

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1885.

No. 3.

THE ACADIAN

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

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 of 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.
Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles 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,
Wolffville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, whether directed to his name or another's or whether 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 publish the paper 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, WOLFFVILLE
Office Hours, 7 a.m. to 9 p.m. Mail 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 5.20 p.m.
Kentville close at 7 p.m.
Geo. V. Ross, Postmaster.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 a.m. to 2 p.m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
A. DEW. BARR, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. B. O. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at 9.30 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 11.00 a.m. and 7.00 p.m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a.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 11.00 a.m. and 7.00 p.m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a.m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p.m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolffville.
Divine worship will be held (D.V.) in the above Church as follows:
Sunday, Morning and Sermon at 11 a.m.
Evening and Sermon at 7 p.m.
Wed., Evening and Sermon at 7.30 p.m.
Sunday-school commences eve 8.15 n. day morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Wednesday evenings after Divine worship.
The Hall, HORTON—Divine worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows:
Sunday, Evening and sermon at 3 p.m.
J. O. Buggles, M. A., Rector.
Robert W. Hodge, (Divinity Student of King's College).

By FRANCIS (R. O.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. F. Mass 11.00 a.m. the last Sunday of each month.

Manonic.

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

Oddfellows.

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

Temperance.

WOLFFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.
ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Thursday 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.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of
WOLFFVILLE.

The un-mentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business firms.

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 Papers and Painter's Supplies.

BROWN, F. L. & CO.—Dealers in Groceries, Crockery, and Glassware.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Furnit'g, 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.

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

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

HERRING, 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 Joiner.

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

PLATT, E.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

ROBEY, A. C. O.—Dealers in Hides, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs, painting and repairing a specialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

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

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.—Bookbinders, Stationers, and Newsdealers.

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

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

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, so 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.
WOLFFVILLE N. S.

B. G. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER,
English Patent Block & Specialty,
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 29. Sept. 18th 1885.

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

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
CONVEYANCER,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE
AGENT,
WOLFFVILLE, N. S.

LIGHT BRAHMAS!
Mated for best results. Young Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs after March 1st. Address
DR. BARSS,
Wolffville, 28th Feb., '85.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES,
12 fast-selling articles, and 12 magic water pens all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 10 stamps. Package of fast-selling articles is agents for 7c, and this slip. A. W. Emerson, Yarmouth, N. S.

Select Poetry.

For the ACADIAN.
The Maniac.

Stay, jailer, stay and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be,
I'll have no more in proud dispar;
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad, I am not mad.

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell;
My fate unknown my friends bewail,
O jailer, haste that fate to tell!
Oh haste my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad
To know, though kept a captive here
I am not mad, I am not mad.

He smiles in scorn and turns the key;
He quits the grate; I kneel in vain;
His glim ring lapp, still, still I see.
"The gods! and all is gloom again.
Cold, bitter cold—No warmth no light
Life, all thy comforts once I had;
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad, no, no, not mad."

'Tis sure some dream, some vision vain,
What I—the child of rank and wealth
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad
How aches my heart, how burns my head!
But 'tis not mad, no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou, my child forgot ere this
A mother's face, a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you used to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—'I'll drive such thoughts away
They'll make me mad. They'll make me mad.

His rosy lips how sweet they smiled!
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!
None ever loved a lovelier child:
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty lad?
I'll unlock the door!
I am not mad, I am not mad.

O hark! what means those yells and cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks;
He comes—I see his glaring eyes;
He whirle a serpent high in air.
Horror—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart so crushed and sad.
I laugh, ye fiends—I laugh the truth
My brain, my brain! I laugh the truth
I am not mad, I am not mad.

Yes, soon; for lo you while I speak—
Mark how you demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me, how with dreadful shriek,
He whirle a serpent high in air.
Horror—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart so crushed and sad.
I laugh, ye fiends—I laugh the truth
My brain, my brain! I laugh the truth
I am not mad, I am not mad.

Interesting Story.

Boarding-House Scandal.

In the richly-furnished parlor of the fashionable and well kept boarding-house of Mrs Angier, a trio of ladies were seated, engaged in discussing the fashions, and criticising the conduct of those of their fellow-boarders, who were not present.

"I really wish that pert Mrs Perkins should stay away a month longer!" abruptly exclaimed Cornelia Gilbert, a young lady with a sallow complexion, and eyes of leaden hue.

"So do I, with all my heart! I enjoy myself so much better when she is away. For my part, I don't understand why gentlemen seem so fond of her society; for I think she is very plain-looking," replied Mrs Fales, a stout personage, who dressed like a young girl, and wished to be thought much younger than she really was, and who also felt herself much slighted by gentlemen, when she was passed by for ladies fairer and more youthful.

"And pray, don't you know the reason?" asked Miss Rowena Rogers, a thin looking maiden lady, of an uncertain age. "Widows are awful enough to bewitch anybody; and no wonder they all—and Edward Shirley, in particular—are taken captive by her wiles. And to think of her trying to make people believe that she is only twenty-four, when I dare say she will never see thirty-five again!"

Mrs Fales looked at the speaker at tentively, for she was undecided whether Miss Rogers meant more than she said, or whether her remark was exclusively intended for Mrs Perkins. But perceiving nothing to strengthen her quick suspicion, she replied:

"Never; and to see her attempt to appropriate the society of gentlemen, and especially that of those younger than herself—is a great piece of assurance, in my opinion.

"Most people think she has fine teeth; but I never could I agree with them," said Miss Gilbert.

"You can see plain just like them in any dentist's chair," rejoined the maiden lady, contemptuously.

"Do you think so?" exclaimed Mrs Fales.

"I've had my suspicions, before," added Miss Gilbert.

"Do I think so?—I know so," was the decided response of Miss Rogers. Art had much more to do than nature in the formation of such white and regular teeth as those she is so fond of displaying.

"Well, I declare! Human nature is very deceptive; and we can't be too thankful that we have escaped such temptations," remarked Mrs Fales, complacently.

"Perhaps you wear false hair, too," suggested the sallow-complexioned young lady; "and I shouldn't wonder a bit if she bought a little rouge, now and then, merely to brighten by her jewelry," she added, glancing significantly at her companions.

"Of course, she does," replied Mrs Rogers. "I never was foolish enough to imagine, for a moment, but that her beautiful, wavy hair, as some sniggering goose ridiculously termed it, was once the property of a hair-dresser; and as for the other matter, it is a self-evident fact."

"I pity her, I'm sure," said Mrs Fales, pathetically.

"What can you be talking about?" asked a lady, who entered the room as the last remark was being made.

"Take me into your confidence," Miss Rogers knew the weak points in the speaker's character, and to make her party stronger, like a skillful general, hastened to take advantage of them.

"We were speaking of Mrs Perkins," she replied, "and her monopoly of the attentions of both single and married gentlemen. Don't you sometimes think her actions rather strange, Mrs Foster, to say the least?"

"Most certainly I do; and husband knows my opinion on the subject very well. I consider it extremely impudent and un lady-like for her to keep a married man in close conversation for nearly an hour—as I have often seen her do—without seeming to notice his wife and half a dozen young ladies, who may be close by. For one, I think it an imposition!"

Mrs Luke Foster spoke quite indignantly, for she happened to be a little jealous of the praise which her husband had so lavishly bestowed upon the subject of the foregoing remarks. She had not owned it, even to herself, but her tone of voice expressed more, perhaps, than the words she had made use of.

Besides, she pointed a hint of Miss Rogers she did not wish to be overlooked; for she did not wish to be thought blind, by any means, or so one to be easily duped.

"She thinks herself irresistible, no doubt," resumed Miss Rogers, with a half smile, half sneer, "and if pertness, flippancy, and self-conceit are the requisites, she certainly is."

Mrs Foster was about replying as several gentlemen belonging to the house made their appearance, when she desisted.

"When does Mrs Perkins return, Miss Gilbert?" asked one, throwing himself into an easy chair.

"I do not know," was the reply.

"Soon, I hope," he added, "for I think she has a happy way of making herself very agreeable."

A violent ring at the bell, and a bustle in the hall, prevented a rejoinder on the part of Miss Gilbert, who felt no regret at the occurrence, as, for certain reasons, she wished neither to speak in terms of praise or disparagement of Mrs Perkins.

"I believe I know that voice!" exclaimed Mrs Fales, hastening to the door, followed by the three other ladies, who were mentioned. In the centre of the hall stood a lady with a figure so faultless, and features so regular and handsome, that she hardly wondered that she was the subject of envy. Her complexion was beautifully clear and rosy; and when she spoke, to give directions to a porter, teeth of pearly whiteness revealed themselves.

"O, my dear Mrs Perkins, how rejoiced I am to see you!" said Mrs Fales, warmly embracing the lady.

"And so am I!" echoed Miss Rogers following her example.

"And I," added Mrs Foster, also

tionately linking her arm within that of the new comer.

"Thank you, all; and be assured that I am very glad to find myself at home again," was the reply of Mrs Perkins. "But you will excuse me for the present, ladies, as my toilet is in sad disorder," she added.

"Never mind your dress," said Mrs Fales, persuasively. "There are no strangers here, and we all have so much to say."

"But, Mrs Fales—"

"Let me persuade you," interrupted Mrs Foster earnestly; that charming riding habit is so very becoming, too."

"It fits her to a charm," added Miss Rogers.

And so the unwilling Mrs Perkins was almost forced into the parlor, dusty as she was, and fatigued with traveling, to receive the congratulations of those within.

"We have missed you so much," observed the last speaker, rapidly exchanging significant glances with one of her confederates.

"And lonely enough we have felt, I assure you," remarked Mrs Fales, blandly, as she returned the glance.

"We were speaking of you but a short time ago," pursued Mrs Foster, smiling sweetly. "All our gentlemen seem to have been very anxious for your return, and Mr Shirley not the least," she added, looking archly at a young man, who was patiently waiting for a chance to speak.

"Ah, Edward! then you had a spare thought for me," replied Mrs Perkins, with more real earnestness than she had yet manifested, and shaking the young man cordially by the hand.

"How familiar!" thought Miss Rowena, pursuing up her mouth with offended delicacy, as the lady seated herself near him, and made inquiries for friends.

"I declare, Mrs Perkins, this is very fortunate!" exclaimed another new comer, which proved to be no other than Mr Luke Foster. "I had set my heart on a whist party to-night, and I never had good luck unless you are my partner."

Mrs Perkins welcomed him cordially, and replied with a fascinating smile, "that she should be extremely happy to oblige him."

Mrs Luke Foster contracted her brows slightly, bit her lip, and firmly resolved that the "artful widow" should do no such thing; had not her mind been made up all day to spend the evening out?

Mrs Perkins, who knew that her dress was far from becoming and agreeable to the eye, now made excuses and hastened to her own room, sorry that she had been persuaded into anything so much against her will; but though the lady had penetration and discernment enough to perceive how matters stood, she was so amiable and lady-like to make it evident. She knew, however, who were sincere in their words of welcome, and who felt real pleasure at her return. She had not the jealousy of Mrs Foster, the envy of Mrs Fales, the malice of Miss Rogers, and ill will of Miss Gilbert; and though neither a coquette, or a flirt, as she had been represented, Mrs Perkins treated all kindly and politely, and pursued, as usual, the even tenor of her way.

"I wish you would not wear that blue dress again, Louisa," said Mr Foster, a week or two after the arrival of Mrs Perkins, as he glanced at his wife.

"This kind of goods is very fashionable this season, husband, and I wonder your dislike."

"But that is no good reason why you should wear anything so extremely unbecoming," Mrs Perkins never—

"Don't quote Mrs Perkins," interrupted the lady, tartly. "She wouldn't suit me for a model, by any means."

"I was merely going to remark that Mrs Perkins' taste in dress was unexceptionable," he added, quietly.

"But she wears the same color," resumed Mrs Foster, with an air of triumph.

"That is possible; but she is a blonde, and you a brunette, and that makes all the difference in the world; the husband in the same indifferently repudiated manner.

"She a blonde, and I a brunette! Nobody ever called me dark complexioned before, Mr Foster; but that art-

ful widow would make any man, who was silly enough to talk with her, believe that black was white!" retorted Mrs Foster, indignantly.

The gentleman commenced whistling "Old Folks at Home," for a reply, which so vexed his wife that she immediately left the room and entered the parlor, where Mrs Fales and Miss Rogers were conversing together.

"I was out shopping this morning, and who do you suppose I saw?" asked the latter, in a tone which implied they were all much abused.

"Do tell us!" exclaimed the listeners, in a breath.

"Mrs Perkins and Edward Shirley; and they both were intently engaged examining a beautiful piece of white satin, and afterward, a superbly embroidered handkerchief."

"Shameful!" cried Mrs Foster.

"Insulting to us all!" echoed Mrs Fales.

"Now, what does that mean?" asked Miss Rowena, with compressed lips and scowling brow. "I can tell you; it means that the artful piece has carried on a courtship right before our faces, and is about to be married to Edward Shirley, without asking the advice of those so much older, and so much more competent to judge in these matters," she added, forgetting that in her last remark she had alluded to the age of the "artful piece" in a more favorable light than she had intended.

"I thought Mr Shirley had more wisdom; but men will make fools of themselves, and that is certain," added Mrs Foster. "But if they remain in the house, I shall certainly persuade Mr Foster to leave; for I've too much spirit to bear such unhandsome treatment without noticing it."

"Now I propose that we watch her closely," suggested Mrs Fales. "I shouldn't wonder at all if she contemplated an elopement; and if such a thing should happen here, it would be scandalizing."

"I, for one, could never hold up my head after such an event. In fact, I should never recover from the blow, for reputation is everything," said Miss Rogers, dropping her eyes to the carpet.

It was finally agreed upon that Mrs Perkins should be looked after closely; and Miss Rogers volunteered to take the lead and report as often as she deemed necessary; as too much scrutiny might make the lady suspicious and render their plans abortive.

Scarcely a week had elapsed after this arrangement, when Miss Rogers and Mrs Foster were shocked to see a handsome carriage drive up to the door, and Mr Shirley alight and enter the house. This betokened something; and seating themselves by a window, they awaited his return with much curiosity, and prophesying very imprudent conduct on the part of the subject of their remarks.

There she is, I declare!" exclaimed Miss Rogers, as the lady appeared, and was assisted into the carriage, by Edward Shirley.

"And in the identical white satin, too!" she added. "It's an elopement, sure enough, and I'll put on my bonnet and tell her sister all about it; she don't know a word about the matter, I'll be bound; for a woman who will conduct in that way, wouldn't be likely to tell her plans. Be on the lookout, Mrs Foster, and I'll be back soon."

And Miss Rogers, who seemed to forget that her "reputation" was at stake, quickly put on her bonnet and hurried towards the residence of the lady she had named. She stopped, suddenly, however, on seeing the same carriage which had just left the house in front of a church. Hastily changing her plan, she asked a gentleman who was passing along, what was going on inside. He replied that a marriage ceremony was being performed between Edward Shirley and a lady whom he did not know.

This was sufficient for the questioner, who forthwith hastened home again to announce the all important news to those in waiting; for by this time, Miss Gilbert and Mrs Fales were on the spot, eager to learn the result. Their minds were hardly made up, which way to proceed in the scandalous affair, when the carriage returned and Mrs Perkins stepped out and quietly

proceeded to her own room. All three ladies looked at each other in astonishment.

"She's trying to deceive us!" said Miss Rowena, firmly; and, followed by her companions, she sought the good-humored landlady to urge her to see Mrs Perkins, and to expostulate with her on the extreme impropriety of her conduct. The good woman was much shocked at the news, and declaring her willingness to do what she consistently could, knocked at the door of the young widow's room, and was told to enter. She did so, and after a few commonplace observations, looked enquiringly at Mrs Perkins.

"You are surprised to see me so much dressed," observed the latter. "I have been to a wedding this morning, Mrs Angier, and I fear you will lose one of your boarders."

"Ah!"

"Yes; I did not mean to go, but Edward insisted, and I thought it my duty to gratify him," said the pretty widow, pushing back a stray curl.

"You might have put a little more confidence in me, however, Mrs Perkins," said the lady of the house, rather reproachfully.

"I really didn't think it worth mentioning; besides, sister Ella wished it kept a secret, and so we humored her," was the reply.

"But the subject was an important one," continued Mrs Angier, "and the advice and assistance of a friend should be valued."

"Of course; and when I am in a situation to need it I shall certainly apply to you. But I am really at a loss to know why you should take such an interest in my sister's marriage," replied Mrs Perkins, in a surprised voice.

"Your sister's marriage!" cried the other, with astonishment depicted on every feature.

"Yes. Is there anything very mysterious in that?"

"No; but—but—" stammered Mrs Angier, puzzled at what she heard, and at a loss how to go on.

"But what?" queried the widow, smiling at her embarrassment.

"Wasn't you married to-day?" asked Mrs Angier, abruptly, determining to come to a point at once.

"Me! No; what a strange question!" replied her companion, with a gay laugh.

"And who was, pray?" pursued the landlady.

"Why, sister Ella and Edward Shirley. I thought you understood that long ago; why, it has been a settled thing for more than a year. Who has been imposing upon your credulity, my dear Mrs Angier?"

"I'm a fool!" said the latter, decidedly, "and I think I know of two or three more. Don't mention this ridiculous conversation, Mrs Perkins, and I promise you never again to meddle with what does not concern me."

Mrs Perkins readily gave the desired promise, and the landlady left the room, wondering why some of her boarders couldn't be as pleasant and as amiable as the pretty widow, and busy themselves, principally as she did, about their own affairs.

Mrs Foster, Mrs Fales, and Miss Rogers were deeply mortified at their mistake, and did all they could to keep the matter among themselves; but the story leaked out in some way, and for a long time occasioned much mirth and ridicule.

On the whole, however, it did some good; for if the beauty of Mrs Perkins was still unacknowledged by the ladies we have named, she was at least treated with more cordiality and politeness than she had previously been; although they were by no means sorry when she left the boarding-house to take up her residence with her newly-wedded sister, whose courtship and marriage had been the innocent cause of so much anxiety and ill-natured gossip, on the part of those who had really no interest in the matter.

—An artesian well in Kern county, Cal., has been completed which gives a flow of 1,575,000 gallons in 24 hours, and the water rises 11 1/2 inches above the pit. The cost was only \$700.

—The headmaster of Harrow is the most lucrative post in the pedagogical profession in England. Dr Butler has just left the school with a fortune of \$500,000.