

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1886.

No. 10

Vol. VI.

The Acadian.

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

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(IN ADVANCE.)

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Local advertising at ten cents per line
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For standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office and payment on transient advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is con-
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and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
on all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts
of the country, or articles upon the topics
of the day are cordially solicited. The
name of the party writing for the Acadian
must invariably accompany the copy and
will be published unless otherwise in-
dicated, although the same may be writ-
ten over a fictitious signature.

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

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1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
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3. The courts have decided that refus-
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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mail
is made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A.
M.

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PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on
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A. de W. Blass, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R.
1. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath
at 10:30 A. 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 2:30
P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30
P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A.
Wilson, Pastor—Services every Sabbath at
11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School
at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7:30 P. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal),
—Rev. J. O. Buggles, Rector—Services
every Sunday at 3 P. M. Sunday-school
at 10 A. M.

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

Masonic.

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

Oddfellows.

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

Temperance.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. 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

—OF—
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 paid in advance.

DIRECTORY

OF THE
Business Firms of

WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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

DISHOP, 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.

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

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

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

DAVISON 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.

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

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-
er. Coal always on hand.

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

MARSHALL, W. J.—Practical Watch
Maker. Watches, Clocks and Sewing
Machines cleaned and repaired with
durability and dispatch.

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Mak-
er.

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

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

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

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

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

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all
styles of light and heavy Carriages and
Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a spe-
cialty.

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 Plows.

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.

G. W. BOGGS, M. D., G. M.

Graduate of McGill University,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Hamilton's Corner, Canard, Cornwallis.

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

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

Money to Loan!

The subscriber has money in hand
for investment on first-class real estate
security. Good farm properties in
Horton and Cornwallis preferred.
Wolfville, Oct. 9, A. D. 1885.

If
E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

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

Select Poetry.

THE LONG JOURNEY.

When our feet become heavy and weary
On the valleys and mountains of life,
And the road has grown dusty and dreary
And we groan in struggle of strife,
We halt on the difficult pathway,
Glance back over valley and plain,
And sigh with a sorrowful longing
To travel the journey again.

For we know in the past there are pleas-
ures
And seasons of joy and delight,
While before all is doubt and darkness,
And dread of the gloom and the night;
All bright sunny spots we remember—
How little we thought of them then!
But now we are looking and longing,
To rest in those places again.

But vainly the vainest is sighing,
Our course must be forward and on;
We cannot turn back on the journey,
We cannot ignore what has gone;
Let us hope, then, as onward we travel,
That some may brighten the plain,
That our road may be, beside the still
waters,
Though we may not begin it again.

For existence ever goes upward—
From the hills to the mountain we rise,
On, on, o'er invisible summits,
To a land in the limitless skies.
Strive on, then, with courage unshaken—
True labor is never in vain—
Nor glance with regret on the pathway
No mortal can travel again.

Interesting Story.

WOMAN AS A MISSIONARY.

READ AT A MEETING OF THE LOWER
HORTON LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCI-
ETY, FRIDAY EVENING, SEP. 10TH,
BY MISS ELLA M. GILMORE.

The time has long since passed away
when woman was regarded as inferior
to man. True, she cannot boast su-
periority in bodily strength, but she is,
at least, man's equal in the finer quali-
ties of mind and heart. These espe-
cially fit her to take a position of di-
vine appointment and direction—the God-
given work of a missionary.

Judgment, tact, gentleness, affection,
all are hers, and God alone knows the
full power of consecrated womanhood
to evangelize the world. "Charity
begins at home" is an oft-quoted maxim,
and in imitation of it, many people
most conscientiously assert that "Woman's
proper sphere is at home." We would
not venture to dispute this sage decla-
ration, especially as so many women have
never an opportunity of filling any
other sphere; but we would whisper
to our sisters who are decided a wider
field that they are no less missionaries
because the walls of home shut them
in. It is not the size of the domain
but the earnest spirit of the worker
that the Lord of the Vineyard prizes.
Let us look then first at woman as a
home missionary.

There is work for every one right at
hand, at her own fireside and her own
table. As a sister how your tender
sympathy and help may touch the
heart of that erring or indifferent
brother. He would resent the interfe-
rence of companions, or of parents per-
haps; but by your delicate and un-
wearied patience you can win him
back to right and truth. But it is
the Christian mother that the royal
mission of home work supremely be-
fits. Hers the birthright and the
burden and the blessing. Every Chris-
tian mother is a priestess; her altar is
her own hearthstone, and the incense
arising therefrom is the example of her
holiness. Some time ago a mother
received a letter from her sailor boy,
and in it were a few words more pro-
pious to her than pearls. They were
these: "Whenever I am in a perilous
position in the midst of a storm I
always think 'Mother is praying for
me.'" How that confident trust of
her boy helped her to lead a more
earnest Christian life. O mothers,
should you not be more in sympathy
every day with the noble work of
missions, when you remember that
each one is called to be a missionary
at home? No outward sign of ordina-
tion for this great work has been given
you, but more inwardly and truly the
invisible hands of God have set apart
for this mighty work the "mothers in
Israel."

"And evermore beside you on your way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That you may lean upon his arm and say,
Dost thou, dear Lord, approve?"

But now we must remember the
possibilities, yes, the capabilities of
woman in that other department of
missionary toil—the foreign field. Over
the waters comes the demand for help;
the cry is borne on every breeze that

blows from Greenland or from India,
mere cerebral recollections of impres-
sions. Listen, and we hear the echo:
"Wanted, the gospel, the light, O bring
us the light," and then while hearts
overflow with sympathy you ask,
"What does it need to be the bearers
of good tidings to them? What does
it mean of sacrifice and self denial?"
Listen again, and you will hear:
"Wanted—heroism, endurance, pa-
tience, tenderness, sympathy." And
as the whole world sends back
the echo, they meet and mingle in one
appealing cry, "Wanted—women to
point the world to Christ."

On the first glad Easter morn that
the world ever saw, "Mary of old"
proclaimed a risen Saviour, and since
then there have been many Marys in
the royal line of succession. One of
these daughters of the cross was Harriet
Newell, the first lady missionary from
America to India. She had labored
earnestly at home in the cause of
Christ, not thinking of more extended
services until Mr Newell asked her to
accompany him as his co-laborer and
companion. After giving the matter
most prayerful consideration, she was
enabled to consecrate to God her ser-
vice, time and talents for life. The
last farewell was spoken, when in 1812
she and her husband left home and
friends to meet no more on earth, but
to await the welcome and the "Well
done" in their father's home above.

Amid dangers and discouragements she
toiled, ever rejoicing. She sowed the
seed in gladness knowing that the
reaping time would be by-and-by. Meas-
ured by days and months, her ser-
vice was but short, for in one year
she heard the voice of her Father,
"Child, 'tis enough, come home."
"Child, 'tis enough, come home."
Since then over four hundred women
have followed in her steps, have lived
and labored to lighten the dark places
of the earth, and though they may
sleep in a foreign clime, with no monu-
ment to mark their resting-place, we
think that over each unknown grave,
there shines in letters of gold the elo-
quent epitaph—"She hath done what
she could."

There is no need for asking, Are
we all in sympathy with this noble
work? The response comes quick and
strong. Then let us ask, "How much
are we in sympathy with it? how
much do we give to the Lord who has
entrusted to our keeping a portion of
this world's goods?" Whether we are
women of wealth or poverty, of high
place or low place, old or young, we
are to put the same comparative
amount into the Lord's treasury. He
asks our "mite" in every case. To
some the mite is such a small coin that
it is valueless to the eye of the world,
while others must heap up a hundred
fold more glittering gold before the
mite is balanced. I like this thought,
that when the widow dropped her mite
into the treasury, there fell a tear in
too, because her poor gift was so small,
and as it glistened there the Lord
smiled on it, and changed it to a pre-
cious pearl, so her gift was more pre-
cious than the richest offering there.
"How much owest thou to my Lord?"
is asked of every one of us, and let us
remember that the gold we give is
always at a premium when it repre-
sents so much sacrifice and self-denial.
Let our sympathies go deep down into
our pockets, not reluctantly but gladly,
for "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

OUT WITH THE TIDE.

One of the most striking and dra-
matic death-bed scenes ever sketched
by the master hand of Charles Dickens
is that of the old Blunderstone carrier,
Barkis, in "David Copperfield," which,
if not the most powerful of Dickens's
creations, and occasionally a little gar-
rulous, undoubtedly possesses a Rem-
brandt perspective and a felicity of
imaginative touch exceeded by no
other. From a boy of ten my remem-
brance of the picture of the rough old
Yarmouth fisherman, whispering be-
hind his huge, horny, caloused, un-
couth hand, "He's going out with the
tide," has possessed the peculiar real-
ity of something actually remembered
from visual, instead of the mere vivid-
ness of scenes more or less graphically de-
scribed. If physiologists are correct
in ascribing to the retina of the eye a

memory of its own, independent of the
mere cerebral recollections of impres-
sions, the explanation of this fact is
obvious. Recollections of scenes, faces
or situations, which date from previous
visual impression, and depend upon the
faculty of the retina for reproducing
images, are necessarily imbued with a
certain photographic vividness and fidel-
ity, to which the recollection of ideal
pictures produced by reflex action but
dimly approximate. Biographers say
that Goethe and Shelley were gifted
with a rare faculty of secondary vision,
not shared by any common humanity,
which enables at will, by mere effort of
the memory to reproduce upon the
retina of the eye impressions that had
once been projected upon that delicate
membrane, and thence transmitted to
the brain—a faculty whose influence
can be traced in their literature, in a
certain pictorial quality imparted to
scenes purely imaginary as well as in a
certain graphic tone of imagery and
description.

Not many handlers of the pen, how-
ever, poets or mere romancers, gifted
with secondary vision or not, have ever
acquired the wizardry of touching
their descriptions with the simple and
direct reality of optical impression.
Such magic of the pen pertains only to
masters, and to them only in their
highest moods—moments of supreme
command of plastic materials such as
the reader may wade through pages of
common-places to discover in the best
writers. All the works of Dickens
contain scarcely a score of such pas-
sages; and no other British writer,
except Mr Charles Kingsley in "Alton
Locke," and George Elliot in "Silas
Warner," the least of her creations in
bulk, the finest and most artistic in
reality, has ever touched, in evanescent
glimpses even, this supreme summit of
descriptive excellence.

The simple, direct, artistic pictur-
esqueness that appears in the narrative
of the death of Barkis—as if the writ-
er were describing from life—is thus,
then, probably due to his familiarity
with a superstition common to maritime
population, that the souls of dying men
pass away with the tide—out—out—
far out to sea. The touch of mystery
with which the superstition is imbued,
was of a kind to quicken the active,
sympathetic imagination of Dickens,
and the result appears in the wizard
death-bed picture evoked by that con-
jurer with the pen.

But is this weird belief about the
souls of dying men going out with the
tide—which I find as deep-seated and
strong with the shrewd, hard-headed,
horny-handed farmer-fisherman of this
old New England town (Maddison,
Conn.) as Dickens did, no doubt, with
the blazers of old Yarmouth—merely
a groundless, but very natural, super-
stition of sea-going races, or is it a fact
that for some reason not yet fathomed
by science, the sick, old and enfeebled
are more apt to die at ebb-tide than
when the tide is rising? I remember,
spropso, of the foregoing, the medical
superintendent of one of the largest
and finest asylums for the insane in
this country once remarked to me,
speaking of the ancient notion of the
moon exercising a potent influence on
the nervous system of man, that the
cycle of recurrent phases through which
the mind of a madman periodically
passes, seldom or never varies from
the limit of one month—that is, coin-
cides substantially with the moon's
aspects. The learned expert did not
pretend to explain why or how this
coincidence occurs—only that such is
the fact, and that the ancients denoted
it in their derivation of the word lunatic.
In a similar manner, speaking
with a prominent physician in this part
of the state of Connecticut, whose
practice embraces the three-shore towns
of Guilford, Madison and Clinton,
with a large fishing and coast popula-
tion, the old wilm that men are prone
to die at ebb-tide than at other hours
of the day drops out from a source
that entitles it to consideration.

"For more than thirty years," said
the gray-bearded old doctor, who
gravely made this statement, as the
result of his own personal observation,
"I have lived and observed among the
rough, hardy souls hereabout; and for
more than fifty, my father before me
gathered facts and wisdom from prac-
tice. I often ride thirty miles of a
day along the coast; and I have stood

by hundreds of death-beds of fisher-
men and farmers, old and young, dur-
ing the last quarter of a century; but
I can hardly recall a single instance of
a person dying of disease who did not
pass away while the tide was ebbing.
It is a fact that, in critical cases, I
never feel concerned of leaving the
patient for an hour or two when the
tide is coming in; but when it is re-
ceding, and particularly in the latter
stages of the ebb, I always stay by if
I can until the turn comes. You'll
scarcely credit it, perhaps; but the
daily record of the tides is the most
important part of the almanac to me
in my practice. If a patient who is
very low lives to see the current turn
from ebb to flow, I know the case is
safe till the ebb sets in again. Then,
take care!—for death wins. You re-
member the old saw in rhyme:
"When the tide comes in, death waits for
the ebb;
When the tide ebbs, it takes a soul."
"Well, it has also proved so in my
practice."

Of course, the weather-beaten old
practitioner did not wish to be under-
stood as imagining that the tidal move-
ment itself is in any way concerned in
this tendency to fatality. Nor was he
in possession of any definite theory of
his own, or generally accepted by the
profession, of the cause or causes to
whose agency the observed fatality of
ebb-tide is due.

"It is simply a fact of my experi-
ence," he said, "that patients die at
ebb-tide; and that the remaining
hours of the day are hours of compari-
tive immunity from death, except by
accident. The tower of Siloam is lia-
ble to fall at any hour of the day, high
tide or low. One fact I may give you
that possibly bears upon the scientific
solution of the question; and that is
that the barometrical pressure varies
rhythmically with the ebb and flow of
the tide. But the relation of the two
phenomena is as yet undetermined.
Indeed, I am not sure that any observ-
er but myself has noticed its exist-
ence."

By way of illustrating his subject,
the old doctor went on to tell a story
in some particulars parallel to that of
Barkis. This young man was very
sceptical as to the basis in fact of the
ancient notion, and so addressed him-
self for three years to the verification
of the alleged relation, by ascertaining
the hour and minute of every death
that came under his notice, and com-
paring this datum with the tidal move-
ment. Some four years ago the young
sceptic commenced his record with a
view to verify or disprove the world-
old hypothesis. During three years of
careful observation and inquiry he
amassed a record of fifty-one deaths.
Only two of these occurred when the
tide was rising, and these two were
deaths from fatal accident. At the
age of twenty-four, the young scientist
himself was stricken down by typhoid
fever, and eventually succumbed to
the disease, after lying for many days
on the very verge of dissolution.

On his death-bed he sent for his
brother in New York City, but the
latter was, unfortunately, so circum-
stanced that it was impossible to re-
spond immediately to the summons,
and delayed a day after the receipt of
the message. On the closing afternoon
of his life, hour after hour, till the last
incoming wave had deposited its rid-
dles of the sea, the dying man waited
in patience, exclaiming now and then,
or rather sighing, as the tall old-fashion-
ed clock in the corner of the room,
like a gigantic coffin with fingers
and hands, told of the seconds with a
monotonous tick-tack, tick-tack of its
tribe:
"I'm afraid Wally won't get here
till after the tide turns! Mother, what
time is it?"

And still the tall, old clock, whose
exact circular, silver-frosted dial re-
sembled one of the cyclopean faces in
some old Hellenic bas-relief, went on
telling of the seconds with the same
relentless tick-tack that Hawthorne
has described with such symbolical
significance in the "Scarlet Letter";
the last incoming wave broke on the
lonely sands of the sound shore; and
the ebb set in that "takes a soul."
The dying man lost hope as the fated
moment went by and Wally did not
come.

"Wally won't get here, mother, till

I'm gone," he murmured, wearily.
"I shall be dead before the tide turns
again!"

The prediction was verified. He
went out with the tide, as Barkis did,
in the wonderful etching of Dickens,
and as the souls of many more have
done before and since. The longed-
and-waited-for Wally arrived less than
an hour after the last out-going wave
had receded—but too late. The tide
of life had ebbed forever; its last puls-
ating wave had receded from the con-
fused brain.

So ended the doctor's story, whose
parallel I have listened to many times
in the folk-lore of this primitive com-
munity—stories of the old and young,
the grave and gay, whose souls like
that of Barkis, had gone out with the
tide.

"Mind you," reiterated the grim old
practitioner, "I proffer no explanation of
the fact. But fact it is, sir, and no
superstitious fancy of sea-going popu-
lation, that the pulses of the living
human heart rise and fall with the
tidal movement of the sea. Form
your own theory of the phenomenon.
Within the last five years, in a district
embracing sixty square miles or so by
the sea, I have noted the hour and
minute of no less than ninety-three
demises in my own immediate practice,
and every soul of them has gone out
with the tide, save four who died sud-
denly by fatal accident. It is a riddle
—a mystery. But I who have sat with
my fingers on the wrist of many a feeble
patient, and noticed the pulse rise and
strengthen, or sink and banish with
the turning of the tide, know that it is
a fact.—Francis Gerry Fairfield, in
Albany Argus.

Short Summer Sermons.

My chill'n, de ole man has trabled
a long an' weary road to reach de
present mill-post, an' he has seen
some things dat am wuth jottin' down
for remembrance.

You want to take notice dat de close
of a rogue an' an honest man am cut
arter de same fashion, an' perhaps from
de same pattern. Doan accept outside
appearances.

When you h'ar a man doin' a great
deal o' talkin', jist remember dat gab
kin be cultivated, but it takes natur'
to furnish brains.

If our prosperity was left to Fortune
she'd land nine of us in de pool-house
whar she'd smile on de tenth.

When you find a man who am allus
complainin' about his luck you has
found a pesson who never helped his-
self to desave any.

While de world owes every man a
libin', de world sint to blame if a man
too lazy to work for it.

A leetle pollyticks am like a leetle
mustard, but am de easiest thing in de
world to choke yerself on either.

De man who spends his time won-
derin' why coons war' made to climb
trees am werry apt to miss a good
many chances to knock ober rabbits
runnin' about his feet.

Bad company am de half-way sta-
shun between murder an' de gallus.

When you find a man whose debts
doan' worry him you hev hit upon a
chap whol' steal yer mule if you for

Calendar for October table with days of the week and dates.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., OCT. 22, 1886. THE COLONIAL AND INDIAN EXHIBITION.

The Colonial and Indian Exhibition has ever since its opening drawn thousands to see what the resources of the Queen's possessions really are and they are no doubt well satisfied that the colonies are making rapid strides on-ward and upward.

THE APPROACHING WINTER.

Thus far we have had a most delightful autumn season, and with no gales to speak of, which in past years have done such material damage to the apple crop.

OUR APPLES.

The English market for our apples has begun to improve, and henceforth shippers have every indication of obtaining good prices for their fruit.

show a little more speculative genius in their makeup, and send over their apples themselves to the English market, instead of selling out to American speculators, who in turn ship them to the States, and thence across to England, palming them off on the English public as the United States simon pure article.

at least 150 feet. It fills us with awe and impresses us with the magnitude of the Almighty handiwork. I am sure that hundreds of people will visit this town next season to see this wonderful waterfall.

CORRUPT MOTIVES ASSIGNED TO POLITICIANS, NOT NECESSARILY CORRUPT.

The impartiality of the ACADIAN need not be asserted. One article speaks approvingly of the "powers that be"; another—perhaps the next in order—takes them to task for delinquencies real or supposed.

It is from considerations such as these and not from the manifest party-bias of "Independent Prohibitionists" in the last number of the ACADIAN, that I object to his article and protest determinedly against its animus and language.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of the Acadian: This is a very pretty little town, but like all Cape Breton towns lacks good hotel accommodations.

A FAVORABLE COMPARISON.

Sirs,—There is much truth in what "Truth" says in your issue of last week, quoting the prosperous condition of Wolfville as a criterion to that of Canada.

circle and a Bible class should be started at once. Of the other churches I have only seen the outside as yet, but the churches are a good test as to the prosperity of any place.

Your educational resources here are, of course, exceptional, but they are far above the average of towns very much larger than Wolfville.

Now, Mr "Truth," what do you mean by talking about "dukes"? The "thing" does not exist here.

MARKET REPORT.

Table listing market prices for various goods like Apples, Beef, Butter, etc.

Boston Market Report.

Table listing Boston market prices for Flour, Choice Extras, etc.

Read Carefully.

Burpee Witter's Dry Goods store and Millinery Department presents an unusually attractive appearance this season. The Autumn and Winter goods are arriving every week.

Burpee Witter

Wolfville, September 17th 1886

New Goods, New Goods, FOR The Fall Trade!

FIVE CASES STAPLES! COMPRISING Men's Heavy and Fancy Underclothing, Top Shirts, St Croix Shirtings, Sheetings, Fancy Quilts, Cottonades, White Canton Flannels, Great Shakers, All Wool Flannels, Great Variety of Breakfast Shawls.

SPECIAL! Call and see our New ASH CHAMBER SUITE. It is a Beauty.

We have a few of the celebrated White Mountain Hammock Chairs for sale. NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY.

Caldwell & Murray

Wolfville, Sept 17, 1886

MY STOCK

CONSISTS OF—Flour, Corn Meal, Bran, Shorts, Chopped Feed, Salt, Molasses, CIDER OR FISH BARRELS, Mowers, Wheel Rakes, &c.

WANTED!

In exchange for the above, good sound ROSE, PROLIFICS, CHILIS and BUB-BANK POTATOES, also a few cords WOOD.

Johnson H. Bishop, AGENT.

B. G. B.

Better—Go—to Bishop's.—FOR YOUR—LEADS, OILS, COLORS, VARNISHES, GLASS, &c.

English Stock a Specialty

We sell a good LEAD for \$5.75. Make up Orders for Glass!

B. C. BISHOP,

30 4-86-1f Main Street, Wolfville.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING!

MILNE & CHRISTIE, Fashionable Tailor.

have just received direct from England a complete variety of all kinds of Tweed Trousers and Diagonals, etc., which they are prepared to make up in the latest Styles and at the lowest prices.

1886 SPRING 1886

The subscriber wishes to say to his numerous friends and customers in King's County that he has now completed his Spring Importations of

Hardware, Builders' Material, Lumber, Shingles, Brick, Lime, Cement, Plaster, Portland Cement, Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Varnishes, Nails, Sheathing Paper, also METALLIC ROOFING PAINT.

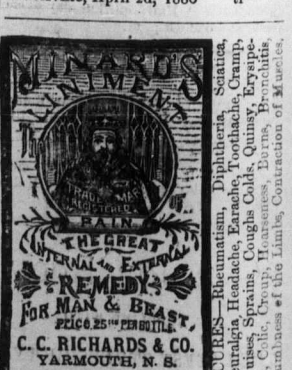
His stock of Shelf Hardware will be found complete. A fine stock of Table and Pocket Cutlery, bought in the best markets, will be sold low.

Farming Implements:

A large variety of Manure Forks, Shovels, Hay and Garden Forks, Scythes, Bird Cages in variety and prices to suit purchasers.

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville, April 2d, 1886



C. C. RICHARDS & CO. SOLE PROPRIETORS.

It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the scalp of all Dandruff.

The Dreadful Disease Defied

Minard's Liniment is for sale everywhere. PRICE 25 CENTS.

The Two Homes. Two homes are in sight of each other in a green little vale that I know...

The Miser's Death. Sixty-seven years had breathed upon him with the breath of God, before he was called away...

Lonely Men. There are many men who all their lives spend more than half the twenty-four hours in loneliness absolute...

Camping Out. My boy, when you go out a camping, don't "rough it" too much. Don't go without tents...

It is Unlucky. To be struck by lightning on Monday. To sit on a bus-saw in motion on Friday...

The Port of Glasgow. The Clyde forms Glasgow's entrance to the sea, and Glasgow has made it one of the finest harbor views of the world...

Husband and Wife. A man has an eye for beauty in his wife. He notices the soft wave of her hair and the glint of her gown...

Clubbing Offer. Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States...

Advice to Mothers. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth?

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. Cures Diphtheria, Group, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Headache...

THE ACADIAN, HONEST! INDEPENDENT! FEARLESS! "THE PEOPLE'S PAPER!"

WOLFVILLE, in King's County, Educational, Agricultural, Geographical, Political, Literary CENTRE Of the Province of Nova Scotia.

The Acadian is not subsidized by any Political party, Corporation, or private individual; and expresses its own views and says what it thinks.

OUR JOB ROOM is complete. Plain and Fancy Job Work of every description done at shortest notice, and satisfaction assured.

WE SELL. CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. B. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC.

MISREPRESENTATION. STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, ALBANY, Feb. 11.

American Agriculturist. 100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue. 44TH YEAR. \$1 50 A YEAR.

NOTICE. All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson C. Martin...

W. & A Railway. Time Table. 1886-Summer Arrangement-1886. Commencing Monday, 14th June.

GOING EAST. Acum. Daily. exp. Daily. A.M. P.M. Annapolis Leave 9 30 1 30

GOING WEST. Exp. Daily. Acum. Daily. A.M. P.M. Halifax leave 7 00 6 00 2 30

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BUDS & BLOSSOMS. A FRIENDLY GREETINGS. It is a forty page, illustrated, monthly magazine, edited by J. F. AVERY, Halifax, N.S.

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

HOLSTEIN BULL. The subscriber has for service the noted Prize Holstein Bull, Lord of Gaspeaux...

J. D. MARTIN. Wishes to state that he is selling his APPLE BARRELS at the usual low price of 22 cents at the mill...

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

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE HOME MAGAZINE. Circulation over 20,000 Copies. The Farmer's Advocate is published on or about the 1st of each month...

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

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