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DIRECTORY

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party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Jos Department is configurative for the Acadian Jos Department is consultative for the Acadian form all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The same of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the count its man of the party writing for the Acadian must invariably accompany the country of the Acadian must invariable accountry of the Acadian must be accountry to the Acadian must be accountry to

party writing for the comn ai-ably accompany the comn ai-nough the same may be writt n BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Mak-

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Small articles SILVERPLATED.

Men, phantom-like, their sojourn here Pursue, then vanish into naught. Nations appear and disappear From realm of fact to resim of though Yet through it all fair Windermers Sleeps calm and still, shines pure and clea In tranquil innocency, clear.

DR J. R. DEWOLF, M. D., L. R. C. S. E., & L. M., Edin'r. DR 8. H. H. DEWOLF, M. D., M. B., C. M., & L. M., Edin'r. Wolfville, Oct. 8th, 1886 3m pd

Agents Wanted!

Briginal Poetry,

Lake Windermere.

Less favored than many a lake in so Yet whisp ring tales of days gon Encouraging and making strong Imagination's restive cry, With debthe transperent, pure and Sleeps undisturbed fair Windermere The lake of lakes, fair Windermere.

Protected by encircling hills,
Whose cloud-swept peaks rise high o'e
head;
Sought out by myriad sparkling rills
Through shadow and through sunshit
led,
Which fast and faster onward go,
And gaily leap to the lake below,
And lose themselves in the lake below.

A peaceful night in early June,
One of those glorious eventides
With heaven and earth in perfect tune,
While rest on nature's bosom bides,
And summer's sented perfume rare
Floats upward on the silent air,
Borne heavenward by the slient air.

Close-hang with vines, an old church Quite near, attracts my thoughtful

Grey, gaunt, and grim, a night-hawk's hower,
And crumbling shelter for her brood.
Below, in quaint confusion cast,
Are tomb-stones, relies of the past,
Low crouching relies of the past.

Now suddenly the belfry's height
Is shaken, as a trembling chime
Bends forth its welcome to the night,
Twin heraid of the flight of time.
Roused by its clear-voiced, echoing cry,
I wander forth beneath the sky,
Beside the lake, beneath the sky.

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Long time I look on vale and hill,
On hill and higher peak beyond,
On dreaming lake, so cold and still,
Yet sparkling like a diamond.
Now, though the sun has gone to reat,
His glory lingers in the West,
Beyond the mountains, toward the West.

'Mid the deep silence, thro' my soul
Burge thoughts that I could not express,
Visions of greatness o'ar me roll,
Bome to inspire and some depress.
Beyond the hills my thought extends,
To far-off home, to much-loved friends;
True, home-like home; true friendly
friends.

I think of how, from age to age,
This living, dying, changing world
Has plunged through space in cosmic rage
In myriad revolutions whirled.
A mixture mad of things diverse,
A mite, a world, a universe,
A sun-kissed, storm-swept universe.

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WIJSON, JAS.—Harness Makes, is William William of the shrouds of error cling.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Makes, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Now turn the picture; there is still A love-light pure, a glory rare.

pared Now turn the picture; three same A love-light pure, a glory rare, For heaven-born love all lust doth kill, All sin destroy, all ill repair. A God blessed earth: by film above Made hely through the reign of love, Peace, honor, justice, temperaase, love.

I view again this lone retreat,
Far from the heavy tramp of trade,
Faf from the world—dust, din, and heat,
In beauty's richest robes arrayed.
And viewing, wonder whence it came,
And has it always been the same,
Through rolling centuries the same?

I doubt not, that at earliest dawn
Yon peaks from ocean's depths emerge
And warmth and light from heaven we
drawn,
While all around the sea still surged.
The richest verdure clothes these steep
Though 'neath the wave all England sier
Bave these high hill-tops, England slee

Surrounding waters; arching sky;
Which solemn, silent converse hold.
Naught else is seen—the years roll by,
Till now King Neptune's liquid mid-Pair Briton's ide no mare conceals.
Iter virgin beauty she reyeals,
Queen of the wave, her strength reveals

Now Histery opens wide her scroll, Writes a new name in lines of light, A name blessed by Divine control, Eliming with hely radiance bright, Grander and mightier grows the State, In wisdom, truth and love most great, New paer of nations, wondrous great!

While Dane and cruel Northman fight, Charmed by the coloing battle-cry, While Norman skill and Baxon might For mastership of England vie, This vals, with Nature's gifts repicte, Its pristine lovaliness complete, Lies calm and perfect and complete.

By mountain peaks shut in, shut out,
The lake looks upward to the stars,
And nature's love-song, pure, deyout,
No harsh-toned human voice debars.
The centuries heard that sacred lay,
Summer and winter, night and day,
More holy grow with each new day.

And craft the lakelet's bosom touch

The ancient oak, loud grouning, falls,
The grassy turf is out and torn,
Rough huts are seen and sude stone walls.
The sighing breezes softly mourn;
Mourn for the sacred lang ayne days,
When all was true harmonious praise,
Unchecked by man, cele tial praise.

Yet friends to nature e en are found
Amongst mankind's degenerate race,
About whose hearts the muse has wound
Life-giving thoughts none can efface,
And at their voice sach isle and hill
Wakes from its seerining death-like chill,
Warmed back to life, no longer chill.

These paths the musing Wordsworth trod Gentle in spirit, great in mind, Beloved of men, beloved of God, His peer Winander ne'er may find. Above his grave the west wind weeps,

Near by an oak-tree sentry keeps, Mute, faithful guardian, sentry keeps. Here Coleridge labored, loved, and died;
Here Shelley, the boy-poet, came,
But, by hot restless passion tried,
SoughtSouthern clime and wider fame.
Here Southy, too, the standard bore
Of poesy. Immortal four!
Few are their rivals: noble four!

Now all have gone. Years since they were To tune their harps in higher key; To this fair region glory lent, Ere called to service, perfect, free. Their spirits linger in the place, Though they have run their earthly rac An earnest, worthy, well-run race.

Great Britain's poets now no more
True loyalty to nature prove.
They seek not, as in days of yore,
In lowly peaceful paths to move,
For spiendor, weath, and fame they str
And, smiled upon and pampered, thri
Betitled cynics, grow and thrive.

Still sparkling lake looks calmly up,
Still twinkling stars look tranquil dow
And round the whole horizon's scope
No trace of dusty, dirty town.
But there is life, too much, I ween,
Where erst no human form was seen,
No work of human wisdom seen.

At night, when man has gone to rest,
And mills are silent, trallic hushed;
The hills and dales, in beauty dressed,
And lake, by some lone campfire flushed
Once more hold converse, holy, pure,
And will while world and time endure,
While cosmos, life, and time endure.
Brown University,
Providence, R.J.
ACADIE.

Interesting Storg.

The Boys at Dr Murray

CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

and the freshest of water, but treat it where a few had congregated. tarve to death at this rate, sir !"

went out, somewhat disturbed. "I declare!" he said to himself, as all sides. bout to descend the stairs, "I'm not

sound of ascending foot-teps. Grant bill for him, he would have had a good Westerly came running up stairs. bill for him, he would have had a good "I know of one that's a great deal meaner to said Ned Hall, with blazing

"A dozen, sir!" said Harris, bowing as any thief."

ninute;" and Grant went on to his fault of ours if that is lacking." He returned with a large sheet of curious. paper. Harris stared, and Grant ex-

"You see," no said, "we're going to much the more. Did it ever do you send in a petition to Dr Murray this any good to be pointed at, and joered, afternoon, to beg him to release Will and forsaken by all respectable boys. If there's any more to be put down, let "so going to be sent on this because you have yielded to temptate the heading. I thought you."

"Now, said Grant, "if Ripley does not choose to sign his name, very well. If there's any more to be put down, it must be done seen; for it's almost school hours." the heading, I thought you "Of course not !"

in the lion's mouth, like that !" "Yes," said Grant, calmly,

the sake of doing a good action !"
Harris shook his head. "Well, do you?"

Harris was concerned

nore to descend, "I don't know what please say so, for I'm in a burry." I'm listening to this nonsense for !" "Because, you are going to do me a

favor," said Grant, blocking the way.

"Am I?" said Harris,—"I think I

Ten names see myself!"

follow it." Harris shrugged his shoulders. "It might cost me my situation, if I terfered in this matter," he said.

"Then we'll get up a petition for you !" laughed Grant.

is too much !" ing fails for the lack of your name," think we're about equally divided." said Grant; "how will you feel then !" prisoner, and the untasted food, and that will sign it," and he went in reflected. "I declare," said he, relent search of them.

ing a little, "I've half a good mind to nothing else ?" "On my honor !" said Grant.

last put down his name.
"Now I've been and done it!" he exclaimed, as if repenting himself,—pered Hawky. North in Grant's ear. erly, you're too bad !"

Grant; "I thank you from the bottom of my heart !" "Now," said Harris, "stop that! I in school. With an unlimited supply don't want to be thanked for burning of pocket-money at his command, he my own fingers! If the Doctor has had furnished his room with everything This was the usual routine of morn- anything to say, I'll lay all the blame elegant that it could contain, had be ng duties, and the Doctor was vastly on you, see if I don't!" and off he stowed presents and gifts unnumbered proud of the strict order observed by went. Well pleased with his success, upon his friends, of which, however, even the most careless of his pupils. Grant returned to his room and copied he had but few, and value boasted The boys had behaved unusually well the petition, writing it in such a man-that he spent more money every term this snowy morning, and, filled with ner that Harris's name came directly than all the rest of Dr Murray's boys atisfaction and complacency, the Doc- under the last line, and was thus first put together. It was true, but all his or went off to his private breakfast, on the list. Then he went down and lavish expenditures had gained him but and Harris started with the prisoner's found Hall; his name came next; then few friends, and his haughty manners broad and water. He found him wear- Grant's; and sure of three petitioners at were often made the butt of ridicule ng the same undaunted, resolute ex- least, the two friends went in search of for the whole school. No one loved ression of the previous night, and no- the remainder of the boys. They met him; a few allowed themselves to be

class, and readily wrote his name un- ners. Hawley soon returned with "Look here?" he said, "this is a der Grant's. Then they separated him. pretty way to treat the food I bring Hall going into the playroom after

arve to death at this rate, sir!" al as he made his appearance, paper in When he had finished, he turned away Will uttered not a syllable. Harris hand. He read it aloud to the group, with one of his peculiariy unpleasant There was a buzz of exclamations ca smiles, saying-

"Well," said Dick Welles, frankly, that thief out of prison, you'll all knew so sure but the fellow has will enough "I like you for what you are doing, it." to starve himself to death. He looks Grant; but I don't think Howth has like it; I must speak to the Doctor any right to expect mercy, as you call "I shou'd like to know," continued about it right off! It would be a it. He ought to be thankful that he's the rich man's son, "what you want no worse off! If he'd been a houseless him let loose among us for ?- such a His soliloquy was cut short by the city vagabond, with no one to pay the low, mean character !

Vesterly came running up stairs.

"Harris!" he exclaimed, "you're 'He deserves it!" meaner!" said Ned Hall, with blazing eyes. just the person I want to sec. Will "That's so," said a friend of Dick's; "I don't see why he isn't just as bad

any thief."
"You know, Dick," said Grant mild- he elemented his hand. "O, but one is sufficient! I'll give ly, "Will is a homeless tellow; and as "Stop !" said Grant, Isaving his you credit for the rest. Wait just a for the vagabond part, it will be no deak, don't let's spoil all the influence

"Because, every taunt and sneer "I know it," said Ned; "I apologize, lained.

"You see," he said, "we're going to much the more. Did it ever do you "Now, said Grant, "if Ripley does

wouldn't mind if you signed your name without seeing it. Just put it right down here—half-way from the top, if you please."

Harris retreated a step or two in amassement.

"Of course not!"

"Well, do you suppose Will feels all you, Westerly," said Ripley, condesseedingly.

"No; thank you," said Grant, smilling is to get him released, and never mention his disgrace so long as he is among us; to treat him kindly and friendly, as if he had never sinned, and will, and because they wish to aid

you choose to do the other way, and Welles came back, but the number of abandon him as worthless and lost, his friends had grown from two to five. and deny him all good company, how These all added their names. When long will it take to make him desperate the bell rang for recitations at nine, "Why, Westerly, it'll be the same and recklers? If he is shut out from the signatures, including Harris's, numbered sixty. Although not quite the that is not respectable that will readily number he had wished for, Grant felt take him in. But for my part, I think he is worth saving! If there's most impatient for the noon intermiss-"I declare." he said, starting once any one here that's going to sign this, ion when he was to carry the petition

"Of course there is!" said Fred grant the entrest?? he asked himself Howitt; "we're all going to sign it— anxiously again and again.

Ten names were speedily added, Dick adding his last of all, without a "So do I," said his blockader ; "now word of remonstrance, Here the schooleriously, Harris, how would you feel room door burst open, and Ned Hall

if you were in his place? 'Do as you came in with a crowd at his heels. "There never was such a recruiting ed his repast, when there came a rap would be done by,' is a golden rule! Even the Doctor has bidden us all to officer as I am!" he cried to Grant; at the door. It was not Harris's "here I've brought you twenty or knock, and wondering who should ventwenty-five, -I can't tell which, -and ture to intrude at that hour, he called : every one of them is 'ready and anx-

Grant's pencil came into immediate Doctor, blaudly, motioning his favorite requisition. Name after name went pupil to a seat; "are you in trouble "Come, Westerly," said the assist- down upon the paper till the first page with those translations?" ant, uneasily, "let me pass. I don't of the sheet was covered, and the next know of another thing in the whole was brought into use. When all presworld, but what I'd do for you, even ent had signed, the names were counted, if it broke over rules a little; but this and found to amount to but forty.

"Here's but ha'f the school," said "Suppose that the whole undertak- Grant; I'm afraid the Doctor will "I can get you two more," said Harris thought of the pale-faced Dick; "I know two friends of mine

"Who'll do the same ?" said Hall; sign it. You promised to petition for 'I've looked up every friend I've got in school-about twenty-five, in all If every one of you will look up the

Harris wavered and grumbled, but same number, we'll have enough." The boys laughed. "Have you asked Riply?" whis-

"In the dining-room. Shall I ask 'You've done a good deed," said him?"

"Yes." Harry Ripley was the proudest boy iced, with some dismay, that the Hawley North coming out of the din- flattered by his attentions, and foclishsuppor he had brought was untouch- ing room. He was a boy of the same ly sought to imitate his foppi h man-

"What's wanting?" asked Ripley, You have the whitest of bread signers, Grant entering the schoolroom, advancing to the desk where Grant had taken his seat. For an answer as though it wasn't fit to is! You'll "What's coming now?" cried sever- Grant allowed him to read the petition.

"When I put down my name to get

"Very well." said Grant, coolly,

"Who?" said Ripley, turning. "You !"

said, addressing his friend.

"Why so?" asked Dick, looking shouldn't have said that, Hall," he

"I'll put down my name to oblig

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, "do see if we cannot bring back some of the Howth. I believe you do not."

you suppose I'm going to put my head self-respect which he has lost. But if Ripley went off whi-tling. Dick

to the Doctor. Would he refuse, or

THE LL. D'S MERCY. Dr Murray, feeling somewhat indisposed that noon, had taken his dinner in the library. Hardly had he finish-

"Come in !" "Good afternoon, Grant." said the

"No, sir," said Grant, "I've como on business this time. Are you too

busy to attend to it now ?" "Certainly not," said the Doctor, displaying some cariosity.

Feeling some trepidation, yet rosolved to carry the project through, Gant produced the large envelope containing the petition, and laid it before the Principal, Wonderingly he took it up, and read the address :-

"A PETITION TO DR SIM-EON MURRAY, From Sixty of his Pupils."

"Shall I go, or stay ?" asked Grant. "You may go," said the astocished Grant went to his room. Taking

the petition from its envelope, the Doc tor rlowly read :

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sore Eyes The eyes are always in sympathy with the body, and afford an excellent index of its condition. When the eyes become weak, and the lids inflamed and sore, it is

one, and the his himsel and sore, it is a evidence that the system has become isordered by Scrotula, for which Ayer's arsapartlla is the best known remedy. Scrofula, which produced a painful in-hammation in my eyes, caused me much unfering for a miniber of years. By the device of a physician I commenced taking Ayer's Sursaparilla. After using this medicine a short time I was completely

Cured

For a number of years I was troubled with a humor in my eyes, and was unable to obtain any reifer furth I commenced using Ayer's Sarvasparills. This medicine has effected a complete cure, and I believe it to be the best of blood purifiers.—C. E. Upton, Nashum, N. II.

From childhood, and until within a few months, I have been afflicted with Weak and Sore Eyes. I have used for these complaints, with beneficial results, Ayer's Sarsaparlia, and consider it a great blood purifier. — Mrs. C. Phillips, Glaver, Vt. I suffered for a year with inflamma-tion in my left eye. Three uters formed on the ball, depriving me of sight, and causing great path. After trying many other remedies, to no purpose, I was thank induced to use Ayer's sarsaparitis, and,

By Taking
three bottles of this medicine, have been
entirely cured. My sight has been restored, and there is no sign of hubanmation, sore, or inter in my eye.—Kendal
T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Holge, Ohio. T. Bowen, Sugar Tree Ridge, Ohio.

My daughter, ten years old, was afflicted with Serofulous Sore Eyes. During the bast two years she nover saw light of any kind. Physicians of the highest standing exerted their skill, but with no permanent success. On the recommendation of a friend I purchased a builte of Ayer's Saraparilla, which my daughter commenced taking. Before she had used the third bottle her sight was restored, and she can now look steadily at a brilliant light without pain. Her cure is complete.—W. E. Sutkierland, Evangelist, Sheiby City, Ky.

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