

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1886

No. 21

## 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 for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment in advance is required. Payment must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will furnish to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Neat 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.

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

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

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Office Hours, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mail is made up as follows:  
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Express west close at 10:35 A. M.  
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### Churches.

**PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. D. 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. Haines, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:00 P. M.

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

**S. JOHN'S CHURCH**, Wolfville.  
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sunday, Morning and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evening and Sermon at 7 P. M.  
Sunday-school commences every 5th day morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

J. O. Buzelle, M. A. Pastor.  
Robert W. Hinchell,  
(Divinity Student of King's College).

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

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J. B. Davison, Secretary.

### Oddfellows.

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

### Temperance.

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

**ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T.** meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

### OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH  
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

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Every Description  
DONE WITH  
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND  
PUNCTUALITY.

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

## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—  
**Business Firms of  
WOLFVILLE.**

The undermentioned firms will 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' Furnishing Goods.

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

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

**BROWN, J. L.**—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

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

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

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

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

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

Going 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 wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

### CARDS.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
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Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chrono Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c. 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 3c. stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

## Select Poetry.

### WHAT THE OLD YEAR BROUGHT.

He came in the hush of a midnight hour,  
With a wonderful innocence in his face;  
Our hearts were sad with a parting scene,  
But we smiled at sight of his winsome grace.

He brought us visions of coming good,  
A high resolve, and a deeper prayer;  
A tender pity for others' needs,  
And a stronger courage to do and bear.

He brought us mornings of golden light,  
And stary splendors his nights unroll'd,  
With snows inwoven, and suns, and dews,  
And all of his treasures manifold.

He called the birds from their winter home,  
He woke the spring from her death-like sleep;  
"And never," we said, "was a fairer year!"  
And our love for his beauty grew strong and deep.

All summer we revel'd amid his bloom,  
In Autumn we sat at his bounteous board;  
He heaped it high with his lavish hand,  
And well for our future needs he stored.

He has served us well, and our hearts are glad,  
As we think of the months we have walk'd with him;  
Of the painful failures we've often made,  
And the visions of hope that have grown so dim.

We have passed through troubles and sudden storms,  
As we followed his footsteps, day by day;  
He could not shelter us—dear Old Year!  
Nor give us forever the sweets of May.

He has brought to many the sign of peace,  
From many the burden of life has rolled;  
To the weary and sick he has brought release,  
And led to the pathway of pearl and gold.

He has brought to many their dreams fulfilled,  
And glad surprises and sudden bliss;  
And with lives full-crowned they have truly said:  
"There was never a year so fair as this!"

We shall think of him often—dear, dear year!  
Though we follow the steps of a fairer new King;  
And his memory safe in our hearts shall lie,  
While joyous bells for the New Year ring.

—Cottage Hour.

### Interesting Story.

#### The Man Who Spoiled The Music.

There was no doubt about it, he did, and yet it was the last thing he was likely to believe. He loved music; his voice was often heard ringing out a rickling song in the tap-room. And now it kept coming to him, in at least a score of different ways—he himself was the man who spoiled all the music!

He was not in the brightest possible condition for an argument, and certainly not in a humor to be convinced of a truth that he did not want to believe; and yet convinced he was, and every minute added to the conviction. Every right about him, and the silence, if not the sounds, forced it upon him, so that there could not possibly be any mistake.

It was Sunday afternoon about four o'clock. He was leaning against the wall by the dirty fire-place, unwashed and in his shirt sleeves. The room looked as wretched as the man himself, and as blackened and broken, and window panes either plastered over with paper or stuffed out with rags. Seated on the other side of the fire-place was a white-faced and slatternly wife, holding a tiny bit of mortality at her breast, and breathing a heavy sigh that told of a burden there a great deal heavier than the baby.

One word summed up the whole reason of her wretchedness—drunk. Not a bad sort of a man but for this one thing; able to earn good wages and to have a comfortable home; yet no idle miscreant ever dwelt amid greater squalor or kept all about him her joy, now sitting a broken-hearted wife, the home with its dainty bits of furniture, and all about it so bright and clean, gone for this; the children often wanting clothes and bread, yet dreading no want so much as they dreaded their father's presence—it was only the curse of drunkenness.

So it was that on this Sunday afternoon Jack stood as cross as cross could be, ready to let out his misery upon the first victim he could find, as if anyone were to be blamed for it sooner than himself. Then it was that the door opened suddenly with a bang, and

in burst two little maidens singing merrily; eyes and faces, hands and feet, all were full of music. They had come from the Mission Sunday-school, and the last hymn was in their ears, and came cheerily ringing from their lips—

"I am so glad that our Father in heaven Tells of His love in the Book He has given."

They had just got to the first line of the chorus, "I am so glad," and it came in at the open door with such a bounding gladness as they lifted the latch and felt that they were in the freedom of the home—"I am so glad!"

—then suddenly they came near enough to see their father. Instantly the voices were silenced, the sunshine died out of their eyes; with a fright, each look filling their faces they shrank outside the door again and shut it noiselessly.

The silence that followed was unbroken by a sound. The wife sat mournfully looking at the blackened ashes of the fire-place, with the little one asleep in her arms. That abrupt and sudden silence smote Jack's heart; those changed faces and the little frightened maidens looked like that—he felt that he had done it all. He seemed to hear again the happy burst, "I am so glad," and then that dreadful stopping. He was going to ask with an oath why they didn't go on singing, but they weren't there, and so it was no use to do that; besides, he knew well enough, too well, why they had stopped; so it came about that he lifted himself from the wall and thrust himself fiercely into his jacket, and went slouching toward the door. He strode out of the court and away on, anywhere, until he got outside the streets and into the more quiet and pleasant roads; there he blackened his pace. The fierceness had turned to grief, and at last there came the words muttered to himself, "That's what I am always doing; I spoil all the music."

It was dreadful to think of it, as he turned it over. How much it meant! He thought of his wife, and of the sweet voice she had long ago, and how long in the old time they had sung together. And now to think of her sitting there, so white-faced and silent! She never even sang the baby off to sleep—only kept on sighing. "Anybody, now when I am there," said Jack; "I spoil all the music."

It was dreadful to think about it, of the places he had been in as a carpenter and the chances he had had, and how one after another he had lost them all through the drink; and now the first to get notice to quit, the last to be offered a job, was he who had prided himself on his work. "Oh, dear, I've been spoiling all the music for years," sighed Jack.

"I spoil all the music," said Jack again, "everywhere." And at every pause and interval there came again the sight of those merry faces darkened and those glad voices silenced at the sight of him. "I, their own father," sighed Jack again. "Poor little dears, to go spoiling their music, too!"

Jack's troubles seemed to grow bigger every minute, until at last things began to get desperate. Awful temptations flew about him. He would soon end all; the wife and little ones couldn't be much worse off than they were, and he, at any rate, would not be spoiling other people's music when he was dead. But before the grim thought had well got hold of him he seemed to see again the sunny faces and to hear the merry voices singing and to hear the merry voices singing and to hear the merry voices singing.

And with the thought of them this time there came a softer feeling and gentler tone. "Poor little things," he sighed again. "It wouldn't mend their music either if I was gone. Nor hers either," he said to himself a little while afterwards, as he thought of the white-faced wife and the little bit of mortality at home there.

So it came about that poor Jack, so burdened and helpless, stopped there and then, and put his face into his hands and said, "God help me!" He had gone on, never thinking where he was going, until now he found himself outside the long stretch of the houses and was under the green trees and in the midst of the fields. The lark sang overhead, the thrush and the blackbird rang out their richest notes,

in the branches above him a crowd of sparrows met and chirped the very loudest, merriest music they had ever learned. And there, in the sunset, Jack leaned on a gate and let his soul flow out to God in helplessness, sorrow, and longing.

It was quite dark before he passed in at the equalled court where he lived, and turned with a sigh into his wretched home. Poor Jack, his heart was very sore through that night, and very sore awake, again and again the words came sadly to his lips, "I spoil all the music."

The next day he was up and off at daylight. Vexed and desperate as he was, he went at his work with a grim fierceness, without a word for anybody. His mates were used to his moods, and did not care to interfere with him at times like these. "Jack is out again about some't," said they with a j-rk of the thumb in his direction. They might stop for dinner, but Jack snatched at a bit of bread and worked on; they might pack up at strike of the clock, but so long as the light lasted Jack would stick at it. "This is not spoiling anybody's music, anyhow," said he fiercely to one man who ventured to hint that he had done enough that day. He came home and sat at his supper, with wife and children creeping noiselessly and frightened about the house. Poor Jack! a tear came gathering in the corner of his eye and fell on his cheek. "I do wish they'd sing a bit, but I expect I've spoiled all the music forever," he muttered to himself. He longed to get them about him, wife and little ones, and to take the sleeping babe from its poor little rags, and tell them all what was in his heart; but somehow he couldn't manage it, and so he just crept off to bed.

Jack's fit was on the next day-much to the surprise of his mates—the brow knit the lips tight and the work flying on at a tremendous pace. "Why, Jack, lad," cried one, "art thou putting a week's work into a day, that thou mayest go on a spree all the rest of it?"

"No," said Jack so gruffly that no body had a word for him again; and so it lasted Wednesday, Thursday, Friday. All that was strange enough and set workmates wondering; but strangest of all was it that when Saturday afternoon came and Jack took up his wages without a word, just walked right away from them. "Jack's mad," said they. "Never knew his fit last so long as this."

When he came home he evidently was not expected, indeed, was scarcely wanted. There was not very much to be tidied up, and his wife, poor thing had not much heart to do that little. But, much or little, she was now in the middle of the process, and so the "bits of sticks," as they were called, were put on one side while the good wife knelt and scrubbed away at the floor with the handle of a brush on which a few straggling hairs remained as if it kept up the name. The wife lifted her face in surprise, and went on with her scrubbing. Whatever this coming home meant, nothing ever brought her any good.

Poor Jack, he seemed to hear it all. "Spoiled her music too," he sighed. He hung up his bag of tools on their peg and took of the apron that was rolled about his waist, and then he caught sight of that very venerable and hairless scrubbing-brush. "It will help to bring back the music," said Jack to himself, purposing to bring his wife there and then a new one, but the purpose was somewhat delayed. Just then, from some corner of the room, came the cry of the baby. The wife was rising up to get it when Jack dived in after the little bundle of rags and fetched it out.

"I'll hold her a bit," said Jack rather shyly. Jack's wife would like to have said "Thank you," but she felt shy too. "Now, Jack, try and mend the music," said he to himself, and that time he really did smile, for the baby was unused to strangers, and no one was a greater stranger to it than his own father, so it just cried out lustily. The good wife scrubbed on. There were times when she had to let it cry a bit, and this should be one of them. Jack took it tenderly into his arms and chirped to it, and chirped louder,

but still it cried. It was wonderful that such a poor little wizened frame could make such a noise. Then Jack put the baby on the other arm and whistled, whistled fast and shrill. No it just cried on as loud as ever. Then Jack took it up in his hands and held the little one aloft, and danced it to and fro and began to sing, softly and low at first as a man who was feeling his way. But still the baby cried.

And the good wife rose from her scrubbing to take it herself. Jack would try once more; it really was not pleasant to be beaten like this, so he sat himself resolutely, and then rang out an old song of long ago with all the force of his voice. The effect was magical. The baby stopped as if it were charmed; it opened its mouth in imitation of the father's; it laid hold firmly of the whiskers with little tangled fingers as if it would keep him at it, and then it laughed and crowed with delight. The poor wife looked on and smiled; it was a strange smile, as if she had got out of the way of it, but it stayed longer than you might have thought.

"Eh, Jack, it is good to hear thy music again," she said very quietly. "Poor Jack, it almost put him out. He did stop for a moment, but instantly the face puckered and wrinkled into all sorts of lines, the eyes closed, the nose was squashed together, and the lips began to quiver with the coming cry. Then Jack had to strike off again, only to find the effect as magical as before, and to hear the baby laughing and crying once more. And in the midst of it all there came in the little maidens to find the father leaning against the wall, making music like this.

"Why, we couldn't think whoever it was, father," said they, wondering, and without the merit fading from their eyes this time.

They sat at tea, silent and shy, everyone of them wondering except the baby; that kept stretching out its arms to the father and found a new delight in pulling at his whiskers.

Poor Jack, he wanted all his thoughts about him to say what he found it so hard to say, but words wouldn't come; and the most eloquent would find it hard to talk when a tiny hand was being thrust in one's mouth and another tugged at the beard. So Jack had to content himself with putting his hand into his pocket, and, taking out one sovereign and one half-sovereign, he gave them to his wife.

"What's this, Jack?" she asked, going to the window, for it was getting darkish, and she feared the first glance had deceived her.

"Wages," said Jack, getting it out as well as he could.

The poor wife looked at the money and then she looked at him. She bit each of the coins, and then looked as if she would like to apply her lips at least to Jack's. But she put the money in her pocket, and felt that if this thing went on she would have to sing too.

"I'll stay and take care of the little ones if you want to go out, wife," said Jack. True, it was spoken with some interruption, and more than one word was bobbed back into the mouth by that little hand. But it went down into the good wife's heart and stirred music she had not heard for many a long day.

"Bliss thee, lad! it is good of thee," said the wife, and then she blushed like a maiden that she should have said so much.

"'Tis all thine, wife, so don't be afraid," said Jack as the wife went out at the door.

She turned back with a great stare. She had taken the half-sovereign and put the other in the mysterious depths of her dress.

"All this!" said she. "Why, Jack, what must I do with it?"

"Buy thyself a new scrubbing-brush, and get the baby a new frock for Sunday," and this time Jack did smile.

The wife came nearer; she couldn't help it; she stood for a moment plucking up courage, then she put her hand on his shoulder and stooped down and kissed the baby, and took a long time over it too.

"I should like to give thee one too," she said as shy as possible; and she did it splendidly, and then hurried away.

Concluded on fourth page.

## Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the ACADIAN one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Publication	Regular Price	Clubbing Price
Farmer's Advocate	\$1.00	\$1.75
Toronto Weekly News	1.00	1.50
Toronto Daily News	4.00	4.00
Allen's Juvenile Gen	75	1.00
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.00
do with Cyclopaedia	1.50	2.40
Toronto Weekly Globe	1.00	1.75
London Free Press	1.00	1.75
Youth's Companion	1.75	2.25
Book Worm	25	1.15
Weekly Messenger	50	1.40
Weekly Witness	1.00	1.75
Canadian Dairyman	1.00	1.50
Grip	2.00	2.50

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## NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that HARRIS O. McLATCHY, Physician, has this day by deed conveyed to his Property, Estate, and Effects to me in trust for his creditors. By the provisions of said deed all creditors wishing to secure their claims must execute the same in 30 days from date thereof. The said deed lies at the office of the Registrar of Deeds for King's Co., and a duplicate of the same can be seen and signed at the office of H. O. McLatchy, Wolfville.

All persons owing H. O. McLatchy are requested to make payment as soon as possible.  
JAMES H. DILL,  
Assignee.

Lower Horton, Oct. 9, 1885.

## 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, Peaches, Plums, etc.

For particulars apply to  
JAMES WILSON,  
Jan'y 29th. on the premise

## NOTICE.

All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson G. Martin, of Horton, King County, deceased are requested to render the same, duly attested to the undersigned within three months from date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with  
JAMES B. MARTIN } Admrs  
JOHN L. MARTIN }  
Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885. if

## American Agriculturist.

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## NOTICE



R. PRAT

Wishes all his patrons a happy and prosperous New Year and begs to announce that his stock of Choice Groceries, China, Glass and Earthenware is now quite complete, consisting (in part) of Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal, Choice new crop Molasses, Best American Oil, (wholesale and retail), splendid value in Sopses of all kinds, Choice new season Teas from 20c. per lb upwards, Hams and Bacon, Sauer Kraut, Cranberries, Mixed Pickles, (in bulk), new crop Raisins and Currants, Pure Spices, etc., etc. 2 CASES American Lamps and Glassware (new patterns) to arrive next week. R. PRAT. Wolfville, Jan. 5, 1885.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JAN. 8, 1885

Local and Provincial.

The January meeting of the Municipal Council opens on Tuesday next at the Court House Kentville.

We are pleased to learn that Prof. Foster was the successful candidate at the late election in Kings Co., N. B. The mild weather of this week has been very favorable for loading potatoes, and the wharves have presented a lively appearance.

Rockwell & Co. are still framing pictures at reduced rates. 4t

FULL.—We regret that on account of our columns being full we have been compelled to defer several interesting matters till next issue.

Five quires of Fine Writing Paper or only 20c. at Rockwell & Co's.

SKATING.—The Rink has been closed during the past week on account of the thaw, and complaints against the weather have been current.

Lumber, Shingles and Bricks for sale low at S. R. Sleep's. 4t

Mrs Richard Smith, aged 64 years, fell dead, while walking along one of the streets of Fredricton, on New Year's morning. Heart disease was the cause of her death.

GRAND CLEARANCE.—Commencing Saturday, Dec. 26th, Rockwell & Co. will sell Xmas and Fancy Goods, useful and ornamental, at from 20 to 40 per cent discount. No reasonable offer will be refused.

College opened yesterday—the Seminary and Academy on Wednesday. The students look refreshed by their three weeks relaxation from study, and appear ready for work. We wish them success.

Fine lot of German Accordions, Violins, Fifes, Piccolos, &c., "just the thing for Xmas presents," at Rockwell & Co's.

UNION MEETINGS.—These services have continued through the week and have been well attended in spite of the bad state of the weather. The last of the meetings will be held in the Methodist Church to-night.

GIVEN AWAY.—Every one purchasing Xmas Cards at Rockwell & Co's to the amount of \$2 will receive a handsome motto card worth 40 cents. 7t

WOLFVILLE BAPTIST S. S.—The annual report of the Sec.—Treas. was read before the school on Sunday last, and showed that the amount contributed to benevolent objects in 1884 was greater than that of any previous year. The sum of \$115.58 has been raised, and will be used as usual be devoted equally between Home and Foreign Missions. In presenting this, his 5th annual report, Mr A. K. de Blois tendered his resignation as Sec.—Treas. of the School. Mr. Kenneth E. Bishop, was appointed to succeed him in this responsible position.

Rockwell & Co. expect soon to show the largest and finest stock of Xmas and Fancy Goods ever opened here. 4t

S. OF T.—The officers of Wolfville Division, S. of T., for the quarter beginning Jan. 1st, 1885, are as follows: W. P., C. A. Patriquin; W. A., Miss Mattie Bishop; R. S., B. O. Davison; A. R. S., Miss Annie Caldwell; F. S., K. E. Bishop; Treas., Burpee Witter; Chap., G. V. Hand; Cond., A. S. Davison; Assist. Cond., Miss E. M. Patriquin; I. S., Miss F. E. McKean; O. S., A. M. Hoare; P. W. P., J. L. Bishop. The Division begins the new year under very favorable auspices, and we wish it a successful year.

The largest and finest stock of Xmas presents for ladies, gentlemen, and children is now on exhibit at Rockwell & Co's. 7t

RELIGIOUS.—The Wolfville Presbyterian Church will be formally presided on Sunday, the 17th inst., when Rev. J. McMillan, B. D., of Chalmers Church, Halifax, will preach a discourse appropriate for the occasion. A collection in aid of the fund for the moving and repairing of the Church will be taken up. All are invited to attend, and all contributions will be thankfully received.—On Monday, the 18th, the Rev. Dr Burns will lecture in the same Church. The proceeds of the lecture will also be devoted to the church fund. Subject, "Rambles on the Continent." Further particulars will be given in our next.

Local and Provincial.

PASSED.—Silas Trefrey, of Hantsport has just passed the marine board as mate.

"Kitty" King was around again on Sunday last, looking if possible more disconsolate, and miserable than usual.

Smoke the "TWINS," the best five-cent cigar in town, at Shaw's Barber Shop. 9-t

The public schools opened on Monday. The attendance is increased and the prospects are favorable for a successful term.

WORTH KNOWING.—Rockwell & Co. have now on exhibit the finest stock of Xmas Cards ever shown here. Come early and get first choice. All prices from 2c. to \$3.00. 4t

Axel Paulsen, the renowned Norwegian skater, has had a course prepared at Christiania, Norway, and offers to help defray the expenses of any person who will go to compete for the championship of the world.

TAKE NOTICE.—If your razor is dull, take it to J. M. Shaw's Barber Shop, and he will put it in first-class order for the small sum of 15c. 10-t

If we could speak in tones of thunder we would use our voice to advise all people everywhere to get at once a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. As a preventative of diphtheria, pneumonia, congestion, and all dangerous throat and lung diseases its value is priceless.

Side-walks, slush and laziness, these three, and the greater of these is laziness. The deliciously delicious and slushily slushious state of the streets and side-walks in Wolfville, this winter and for that matter every other winter, has led us to ruminate as above. Sidewalks—what are they? where are they? why are they? We guess you all know this much, so pass on. Slush—what is it? Well, you walk out any time this week or wait for the next thaw, and if you are not made acquainted with the damp, cold, disagreeable nature of slush you must either wear a rubber suit or stay at home. Where is it?

"Tell me, ye winged winds, That round my pathway roar, Do you not know some spot?" on the streets of Wolfville where there is no slush. And

The wild wind answered with a shout, "Ah, no, my dear, there's no such place about."

Why is it? Because everyone goes out and grows at the slush instead of taking half an hour to shovel off his own side-walk and clear out his own gutter. That's an easy question to answer. Now laziness—what is it? where is it? why is it? Oh, gracious! That's too big a subject for one issue. What is it? For our own purpose just now we will say that it is that almost universal attribute of Wolfville human nature which prompts a man and his family to climb over from three to ten feet of snow for three months rather than do half-an-hour's work two or three times in that period. It also prompts a man to buy a pair of long rubber boots and wade, while his wife stays home or gets her feet wet up to her chin for half the same period rather than spend a little longer in digging out his gutters. Where is it? Oh, go on out of that! Well, then, why is it? Hump! now you have us.

Now is your time to buy nice Xmas Cards. Rockwell & Co. have just opened the largest and finest assortment ever shown in this county. 4t

WOLFVILLE BAPTIST SUNDAY SCHOOL.

The scholars of the above school had a grand time in the school room on New Year's Eve. The children of the primary class, numbering over fifty, which is taught by Miss Mary Bars, assembled in full force, and were rewarded on arrival by the sight of a splendid Christmas tree, brilliantly illuminated by scores of wax tapers, and loaded down with toys and other articles, such as bags of candy, oranges, frosted cakes etc., etc., which always gladden the hearts of young people. The youngsters' joy was made complete by the sudden appearance of a venerable Santa Claus, his approach heralded by the blast of a trumpet, who proceeded forthwith to dispense the tree and to distribute the gifts to the delighted little folk. A beautiful supply of apples and cakes of every shape and description was provided for all the scholars and visitors. After the tree was removed, Professor Caldwell, kindly gave a magic lantern entertainment, which afforded much pleasure to the spectators. Some of the views were fine representations of Arctic Scenery, and were lent for the occasion by Mr Austen deBlois who lately procured them in London. The others were not quite so clear but after some explanations from the Professor produced roars of laughter, and loud expressions of approval from a multitude of little throats. After the entertainment was finished the scholars departed well pleased, with the kind treatment they had received from their loving teachers and friends.

I am informed that the Sunday-school (for the past twenty-six years under the superintendence of J. W. Bars, Esq.) is at present in a very flourishing condition, and numbers with teachers and scholars nearly 200 members. Last Sunday the treasurer of the school presented his annual report showing that upwards of \$60 had been contributed by the scholars for the past year, a considerable increase on the contributions of former years. This

amount, together with \$50 annually added by the superintendent, was by the vote of the school equally divided between home and foreign missions. I was much pleased with a visit to the school, but would suggest more attention should be given to the singing, which is scarcely what might be expected.

"VISITOR."

WOLFVILLE SKATING RINK.

Open every afternoon except Friday 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 evening with Electric Light.

Single Skate.....10 cents. Promenade.....5 cents.

D. A. MURRO, Proprietor. Wolfville, Dec. 25, 1885.

NOTICE!

All accounts due me that are not paid by the 15th, will be left for collection. I cannot live on outlawed accounts, and for the present year I will not give any credit to parties who have not settled their accounts before the above named date. From 5 to 10% discount on cash. Produce taken in exchange for work.

J. I. BROWN, Horse-shoer & Farrier. Wolfville, Jan. 6th 1885.

Assignee's Sale!

On the premises of John L. Brown, Wolfville, on

Wed. Jan. 20th, 1886.

At 1 o'clock, p. m., of the said John L. Brown's interest in Real and Personal Estate conveyed to me by deed dated Sept 16th, 1885, consisting of REAL ESTATE—Homestead including Beck with Dyke, Tenement Houses, etc.; "Village House" and land adjoining 36 acres Land on the Wickwire Dyke; 1 1/2 acres Land on the Post Road between Wolfville and Grand Pre, near George Harry's residence; to acres Salt Marsh, Ells Farm on the Gasperau Mountain.

PERSONAL PROPERTY—6 Horses, 2 Colts, 11 Cows, 6 Young Cattle, English Hay, Salt Hay Oats, Potatoes, Turnips, etc.

TERMS.—On Real Estate 10% deposit at sale, balance to come to be his own lawyer.

J. W. HAMILTON, Assignee.

1842. A PROCLAMATION! 1886.

KNOW YE! KNOW YE ALL! Men, women and children—that the great staff of editors, who, headed by Dr George Thurber, have kept the American Agriculturist at the front for twenty-five years, are now re-enforced by Chester P. Dewey, Seth Green, and other writers. We propose to add to the hundreds of homes, in which the

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST

is read and revered, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, as an old time friend and counselor. We are accordingly enlarging the

\* WANTS \* THE \* EARTH \*

to yield bigger returns by increasing its great army of readers. We distributed 60,000 PRESENTS to those who aided in the work last year, and we are planning to give 100,000 PRESENTS to workers this year. Send for confidential Terms to workers, who you forward your subscription. Subscription price, \$1.50 a year; single numbers, 15 cents.

Send 5 Cents for mailing you grand double number of the American Agriculturist, just out, and sample pages with table of contents of Law Book.

CANVASSERS WANTED EVERYWHERE. Address PUBLISHERS AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, 751 Broadway, N. Y. David W. Judd, Pres't. Sam'l Burnham, Sec'y.

READY!

Wolfville, Oct. 9th, 1885

Our Fall Stock is now complete and your inspection of the following lines is respectfully invited:

BOOTS & SHOES in latest American and Canadian Styles, embracing Ladies' Curicoa Kid, Fr. Kid, Hand Sewed Fr. Oil Goat, Peb. Goat, Peb. Grain, Men's Nova Scotia Hand Made Coarse Boots, Men's Fine Boot in great variety. American and Canadian Rubber Goods now in stock.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS, Gent's Wool Underclothing from 40c. up, positively the greatest selection in Wolfville, Fine Shirts, Wool Top Shirts, Collars, Neckties, Cuffs, Suspenders, Archibalds celebrated Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, &c., &c.

HATS & CAPS: Latest styles American Stiff and Soft Hats.

Respectfully yours, C. H. BORDEN.

Sole Agents for King's County for the Celebrated FRENCH LUSTRE Dressing, for Ladies' Boots.

HIGH CLASS

CLOTHING!

I beg to call attention of the critical public to the following interesting facts in connection with the CLOTHING handled by me:

1.—All material used in its manufacture is thoroughly shrunken before cutting;

2.—The trimmings used are of the best quality;

3.—It will not shrink or lose its shape from getting wet or fair wear;

4.—In styles, fit and workmanship it is equal to best Custom Made;

5.—The PRICE, owing to my facilities for handling a large quantity, is the LOWEST IN THE MARKET, notwithstanding its high character for finish and durability.

J. W. RYAN, Main Street, Kentville; Granville Street, Halifax

If you wish to color wool, cott silk or feathers, use the new Electric Dyes, Strongest and Best in the world. 10 cents at all dealers.

HOLSTEIN BULL.

The subscriber has for service the noted Prize Holstein Bull, Lord of Gasperau, which he imported direct from Holland, so as to get the very best milking strain possible.

Terms \$5.00 at time of service. Fred Annand.

Grand Pre, Jan. 1st, 1886.

Silver Ware.

We have a fine stock of Silver Ware, including Castors, Cake Baskets Butter Dishes, Pickle Castors, Card Receivers, Knives, Spoons, Forks, Napkin Rings, etc., which we are selling at extremely low prices. These goods are warranted first quality quadruple plate.

Rockwell & Co., MAIN ST., WOLFVILLE.

The Celebrated Electric Dyes are the most lasting of all colors. Warranted strictly pure. 10 cents at Druggists and Grocers.

Notice of Assignment.

James Pick, of White Rock, in the county of King's, has by deed dated the 16th of November, 1885, assigned to me all and singular his real estate, goods, chattels, and effects in trust for the benefit of his creditors as therein set out. All creditors wishing to benefit under such deed are requested to sign and execute the same within three months from the date thereof. Said deed is on file at the office of the Registrar of deeds in and for the county of King's aforesaid, and a duplicate thereof can be inspected and signed at my office in Wolfville. A. deW. BARSS, Wolfville, Dec. 10, 1885. Assignee.

1885 1886

Another Year Has Passed!

AND

H. S. DODGE

Takes this opportunity of again thanking his numerous friends and customers, for their very LIBERAL PATRONAGE extended to him, and wishes them

A VERY MERRY XMAS

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

N. B.—Seasonable Dry Goods always on hand at the Lowest Prices for CASH.

Kentville, December 25th, 1885.

SAVE MONEY!

By ordering your Hard Coal from us you will Save Money on ever ton! And by giving me your order for the

Celebrated Acadia Coal

you will get the Best Soft Coal in the World at a low figure and Save Money

Remember that a few tons of the celebrated Acadia Coal will give as much heat and last as long as a whole vessel load of almost any other kind and will not choke you like other kinds do.

We will sell for cash and sell low. Save money by giving as an early order.

D. MUMFORD.

W. & A. Railway Station, August 18, 1885.

WOLFVILLE BOOKSTORE,

Rockwell & Co's.

School Books,

School Stationery,

etc., etc., etc.

ALSO

Picture Frames,

ORGANS,

Sewing Machines.

Rockwell & Co.

Wolfville, January 7th.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE

LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

MAKE HENS LAY

CHICKEN CHOLERA,

It is a well-known fact that most of the loss and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. It is also positively proven and cured. It is sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

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INDIAN WORK

Xmas Presents.

A splendid little line of Indian Work Baskets, Handkerchiefs and Glove Baskets, etc., etc. Undoubtedly very pretty things for Xmas and New Year Presents. Also Rare and Pretty SHELLS.

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.

Christmas made Joyous!

BY USING

WOODILL'S

GERMAN

BAKING

POWDER

Securing for all Delicious Pastry, Buns, Tea Cakes, etc.

W. M. D. PEARMAN, Trustee, (11-12-85) Halifax, N. S.

NOTICE.

James Kerr would inform the people of Wolfville and vicinity that he has opened a shop over J. M. Shaw's Barber Shop, where he is prepared to Make and Repair BOOTS and SHOES of every description, neatly and promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call.

Wolfville, Dec. 3d, 1885. 4t

FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale 1 yoke of superior

&lt;

Continued from first page. "I think the music is coming back again," said Jack to himself.

Later that night, after the wife came back, Jack went marketing, and a couple of chairs were set by the fire. "Good kind of musical boxes," said Jack to himself, as he took them in at the door and set each in its place.

"Come, little ones, you must sing to mother and me," said he at last. "I am so glad," you know. And they looked at each other with a wonder that soon passed into sunshine and joy; and before they knew it Jack and his wife joined in with them.

"Eh, but I mustn't spoil the music like this. Sing on little ones," and they did sing, and Jack sang, and his wife. And then Jack did as he had for many a day; he knelt down with wife and children, and asked God to help them and bless them, to forgive the past, and to strengthen him for the future.

On Sunday there they sat together at the little Mission-room, and from that day to this no voice is clearer or louder than Jack's. And now, whenever he talks about clumsy work or faults in anything, Jack always calls it "spoiling the music."

Jack's prayer every morning is, "Lord keep us in tune all day long"—a prayer that has been blessedly answered now for many months.

Choice Miscellany.

YEARNING FOR THE END.

Breathe soft and low, O whispering wind, Above the tangled grasses deep, Where those who loved me long ago Forged the world and fell asleep. No towering shaft or sculptured urn Or mausoleum's empty pride Tells the curious passer by Their virtues, of the time they died.

I count the old, familiar names, O'ergrown with moss and lichen grey, When the tangled brier and creeping vine, Across the crumbling tables stray. The summer sky is softly blue; The birds still sing the sweet old strain; But something from the summer time Is gone that will not come again. So many voices have been hushed, So many songs have ceased for aye, So many hands I used to touch Are folded over hearts of clay. The noisy world reaches fr to me; I cease to hear its praise or blame, The noisy marbles echo back No hollow sound of empty time. I only know that calm and still They sleep beyond life's we and wail, Beyond the shadow of the vale. I only feel that, tired and worn, I halt upon the highway here, And gaze with yearning eyes beyond On fields that shine supremely fair.

AGRICULTURAL COURTSHIP.

A potato went out on a mash, And sought an onion bed; "That's for me," observed the squash, And all the beets turned red. "Go away," the onion, weeping, cried, "Your love I cannot be; The pumpkin is your lawful bride; You cantelope with me." But onward the turbot came, And lay down at her feet; "You cantelope by any name, And it will smell as wheat; And I, too, am an early rose, And you I've come to see, So don't turn up your pretty nose, But spinach with me!"

WHEN BRAVE MEN ARE COWED.

As the steamer moves gradually out of port and plunges her nose into the white-capped seas which the half-gale is tossing up, there is no fear abroad, even amongst the children. Is she not a stout, staunch craft, and her officers brave men? By and by, when she has crept further away from shelter, there is a longer run to the sea, and their power to lose her about is more fully realized. Then, too, there is something in the voice of the gale which carries a warning of danger; but no one is afraid. The children crowd closer, and the women look a bit anxious, but the deck hands wistle and sing and roll, as if stout ships were never shattered by wind and wave.

THE WORLD'S LAONICS.

Learn the value of a man's words and

ened. The steamer has begun to labor as she is held up to her course. There is cracking and groaning and moaning and complaining, and now and then the low of a cow or the neigh of a horse on the main deck carry such apprehension in the tones as to make the heart beat faster.

Now the black cloud opens to discharge its arrows of vengeance. Scarcely sending down an advance flake as a warning, it suddenly pours forth from its bosom such a smother of snow that its daylight is lost in a moment, and the eye of an eagle could not penetrate fifty feet into the smother. Now there is a wild delight and vengeful exultation among the elements. There is a fiendish scream to the gale as it sweeps down with renewed violence—an angry, baffled roar to the sea riding down after each other as if they would leap clear over the ship—a seeming spite in every dash of spray against the quivering upper-works.

And on and on—and actual night shuts down—and a living gale sweeps madly over the foamy waste—and the sea is lashed to such fury that it hellsows and roars and raves like ten thousand mad and terror-stricken animals. It is now that woman and children would go to their death without lifting a hand to save—with only a long, lingering will of despair as the water seized them. It is now that stout hearts are cowed and awed—that brave men feel helpless in the presence of the mighty wrath. If the vengeful elements dig the good ship to her grave men say of her that she struggled long and bravely. If guided safely into port, there is praise and admiration for the bravery of each and every man. It is forgotten that, with blanched cheeks, trembling limbs and fainting hearts they were but feathers in a tornado.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs Jackson informed him that his recovery was doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to Heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exclamation increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Saviour.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened, my child! Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his suaven eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly: "Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heart broken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much he desired to tell her in that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Fendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him: "Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied: "Thank God! they are very kind." Then he added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. It was at the mess table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of his mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the dying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Maj. Hawks—'then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished."

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looked upward, and slightly raised his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit, passed away. Was death ever so sweet and peaceful? Was ever rest so anticipated or Heaven so revealed?

THE WORLD'S LAONICS.

Learn the value of a man's words and

expressions, and you know him. Each man has a measure of his own for everything; this he offers you inadvertently in his words. He who has a superlative for everything wants a measure for the great or small.—Lavator.

The way to wealth is as plain as the way to market. It depends chiefly on two words, industry and frugality; that is, waste neither time nor money; but make the best use of both. Without industry and frugality, nothing will do, and with them, everything.—Franklin.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants, for if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you. He that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.—Cotton.

Be not ashamed of thy virtues; honor a good brooch to wear in a man's hat at all times.—Jovon.

General, abstract truth is the most precious of all blessings; without it man is blind, it is the eye of reason.—Bassett.

If a man has a quarrelsome temper let him alone. The world will soon find him employment. He will soon meet with someone stronger than himself who will repay him better than you can. A man may fight duels all his life if he is disposed to quarrel.—Cecil.

From social intercourse are derived some of the highest enjoyments of life; where there is a free interchange of sentiments the mind acquires new ideas; and by a frequent exercise of its powers the understanding gains fresh vigor.—Addison.

If thou art rich, then show the greatness of thy fortune; or what is better, the greatness of thy soul in the meekness of thy conversation; condescend to men of low estate; support the distressed and patronize the neglected. Be great, but let it be in considering riches as they are, as talents committed to an earthen vessel. Thou art but the receiver, and to be obliged to be vain too is but the old solism of pride and beggary, which though they often meet, yet ever make but an absurd society.—Sterne.

What blockheads are those wise persons who think it necessary that a child should comprehend everything it reads.—Southey.

The success of medicine depends mainly on the purity of the drugs used and skill which has been exercised in compounding them; and this is why EAGEN'S PHOSPHORINE is so much superior and effects cures in cases of Scrofula, Consumption, and all Wasting Diseases, when all so called similar preparations have failed.

Certain parties have been for year flooding the country with immense quantities of horse and cattle powders which are utterly worthless. Don't be deceived by them. Sheridan's powders are the only kind now known in this country which are strictly pure. They are very powerful.

For Goods. Capes in 10 different varieties, Ladies' and Gents' Caps, Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Collars, Trimmings different widths in Fox, Coney, Raccoon, Hare, etc., Japanese Goat Robes.

Clothing. Suits, Overcoats, Mantles, Ulsters, Rubber Coats, Rubber Carriage Robes, Railway Wraps, Horse Rugs.

Gents' Furnishings. American and Canadian Hats and Caps, Underclothing, Shirts, Kid Gloves, Wool Gloves, Hosiery.

Fur Goods. Capes in 10 different varieties, Ladies' and Gents' Caps, Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Collars, Trimmings different widths in Fox, Coney, Raccoon, Hare, etc., Japanese Goat Robes.

Box of Golden Novelties. 12 fast-selling articles, and 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for sale, and this slip.

A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

W. & A Railway. Time Table

1885—Winter Arrangement—1886.

Commencing Monday, 16th November.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accm. Daily, Accm. T.F.S., Exp. Daily, A.M., P.M., F.M. Rows include Annapolis, Bridgetown, Middleton, Aylesford, Waterford, Grand Pre, Avonport, Port Williams, Wolfville, Windsor, and Annapolis Arive.

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

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday and Saturday, and for Digby and Annapolis, returning same days.

Steamer Empire will leave St. John for Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, returning same days.

Steamer Evangeline leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Friday p. m., for Digby.

International Steamers leave St. John at 8.00 a. m. every Monday and Thursday for Eastport, Portland and Boston. Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston, at 10 a. m. and 8.30 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations. P. Innes, General Manager, Kentville, Nov. 13, 1886.

Caldwell & Murray.

Fall and Winter Goods.

STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

DRY GOODS

House Furnishings Grey and White Cottons, Sheetings, Blankets, Quilts, Counterpanes, Table Linens, Towels, All-wool, Union, and Shaker Flannel; Winceys, twilled, checked or plaid.

Dress Goods Ottomans, Serges, Broades, Jersey Trico Soudans, Plaids, Cashmeres, Merinos, and Velveteens.

Mantle and Uster Cloths. Ottomans, Broades, Astrachans, Seal-tettes, Beavers, Meltons etc.

Tweeds and Worsteds. English, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds, Overcoating in nap and worsted, Pietou Cloths plain and fancy.

Wool Goods. Ladies' Vests, Jackets, Undervests, Children's Coats, Caps and Hoods, Squares Shawls, Promenade Scarfs, Nubias, House and Street Jerseys, etc.

Fur Goods. Capes in 10 different varieties, Ladies' and Gents' Caps, Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Collars, Trimmings different widths in Fox, Coney, Raccoon, Hare, etc., Japanese Goat Robes.

Clothing. Suits, Overcoats, Mantles, Ulsters, Rubber Coats, Rubber Carriage Robes, Railway Wraps, Horse Rugs.

Gents' Furnishings. American and Canadian Hats and Caps, Underclothing, Shirts, Kid Gloves, Wool Gloves, Hosiery.

Boots & Shoes.

LADIES' Fine Boots, lace and button, in French Kid, French Oil Goat, Buck Goat, Polish Calf, Oil Pebble; Fine Shoes, in lace, tie and button.

MEN'S WEAR. Heavy Walking Boots, double soled and nailed, for \$1.80, Fine Bals and Congress. The celebrated Annapolis Long Boots, hand-sewed seams, whole stock. Red Shanty Boots. Ayer's oil tanned Larrigans.

Rubber Goods. American and Canadian Rubbers, Overboots, Alaskas, Gaiters, etc.

Furniture and Carpets

SUITES.—Parlor and Bedroom Sets, W. S. Chairs cane and perforated bottoms, Ash Dining Room.

TABLES.—Centre, Pine Top Toilet, Extension, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Easy Chairs, Whatnots, etc.

CARPETS.—All-wool, Union, Tapestry, Hemp, Kidder Squares, Felt Squares, Hearth Rugs, Linoleum Mats, Floor Oil Cloths.

Produce taken in exchange.

Five Percent Off CASH PURCHASES

Caldwell & Murray

Wolfville, Oct 16th, 1885.

THE ACADIAN,

HONEST, INDEPENDENT,

FEARLESS!

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED!

\$1.00 per annum.

THE ACADIAN

HAS NOW ENTERED UPON ITS FIFTH VOLUME,

AND It is Acknowledged by all

TO BE

THE MOST POPULAR PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

PATRONIZE The Local Paper

AND SUBSCRIBE FOR THE ACADIAN!

ADVERTISERS

Will find it particularly to their advantage to Patronize the Acadian.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS ARE READ EVERY TIME.

Parties wanting a County Paper will do well to send for a sample copy, AND COMPARE THE ACADIAN

With the other County papers.

The 'Acadian' Stands Ahead

"AND DON'T YOU FORGET IT!"

The Acadian Job Department is Very Complete.

FINE NEW TYPE, TASTY WORK, AND LOW PRICES!

WHEN YOU WANT PRINTING DONE COME AND SEE US AND WE WILL MAKE YOU GLAD. ADDRESS—

"THE ACADIAN," WOLFVILLE,

Wolfville, Oct 16th, 1885.

FRUIT GROWERS! BUY YOUR DRY APPLE BARRELS

J. D. MARTIN, GASPETEAU.

He is selling them at 23 Cents Each! With a discount of 5% for cash, and expects to manufacture 8,000

this year. N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled Gaspereau, Sept 18th.

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.

Geo. V. RAND, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN DRUGS MEDICINES CHEMICALS FANCY GOODS,

PERFUMERY AND SOAPS, BRUSHES, SPECTACLES, JEWELRY, ETC. ETC

Main Street, Wolfville, N. S.

ROOM PAPER! ROOM PAPER!

Don't forget that the WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO., are selling the balance of their ROOM PAPER

at cost to make for new importations.

150. PAPERS FOR 100. GOOD HORSE SHOEING!

J. I. BROWN

CASH 90c CASH J. I. Brown took the premium on his Horse Shoes at the Dominion & Centennial Exhibition at St. John, N. B., in 1883.

Carriages & Sleighs MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED

At Shortest Notice, at A. B. ROOD'S. Wolfville, N. S.

DR. O. W. NORTON'S BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER!

Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound FOR RESTORING HEALTH

Hundreds have been cured by us for LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, DYSPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY DISEASE, AND GENERAL DEBILITY.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.

DR. NORTON: Dear Sir.—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, am entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Yours truly, Mrs John Grant

Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver, Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Asa Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Troubles. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him.

John Layton of Mount Denison, was sick with Sciatica for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Linctant and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many cases of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Sold by most of the dealers in medicines throughout the county, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville at \$1.00 per large bottle. June 26, '85—1 yr