

# The Young Acadian.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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*A. S. Davison, Editor and Proprietor.*

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THE YOUNG ACADIAN.

P. O. Box 71.

Wolfville, N. S.

## TO A SUFFERING PUBLIC

Being a Nova Scotian by birth and knowing the many ills which Nova Scotians are heir to, and feeling in our inmost souls a strong desire to help our fellow men by a strong and steady denunciation of the many frauds perpetrated on them, we have decided to use as a lever the Press. Ours is a "Model" Press and we intend to make this a model paper. Ignoring the biased mono-maniacal style of those lesser lights the "ACADIA ATHENÆUM" and the "ACADIAN SCIENTIST," and scorning the filth and corruption of the grave yard, insurance and (c)horse talk of the "WESTERN CHRONICLE," THE YOUNG ACADIAN will, like the little Gun Boat fire her shots well home, and beneath the water line every time. Mankind in general are our friends; wrong doers our enemies. We love the one; we despise the other; what we cannot resist with strength, we will fight with ridicule. Our youth is our misfortune, not our fault, and should our readers consider it a disadvantage, always remember that we will in time be able to show them, for while an old fool never can descend to be a young fool, a young fool will ere long reach the enviable position of an old fool, with grave remarks about the weather, the crops and the late war in France and reminiscences of the good old days when they sparked the girls; and were a great deal bigger fools than the boys of '83.

Our subscription price is very small, placing our paper within the reach of all; and all should have it, if they wish to find out the right side of things.

If you don't like our paper, either as regards make-up typographical appearance, size or editorial matter, be sure to notify us at once; and also tell all our friends who are anxious to learn of it. If you do like our paper etc. keep it locked up firmly in the secret chambers of your memory; and do not breathe aught that would give either ourselves or our friends cause for rejoicing in our success. We hate praise and flattery. We love to be laughed at, criticised and scorned.

## Wood Box.

A queer looking character went into one of our dry goods stores and inquired the price of a yard of ribbon. The clerk informed him that the price was six cents. "Sixteen? I'll give you fifteen." "I did not say sixteen, I said six cents," said the clerk. "Oh? six cents. Well, I'll give you five" was the reply.

"I will thank you for that pie," said a fellow boarder. "I was thinking who was King of England when this old pie was baked, and it made me feel bad to think how long he had been dead."

Why do not printers succeed to the same extent as brewers? Because printers work for the head and brewers for the stomach, or do they work for the stomach, but one has brains.

"Will you love me this way when I'm old?" she asked as he emptied a handful of peanuts in her lap.

"I will, darling, I swear it," he passionately protested, as he carefully laid aside his cigar and commenced on what was left of the nickle's worth. That was when the flowers were budding and the birds were mating one brief year ago. Last night they met again in the gloaming, and who knows but that their memories reverted to the happy past; and yet when she asked for a fifty cent parasol, he remarked that a woman whose face was as yellow as a ducks foot and looked as though it had been cultivated crosswise with a patent harrow, needn't be so particular about her complexion. The peanuts had done their work. There had been a wedding and the budding blossoms bloomed.

You have doubtless all seen that old fellow sun-burnt and red, from summer or other, who always perches himself upon the street corners and talks loud about "taking a reef out of the quarter deck, hauling in the jibboom of the fore-castle, and lowering the aft of the poop thatchway, bearing off the anchor to the lee of the starboard, and tacking the main mast fast to the foretop of the sail after yanking the fore yard arm clear out of joint." He can't help talking thus; he has spent three days at some watering place, and learned all that can be known of the sailor's life. Coudemn him not too harshly.