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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News 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 under a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.

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PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. DeW. Barss, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3.00 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 2.30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. H. Burgess, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.

Divine Worship will be held (D. V.) in the above Church as follows:

Sunday, Mattins and Sermon at 11 a. m.

Evening and Sermon at 7 p. m.

Wed., Evensong and Sermon at 7.30 p. m.

Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Wednesday evenings after Divine Worship.

The HALL, HORRONS—Divine Worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows:

Sunday, Evensong and sermon at 3 p. m.

J. O. Ruggles, M. A., Rector.

Robert W. Hudgell,
(Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.1/2 o'clock p. m.

J. B. Davison, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 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 7.00 o'clock.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for FIRE and

LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

B. C. BISHOP,

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PAINTER.

English Paint Stock a Specialty.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

P. O. BOX 30. Sept. 12th 1884.

J. WESTON

Merchant Tailor,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Select Poetry.

The Premier.

BY AUGUSTUS CURREY.

Top of the turret, and king of men,
He trod on the fingers of those beneath;
And the ladder shook as he rose, but then
He gained the plaudits, and won the
wreath.

Top of the turret, oh rickety fame!
Is the labor of years misunderstood?
When a single mistake, and a word of
blame,
Weights more with people, than all one's
good?

Climb high, oh mortal, the lights above,
And stand if you will on the giddy top;
But remember, your fellows have little
love
And a thousand are glad when they see
[you stop.]

It's a long way up, but it's not far down,
And tenure of place is the crown of
gold.
If you drop—look out—you will lose the
Or increase your speed if you try to hold.

Top of the turret he was. He is
A mouldering atom among the dust,
A thing of glory, who came to this
As he dropped at the foot of the
ladder—trust.

Top of the turret, and king of men,
Another is climbing the heights he scaled;
It's only a question of days, and then
He stops, and falls when his hold has
failed.

But ever and ever the rounds keep bright,
Where clamber the statesmen to reach
the top.
It's the going that pleases both ear and
[sight.]
But it's the death to the climber who
thinks to stop.

Three Rulers.

BY ADELAIDE PROCTER.

I saw a Ruler take his stand,
And trample on a mighty land;
The people crouched before his beck,
His iron heel was on their neck,
His name shone bright through blood
and pain;
His sword flashed back their praise again.

I saw another Ruler rise:
His words were poble, good, and wise:
With the calm sceptre of his pen
He ruled the minds and thoughts of men:
Some scoffed, some praised—while many
heard,
Only a few obeyed his word.

Another Ruler then I saw:
Love and sweet pity were his law;
The greatest and the least had part
(Yet most the unhappy) in his heart:
The People in a mighty band,
Rose up, and drove him from the land.

Interesting Story.

MY WIFE'S EXPLOIT.

I was a telegraph operator stationed in the little town of Deering, upon the line of the Pacific Railroad, between the cities of D— and G—. Six miles further west was the more pretentious town of Paris, upon the direct road to D—.

Deering was by no means a model residence. Still there was a school, and a timid little blue-eyed woman had come from Vermont to teach it. How long an unprotected woman might have lived in Deering I can only guess, for Alice Holt had been there but three months when she consented to walk into church with me and walk out my wife. This was in July, and we had occupied a pretty cottage nearly a quarter of a mile from the telegraph station since our marriage.

With this necessary introduction I come to the story of that October night, and the part my blue-eyed Alice, only eighteen and afraid of her own shadow, played in it.

I was in the office at about half past seven o'clock, when one of the city officials came in, all hurried, saying: "Stirling, have you been over to the embankment on the road to-day?"

"No, I have not."

"It was a special Providence took me there, then. One of the great masses of rock has rolled down directly across the track. It will be as dark as a wolf's mouth to-night, and if the midnight train comes from D— there will be a horrible smashup."

"The midnight train must stop at Paris, then," I replied. "I will send a message."

"Yes. That is what I stopped in for. The other track is clear, so you

need not stop the train to D—."

"All right, sir." I was standing at the door, seeing my caller down the rickety staircase, when Alice came up with my supper.

"Any messages today?" my wife asked.

"One from D— for John Martin."

"John Martin?" Alice cried; "the greatest ruffian in Deering. What was the message?"

"Midnight train."

"Was that all?"

"That was all. Mr Hill has just been in here to tell me there is a huge rock across the track at the embankment, so I shall stop the midnight train at Paris."

She went into the dressing-room, taking no light, but depending upon the candles burning in the office. I was rising from my seat to send the telegram, when the door opened, and four of the worst characters in Deering, led by John Martin, entered the room. Before I could speak, two threw me back in my chair, one held a revolver to my head and John Martin spoke:

"Mr Hill was here to tell you to stop the D— train. You will not send that message. Listen. The rock is there to stop that train—put there for that purpose. There is half a million in gold in the express car. Do you understand?"

I trembled for Alice. Not a sound came from the little room as I was tied, hand and foot, to my chair, bound so securely that I could not move. It was proposed to gag me, but finally concluding that my cries, if I made any, could not be heard, a handkerchief was bound over my mouth.

The door of the wash room was closed and locked, Alice still undiscovered, then the light was blown out, and the ruffians left me, locking the door after them.

There was a long silence. Outside I could hear the step of one of the men pacing up and down, watching. I rubbed my head against the wall behind me, and succeeded in getting the handkerchief on my mouth to fall around my neck. I had scarcely accomplished this when there was a tap on the inner door.

"Robert," Alice said.

"Yes, Love. Speak low, there is a man under my window."

"I am going to Paris. There is no man under my window, and I can get out there. I have six long roller towels, here knotted together, and I have cut my white skirt into wide strips to join them. The rope made so reaches nearly to the ground. I shall fasten it to the door knob and let myself down. It will not take long to reach home, saddle Selim, and reach Paris in time. Don't fear for me."

Nine o'clock! As the bell of the church clock ceased to strike, a rumble, a flash told me that a thunder storm was coming rapidly. Oh, the long, long minutes of the next hour. Ten o'clock, the rain falling in torrents, the thunder pealing, lightning flashing. Alice was so afraid of lightning, Eleven o'clock! The storm over, though still the night was ink black.

The midnight down train was coming, swiftly, surely to certain destruction! Where was my wife? Had the ruffians intercepted her at the cottage? Was she lying dead somewhere upon the wild road? Her heroism was of no avail, but was her life saved? In the agony of that question the approaching rumble of the train was far more than the bitterness of Alice lost in the horror of the doomed lives it carried. Why had I let her start upon her mad errand?

The heavy train rumbled past the telegraph office. It was an express train, and did not stop at Deering station; but as I listened, every sense sharpened by mental torture, it seemed to me that the speed slackened. List-

ening intently, I knew that it stopped at the embankment, as nearly as I could judge. Not with the sickening crash I expected, not preceding wails and groans from the injured passengers, but carefully. A moment more and I heard shouts, the crack of firearms, sounds of some conflict.

What could it all mean? The minutes were hours till I heard a key turn in the door of my prison, and a moment later two tender arms were round my neck, and Alice was whispering in my ear:

"They will come in a few minutes, love, to set you free!"

"But have you been to Paris?"

"Yes, dear."

"In all that storm?"

"Selim seemed to understand. He carried me swiftly and surely. I was well wrapped in my waterproof cloak and hood. When I reached Paris the train had not come from D—."

"But it is here."

"Only the locomotive and one car. In that car was a sheriff, deputy sheriff, and twenty men, armed to the teeth, to capture the gang at the embankment. I came, too, and they lowered me from the platform when the speed slackened, so that I could run here and tell you all was safe."

While we spoke my wife's fingers had first untied the handkerchief around my neck, and then, in the darkness found some of the knots of the cords binding me. But I was still tied fast and strong, when there was a rush of many feet upon the staircase, and, in another moment, light and joyful voices.

"We've captured the whole nine!" was the good news. "Three, including John Martin, are desperately wounded, but the surprise was perfect. Now, old fellow, for you!"

A dozen claspknives at once severed my bonds, and a dozen hands were extended in greeting. As for the praises showered upon my plucky little wife, it would require a volume to tell half of them.

The Forest Funeral.

BY LIZZIE YORK CASE.

You are to imagine a deep, ferny forest; tall pines scaled by sunshine and buried in emerald; the cool winds dipping down through their branches and little brooks that here and there overflow their banks and ripple in childish glee.

On a road that winds through miles of this unbroken forest scenery, on a beautiful day in early summer, comes a solitary horseman. He has not ridden out of one of James' novels, as you were going to exclaim, but has just left behind him the wide, old-fashioned farmhouse where he was born. His mother's kiss and father's blessing are fresh upon him. He was the youngest and slightest of the boys at home and no match for them either in labor or spirit. His pale face and slight form were often subject of good-natured jest where brawn and muscle counted for so much. Though he tried to take a share of the farm work he succeeded but poorly.

"He could not plough or sow, or reap Or daily tend the herd and swine, His shepherd soul was elsewhere. The flocks he tended were the birds And stars that fill the folds of air."

From childhood he was a dreamer and heard voices, like Joan d'Arc, calling him to the battle field. But the warfare he was to wage was spiritual. So he rode out, not to a seige of Orleans, but the voice said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel." The church sanctioned the call, so he went forth.

His ambition overlapped the little things in his way. In dreams he had brought multitudes to the foot of the cross. He was going to storm the world for Christ, but he was going to do it in his own way.

All the hardships of a pioneer preacher's life lay before him. He was to live in the saddle, to have no settled home, to travel muddy roads and ford swollen streams, his saddle-bags containing all his worldly goods. His companions were to be the rude but kind settlers, the latch strings of whose cabins always hung out for him.

This was the frontier life that lay before the young preacher who rode out through the forest. He, who was not able to do the work at home, was he to do all this? Aye, and much more, but he was to do it in God's way. In reaching after grand results he was not to despise the day of small things. This first sermon and its lesson were near at hand.

He had just reached a turn in the road and stopped to look back on the glory of the sunlight through the trees, when he hears strange sounds. First a low wail of grief, then a shriek as of despair. Mingled with this were the deep-toned voice of a man and the cries of children. He listened for a moment, then followed the sound around the foot of the hill till he came full upon the scene. In this opening, surrounded by high trees, was the strange group—the emigrant's wagon with all their household goods. The horses, free from the harness, were feeding on the long grass. The cow, the foster mother of the family, but happily unconscious of its grief, was browsing near. Two larefooted children, stood under the branches of a spreading oak, at the foot of which was a little new made grave. Close beside it, very close, rocking to and fro in an agony of grief which she made no effort to control, was a sickly-looking woman holding in her arms a dead baby. A stalwart man in coarse clothes, brown with sun and toil, was trying vainly in his rough, kind way to comfort the stricken woman, while the children cried convulsively because their mother did.

The little dead thing with its pinched and waxen face, which seemed lighted with something like a smile, was beautiful as it lay in its last sleep. The father had dug its grave. The mother had adorned it for burial. A white handkerchief was folded about its little form and a bunch of wild flowers lay on its breast. Yes, death was the only lovely thing in all that group.

The young minister, who came upon the scene unnoticed—so absorbed were they—was deeply touched. Dismounting and with uncovered head he drew near and said: "Friends, I am a minister of the gospel. Can I help you in any way?"

"May be it would comfort the old woman if you would pray a little," said the man.

A prayer was said and a few words of comfort spoken and the stranger took the baby from its mother's arms and placed it in its rude casket upon its last couch.

The father took earth in his large hands, placing it tenderly around the little coffin, while the big tears found their way down his brown cheeks.

During the burial the mother continued sobs, still rocking herself to her and fro. When all was over she leaned forward and seizing convulsively the young preacher's hand, she said: "Oh if it was God who sent you. We hain't lived just as we ought to, but I could not bear to put it away without Christian burial. 'Tis so hard to go on and leave it alone in the forest."

"You are leaving it with God," said the preacher. "You are moving towards the sunset, but the little one will meet you in the morning land."

While the evening shadows gathered about them, he put forth his hands and pronounced a benediction, and with tearful eyes turned away from the sad group.

In the early morning the movers were to take up their journey, leaving the little grave for the wild flowers to cover. Miss Mary in the great green
Continued on fourth page.

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