

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1887.

No. 49

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 ar-
rangement for standing notices.

Notices of deaths, or articles upon the
deceased, or notices of marriages, or other
matter, will be inserted in the Acadian
at the rate of ten cents per line, and will
be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is con-
stantly 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 name may be written in
a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether di-
rected 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 discon-
tinued 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 refu-
sing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
leaving them uncollected for prima facie
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mail
is made up at 5:30 P. M.
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A.
M.
Express west close at 10:35 A. M.
Express east close at 5:30 P. M.
Kentville close at 7:30 P. M.
Geo. V. HARD, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on
Saturdays at 12 noon.
A. de W. BARRS, Agent.

Churches.

FREEMASONS' CHURCH—Rev. R.
D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath
at 10:30 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 Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30
P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Fred
Higgins, 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 7:00 P. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal),
Services next Sunday morning at 11, evening
at 7. Mr. J. W. Fullerton of King's
College, is Curate.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly,
P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. the last Sunday
of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.,
meet at their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.
J. B. DAVIDSON, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T. meets
every Saturday evening in Music Hall
at 7:30 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 sub-
scriptions when sent in advance.

Relatives inform us that we may ex-
pect a visit this summer from the terri-
ble scourge, cholera. West's Pain King
is the remedy to keep. Always ready
for a sudden attack. 75c. All druggists

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-
ing Goods.

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

BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils,
Color Room Paper, Hardware, Crock-
ery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Wholesale
Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers,
Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied
in any quantity, barreled or by the car
or vessel load.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker
and Repairer.

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

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

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

DAVIDSON BROS.—Printers and Pub-
lishers.

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

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

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods
Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

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

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

KEELLY, THOMAS.—Boot and Shoe
Maker. All orders in his line faith-
fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Mak-
er and Repairer.

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

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

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.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plow
Works.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-
conist.

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

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and
Dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-
nishings.

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

Owing to the hurry in getting up this
Directory, no doubt some names have
been left off. Names so omitted will be
added from time to time. Persons wish-
ing 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.

NO MORE PILLS!

MOTHERS LIKE IT!
CHILDREN LIKE IT!
Remove it is applicable to both.

IT CURES
LIVER COMPLAINT,
BILIOUS DISORDER,
ACID STOMACH, DYSPEPSIA,
LOSS OF APPETITE,
BILIOUS HEADACHE,
CONSTIPATION OF CHILDREN.

PRICE, 25c. PER BOTTLE.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry

REPAIRED
BY—
J.F. HERBIN,
Next door to Post Office.
Small articles SILVERPLATED.

COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption

CURED BY
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Select Poetry.

IN PERFECT PEACE.

Like strains of music soft and low,
That break upon a troubled sleep,
I hear the promise—old and new,
God will his faithful children keep
"In perfect peace."

From out the thoughtless, wreck-struck
past,
From unknown years that silent wait,
Amid earth's wild regret there comes
The promise with its precious freight:
"In perfect peace."

Above the clash of party strife,
The surge of life's unresting sea,
Through sobs of pain and songs of mirth,
Through hours of toil that float to me:
"In perfect peace."

It stills the questionings and doubts,
The nameless fears that through the
soul;
It speaks of love unchanging, sure,
And evermore its echoes roll:
"In perfect peace."

"In perfect peace." Oh, loving Christ!
When falls death's twilight gray and
red,
And flowers of earth shall droop and fade,
Keep thou thy children, as of old,
"In perfect peace."

And through the glad, eternal years,
Beyond the seen and blame of men,
The heart that served me here may know
The rest that passeth human ken
"Thy perfect peace."

Interesting Story.

ONLY A BRAKEMAN.

"ACCIDENT"—An extra freight train on
the B. & C. R. R. was wrecked last night
by a broken bridge, just beyond Carville.
A son of Hon. Carlton Ballou was on the
train, but fortunately escaped injury. A
brakeman by the name of Marshall
was the only person killed.

It was only a short despatch, cast
into one corner of the morning paper,
amid a score or two of others, but it
interested me; for I knew the whole
brave story so well, and I felt in my
heart almost a hatred for the writer
who had done such injustice to a noble
life and overlooked so grand a deed.

I was only the night operator at
Carville—not a very exalted position,
perhaps, but yet one of considerable
responsibility and trust. From seven
in the evening till the same hour in
the morning I held in the hollow of
my hand the lives of almost every man
passing over our division of the road.

I remember one night when I was
sitting alone in my little cramped-up
office, and listening, from mere force
of habit to the various messages as
they went clicking by to the other
stations on the road. The last train
for several hours—the freight accom-
modation from Brighton—had been in
for some time, and I had nothing to
disturb me but my thoughts.

"Well, Billy, how's number five?" a
voice suddenly asked, as the outside
door was pushed ajar.

"One hour late," I replied hastily;
and then looking up, I saw Tom Mar-
shall, a brakeman on the last freight,
filling up the doorway. "Come inside
and have a chair, Tom," I added, as I
recognized the face of my questioner.

"Only for a moment to-night," he
answered me, and sat down at my in-
vitation, and his lantern resting be-
tween his feet on the floor. "I have a
call to make this evening and must
wash and fix up a little first."

"Where away to-night, Tom? Not
up on the hill again, surely?"

He nodded his head in affirmative,
his eyes fixed upon my table, where
the instruments were ticking away.

"Of course it's none of my business,
my boy; but it seems to me you go to
the great white house too often of late.
Ballou might object, 'tis said they're
engaged, you know." And I looked
up at his strong Saxon face from where
I lay stretched on a bench by the wall.

"I think they are mistaken about
that, Billy; but Ballou has more op-
portunities than I can enjoy," he re-
plied very slowly. "I only get in here
two nights a week, you know; but I
do the best I can."

"Then is it serious, Tom?" I asked,
for I liked this broad-shouldered, fair-
haired fellow, brakeman though he
was.

"I'm afraid it is with me, Billy," he
replied his eyes resting steadfastly at
the lantern between his feet. "But
good night, I must go; will see you
again as I come in." And the heavy
door closed behind him.

As I sat there alone in my office
after he had gone, I thought of all

these things—thought them over again
and again. I had known Tom for two
years and I liked the boy. I knew, or
thought I knew, Kate Carr up in the
big white house on the hill. A proud
girl in her way—proud of her father's
riches, her own beauty, and the dozen
suits who had knelt at her feet.
Ever since Tom first sought her society
I wondered at his welcome. It seemed
so strange a thing to me that one so
proud of her position, so thoroughly a
slave to society as Kate Carr appeared
to be, should so openly encourage the
attentions of a mere freight brakeman
—a man of whose family connections we
knew nothing, and whose only wealth
was a young and good-looking fellow
enough, and perhaps, after all, she was
a little vain at having so handsome a
suitor, even though so poor, to add to
her string of victims. I never could
believe that she had the heart to return
his great, honest love, and be willing
to exchange all her hopes and pride
for his sake; and then, besides, rumor
had it that George Ballou, the son of
a rich banker of a neighboring town,
had already gained her promise, and
that many things which had fallen
under my notice, I began to believe
that rumor for once was right. And
Tom loved her, and I thought it over
all night, when I was not busy, and
wondered in my own heart how it
would end.

Tom never came back to the depot
that night, though I looked for him,
and his train left eastward while I was
taking my breakfast at the hotel the
place afforded, and I caught a
glimpse of him as they swung around
the curve. I afterwards heard the
whole story from his lips, but I can
tell it best for myself.

From his car he passed up the long
hill to where the lights of the Carr
mansions were twinkling among the
trees, determined to learn his fate
from Kate's own lips that very night.
The parlor windows were dark when
he ascended the stone steps and rang
the bell, and the servant who answered
it, recognizing his face, told him he
would find Miss Kate in the garden.
In the moonlight, dreaming the ever-
new dream of love, he passed with
quick step down the gravel path by
the well-trimmed flower-beds to where
the summer-house, thickly shaded by
clinging vines, stood at the further
end. This was her favorite resting-
place, and many a pleasant hour came
flooding his mind, passed there with
her—his queen.

As he approached now, he was sur-
prised to hear, borne on the still night
air, the tone of voices in earnest con-
versation. In all Tom's nature there
was nothing cowardly, nothing base;
but his own name, spoken in a man's
deep voice, caused him to halt almost
without knowing he did so.

"I naturally supposed from all I saw
and heard that you cared for Mar-
shall?"

It was almost a question, and the
silent listener outside in the moonlight
bent forward to catch the low tones of
the reply.

"Oh, George, how could you? Why,
he's nothing but a freight-brakeman! What
would papa say if he heard that?"

"It was the soft, tender voice of
Kate.

"And you truly only cared for me,
darling?"

"I only loved you, George."

That was all; and the strong man
who listened, whose only crime was
poverty, turned back quietly in the
darkness—turned back through the
low hedge and back into the moonlit
road, with a pale face and heavy heart.
He had loved her with all the grand
strength of his strong, manly nature—
he never knew how much before, as
he did now, alone in his misery, his
suffering, and those cold, heartless,
stinging words, "He is only a freight-
brakeman," ringing in his ears with
every heavy step he took. B was
poor, was nothing but a brakeman,
had neither wealth nor lineage of which
to boast; but after all, he was a man,
and like one he suffered his loss—suf-
fered through the long still night,
patiently and silently.

As the long summer days faded into
the shorter ones of early fall, and his
train passed back and forth by the
station on its daily trips, I watched

Tom, and knowing so much as I did,
I could read his sufferings, though he
tried so bravely to hide it all and to
appear "outwardly as cheerful and
light-hearted as ever." Poor Tom!
the blow was a hard one struck by her
little hand, and the strong man bent
beneath it, whether he would or no.

It was nearly winter when the end
finally came, and that ending was in-
deed terrible.

For several weeks heavy storms had
been raging along the entire line of
road, and many fears were expressed
by the railway officials about the safety
of the road-bed between Carville and
Farmersville, the next station east.

All along those few miles were heavy
grades and numerous small bridges
and culverts already loosened by pre-
vious storms. That night when I went
on duty it was raining hard—a blow-
ing, bitter rain, blown here and there
by gusts of heavy wind. The night
itself was intensely black from swiftly-
succeeding clouds, broken now and then
by vivid glares of forked lightning
that seemed almost to tear them in
two. My instruments were almost
unmanageable, owing to the electricity
in the air, but about midnight a mes-
sage came through in jerks from the
division superintendent at Bolton:—

"Send Bond with extra east, to report
track at Farmersville for number two.
Move cautiously."
W. B. C."

Bond was Tom's conductor and I
handed the order to him immediately.

An engine was ready at hand, and
they soon had the short train of ten
cars made up in the yard. Just as
the engine backed down from the tank
and was being coupled on, George
Ballou, huddled up to his chin, and
holding a small leather valve in his
hand, came hurriedly around the edge
of the depot building.

"Bond, don't go!" he cried, as with
a few rapid blows he cut aside the brok-
en seat which pinned his rival to the
floor of the car. "Quick!" for he felt
the car settling, and heard the groan-
ing of the timber giving way. "Cal,
catch him!" and grasped by strong
hands, Ballou was pulled to the ground
above—then, with lurch and crash of
breaking timber, the heavy car plun-
ged downward on to the rocks, spin-
tered on their sharp points and dashed
to pieces.

Just as the morning came, they
found Tom lying there, crushed out of
all shape, between two great timbers.

"She loved him, she loved him!"
was all he said; and, as the sun came
up over the high bank, he breathed his
last in Cal Bond's arms.

They brought him up to the depot
and laid him reverently in the great
ladies' waiting-room, and as the rail-
road men bore him by my window,
"some one in the crowd said,—
"How lucky that only a brakeman
was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-
hearted Tom Marshall has gone home
to a Father who never looks to the
grimy clothes and the weather-beaten
faces of his children, but rewards them
according to their deeds. If so, his
must be an exceedingly great reward.

Hopeless.

"And you don't think anything can
be done for me, doctor?"

What a world of pathetic entreaty
there was in the trembling voice that
spoke the pleading words! One thin,
white hand was lifted weakly and laid
implorely on the doctor's arm as he
sat by the little white bed in the wo-
man's ward of a city hospital.

"I'll take anything you want to give
me, doctor; I'll stand any kind of an
operation without a murmur if you'll
only try to save me, doctor."

"I will try," said the doctor, kindly,
but those who heard him say it knew
that there was no hope for the poor
young girl who had been brought in
bruised and bleeding from the city
streets.

"A feller tearin' down the street with
a fast team run over her as she turned
the corner," the men said who brought
her in and laid her down with just
a little spark of life left in her frail
little body that had for years been bu-
feted about on the sea of adversity
beneath the waves of which so many
human hearts go down.

Her pricked fingers told that she
was a seamstress. Her thin and faded
garments told that she was poor.

"I'll tell you how it is, doctor," she
said, entreatingly, "I don't mind it for
myself. If there was only me I
wouldn't ask you to try to pull me
through, but oh, doctor, doctor, there's
mother, and little Jim, and baby
Ruthie. I'm all they've got to take
care of 'em. Mother hasn't set up a
whole day for years, Jim's only five
years old, and the baby is just old
enough to walk. Father 'died in the

"Is there any one hurt, Cal?" Tom
asked, anxiously, as he finally found
the conductor standing alone in the
rain beside the track.

"No; all out safe, I think—close
call, though, Tom; awful wreck! I
never saw a worse in thirty years!"

"Help me! help!"

The cry rang out shrill and agoniz-
ing from the suspended caboose be-
low them.

"Help!" it cried again. "I'm wedg-
ed in! Be quick!"

It was Ballou's voice, beyond a
doubt.

"Give me the axe!" and seizing the
weapon, Tom sprang out into the tot-
tering car and dropped down through a
shattered window. He knew the slender,
trembling timber could not sustain
that weight long. He knew he was
going to almost certain death. He
knew a moment's delay might rid him
of one who had won from him the
woman he loved. It was a moment
for vengeance, but he forgot it all.

He knew a moment's delay and all of
George Ballou would be a dead, man-
gled body. But he never hesitated,
never doubted what to do. He was
only a brakeman, but he was willing to
sacrifice his own life, wreck his happi-
ness, to save the man Kate Carr loved.

A martyr, you say—a hero. No; how
could he be? you forgot he was but a
brakeman.

"Here, quick!" he cried, as with a
few rapid blows he cut aside the brok-
en seat which pinned his rival to the
floor of the car. "Quick!" for he felt
the car settling, and heard the groan-
ing of the timber giving way. "Cal,
catch him!" and grasped by strong
hands, Ballou was pulled to the ground
above—then, with lurch and crash of
breaking timber, the heavy car plun-
ged downward on to the rocks, spin-
tered on their sharp points and dashed
to pieces.

Just as the morning came, they
found Tom lying there, crushed out of
all shape, between two great timbers.

"She loved him, she loved him!"
was all he said; and, as the sun came
up over the high bank, he breathed his
last in Cal Bond's arms.

They brought him up to the depot
and laid him reverently in the great
ladies' waiting-room, and as the rail-
road men bore him by my window,
"some one in the crowd said,—
"How lucky that only a brakeman
was killed."

Some way it seems to me that great-
hearted Tom Marshall has gone home
to a Father who never looks to the
grimy clothes and the weather-beaten
faces of his children, but rewards them
according to their deeds. If so, his
must be an exceedingly great reward.

spring, and, as I've said, I'm all
they've got, so you see I can't die,
doctor; I mustn't die yet. You will
save me, won't you, doctor?"

"If I can," said the doctor in that
same hopeless tone.

The thin white hand stroked his
coat gently; the weak, childish voice
ran on.

"I don't know what *would* become
of mother and the children if you
couldn't save me. Jimmie is real good
and does everything he can; but he's
only five years old and you know he
can't do much. Poor little fellow,
he'd be so sorry for sister if he knew
she'd been hurt. Now, doctor, please
get me up just as soon as you can,
won't you? You know it's coming
Christmas time and I've promised
Jimmie a pair of new boots *sure*. I
must get them in some way. How
soon can I go about my work?"

"Don't think of that now," said the
doctor gravely.

"But I *must* think of it, doctor.
See, there's only sixty cents in my
purse, and that's all there is in the
world between us and starvation—that
and me. I've got steady work now
until January and I *can't* lose a day
or Jimmie won't get those boots. I
—"

Her eyes closed wearily. The white
hand fell listlessly from the doctor's
sleeve. Her mind wandered.

"I'll be sure to get them, Jimmie,
dear," she said tenderly. "Be a good
boy always when sister is away, and
mind mother and baby carefully.
You're such a little helper to sister;
you—how am I now, doctor?"

He bent tenderly over her, but said
nothing. There were tears in his eyes
and his bearded lip trembled.

"Is her case quite hopeless?" whis-
pered an attendant, stepping softly
toward the bed.

The doctor lifted a finger warningly,
and bent closer to the white face.

An instant later he lifted his head and said
solemnly:

"Yes,

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JULY 22, 1887

The Bubble Repeal.

During the last two election campaigns in this county the question of repeal was kept prominently before the electors with the assurance that with it would come every blessing that the people of this county required.

We expressed through our columns our disbelief in the honesty of such a canvass, and endeavored to show the utter uselessness of any attempt on the part of the people of this Province to withdraw from a confederacy regularly entered into by their representatives, and which had received the assent and hearty approval of the Queen and her Government.

We have been charged with being partisan when we professed independence simply because we felt our duty to oppose a scheme that we knew could not succeed, and one that we honestly believed would be most disastrous to the welfare of the Province if it could and should succeed.

Postal Law.

In this age of progress and convenience, when the matter of commercial union with the United States is taking such a hold upon the minds of the people, some of whom see no good reason why a complete and unrestricted reciprocity of trade, based upon commercial union, should not be obtained, while others see grave obstacles, making the matter utterly impracticable if not impossible, would it not be better to agitate first for something that would be practicable of attainment, simple in its operation, general in its benefits, and which none could reasonably oppose or honestly resist?

reciprocity in trade also refused to agree to the establishment of a postal service between them and us, we know not; but we believe that no serious objection could be raised on either side of the line why such a service should not be established which would be of mutual benefit to both parties.

The Late A. D. DeWolf's Will.

The will of the late A. D. DeWolf, Esq., was probated a few days ago at \$26,000, and also that of his late wife, Mary Ann, at \$4,250, making a total of \$30,250, which by the said will is disposed of as follows:

To their son Charles DeWolf, three dike-lots on the Grand Pre, containing 10 acres, a life interest in one half of the homestead farm, furniture, farming utensils, and live stock, to be held and used jointly with his sister, Mrs. Sherwood.

To the trustees of the Methodist church in Wolfville, the sum of six hundred dollars, to be by them invested and proceeds to be applied towards the payment of the debt of the congregation.

To each of the grand-children, \$320. The balance of the estate is divided between Charles DeWolf, Henry DeWolf, Mrs. Sherwood, and Mrs. Webster in such a manner as to give to each of them as near an equal share as possible of the entire estate.

Londonderry Jottings.

On Friday last the people of Great Village, Col. Co., were startled upon hearing that Herbert Peppard, William Lindsey and Oliver Morrison, three bright and promising young men, belonging to the Village, had found a watery grave, in endeavoring to cross the Bay in a boat. The facts in connection with this very sad affair are about as follows:

Baddeck Jottings.

Judge Tremaine of Baddeck adjourned court to-day to attend a hop on board the French war-ship Minerva. Is that the way you dispense law and judgments in King's Co., with a pair of slippers and a fair maid as a partner?

weighing 30 pounds. I walked into the hotel at 7 o'clock a. m., just before breakfast time, with this big cod on my shoulder, feeling as big as Alexander the Great, and created about as big a sensation among the New York guests at the hotel, which was full of wonders.

Acadia College.

DONATIONS TO THE MUSEUM SINCE LAST ACKNOWLEDGMENT. Dec. 9. - Commission with large Seal attached, dated 1827, appointing Commissioners of Dyke Lands for Horton.

Jan. 10th, 1887. - Lignite-Magnetite (poor) from West Gore, Hants Co. W. B. Wallace, Acadia College.

Jan. 20th. - Fungus growth, enclosing twigs. Emory Bishop, Kentville. Jan. 20th. - The Standard Winchester Measures of King's Co., presented by the Municipality, consisting of four weights of 1, 2, 4, and 7 pounds each, six measures from 1 pint to a half bushel, and a pair of balances made in London, 1785, of alloyed copper.

Feb. 8th. - Natural History Specimens, consisting of the nest of a Chimney Swallow with 5 Eggs, Snipe with 4 Eggs, Yellow Bird with 3 Eggs, Bobolink with 6 Eggs, Cow-bird with 3 Eggs, and Wood Swallow with 5 Eggs.

April. - Copper Coin from Hayti - Six Centimes, 1846. Louis Morse, Horton Academy. April 26th. - Mummyed Mouse found in an old partition. C. Y. Johnson, Wolfville.

Acadia College, July, 1887.

DONATIONS TO THE LIBRARY, FROM JUNE 1st, 1886, TO JUNE 1st, 1887. Letters to N. S. Western Association for '63, '65, and '65. Rev. G. E. Day, D. D. Sessional Papers for 1886, Vol. XIX in Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, in all 13 vols. Statutes of Canada, 1886. Journals of the Senate. Geological survey of Canada, 1885, Vol. 1. Census of the Northwest. Journals of the House of Commons.

Handoo Items.

Hayin for the past week or two has been all the rage out here. Everybody that has any hay ter out is cutting it, and everybody that hasn't partly much is hired out for somebody that has. It is set in in dead earnest now, and everybody is busy. Our hay crop this year is again to be about fair to middlin. We've got quite a lot down and a few ponds in, but it ain't all in yet by a long shot. We've got a good lot more to do yet, and a good many more long days of hard work before us.

Me and the hired man went out ter the barn arter dinner and yoked up the oxen and brung em around and hitched em inter the hay-wagon, and dad and the hired man and me left for the interval. Our hired man, I think, is ther most consoated pursen in ther world. He thinks he knows more'n all creashun; but he don't know secher mighty lot arter all. There's a grate many people what knows just as much, I think. Afore he had time ter grab the whip, I tuk it and comment teamin. "Up Spark and Diamond!" says I. "Whon, haw, gee! What do yo' mean? Gee up, me late!" But ther blamed oxen, used ter the hired man's poor teamin, hawed around ter the north-east and run inter the gate-post. Ther hired man grabbed ther whip and gut em out some way, and then says he: "You're a grate teamester, aint yo'?" Yer order be careful again by a gate-post that way. "But I guess yo' kin team em now all right—we're on the strate road."

I told him I guessed I knew how ter team oxen, just yit a while, and of haid left em alone they'd been all right. I never had any accident yet like he did. He dident say nuthen to that. When we cut to the interval, dad arst me of that I kud build a load uv hay. I told him I ruther kalkerated I kud, "I staid on the wagon and picked up a fork to go to work."

"If yer sure yo' kin build it," said ther hired man, "all rite. But I'm agoin ter pick it on mitey fast and yo've got ter look sharp."

It wudn't by any means ther first time I'd done sech things. So he said "All right," and went ter work. I was never so fully convinced before that ther feller was ignorant. I was surprised ter see that he knew so little about farmin in a general way. I thot I knew little enuff ther dear knows, but he dident know anything at all. He dident know any more about pitchin on hay than a hen. I told him onst that I was afraid he was makin a mess uv it, that he'd better let dad pitch on a while and show him how; but he larfed and said he kud stand it, he thot. Dad said ef I dident lukout I'd hev ther hull load off, but he kudent take a hint. Of couse dad dident want ter say right out loud that he dident know how ter pitch on hay; but I wudent been so mitey skairt.

At last ther load was built, and a party lookin load it was too. Ther binlin-pole was put on and we started for home. I said I wudn't thred—I guessed I'd get down and walk; but ther hired man said I mite as well ride—I was up there, he rode. Ther load kep goin from one side ter ther other as we went over crutches and rocks, and I expected every miment it wud upset. I held on like grim death to a dyn nigger. At last we went over a big muddle-hill. Ther was a sudden lurch to one side—a roll—a deathly pause.

Then they heard a cry above them, "Heard a loud and mighty shouting, Heard a crashing and a rushing, And the hay around and o'er them Fell and covered them by inches. And they know ther land was busted!" "Wall," said I, when they'd dug me out, "that's yer good pitchin on for yo'!" But ther hired man looked so ugly, I stopped.

"There's such a thing as people bein too smart!" dad said, "You've made a nice lot uv work for us now, and yo'd better git yer coat off and hoe in and help pitch it on again!" But I don't see as how they kud blame me! JACK HYDR.

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE!

I have a fine lot of Fruit Trees from one to four years old, of my own growing and grafting. I do not employ "Agents" to sell for me and can supply good stock at low prices. Isaac Shaw, Riverside Nurseries, Berwick, N. S.

Commercial Palace!

1887-88 WINTER-1887. WHEAT, CORN, BUCKWHEAT, OATS, RYE, BARLEY, POTATOES, LARD, BUTTER, EGGS, AND ALL REQUISITES FOR LADIES' MISSES' AND CHILDREN'S WEAR. Gent's Furnishings.—Cloths in Stock of all the best makes for Gent's, Youths', and Boys' Suits. G. M. Donaldson, best Tailor in the county, is always ready to make up suits at short notice. A few tons Wool wanted in exchange for goods.

JUNE. J. W. RYAN is showing this month New Dress Muslins, White and Colored, From 7c. per yard. New Prints and Cambrics, From 5c. " " " " From 10c. " " " " New Dress Goods, New Gloves, Hosiery, Corsets, Laces, Ribbons, Hdks, Plushes, Cords, Buttons, Lace Parasols, Silk and Satin Umbrellas, and giving the best value in General Dry Goods, Clothing and Carpets to be had in the Province—and in addition—a liberal cash discount. Kentville, June 1st, 1887.

Jersey Bull LAND TRANSFER OFFICE. QUEEN BUILDING, HALIFAX. J. M. JONES, Barrister-at-Law, Manager. FARM WANTED and FOR SALE. All sizes, 10 to 800 Acres. All prices, \$300 to \$10,000. No charge for registry.

W BEST Stock of Dry Goods yet shown by Burpee Witter. Prices low as the lowest. Read what follows. The account B will interest you. Save money by buying where YOU can buy the best goods at the most moderate prices.

I UNDER the same roof the finest stock of Millinery in U King's County. The quality of the goods and character of work done is best attested by the fact that ladies come here to buy from the most distant parts of the County. You ARE cordially invited to visit our Rooms and see the new and most fashionable goods in the line.

T READY-MADE Clothing at prices adapted to all purses. Excellent materials and perfect fits. Our Norfolk Suits are now very POPULAR. We give special attention to Suits for Children.

T PRINTS in beautiful and many patterns. A great stock of Goods in all desirable varieties. OUR Sweaters are going fast. Now is the time to buy if you want the best shades.

E ELEGANT Dress Goods. The ladies are delighted with them. New and most fashionable styles. Finest fabrics in the market. Seventeen varieties of Black Dress GOODS. 300 yards of Scotch and Canadian Tweeds at cost, at cost, at cost.

R EVERY buyer knows the advantage of selecting goods from a large stock. For this reason we can confidently INVITE CUSTOMERS. Besides the unrivalled display of Millinery and extensive stock of Dry Goods already mentioned, we have all the desirable styles in Gent's Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Corsets, Gloves, Gaiter Goods, etc., etc., etc.

White Bronze. YARMOUTH, MAINE, July 15, 1885. MR THOS. MORRIS.—In answer to your enquiry about my White Bronze Monument, I would say that it stands on the sea shore ten feet above high water mark, it is twenty-five feet high, base four feet. It has been erected over ten years, and is as good now as when placed in position; it has not been effected in the least by either heat or cold; no moss or foreign substances gather on it as do on marble; it is as clear and bright as when new, and (in my opinion) White Bronze is superior to either marble or granite for monumental purposes, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to others.

500,000,000,000. EGGS! EGGS! Five Hundred Thousand Million Dozs as wanted this week at 14 Cents, by G. H. Wallace. Wolfville, June 23d, '87

FOR BOSTON - VIA - "Palace Steamers" OF THE International S. S. Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. One of the Steamers of this line leaves St. John for Boston, via Eastport, Monday, at 10 a. m. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Also leave St. John at 7:30 o'clock every Saturday night for BOSTON DIRECT.

FOR BOSTON - VIA - "Palace Steamers" OF THE International S. S. Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. One of the Steamers of this line leaves St. John for Boston, via Eastport, Monday, at 10 a. m. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Also leave St. John at 7:30 o'clock every Saturday night for BOSTON DIRECT.

Boston Marine INSURANCE COMPANY. 17 State St., BOSTON. 43 Wall Street, NEW YORK. Capital Paid in Cash ONE MILLION DOLLARS. ASSETS OVER TWO MILLION DOLLARS. Net Surplus as to Policy Holders \$1,651,161.94. This is the largest American company doing business on this continent upon the stock plan, taking Marine Risks only, and the business of the Company exceeds that of all other Massachusetts companies combined.

Special Jubilee Presents To Be Given Away By The GREAT LONDON & CHINA TEA CO. For One Week Only! Commencing Mon., June 20th. 6000 Pairs Exquisite Bohemian Vases! Worth from 50c to \$1.50 per pair to be given away with 2lb, 3lb, 4lb and 5lb of TEA. 10,000 BEAUTIFUL French China Gift Motto Cups and Saucers! To be given with 2lb Tea at 50c per lb, or 1 1/2 lb at 40c per lb, or 1lb at 30c per lb. GREAT LONDON AND CHINA TEA CO. 191 BARRINGTON ST. HALIFAX.

The Direct and Cheapest ROUTE TO AND FROM BOSTON. THE ONLY Side-Wheel Steamers BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA & BOSTON. International S. S. Co. Boston & Annapolis Line DIRECT. The Steamer NEW YORK will leave Annapolis for Boston direct, every THURSDAY afternoon, after arrival of Express train from Halifax. Returning will leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning at 6 o'clock for Digby and Annapolis. On the Thursday's trip east the steamer lands her passengers at Annapolis & Digby, and proceeds to St. John, leaving the latter place for Boston direct, SATURDAY evening. Passengers from Nova Scotia on Saturdays connect with the steamer Secret, and arrive in Boston Sunday evening. The Steamers of this Line are the only Side-wheel Passenger Steamers running between the Provinces and New England. They are luxuriously fitted and furnished, nothing being spared that will add to comfort and safety. For tickets or further information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or to F. Mumford, Station Agent, Wolfville. H. A. GARDNER, Agent, Annapolis.

FOR BOSTON - VIA - "Palace Steamers" OF THE International S. S. Co. SUMMER ARRANGEMENTS. One of the Steamers of this line leaves St. John for Boston, via Eastport, Monday, at 10 a. m. Every Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Also leave St. John at 7:30 o'clock every Saturday night for BOSTON DIRECT. Rep. "NEWBERRY" leaves Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Thursday and Saturday p. m. for St. John, connecting with the International S. S. Co. as above. For tickets or further information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or to D. Mumford, Station Agent, Wolfville, May 6th, 1887.

Choice Miscellany. My Ship Comes In. 'Neath summer's sun and winter's blast, While the long years sweep slowly past, I waited, looking out to sea, For ere my ship would come to me.

but desiring to do my duty as a woman. The fact that my husband is your minister gives me of right no position among you, and gives you no right to demand of me any public service.

ITEMS OF INTEREST. The Welsh language can never expect to be a pronounced success. For Bronchial and Throat Affections, Allen's Lung Balsam is unequalled.

West's Liver Pills remove that sallow-ness from the complexion by restoring the digestive organs to a healthy action. All druggists.

JOHNSON'S FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. ANODYNE LINIMENT. MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

Mowers and Rakes. The "TORONTO" Mower is the finest and best, and has the most extensive sale of any Mower in the Dominion.

The Ontario Mutual LIFE ASSURANCE CO'Y. HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT. DOMINION DEPOSIT \$100,000.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. CURES PAINS, External and Internal. RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Joints, Sprains, Strains, Stiffness of the Neck, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.

"SHARP'S" HORSE RAKE. It is now a well-known fact that these Rakes have no equal. It is only fun for a small boy to do good work with these rakes.

Heroic Lives at Home. The heroism of private life, the slow, unchronicled martyrdoms of the heart, who shall remember I greater than any knightly dragon-slayer of old is the man who overcomes an unholly passion, sets his foot upon it, and stands serene and strong in virtue.

Ingersoll on Alcohol. Colonel Ingersoll may not be quite orthodox as to theology, but he is sound as to alcohol, as the following utterance from him shows:

Clubbing Offer. Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers.

Table with 3 columns: Publication, Regular Price, Clubbing Price. Includes Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Weekly News, Toronto Daily News, etc.

The Fate of Poets. We hope amateur poets will take warning by the following:—The deaths of many of our celebrated poets were occasioned by very singular accidents.

The Minister's Wife. The duties imposed upon a minister's wife are so well recognized that a girl may reasonably hesitate before marrying a man whose profession will require so much of her without the probability of a charitable consideration of her failures to meet every demand.

A Beautiful Incident. A gentleman relates that many years ago he was on a visit to the Isle of Man, and during his walk he strolled into the quiet little churchyard, where repose the bodies of many faithful Christians.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

That Old Bach Again. An old bachelor asserts that the best and quietest way to revive a lady when she faints is to begin to take down her hair; if it ain't her own she will grab it in a jiffy.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. The duties imposed upon a minister's wife are so well recognized that a girl may reasonably hesitate before marrying a man whose profession will require so much of her without the probability of a charitable consideration of her failures to meet every demand.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness.

GEO. V. RAND, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY AND SOAPS.

Appleton's American Cyclopaedia. N.W. Edition, complete in 28 Royal Octavo volumes, containing all information down to 1887.

THE LATEST, THE CHEAPEST, AND THE BEST. THE LATEST—A corps of contributors who hold the foremost rank in Science and literature, both in Europe and America are employed on this work.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. The duties imposed upon a minister's wife are so well recognized that a girl may reasonably hesitate before marrying a man whose profession will require so much of her without the probability of a charitable consideration of her failures to meet every demand.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. The duties imposed upon a minister's wife are so well recognized that a girl may reasonably hesitate before marrying a man whose profession will require so much of her without the probability of a charitable consideration of her failures to meet every demand.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. The duties imposed upon a minister's wife are so well recognized that a girl may reasonably hesitate before marrying a man whose profession will require so much of her without the probability of a charitable consideration of her failures to meet every demand.

D.E. WEST'S FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH & KIDNEYS DANDELION. Infalible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic, Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, All Kidney Diseases, Scalding, Diseases peculiar to Females, Hair, Skin, and Scurvy, Female, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart Stomach and Heart, etc.

WE SELL CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATH, CAN-NED LOBSTERS, MACKER-EL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC. Best prices for all shipments.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. The duties imposed upon a minister's wife are so well recognized that a girl may reasonably hesitate before marrying a man whose profession will require so much of her without the probability of a charitable consideration of her failures to meet every demand.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. The duties imposed upon a minister's wife are so well recognized that a girl may reasonably hesitate before marrying a man whose profession will require so much of her without the probability of a charitable consideration of her failures to meet every demand.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE. The duties imposed upon a minister's wife are so well recognized that a girl may reasonably hesitate before marrying a man whose profession will require so much of her without the probability of a charitable consideration of her failures to meet every demand.

D.E. WEST'S FOR THE LIVER BLOOD STOMACH & KIDNEYS DANDELION. Infalible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic, Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, All Kidney Diseases, Scalding, Diseases peculiar to Females, Hair, Skin, and Scurvy, Female, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Heart Stomach and Heart, etc.

C. A. PATRIQUIN HARNESS MAKER. Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses Made to order and kept in stock.

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT. CURES PAINS, External and Internal. RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Joints, Sprains, Strains, Stiffness of the Neck, Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches.

W. & A. Railway. Time Table. 1887—Summer Arrangement—1887. Commencing Monday, 13th June.

Table with 4 columns: GOING EAST, Express, Accommodation, Exp. Daily. Includes Annapolis, Bridgetown, Middleton, etc.

Table with 4 columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accommodation, Exp. Daily. Includes Halifax, Lunenburg, etc.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. 100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue. 44TH YEAR. \$1.50 A YEAR.