

HUMOROUS JOURNALISTS.

The only two old newspaper humorists who have held their own before the public are C. B. Lewis, of the *Detroit Free Press*, and Robert J. Burdette, of the *Burlington Hawkeye*. Lewis is a veritable prodigy. He has written constantly for ten years, and he has not weakened in the least. Burdette does not write as much, but he has improved and he has yet to do the best work of his life. We believe Burdette is drifting toward verse-making; if this be true, we may look for some exquisite work at his hands after he has learned the difference between a spondee and a dactyl and is brave enough to put his thoughts into rhyme. The foolish fear of being laughed at has aborted many a beautiful poem.

Of the more recent humorists, the best are Joel C. Harris, E. W. Nye, and Opie Reed. Nye is the most popular, but Reed is undoubtedly the most versatile. Harris' work is simply perfect in its way, but the fact that it is largely confined to dialect sketches prescribes the extent of its popularity, and this extent of popularity will, we believe, diminish year by year. James Whitcomb Riley is beyond all question the best of our humorous poets. Thomas B. Christol, of the *New York Morning Journal*, is the most promising of the young verse-writers, and he is undeniably the most prolific and most fashionable; it is hard to determine as to the versatility of his humor, as his verses have hitherto been wholly confined within the limits of comicality.

When we come to consider the demand for humor which exists in this country, we are amazed to find that there is so few writers capable of answering that demand. It is complained that the humorist writes himself out, but we do not believe it necessarily follows that because one has a talent he must exhaust that talent in two, five or ten years. We do not see why that talent should not endure a life-time. But it must be nursed and fostered and cultivated and improved.

The trouble with the average writer—be he humorously inclined or not—is that he spends the principal of his ability instead of husbanding that principal and subsisting upon the interest. The graveyards of journalism are full of intellectual paupers—those who had all that genius could give a man, but who foolishly and extravagantly lavished their wealth of brilliancy, with no thought of the professional to-morrow, till they found themselves suddenly bankrupt and benighted and subjects of universal compassion.—*Eugene Field*.

FATHER AND SON.

WHEREIN IS SHOWN HOW HARD IT IS TO GET AHEAD OF THE SMALL BOY.

"Saladin!"

Saladin paused and his attitude was one to charm the eye of artist and the soul of poet. One little leg was already swung over the top of the fence, clinging thereto by the firm bent knee. Below the other leg—the left one; it had intended to have left with the other one, right soon, but for the voice that hailed him back. Under the towering rim of the torn hat Saladin glanced with eyes that gleamed less with defiance than more with a distressful consciousness that he had been caught up in the very moment of his triumph. He turned, and knew his father, and him he answered that expressive monosyllable of his native tongue:

"Hay?"

"Back to thy haunt, false fugitive! Ha! bend to thy task, and ply the greased saw with many a muffled wheeze, till high the covered hickory piles the woodshed floor, lest with a pliant skate strap I pursue and raise the fur along thy truant spine. Ha! thou rebellious child of mine, what hid'st thou underneath that recreant jacket?"

For a moment Saladin struggled with his emotion, and strove to look as though he had nothing under his jacket. But a large-size tomato can is too obtrusive in its rotundity, and too definitely pronounced in its platform to escape public attention, even when close buttoned under the snug-fitting garmenture of a boy of 11 years. With a despairing sigh he said:

"Can full o' worms."

The skate-strap fell from his lordly father's nerveless grasp.

"Fishin' worms?" he asked, "Hannem toomy!" Which by interpretation is—hand them to me.

He took the can and stirred up the menagerie with a stick.

"Varlet," he said, "where keepest thou thy rod and lines?"

Saladin pointed to a gloomy corner of the woodshed and his worthy father scooped the tackle in.

"Where, thou truant villain, where are they bitin' best?"

"Right in the slough, just below the second bridge," Saladin said.

"Now, by my halidame, and I enjoy not an afternoon's sport myself, I were worse than infidal: and thou, Sir Slug-gard, if there be one small stick not sawn asunder when I his me home, see thou to it.

And his sire was gone; gone with his rod, his hooks and lines, his bait. As his hurrying feet carried him out of sight, Saladin smiled, a melancholy, bitter, yet withal a joyous smile.

"An' he find not the ice at the second bridge frozen clear to the bottom," he said, "an' if it be not still thicker at the first bridge, ah' if he find a hole in the ice in all that land whereto I have sent him, then may these yearning eyes of mine ne'er gaze upon the back of me neck again."

And he turned to the wood pile, and picking out all the hard, tough, knotty sticks, tossed them with a boy's generous impulse over the fence into the yard of a poor neighbor. "They will steal our wood anyhow," muttered Saladin, and heaven knows it is right I should save them the sin, and pick out the hard ones."

And as with many a rhythmic whee-shaw, whee-shaw, he sawed the easy stick, the boy's heart, ever slow to harbor malice, softened and melted in his breast, as he thought of the old gentleman trying to cut holes in ten-foot ice with a pocket-knife. Verily the man emptieth ashes against the north winds who thinketh that he getteth a long way ahead of even a small boy.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

TREES, TREES! TREES!

Annapolis Valley NURSERIES!

Home Grown Trees!

J. F. RUPERT, NURSERYMAN,

AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Fruit and Ornamental TREES!

SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, etc., etc.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S. and ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Having for the past six years done a successful business throughout Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces, I have ESTABLISHED NURSERIES at

ROUNDHILL, Annapolis County; KINGSTON, SOMERSET, CAMBRIDGE, KENTVILLE and GRAND PRE, King's Co.; HANSPORT, FALMOUTH & MILFORD, Hants Co.

And have now for sale for the **SPRING TRADE 100,000 HOME GROWN TREES!**

One and two years old at prices to suit the times.

Hold your orders until you see my Agents:

L. W. KIMBALL
E. R. CLARK
J. G. NEWCOMB
R. H. WARNER
W. T. V. YOUNG
GEO. HOYT

SPECIALITIES. WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO FALL 1884.

Books:

POETS at 75c. cloth.
Steele's Fourteen Weeks Science Primers, \$1.35
Smith's Latin Principia Part I \$0.65
Smith's French " " .65
Harknes' Standard Lat. Grammar 1.55

20 cents each:

Never:
Always:
Every day Blunders.
Stop!!
English as she is wrote.

18 cents each:

Longfellow.
Don Quixote.
Hood's Own.
Old Foggy.
Arabian Nights.
Bomerang Shots.

35 cents each:

Twain's Nightmare.
Dunbury Newsman.
Ward among the Mormons.
Jumping Frog.
Innocents Abroad.
Roaring Camp.

Baker's Reading Club, 20 cents.
Dick's Readings, 35 "

Stationery:

Special Note, 5 quires, 25 cts.
Clear lake " 5 " 25 "
Fine Steel Pens, per Gross, 30 "
Gisburne's Ruling P.c., each, 13 "
Boxed Invitation, Cards & Envelopes, 30 "

Stafford's Inks:

Universal, 3 oz. 10c. 8 oz. 30c.
Office, 3 oz. 15c. 8 oz. 50c.
Blue, 3 oz. 10c.
Green, 3 oz. 10c.
Violet, 3 oz. 10c.
Blue Black, 3 oz. 10c.
Red, 12c.
Knickerbocker cones, 5c.

MUCLLAGE, 4 oz. bell mouth, 20c.
Carter's Raven Black, 5c.
Stephen's Commercial Dwarf, 3c.

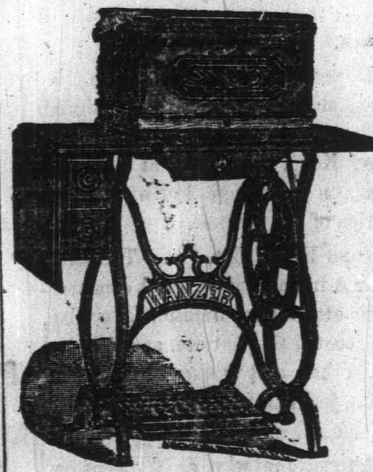
David's Inks:

Quarts, 60c.
Pints, 35c.
Half Pints, 18c.
MUCLLAGE, cones, 12c.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Look out for our catalogue of Magazines, Newspapers and Periodicals in a few days.

We have taken the local agency for **THE "WANZER"**



SEWING MACHINE,

and invite our friends to inspect it before purchasing elsewhere. It is not an untried machine but has stood the test for a long time. Having been greatly improved during late years it now stands superior to any in the market and defies competition. We are here to stay and cannot afford to misrepresent our business. Call and see our stock for yourselves and we are sure to suit you.

Western Book & News Co.

A. M. HOARE, Manager,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Booksellers and Stationers,
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

CROCKERY!

F. L. BROWN & CO.,

OFFERS FOR SALE
The LARGEST, CHEAPEST, and BEST SELECTED

STOCK OF
Crockery and Glassware

IN THE COUNTY.
LAMP GOODS
A SPECIALITY.

GLASSWARE!

Wolfville Sept. 20, 1884.

ROCKWELL & Co.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN
PIANOS,

ORGANS

AND
Musical Merchandise,

BOOKS,

STATIONERY,

And a variety of Fancy Articles.

—COMPRISING—
Photo, Autograph & Scrap Albums
Scrap Pictures, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Wallets, Photo Frames, a choice selection of Xmas Cards, Dolls and children's Toys in variety, a few Vols. Poems, also fine German Accordians, etc. etc.

ROOM PAPER!

Just received, a large and well assorted stock of Room Paper, personally selected from a great variety of samples. As this is our first importation in this line, customers will be sure they are not buying old stock.

Rockwell & Co.
Main St., Wolfville.

N. B.—Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.
We have also a fine assortment of Easter and Birthday Cards.

W. & A. Railway

Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.T.S. Daily.			Exp. Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Annapolis Leave		5 30		1 45	
14 Bridgetown "		6 25		2 23	
28 Middleton "		7 25		2 57	
42 Aylesford "		8 32		3 30	
47 Berwick "		8 55		3 49	
50 Waterville "		9 10		3 59	
59 Kentville d'pt	5 40	10 40		4 20	
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00		4 33	
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10		4 38	
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22		4 48	
72 Annapolis "	6 37	11 35		4 54	
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55		5 08	
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45		5 30	
116 Windsor Juno "	10 00	3 10		6 50	
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55		7 25	

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F. Daily.		
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
Halifax—leave	7 20			2 30
14 Windsor Juno—	8 00		8 30	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 15		11 00	5 35
53 Hantsport "	9 35		11 30	6 03
58 Annapolis "	9 48		11 50	6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 58		12 06	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 05		12 24	6 48
66 Port Williams "	10 10		12 36	6 53
71 Kentville "	10 40		1 28	7 10
80 Waterville "	10 58		2 02	
83 Berwick "	11 05		2 17	
88 Aylesford "	11 18		2 40	
102 Middleton "	11 48		3 47	
116 Bridgetown "	12 23		4 52	
130 Annapolis Arive	1 00		5 50	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer Empress leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.
Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for Boston every Tues. p. m.
Steamer Dominion leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Sat. p. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.
P. Innes,
General Manager.
Ker. ville, 1st Sept. 1884

THE "ACADIAN,"

HONEST,
INDEPENDENT,
FEARLESS.

—PUBLISHED AT—
WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

DAVISON BROS.,
Publishers & Proprietors.

Devoted to the interests of the people of King's County in particular and to the Province in general.

Aims to give its readers a condensed summary of the Local and General News of the day.

Nothing to offend the taste of the most fastidious will be found in its columns.

Having a large and rapidly increasing circulation, it offers special inducements to advertisers. No Advertisement of any but thoroughly reliable parties will be received. Our rates are exceedingly low and advertisements receive particular attention and

TASTY DISPLAY.
Its extreme low price,

FIFTY CENTS

PER ANNUM,

Places it within the reach of all and all should have it.

JOB WORK

We make a speciality of all kinds of

COMMERCIAL PRINTING:

Letter Heads,
Note Heads,
Bill Heads,
Statements,
Receipts,

Business Cards,
Checks,
Envelopes

Pamphlets,
Catalogues,

Circulars,
Billets,

Flyers,
Tags,

Programmes,
etc., etc.

SOCIETY PRINTING,

BANK WORK!

We feel assured that we can give perfect satisfaction. All orders will be filled in **BEST STYLE** and at **CHEAPEST RATES.**

Address—
"Acadian" Office.

Wolfville, N. S.