dust."

Ella Wheeler Wilcox lies very near to the popular heart. Her poems reach the daily life of the common people. They are cheerful and helpful and make the world better.

A Broom Corn Seed.

Every housewife is supposed to know how to handle a broom, but it is safe to say that not one in ten has any clear idea of what her sweeping utensil is made of or how it is made or where the material came from. Brooms are made from the heads or brushes of the broom corn, a first cousin of our common field corn. In this connection it is told a very pleasant little story concerning Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard." The way, seems to have been about the biggest sack of all trades that ever helped the United States to become one of the richest and most powerful nations of the world. If this story is true, he is the patron saint of the housewife and broom-maker, as well as a kite-flier, lightning catcher, printer, publisher, editor, author, philosopher, statesman, and other things "too numerous to mention."

Now, broom corn first grew in India. From there it was carried to Europe. The story goes that Dr. Franklin was examining a which broom that had been brought over from England in the days before we had any broom corn of our own. He found a single seed in the broom, picked it out, planted it and it grew a stalk of corn from which is descended, so to speak, all the broom corn of the United States. However this may be, broom corn grows much like its first cousin, our maize, which originated there. The head is larger, however, and the seeds grow on the head instead of in ears. The heads are cut off, leaving about six inches of stalk, and the seeds are scraped off by a machine which does a clean job and does not injure the broom. She rears respectable in a way. They are fed to horses and poultry and ground into meal for cattle.

In the making of the broom the corn is put around a handle of bass-wood or soft maple turned in a lathe. Each layer is wound tight with twine or wire until the desired size is attained. The broom is then pressed out flat and sewed to keep it in that place.

"The Lost Chord"

CJonal Robert E. Lee Wentling, a great traveler and musician, tells the following interesting story: "It was while I was visiting the home of a nobleman in England that I first heard the story of the birth of 'The Lost Chord,' a song that has been sung every quarter of the globe and which will live forever. If ever there was such a thing as inspiration, that song was inspired.

"There are very few Englishmen who do not remember Fred Sullivan, the great comic star and brother of Sir Arthur Sullivan. He played in all the original Gaiety and Sullivan operas and has never been equaled. He was later followed by George Grossmith.

"One day Sir Arthur Sullivan was notified that his brother Fred was ill. He made every effort to reach the house where his brother was lying at the point of death, but arrived too late to see him alive. The two brothers were devoted to each other, and the blow was a bitter one for Sir Arthur. He was cloistered with the body of his brother for two hours, at the expiration of which he came down stairs and went to the piano. Throwing the instrument open, he began to play and, as he played, 'The Lost Chord' was created. The composer sadly put it on a slip of paper and stored it away.

"The song is the work of a throbbing heart, the grief of a desolation. All through its beautiful harmony, can be heard the strain of grief. So profound an impression did the association of the song with the death of his brother make on Sir Arthur that he is said to have, even as this late day, no occasion of speaking it performed."—Bellevue News.

THE WHITE RIBBON

"For God and Home and Native Land."

Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

OFFICERS.

President—Mrs Trotter. Vice-Presidents—Mrs Chambers, Mrs Hemmison. Recording Secretary—Mrs Tingley. Cor. Secretary—Mrs Murray. Treasurer—Mrs Forsythe. Auditor—Mrs Roscoe.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Evangelistic Work—Mrs Kempton. Literature and Press Work—Mrs Borden and Miss Randall. Syncretic Givings—Mrs Pich. Flower Mission—Mrs Woodworth. Narcotics—Mrs Oakes. Health, Heredity and Social Purity—Mrs Hatch. Mother's Meetings—Mrs Freeman.

Next meeting in King's Daughters' Rooms, Thursday, Dec. 7th, at 3.30 P. M. The meetings are always open to any who wish to become members. Visiting members of other W. C. T. U. Societies are cordially welcomed.

"The Voice of the Lord"

Came falling in tender cadence, know ye what I have done? Among you as one that serveth am I the beloved Son. Not being ministered unto lifts to the highest estate. But in receding, lowliest service souls grow divinely great."

The Young Christian and the Temperance War.

Our empire rings with the sound of martial music. The marches of armed men coverage upon the Transvaal. Thousands of brave sons of the colonies are eager to serve their Queen, side by side with the British soldiers in defence of imperial interests. Enthusiastically they move forward to new conquests for British liberty. Every aggressive step will be stubbornly resisted by the Boers. But the Transvaal war is a little thing beside the war for home, freedom and humanity against strong drink and its allies. Every young Christian volunteered for this campaign when he accepted Jesus Christ as his Lord.

In Canada we have just entered upon a new phase of the campaign. The Plebiscite is over, and its results have been a sad disappointment. We are beaten but not overthrown. The result may give comfort to the enemy but it teaches us wisdom. We have learned better than ever before the strength of the foe. We have learned who are arrayed against us. We need prohibitory legislation. We must have it. But let us have done forever with Plebiscites or else with responsible governments.

But let no young Christian lull himself to sleep with the idea that prohibitory legislation is the end of the war. It will simply be a time mark. The evil of intemperance is rooted as deep as the sin in man. We must fight it as we would fight any other sin. "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit," said the Lord of hosts.

What then must the young Christian do? He must keep his own life clear from any taint of the sin. If there is a shadow of a shade of a suspicion that you make any personal compromise with the enemy, you have sold your soul for a mess of pottage. He must seek in the spirit of Christ to prevent others from falling before the foe. It is less noble to save the pure from falling than to uplift the fallen! He must carry Christ to the brother who has fallen, for Christ alone is the sure refuge of the weak and the timid. He must use his vote for the glory of God, and thus fulfill the mission of the Christian citizen. Thus may every young Christian be a factor in ridding our land of the direst foe of home, country and humanity.—M. & V.

"One Who Cares."

A lady coming out of a store in Paris several years ago saw two girls passing. She heard one of the girls say, "I don't care what becomes of me." Stepping forward she laid her hand on the girl's arm with the earnest words, "But I do," at the same time giving her a little coin. It is less noble to save the pure from falling than to uplift the fallen! He must carry Christ to the brother who has fallen, for Christ alone is the sure refuge of the weak and the timid. He must use his vote for the glory of God, and thus fulfill the mission of the Christian citizen. Thus may every young Christian be a factor in ridding our land of the direst foe of home, country and humanity.—M. & V.

Minards Liniment Cures Diphtheria. "An operation for appendicitis," the surgeon assured the sufferer, "is rather a risky thing, of course, but it is not necessarily an alarming one, and it will demonstrate, moreover, just how much fortitude you have."

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own appetite for cider. It was formed by drinking one year to enable him to do heavy farm work. After that he worked where he could not get it, but for more than a year he felt as great a craving for it that he would have given for it anything he possessed. And though it is now four years since he drank cider, he has a great yearning for it and has to fight the appetite. In Pleasant Valley, N. Y., are some cider drinkers. One of them publicly said: "I am a cider drinker. I am seventy years old. I am worth sixty thousand dollars. I would gladly give every dollar of it, and support my family by day's work, if I could get rid of my appetite for drink. Once I was victor over it; now it is my master." The falling tears, quivering lips, trembling hands and voice combined, were but a faint index of a struggling and, perhaps, lost soul.—The Christian Life.

Scrap for Odd Moments.

To rule one's anger is well; to prevent it is better.—Edwards.

The readiest and surest way to get rid of enures is to correct ourselves.—Demosthenes.

Fire and sword are but slow engines of destruction in comparison with the babbling.—Steele.

"If a young man is unable to win a girl's affection any other way he should bribe her parents to oppose the match."

Any one may do a casual act of good nature, but a continuation of them shows it is a part of the temperament.—Sterne.

Young Married Lady—I don't want to have any trouble with you, Bridget. Cook—Then, ma'am, let me hear no complaints.

Little Nell—Johnny, what is a philosopher? Johnny—A fellow that rides a philosophy of course.

Minards Liniment Cures Garget in Cows. The man who really knows it all And never tells it we adore, But he who only thinks he knows And tells it is a bore.

"Well," said he, "the Boers are on the move." "Yes," he replied, looking at the clock, "but there are some exceptions."

He was struggling with an underdone steak when she said, "I gave a tramp a good dinner, to-day."

"Why didn't you save it for me?" he asked.

Phrenologist (delightedly)—My friend, you were born to command. Are you a soldier?

Dignified Stranger—No, sir. O'm a janitor.

Mrs Casey and Mrs Murphy met in a street car and were discussing family affairs. "And how many children have you, Mrs Murphy?" "Five. Two lirin, two dead and war in Philadelphia."

Minards Liniment Cures Colds, etc. "Pa," said little Tommy Yergen, "can't you spare money enough to buy me a gun?" "My son, I am going to get you a gun when I can spare a boy, but not before."

"Loaf is going to move over to Rhode Island."

"What for?" "Oh, he's exhausted his credit here, and he has heard of a lot of people trusting in Providence."

"Daughter, if you marry Mr Perkins are you sure you won't quarrel on politics or religion?" "Oh, yes; I don't know a thing about politics, and he don't know much about religion."

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All Kinds of Job Printing Promptly Attended to at the Acadian Office.

Destiny Changed. The "Slater Shoe" is closely watched during the process of manufacture. Every shoe undergoes a careful examination after leaving the hands of each operator. The slightest flaw in the leather or workmanship—a stitch missed—a slip of the needle, only discernible to an expert connoisseur the shoe that started toward the "Slater" goal to the ordinary, nameless, unwarranted army of footwear sold to whoever will buy them.

LOOK! There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat store in Crystal Palace Block 1. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

W. H. DUNCANSON. Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11. APPLES A SPECIALTY. For Export to English Markets. H. Mayright, Meyer & Co. 6 & 7 Cross Lane, London, E.C.

Change in Business. Having purchased the Meat Business recently carried on by Mr O. L. Eagles, the subscriber will be prepared to supply customers with the best of everything in his line. My teams will be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week. T. M. DAVIDSON. Dec. 9th, 1897. DR. E. N. PAYZANT. Will continue the practice of Dentistry as formerly, at his residence near the station, Wolfville. Appointments can be made by letter or at residence. Special fees on lower scale of teeth. March 20th, 1895. 29.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY. "LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE. On and after Wed., Nov. 15th, 1895, the Steamship and train service of the Railway will be as follows: TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE. (Sunday excepted.) Express from Kentville.....5.35, a.m. Express "Halifax".....9.01, a.m. Express from Yarmouth.....9.25, p.m. Express from Halifax.....5.55, p.m. Accom. "Richmond".....11.30, a.m. Accom. "Annapolis".....11.20, a.m. TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE. (Sunday excepted.) Express for Halifax.....5.35, a.m. Express "Yarmouth".....9.01, a.m. Express for Halifax.....9.22, p.m. Express for Kentville.....5.55, p.m. Accom. "Annapolis".....11.40, a.m. Accom. "Halifax".....11.30, a.m. Royal Mail S.S. Prince George 2400 gross tonnage, 7000 horse power. Poston Service.

By far the finest and fastest steamer plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth, WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY, arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leaves Long Wharf, Boston, TUESDAY, AND FRIDAY, immediately on arrival of Express Trains at 4.00 p.m. Unequaled cuisine on Dominion Atlantic Railway Steamers and Express Trains. Steamship Prince Arthur, 4200 gross tonnage, 7000 horse power. St. John and Boston. DAILY SERVICE. Leaves St. John, Thurs. 4.30 p.m. Leaves Boston, Wed. 10.00 a.m. Royal Mail Steamship Prince Rupert 1200 gross tonnage, 5000 horse power. St. John and Digby. DAILY SERVICE. Leaves St. John, Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 7.00 a.m., arrive Digby 10.00 a.m.; leave Digby, Mon., Wed., Thurs. and Sat., 12.50 p.m., arrive in St. John 3.35 p.m. S.S. Evangeline makes daily trips between Kingport and Parrsboro. Buffet Parlor Cars run each way daily on Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth. Trains and Steamers are run on Eastern Standard time. P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent, Kentville, N. S.

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