

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS...DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1895.

No. 7.

LL & CO.,  
ATER ST.,  
N. S.  
ers, Machinists,  
Stationary and  
Compound En-  
gining Machinery,  
30  
SMITH,  
MILORING,  
olis Street,  
N. S. 31  
A. GRAY  
aker and  
lmer,  
St., (Cor. Jacob)  
lfav.  
HOME GIO  
ELL & CO.,  
TORIES OF—  
and Tinware  
OF EVERY SIZE  
CALITY  
lard and Dundas  
mouth, N. S.  
ROOHE,  
STOCK  
RIES, ROOM PAPER,  
TS, UPWARDS \$1  
St., Halifax, N. S.  
ndford and Sons,  
and  
Works.  
Argyle St.,  
fax, N. S.  
description of  
ry Work in  
ed Granite  
d Marble.  
and prices furnished on  
application.  
ale.  
Building lot on Main  
joining the residence of  
of Mattell. The purchaser  
may remain on mortgage  
J. E. Mulloney,  
ri 29th, 1894.  
Sale!  
TO LET!  
rifer offers for sale or to  
use and land in Wolfville  
the Andrew DeWolf pro-  
ing house, barn and out-  
ing 1 1/2 acres of land—  
ard. Sold on bond or in  
to.  
B. W. STORRS,  
E. S. CRAWLEY.  
ANTED.  
an in your district to repre-  
ent "British Nurseries of Canada,"  
acres. The largest in the  
Position permanent. Salary  
right to man.  
increasing demand for fruit,  
with us as salesman will pay  
then engaging in farm-work  
now application and we will  
you to earn good money.  
each \$1.10. Just the thing  
ring the summer. Write for  
BONE & WELLINGTON,  
M. Manager. MONTREAL.  
W. V. JONES,  
TERINARIAN,  
WOLFVILLE,  
ills promptly attended to. 25  
ION ATLANTIC  
RAILWAY.  
OF EVANGELINE ROUTE  
after Monday, 7th October,  
trains of this Railway will run  
daily (excepted).  
S WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE:  
Kentville..... 5:35, a.m.  
Halifax..... 9:15, a.m.  
Yarmouth..... 4:20, p.m.  
Halifax..... 6:05, p.m.  
Richmond..... 11:30, a.m.  
Annapolis..... 11:25, a.m.  
S WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE:  
for Halifax..... 5:35, a.m.  
Yarmouth..... 9:15, a.m.  
Halifax..... 4:20, p.m.  
Kentville..... 6:05, p.m.  
Annapolis..... 11:30, a.m.  
Halifax..... 11:25, a.m.  
Paris Gate runs daily each way  
Halifax and Yarmouth on the  
St. John's.  
St. John and Digby.  
St. John..... 7:45 a.m.  
Digby..... 1:10 p.m.  
as are the on Eastern Standard  
W. B. CAMPBELL,  
General Manager,  
THERLAND, Superintendent.  
DENTISTRY.  
N. LAWRENCE will be at his  
office in Shaw's building, opposite  
court House, every Thursday, Fri-  
day and Saturday, Office open every

### THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.  
TERMS:  
\$1.00 Per Annum.  
(IN ADVANCE.)  
CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.  
Local advertising at two cents per line  
per insertion, unless by special ar-  
rangement for standing notices.  
Sales for standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office and payment on transactions will  
be guaranteed by some responsible  
party prior to the insertion.  
The Acadian for Dependable is con-  
sidered receiving new type and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
on all work turned out.  
Every communication from all parts  
of the county, or articles upon the topics  
of the day are cordially solicited. The  
views of the party writing for the Acadian  
will invariably accompany the com-  
munications, although the same may be written  
in a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

### U don't hav 2 go 2 Halifax 2 get clothes. But if U want them made 2 fit, wear, and give you a gentlemanly appear- ance, go to N. L. McDONALD, MERCHANT TAILOR, 78 Upper Water St. - 78. Halifax, N. S. 32

### DON'T FOOL

With a cough, cold or  
sore throat. Use a  
remedy that relieves  
from the start, soothes  
and breaks the inflamed  
tissues of the larynx or  
bronchial tubes.

### PYNY-PECTORAL

Is a certain remedy based on a clear knowl-  
edge of the disease it was created to  
cure.  
LARGE BOTTLE 25 CENTS.

### Kline Granite Works.

THE PROPRIETOR of these works is  
now prepared to supply  
Rough & Dressed Granite  
—AND—  
Light Blue Granite,  
SUITABLE FOR  
MONUMENTAL - WORK!  
The Blue Granite comes from his  
Quarry at Nictaux, and is quality  
highly endorsed by the Geological De-  
partment at Ottawa.  
Estimates given and orders filed for  
all classes of  
DRESSED GRANITE.

### JOHN KLINE, NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS, HALIFAX.

### SHE HIG BACKACHE

Feels sore aches  
with muscular Pains, and  
has just put on that  
Banisher of Backaches  
or 32 MORMOL PLASTER

### White Sewing Machine Co.

Cleveland, Ohio.  
Thomas Organs  
—FOR SALE BY—  
Howard Pineo,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.  
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

### SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS.  
R. H. HARRISON, JAR. HARRISON  
TELEPHONE NO. 940.  
Harrison Bros.  
Agents for  
Canada Stained Glass Works.  
Dealers in Sand-cut, Embossed, Bent  
and Bevelled Glass, Mirror  
Plates, Etc.  
Plain and Artistic Painters, Importers  
of Wall Paper and Decora-  
tions. 31  
Shotown: 24 Harrington Street,  
Halifax, N. S.

### Money to Loan.

On Good Land Security!  
Apply to  
E. S. Crawley,  
Notary,  
Wolfville, May 25, 1894. n

### POETRY.

#### I Never Thought.

I never thought my friend could die so  
soon,  
His morning not yet ripened into noon;  
I never thought that June might have  
its frost.  
O God, I never thought he could be lost!  
I never thought my child could pass  
away.  
Just at the dawning of life's little day;  
That he, so wild, so wayward and un-  
taught,  
Could die. O God, forgive me! I never  
thought!

#### Life is thy day, thy day to think and do; Death is thy night—night to rejoice or grieve. Life is thy need time; do thy very best. Death is thy harvest, to regret or rest.

### SELECT STORY.

#### A Life for a Love.

BY L. T. MEADE.  
CHAPTER I.  
"What place is this?" asked the  
wife.  
She was unacquainted with hospitals  
and sickness.

"This is a place where they cure the sick,  
and succour the dying, dear Mrs  
Wyndham," gently remarked Esther  
Helsa.  
"They cure the sick here, do they?  
But I will cure my husband myself!  
I know the way." She smiled. She  
took me to him, Esther. How slow you  
Beloved Esther—I don't thank you!  
I have no words to say thank you—  
but my heart is so happy I think it  
will burst!"

The porter came forward, then a  
nurse. Several ceremonies had to be  
gone through, several remarks made,  
several questions asked. Valentine  
heard and saw nothing. Esther help-  
ed Valentine to take off her cloak; and  
she stood in her simple long plain white  
dress, with her bright hair like a glory  
round her happy face.  
The nurse who finally conducted the  
two to the ward where Wyndham lay  
looked at her in a sort of bewilderment.  
Esther and the nurse went first, and  
Valentine slowly followed between the  
jog rows of beds; some of the men  
said afterwards that an angel had gone  
through the ward on the night that the  
struggling minister, poor fellow, died.  
The sister who had charge of the ward  
turned and whispered a word to Esther,  
then she pushed aside a screen which  
surrounded one of the beds.

"Your husband is very ill," she said,  
looking with a world of pity into Val-  
entine's bright eyes. "You ought to  
be prepared; he is very ill."  
"Thank you, I am quite prepared.  
I have come to cure him."  
Then she went inside the screen, and  
Esther and the nurse remained without.  
Wyndham was lying with his eyes  
closed; his sunken cheeks, his deathly  
pallor, his quick and hurried breath  
might have prepared the young wife  
for the worst. They did not. She  
stood for a moment at the foot of the  
bed, her hands clasped in ecstasy, her  
eyes shining, a wonderful smile bring-  
ing back the beauty to her lips. Then  
she came forward and lay gently down  
by the side of the dying man. She  
slipped her hand under his head and  
laid her cheek to his.

"At last, Gerald," she said, "at last  
you have come back! You didn't die.  
You are changed, greatly changed,  
but you didn't die, Gerald."  
He opened his eyes and looked her  
full in the face.  
"Valentine!"  
"Hush you are too weak to talk.  
Stay quiet, I am with you. I will  
nurse you back to strength. Oh, my  
darling, you didn't die."  
"Your darling, Valentine? Did  
you call me your darling?"  
"I said it, I say it. You are all  
the world to me; without you the  
world is empty. Oh, how I love you

—how I have loved you for years."  
"Then it was good I didn't die,"  
said Wyndham, he raised his eyes,  
looked up and smiled. His smile was  
one of ecstasy.  
"Of course it was good that you  
didn't die, and now you are going to  
get well. Life still. Do you like my  
hand under your head?"  
"Like it?"  
"Yes; you need not tell me. Let  
me talk to you; don't answer me,  
Gerald, my father told me. He told  
me what he had done; he told me what  
you had done. He wants me to for-  
give him, but I'm not going to forgive  
him. I'll never forgive him, Gerald.  
I have ceased to love him, and I'll  
never forgive him; all my love is for  
you."  
"Not all, wife—not quite all. Give  
him back a little, and—forgive."  
"How weak you are, Gerald, and  
your voice sounds miles away."  
"Forgive him, Valentine."  
"Yes, if you wish it. Lie still,  
darling."  
"Valentine—that money?"  
"I know about it—that blood-money.  
The price of your precious life. It  
shall be paid back at once."  
"Then God will forgive me. I  
thank Him, unspokably."  
"Gerald, you are very weak. I can  
scarcely hear your words. Does it tire  
you dreadfully to talk? See, I will  
hold your hand; when you are too  
tired to speak your fingers can pro-  
mise, Gerald, you were outside our  
house on Tuesday night. Yes, I feel  
the pressure; you were there. Gerald,  
you were very unhappy that night."  
"But not now, darling," replied  
Wyndham. He had found his voice;  
his words came out with a sudden  
strength and joy. "I made a mistake  
that night, wife. I won't tell it to  
you. I made a mistake."  
"And you are really quite, quite  
happy now."  
"Happy! Sorrow is put behind me  
—the former things are done away."  
"You will be happier still when you  
come home to baby and me."  
"You'll come to me, Val; you and  
the boy."  
"What do you say? I can't hear  
you."  
"You'll come to me."  
"I am with you."  
"You'll come up to me."  
Then she began to understand.  
Half-an-hour later the nurse and  
Esther drew the screen aside and came  
in. Valentine's face was nearly as  
white as Wyndham's. She did not see  
the two as they came in. Her eyes  
were fixed on her husband's, her hand  
still held his.  
"He wants a stimulant," said the  
nurse.  
She poured something out of a bottle  
and put it between the dying man's  
lips. He opened his eyes when she  
did this, and looked at Valentine.  
"Are you still there? Hold my  
hand."  
"Do you think I would let it go?  
I have been wanting this hand to  
clasp mine for so long, oh, for so long!"  
The nurse again put some stimulant  
between Gerald's lips.  
"You must not tire his strength,  
madam," she said. "Even emotion,  
even joyful emotion is more than he  
can bear just now."  
"Is it, nurse? Then I will sit quiet,  
and not speak. I don't mind how  
long I stay, nor how quiet I keep, if  
only I can save him. Nurse, I know  
he is very ill, but—"  
Her lips quivered, and her eyes, dry  
and bright and hungry, were fixed on  
the nurse. Wyndham, too, was look-  
ing at the nurse with a question writ-  
ten on his face. She bent down low,  
and caught his faint whisper.  
"Your husband bids you hope," she  
said then, turning to Valentine, "he  
bids you take courage; he bids you to  
have the best hope of all—the hope  
eternal. Madam, when you clasp  
hands up there you need not part."  
"Did you tell her to say that to me,  
Gerald?" asked the wife. "Oh, no,  
you couldn't have told her to say those  
words. Oh, no, you love me too well  
to go away."  
"God loves you, Valentine," sudden-  
ly said Gerald. "God loves you, and  
He loves me, and His eternal love  
will surround us. I up there, you  
here. In that love we shall be one."  
Only the nurse knew with what

difficulty Wyndham uttered these  
words, but Valentine saw the light in  
his eyes. She bowed her head on his  
thin hand, her lips kissed it—she did  
not speak.  
To the surprise of the sister who  
had charge of the ward, Wyndham  
lingered on for hours—during the  
greater part of the night. Valentine  
and Esther never left him. Esther sat  
a little in the shadow where her pale  
face could scarcely be seen. If she felt  
personal grief she kept it under. The  
chief actors in the tragedy, the cruelly-  
wronged husband and wife, absorbed  
all her thoughts. No, she had no time,  
no room, to think of herself.  
Wyndham was going—Brother  
Jerome would no longer be known in  
the streets of East London; the poor,  
the sorrowful, would grieve at not see-  
ing his face again. The touch of his  
hand could no longer comfort—the  
light in his eyes could no longer bless.  
The mission would have to do without  
Brother Jerome—this mission was  
about to render up his account to the  
Judge of all.  
The little attic in Anselm Villas  
would also be empty; the tired man  
would not need the low comforts that  
Esther had collected round him—the  
tiresome cough, the weary restless step,  
would cease to disturb Cherry's rest,  
and Esther's chief object in life would  
be withdrawn.  
He who for so long was supposed to  
be dead would be dead in earnest.  
Valentine would be a real widow, little  
Gerald truly an orphan.  
All these thoughts thronged through  
Esther's mind as she sat in the shadow  
behind the screen and listened to the  
chimes outside as they proclaimed the  
passing time, and the passed away also  
of a life.  
Every moment lives of mee go away  
—souls enter the unknown country.  
Some go with regret, some with rejoic-  
ing. In some cases there are many  
left behind to sorrow—in other cases  
no one mourns.  
Wyndham had sinned, he had yield-  
ed to temptation; he had been weak—  
a victim it is true—still a victim who  
with his eyes open had done a great  
wrong. Yet Esther felt that for some  
at least it was a good thing that Wynd-  
ham was born.  
"If, for one, thank God that I know  
him," she murmured. "He has ceased  
to suffer, but he has raised me. I  
thank God that I was permitted to  
know such a man. The world would,  
I suppose, speak of him as a sinner,  
but to my way of thinking, if ever  
there was a saint he is one."  
So the night passed on, and Valen-  
tine remained motionless by the dying  
man's bed. What her thoughts were,  
none might read.  
At last, towards the break of day,  
the time when so many souls go away,  
Wyndham stirred faintly and opened  
his eyes. Valentine moved forward  
with an eager gesture. He looked at  
her, but there was no comprehension in  
his glance.  
"What is the matter?" said Valen-  
tine to the nurse. "I scarcely know  
him—his face has altered."  
"It looks young, madam. Dying  
faces often do so. Hark, he is saying  
something."  
"Lillian," said Wyndham. "Lilly  
—mother calls us—we are to sing our  
evening hymn."  
"Bright in the happy land!"  
Lillian, do you hear mother; she is call-  
ing? Kneel down—our evening pray-  
ers—by mother—we always say our  
prayers by mother's knee. Kneel,  
Lillian, see, my hands are folded—Our  
Father—"  
There was a long pause after the  
last words, a pause followed by one  
more breath of infinite content, and  
then the nurse closed the dead man's  
eyes.

### CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

#### The Acadians.

The story of Evangeline is in mind,  
and we read from the poem as we ride  
along, and our hearts are touched with  
pity for the poor Acadians turned out  
of house and home, taken away from  
their beautiful land, and driven into  
exile. There are places from which  
one might be excused with equanimity,  
Acadia is not one of them.  
The offices of the Acadians were  
loyally and nationally French. Forty years

before their exile France had made a  
treaty with England and had delivered  
up this peninsula of Nova Scotia into  
English possession. It belonged to  
England. But the people who were  
thus disposed did not concur. They  
refused to be Anglicized. They de-  
clined to take an oath of allegiance.  
They embittered and endangered the  
lives of the English garrison at An-  
napolis Royal. Whatever they could  
do against their governors they did.  
And the situation became intolerable.  
France and England were fighting at  
Fort Duquesne and elsewhere, and the  
Acadian farmers were sending their  
sons to join the armies of the French.  
It seemed essential to the success of  
the English arms on this continent that  
there should be a peaceful possession of  
Acadia. And when milder measures  
failed the English adopted that expedi-  
ent which the story of Evangeline has  
made one of the best known incidents  
of history.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

### London's Telegraphs.

In former years the combined tele-  
graph companies in London dealt with  
something like 10,000 messages a day  
in their several metropolitan offices.  
To-day the number dealt with by the  
post-office in its central office is 112,  
000, or more than eleven times as  
many exclusive of news for the press,  
which, on a busy night, may reach  
half a million of words, or more than  
200 columns of, say, the Standard  
newspaper. The number of ordinary  
messages is that for an average day;  
but there are many days in the year  
when from a strange variety of causes  
the number is greatly exceeded.  
A big race, where either horses or  
boats are engaged, a thick fog, a royal  
wedding, a coming bank holiday, an  
increase in the bank rate, (so much to  
be desired in these days) or a "stamp  
up" in the city will each and all lead  
to a large increase in telegraphy.  
Thus the Cup day at Goodwood last  
year produced a total of more than  
137,000 telegrams through the central  
office, while the foggy Christmas Eve  
of 1891 gave a total of more than  
140,000. Again the day previous to  
the royal wedding of 1893 witnessed  
the arrival and dispatch of 140,570  
telegrams and from the central office  
while the record was fairly broken on  
the Friday preceding the August  
bank holiday of last year, when the  
number exceeded 140,000. From this  
it would appear that John Bull is most  
lavish in the matter of telegrams when  
he is "on pleasure bent."

### A Matter of Personal Rights.

"How is this?" demanded  
the conductor savagely. "You have  
13 children, and they are all trying  
to travel on half tickets."  
"The man and woman addressed  
looked at each other and a flush that  
suggested them to be guilty of trying  
to swindle the railroad came to their  
cheeks, but they made no response.  
"How old is that girl back there?"  
continued the conductor, pulling his  
twany mustache.  
"She will be 12 the 2d of Novem-  
ber," replied the woman, figuring it  
out on her finger ends.  
"And how old is that boy, next  
her?"  
"If he lives till the 27th of 17 Novem-  
ber, he will be 12, too," answered the  
man sharply.  
"He, just as I expected!" gloated  
the conductor. "Now, how can you  
explain the proximity of their birth-  
days?" And he waited for a confes-  
sion.  
"That's easy enough," ventured the  
woman frankly.  
"It is, is it?"  
"Yes, there is no law I know of  
that prevents cousins being born the  
same month."  
"This ain't the smoking car,"  
thundered the ticket puncher, as he  
pounced upon a girl eating a banana,  
to hide his confusion.

Families of the first newspaper  
ever printed were distributed to the  
members of the press congress at Hol-  
delberg. It is a sheet published at  
Strasbourg in 1609 by Johann Carolus.  
In a letter from Venice, dated Sept. 4,  
in the first number Galileo's discovery  
of the telescope is announced. "The  
of the telescope has added 100 crowns to  
the pensions of Master Galileo Galilei,  
of Florence, professor at Padua, be-  
cause he has invented an instrument  
which enables one to see distant places  
as if they were quite near."

### Result of a Neglected Cold. DISEASED LUNGS

Which Doctors Failed to Help,  
CURED BY TAKING  
AYER'S Cherry  
Pectoral.

"I contracted a severe cold, which settled  
on my lungs, and I did what is often done  
in such cases, neglected it, thinking it would  
go away as it came; but I found, after a  
while, that the slightest exertion  
brought me on."  
Consulted a Doctor  
who found, on examining my lungs, that the  
upper part of the chest was badly affected.  
He gave me some medicine which I took as  
directed, but it did not seem to do any good.  
Fortunately I happened to read in Ayer's  
Lungs of the effect that Ayer's Cherry  
Pectoral had on others, and I determined to  
give it a trial. After taking a few doses my  
trouble was relieved, and before I had fin-  
ished the bottle I was cured.—A. LESTER,  
Watchmaker, Cranston, R. I.

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Highest Awards at World's Fairs.  
Ayer's Pills Cure Indigestion.

He Knew His Lungs.  
An eminent Scotch surgeon and pro-  
fessor in the University of Edinburgh  
was entirely devoted to his profession.  
A quaint incident in his practice will  
show this. The post-graduate had at  
one time cured him about some af-  
fection of the lungs. Years afterward  
he returned on the same errand. On  
being announced he was nettled to  
observe that Mr. Syme had neither any  
recollection of his face nor still more  
galling acquaintance with his name.  
Penny on therefore mentioned the fact  
of his former visit. Still Syme failed  
to remember him. But when the pro-  
fessor put his ear to the post's chest  
and heard the peculiar sound which Aie  
old student had made chronic, he at  
once exclaimed: "Ah I remember  
you now! I know you by your lung."  
Can you imagine a greater humiliation  
for a post than to be known not by his  
face, but by his lung?—Ex.

Mudge—Another man called me a liar  
last night. Vaseley—What did you do?  
Well, as he was three sizes bigger than I,  
I asked him why he couldn't say some-  
thing original.

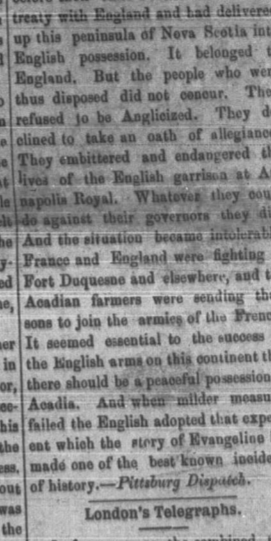
### ECONOMY IS WEALTH.

If your clothes show signs of wear  
have them dyed at  
UNGAR'S.

You won't have to buy new ones.  
All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry  
Work done at Halifax prices. Un-  
gar gives satisfaction.  
LOCAL AGENTS: 31  
Rockwell & Co.,  
Wolfville, N. S.  
ALL MOTHERS  
WHO HAVE USED  
DALMO-TAR SOAP  
Know THAT IT  
IS THE  
BEST BABY SOAP  
for healing the  
Diaper Rash of  
Babies.  
Baby was troubled with sores on head and feet.  
I tried "Paino-Tar Soap." It very shortly  
cured the sores. The skin became smooth and  
white, and the child got perfectly well.  
Sole Wholesale, Montreal, Quebec.  
Only 25c. Big Cans.

### DIAMOND DINNER PILLS

CURE  
CONSTIPATION,  
BILIOUSNESS,  
DYSPEPSIA,  
SICK HEADACHE,  
REGULATE THE LIVER.  
ONE HILL, AFTER EATING  
HAS GOOD DIGESTION.  
PRICE 25 CTS. THE DOBBS MED. CO. ST.



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