

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1885.

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The Acadian,

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

News 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
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. or T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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J. WESTON

Merchant Tailor,

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Select Poetry.

The Loss of Faith.

When the wing of the bird is broken
The song of the bird is fled:
In its heart is no note unspoken—
The bird, alas! is dead!

For sympathy of the shadow,
The bird the light will shun;
And vainly will bud the meadow,
And vainly will rise the sun.

The May and the flowers up springing
To its heart no joy will bring:
Ah! life is a bird and its singing,
And faith in God is its wing.

When the wing of the bird is broken,
In its heart is no note unspoken,
The song of the bird is fled,
And the bird, alas! is dead!

—Cottage Heart.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE
OF
DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

"The old, old story,"—in a new, new way.

CHAPTER IV.

NEIGHBORLY CALLS.

In the opinion of Miss Betsy Kling, a lone young woman, who possessed three large trunks, a more than average share of good looks, and who went out and came in at irregular and unheard-of hours, was a person to be looked after and enquired about; accordingly, while Miss Archer was making the acquaintance of Nattie and of the invisible 'C,' Miss Kling descended upon Mrs. Simonson, with the object of dragging from that lady all possible information she might be possessed of, regarding her latest lodger. As a result, Miss Kling learned that Miss Archer was studying to become an opera singer, that she occasionally now sang at concerts, meeting with encouraging success, and further, that she possessed the best of references. But Miss Kling gave a sniff of distrust.

"Public characters are not to be trusted. Do you remember," she asked solemnly, "do you remember the young man you once had here, who ran away with your teaspoons and your tooth-brush?"

Ah, yes! Mrs. Simonson remembered him perfectly. Was she likely to forget him? But he, Mrs. Simonson respectfully submitted, was not a singer, but a commercial traveller.

Miss Kling shook her head. "That experience should be a warning! You cannot deny that no young woman of a modest and retiring disposition would seek to place herself in a public position. Can you imagine me upon the stage?" concluded Miss Kling with great dignity.

Mrs. Simonson was free to admit that her imagination could contemplate no such possibility, and then, neither desirous of criticizing a good paying lodger, or of offending Miss Kling—that struggle with the ways and means having taught her to offend no one if it could possibly be avoided—she changed the subject by expatiating at length upon a topic she always found safe—the weather. But Miss Celeste Fishplate coming in, Miss Kling left the weather to take care of itself, and returned to the more interesting discussion, to her, of Miss Archer.

Celeste, a young lady favored with a countenance that impressed the beholder as being principally nose and teeth, and possessing a large share of the commodity known as *gush*, was ready enough to be the recipient of her neighbor's collection of gossip. But, to Miss Kling's no small disgust, she was rather lukewarm in prejudging the newcomer. In truth, although somewhat alarmed at the "three trunks," lest she should be out-dressed, she was already debating within herself whether Miss Archer, as a medium by which more frequent access to Mrs. Simonson's gentlemen lodgers could be obtained, was not a person whose acquaintance

it was desirable to cultivate. Moreover, the words opera singer raised ecstatic visions of a possible future introduction to some "ravishing tenor," the remote idea of which caused her to be so visibly preoccupied, that Miss Kling took her leave with angry snuffles, and returned home to ponder over what she had heard.

A few days after, Nattie, who had quite paralyzed Miss Kling by refusing to listen to what she boldly termed unfounded gossip about her new friend, went to spend an evening with her.

Miss Archer occupied a suite of rooms, consisting of a parlor and a very small bed-room that had been Mrs. Simonson's own, but which on account of the "ways and means" she had given up now, confining herself exclusively to the kitchen, fitted up to look as much like a parlor as a kitchen could.

"And how is 'C'?" asked Miss Archer as she warmly welcomed her visitor. "Still as agreeable as ever," Nattie replied. "I told him I was coming to see you this evening and he sent his regards, and wished he could be of the party."

"I wish he might. But that would spoil the mystery," rejoined Miss Archer. "Do you know what 'C' is for?" "Clem," he says. His other name I don't know. He would give me some outlandish cognomen if I should ask. But it isn't of much consequence."

"It might be if you should really fall in love with him," laughed Miss Archer.

"Fall in love! over the wire! That is absurd, especially as I am not susceptible," Nattie answered, coloring a trifle, however, as she remembered how utterly disconsolate she had been all that morning, because a "cross" on the wire had for several hours cut off communication between her office and 'X'.

"You think it would be too romantic for real life? Doubtless you are right. And the funny incidents—have you anything new in your note book?"

"Only that a man to-day, who had perhaps just dined, wanted to know the tariff to the United States—ates," answered Nattie, glancing at some autumn leaves tastefully arranged on the walls and curtains. But 'C' was telling me about a mistake that was lately made—not by him, he vehemently asserts, although I am inclined to think it was; the message as originally sent was, 'John is dead, be at home at three,' when it was delivered it read, 'John is dead *beat*, home at three.'"

"How was that possible?" asked Miss Archer, laughing. "I suppose the sending operator did not leave space enough between the words; we leave a small space between letters, and a longer one between words," explained Nattie.

"The operator who received it must have been rather stupid not to have seen the mistake," Miss Archer said. "I have too good an opinion of your 'C' to believe it was he. But every profession has its comic side as well as its tricks, I suppose; mine, I am sure, does. But I am learning something every day, and I am determined," energetically, "to fight my way up!"

Stirred by Miss Archer's earnestness, there came to Nattie an uneasy consciousness that she herself was making no progress towards her only dreamed of ambition, and a shade crossed her face; but without observing it, Miss Archer continued.

"I always had a passion for the lyric stage, and now there is nothing to prevent—" did a slight shadow here darken also her sunny eyes, gone instantly—"I shall make music my life's aim. Fortunately I have money of my own to enable me to study, and—"

Miss Archer's speech was here interrupted in a somewhat startling manner, by the door suddenly flying open, banging against the piano with a prodigious crash, and disclosing Quimby,

red and abashed, outside.

Nattie jumped, Miss Archer gave a little scream, and the Dutchess, Mrs. Simonson's handsome tortoiseshell cat so named from her extreme dignity, who lay at full length upon a rug, drew herself up in haughty displeasure.

"I—I beg pardon, I am sure!" stammered the more agitated intruder. Really, I—I am so ashamed I—I can hardly speak! I was unfortunate enough to stumble—I'm used to it, you know—and I give you my word of honor I never saw such a—such an extremely lively door!"

"It is of no consequence," Miss Archer assured him. "Will you come in?"

"Thank you, I—I fear I intrude," answered Quimby, clutching his watch-chain, and glancing at Nattie, guilty conscious of the strong desire to do so that had taken possession of him since the sound of her voice had penetrated to his apartment, and in perfect agony lest she should surmise it. However, upon Miss Archer's assuring him that they would be very glad of his company, he ventured to enter. But the door still weighed upon his mind, for after carefully closing it, he stood and stared at it with a very perplexed face.

"Never saw such a lively door, you know!" he repeated, finally sitting down on the piano stool, and folding both arms across one knee, letting a hand drop dismally on either side, while he looked alternately at Miss Archer, Nattie, and the part of the room mentioned, at which the former laughed, and then, with the kind intention of drawing his mind from the subject of his forced appearance, suggested a game of cards.

"Then we shall have to have one more person, shall we not?" Nattie asked at his proposition.

"It would be better," replied Miss Archer, "let me see—Mrs. Simonson does not play—"

"Mr. Norton does!" interrupted Quimby, forgetting the door, in his eagerness to be of service. "I—I would willingly ask him to join us, if you will allow me!"

"That queer young artist who lodges here, you mean?" inquired Miss Archer.

"Oh! But he is a dreadful Bohemian!" commented Nattie, distrustfully, before Quimby could reply.

"Is he?" laughed Miss Archer. "Then ask him in by all means! I am something of Bohemian myself, and shall be delighted to meet a kindred soul! I do not know as I have ever observed the gentleman particularly, but if I remember rightly, he wears his hair very closely cropped, and is not a model of beauty."

"But he is just as nice a fellow as if he was handsome outside!" said Quimby earnestly, doubtless aware of his own shortcomings in the Adonis line. "He's a little queer to be sure, doesn't believe in love or sentiment or anything of that sort, you know, and he says he wears his hair cropped close because people have a general idea that artists are long-haired, lackadaisical fellows,—not to say untidy, you know,—and he is determined that no one shall be able to say it of him!"

Miss Archer was much amused at this description.

"He certainly is an odd genius, and decidedly worth knowing. Bring him in, I beg of you," she said.

But Quimby hesitated and glanced at Nattie.

"He is not very unconventional, I—I do not think he will shock you very much if you do not get him at it, you know!" he said to her apologetically.

"Oh! I am not at all alarmed!" said Nattie, adding, as her thoughts reverted to Miss Kling, "I think after all, a Bohemian is better than a perfect model of conventionalism!"

Miss Archer heartily endorsed this sentiment, and Quimby went in quest

of Mr. Norton, with whom he soon returned.

Unlike enough to the melancholy artist of romantic fame was Mr. Norton. Short, rather stout, inclined to be red in the face, large-nosed, scrupulously neat in dress, clean shaven, and closely-cropped hair—all this the observing Miss Archer saw at a glance as she bowed to him in response to Quimby's introduction. But the second glance showed her that the expression of his face was so jovial that its plainness vanished as if by magic on his first smile.

If Nattie, possibly a trifle prejudiced in his disfavour, expected him to outrage common propriety in some way, such as keeping on his hat, smoking a black pipe, or turning up his pantaloons leg, she was utterly—shall we say disappointed? Truth to tell, before ten minutes had elapsed from the time of his arrival, she was wishing she knew more "Bohemians," and even hoping 'C' was one!

At home as soon as he entered the room, in a very short time the strangers of a moment ago were his life-long friends. Full of anecdotes and quaint remarks, he was the life of the little party. Miss Archer, however, was a very able backer—Cyn, as they all found themselves calling her soon after Jo Norton's advent, and forevermore. "Cyn was," as its owner said, "short" for the somewhat lofty name of Cynthia.

Doubtless, the fact of these two, who were partners, beating nearly every game they played, was not without its effects in promoting their most genial feelings. A result brought about, not so much by their skill, as by Quimby's perpetually forgetting what was trumps, confounding the right and left bowers, and disregarding the power of the joker.

And in truth Quimby's mind was more on his partner than on the game, and he was becoming more and more awake to the fact that his heart was fast filling with admiration and adoration of which she was the object, and inevitably must soon overflow! For Nattie was really looking her very best this evening. It was excitement and animation that her face depended upon for its beauty. Miss Archer's companionship, too, was doing much towards promoting the cheerfulness that brought so clear a light to her eyes—the light that was now dazzling Quim. For Cyn was one of those people who live always in the sunshine, and seem to carry its own brightness around with them, while Nattie, on the contrary, oftentimes dwelt among the shadows, and a touch of their embarrassment hung over her, and showed itself upon her face.

But none of these lurking shadows were there to-night, and as a consequence, Quimby was unable to keep his eyes off her, and sighed, and made misdeeds, and became generally mixed. His embarrassment was not lessened when Cyn mischievously informed him he had certainly found favor in the eyes of Miss Fishplate—who had called upon her the day before. He dropped the pack of cards he happened to have in his hand at the moment, all over the floor, and then dived so hastily to pick them up that his head came in violent contact with the edge of the table, and for a moment he was almost stunned.

But in answer to Cyn's anxious inquiry if he was hurt, he replied.

"It's nothing! I—I am used to it, you know!" Notwithstanding which assertion his forehead developed such a sudden and terrific bump of benevolence, that Cyn insisted upon binding her handkerchief over it. Then, with his head tied up, and secretly lamenting the unromantic figure he now presented to the eyes of his partner and charmer, Quimby resumed the game. But what with cause of uneasiness, and a latent fear that Cyn's jesting remark about Celeste might be true, a fear he had privately been conscious of previously, although the least concerted of mortals, Quimby played so badly—and indeed would undoubtedly have answered "checkers," had he been asked suddenly what game he was playing, on account of his meditations on a checkered existence—that the cards were soon abandoned, and Cyn delighted them with sweet songs, and a recitation of "Lady Clara Vere de Vere."

(To be continued.)

We would advise our readers to be very cautious how they continue to take from the post office newspapers addressed to them, for which they did not subscribe, notwithstanding the promises on the part of the publishers to send them for a period of two or three months free.

No honorable newspaper would resort to such a questionable method of increasing its subscription list. It is evidently done for no other purpose than to entrap those who continue to receive them upon such terms into permissive subscribers.

A similar method was resorted to some years ago in this county and many parties, ignorantly allowed themselves to become subscribers to a paper that was of no value or interest to them and they had to pay for the same.

We are informed that certain publishers of newspapers in this county are now resorting to like means to increase their otherwise meagre circulation. Sending out their papers broadcast with a promise that they would be continued for three months free, and thus insure a circulation it would be impossible to procure by honorable canvass or upon the merits of their several publications.

Such a course is decidedly objectionable as a large number of those who receive them upon such terms will be careless to discontinue them at the exact time when their free subscription expires, and in consequence will become bona fide subscribers ere they are aware of it and against their desires.

The only safe course to pursue is to at once return all papers received in such a manner, and if in want of a good and reliable county newspaper that will give you more local and county matter than all the other papers published in this county, send your subscription to the publishers of this paper and the ACADIAN will be promptly mailed to you postage free, for the small sum of fifty cents per annum.

The Subscriber to the *Western Chronicle* in this place called our attention to the fact that that paper has accused us of stealing facts from it and "distorting" them. He has kindly loaned us the paper, and we find that the article unmistakably refers to us, though under the obscure title of "other sheets." (He may find us a wet blanket yet.) The charge is so ridiculous that we cannot but smile as we read it. The reason why it is so ridiculous is that in the first place there is not one number out of fifty that has anything in it worth copying, and in the second place what little "matter" does appear is so inaccurate that we would not dare risk the reputation of our paper by copying it. He quotes from us as follows:—"We understand that the ship owners in this County intend to appeal from their assessment in April next, to the extent of some \$200,000 which has been assessed upon them, on account of ship property, they claim there is no law to compel them to pay any poor or county tax on ships." And then "sagely" remarks—"It will be seen that this is not a correct statement of the case. Ship owners object only to paying taxes on ships not registered in the County."

The law upon the subject reads simply thus—"One-half the value of ships afloat, whether in the Province or elsewhere"—not one word in reference to where registered, and as we were not informed of the particular grounds of appeal, we refrained from speculating upon it as our court mporary seems to have done. We did not state that the ship owners in the event of their appeal to the Council being disallowed would apply to the Courts, neither do we believe they will do so if they have no better grounds upon which to risk a case than that stated by our contemporary. Had we time or space at our disposal, we could easily show that it would never be safe to copy anything from the *W. C.* without giving the source from which it came. Even in the copy before us its "Facts for the People" are in error several hundreds of dollars.

—Some parties here and at Kentville and probably all over the County are industriously spreading a report that the Scott Act has been declared unconstitutional by the Privy Council of England. For the information of those who are not aware of the facts, we quote the following from the *St. John Sun*, which explains the matter fully.

"The judgment given by the Supreme Court of Canada on Monday disposes, as far as Canadian tribunals can, of the question of the powers of the federal parliament in re licensing to sell intoxicating liquors. It declares that the Dominion License Act is ultra vires so far as hotel, saloon and shop licenses are concerned, and that it is ultra vires so far as vessel licenses, wholesale licenses and provisions for enforcing the Scott Act are concerned. The effect of this decision will be to throw the licensing of retail business in hotels, saloons and shops into the hands of the provincial authorities, and the licensing for vessels and for all wholesale purposes, and the enforcement of the Canada Temperance Act into the hands of the Dominion authorities.

"Friends of the Canada Temperance Act in the Maritime Provinces will be well pleased to know that the machinery supplied in 1883 and 1884 for the enforcement of that Act, is now cleared of its entanglements. All proceedings properly taken under its provisions are upheld and the judgments given by the lower courts in the Scott Act cases, and which have been appealed on ultra vires grounds need not be further delayed before our Provincial Supreme Court.

"The decision given at Ottawa was, certainly, anticipated to the extent it has gone, by those who had heard the expressions of the judges as to the difficulty of reconciling the decisions of the Privy Council of England in the two cases of Russell versus the Queen and Hodge versus the Queen.

"Considered from a purely local standpoint this decision of the Supreme Court of Canada will give a powerful impetus to the movement for the enactment of the Scott Act in St. John city and county, and for this reason, if for no other, it is unwelcome news to the liquor dealers."

—The many friends of Rev. O. C. S. Wallace will read with interest the following from the *Lawrence (Mass.) Eagle*.

At the call of the First Baptist church of this city an ecclesiastical council convened at three o'clock yesterday afternoon in the above place of worship to examine Mr. O. C. S. Wallace prior to his ordination. The following were the members of the council: Lawrence—Second Baptist, Rev. F. M. Gardner and deacon S. F. Snell. Haverhill—First Baptist, Rev. Henry C. Graves and deacon J. F. Davis. Methuen—Rev. S. L. B. Chase and deacon J. Cliff. Andover—Rev. B. F. Bronson, D. D., and Rev. A. J. Chaplin. Chelmsford Centre—Rev. N. C. Saunders and deacon David Perham. Lowell—Rev. O. E. Mallory. Providence, R. I.—Central Baptist Church, Rev. Richard Montague. Lawrence, First Baptist—deacons, A. Sharpe and Dr. A. J. French. Cambridge—Rev. George W. Bosworth, D. D. Newton theological institution—Prof. C. R. Brown. The council organized with Henry C. Graves, moderator; Rev. S. L. B. Chase as Scribe. The record of the action of the church in calling Mr. Wallace was read as also the call of the society. He was examined with reference to his personal religious experience, his call to the ministry and views of christian doctrine. The council voted the examination satisfactory.

In the evening, notwithstanding the stormy weather, the attendance was very large. The pulpit platform was beautified with elegant pot plants. The exercises, which were as follows, were conducted by the moderator, Rev. Henry C. Graves of Haverhill: Organ voluntary; anthem, "The Lord is my Shepherd," MacFarren; reading of scriptures, Rev. S. L. B. Chase, pastor Baptist church, Methuen; prayer, Prof. C. R. Brown, Newton theological institution; hymn 246; sermon, Rev. O. P. Gifford, pastor Warren avenue Baptist church, Boston; Prayer of ordination, Rev. Geo. W. Bosworth, D. D., Cambridge; hymn 952; hand of fellowship, Rev. Fred M. Gardner, pastor Second Baptist church, Lawrence; charge to the candidate, Rev. O. E. Mallory, pastor Branch street Baptist church, Lowell; charge to the church, Rev. Richard Montague, pastor Central Baptist church, Providence, R. I.; singing of doxology, congregation; benediction, Rev. O. C. S. Wallace.

Rev. O. C. S. Wallace was born in Canaan, Nova Scotia, November 28th, 1856. He first attended Horton academy, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, and afterwards Worcester (Mass.) academy. He then continued his studies at Acadia college, Wolfville, N. S. He obtained his religious training at the Newton theological institution. At the age of seventeen years he preached in Nova Scotia, and the year following he was the stated supply (and so continued for two years and one-half) of the Baptist church at Chelmsford Centre. While studying at Worcester he started a Baptist society at Spenser and preached there for some time. While in the theological institution at Newton he was supplying at Rosindale, Boston, and received a call to the pastorate of the church, which he declined. He is unmarried.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

Dear Sirs,—I have been thinking for a long time of writing you a letter and giving my high opinion of the ACADIAN, but somehow never got a good square chance till this evening. It is great fun to write letters if you only know how; but if you don't, there's not much satisfaction in it. I don't mind writing letters to some people, because I know they never take the trouble to read them; but writing for the press and running the risk of making the I. C. cross, is no funny matter. You bet I'll always remember about two or three years ago when I was in a Printing Office. As it was the first time I had ever been in one of those establishments, I wanted to learn and see all I could in the short space of ten minutes I had, for I was on a little picnic that day and had to get back to the station before the train left. Well, I had not been there long before the office boy came up stairs with a roll of manuscript, which he handed to the I. C., and then walked back to the door, with a sarcastic smile on his face. I guess, likely, the I. C. had been teasing him about something. He didn't go down stairs, but waited at the door, looking in the direction of the I. C. who was trying to read his copy—it was correspondence. All went well and good for about two minutes, when a wicked scowl suddenly overspread his countenance. I guess the office boy was rather better acquainted with that scowl than I, for he didn't wait for further observations, but made a wild rush for the door and went down head first, closely followed by a copper galley from the hand of I. C. He then turned round to me and said, just as if nothing had happened, "Look here, sonny, are you any good on the read?" "Well," said he, "try your brains at this, then." I walked over as large as life to where he stood, and, as I glanced over the paper that he handed me, I could not help thinking of a little selection from a poem that Harry Longfellow once wrote. It is this:

"Footprints on the sands of time"—only it was foolscap instead. "Well," said he, after I had spent something less than half an hour trying to puzzle out six words, "can't you make it out?" I calculated it was easy enough if a person only had the time, but I hadn't very much time that day. He then got mad at me, too; and, as I noticed another galley on his stand that wasn't doing anything particularly, I thought I wouldn't wait to have it out with him, but followed the office boy, though not the same way, but perhaps every bit as quickly. The next Thursday when I saw that paper, for I didn't get it till the day after it was printed, I looked carefully for that correspondent, and when I had found it, I couldn't help wondering if it came natural for that man to write—I guess it did. But I don't suppose there's any good in my telling you of instances like that, as probably you could tell twice as good ones; but ever since that eventful afternoon, I have always felt a deep interest in journalism. Well, Messrs. Editors, yours is a boss paper, and as far as brains and printers' ink go, you are to be highly congratulated. I hate to flatter people and tell them they are doing well when they're not, but when a fellow is doing well, I like to tell him so; and when a little paper can be published here in the Village by Wolfville boys that knocks spots out of the other county paper, and then when another paper comes into the Village, and it gets away off with that, too, I like to say a good word for it. Yes, yours is a boss paper, and I shouldn't wonder but what the *New Star* would find out, before it loses its prefix'd adjective, that Wolfville boys are bad boys to fool with; I see that truth became quite forcibly impressed upon the minds of the editorial staff of the *Western Chronicle* last winter about that "Pibroch" business, and since has had very little to say. Oh, I didn't think I'd written so much. Yes, sure enough, here I've been nearly all the evening scribbling this stuff down, and after all dare say you can't read some of it; but if there be any places you can't make out, just send for Wolfville, P. b. 2d '85. JACK HYDE.

A GOOD PAPER.

The *Youth's Companion* is a paper which it is a pleasure to praise. For it demonstrates that it is not necessary to poison a boy's mind in order to stimulate him. The pulse is made to throb, but with an impulse to do right and to fill a high place in the world's estimation. That this can be done and that *The Companion* has been able to achieve a circulation of 325,000 copies, is no small testimony to the skill and liberality with which it is edited. Those who know the paper best wonder how any American family is willing to do without it. The price is \$1.75 a year.

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The Spring Bed consists entirely of STEEL SPIRAL SPRINGS, which lock on the slats of a common bedstead; making a most

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Thus a saving in the price of bedding. They are the best laying, the most easy, most comfortable, most elastic, the cleanest and the easiest cleaned, the best ventilated (therefore the most healthy), the most durable, the cheapest and the easiest repaired. Most adjustable, as it fits all bedsteads without regard to width or length, and is perfectly noiseless. It can be packed in a trunk 16 inches square, so the most portable; no hiding places for vermin, no sagging to the centre, no slats to become bent and remaining so, but can be adjusted to the unequal weights of the occupants, permitting them to lie upon the same level.

On all points of merit we solicit comparison with any other Bed in the market.

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only 16c. per yard,
SHAKER FLANNEL
Very Cheap.

WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, BEANS,
OATS, and DRIED APPLES taken at current market prices.

Wolfville, Feb'y 2d.

C. A. PATRIQUIN, HARNESS MAKER.

Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses
Made to order and kept in stock

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville

The Acadian
AND THE
Farmers' Advocate,
"The best Agricultural Journal in Canada."
for only \$1.25 in advance.
Price of "Farmers' Advocate" alone \$1.00

Address
THE ACADIAN,
Wolfville, N. S.

DENTISTRY!

E. N. PAYZANT, M. D., DENTIST.
WOLFVILLE.

Dr. P. will remain in Wolfville during DECEMBER to wait upon patients in Dentistry.

Sept. 8th, 1884

Organs Pianos SEWING Machines.
—AND—
KNITTING Machines.
A. C. PEDDEN CO.
Office at Mrs. A. Rockwell's, Wolfville.

EGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE,

For the Cure of Consumption, Paralysis, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anemia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration, etc.
Two sizes, 25c. and 75c.
—FOR SALE BY—
DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

THE "ACADIAN,"

HONEST,
INDEPENDENT,
FEARLESS.

—PUBLISHED AT—

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

DAVISON BROS.,
Publishers & Proprietors.

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

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

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

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

TASTY DISPLAY.

Its extreme low price,

FIFTY CENTS

PER ANNUM,

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

JOB WORK.

We make a speciality of all kinds of

COMMERCIAL PRINTING:

Letter Heads,
Note Heads,
Bill Heads,
Statements,
Receipts,
Business Cards,
Checks,
Envelopes

Pamphlets,
Catalogues,
Circulars,
Billlets,
Flyers,
Tags,
Programmes,
etc., etc.

SOCIETY PRINTING, BANK WORK!

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

Address—

"Acadian" Office.
WOLFVILLE.

THE WOLFVILLE

Local

Big boom

More from

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50 cents p

Mr. J. I.

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THE ACADIAN,

WOLFVILLE, N. S. FEB. 6, 1885.

Local and Provincial.

Big boom in marsh-mud.

More frost-bites this week.

Read Burpee Witter's new adv.

Subscribe for the ACADIAN. Only 50 cents per year.

Mr. J. L. Brown, of this place, has a cow which weighs on foot 1600 lbs. Beat it if you can.

If you have not already seen those new PENCIL TABLETS at the Western Book & News Co's. go in at once, as they are going rapidly.

CALDWELL & MURRAY have just received a nice line of Canadian Prints in twelve patterns.

LECTURE.—Prof. R. V. Jones will deliver a lecture at "Evangeline" Hall, Grand Pre, to-morrow (Saturday) evening. Subject—"The English Lakes and the land of Burns." Admission 10 cents.

We would direct the attention of the street commissioners to a dangerous hole in a bridge on the street leading past the Presbyterian Church. A little expense now will perhaps save the County from paying two or three hundred dollars damages.

Prof. J. P. Tuck, of the R. R. Palace Photograph Car, has placed with me for collection, all accounts due them for pictures taken in Kentville and Wolfville. All persons thus indebted will take due notice and govern themselves accordingly.

J. B. Davison, J. P.

POTATO-OSITY.—Mr. Esty Bishop of Greenwich laid on our table two potatoes, one of which is a yearling in perfectly sound condition, the other is an infant, born this winter, but very fine and healthy looking. While this may be beaten as regards healthy old potatoes we reckon we have been the first on New Potatoes for 1885.

We are now furnishing Letter and Note Heads, Envelopes (cornered or addressed), Bill Heads, Counter Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Shipping Tags, and all kinds of plain and ornamental printing at extremely low prices. Samples and prices furnished on application.

Miss Minnie Higgins, formerly teacher in the Park Street school of this city, recently resigned her position and left Monday morning for Tacoma. At this point she was met as arranged by Mr. G. F. Baldwin, of the Victoria Times, and quietly married. They at once proceeded to Victoria where they will take up their residence. Mrs. Baldwin has the best wishes of a host of friends in this city, and the News extends press congratulations to the happy groom.—Portland (Oregon) News.

Mrs. Baldwin is a daughter of our townsman Mr. W. J. Higgins. The ACADIAN also wishes the happy couple every success in life.

People are finding out every day that the merchant who gives long time must get long prices. Caldwell & Murray sell for cash or its equivalent and the people save money by buying from them, because there are no bad debts to be made up.

[From our Coldbrook own correspondent.]

A young man named C. Huntingdon cut his foot badly last Friday. He was chopping in the woods about a mile from Coldbrook where he lives, and in some way drove the axe into his foot. The cut is from the second toe up into the instep and the whole bit of the axe went clean through the foot. Dr. Moore, of Kentville, dressed the wound.

The singing school at Coldbrook, under the efficient leadership of "Prof. Spinney, the man who sings," is getting along finely this winter. A concert is to be given about the 14th Feb'y.

WOLFVILLE SKATING RINK.

Open every afternoon from 3 till 5.30 o'clock; and Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, from 7.30 till 10 o'clock. The Rink will be lighted every Friday with Electric Light.

Tickets usual rates.

Single State.....15 cents

Promenade.....5 cents

D. A. MUNRO

Proprietor.

Wolfville, Dec. 19th, 1884

Local and Provincial.

The weath—ow! oh!! look out I tell you! That hurts! Can't you take a fellow your size.

Buy the Standard Library of Poets, Cloth, 60 to 75c each at Western Book & News Co's

Owing to the severe storm which raged all day on Tuesday the fraternal visit of "Evangeline" and "Maple Leaf" Divisions, S. of T. did not take place. It is expected however that these Divisions will put in an appearance next Tuesday evening.

The ACADIAN and the Toronto Weekly Globe for only \$1.25, in advance.

GRAND BENEFIT NIGHT AT THE SKATING RINK.—By the kind permission of the ticket-holders the Wolfville Cricket Club have engaged the Rink for Monday evening, Feb'y 9th. A choice programme of music will be provided by the Wolfville Quintette Club. The Rink will be illuminated by the Electric Light.

Admission—Skaters 15c, Children 10c., Spectators 10c.

Why pay six or seven dollars for making a suit when you can get a better fit and better made at Caldwell & Murray's for little more than the price of the cloth. Their overcoats are the best fitting in the market and wonder fully cheap. Dec 12

OUR STRING BAND.—Among the new features at the Rink this winter is the String Band, lately organized by the Messrs. Munro, which made its first appearance last Friday night. It at present consists of Messrs. George W. and D. R. Munro, First Violins; A. J. Woodman, Second Violin; C. H. Borden, Cornet; B. G. Bishop, Violoncello; and Mrs. A. S. Murray, Organist. The music performed on Friday night was very nice and elicited favorable comment and hearty applause from all. Though rather light as yet to overcome the great amount of noise and clatter always made in a skating rink, it made a pleasing addition to the evenings enjoyment. It is expected soon to have several more instruments added and the movement gives promise of being a very popular one among the patrons of the rink. We congratulate these young men on their enterprise and hope some day to see Wolfville the possessor of a first-class Band. Meanwhile if there is anything the ACADIAN can do to help on this enterprise its services are cheerfully proffered

We will send the ACADIAN and the Hearthstone, Farm and Nation, a first class monthly Agricultural Journal, for only \$1.00 per year in advance, the usual price of the H, F. & N. alone.

Members of Lochartville and White Rock Divisions of the S. of T. paid a fraternal visit to their Brethren of Gaspereau on the evening of Jan. 31st. They were cordially received by the members of said division, although the visitors were laid under tribute. Speeches were made by various brothers relative to the order of the S. of T. Music was not interspersed as is usual on such occasions—perhaps it was not laid down on the programme for that evening; but there was music of a type not usually cultivated by the great Masters of Song. It did not proceed from the organ in the division room, but from an instrument that might resemble Darwin's missing link yet sadly out of repairs. The Celeste Stop was completely gone, the Vox Humana shattered; but the Diapason and Diabolo in full blast. Other parts of the instrument were mellowed and toned up with Old Rye; and this music was bound to enter the Hall and, indeed, made frantic efforts to do so, allured, perhaps, by the fact that no music was forthcoming from the large array of musical talents within. At last silence reigned for a time until "a dainty little ditty" was warbled by a Lochartville brother. It died out for lack of appreciation. It put a quietus upon any further musical effort that night. We would quietly observe that when fifteen or twenty ladies of rare musical gifts assemble together that something should be done to stir up the gift within them. Perhaps they revel in the thought "That many a flower is born to blush unseen And waste its fragrance on the desert air."

JOE SMITH.

The Rev. Dr. Hill, Rector of St. Paul's, Halifax, writes, "I think it but fair that I should say publicly what I have so often said privately, that EAGAR'S PHOSPHORINE has been the means of restoring to health a friend of mine who was in an advanced state of CONSUMPTION."

Dr. I. S. Johnson & Co., of Boston, Mass., proprietors of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, will send free to all who will write for reliable information how to prevent diphtheria, the most to be dreaded of all dreadful diseases. Write your name, post-office address, county and state plainly.

An English Veterinary Surgeon, now in this country, says that Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders are superior to any he knows of in England, as they are absolutely pure. He denounces the large 25c package fraud and warns people not to buy them.

Western Book & News Co.

Our Stock is now complete; and is fully up to its usual Standard of Excellence. It comprises the usual assortment of

BOOKS!

including
The Lily Series, \$0.45
The Standard Lib. .70
of Poets, .70
The Boysown Lib, 1.00
" Girls " 1.00

And a large number of miscellaneous and standard works.

Children's Books, all prices.

Bound & Paper Toy Books.

A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF LARGE QUARTO PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, From \$1.25 to \$7.00 Each.

SMALL PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH, & SCRAP ALBUMS

—ALSO—

Velvet Frames!

SPLENDID LOT OF Purses and Pocket Books!

Nice Bibles, Hymn Books, etc. All Prices.

WRITING DESKS!
IN GREAT VARIETY.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

Now is the time to subscribe for Magazines. If you have not already one of our Price List send for one at once. We are ordering every day. Examine our prices. Remember we guarantee you every number of the year. If you order for yourself you risk losing one or more in the year.

Western Book & News Co.

PICTURE FRAMING!

We have opened this week a lot of PICTURE MOULDING, and are now in position to take orders for all kinds of Picture Framing. Also a new lot of common

RUSTIC FRAMES,

very cheap, in popular sizes—8x10, 10x12, 10x14, 8½x21; and a few very fine 8x10 Int. Walnut and Gilt frames, very nice for cabinet photographs with mat. Call and get our prices and see the samples.

FRAMED CHROMOS,
SIZE 24x30

A fine lot of subjects, 2 in. moulding, Int. Walnut and Gilt.

Come in and see us!

We cannot tell you half we want to in this advertisement.

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO

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

Wolfville, N. S., Dec. 3d.

House and Orchard TO LET!

IN WOLFVILLE.
The House is in thorough repair, and contains 8 rooms, 4 closets and pantry, a Frost-proof Cellar containing a large milk room. There is a good Barn on the premises. The Orchard is stocked with over 100 Choice Graft Trees in Full Bearing, viz. Apples, Pears, Plums, etc. For particulars apply to

JAMES WILSON,
on the premises.
Jan'y 29th.

FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale his Farm, situated in Lower Horton, and partially bounded by the Gaspereau River, consisting of 23 acres of Upland in a good state of Cultivation, 120 young apple trees, House, Barn, and Outbuildings all in good repair.

Marsh Mud within 80 rods of any part of the farm.

Also, 12 acres of Dyle on the Grand Pre.

This property will be sold at a bargain on easy terms. For particulars apply to subscriber on the place.

Jan 7th 1885. F. RATHBUN.

KING'S COUNTY

Jewelry Store,

KENTVILLE.

The subscribers have recently opened the store in

ARNOLD'S BLOCK,

Webster St., next door to Post office,

WITH A FULL LINE OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

SILVER and

ELECTRO-PLATED

WARE,

Table CUTLERY

SPECTACLES,

ETC., ETC.,

And are prepared to furnish the above lines at the lowest market rates for cash, and would respectfully request intending purchasers to call and inspect our stock and ascertain prices before purchasing elsewhere.

J. R. McDonald & Co.,

WATCHMAKERS

AND JEWELLERS,

Arnold's Block, Webster St
Kentville, N. S.
and 145 Granville St.,
Halifax, N. S.

Sept 18th, 1884.

CROCKERY!

F. L. Brown & Co

OFFERS FOR SALE

The LARGEST,
CHEAPEST, and
BEST SELECTED

STOCK OF

Crockery and Glassware

IN THE COUNTY.

LAMP GOODS

A SPECIALTY.

GLASSWARE!

Wolfville Sept. 20, 1884.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds executed at short notice at this office

EUREKA.

Found! a Plum Tree that will not Black Knot!

The Masters Plum Tree has stood the test 40 years in Kentville, King's County, Nova Scotia. Chas. A. Masters, of Kentville, found this tree growing on lands now owned by Judge G. A. Blanchard forty years ago, and removed the tree to his garden in the village, where it now stands a healthy bearing tree, and is now owned by me. There are scores of trees throughout the village in bearing from 4 to 20 years old which bear every year, and not one of them has black knot on any one of them. The tree is an annual bearer of rapid growth, growing tall not spreading. The Plum is quite large, purple color, and of excellent quality. It is the best preserving plum grown, and sells higher than any plum brought into the market. Last year, while the crop was immense, this plum readily brought \$3.00 per bushel, \$1.00 more than any other variety offered for sale. We have several hundred first class trees to offer for the spring planting and intend to plant 6,000 root grafts here. That this is the best and most profitable Plum Tree to plant that is grown in the Dominion of Canada, and that it will not black knot we refer the planters of this delicious fruit to F. S. Masters, Barrister, of whom we purchased the original tree; also to Chas. A. Masters, G. A. Blanchard (Judge), J. R. Blanchard, H. B. Webster, M. D., J. E. Mulloney, M. D., Otho Eaton, John Byrne, T. E. Smith, J. A. Shaw.

J. F. Rupert,
or my Agent,
L. W. Kimball,
KENTVILLE, N. S.

NO SURPRISE!

THE GOVERNMENT ENDORSES
The American
Agriculturist.

FROM THE TENTH CENSUS, VOL. 8, JUST PUBLISHED.

"The American Agriculturist is especially worthy of mention, because of the remarkable success that has attended the unique and untiring efforts of its proprietors to increase and extend its circulation. Its contents are duplicated every month for a German edition, which also circulates widely"

This tribute is a pleasing incident in the marvellous nearly
HALF A CENTURY
Career of this recognized leading Agricultural Journal of the world.

What it is To-day.

Six months ago the American Agriculturist entered upon a NEW CAREER OF PROSPERITY, and to-day it is far superior to any similar periodical ever produced in this or any other country. Richer in editorial strength; richer in engravings; printed on finer paper, and presenting in every issue 100 columns of original reading matter from the ablest writers, and nearly 100 illustrations. Dr. George Thurber, for nearly a quarter of a century the editor-in-chief of the American Agriculturist, Joseph Harris, Byron D. Halsted, Col. M. C. Weld, and Andrew S. Fuller, the other long time Editors, together with the other writers who have made the American Agriculturist what it is to-day, ARE STILL AT THEIR POSTS.

WHAT, FREE???

Every subscriber, whose subscription is IMMEDIATELY forwarded us with the price, \$1.50 per year, and 15 cents extra for postage on Cyclopaedia—making \$1.65 in all—will receive the American Agriculturist (English or German) for all of 1885 and be presented with the American Agriculturist Family Cyclopaedia, (just out) 700 Pages and over 1,000 Engravings. Strongly bound in cloth black and gold.

This entirely new volume is a remarkable storehouse and book of reference for every department of human knowledge, including an Agricultural Supplement by Dr. Thurber.

Send three 2-cent stamps for mailing you specimen copy American Agriculturist, an elegant forty-page Premium List, with 300 Illustrations, and specimen pages of our Family Cyclopaedia. Cassiers wanted everywhere.

Address—
PUBLISHERS AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST
David W. Judd, Print. Sam'l Burham, Sea
751 Broadway, New York.

The Sun

An Independent Newspaper of Democratic Principles, but not Controlled by any Set of Politicians or Manipulators; Devoted to Collecting and Publishing all the News of the Day in the most interesting Shape and with the greatest possible Promptness, Accuracy and Impartiality; and to the Promotion of Democratic Ideas and Policy in the affairs of Government, Society and Industry.

Rates, by Mail, Postpaid:
DAILY, per Year \$6 00
DAILY, per Month 50
SUNDAY, per Year 1 00
DAILY and SUNDAY per Year 7 00
WEEKLY, per Year 1 00

Address, THE SUN, New York City.

A POEM OF GRAND PRE

To the holy hour of sunset,
And the hills of Gaspean,
Looking away to Westward,
Are bathed with crimson glow.

To the holy hour of sunset,
And soft on the waving air,
The college bell is ringing
Its call to evening prayer.

It rings with a fitful cadence,
As through a swaying door,
Across the Basin of Minas
To the ancient Beau Sejour.

Now with a smothered echo,
Like a voice from the buried years,
Now with a will commingling
Of laughter and of tears.

From my station on the hill top,
I can see the old Grand Pre,
With its thousand acre-old acres,
Where the lights and shadows play.

I can see the gleam of water,
Where the ships at anchor ride,
And the cliff like a stollen guardsman,
At the gateway of the tide.

I can see the boatman trying,
His wayward craft to shore,
And the vessel's frantic striving
To reach the tide once more.

And I think how the human spirit
In its strife for liberty,
Has broken, oft, from its moorings
And drifted out to sea.

And so I watch till the crimson
Fades from the western sky,
And the college bell is silent
In the belfry tower high.

And o'er the landscape stealthily
The hush of night comes down,
And the ghosts of the Acadians
Roam forth through field and town.

Again from the wooden turrets
Of the distant Beau Sejour,
The fair white flag of the Bourbons
Floats o'er the Cobequid shore.

And the fishing boats of the French
Stem the tides of the Bay,
And the homes of the Norman peasant
Cluster about Grand Pre.

Again in the gathering twilight,
To hush its plaintive cry,
The Acadian mother sings her child
Some old French lullaby.

And the Norman girls, and their lo-
Dance on the village green, [en,
And staidward Gabriel dances
With his Evangeline.

And there by the open church door,
As young at heart as they,
Stands the good old priest, Felician,
And bids them all be gay.

The scene has changed, and soldiers
Are plying Basil's fuge,
And o'er the Norman village
Floats the red cross of St. George.

And the bayonets of the British
Gleam in the sun at even,
And many a wild, despairing cry,
Goes up to God in heaven.

And now the flames are mantling
The houses of Grand Pre,
And the cruel ships of Winslow
Sail fast towards the bay.

And tender hearts are breaking,
While the red flames fall aslant,
The fruitful fields of Minas
And the dykes of Habitant.

Then all is silent as the grave
Upon the Minas shore,
And the white flag of the Bourbons
Floats not from Beau Sejour.

But mocked by cruel night winds
And the moaning of the sea,
I hear the exiles weeping
In their captivity.

So weeps the Maitland Shepherd
And so the Psalmist's cries
Are echoing on forever
Along the centuries.

O, simple-hearted peasants,
Ye fell on troublous times,
When greed and superstition
Filled history with crimes.

When church and state united
To wage unholly strife,
And the Gibeonian gospel
Was not the law of life.

The sight of men grows clearer
As the mists of ages flee,
And human greed is fettered
With bonds of charity.

And armed men, no longer
Encamp by Basil's forge,
Nearth the white flag of the Bourbons
Or the red cross of St. George.

But the oracles ye suffered
For the love of church and king,
Across the path of history
Their spectral shadows fling.

And the mind of man shall never,
Though the centuries grow gray,
Forget the Acadian peasants
And their village of Grand Pre.

—ARTHUR WESTWORTH KATON, in His Herald.

The bitterest tears shed over graves
are for words left unsaid and deeds left
undone. "She never knew how I loved
her," "He never knew what he was to
me." "I always meant to make more
of our friendship." "I did not know what
he was to me till he was gone." Such
words are the arrows which death shoots
from the door of the separator.

If you would not fall into sin, do
not sit by the door of temptation.

**ATTENTION!
S. R. SLEEP,**

Desires to call the attention of the
people of King's to the fact that he is
selling off a large stock of
STOVES,
the remnant of stock manufactured by
THE ACADIA IRON FOUNDRY,
at exceedingly low prices. Parties wish-
ing to purchase will do well to call and
inspect as the stock must be sold even
at a sacrifice.

S. R. SLEEP,
Wolfville Oct 1st, 1884.

**6 Horse-power Engine,
8 " " Boiler,
No. 4 Fan,**
Almost as good as new.

Sweeping Reductions

*In SUITS made by me
For 1 Month.*
Having a large stock on hand I
wish to clear out to make room for
New Stock.

A. McPHERSON,
KENTVILLE.
Sept. 25, 1884.

WONDERFUL.

**The New York
WonderLamp**
Is beautifully finished, is the near-
est approach to the
ELECTRIC LIGHT!
yet invented, and is superior to all other
Kerosene Lamps in the market, in
Nickle Plate or Gold Lappuer

\$6.00 EACH.

**Bracket Lamps
\$5.00 EACH.**

R. PRAT,
AGENT
N. B.—Beware of cheap imitations.
Wolfville, Dec. 16, 1884.

**William Wallace,
TAILOR,
Corner Earl and Water Streets,
WOLFVILLE.**

Caldwell & Murray

Give notice that on Nov. 1st we will stop doing a credit business, and in
future sell only for cash or merchantable produce.
We would also call your attention to our

FALL STOCK!

Which is almost complete, and is the best assorted and best value we have
ever shown. Our **ALL WOOL
DRESS GOODS and CASHMERES**
We bought direct from PARIS, and customers may depend on their being the
Newest colors and fabrics, and the very best value. We have a fine range of

VELVETEENS,

In all the new colors and in black. Splendid value and very pretty goods in
**LADIES' MANTLES, LADIES' DOL-
MANS, LADIES' ULSTERS,
LADIES' SHAWLS,**

**MANTLE AND ULSTER CLOTHS, ASTRICAN, SEALSKIN,
And everything a lady wants in our line we can supply
at the lowest market rates and in the newest materials**

OUR STOCK OF

**BEDDING, CARPETS, CLOTHING,
Boots & Shoes,
Furnishings, Hats and Caps,**

Is very full and better value than ever.

As we will henceforth make no bad debts and save the expense of keeping
books, we will be able to sell goods at a smaller percentage and also devote our
time more fully to looking after the wants of our customers.

On and after Nov. 1st we will allow a discount of five percent on all pur-
chases for cash. Wool, Yarn, Eggs, dried apples, etc. taken in exchange as
usual.

Wolfville, Oct. 21st, 1884.

**JOHNSON'S ANODYNE
LINIMENT**

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS
MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

CHICKEN CHOLERA,
MAKE HENS LAY

**Carriages & Sleighs
MADE, PAINTED, and
REPAIRED**
At Shortest Notice, at
A. B. ROOD'S.
Wolfville, N. S.

**TREES, TREES!
TREES!**

**Annapolis Valley
NURSERIES!**
Home Grown Trees!
**J. F. RUPERT,
NURSERYMAN,**
AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
**Fruit and Ornamental
TREES!
SHRUBS
VINES,
ROSES
etc., etc.**
ANNAPOLIS, N. S. and
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Having for the past six years done
a successful business throughout Nova
Scotia and the adjoining Provinces, I
have ESTABLISHED NURSERIES at
**ROUNDHILL, Annapolis County;
KINGSTON, SOMERSET, CAM-
BRIDGE, KENTVILLE and GRAND
PRE, King's Co.; HANSPORT,
FALMOUTH & MILFORD, Manx
Co.**

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

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

Hold your orders until you see my
Agents:

L. W. KIMBALL
E. R. Clark, I. G. Newcomb,
C. A. McEwain, E. K. Colquhoun,
J. E. Chapman, J. K. Tobin,
M. A. Spillacy, Chas. Morgan,
J. E. Moffat, J. W. Foster,
R. H. Warner, John A. Shaw,
W. T. V. Young, J. E. Morrison,
R. F. Congdon, Geo. S. Hoyt.

**W. & A. Railway
Time Table**

1884—Winter Arrangement—1885.
Commencing Monday, 1st Decemr.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily	Accm. T.T.S.	Exp. Daily		
			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Annapolis Leve			6:15	1:30	
14 Bridgetown			7:10	2:13	
28 Middleton			8:10	3:13	
42 Aylesford			9:15	4:13	
47 Derwick			9:25	5:13	
50 Waterville			9:50	6:13	
58 Kentville dpt	5:40	11:15	4:40		
64 Port Williams	6:00	11:35	4:45		
65 Wolfville	6:10	11:44	5:03		
69 Grand Pre	6:25	11:57	5:13		
72 Annapolis	6:40	12:10	5:24		
77 HanSPORT	6:58	12:26	5:39		
84 Windsor	7:50	1:20	6:35		
116 Windsor, June	10:06	3:45	7:28		
130 Halifax arrive	10:45	4:30	8:25		

GOING WEST	Exp. Daily	Accm. M.W.F.	Accm. Daily
Halifax—leave	1:00	6:15	2:30
14 Windsor Jun	7:45	7:15	3:30
46 Windsor	9:00	10:05	3:33
53 HanSPORT	9:20	10:37	3:43
58 Annapolis	9:45	10:55	3:53
61 Grand Pre	9:54	11:10	4:03
64 Wolfville	10:03	11:25	4:16
68 Port Williams	10:10	11:35	4:25
71 Kentville	10:20	12:25	4:30
80 Waterville	11:07	1:02	
83 Derwick	11:11	1:17	
88 Aylesford	11:25	1:45	
102 Middleton	12:07	2:00	
116 Bridgetown	12:47	4:00	
130 Annapolis Arive	1:20	4:55	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Stand-
ard Time. One hour added will give
Halifax time.

Steamer "Dominion" leaves St. John
every Mon Wed and Sat a m., for Digby
and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis
same day.

Steamer "Evangelist" leaves Annapolis
every Tues, Thurs and Frid, p. m., for
Digby.

Steamer "Clasp" leaves Annapolis
for Boston direct every Tues. p. m. and
returns from Lewis Wharf, Boston, every
Sat p. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at the
principal stations.

P. Innes,
General Manager
Kentville, 29 November, 1884.

**Death-blow
TO LARGE PROFITS**



Repeating, Duplex,
Lever, Cylinder and
Verge Watches
REPAIRED.

**XMAS!
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,
Wolfville Jewellery Store!**

**J. McLEOD,
PRACTICAL
WATCH MAKER
& JEWELLER.**
(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)

Respectfully informs the public of
Wolfville, Kentville, and surrounding
districts that I have bought for cash,
direct from the Manufacturer, the
largest and best selected stock of
**Watches, Clocks, Jew-
ellery, Silverware**
etc., etc.

In King's County, which I can sell
at a reduction from 25 to 50 percent
beneath the Jewellery Fraternity of
King's County. The public will find
my stock of a superior quality to what
is generally sold by traveling mounte-
banks, and others not legitimately
brought up to the jewellery trade. In-
tending purchasers will find it to their
advantage to give me a call before
going elsewhere.

My Stock consists of Gold and
Silver Watches, Necklaces, Earrings,
Brooches, Gold Wedding Rings and
Keopors, Bracelets in gold and silver,
Gents Alberts in gold and silver, Gents
Rings in gold and silver, Scarf Pins,
Collar Buttons, Cuff Buttons gold and
silver, Lockets, Fancy Dress Rings,
Silver Thimbles, Claws, Pinset Cases
etc., etc.

SPECIAL NOTICE!
I have for sale the largest selection
of English Jewellery out of Halifax in
fine Gold Lockets, Ladies Gem Rings
set in precious stones, Brooches, Ear-
rings, Chains, Gents' Gold Rings, etc.
etc., too numerous to mention.

A full line of **STANDARD SILVER-
WARE:** Cake Baskets, Card Receiv-
ers, Sugar Baskets, Cream Jugs, Butter
Coolers, Castors, Revolving Butter
Coolers, Castors, Napkin Rings, Pickle
Dishes, Cell Bells, Nut Crackers, But-
ter Knives, Pie Knives, Fork Racks,
Dinner and Desert Knives and Forks,
Dinner and Desert Spoons, Tea Spoons,
Fish Covers, Sugar Spoons, etc.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!!
Manufactured by French, Canadian,
and American makers, the best selec-
tion out of Halifax, French Gift Clocks
under glass shades, full finished Cana-
dian Clocks in polished walnut, Ameri-
can Clocks in veneered cases.

I am in a position to sell the **WAL-
THAM WATCH**, which is a notori-
ous fact the public of the county is
charged \$30.00 which I can sell for
\$20.00. Also Ladies' Stem-windert
and sutton, which are generally sold
for \$18.00 I sell for \$12.00

**J. McLeod's Price List of
WATCH REPAIRS.**
Cleaning Watch 50c.
(usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)
New Main Spring 50c.
(usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)
New Jewel from 25c-50c.
(usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)
**New Balance Spring, com-
monly called Hair Spring 50c.**
(usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)
Watch Crystals 10c.
(usual price 20c.)
Watch Hand 10 to 15c.
(usual price 20 to 25c.)
P. S.—All other repairs at a reduced
rate.
Watch Work guaranteed 12 months.

**JEWELRY
MADE TO ORDER & REPAIRED.**
P. S.—Hand-bills and Cards will
be in circulation in a few days.
Wolfville, 5th Nov. 1884.