

# THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL 17, 1885

## WILLOW BANK CEMETERY.

Pursuant to notice given the annual meeting of the "Willow Bank" Cemetery corporation was held in Oddfellows' Hall on Wednesday evening April 8th. The whole number in attendance, including Trustees, was only six and only three of these were lot-holders. It is to be regretted that so little interest is manifested among lot-holders in the management of its affairs. Since it was first opened, in the summer of 1880, very little interest has been taken outside of the Trustees. It was expected that many would come forward and purchase lots at once and thus give the Trustees the means of laying out and beautifying the grounds so that they might be a credit to the village and a pleasure to themselves. Such however has not been the case, and, with the exception of a very few, no lots have been purchased until they were actually required for interment; and the purchasers of these seem to take no interest whatever in the matter. It is certainly very discouraging to those who have been appointed to the management to find so little interest displayed by lot-holders who have friends interred there. No very marked improvement should be expected while so little interest is taken by those interested.

In the absence of the President, V. P., J. W. Caldwell took the chair and the following routine of business was transacted: After the reading of the minutes of the last annual meeting, three of the trustees were retired, according to the act of incorporation, viz.—A. S. Murray, who has recently left the county, J. L. Brown and J. S. Morse by ballot. The following named were then elected by ballot as Trustees to fill the vacancies created: J. B. Davison, Thos. Wallace, and Jas. S. Morse. The Trustees' report was read, which showed the whole amount of money paid out and collected, since they had received the deed of the ground. The sum of \$218.25 had been received for sale of lots, and the sum of \$100.00 had been borrowed. The whole of this sum, less \$9.75, had been expended in fencing, laying out, and improving the grounds. Twenty-seven lots only, had been sold, for the sum of \$469.75, for which the sum of \$259.50 had been received in cash, and \$14.75 in work, leaving a balance of \$195.50 uncollected. The following named were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

- President J. W. Caldwell.
- V. Pres. J. W. Wallace.
- Sec'y J. W. Hamilton.
- Treas. A. deW. Barrs.
- Committee on audit—J. B. Davison, J. W. Wallace, Jas. S. Morse.
- On management—G. V. Rand, Jas. E. Eagles, J. A. Woodman, and J. B. Davison.

Voted that the Secretary receive \$10 for his services the present year. J. A. Woodman, G. V. Rand and J. W. Wallace were appointed a committee of management of the Old Burying Ground and were instructed to try and devise some method of raising the balance due on the fencing of said Burying Ground, amounting to some \$25.00.

It seems that a subscription was opened in the spring of 1880 to raise a sum of money to inclose the Old Burying Ground with a suitable fence, and it was thought desirable to place an iron fence on the front or street side if enough could be raised to do so. Those having the matter in hand succeeded in getting subscribed as they supposed sufficient to warrant them in causing the enclosure to be erected and consequently authorized it to be done; but after they had collected all that they could, they found a shortage of some \$25, which was advanced by Caldwell & Murray, and has not since been paid. We anticipate the committee will have no difficulty in raising that amount, as a very large portion of the community have friends interred in this ground; it being one of the oldest burying grounds in Horton, and for many years indiscriminate burials of all denominations were made there.

## UNCLE JOE'S LETTER.

Ed. Sir! your paper contains of most interesting news.

Since writing my last letter to you, what do you think—guess I—well, I've been to see the Speaker's baby! Now I think I hear you with one accord exclaim, "Tell us about it!" O, but your eyes would open still wider if you could see him. The Speaker was perfectly correct in his unbiased decision, as he always is; and the House has sustained that decision by a unanimous vote, save one member whom the whips could not find, but the supposition is that he was a crusty old bachelor and a "grit." But I don't think so.

Now be patient; fortunately, or unfortunately! I am a thousand miles away from you, so you can't smother me with questions, nor the baby with kisses, which I'm certain you would do if we were not safe beyond your reach. I intend to take my time. To begin then, this baby has two feet, just as I told you. Yes, I saw them encased in a pair of white kid boots, and when he came in and sat down he stuck them out just as if he intended to play.

"Shuffly show play, Jack-a-boy, jink-a-boy!"—only he didn't as it was Sunday. He also has two hands, with which he grabs at everything he sees. His feet, the furniture, sun, moon, and stars, the Speaker's whiskers, (just think of it) and he seized me by the hand, and as the old rough but kind-hearted miner said concerning the "Luck of Roaring Camp," "wrestled with my finger." He also grabbed a handkerchief from off his face and looked—you know he is not a "Speaker" yet—so he looked, "peak-a-boo." You see he grabs for things that would hurt him, a propensity we all seem not to outgrow very early! He has also two ears, like pretty pink seashells, with which he listens very attentively (hope you do the same); one perfect baby mouth, one wee Grecian nose, two beautiful rose petal cheeks; two, O, what magnificent eyes, and one head; which he nods very sagely sometimes. "The color of his eyes?" O, I don't know, only they are dark, and through them like through two lambent flames the spidery baby soul looks out. And altogether he is—"perfectly lovely"—yes, the most magnificent specimen of babyhood I think I've ever seen.

Did I hear someone say, "Well, but he is only a baby." Only a baby! Do you not know that all the great, and noble, and might and good, of the generations gone, and of this generation, were once "only babies," that the Christ, was once only "a babe in Bethlehem?" Have you read of Michael Angelo who once on seeing a block of fine marble lying in the rubbish called to his friends to help him get it out, and on one saying, "Why, 'tis only a rough block of stone," the far seeing artist replied, "There is an angel in it, there is an angel in it." And now the "angel" stands in St. Peter's at Rome, seemingly speaking through the lifeless stone. So as I sat talking with the Father and Mother of this blessed baby, I saw those little feet dimpling the mount of fame; I heard the words that fell from those pretty innocent lips as they were caught up by the enraptured multitude in shouts of patriotic fire; I saw those eyes burn yet more beautiful in gazing up the steep of toil and back on work well done; and I saw that head, with its rich black crown of silken hair, crowned by the King, on the mount of God; and I heard the words "Well done." Do you not know that in every cradle there is the possibility of an angel. There was in yours! After all, I'm inclined to think this baby came honestly by his possessions; more than can be said of everybody else, is it not?

"Would like to see him"—that you would. "Will come up with me next winter." Well, I don't know. This baby is only six months old now, and by that time the prospect looks as if he might be in the peace of "Our grand old King John" managing the destinies of the nation! But we rather hope not, as he is wanted yet a while as the joy of the household, and to manage its destinies. I hope to bring you a picture of him when I come.

And now little ones, strive to retain (and you will do it largely as "Speakers," as there is unbounded power with them), strive to retain the gentleness, purity, and guilelessness of babyhood and childhood, that you may be "the Children of the King." "The name of the baby. O, yes, there is much in a name, and I almost forgot about it; it is Eric Reginald Macgregor, and I'm only sorry that he is not the nephew of Ottawa, April 6, '85. UNCLE JOE.

BRONCHITIS.—Dr. H. D. Buggles, of Weymouth, writes: "In a case of obstinate Chronic Bronchitis, which had baffled the usual treatment in such cases, Esagar's Prosermatin acted like a charm, and I ascribe the recovery entirely to the use of it. I have also found it to be a valuable remedy in Consumption and other wasting diseases."

## Our North West Rebellion.

HALIFAX, April 11th.—The Halifax Battalion will march from the drill shed to the station and there embark on a special train direct from Winnipeg. They will start as soon as possible after 10 o'clock.

Paymaster Murray yesterday received \$7,000 credit at the Bank of Montreal. As soon as the money can be obtained from the bank and paid over to the men, they will leave. They will be supplied with three blankets each on the train, in all 96 bales, and 20,000 rounds of ammunition 60 rounds for each man, will be taken by the battalion.

Another report which comes from Gen. Middleton says that fifty rebels were taken prisoners at Battleford. Of the dead at Frog Lake both priests were Oblat fathers.

OTTAWA, April 11th.—Gen. Middleton has reached within a few miles of Humboldt. Gen. Laurie caught up to him last night at 6 o'clock. Middleton has with him 860 men including 47 expert scouts who form the advanced guard. He expects to reach the river and the enemy on Wednesday or Thursday.

TORONTO, April 11th.—On April 2d the Indians at Frog Lake invited Quinn and others to a conference in their camp and shot them as soon as they entered. The killed are Agent Quinn, Father Pefard and Lamarchand, instructor Delancy, Mr. and Mrs. Gowarlock, John Millerscraft, Charles Gowin, and others, making 11 in all.

HUMBOLDT, April 13th.—Gen. Middleton and Laurie reached Humboldt this evening. They will camp to-night, and two days more he expects will take him to the Saskatchewan river.

WINNIPEG, April 13th.—It is rumored to night that a massacre has taken place at Fort Pitt and it is known that had news from the north has been received at military headquarters, but the account of the affair is withheld.

OTTAWA, April 13th.—Gen. Laurie has gone to Swift Current to take command of that division.

BATTLEFORD, N. W. T.—It is believed that Fort Pitt is safe for the present. The small Garrison there is in a critical position. Relief cannot reach the fort in less than three weeks and as there is a large force of Indians there the place may fall into their hands.

The insurrection is undoubtedly spreading all along the north Saskatchewan and it is feared a general massacre may ensue throughout the region of Edmonton.

OTTAWA, April 14th.—Joseph Pope, Sir John's private secretary, received a telegram dated Battleford to-day, stating that all was well in the fort. Morris telegraphs that the Indians have disappeared from Battleford, and that scouts sent out in various directions fail to discover any traces of them. Col. Williams with the midland battalion, reached Winnipeg this morning. He telegraphs the minister of militia that all the men are in splendid condition and go on to Swift Current to-night. The first gap on the C. P. R. north of Lake Superior has been reduced since the first troops crossed from 43 miles to 30 miles.

WINNIPEG, April 15th.—Considerable excitement now prevails as the troops near the scene of troubles. Middleton's dispatch indicates that he will reach Clark's Crossing Friday or Saturday morning at the latest if he does not encounter rebels before getting there. He will then proceed on to Batoche's crossing, 23 miles down the Saskatchewan. If no resistance is offered Middleton will make a dash across the country from Batoche to Prince Albert, which he thinks he could reach by next Tuesday or Wednesday. The mounted police under Col. Irvine are upon half rations.

More than three quarters of a century has passed since Johnson's anodyne Liniment was invented, and it is to-day the most widely known as well as the most valuable internal and external remedy in the world. No family should be without it a day.

It is said by reliable persons that Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders fed sparingly to laying hens will increase the quantity of eggs two-fold. Try it. It won't cost much. Don't throw away your money on the large 25 cent packs. Sheridan's absolutely pure.

# THE BOOKSTORE!

Eagles' Building, Wolfville, April 9th, 1885.

Dear Fellow Citizens and Citizenesses: Ahem! Hear ye we while we assert the most astounding truths. We have combed our hair and performed our ablutions, and now appear before you clothed and in the last suit we possess. But, in spite of all these great natural advantages, we have determined to be great public benefactors. Owing to the war in Egypt, the impending war with Russia, and the North-Western Rebellion, and the fact that we may be called out at any minute to defend our beloved Country, and possibly to "be numbered with the missing, with the missing mother but never found among the slain, Not to Joe!" We have determined to sacrifice all our Magnificent Stock of Fin English Room Paper at Less than Cost. Oh ladies of this beautiful County of King's be advised ere it is too late in the season, that we are selling the same paper for 10 cents that is sold elsewhere for 15, and it is full width too. Our other papers are marked down to like proportions! We are selling American Gilt Papers (19 inches wide) at 50 cents and every one else charges 65. Why? do you ask. Well, we must reduce our stock and are determined to do it at any cost. Come early and often. The trouble has commenced and people are already scrambling for our papers. Don't bring the children this time for you will need to devote all your attention to the large lot of patterns, numbering over One Hundred in all. We want you all to have first choice, and if you come at once you will get it. Beware of cheap imitations and have none but the genuine. We are not remarkable for the good looks of either ourselves or our staff, but we have a good rat trap and the neatest display of everything in our line to be found in this county. And our Room Paper, Oh my!—But do come and buy it.

Yours till death,  
WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.,  
A. M. HOARE, MANAGER.

P. S.—A nice wife and family, in good repair, will be taken in exchange for Room Paper.

# 1885-CALDWELL & MURRAY-1885

To our Customers in Wolfville and elsewhere. We have not had time to paint our Store, whitewash the hitching post, or straighten up our wood pile this spring, but we have cleaned up the old paint, washed the windows, and are selling that unsightly pile of wood as quickly as we possibly can. What has kept us so busy? Why we have been selecting, receiving and putting in shape one of the finest stocks of Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, and Furniture, etc. that we have ever had the pleasure of showing in this place before. We are a good deal like the proverbial singed cat, better than we look, and don't try to look better than we are. We now ask you to come in and see for yourselves that we can back up what we advertise.

## Seasonable Dry Goods,

In Dress Goods we have a splendid variety of shades in the following fabrics:—Ottomans, Nun's Cloths (plain and fancy), Serges, Satens (plain and fancy), Gabas, Peques, etc.

## House Furnishings.

LACE CURTAINS, LAMBREQUINS, BORDERS, CRETONNES, DAMASKS, TABLE LINENS, NAPKINS, TOWELS, &c.

## DOMESTICS

GREY and WHITE COTTONS, PRINTS, SHIRTINGS, SHEETINGS, HESSIAN, OSNABURG, &c.

## Gents' Furnishings

READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, SHIRTS, COLLARS, TIES, &c.

## BOOTS & SHOES

WE HAVE GIVEN SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THIS DEPARTMENT AND HAVE A FULL ASSORTMENT.

## FURNITURE and CARPETS

Just come and see the improvements we have been making in our Furniture Store. Nothing stale or old to be seen, everything fresh and sparkling.

Come and see for yourselves and if you buy

# WE CAN SAVE YOU SOMETHING!

CALDWELL & MURRAY,  
WOLFVILLE, APRIL 15.

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