

THE ACADIAN,

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOV. 14, 1884

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The Presidential election in the United States is over, and although the result is still somewhat doubtful, victory seems to have perched on the Democratic banners. The "Solid South" remains solid still, notwithstanding the strenuous efforts made to make a breach in the ranks, showing that the old war feeling is by no means dead yet. The most remarkable thing about the election, was the closeness of the vote. Without New York state it stood in the electoral college, Blaine 181, Cleveland 182, while in New York with its more than a million votes, so close was it, that neither party claim a Majority of more than a few hundreds. It is a most significant fact, that Blaine owes his defeat, to the despised Prohibition party. Most of the prohibitionists belonged to the republican party. They urged their party leaders to insert a prohibition plank in their platform. It was refused. They then nominated a candidate of their own, with the result as we have stated. With the Prohibition vote in New York state alone, Blaine would to-day be President elect, with an unquestioned majority.

It is more than probable, so serious a blunder will not be repeated. Let our own politicians take due notice and govern themselves accordingly. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A most hopeful feature of the late election, was the large number who refused to vote at the bidding of their party, and who preferred to leave their party, rather than sacrifice their principles. All honor to the thousands of temperance Republicans who left their party to form a new one, when it would not adopt itself to the spirit and the requirements of the times. All honor to the able minded Republicans who voted for an honest Democrat, rather than for a dishonest man of their own party, even though he was the superior of the other, in both talent and experience. They have shown an example which should be followed on this side the line, as well as on their own. Let the electors insist on being represented by honest, moral men; men on whose character there is no stain, and of whose integrity there is no doubt; men to whom we can point our boys as models for them to copy; men of talent and genius, if possible, but men of good morals first. Let the party wire pullers, who, to serve their own ends, foist on the party, the eloquent rum drinker, the talented libertine, or the profane, or immoral, or dishonest man, however great his abilities, be taught the wholesome lesson that has just been taught Mr. Blaine and his friends, and it will be an unmix'd blessing to this Canada of ours.

LONGEVITY.—At the White Rock tea-meeting held last October, an incident occurred, which we think, deserves a place.

Six jovial parties, hale and hearty, whose united ages summed up 462 yrs sat down to tea together. Their names were, Horatio Bishop 84; Mrs. James Pick 82; James Pick 78; Elias Bishop 78; Colin Martin 70; John W. Stivers 70. These persons belong to a generation almost entirely passed away. They spoke of feats of agility and deeds of prowess in their youthful days which surpass anything we ever read of in the mythology of Greece or Rome. Jokes and witty repartee flitted to and fro like fire-flies. Truly "Their withered cheeks and tresses gray Seemed to have known a better day."

Long may their silvery locks and glossy brows be spared in our midst to remind us that we, too, are travelling to that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns."

A correspondent writes us:—There have been about one hundred cases of typhus fever in the County of Pictou this fall. Among the victims was the eldest son of Dr. C. H. Munro, M. P. P., of West River, a promising young man of twenty-two years of age. One of the most touching incidences was the fate of Mrs. John McKenzie of Four Mile Brook who after twenty-three days

and nights of constant attendance on her husband, was herself stricken with the fever and survived him only a few days; leaving five small helpless children to the tender mercies of the world.

There is one feature of the King's College difficulty which is very similar to the "Didactic" affair at Acadia; and that is the number of letters on the subject getting into the papers which appear to commence at nothing and carry out that idea clear through. For instance what are those two correspondents to the *Herald* signing "Champs de mars" and "Alumnaus" trying to get at, what do they want, and are all their ideas in those letters? If so why don't they stop exposing themselves.

HOW TO WRITE AN EDITORIAL.

We have thought after studying the matter up a little that the plan adopted by a very mature contemporary is the easiest one if not quite the best. The recipe is as follows:—

Break a case of type into an old hat. Shake well, then set up in groups of twelve letters distributing the points as they come out regardless of sense.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Interesting to Fruit Growers.

The cultivation of pears is rapidly extending as its value is appreciated. The varieties, like the apple, are in good eating condition from August until May. The melting juicy texture, the refined flavor and the delicate aroma of the pear, give it rank above all other fruit except the Grape. And the pear, like most things valuable and desirable, cannot be had without attention, labor and skill. The pear when brought to its highest perfection, commands ten (10) times the price of the apple. You can plant 680 dwarf trees on an acre and they commence to bear the 3d year from planting and will bear from 1 to 4 bushels per tree, which would be from 680 to 2,500 bushels on an acre; consequently are much more profitable than the apple tree. I can give you instances when the Bartlett has sold in Boston for \$25.00 per barrel, the Beurre Clairgeau for \$40.00, and the sweet, delicious little Seckel for \$65.00 per barrel, or the Beurre de Anjou, 60 barrels for \$1200.00 and a wagon load of the same variety for \$500. A party in New York State planted 10 acres of dwarf pear trees of four varieties, and the net returns for eight years was \$11,000. In Delaware there is one pear orchard of 25,000 trees which returns an annual income to its owners of thousands and tens of thousands of dollars. In view of the immense profit to be derived from a pear orchard, and that the soil and climate of Nova Scotia is particularly adapted to the raising of luscious and beautifully colored pears, is it not strange—very strange—that there is not one pear orchard planted here? only a few straggling trees here and there? I have eaten as fine pears here as in any part of the world. No finer flavored or more beautifully colored pears can be grown anywhere than in this Valley. For Bartletts, go to Dr. H. O. Mc Latchy of Wolfville. For Souvenir de Congress go to Leander Rand of Canning and Elias Boutlier of Port Williams, who raised ½ bushel from a tree grafted three years ago, one specimen of which weighed over one pound. For Beurre Clairgeau go to the Duncanson boys of Falmouth, or A. D. DeWolf of Wolfville, who set 50 trees, three years ago, and this season gathered a peck from some of his trees. For Keiffer Hybeid, go to Henry Shaw of Waterville, who had one tree grafted three years ago that I counted 250 pears on, and 18 large beautiful pears on a limb, 22 inches in length. He thinks this is the best and greatest bearing pear in the world. Yet there is one pear that will beat it and it can be grown from cuttings like the current. It is the Le Conte pear. One tree planted six years ago, this year yielded 12 bushels of fruit. The original tree, 25 years old, had 30 bushels of as fine fruit as ever was seen on a tree. The pear is so juicy that when out the juice will drop on the floor or ground.

I give a list of the best varieties to plant in Nova Scotia: Standard, Bartlett, Clap's Favorite, S. D. Congress, Seckel, Le Conte, and President Droward. Dwarf Pears:—Bartlett, Clap's Favorite, Beurre de Anjou, Beurre Clairgeau, Keiffers Hybeid, and President Droward. L. W. KIMBALL, Kentville.

Science, Literature, Criticism.

Sayings, wise and otherwise of Scientists and Sciolists.

WITH CASUAL NOTES.

(Continued.)

Microscopes are now constructed which magnify an object up to many thousand diameters. Bioplasm, or "the matter of life," as some of our development Scientists prefer to call it, examined by one of these instruments, appears perfectly transparent and structureless—but it lives and grows. In it there is no indication of molecules, or particles of any kind. To this fact, the great authority just quoted replies:—

"Between the microscopic limit and the true molecular limit there is room for infinite permutations and combinations. It is in this region that the poles of the atoms are arranged; that tendency is given to their powers, so that, when these poles and powers have free action and proper stimulus in a suitable environment, they determine first the germ and afterwards the complete organism."—*Tyndall.*

To all which much might be said, though it must be confessed that it is rather difficult to follow our author into the abysses of the "cosmic vapor," or original incandescent fire-mist, the abode of these imaginary "molecules" and "atoms" with "poles." But we forebear: confining ourselves to merely one remark. One author says a "tendency is given to the powers of these atoms." How is it given, when, by the theory, there is no giver? He should have been more cautious and consistent, and said, that these "potential atoms," take to themselves the required "tendency," and assume the "free action" and "proper stimulus" required, and secure for themselves a "suitable environment," and thus logically develop "first the germ and afterwards the complete organism" of all that exists.

Such are the discoveries! of our modern Materialistic Philosophers in the fields beyond the "microscopic limit" and within the shadowy region of the molecules: these latter are discovered alone by a "vision of the mind," but are still real existences which by their "permutations" and "combinations" and "poles," nicely adjusted and "arranged," furnish the "germs" from which all organisms, animal and vegetable, and all intellectual powers and processes originated. Of all this there is no proof from scientific experiment; the mere statement and assertion is all that is needed to demonstrate its truth. It occupies a place far above experimental evidence; and for this we have, as we have seen, the admission of the Scientists themselves.

We will now approach the tripod, and listen to the oracular utterances of him who traced as with a sun beam the "true descent of man" from his Darwinian Origin in the "Ascidian" through all the grade of reptilian and quadrupedal life, till he by innumerable happy "selections" and "developments" and "transmutations" became a biped. These are the words of the oracle:—

"The most ancient progenitors of the vertebrate (and consequently of man) apparently consisted of a group of marine animals resembling the larva of existing ascidians. These probably gave rise to a group of fishes, these to the Semioide and these to monkeys, properly so called. From the latter, and at a remote period, man, the wonder and glory of the Universe, proceeded."—*Darwin.*

To which "Punch," the philosopher and poet, makes reply in these words:— "Darwin has proved, as clear as mud, That countless ages ere the flood, The coming man's primeval form Was simply an Ascidian worm."—*Punch.*

And in "The British Birds," by that remarkable author, "the Ghost of Aristophanes," a humorous poem, which very goodnaturedly deals with this Darwinian "Descent of Man," and kindred topics, we read as follows:— "There was an ape in the days that were earlier, Centuries passed, and his brain became currier, Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist, Then he was Man, and a Positivivist."—*Ghost.*

The "Positivists" are a branch of the school of the "New Philosophy." They hold that we should believe nothing but what we are certain of; and as it is evident that we cannot be certain of much, the limits of faith are necessarily very circumscribed. But they are positive on one point, the point on which all the different branches of the School are positive, namely, that they are right and have the truth, but that all the rest of the world are, like Milton's demons, "in wandering mazes" of ignorance and error "lost." But "the Ghost of Aristophanes" made one slight mistake—all men are not Positivists.

To be continued.

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R. F. REID,
Wolfville Oct. 23d 1884.

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Wolfville, Oct 23d, 1884.

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