

Choice Miscellany.

WHAT SHE IS NOW.

Her hair is a lovely brown that turns to gold when the sunshine on it lies. And, fringed with lashes of darker hue, A golden brown are her radiant eyes, And the milk-white teeth that her smiles disclose...

HIS SIXTH MEDAL.

He had been thrown out as a vidette, and for hours he had peered into the darkness around him to watch for the slightest sign of danger—listened like one who realized that the wily Arab of the desert steals upon his prey with all the silent cunning of the American Indian...

He moves towards the spot where the night light was made, but he advances slowly and cautiously, and he hesitates now and then as if to reason with himself. Ah! He is neither blind or deaf. Here is a cap—there is a belt—here a rope—there a sack, to prove that the camp has been there. Here are the tracks of men and camels, there a broad trail leading away to the south.

Leaning on his canteen and looking over the trail left to show the change of march, the soldier reasoned it all out. His command had been gone for hours. He was alone and on foot. Overtake them! He smiled grimly at the thought. The sun and sand and thirst of Egypt were as deadly enemies as the spears and bullets of the Arabs. He had neither food nor water. A hundred miles of burning sands and hot winds lay between him and a blade of grass—a single drop of water.

The soldier turned to survey the desert plain. To the east, nothing but sand; to the north, nothing but sand; to the west, nothing but sand; to the south—ah! He straightened up, slanted his eyes with his hand, and lit his hand flat. A score of Arabs are riding down upon him. Without undue haste—with the dignity befitting an old veteran—the soldier took from his breast and pinned to his coat a medal. Upon its broad sides were the words: "The Boer War." He pined on another which said: "For Service in Zululand." There was a third—a fourth—a fifth. In his twenty years of soldier life the old man had a thousand times been a target for bullets. This was his last campaign. Death was riding down upon him, but he would die as a soldier—as a British soldier.

On the hot sands, his face upturned to his foe, and his medals shining as never before in a morning sun, lay the old man, and then, not by the hands of comrades, but by the hands of enemies, he was placed upon his back. It was not of gold that something of more price, and that was the words of an Arab: "Leave me here!"

the distinguishing difference. The grocer cares little for the great bulk of the price of his tea. It is the few cents between the cost and selling price, which he calls margin, that particularly interests him. Is this to be great or small? is the thing of importance. Millions of dollars change hands in our great marts of trade just on the question of margins. This same thing is all-important in the subject of thought. One mind is no greater than another, perhaps, in the great bulk of its contents, but its margin is greater, it is all. I may know just as much as you do about the general details of a subject, but you can go just a little further than I can. You have a greater margin than I. You can tell me of some single thought just beyond where I have gone. So I must succumb to your superiority.

A good way to carry out the same idea, and better illustrate it, is by globes. Did you ever see two globes, whose only difference was, that one had half an inch larger diameter than the other? This larger one although, there is so little difference, will entirely enclose the other, and have a quarter of an inch in every direction to spare besides. Let these globes be minds, with a living principle of some kind at their centres, which throws out its little tentacle-like arms in every direction so radii to explore for knowledge. The one goes a certain distance and stops. It can reach no farther. It has come to a standstill. It has reached its maximum of knowledge in that direction. The other sends its arms out, and can reach just a quarter of an inch farther. So far as the first mind is able to tell, the other has gone infinitely farther than it can reach. It goes out to its farthest limit, and must stop; the other tells things he did not know before. Many minds you may consider wonderful in their capacity. They may be able to go only a quarter of an inch beyond you. What an incentive this should be for any young man to work to make his margin as great as, if no greater than, the margin of his fellows!

I recall a good illustration of this when I was in college. A certain young man was leading the class in Latin. I couldn't see how he got the start of us all. So to us he seemed to have an infinite knowledge. He knew more than we did. Finally, one day, I asked him when he learned his Latin lesson. "At night," he replied. I learn mine at the same time. His widow was not far from mine, and I could see him from my own. I had finished my lesson the next night as usual, and feeling sleepy, was about to go to bed. I happened to saunter to my window, and there I saw my class-mate still bending diligently over his book. "There's where he gets his margin on me," I thought. "But he shall not have it for once." I resolved, "I will study just a little longer than he does to-night. So I took down my books again, and, opening to the lesson, went to work with renewed vigor. I watched for the light to go out in my classmate's room. In five minutes it was all dark. "There is his margin," I thought. It was fifteen minutes more time. It was hunting out fifteen minutes more of rules and root derivatives. How often, when a lesson is well prepared, just five minutes spent in perfecting it will make one the best in the class. The margin in such a case as that is very small, but it is all-important. The world is made up of little things.—Gen. Garfield.

FARMER'S ACCOUNTS. Farmers, as a general thing, are poor book-keepers. Their accounts appear to be, as a general thing, one of the primitive kind, or none at all. So careless are they often, about making a straight forward and clear record of business transactions, that one would infer from their feeling amounted almost to repugnance to such a task. This shows a lack of method as well as of business training and habit. The want of method explains the lack of success on the part of many farmers, for without method, no business in the world can be successful. When the farmer sells his wheat to the miller, in eight cases out of ten, he has but a very indefinite idea what it has cost him a bushel to grow it. But the miller must know what it costs him, and that clear through all the processes, until it is packed away in flour barrels and sold. Why is this? Is it more necessary for the miller to reason and calculate, to be successful, than it is for the farmer? Not at all. Only the miller is the better business man, and manages his affairs in a more business-like way. Many farmers are so careless in, or entirely destitute of accounts, as to place them at a great disadvantage when dealing with men of other occupations, and not infrequently to make them the victims of designing sharpers. When the farmer settles with the doctor and the lawyer for their services, he pays them what they ask. When he works, he takes what he can get. When he goes to town to buy, he asks, "What will you take?" When he goes there to sell, it is "what you give?" Scarcely else always sets the price until American farmers take agricultural papers, study market reports, calculate their losses and gains, and become more business-like in their methods. Let all farmer's begin now to balance their accounts of the season, and see where they stand financially at the close of the year. And let those not in the habit of doing so, begin the new year, and maintain to the close, a system of accounts elaborate enough, to at least give a clear and correct statement of all transactions during the coming year. For rest assured, that, in nine cases out of ten, good book-keeping and good management, go hand in hand.—American Agriculturist for December.

A JOLLY UNDERTAKER'S GRIM JOKE.

In a Western city lives an undertaker by name Brown, a great wag, and always ready to play a joke; also a doctor, who is a joker, and is always ready to tell on himself; and a "monument maker" who is of the same stuff. One day the doctor was driving at full speed down a business street, when Brown spied him. Brown was in his wagon with the sign of his profession on the side. Whipping up his horse he came as close to the doctor as possible, and planning round he spied the monument maker. Calling to the monument maker to hurry up, Brown called out, "Go on, doctor, go on; we're coming." The doctor looked round, and dismay was pictured on his countenance. He whipped up his horse, but all to no purpose—the undertaker and the monument maker followed closely. At last the ridiculous part of the thing struck him, and leaning back on his buggy he gave vent to his laughter, in spite of the thought, "What a sign for a prominent physician this is!"—Harper's Monthly.

PULPIT ADVERTISING.

The local society that is too poor or too mean to pay for its advertising in the press gradually brings some pressure to bear on the pulpit when advertisements are needed. Sometimes the minister is even threatened if he does not use his pulpit as an advertising medium. One of our ministers in the west came in collision with a local association a few years ago because he would not announce a lecture by Bigam Young's seventeenth wife. The usual way for publishing ministers who won't advertise is to circulate a report that they are opposed to temperance, or the Scott Act, or the Y. M. C. A., or revivals. The best way to stop the nuisance in Presbyterian churches would be for the Session to put a minute on the records forbidding the use of the pulpit for advertising purposes.—Canada Presbyterian.

An Eastern paper says: "Every man in the lumber woods this winter should take with him a supply of Johnson's Anodyne Linctum and Parsons' Purgative Pills. This little precaution may save months of labor and much suffering. The exposure of the utter worthlessness of the large 25c packs of linctum and cattle powder has saved our people a vast sum. There is only one kind now known that are strictly pure and these are Sheridan's. Don't throw away your money. CONSTITUTION—There is no disease so insidious as this—the peculiar look, the wasting of flesh, the loss of strength, the hectic flush, the cough—all these symptoms are overlooked through the hopefulness of the patient. These symptoms are caused by an excessive waste of the phosphoric element, and no remedy has effected so many cures as EAGEN'S PROPHOLENE.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES

12 fast-selling articles, and 12 "magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 5c, and this slip. A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

W. & A Railway. Time Table

Table with columns for GOING EAST, GOING WEST, and stations including Annapolis, Bridgetown, and Kentville. Includes dates and times for various routes.

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time. Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday, a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis same days. Steamer "Empire" leaves St. John for Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, returning same days. Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday p.m. for Digby. International Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a.m. every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston. Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 10 a.m. and 3.30 p.m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning. Through tickets may be obtained at the principal stations. F. Innes, General Manager, Kentville, Nov. 13, 1885.

Caldwell & Murray.

Fall and Winter Goods.

STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

DRY GOODS

House Furnishings Grey and White Cottons, Sheetings, Blankets, Quilts, Counterpanes, Table Linens, Towels, All-wool, Union, and Shaker Flannel; Wineys, twilled, checked or plaid.

Dress Goods Ottomans, Serges, Brocades, Jersey Trico Soudans, Plaids, Cashmeres, Merinos, and Velvetines.

Mantle and Ulster Cloths, Ottomans, Brocades, Astrachans, Seal-tines, Beavers, Meltons, etc.

Tweeds and Worsted, English, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds, Overcoating in nap and worsted, Picton Cloths plain and fancy.

Wool Goods, Ladies' Vests, Jacket, Undervests, Children's Coats, Caps and Hoods, Squares Shawls, Promenade Scarfs, Nubias, House and Street Jerseys, etc.

Fur Goods, Capes in 10 different varieties, Ladies' and Gents' Caps, Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Collars, Trimmings different widths in Fox, Coney, Raccoon, Hare, etc., Japanese Goat Robes.

Clothing, Suits, Overcoats, Mantles, Ulsters, Rubber Coats, Rubber Carriage Robes, Railway Wraps, Horse Rugs.

Gents' Furnishings, American and Canadian Hats and Caps, Underclothing, Shirts, Kid Gloves, Wool Gloves, Hosiery.

BOOTS & SHOES.

LADIES' Fine Boots, lace and button, in French Kid, French Oil Goat, Buck Goat, Polish Calf, Oil Pebble; Fine Shoes, in lace, tie and button.

MEN'S WEAR.

Heavy Walking Boots, double soled and nailed, for \$1.80, Fine Bals and Congress. The celebrated American Long Boots, hand-sewed seams, whole stock, Red Shanty Boots. Ayer's oil tanned Larrigans.

Rubber Goods. American and Canadian Rubbers Overboots, Alaskas, Gaiters, etc.

Furniture and Carpets

SUITES.—Parlor and Bedroom Sets, W. S. Chairs cane and perforated bottoms, Ash Dining Room.

TABLES.—Centre, Pine Top Toilet, Extension, B. stands, Bureaus, Easy Chairs, Whatnots, etc.

CARPETS.—All-wool, Union, Tapestry, Hemp, Kidder Squares, Felt Squares, Hearth Rugs, Linoleum Mats, Floor Oil Cloths.

Produce taken in exchange.

Five Percent Off CASH PURCHASES!

Caldwell & Murray, Wolfville, Oct. 16th, 1885.

THE ACADIAN,

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS!

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED!

\$100 per annum

THE ACADIAN HAS NOW ENTERED UPON ITS FIFTH VOLUME.

It is Acknowledged by all TO BE—

THE MOST POPULAR PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

PATRONIZE The Local Paper

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ACADIAN!

ADVERTISERS

Will find it particularly to their advantage to Patronize the Acadian. THE ADVERTISEMENTS ARE READ EVERY TIME.

Parties wanting a County Paper will do well to send for a sample copy, AND COMPARE THE ACADIAN With the other County papers.

The 'Acadian' Stands Ahead "AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

The Acadian Job Department is Very Complete.

FINE NEW TYPE, TASTY WORK, AND LOW PRICES!

WHEN YOU WANT PRINTING DONE COME AND SEE US AND WE WILL MAKE YOU GLAD. ADDRESS— "THE ACADIAN," WOLFVILLE,

FRUIT GROWERS! BUY YOUR DRY APPLE BARRLS

J. D. MARTIN, GASPETEAU. He is selling them at 23 Cents Each! With a discount of 5% for cash, and expects to manufacture 6,000 this year. N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled Gaspereau, Sept. 18th.

Money to Loan!

The subscriber has money in hand for investment on first-class real estate security. Good farm properties in Horton and Cornwallis preferred. Wolfville, Oct. 9, A. D. 1885. E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

CEO. V. RAND, DRUGS MEDICINES CHEMICALS FANCY GOODS,

PERFUMERY AND SOAPS, BRUSHES, SPECTACLES, JEW. ELLEBY, ETC. ETC. Main Street, Wolfville, N. S.

ROOM PAPER! ROOM PAPER!

Don't forget that the WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO. are selling the balance of their ROOM PAPER at cost to make for new importations.

15c. PAPERS FOR 10c.

GOOD HORSE SHOEING! J. I. BROWN

CASH 90c. CASH. J. I. Brown took the premium on his Horse Shoes at the Dominion & Centennial Exhibition at St. John, N. B., in 1883.

Carriages & Sleighs MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED. At Shortest Notice, at A. B. ROOD'S. Wolfville, N. S.

DR. O. W. NORTON'S BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER!

Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound FOR RESTORING HEALTH.

Hundreds have been cured by us for LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, DYSPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY DISEASE, AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885. DR. NORTON: Dear Sir—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, am entirely cured, as I have not the least symptom of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt. Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Yours truly, Mrs. John Grand

Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Ans Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies, but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him. John Layton of Mount Denison, was sick with Scalds for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Linctum and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicine that composes Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by most of the dealers in medicines throughout the county, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville at \$1.00 per large bottle. June 26, '85.—77