

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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The Acadian.

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WOLFVILLE.

Dr. P. will remain in Wolfville
during OCTOBER, to wait upon
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Sept. 8th, 1884

Thoughts from Tennyson.

I was strolling one day by the sad sea
shore,
And dreaming such dreams as I
frame.

When I try to forget what this world
really is,
And how much of our love it should
claim.

And wandering thus, I thought of the
past,
And its memories, some bitter, some
sweet.

When the wind, as it carelessly played
round the beach,
Tossed a little white scroll to my feet.

I stooped for the page, like myself an
exile,
Of the hour in this wild lonely place.

And I thought, perhaps the hand was
mouldering now
That its dimm'd letters did trace.

My eye scanned the lines, 'twas a
fragment,
"And the stately ships go on
To their haven, under the hill,
But, oh! for the touch of a vanished
hand,
And the sound of a voice that is
still!"

'Twas all, but my memory whispered
the rest,
"Break, break, on your oars, oh sea,
But the tender grace of a day that is
dead
Can never come back to me."

It seemed a voice from long past years,
Spoke through that little scroll.
Ah, Poet! there's sorrow great as thine
Weighs many a lesser soul.

There's many a heart, of idols robbed,
That once its shrine did bless
And, oh! the void their absence leaves
One feels but can't express.

And round the wretched ruin roams
The ghosts of former years,
And scenes long acted, forms long dead,
I've viewed through gathering tears.

Ah, well may weary Nature sigh,
The soul's great void to fill,
Well, yearn for the "touch of a vanish-
ed hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

A WIFE'S PRAYER.

For three days a terrific gale drove
before it the ship, Pembroke, bound to
Liverpool from the Sandwich Islands.

Under bare poles, with every timber
groaning and creaking, with the tall
masts bending like reeds, with heavy
seas and blinding spray sweeping her
decks fore and aft, the vessel boomed
on, rolling, plunging and quivering in
her desperate struggle with the tempest.

At midnight, just before the ending
of the third day, a fearful cry, not loud,
but hoarse and deep, went through the
ship:

"We have sprung a leak!"

"Then the light from the two lanterns
hung up on the main and mizzen
shrouds fell upon the sturdy forms of
seamen hurrying to rig the pumps.

Soon the dismal clang was heard as
the stout fellows toiled and toiled, but
all to no purpose.

"Oh, Henry, what shall we do? The
leak is gaining upon us!" cried des-
pairingly the young wife of Mr. Rogers,
the first mate.

She was a fine, noble-looking woman,
and was liked and respected by every
man aboard ship.

A true daughter of Eve, her love for
her husband was so deep and absorbing
that she would have followed him
through any hardship or peril sooner
than separate from him for a long per-
iod.

Now, as the sturdy, good-looking
young mate heard his wife's cry or
alarm, he flung an arm round her
waist and bade her be of good cheer.

"If it should come to the worst,"
said he, "we will in all probability fall
in before long, with some other craft."

Meanwhile the leak steadily gained.
The captain sent his carpenter into the
hold.

"Captain!" cried the latter, when he
returned, "it is all up with us! There
must be a big hole in the ship, as the
water in her is already about seven feet
deep."

A look of dismay settled on every
face.

"Get the boats ready!" said the skip-
per.

While the men were obeying the order,
the ship's hull, settling lower and
lower, was soon nearly engulfed in the
rushing, roaring seas.

The sailors had barely time to put a
bag of sea-biscuits, a couple of cans of
preparad meat and a breaker of fresh
water in each of the boats, when, with
a sidelong sheer, the vessel leaned half
way over to leeward, as helpless as a
log, preparad to going down.

The mate and his wife, with eight
men, took to the long boat; the rest of
the ship's occupants, amounting to ten
sailors, entered the quarter-boat.

Just as the two light vessels put
away from the doomed craft, the latter
plunging her bows under, a dull report
was heard, as the hatches were burst
open by the rising water in the hold.

A minute later, elevating her stern,
the ship sank out of sight in the stormy
ocean.

In the darkness and amongst the
heavy seas, the mate's boat became
separated from the other in a short
time.

At dawn no sign of the latter could
be discovered by those who looked
for it.

Keeping the boat all day before the
wind, the mate, with his companions,
vainly watched for a sail.

Thus, day after day passed, until
nearly a week had elapsed, by which
time the scanty allowance of sea-biscuits
having given out, there was nothing
left to eat in the boat, while in the
breaker (a small cask) there remained
hardly two quarts of water.

Three days later, neither land nor a
sail having yet been fallen in with, the
sufferings of the people in the boat, re-
duced almost to a state of starvation,
were terrible.

"Oh, Harriet," gasped the mate, on
the morning of the tenth day after the
ship had been abandoned, "if I could
only obtain food for you—even provided
the rest of us had none—it would be
a great comfort to me."

"Nay," answered the young woman
in a faint voice, while tears streamed
down her hollow, flushed cheeks, "you
shall have my share, Henry. I could
manage to wait for a sail, which I trust
we will soon behold."

"Ay, ay, men," said Mr. Rogers;
"I will soon be ready!"

His wife flung herself upon his bosom.
"Never! never shall they tear you
from me!" she cried, twining her arms
about his neck.

"But, Harriet," he said, "it is neces-
sary. It is only fair that I should die."

"You must not; you shall not," ex-
claimed the young woman. "We can
all go without food some hours longer,
during which we may see a sail."

"No, no, no," cried Rogers' shipmates
simultaneously. "We must have food
now."

Hunger had driven them to despera-
tion.

Their teeth were clenched, their eyes
wild and blood-shot, their faces more
like those of wolves than of human be-
ings.

"Let me go, dear Harriet," said the
young man to his wife. "Let me bid
you good-bye, and may Heaven bless
you!"

Some of the men advanced towards
Harriet, who still held her husband in
an embrace from which he could not
disengage himself. Turning towards
the sailors, she said:

"Back, back, never shall you tear
me from him. But, if you must have
a human life, take mine instead of my
husband's."

At this the men drew back. Even
at that dreadful moment they could not
endure the thought of killing a woman.

The first officer, who had watched
his chance, now by a sudden movement,
taking advantage of his wife's head
being turned, and nerved to additional
strength by the harrowing thought that
his shipmates might at length come to
the conclusion of accepting Harriet's
proposition to sacrifice her life, broke
from her intwinning arms and ran to-
wards the bow of the boat.

There he was quickly joined by the
other men, one of whom now placed
himself as a barrier between the young
woman and her husband, whom she was
making frantic efforts to reach.

Perceiving that she could not pass
the man, she fell upon her knees, and,
in a voice of the most heart-rending
agony, again begged the others to take
her instead of her husband's life.

But her supplications were vain.

She saw her husband leaning back
prepared to die, while Bruno proceeded
to sharpen his knife for the dreadful
work on one of the hoops of the break-
er.

Having at length prepared the weap-
on he stooped over the young man to
cut his throat, while a companion stood
out with a cup to catch the blood.

"For mercy's sake wait," she cried,
"Look first and see if there is not a
sail in sight."

The men obeyed her request. They
scanned the ocean far and near, but no
sign of a sail was to be seen.

"How do you know there is not one
hidden by that mist?" she enquired,
pointing toward a small fog bank,
a league to windward.

"There is none," one of the men an-
swered. "I feel sure; I looked at that
very spot before the fog settled there
about fifteen minutes ago."

"No, no; you may be mistaken. I
conjure you, I implore you to wait un-
til the fog clears up, when you may see
the sail."

The men exchanged glances.

"It's no use," cried Bruno; "but to
satisfy you, we will wait a few minutes
before we take your husband's life."

At this Harriet started up.

With her hands clasped and her long
hair streaming down her back, she
stood, her eyes turned toward the
sky.

In this position there came upon her
face an expression that had never been
seen there before.

It was almost divine, filling the
countenance with an unearthly beauty
lighting the eyes with such a radiant
gleam—a look of such strong, concen-

trated will, blended with heavenly sup-
plication, that the rough men drew back
with mingled respect and awe, trembling
under a sort of supernatural influ-
ence.

A moment the young woman stood
thus, and then from her parted lips
came her voice, full of strange, weird
power, making the blood leap in every
vein:

"Oh, Heaven! a sail! a sail!"

The words were simple enough, but
the manner in which they were uttered
thrilled her listeners to the heart.

Instinctively they all glanced around
upon the ocean, as if expecting that
the prayer would be answered:

North, south, east and west they
looked, but they saw no sign of a ves-
sel.

When about five minutes had passed,
however, Bruno was seen pointing to-
wards the strip of fog, which, slowly
rising like a curtain, revealed a sail.

Yes, there it was, sure enough, and
with a cry of wild joy on seeing it, Har-
riet, no longer kept from her husband,
flung herself upon his breast, while the
others gave expression to their feelings
by hoarse shouts, sobs, and frantic
laughter.

Signals were made, the vessel bore
down upon the boat, and the occupants
were soon on deck, to be kindly treated
by the captain of the bark Java, bound
to London.

The half-starved men were agreeably
surprised to find aboard this vessel
their shipmates of the quarter boat,
which, it seems, had been picked up
four days previously.

In due time the vessel arrived at her
home port, where the sailors related to
their friends how Harriet Rogers had
saved the life of her husband.

Some of the men insisted that fifteen
minutes before she uttered her prayer
there had been no vessel at the point
where it was discovered.

Of course they were mistaken, hav-
ing doubtless looked in some other di-
rection; but this they firmly denied
with the common superstition of sea-
faring men, deploring that the sail ap-
peared just when and where it did, in
answer to the "Wife's Prayer."

Away among the Alleghanies there
is a spring so small that an ox, in a sum-
mer's day, could drain it dry. It steals
its unobtrusive way among the hills till
it spreads out in the beautiful Ohio.
Thence it stretches away a thousand
miles, leaving on its banks more than
a hundred villages and cities, and many
thousand cultivated farms, and bearing
on its bosom more than half a thousand
steamboats. Then joining the Missis-
sippi, it stretches away and away some
twelve hundred miles more, till it falls
into the great emblem of eternity.

It is one of the great tributaries of
the ocean, which, obedient to Him,
shall rot, till the angel, with one foot
on the sea and the other on the land,
shall lift his hand to heaven, and swear
that time shall be no longer.

So with moral influence. It is a rill
—a rivulet—a river—an ocean bound-
less and fathomless as eternity.

Every one should try to better his
condition if he can. The poor man
should try to increase his means; the
sick man to improve his health; the
ignorant man to acquire knowledge;
and the foolish man to get understand-
ing.

In such matters, the great question
is whether the desired improvement is
within reach.

To long for what we cannot attain
or to grieve because it is unattainable,
is simply to play the part of a child
that cries for the moon. Let us know
ourselves and our position. Let us
know what we have and what we want,
and let us next inquire whether what
we want can be got by striving for it.

If it cannot be got, let us think of it
no more, or endeavor to compensate
for the want in some other way.

A short man may wish to be tall,
but he cannot add an inch, any more
than a cubit, to his stature. He may,
however, be a very worthy and respect-
able man for all that, if he conducts
himself with propriety and simplicity,
and does not, as short men sometimes
do, render his diminutive size more
conspicuous by conceit and affectation.

TO OUR PATRONS.

With this number we open in the ACADIAN a New Department, devoted expressly to Literature, Science and Criticism. We are not influenced in this by any such absurd and insane notion as that we can in any degree supersede the necessity of that intellectual training and culture which it devolves upon colleges and higher schools of learning to confer. Our aim is far humbler, but still, as we conceive, a desirable one. In this village of schools, in this province of educational institutions which cultivate so widely the intellectual faculties of our people, we consider that there is a field as yet largely unoccupied by the Journalism of the Country, which, in our opinion, it is most desirable to cultivate. That field is in a great measure created by the higher institutions of learning themselves, with which the Province, abundantly. These have awakened a taste for reading; they have in some cases, it is believed, rendered it of great moment that snatched also to much that is read should be freely accessible. Is it accessible when the thoughts of the wisest and the best of the race are made familiar, and that is done most efficiently by the Press—one of whose functions it is to reproduce and emphasize these thoughts.

There has been no previous announcement of this proposed advance in the ACADIAN, further than was involved in our original engagement, to make from time to time and as soon as practicable, such improvements in the paper as circumstances might indicate and warrant. We have thus far, as we think will be admitted, endeavored to fulfil our promise; and in this new step forwards and upwards we hope we are affording an additional proof of our determination to redeem the pledge originally given.

The article in our present number will furnish some idea of what contemplate, and also of the views we entertain on some of the most interesting and engrossing topics of the day. We do not abandon, as will be seen, the old landmarks in Philosophy and Natural Religion. Our disposition is rather to take an unbiased and untrammelled survey of the domain of modern research, adopting and maintaining what commands itself to our reason and understanding, and rejecting all that has no better foundation than hypothesis, unsubstantiated by experimental evidence. "Till we attain more light, or are involved in grosser darkness, we are content to hold by such philosophical guides as a Bacon, as a Faraday and a Newton; and to abide by the doctrines they held of a Personal God, with whom originated all the Laws of Nations, and a presiding, overruling Providence, that continually and unweariedly maintain those Laws in their operations, to the accomplishment of his infinitely wise and beneficent purposes.

The Herald copied, a few days ago, an article telegraphed by a Windsor correspondent to a St. John paper in reference to King's College, which it pronounced to be utterly false. The article in question stated that Dr. Dart had been accused of fraudulent examinations or something of that sort and that he had been censured severely and asked to at once resign. It then made sweeping scandalous statements against some of the other professors. If these statements were true the action of the Board of Governors was the most remarkable on record and was certainly widely different from anything we can recall at the present moment. But if as the Herald says they are false and Dr. Dart was honorably acquitted it looks to us to be the most contemptible thing we have heard of for some time. That any one should allow personal enmity, and we can imagine no other reason, to so influence them as to do such a small, mean, despicable act is hard for us to understand. And that they should, to spite one or two men, bring reproach upon such a noble institution as King's College is entirely beyond our comprehension. Oh, shame, Windsor. Will you allow yourself to be so disgraced.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

To the Editor of the Acadian.

Dear Sir:—Allow me, through the columns of your paper, to make a few brief remarks in regard to the way in which I have been treated by Mr. George W. Woodworth and Mr. C. R. Bill, the sole manager of the 'Western Chronicle.' This is the second time in which I have been debarred from defending myself from financial injury through the 'Chronicle.' About one year ago I was forced to make a match race, which afterwards was brought off by Mr. C. R. Bill, paying forfeit, in order to save the reputation of his horse. I kindly asked Mr. G. W. Woodworth to explain why the race would not be, and as it was not the wish of Mr. Bill, he refused to publish it. Had I known that Mr. Bill was the manager and editor of the 'Western Chronicle,' I would doubtless have communicated with him privately; but as you will see Mr. Bill has challenged me by telegram, I accepted it through the 'Chronicle,' in which I have been refused space. This is either on Mr. Bill's part, for fear of having 'Allie Clay' beaten in a race, or on Mr. Woodworth's part, for fear of being thrown out of a situation. I hereafter caution all parties corresponding to the 'Western Chronicle' to direct all communications in care of C. R. Bill for approval. This challenge from Mr. Bill is like stabbing a man to the heart, and holding your hand over his mouth to prevent him crying "murder." It appears that Mr. Bill only challenged "Confidential Charley" when he was in a trance, but as soon as he came to himself, and saw what he had done, and the danger in which he placed "Allie Clay," he immediately dispatched the 'Western Chronicle' to withhold all communications in regard to said race. Now if "Allie Clay" is a faster and more durable colt than "Confidential Charley," I want the farmers and horsebreeders of King's County to know it, and if Mr. C. R. Bill is afraid to risk a hundred dollars to prove this matter, I will give the people of our County a free exhibition, if Mr. Bill will appoint any day in this month a match "Allie Clay" against "Confidential Charley" for one mile or two. It is time the Black Cap was pulled off the horse breeder's eyes; it has been held over their eyes for ten years. It is all very well for a man to import a breed of horses, and charge \$40 or \$50 for a service, and "try out age" for speed. And after five years we find that this wonderful horse has only got one or two trotters. In regard to the incorrect statement made in the time given for "Confidential Charley" on Kentville track on the 8th. I do not say that Mr. Bill did this intentionally, but Mr. Bill's timer has got a stop notch worn from timing Hartfords that could not beat a half-mile in 1.41 and it might have been that Chouder's watch caught in the Hartford notch, which prevented him from giving the correct time. If Mr. Bill's colt is a trotter, why not show him to the people, instead of locking him in a barn, and standing at the door to prevent men from seeing him? I do not wish to say anything against Mr. C. R. Bill's horses, only I hope they will prove worth \$50 a service. I would just say I will make the race for \$200 if Mr. C. R. Bill should object to \$100. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for so much of your valuable space, I remain, yours respectfully,
J. I. BROWN.

A TROTTING CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

I have been unexpectedly challenged by telegram from C. R. Bill, dated Oct. 4th, to trot my colt, "Confidential Charley," against "Allie Clay," on Kentville track, for \$200, and at the end of his challenge he actually dares me to trot. I have a good colt and consider him well bred. I bought him for a carriage horse to do my driving and thought that perhaps I could earn a little with him towards keeping him. I never intended him for a race horse. I unfortunately entered him in the 3 year old race which he won without a day's training. After the race I commenced feeding green food; Mr. Bill, knowing this, took this opportunity of challenging me for \$200, an amount that a man in my position of life seldom has on hand, nor would I care to push my customers for money to make a horse race in so short a time, but as I am forced to defend the reputation of my colt, and as things stand at present, I will accept Mr. C. R. Bill's challenge to trot my colt, "Confidential Charley," against "Allie Clay" for \$100 on Oct. 27th under the rules of the National Association—mile heats, best 3 in 5. I will drive just as fast for \$100 as I would for \$200. I will meet Mr. C. R. Bill at the 'Chronicle' office, Kentville, on the 17th, when I will deposit \$25 as forfeit—Mr. Bill depositing same amount—and will deposit balance on Saturday 25th. Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for space in your paper, I remain yours truly,
Wolfville, Oct 10 '84. J. I. Brown.

Science, Literature, Criticism.

Sayings, wise and otherwise of Scientists and Sciolists.
WITH CASUAL NOTES.

"Matter the wise man's God—the crowds no matter."—Punch.
"There is a species of superstition, which inclines men to take on trust whatever assumes the name of science, and which seems to be a reaction of the old superstition that had faith in witches, but none in Sir Isaac Newton and believed in ghosts, but failed to credit the Gregorian Calendar."—H. Miller.

"The theorist looks only at those phases of truth which are in union with his own views, and when truth presents no such favorable aspect, he wraps himself up in the folds of ambiguity and ignorance."—Agassiz.
All who read the literature of the day continually encounter such words as Agnosticism, Development, Protoplasm, Materialism, with the names of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall and Haeckel. They know too that the words addressed are indicative of beliefs at variance with the hitherto received interpretation of the teachings of the Scriptures. But few comparatively are aware of the lengths to which the Apostles of Materialism have advanced in their assumptions and iconoclastic endeavors to subvert the cherished beliefs of the religious world and to reduce man to a condition of either isolation, without a Father and without a Friend. The nature of their doctrines, and the inevitable result of the reception of them into the mind, will be apparent from the few following extracts taken at random from the works of some of the teachers of this new school of Science, "falsely so called." The author of the "Vestiges of Creation" names the Development Theory, "The New Philosophy;" but like "the Holy Roman Empire," which was neither holy nor Roman, the Development Theory is neither Philosophy nor new.
To begin, we will quote from Mr. Huxley the following words:
"The fundamental proposition of Evolution is that the whole world living and non-living, is the result of the mutual interaction, according to definite laws, of the forces possessed by the molecules, of which the primitive nebula of the universe was composed." If this be true it is no less certain that the existing world lay potentially in the cosmic vapor."—Huxley.

We have here a list of assumptions—one of the most obvious characteristics of "the new Philosophy," and no less unphilosophical than obvious. First, it assumed that the Universe primitively existed in a state of "nebulousness," secondly, that the nebulousness consisted of "molecules," thirdly, that these molecules were possessed of "forces," and fourthly, that there was a "neutral interaction" of these forces whatever they were. Now all this may be true, or wholly apart from the truth—"the baseless fabric of a vision" and of a wild and wanton imagination. A part of it may be pronounced as but little better than nonsense.

But that is not the point which concerns us most. The great matter is, that the "proposition" in its entirety is merely an hypothesis; and that though unsupported by any evidence, it is the foundation on which the whole theory of Evolution rests. Yet this absence of proof is so far from troubling our Scientists or Sciolists, that they do not hesitate to discard experience and observation entirely as necessary means for the discovery of truth. This is boldly avowed by Prof. Tyndall, one of the most prominent oracles of the School. Listen to his words:
"The strength of the doctrine of evolution consists, not in an experimental demonstration, for the subject in hand is hardly accessible to this mode of proof (!) but in its general harmony with scientific thoughts (!)."—Tyndall.

To which it may be replied, We should be thankful to the philosopher for his candor, that the matter is not susceptible of proof; but we must none the less deny the correctness of the statement, that such unproved and unprovable doctrines are "in harmony with scientific thought,"
Another utterance of Prof. Tyndall may here be properly introduced. It is to this effect:
"The doctrine of evolution derives man in his totality from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past."—Tyndall.
To which we may reply, that although the doctrine does undoubtedly so "derive" man, yet his derivation is quite as undoubtedly from another source altogether. And we remark further, that the doctrine would be even less acceptable than it is, if it were enunciated in plain, intelligible language. We read in Scott:
"It had much of glamor might
To make a lady seem a knight"
So these fine words, "interaction of organism and environment," if put into vulgar English, would render the doctrine very commonplace and absurd.
To be continued.

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To be continued.

CROCKERY!
F. L. BROWN & CO.,

OFFERS FOR SALE
The LARGEST,
CHEAPEST, and
BEST SELECTED
STOCK OF
Crockery and Glassware
IN THE COUNTY.
LAMP GOODS
A SPECIALTY.
GLASSWARE!
Wolfville Sept. 20, 1884.

THE ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
NORTH AMERICA
IS THE
FIRST AND ONLY ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY
IN AMERICA

Confining its toil the one business.
J. B. DAVIDSON, Agent.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WANTED!
A Male Teacher

For Grand Pre School Section, for Winter Term. State Grade and Salary in application.
ALBERT J. HARRIS,
Secy. Trustee.
Grand Pre, Oct. 8th, '84.

Sweeping Reductions

In SUITS made by me
For 1 Month.
Having a large stock on hand I wish to clear out to make room for New Stock.
A. McPHERSON,
KENTVILLE.
Sept. 25, 1884.

J. WESTON
MERCHANT TAILOR,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

BICYCLE
FOR SALE!

A 54 inch Standard
Columbia Bicycle, nickel
plated, nearly new. Cost
\$125. Will be sold cheap.
Inquire at this office.
Sept. 25, 1884.

Death-blow
TO LARGE PROFITS



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

Jas. McLeod,
PRACTICAL
WATCH & CLOCK
MAKER.
(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)
Opposite the store of
Caldwell & Murray.
See Future Advertisements.
SOLICITED.
Inspection
and
Competition and

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

COAL COAL!

In Store and for sale at lowest possible rates, a good supply constantly, from all the best mines. Good facilities for loading cars to go by rail. All orders promptly attended to.
Price-list on application.
W. J. HIGGINS.
Wolfville, Aug. 22d.

Burpee Witter

IS OFFERING
Special Bargains
IN
English, Scotch
and Canadian
TWEEDS,
Grey Flannels
AND
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Some of the above lines are being sold
BELOW COST.

All persons indebted to the subscriber are hereby notified to settle their accounts within THIRTY DAYS from this date.
Burpee Witter.
Wolfville, Aug. 1st. 1884.

THE
WOLFVILLE
Local
The subject
at Gaspereau
St. George
proposed
anniversary
A few nice
Western Bo
CALDWELL
a great run
they deserve
goods than
hard to find
very tasty
fully low pr
SHIPPING
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only \$2.50
G. H. W
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h-blow
E PROFITS



McLeod,
OPTICAL
H & CLOCK
K EIR.
LONDON, ENGLAND
of the store of
H & MURRAY

Competition and
Inspection

McLeod's Price List of
WATCH REPAIRS.
Wrist Watch 50c.
price 75c. to \$1.00
Pocket Watch 50c.
price 75c. to \$1.00
Crystal 10c.
(usual price 20c.)
Hand 10 to 15c.
(usual price 20 to 25c.)
All other repairs at a reduced
price guaranteed 12 months.

COAL!
and for sale at lowest prices,
a good supply constantly,
the best mines. Good facilities
for loading cars to go by rail.
Orders promptly attended to.
See list on application.
W. J. HIGGINS.
Wolffville, Aug. 22d.

Burpee Witter
IS OFFERING
Special Bargains
in
English, Scotch
and Canadian
TWEEDS,
Grey Flannels
AND
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
of the above lines are being sold
at a LOW COST.
Persons indebted to the subscribers
are hereby notified to settle their accounts
within THIRTY DAYS from
date.
Burpee Witter,
Wolffville, Aug. 1st. 1884.

THE ACADIAN, WOLFFVILLE, N. S. OCT. 17, 1884.

Local and Provincial.

The substructure of the new bridge at Gasperau is now completed.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., propose celebrating their centennial anniversary sometime next month.

A few nice Croquet Sets for sale at Western Book & News Co's for \$2.00.

CALDWELL & MURRAY are having a great run on their Fall Hats, and they deserve it, for a prettier line of goods than they are showing would be hard to find. They also show some very tasty collars and neckties at wonderfully low prices.

SHIPPING TAGS.—Dennison's Patent Shipping Tags, printed to order, only \$2.50 per thousand at this office.

G. H. Wallace has a cluster of apples on exhibition at his store, which is certainly a great curiosity even in this fruit growing county. The branch on which these apples grew is about a foot long and contains a dozen apples.

NOTICE.—The voters of Ward 7 will hold a public meeting in the school-house, at Black River, on Thursday the 23d of this month at 7 p. m., for the purpose of choosing some one to represent said ward in the Municipal Council. All are cordially invited to attend.

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

NOTICE.—J. McLeod's Price List for Watch Repairs.

F. L. Brown & Co. are showing a splendid line of Crockery, in Sets and pieces.

A float of salt grass, containing about 20 tons, belonging to Isaac Schofield and others, went adrift a few days ago, and lodged on the west of Long Island. Messrs. Card and Davison discovered it upon the mud flats and are now engaged in gathering it and expect to have about 10 tons. They are saving it in the interest of the owners.

Caldwell & Murray give up the credit system on Nov. 1st. and in future will run their business on the safe and sound principle of pay as you go. They will no doubt be able to do better for their customers than ever, as they will have no loser to make up.

BARN BURNED.—On Saturday last at about 10 o'clock, a. m., the barn of Mr. Charles Strong, of New Minas, was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Strong was some distance away digging potatoes, and before help could be procured the fire had so far advanced that it could not be extinguished. The barn contained a quantity of hay and grain, 12 barrels of apples and a horse, all of which were burned. We are informed there was no insurance and that Mr. Strong's loss will be considerable.

Mr. John W. Harris, of the American House, handed in the following communication, which we publish for the benefit of our readers:

110 Cannon Street,
London, E. C., October 1st, 1884.

Dear Sir,—Since the commencement of the Apple Season here, the imports into London, have been entirely from the Continent, a good deal of it of poor quality; the fruit has been sent forward freely, owing to the scarcity of English apples, but prices, in consequence of quantity and quality have been moderate.

We expect these shipments will soon exhaust themselves, and the result be a confirmation of our opinion, that after the early fruit was finished, our market would require good apples from your side, but especially of good quality.

The only American apples sold here lately was a parcel of about 150 barrels, chiefly Baldwins; green and unripe, though otherwise good and well packed, which realized from 13 s @ 15 s per barrel.

In shipping to London, our advice is keep to fruit of good quality, and avoid sending to this market low grades.

Yours truly,
JOHN S. TOWNSEND & CO.

Local and Provincial.

We are pleased to see Mr. C. W. Williams among us again for a few weeks.

Go to Western Book & News Co's. for Text and Birthday Cards, large and extra fine assortment.

Rev. Samuel McC. Black, A. M., lectures in Academy Hall next Friday evening, Oct. 24, under the auspices of Acadia Athenaeum.

Benjamin Ward of Long Island, harvested last year 1400 bushels of shipping potatoes, this year from the same farm, he had only 25 bushels altogether.

We hope the Herald won't steal any items out of that western paper this week for we notice that in three columns headed "Local and other matters" only one poor lonesome six line news item appears, and if the Herald steals that one we won't have any chance at all. Any how, under the circumstances, we think it is real wicked to steal.

Nice line of Walking Sticks at Western Book & News Co's.

Among our exchanges this week we find the Dartmouth Times, J. A. Halliday publisher, appearing as a semi-weekly. Good boy! We wish you success, and if you can wake solemn old Dartmouth up you should have a handsome pension.

We also notice that the Critic—oh but hold on—say Critic what have we done that we shouldn't have at least a sample copy? Send it along and let us see how you look.

5 quires of fine note paper at the Western Book & News Co's for 25c.

The Hants Journal having its time wholly occupied with its central Railway Scheme wants the King's county papers to look after the Bay of Fundy tides. While we feel that the Journal has a magnificent work ahead of it in the Railway and certainly no time to devote to the Fundy tides, we as one of the King's county papers must decline having anything to do with them. It would be about as much use to try to explain how we move our own fingers. If the Journal man will explain the one we will guarantee to explain the other.

Canning Items.

William Stirks has been very successful as a gardener this season. From half an acre of land he has raised 500 beautiful heads of cabbage, and from a quarter of an acre he will have 200 bushels of carrots; he has also been successful with other vegetables in his garden. Mr. Stirks made a shipment of 250 heads of cabbage and five bushels of carrots to Spencer's Island this week.

The Schr. Unexpected, Capt. Baxter, is now discharging a full cargo of Spring Hill coal for the firm of James Blenkhorn & Sons.

Potato crops throughout this part of the county are almost a failure some farmers are not getting more than ten bushels to the acre, and few are getting from a 100 to 15 bushels but these are few.

Fruit is very plentiful and there seems to be a call for apples. Mr. C. E. Borden has seen shipping some and Messrs. Bigelow intend loading a vessel soon.

Born.

At Wolffville, on the 16th, inst., the wife of J. A. Elderkin of a daughter.

Died.

At Wolffville, Oct. 12th, Mrs. John Rounsell, aged 73.

SHIPPING.

PORT OF HORTON.

ARRIVED

Oct 9th: Schr Willie, Glavin, from Westport, fish.

Oct 13th: Schr Carrie Maud, York, from Parrsboro', coal to W. J. Higgins.

Oct 15th: Schr Flora B., Bently, from St John, oil and mds.

CLEARED

Oct 10th: Schr E. B. Ketchum, Green, for Parrsboro', in ballast.

Oct 15th: Schr Carrie Maud, York, for Parrsboro', apples.

Oct 15th: Schr Flora B., Bently, for Windsor, mds.

Oct 16th: Schr Willie, Glavin, for Westport, potatoes and apples.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Acadian.

Certain persons for some years past, after getting their cattle branded for the Grand Pre Dyke, have been in the habit of driving them directly to Long Island in droves. I suppose for the purpose of finding good feed and pure water. If they had in view the finding of pure water they were sadly mistaken, as the Long Island creek is full of stagnant water and scummed over with a loathsome looking and poisonous substance. A number of the cattle so driven here are so unruly that it is useless to try to fence against them, and some of the farmers have been to great loss, as they frequently find in the mornings some 20 head of cattle in their enclosures. When will this covetous practice stop, and will they next year take charge of our little Island and drive us to the mountain. A.
Long Island, Oct. 14th 1884.

INTERESTING TO FRUIT GROWERS.

To the Editor of the Acadian.

This is one of the best plum countries on the American continent. It is very singular that there are no plum orchards in the valley, when they can be grown so easily and they bear so young; very often four quarts the second year of planting. Instead of a few hundred trees, there ought to be thousands planted next year. The highest prices obtained this year in Boston was \$5.50 per bush. for the small damson plums. The best varieties of plums to plant in Nova Scotia are the Nectarine Weaver, Mooney, Bradshaw, Forest Rose, and Kelsey's Japan. In proof of which I give the names of parties who have raised all but the last two. On trees set in the fall of 1880; from trees purchased of J. F. Rupert, Robert J. Spur, Round Hill, gathered from four trees, of the Weaver plum, this year, 3 bush. J. P. Chipman and Geo. Vaugh, Kentville, John Davison and Mr. Cook, Bridgewater, raised from 1/2 to 2 bush. of plums on each tree. John Daniel, Windsor, had 2 bush. from one Weaver Plum tree. This tree was a sight to behold, literally breaking down with its early, luscious, large and superior fruit; there was not room to put on one more plum. These varieties are not wholly free from that dreadful scourge—Black knot—but are less subject to it than any other trees that are sold. By careful and clean cultivation, and plenty of ashes or salt, and by careful watching to cut off and destroy any limbs that may be affected the disease may be cured. The Moore Arctic plum, that agents are selling from \$1.00 to \$2.50 per tree, does not stand the test, as it is so subject to the black knot—in fact is the most subject to it of any plum tree sold. I give a few of the names of many persons who have been deceived by the agents of this plum: Geo. V. Rand, J. W. Bares, Wolffville; Hon. F. W. Borden, Canning.

That plums pay I refer to John Tobin, Port Williams, who from a few trees sold 50 bushels plums for \$100.00 at his own door. 200 trees are planted on an acre, and as they bear in two or three years must be more profitable than an acre of apple trees and the first finds a ready sale.

L. W. Kimball, Kentville.

—Lord Tennyson is writing a long dramatic poem about Thomas Becket.

—The population of Toronto is now 104,276.

Concerning what are known as "standing advertisements" in newspapers which some merchants say are useless, it has been remarked, and truly, that they command confidence. The man who for years resides in a community and lives a reputable life, even though he be of moderate ability, will grow in the confidence and esteem of his fellows. On the same principal a newspaper advertisement becomes familiar to the eyes of the reader, still it makes the business of a man familiar, and its continued presence in the columns of a paper inspires confidence in the ability of the advertiser.—Monetary Times.

Hotel Arrivals.

BAY VIEW HOTEL, Mrs. H. Brown, Proprietress.—Rev. H. Burgess, England. Monday: Mrs. Anna Lewis, England; Mr. J. H. Angwin, and wife and son, Halifax.

CARD.

TO THE ELECTORS OF WARD 9. GENTLEMEN:

In compliance with a largely signed requisition, I hereby consent to be nominated as a candidate at the approaching Municipal Election, and if elected will strive to serve your interests, as well as those of our County faithfully.

Fred G. Curry.
Horton Landing, Oct. 14, 1884.

ATTENTION!

S. R. SLEEP,

Desires to call the attention of the people of King's to the fact that he is selling off a large stock of

STOVES,

the remnant of stock manufactured by THE ACADIA IRON FOUNDRY, at exceedingly low prices. Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call and inspect as the stock must be sold even at a sacrifice.

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolffville, Oct. 1st, 1884.

6 Horse power Engine, Boiler,

No. 4 Fan,

Almost as good as new.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

From the best Foundries

JOB PRINTING

—OF—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

D. A. Munro, Manufacturer of Doors Sashes and Mouldings of every description for house finishing. Having fitted up my shop with new machinery for the above business and using kiln-dried stock I am able to give satisfaction to persons favoring me with their orders. Wolffville, April 17th '84. 6 mos

KING'S COUNTY JEWELRY STORE!

KENTVILLE.

The subscribers have recently opened the store in ARNOLD'S BLOCK, Webster St., next door to Post office,

WITH A FULL LINE OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, Table CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC., ETC.,

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

J. R. McDonald & Co.

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS,

Arnold's Block, Webster St., Kentville, N. S. and 145 Granville St., Halifax, N. S. Sept 18th, 1884.

Caldwell & Murray

ARE OPENING THEIR FALL STOCK

—OF—

DRY GOODS

THIS WEEK

Ex Sts. CASPIAN from LIVERPOOL And CALEDONIA from LONDON.

COME AND SEE THE NEW GOODS.

Wolffville Sept. 25th '84.

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S BOYHOOD.

This great English novelist who has lately died, describes in his autobiography some of the trials of his boyhood. He says:

"I was only seven, and I think that boys of seven are now spared among their more considerate seniors. I was never spared; and was not even allowed to run between our house and the school without a daily perigatory. No doubt my appearance was against me."

"I remember well, when I was still the junior boy in the school, Dr. Butler, the head master, stopping me in the street and asking me, with all the clouds of Jove upon his brow and all the thunder in his voice, whether it was possible that Harrow school was disgraced by so disreputably dirty a little as I. All that was fifty years ago, and it burns me now as though it were yesterday. It is the nature of boys to be cruel. I have sometimes doubted whether among each other they do usually suffer much, one from the other's cruelty; but I suffered horribly! I could make no stand against it. I had no friend to whom I could pour out my sorrows. I was big and awkward and ugly, and, I have no doubt, skulked about in a most unattractive manner. Of course I was ill-dressed and dirty."

"Perhaps the eighteen months which I passed in this condition, walking to and fro in these miserable dirty lanes, was the worst period of my life. I was now over fifteen, and had come to an age at which I could appreciate at its full the misery of expulsion from all social intercourse. I had not only no friends, but was despised by all my companions. I know that I skulked and was odious to the eyes of those I admired and envied. At last I was driven to rebellion and there came a great fight, at the end of which my opponent had to be taken home for a while. If these words be ever printed, I trust that some school-fellow of those days may still be left alive who will be able to say that, in claiming this salutary glory of my school days, I am not making a false boast."

REMARKABLE ESCAPES OF EMINENT MEN.

A young man, holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempting to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming, "I must be preserved for something great," and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which for some time previous had been uppermost in his thoughts. That young man afterwards became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot, the other spared, else would the name of the great reformer, Martin Luther, have been unknown to mankind.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him through a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices used to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-fouled protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced its steps, and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion the waters had well nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege of Leicester a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentry duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made,

and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn afterwards became the author of the "Pilgrim's Progress."

Doderidge, when born, was so weakly an infant he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by fancied she saw some signs of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author and consistent Christian was preserved to the world.

John Wesley, when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been, fell in. Of Philip Henry a similar instance is recorded.

John Knox, the renowned Scotch reformer, was always wont to sit at the head of the table with his back to the window. On one particular evening, without, however, being able to account for it, he would neither himself sit in the chair nor permit anyone else to occupy his place. That very night a bullet was shot in at the window purposely to kill him; it grazed the chair in which he sat, and made a hole in the foot of a candlestick on the table.

The life of John Newton is but the history of marvelous deliverances. As a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupants drowned. On another occasion, when tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat as heretofore to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few moments sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board.

She sat by the fire knitting. Her lovely eyes rested ever and anon upon the handsome face of her lover opposite. "When are we going to be knitted together?" he asked her, softly. She knitted her brows. "Don't, George. You made me drop a stitch. Look at the wool!" "Wool you be mine, darling," he answered, still more softly. She fetched him a playful one in the eye with the apparatus. He got the needle, and went away and married another girl who didn't do fancy work.

LIGHT BRAMAS!

Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS STOCK. Trios, Pairs, and Single Birds for sale. **A. deW. BARSS.** Wolfville, Oct. 1st, '84

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

The subscriber would like to say right out loud to the public that he is selling the **CELEBRATED ACADIA COAL**

very cheap. Also that he is taking orders for **HARD COAL**, which he will supply at hard pan prices.

D. MUMFORD, W. & A. Ry Depot, Wolfville, N. S.

CAUTION!

All persons are cautioned against trading or bartering with my sons or paying them money for the products of my farm, as I will not ratify any bargains made by them, and will collect the pay for anything sold from off my premises.

REBECCA FARRELL, Etna, Sept. 20th.

G. A. PATRIQUIN, HARNESS MAKER.

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

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.
Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville.

SPECIALITIES. WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO FALL 1884.

Books:
POETS at 75c. cloth.
Steele's Fourteen Weeks Science Primers, \$1.35
Smith's Latin Principia Part I \$0.65
Smith's French " " .65
Harknes' Standard Lat. Grammar 1.55
20 cents each:

Never:
Always:
Every day Blunders.
Stop!!
English as she is wrote.

18 cents each:
Longfellow.
Don Quixote.
Hood's Own.
Old Foggy.
Arabian Nights.
Boomerang Shots.

35 cents each:
Twain's Nightmare.
Dunbury Newsman.
Ward among the Mormons.
Jumping Frog.
Innocents Abroad.
Roaring Camp.

Baker's Reading club, 20 cts.
Dick's Readings, 35 "

Stationery:
Special Note, 5 quires, 25 cts.
Clear lake " 5 " 25 "
Fine Steel Pens, per Gross, 30 "
Gisburne's Ruling Pen, each, 13 "
Boxed Invitation, Cards & Envelopes, 30 "

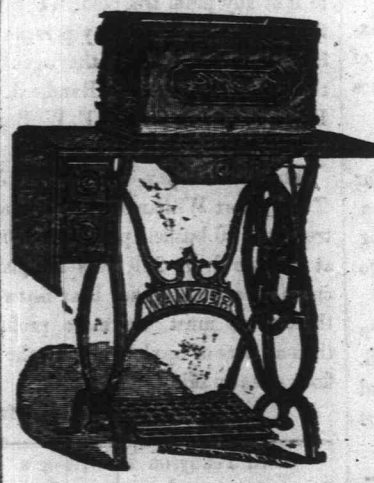
Stafford's Inks:
Universal, 3 oz. 10c. 8 oz. 30c.
Office, 3 oz. 15c. 8 oz. 50c.
Blue, 3 oz. 10c.
Green, 3 oz. 10c.
Violet, 3 oz. 10c.
Blue Black, 3 oz. 10c.
Red, 12c.
Knickerbocker cones, 5c.

MUCILAGE, 4 oz. bell mouth, 20c.
Carter's Raven Black, 5c.
Stephen's Commercial Dwarf, 3c.

David's Inks:
Quarts, 60c.
Pints, 35c.
Half Pints, 18c.
MUCILAGE, cones, 12c.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.
Look out for our catalogue of Magazines, Newspapers and Periodicals in a few days.

We have taken the local agency for **THE "WANZER"**



SEWING MACHINE,

and invite our friends to inspect it before purchasing elsewhere. It is not an untried machine but has stood for a long time. Having been greatly improved during late years it now stands superior to any in the market and defies competition. We are here to stay and cannot afford to misrepresent our business. Call and see our stock for yourselves and we are sure to suit you.

Western Book & News Co.
A. M. HOARE, Manager,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Booksellers and Stationers, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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

TREES, TREES! TREES!

Annapolis Valley NURSERIES!

Home Grown Trees!

J. F. RUPERT, NURSEYMAN,

AND DEALER IN ALL LINES OF

Fruit and Ornamental TREES!

SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, etc., etc.

ANNAPOLIS, N. S. and ROCHESTER, N. Y.

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

And have now for sale for the

SPRING TRADE 100,000 HOME GROWN TREES!

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

Hold your orders until you see my Agents:

L. W. KIMBALL
E. R. CLARK,
I. G. NEWCOMB
R. H. WARNER
W. T. V. YOUNG
GEO. HOYT.

W. & A. Railway Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.
Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.F.S.			Exp. Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
Annapolis Leave		6 30		1 45	
14 Bridgetown "		6 25		2 23	
28 Middleton "		7 25		2 57	
42 Aylesford "		8 25		3 30	
47 Berwick "		8 55		3 43	
50 Waterville "		9 10		3 50	
59 Kentville dpt	7 40	10 40		4 20	
64 Port Williams "	8 00	11 00		4 33	
66 Wolfville "	8 10	11 10		4 38	
69 Grand Pre "	8 25	11 22		4 46	
72 Avonport "	8 37	11 35		4 54	
77 Hantsport "	8 55	11 55		5 08	
84 Windsor "	9 45	12 45		5 30	
116 Windsor, June	10 00	3 10		6 50	
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55		7 25	
GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F. daily.			
Halifax—leave	7 20	A. M.	A. M.	P. M.	
14 Windsor Jun—"	8 00	8 30		3 30	
46 Windsor "	9 15	11 00		3 35	
53 Hantsport "	9 35	11 30		3 03	
58 Avonport "	9 48	11 50		3 20	
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	12 06		3 32	
64 Wolfville "	10 05	12 24		3 48	
66 Fort Williams "	10 10	12 28		3 55	
71 Kentville "	10 58	2 02		7 10	
80 Waterville "	11 05	2 17			
83 Berwick "	11 15	2 17			
88 Aylesford "	11 18	2 40			
102 Middleton "	11 48	3 47			
116 Bridgetown "	12 23	4 52			
130 Annapolis Arive	1 00	5 50			

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

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P. Innes, General Manager. Wolfville, 1st Sept. 1884

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