

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1896.

No. 35

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 ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.
Newspaper communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, whether or not he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS: 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.
Express west close at 10:35 a. m.
Express east close at 2:30 p. m.
Kentville close at 7:30 p. m.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
A. DE W. BARRIS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. I. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:
Sunday, Morning and Evening at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Evening and Sermon at 7:30 p. m.
Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock p. m.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.
"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

DIRECTORY

OF THE
**Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE**

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALLWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GOFFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriages, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

PEAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

SHAW, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WESTON BOOK & NEWS CO.—Booksellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

WITTER, BURFEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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

Going to the hurry in getting up this Directory, we doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER.
English painted Block a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

P. O. BOX 39. Sept. 19th 1884

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WE SELL
CORBWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TILES, LUMBER, LATHES, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC.

Best prices for all Shipments.
Write fully for Quotations.
HATHEWAY & CO.,
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

60 Newly imported Verso & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c, 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 3c stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

AT THE ORGAN.

In summer, when through the windows
The moonlight dreamily falls,
Or when red gleams of the firelight
Play over the floor and walls,
Then in the shadowy silence
I finger the unseen keys,
And bring from the glorious organ
For myself sweet melodies.
And 'tis then I seem in spirit
To be borne away afar,
Till I reach enchanted regions
Where the realms of Dreamland are.
For then, of the beloved and noble
I dream, and the good and fair,
And friends, the grand and absent,
I seem to behold them there.
And thrilled by each mystic influence
The quiet gladness expands,
Filling thoughts of hope and sadness
Even as then by my hands.

THE HOME.

Where the mountains slope to the westward,
And their purple chaises hold
The new-made wine of the sunset,
Crimson and amber and gold,
In this one wide-open door way,
With the sun-boughs overhead,
The house all garlanded behind her,
And the plentiful table spread,
She has stood to welcome our coming,
Watching our upward climb,
In the sweet June weather that brought us,
Oh, many and many a time!
Again is her doorway opened,
And the house is garlanded and sweet;
But she silently waits for our coming,
And we enter with silent feet.

A little within she is waiting,
Not where she has met us before;
For over the pleasant threshold
She is only to cross once more.
The smile on her face is quiet,
And a lily on her breast;
Her hands are folded together,
And the word on her lips is 'rest.'

It is we who may not cross over,
Only with song and prayer
A little way into the glory
We may reach, as we leave her there.
But we cannot think of her ill;
She is but a home-maker still.
God gives that work to the angels
Who fit the task fulfil.

And somewhere yet, in the hills
Of the country that hath no pain,
She will watch in her beautiful doorway
To bid us a welcome again.
—Mrs Whitney.

Flourishing Song.

HAPPILY RUINED.

Arthur Morton sat in his room in his hotel. He was a young man, six and twenty, tall and slim frame, with a face of great intellectual beauty, dressed in costly garments, though his toilet was but indifferently performed.

He was an orphan, and for a time had lived at an hotel. It required but a single glance into his pale features to tell that he was an invalid. He sat with his head resting upon his hands, and his whole frame would ever and anon tremble, as though with powerful emotion.

As the youth sat thus, his door was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered.
"Ah, doctor, you are moving early this morning," said Morton, as he lazily rose from his seat and extended his hand.
"Oh, not early for me, Arthur," returned Weston, with a bright smile. "I am an early bird."
"Well, you have caught a worm this time."
"I hope it will prove a valuable one."
"I don't know," sighed the youth. I fear a thousand worms will inhabit this poor body ere long."

Nonsense, you're worth half a century yet," cried the doctor, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder. "But just tell me, Arthur, how is it with Crosby?"
"Just as I told you. All is gone." "I don't understand it, Arthur."
"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully. That Matthew Crosby could have done that thing, I would not, I could not have believed. Why, had an angel appeared to me two weeks ago, and told me that Crosby was shaky, I would not have paid a moment's attention to it. But only

think, when my father died, he selected for my guardian his best friend, and such I even now believe Matthew Crosby was, and in his hands he placed his wealth, and for him to keep until I was of age. And when I did arrive at that period of life, I left my money where it was; I had no use for it. Several times within three or four years has Crosby asked me to take my money and invest it, but I would not. I bade him keep it, and use it if he wished. I only asked that when I wanted money, he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I should have felt had my money been in a bank on deposit."

"How much had he when he left?"
"He should have had a hundred thousand dollars."
"What do you mean to do?"
"Ah, you have me on the hip there."
"And yet you must do something, my son. Heaven knows I would keep you if I could. I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no, doctor—none of that."
"But I tell you I shall. I shall pay your debts, but beyond that I can only help you to assist yourself. What do you say to going to sea?"
"A faint smile swept over the youth's pale features at this remark."
"I should make a smart hand at sea, doctor. I can hardly keep my legs on shore. No, no—I must—"
"Must what, Arthur?"
"Alas, I know not. I shall die—that is all!"

"Nonsense, Arthur, I say, go to sea. You couldn't go into a shop, and you would not if you could. You do not wish to remain here, amid scenes of your happier days. Think of it; at sea you will be free from all sneers of the heartless, and free from all contact with things you loathe. Think of it."

Arthur started to his feet and paced the floor for some minutes. When he stopped, a new life seemed already at work within him.
"If I went to sea what could I do?"
"You understand all the laws of foreign trade?"
"Yes, you know I had a thorough schooling at that in my father's counting-house."
"Then you can obtain the berth of a super-cargo?"
"Are you sure I can get one?"
"Yes."
"Doctor Weston, I will go."

Arthur walked home one evening to the house of a wealthy merchant, John Melbourne.
But he did not stop. The same ship, with the same officers, was going on the same cruise, and he meant to go in her. He saw Grace Melbourne and she would wait. He saw Dr Weston and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

Some words were spoken—many moments of painful silence ensued.
"Grace, you know all. I am going from my native land a beggar. I cannot stay longer."
"Grace, did I know you less than I do—or, knowing you well, did I know you as I did many—I should give back your vows, and free you from all bondage. But I believe I should trample on your heart, did I do that thing now. I know your love is too pure and deep to be torn from your bosom at will. So I say—wait—wait! There are other feelings in the human heart besides love. That love is a poor pitiless passion which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait. I am going to work—aye, upon the sea to work."

"But why upon the sea? Why away where my poor heart must beat ever in anguish, fear and doubt as it follows you?"
"Because I cannot remain here. Hundreds of poor fools have imagined that I slurred them because I was poor. They do not know it was the tainted atmosphere of their moral life that I slurred. They gloat over my misfortune. Men call me foolish, but it would kill me to stay here."
"Alas, must it be?"
"I must. You will wait?"
"I will wait even to the gates of the tomb."
"Then Heaven bless and preserve knowing what was to come next."

"Well," resumed Crosby, "Dr Weston was the man. He had your money."
"How? What?" gasped Arthur, gazing from one to the other in blank astonishment.
"Hold on, my boy," said the doctor, while a thousand emotions seemed to work in his bosom. "I was the villain. It was I who got your money. I worked your ruin my boy. And now listen and I will tell you why: I saw that you were dying. Your father died of the same disease. A consumption was upon him—not a regular pulmonary affection; but a wasting away of the system for want of vitality. The mind was wearing out the body. The soul was slowly but surely eating its way from the chords that bound it to the earth. I knew that you could be cured, and I knew, too, that the only thing in the world that would cure you would be to throw you upon your own physical resources for a livelihood. There was a morbid willingness of the spirit to pass away. You would have died ere you would have made an exertion, from the very fact that you looked on an exertion as worse than death. It was a strange state of both mind and body. Your fortune rendered work unnecessary, so there was no hope while that fortune remained. Had it been wholly a bodily malady I could have argued you into necessary work for a cure. And on the other hand had it been wholly a mental disease I might have driven your body to help your mind. But both were weak, and I knew that you must either work or die."

"And now, my boy, I'll tell you where my hope lay. I knew that you possessed such a true spirit of independence that you would work. I saw Crosby and told him my plans. I assured him that if we could contrive to get you to sea and make you start out into actual life for the sake of a livelihood, you could be saved. He joined me at once. I took your money and then bid him clear out. You know the rest. Your money is safe—every penny of it to the amount of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Poor Crosby has suffered much, knowing how you looked upon him; but I know that he is amply repaid by the sight of your noble, powerful frame, as he sees it to-night. And now, Arthur, are we forgiven?"

It was a full hour before all the questions of the happy friends could be asked and answered; and when the doctor and Crosby had been forgiven and blessed for the twentieth time, Mr Melbourne said—
"He left the room and when he returned he led sweet Grace by the hand."
Late in the evening, after the hearts of our friends had fairly begun to grow tired with joy, Arthur asked Grace whether he need wait any longer.
Grace asked her father and the answer may be easily guessed.

Siddall's Sayings.
Not long ago the item went the rounds of the press that Frank Siddalls of Philadelphia had paid \$36,000 for the great racing team, Westmont and Lorene, and people wondered what must be the wealth of the man who would pay such a princely sum for a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the ACADIAN one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

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The man who advertises in dull times will never feel dull times.
Advertising is the philosopher's stone that turns a man's wares to gold.
A few gallons of printer's ink spread over a newspaper will equal the services of an army of drummers.
Some call it luck; others say it is business ability. It was neither. It was shrewd and judicious business advertising.
He who starts without money but with faith in advertising soon outstrips the capitalist who does not advertise.
Printer's ink has made more fortunes than have ever been made on all the stock exchanges and in all the gold mines in the world.

Clubbing Offer.
Publication Regular Clubbing Price Price
Farmer's Advocate \$1.00 \$1.75
Toronto Weekly News 1.00 1.50
Toronto Daily News 4.00 4.00
Alden's Juvenile Gem 75 1.00
American Agriculturist 1.50 2.00
Do with Cyclopedia 2.00 2.40
Toronto Weekly Globe 1.00 1.75
London Free Press 1.00 1.75
Youth's Companion 1.75 2.25
Book Worm 50 1.40
Weekly Messenger 1.00 1.75
Canadian Dairyman 1.00 1.50
Grip 1.00 1.50
Family Herald & Weekly Star, Montreal, 1.00 1.75
do with Premium 1.25 2.00
Buds & Blossoms (new) 75 1.50
Detroit Free Press 1.00 2.85

The flowers within our reach we tread down without so much as even looking at them; the tiny exotic, which is far less beautiful, we covet because it is difficult of attainment.
To do is to succeed.

The ruined youth was upon the ocean—his voyage commenced—his duties as a laborer for his own daily bread all fairly assumed.
Ah, it was a strange life for him to enter upon. From the ownership of immense wealth to the trade books of a merchant ship, was a transition indeed! But, ere he went on deck again, he fully resolved that he would do his duty, come what would, short of death.

He would forget that he ever did else but work for his livelihood. With these resolves clearly defined in his mind he already felt better.
At first our supercargo was too weak to do much. He was very sick, and it lasted nearly two weeks, but when that passed off, and he could pace the vibrating deck with a stout stomach, his appetite grew sharp, and his muscles began to grow strong.

At first he craved some of the many delicacies he had been long used to, but they were not to be had, and he very soon learned to do without them.
The result was that his appetite became natural in its wants, and his system began to find itself nourished by simple food taken in proper quantities.

For years he looked upon his breakfast as a meal which must be set out and partaken of from mere fashion. A cup of coffee, and perhaps a piece of dry toast, or a smoked and highly spiced titbit had constituted the morning meal.
But now, when the breakfast hour came, he approached it with a keen appetite, and felt as strong and happy as at any other time of the day.

By degrees the hollow cheeks became full, the dark eyes assumed new lustre, the color rich and beautiful, came to the face, the breast swelled with increasing power, the lungs expanded and grew strong, the nerves grew strong, and the garment which he had worn when he came on board had to be let out some inches in order to make it fit.

His disposition became cheerful and bright, and by the time the ship had reached the southern cape of Africa the crew had all learned to love him.
Through storm and sunshine, through tempest and calm, through dark hours and bright, the young supercargo made his voyage.

One year from the day which he left his native land, he placed his foot again on the soil of his home.
But he did not stop. The same ship, with the same officers, was going on the same cruise, and he meant to go in her. He saw Grace Melbourne and she would wait. He saw Dr Weston and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

Again Arthur Morton was upon the sea, and again he assumed the duties of his office and even more. He even stood watch when there was need of it and during seasons of storm he claimed a post on the deck.
At the end of another year the young man returned to his home again. He was now eight and twenty and few who knew him two years before could recognize him now. His face was bronzed by exposure, his form was filled out to perfection, and he was greeted with great effusion by old Dr Weston, who would insist on his staying with him during his leave on shore. On the day after Arthur's arrival he suddenly burst into the room and said abruptly—
"Well, Arthur, Mr Crosby is here, will you speak to him?"
"See him? See Matthew Crosby? Of course I will. He owes me an explanation, and I hope he can give me a satisfactory one."

The door was opened and Mr Crosby entered.
He was rather an elderly man, but hale and hearty.
The old man and the young man shook hands and each inquired after the other's health.
"You received a note from me some two years ago," said Crosby, "in which I stated that one in whom I trusted had got your money and mine with it, and that I could not pay you."
"Yes, sir," answered our hero, not knowing what was to come next.

A good name is better to be chosen than great riches, so Solomon said; but the man who advertises liberally and judiciously gets both the good name and the great riches.

Prominent Old Men.

Almost up to the time of his death Horatio Seymour held a position of remarkable power as a wise counselor in his party. He was often styled "the Sage of Deerfield."

That the power of old men is great in England we know very well. Indeed, the *Pall Mall Gazette* complains that "in England the seniors have it all their own way," not only in politics but in literature. "In letters, at present," it says, "it would be hard to find a single name of a man under 50 (bar novelist) which could really be considered as well on the front rank of popular authors."

This does not describe the situation in this country, for scores of Americans have won brilliant reputations—literary, political, and professional—who are under fifty-two; it is true here that "the seniors" are numerous who retain their powers and their high positions in literature, in politics and in the professions. George Bancroft, says the *Mail and Express*, in his eighty-sixth year, continues his historical work with undimmed faculties. Whittier and Oliver Holmes, past seventy-five, still display the genius that made them famous. The most vigorous and ablest speech that has been delivered in either House of Congress this session was made by Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who has passed his seventy-fifth year without showing the slightest sign of mental or physical decay. Simon Cameron, past eighty-six, is still a great power in Pennsylvania politics, whenever he chooses to act as an adviser of younger politicians. Judge Thurman, past seventy, is so strong in his faculties and so capable of great efforts that jealous leaders of his own party try hard to keep him in the background. Very recently the New York alumni of Yale found that their old President had no reason for resigning at seventy, that Dr McCosh, of Princeton, half a dozen years the senior of President Porter, is not only carrying successfully all the burdens of his arduous office, but enlarging the sphere and the facilities and endowments of Princeton, and ready for a debate on "the new education" or the old fads, on short notice and with all fit focus for his steel.

Ex-President Hoopkin, some years past eighty, has been a dexter living-lecture on the most abstruse of metaphysical and scientific questions, and still is recognized as one of the great educational powers of the country. So, too, ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, past eighty-five, is still one of the highest of authorities in the higher realms of law and theology, though not strong physically.

David Dudley Field, the eminent jurist, recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday, and is now in the full possession of his faculties.

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London Free Press 1.00 1.75
Youth's Companion 1.75 2.25
Book Worm 50 1.40
Weekly Messenger 1.00 1.75
Canadian Dairyman 1.00 1.50
Grip 1.00 1.50
Family Herald & Weekly Star, Montreal, 1.00 1.75
do with Premium 1.25 2.00
Buds & Blossoms (new) 75 1.50
Detroit Free Press 1.00 2.85

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