

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 28, 1889.

No. 45.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by every physician who knows it."—H. A. Adams, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ACADIAN.

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News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must be given, and the copy must be accompanied by a return address, and a return address must be given.

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NEW TOMATOES SEEDS

POETRY.

Written for the Acadian.

Seining.

The tide is out, spent to sand-washing rills
Mandering outward to the rock-worn bay,
Bleached smoothly-white with every sun
That fills
The tide-deserted hollow with its gold,
The seine-poles straggle. Slender ropes
Stretch like blind groping arms that ask
For help.
In glittering hopelessness the fish are
shooked,
Above the meshes, dripping still with wet,
Amid the garnet dulse and snake-like
kelp,
The silver salmon, vagrant of the seas,
Beats with tender sides the dulling sand,
With strength that leaps and swam the
water-falls
To hide its roe on still cerulean lees,
Here looks its agony and dies. The shad
Lie heaped, by gulls down-circling
scanned;
Whirling rapid, fearless, airy rings
About the leaping boat, the white-
limbed maid,
The wind-brown fisher, and the fisher
lad,
The net waves heavily, yet softly sing
To whine departing, and the gusts un-
laid
The maiden's hair.
The laden boat is rocked,
With rustling fluke and chain yet locked,
With buried tale. The poles, oft bent
before,
Now quiver in the eddy, sinking low
Beneath the rising sea; and on the shore
The reels are floating with the overflow.
The tide is in; the dun banks are no
more.
A placid stream reflects the summer sky,
At wharf-rest doth the boat unladen lie.
J. F. HENRIS.

STORY.

Auld Robin Gray.

The People's Friend, Dundee.

CHAPTER I.

"Ye ken, lassie, I hae aye lo'ed ye weel?"

Jeanie lifted up her bonnie face to her lover's earnest gaze, and answered softly—

"Ay, Jamie, but hae ye thoct o' the siller?"

It was not altogether the answer that he expected, and it gave Jamie a shock to discover that the girl beside him, with her soft cheeks and bright young eyes was not a thoughtless lassie after all, but a practical woman.

"I'm thinkin' there suld be no marriage war' there's nae money, Jamie lad," she continued. "Gin we hadna bread we'd be wantin' love, ye ken."

"I doot ye're richt, my wumman; but gin I had the siller, Jeanie; wad ye marry me?"

"Ay, wad I," she answered simply.

And then Jamie took her hand, and looking into her eyes caught their sweet, true light, and was satisfied.

The two were walking along the shore in the fading light of the short October evening. Before them stretched the low purple hills, bright in the sunset and dim on the horizon the Bell Rock Lighthouse held up a dark figure of warning. At their feet was the low murmur of waves coming in, crested with white foam; and overhead was a gull breaking the silence by shrill cries.

But little cared they for sight or sound on this quiet evening; and the murmurs of the waves or distant lights on the hills were only accessories to the story Jamie told with such musical depth in his voice; and to the love-light that flashed—stronger and purer than ever flashed the red light from the rock—out of the deep tenderness of Jamie's blue eyes.

So in that beautiful dreamland they walked in the fading light a pair of lovers—in no way different from others that strolled past—whose common-place exterior gave no hint of the tragedy and romance that would touch their lives into such pathetic contrast with the quiet fates of the youths and maidens sauntering by.

"I hae but a'r croon the noo, lassie," Jamie said, after a while, "but I'll mak' it a pund, an' ye sall hae baith croon an' pund when we wed."

"Hoo'll ye do it, Jamie? Croon dinna mak' puns as sune as laddies."

"Na, na; but I'll aff to sea, lassie. The Bonnie Jean sails fra Dundee the morn, an' I'll sail wi' her."

"Nay, Jamie, not so sune," she cried, wistfully, the tears starting to her eyes.

"Ay, dinna greet, lassie; I'll win

hame to wad ye the sune."

Jeanie did not answer. She was thinking how hard it was that Jamie should leave her just when he had declared his love, and she could not repress her tears as she looked across the water and thought of the dark days coming when there would be no brave lad by her side.

But her sombre thoughts did not last long. The waves still lapped at her feet, and still the clouds were golden with the sunset. There was nothing to remind her of storm and tempest, to speak of lowering skies or threatening waters; and by and by she was smiling at the eager words in which Jamie described his return, laden with gold, to make her his wife.

She was only eighteen, and her temperament was one of those easily influenced by circumstances, so under the spell of Jamie's hopeful forecast she became gay and bright, and chatted merrily; losing the pain of the present in anticipating the joy the future held in store.

Yet, when she stood before her father's cottage bidding her lover farewell, a sudden premonition of evil made her fling her arms around his neck and entreat him not to sail in the Bonnie Jean.

"Oh, Jamie, Jamie! bide at hame wi' me the noo. I canna live wantin' ye, an' my heart is sair to lat ye awa' the night."

Jeanie felt her warm tears on his cheek, and his own voice was not steady, though he tried to speak cheerily.

"Toots, lassie! Whaur's my brave Jeanie? Pat's to do wi' ye, greetin' in sie a fashion? Ye ken I'm awa' to make my croon a pund for ye?"

"I'm no carin' for the siller the day, ye ken; but my heart'll break gin ye gang awa'."

"Toots, an' ye'll see, gin ye bide faithful to me, Jeanie, your heart winna brak. An' noo, God bless you, lassie, I maun gang."

He stooped and kissed her tenderly and when Jamie looked up through her tears he had left her, and was striding away into the darkness.

The next day, as the Bonnie Jean sailed down the Tay, Jamie stood on the deck watching a slight, girlish figure waving to him from the wharf. In spite of his bright prophecies his heart was heavy, and his eyes were dim as he looked his last on the girl he loved.

He could see that Jeanie was weeping, and it comforted him somewhat when he noticed, after a while, that she was joined by a neighbor.

"Puir lassie, puir lassie," he said tenderly; "but auld Robin Gray will tak' charge o' her, an' see her safe hame."

CHAPTER II.

The weeks slowly dragged by. December came in, bringing storm and cold in its train, and Jeanie began to realize that love bears pain in the same hand as that in which it carries joy.

The joy of loving taught her the pain of loving; and through the dark long nights she lay wakeful, tortured by fears for Jamie as the wind shrieked and roared around the cottage, and when the night was still and no wild storm filled her heart with wilder dread, she would still be awake, wondering if Jamie were well, and if the Bonnie Jean—were safe at anchor in some foreign port.

In the daylight her thoughts of him became rosy, and she sang about her work, a blithesome lassie, thinking that soon Jamie would return, having made his croon a pund.

"An', the croon an' pund are baith for me!" she would whisper, with a proud light in her eyes for her brave, generous lad.

But though she thought cheerfully of him, she no longer cared to wander by the sea, or to stroll on Sunday along the cliffs; and she went away far inland that she might not hear the sound of the waves when they brought terror to the hearts of the sailor's wives, and made the girls tremble, who, like herself, had lovers at sea.

But at last the winter wore through and the spring "came slowly up the way." Then her heart grew light, and her feet tripped gaily over the gowans when she drove Kirsty the cow

down to her pasture, or carried home the frothing pail from the milking.

And now she was often seen by the sea—on the cliffs or along the beach—where she watched the waves dancing or counted the white sails of the ships sailing on past the bay to the river mouth beyond, wondering if her Jamie, was sailing in a boat like one of those gleaming white-winged vessels up the many miles away from Bonnie Scotland and his faithful Jean. Ah me! but those were bright days, when it was spring-time in the world, and in Jeanie's heart the fair, beautiful promise of a dawning summer!

And so, through all those months there came, one by one, sailing from the darkness across her life's horizon, fair days, white-winged and gleaming, until they sank westward below the world's rim. But not one of those shining summer days brought Jamie back to her. From the darkness they came, and empty they sank back into the darkness.

So the summer went by and autumn came, and the anniversary of that October day when Jamie had stood on the deck of the Bonnie Jean waving his farewell to the weeping girl on the shore. Jeanie would fain have gone to Dundee again to wander the streets, and to stand on the wharf from which she had caught her last glimpse of Jamie, but her mother was ailing, and she could not be spared from the cottage even for a day.

"It's gey silt'ry by you burn the day, lassie; ye hae need to min' when ye led Kirsty to the field," her father said to her the next day when she prepared to drive Kirsty down to the pasture.

Jeanie laughed brightly, heedless of the warning; but that evening when she went singing up the brae a strange silence rested upon the house, and her mother came out to meet her, her face full of trouble.

In crossing the burn her father had himself fallen, and had broken his arm. There was little time now for Jeanie to spend by the sea, for the one misfortune was followed by several. One day Kirsty was missing from her pasture, and no effort availed to find her. There was no doubt she had been stolen, and their chief means of support went with her, for the old man was still unable to see his arm. On Jeanie fell the work of providing for the family, and with a brave patient spirit she did her best to supply her father's place. In the midst of her efforts her mother fell sick; and now Jeanie needed all her courage, for it was no light task that she had before her—to win the bread, nurse the sick and keep the cottage clean and bright.

The days grew dark and cold, and when the wind blew at nights she lay awake thinking not so much of Jamie, as of her struggles to earn the necessities of life.

To be Continued.

Your Boy.

You do not know what it is in him. Bear with him; be patient; wait. Feed him; clothe him; love him. He is a boy; and most boys are bad. You think him so light hearted, and think him high-headed as well. Remember he calls you father. When he played in your lap, you fondly hoped he would some day be a great and useful man. Now that he has grown larger, and his young blood drives him into gleeful sport and makes him impatient of serious things—rattling, playful thoughtless—you almost despair. But don't be snappish and snarlish, and make him feel you are disappointed in him. He is your boy and you are to live with him. He bears your name, and is to send in on down the streams of time. He inherits your fortune and fame, and is to transmit them to generations to come.

It may be difficult to govern him; but be patient. He may seem averse to everything useful and good; but wait. No one can tell what it is in a boy. He may surprise you some day. Hope. Let him grow. While his body grows larger and stronger, his mental and moral nature may expand and improve.

Educate your boy. You may think money spent in that way is money spent in vain. There is nothing in

him; he has no pride, no ambition. You don't know. No one can tell what there is in a boy. Besides, there may be an unkindled spark, an unfanned flame, a smouldering fire, a latent energy which the teacher's aid may stir, the association with books may arouse, develop and direct, and thus start your boy a-going with such energy and determination that no power on earth could stop him short of the topmost round in the ladder of fame.

If you cannot educate him, let him educate himself. That will make him strong, a giant with whom none dare interfere. Such are the best men in the world. The greatest benefactors of the race have stooped their shoulders to bear burdens, have carried hands hardened with rough labor, have endured the fatigue of toil. Many such are in our minds now. Labor conquers all things. The old Roman was right. Labor makes the man. No boy ever came to be a man, the noblest work of God, without labor. This is God's great law; there is a divine philosophy in it. Let your boy work; if he will not work make him work. There is no progress, no development, no outcome, no true manhood without it. We must work.

Father, be kind to your boy. We know what a mother will do. Thank God! a mother's love, a mother's prayers follow us still; and the memory of her anxious tears shall never fade out during the succession of years.

Finally, but not least, pray for your boy. God hears prayer. Do the best you can; commit all you cannot do to God, and hope. Never despair, for no one knows what is in a boy.

Be Honorable.

Boys and young men some-times start out into life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is able always "to get the best of a bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point, that his prosperity is assured. That is a great mistake. Enduring prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty.

The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim, sooner or later, to the influence which are forever working against him. His house is built upon the sand, and its foundations will give way. Young people cannot give these truths too much weight. The future of the young man is safe who eschews every shape of double dealing, and lays the foundation of his career in the enduring principles of everlasting truth.

Nine Million Witches Burned!

Sprenger computes that during the Christian era no fewer than nine million witches were immolated. In England, the last execution for witchcraft took place in 1716, but in Illinois as late as 1780 or 1790, several unfortunate were put to death. This is a terrible reflection on the boasted enlightenment of the age; but we must not be over-sensituous, while we daily see friends going down to death, ignorance or prejudice preventing the use of remedies which might save them. Many a cold runs into consumption, many a indigestion and impure blood debilitates the system, inviting fatal attacks, when the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery would have ensured health and happiness.

HOSPITAL REMEDIES.

What are they? The growth of intelligence in medical matters has given rise to a demand for a class of genuine, reliable medicine. The opportunity of the ignorant quack, who grow rich curing everything out of a single bottle has passed. To supply satisfactorily this demand this list of remedies has been created. They are the favorite prescriptions of the most famous medical practitioners of the day, gathered from the hospitals of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Prescriptions which cost the patients of these specialists from \$25 to \$100 are here offered prepared and ready for use at the nominal price of one dollar each. Not one of them is a cure all; each one has only the reasonable power of curing a single disease, and each one keeps its contract. Sufferers from Catarrh, Diseased Lungs, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Fever and Ague, Neuralgia, Female Weakness, Lemorrhoea or Nervous Debility, should send stamp for descriptive catalogue to Hospital Remedy Co., 303 1/2 West King St., Toronto, Canada. If your druggist does not keep these remedies remit price and we will send direct.

The rhinoceros is not a long lived animal. Twenty years is about the average age.

"Used Up,"

"Tired Out," "No Energy," and similar expressions, whenever heard, indicate a lack of vital force, which, if not remedied in time, may lead to complete physical and nervous prostration. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine to vitalize the blood, build up the tissues, and make the weak strong.

"For nearly three months I was confined to the house. One of the most celebrated physicians of Philadelphia failed to discover the cause of my trouble or afford relief. I continued in a bad way until about a month ago when I began to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It acted like a charm. I have gained flesh and strength and feel ever so much better. Shall continue using the Sarsaparilla until completely cured."—John V. Craven, Salem, N. J.

"I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time."—E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

Be sure and ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Introduced in Style.

Mrs. Livemore humorously tells this about herself: She went to a town in Maine to deliver a lecture. A young minister, who felt greatly his importance in having to introduce so great a light, announced her in these words: "Ladies and gentlemen, you have all heard of the illustrious man across the water, so beloved by his people, and who is known by the sobriquet of the 'grand old man.' I have now the pleasure of introducing to you a lady beloved in Boston, and known there as the 'grand old woman!'"—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

The greatest snuff-taking country in the world is France, though it shows a decline in the habit. In 1869 the consumption was 13,000,000 pounds, or seven ounces per head. Now it is five ounces.

While grapefruit for shot at Spithead, England, cannon were brought to the surface, which must have been under water for at least a century.

BEST ON EARTH

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THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send for sample of this soap. It is the best on earth. It is the best on earth. It is the best on earth.

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Canada's Leading Paper.

THREE MONTHS FREE

THE EMPIRE, since its establishment has met with unprecedented success, and already stands in the proud position of Canada's Leading Journal, but in order to place the WEEKLY EDITION in the hands of every farmer in the Dominion this fall, the publishers have determined to give the Weekly

Three Months Free to every subscriber paying for one year in advance before 1st of January, 1889.

FIFTEEN MONTHS FOR \$1.

Now is the time to subscribe.

Address THE EMPIRE, Toronto.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JUNE 28, 1889.

Special Meeting of Council.

The special meeting of the Municipal Council, arranged at the April term, was held in the Court House, Kentville, on Tuesday, 25th inst., commencing at 10 o'clock, a. m. All the councillors were present. The object of the meeting was to receive and consider the report of the committee appointed at the April term to consider the best means of providing for the harmless insane of the county; and also, a special meeting for the purpose having been called by the Warden upon the requisition of a number of the councillors, to appoint an appraiser to value the land taken for the right of way and station purposes by the Cornwallis Valley Railway Co.

The report of the committee, which recommended that there be but one poor-house for the county which shall be provided with all the conveniences necessary for caring for the harmless insane, on motion was accepted by a vote of nine to seven.

On motion of Councillor Bars, seconded by Councillor Fitch, it was resolved that a committee to consist of two councillors from Horton, two from Aylesford and three from Cornwallis, with the Warden ex officio, be appointed for following purposes: 1st, To select a site for the necessary building; 2d, To agree upon an amount to be paid for said site and surrounding lands; 3d, To contract for the erection of such buildings thereon as may be necessary for proper care of the paupers and harmless insane belonging to this county and to supply the same with such appliances and appurtenances as may be necessary for the suitable care of said paupers and insane. The committee was named as follows: Councillors Bars, Bishop, Foster, Mack, Dickie, Fitch, Morse and the Warden ex officio.

On motion of Councillor Dickie, seconded by Councillor Bars, it was resolved that the amount to be expended in the purchase of a county poor-farm and the erection and equipment of buildings for poor and insane do not exceed the sum of twelve thousand dollars. That the sum be raised by a loan to be authorized by an act of the Legislature and that such act be procured by the clerk of the municipality at the ensuing session of the Legislature 1890, and that any expenditure made by the committee appointed by the Council to provide such poor-farm and buildings be repaid them out of the funds to be provided as aforesaid.

The appointment of an arbitrator to value lands taken for right of way and station purposes by the Cornwallis Valley Railway was next in order. The call of special meeting of Council for that purpose having been read it was moved by Councillor Dickie, seconded by Councillor Bars and passed, that Hallett Ray, M. L. C., of Annapolis county, be appointed arbitrator in behalf of this municipality to appraise the damage for lands, etc., taken for the purposes of the Cornwallis Valley Railway Co. (sec. 53, chap. 5, series, and chap. 37 acts 1889 in amendment of railways.) Council then adjourned.

Berwick.

Abundance of strawberries are being sent daily to Halifax and St. John. T. A. Clark & Sons' steam-mill is doing an unusual good business this season. Haying has commenced and promises a good crop. The Iron Foundry building has been repaired from damage by fire and its business is thriving as usual. Mr. E. Davison is making preparations to complete his new house on Foster St. Warren McNeil has regained his health since coming home from sea and is turning his attention toward the farm, &c. Dr. Saunders and Rev. J. R. Skinner were here with Pastor Read over last Sunday and attended the funeral of Miss Helen Parker. A great concourse of people gathered on that occasion to sympathize with the bereaved family.

As the Commissioners are now giving attention to the streets, it is to be hoped that they will observe that there are four places in the village where teams are frequently hitched across the sidewalk, much to the annoyance of foot-passengers, and on dark nights with no small risk of life and limb. More people travel on the sidewalk in this village than ride on the carriage road, and they have some rights which the Commissioners should protect.

PRESTRIAN.

Bain's Balsam of Horehound promptly relieves and cures obstinate coughs, croup, hoarseness, and all affections of the throat and lungs. It gives immediate relief. Deputy ministers and chief clerks are prohibited from holding command in the active militia, by order in Council at Ottawa. 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

"Book of Wonders."

(L. L. DAVISON)

How careful we should be of our moments; for in an instant we may do a deed or speak a word whose sad remembrance we may carry throughout the remainder of our lives. Every new leaf we turn over, there is that ugly blot staring at us. It is as dropping a single drop of ink on a pile of blotting paper—every sheet will have a blot.

The foregoing is the commencement of an article in the "Book of Wonders" entitled "Work of a Moment," which the author never finished. The thought is an original one, and a pity it is that this, like several other articles in the book, was left unfinished.

Another article, entitled "Trifles," is in much the same line of thought and I will insert it here. TRIFLES. Shakespeare speaks of "trifles light as air," as though they amounted to nothing, as some may suppose. But to look into it—how light a thing is air! What would be the population of this old globe if it were not for air? How many stars would lighten the firmament if it were not for air? Not one! Air is nothing that we can have or not just as we like; we must have air or die.

Just so is his comparison—trifles. Trifles are no light matter. We may look at the greatest thing we ever saw, and ask, "Of what is this earth made?" It is made of trifles—the smallest of trifles. Little grains of sand, little globules of water, little particles of mineral, and what have we? A mighty planet—mightier than the mightiest work of man. Look at a great book, perhaps large enough to contain the names of all the inhabitants of London, and of what is it made? Little leaves. Look again at a great newspaper which you would think would have taken a man a year to duplicate. How was it made? By the use of little types, one of which perhaps you would walk over in the street a dozen times without picking up.

The mighty empire of Great Britain is composed of different countries, which are made up of provinces, which are made up of counties, towns, parishes, sections, villages, to a single man. The German army is made, not of thousands, but of single men. Life is composed of trifles, and not of great things, although some would have nothing to do with them had they their own way. And in order to live a successful life, we must look well to the trifles.

All of Vanderbilt's fortune was made of cents—all of his millions. Had all the cents and the factors of cents of his vaults disappeared, he would have been a poor man instead of the richest man of his time. The simple pen is a trifle in itself, yet were it not for it, some of the greatest thoughts which are the world's inheritance to-day would have been lost in the ages that are gone.

Guard well the trifle, for out of it proceed the greatest feats of chivalry, wisdom, and power. Life would be not worth living were it not for the minutes; and so on through our lives the great deeds which we see as done by the great men of the past, would not be great if they had commenced at the top round of the ladder. "Think not a trifle, though it small appear; Sands make the mountains, moments make the year, And trifles life. Your care to trifles give, Else you may die, ere you have learned to live."

A Letter from Maine.

DEAR ACADIAN,—I would like to write a short letter for your paper about Maine, as it may be interesting to some of your readers. In the first place I will give you a brief description of Portland. It is a very pretty city, the finest in the U. S., with the exception of Philadelphia. It is nearly an island, about three miles long by one in breadth, with a population of about 38,000. Each end of the city is about 100 feet above the sea level. A large reservoir on each end supplies the city with water which comes from Sebago lake, a distance of 15 miles. The water is very nice, a great deal better than hard cider. The Maine General Hospital is situated at the west end and is a magnificent brick building. On the eastern or Munjoy hill, as it is called, is a nice observatory with a fine telescope in the cupola for the visitors. The harbor is excellent, dotted with 365 islands, one for every day in the year. Peak's island, one of the largest, is a great summer resort. It is 3 miles from the city, has skating rink, a zoological garden, roller coaster, &c., for amusement of the visitors. The climate is similar to our own only a little colder in winter, the mercury sometimes falling to 40° below, and the winter is a little shorter than our own.

manufacturing business to amount to anything, quite a wealthy place. We have some awful hills here, and now and then a rock. About every two hundred yards you will find a hill nearly perpendicular, quite different from Horton and Cornwallis. Vegetation is very rapid here, the grass is a foot tall and potatoes and corn are growing fast. I am not a farmer but am an observer of nature; I could not be otherwise, as both nature and the girls are smiling. I could write quite a chapter, but I do not wish to weary you so will draw this to a close. Perhaps at a future time I may write a letter about Pilgrim Plymouth. Hoping you will bear with me in this letter, I remain

Yours very respectfully,
BLUE NOSE.

"E. B." and his Poetry.

The ACADIAN perhaps has done more for literature in Nova Scotia than any other paper, considering the period it has been published. Different from the average county newspaper, its back numbers are full of interest, and I would not part with the file of ACADIAN I have, which dates back to the time when it was known as the YOUNG ACADIAN, for double its subscription price. More than one writer who has won a name in the field of literature, the ACADIAN can boast of first bringing before the world. The names of Earl Harter, Jack Hyde, Roberto, Lee, J. F. Herbin, Ben Zeene, Jaco Holle (which I have since learned was the nom de guerre of the late Leslie L. Davison, a series of articles on the "Book of Wonders," by Ben Zeene, running in the ACADIAN at present), the authors of the poems "Best for Thee" and "Lake Windermere," and E. B., are familiar to the readers of the ACADIAN, and their articles we have learned to look forward to with pleasure. Of "E. B.," the last on the list, and his poetry, I have to speak in this article. From the first we have known him as a poet and some of his poetry is really of a high order. It has both beauty and force. When we take into consideration that the most of his poems published were the first efforts of a schoolboy, and when we compare these with his more recent ones and mark the improvement, the result would seem to warrant us in predicting greater things from "E. B." His first published poem, I understand, appeared in the ACADIAN in the summer of 1886. It was entitled, "Address to the Moon." The first stanza reads thus: "All heavenly moon, refulgent lamp of night, Softly thou shinest over land and sea; The whole earth gladdening with thy glorious light, As in thy course thou rollest silently."

This, coming from a schoolboy, is certainly deserving of praise. It kindles our admiration at the outset. Another stanza excels it even in beauty of expression: "When first the flowers came forth to bless the light, And in their first stood upon this earthly mould, When darkness came, rejoiced he at the sight To see thee rise from out where oceans rolled, But it is in description that "E. B." seems to excel. What could be more beautiful than this description of sunset: "The clouds draw out in slender threads of gold, Or piled in banks of deepest jasper, tinged With purple fire, turned sunset to a smile, Which else were gloom, and made the farewell seem Fair as the greeting in the blushing morn. Then lost the clouds their golden tints, and changed Into a sullen gray, and the fair jasper there Lost its purpureal blush, and sudden seemed A mass of dreary vapor, floating wide, Like some dread ghost, upon the soulless sky."

But space forbids the quoting further and we shall pass on to the last five lines of the poem which are truly exquisite: "And in the pause, while twinkling out their rays The stars were busy, in the east appeared A sudden light, and the majestic moon Rose crowned in splendor, and in royal state Strode over all, the heavenly queen of night." Another poem we must reproduce—a sonnet, on seeing a spur in the museum of Acadia College, worn by Napoleon. It is a striking example of the power of his verse: "Strong iron emblem of the heart of him Who once was thy possessor—him whose food Was glory tarnished with the millions' blood; And Europe bowed before his every whim, Awed by the form of conquest, fierce and grim. The foot that bore thy massive form bath trod O'er fallen nations with destruction's blood, Raging behind, o'erwhelming every gleam Of fallen freedom, filling every land With shapeless desolation, till the world, Fired of bondage, grasped once more the brand, Till the dread tyrant from his height was hurled To utter ruin, and in foreign land He died, attended by a stranger's hand. The last poem from his pen I have seen is "On the Death of Leslie L. Davison," which appeared in the ACADIAN not long ago. The last stanza is especially beautiful: "A rose from our garland is fallen,—not a tope"

I will sell balance of my Spring Stock AT COST FOR CASH down, by the yard or made up. Now is your chance for bargains! This sale to continue only 29 DAYS. No trouble to show goods. Yours very truly,
WALLACE, THE TAILOR.
Wolfville, June 2d, 1889.

By a blast of the whirlwind and sudden upborne On the wings of the tempest ascending,— But fading and fading as slowly each day As the gold from the cloud slowly fades away, When day to her sister is bending." "E. B." I understand, is about to bring out a volume of poems. The book will be worth possessing if only for the ones which have been published. But we shall expect the poems in the volume to appear to excel these. The book will no doubt meet with a ready sale if only from the fact that the author is a Nova Scotian. A welcome to "E. B.'s" poems.

Any child will take McLean's Vegetable Worm Syrup; it is not exceedingly pleasant but is a sure remedy for all kinds of these pests. Look out for imitations. Get McLean's, the original and only genuine.

Read This. Dr. Geo. A. Pickles, a very eminent doctor of Mahone Bay, N. S., says: "I knew a man on this Bay who has been sick for a long time. All the medicine we tried or could think of did not reach his case. He tried Canadian Bitters and other Patent Medicine, all failed and he was gradually growing worse. At last he tried a bottle of Dr Norton's Dock Blood Purifier. Imagine my surprise that in less than a week he was much improved in health, and by the time he had finished the second bottle he was a well man. I now have great call at my Drug Store for Dock Blood Purifier. It is far superior to any Bitters or Blood Purifier that I have ever known. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers.

J. B. NORTON, Proprietor, Bridgetown, N. S.

NOTICE! If the inhabitants of Wolfville, living within a radius of about one fourth of a mile from the centre, will take one hundred water faucets at five dollars per annum and pay an average of two dollars per head for hydrants for fire protection, I will agree to organize a Company with five thousand dollars capital, allotting to the water consumers as much or more of the stock as they want, and I will take the balance, if any, and insure the village a supply of good water within six months. While I am doing, and shall continue to do, all in my power to prevent perpetual taxation and mortgage for water purposes on the whole community, I hereby agree to do as much as any other man to provide water for those who want it in the village. J. W. BROUW. Wolfville, June 25th, '89.

S. C. SNELL, TEACHER OF BUSINESS, MONEY BRINGER, WINDSOR, N. S.

This concerns but few people in town, everybody else may skip it. I have got to make my school known to these few. I taught the System of Rapid Writing in the St. John Business College in '85 and '86, since in Nova Scotia. I have a Pen Art School and Business College in Windsor. The rooms are large, pleasant and well lighted. It is the sort of school that it can be its pupils instead of getting the utmost out of them. The sort that puts money in the pocket of everybody that has anything to do with it. It makes a fortune to do business right—well—faithful. Those who join before June 1st pay but \$15.00 for unlimited instruction, Penmanship, Book-keeping, etc. S. G. S.

Spring Millinery! New Goods Have Arrived and Are Arriving. Commencing Monday, April 15th, I will have the largest and most beautiful assortment of MILLINERY GOODS! ever shown in Wolfville, comprising HATS, BONNETS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, LACES, and everything usually found in a first-class millinery establishment. S. A. Hamilton. Wolfville, April 12th, 1889.

Are you a subscriber to THE ACADIAN? G. M. DONALDSON, -FASHIONABLE- Artistic Tailor, Calkin's Block, Kentville. A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Photo. Studio. Lewis Rice, of Windsor. Branch Gallery at Wolfville. April 1st, and remain one week of each month commencing first Monday in the month. April 1 till 6, May 6 till 11, June 3 till 8. NEW ROOMS PATRIQUIN BUILDING, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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CARPETS! The largest stock in the Annapolis Valley, and lowest prices at. RYAN'S! Main Street, - - - Kentville. P. S. Special Cash Discount for One Month. May 1st, 1889.

Building Lots! For sale, near the College. Apply to Walter Brown, Wolfville, June 3d, 1889.

WANTED. Live, Energetic Men to Sell Fruit Trees, Rose Bushes, Shrubs and Small Fruits. Salary and Expenses Paid. State age and name references to insure reply. Address S. T. CANNON & CO., Mention this paper. Augusta, Me

Dr. J. W. REID, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office at the American House, Wolfville.

Spring Summer Stock & COMPLETE! IN EVERY DEPARTMENT. -DRY GOODS- -MILLINERY- -READY-MADE CLOTHING- FOR BOYS AND MEN ALL SIZES. Gents' Furnishings. Boots and Shoes.

Wool Taken on account. Taken for goods. Taken for cloths. Wool! Wool!

HAYING TOOLS. SCYTHES: American Clipper, India Solid Steel and Genuine English Griffin. SNATHS: Jersey Bend. RAKES AND FORKS: American and Canadian. WALTER BROWN. Wolfville, June 24th, 1889.

Dressmaking! Miss Taylor, Dress Maker, Has removed her rooms to the residence of Mr J. L. Murphy, where she will be pleased to attend to the wants of her customers as formerly. Wolfville, Sept. 6th 1888.

MINAS BASIN ROUTE. Steamer of this route will sail as follows during the MONTH OF JUNE: Leave Hantsport for Parrsboro Village—Monday—3d, 12 30 p m; 10th, 6 40 a m; 17th, 1 50 p m; 24th, 6 50 a m. Parrsboro Village for Hantsport—Tuesday—4th, 2 45 p m; 11th, 8 20 a m; 18th, 3 10 p m; 25th, 8 00 a m. Wolfville for Parrsboro pier, calling at Kingsport—Monday—3d, 2 00 p m; 10th, 8 50 a m; 17th, 3 50 p m; 24th, 8 40 a m. Parrsboro pier for Wolfville, calling at Kingsport—Tuesday—4th, 12 40 p m; 11th, 6 30 a m; 18th, 1 30 p m; 25th, 6 25 a m. Windsor for Parrsboro pier, calling at Hantsport and Kingsport—Wednesday 12th, 10 a m; 26th, 9 50 a m. Windsor for Parrsboro pier, calling at Hantsport—Wednesday 5th, 4 40 a m; Thursday 6th, 6 p m; Thursday 13th, 12 10 p m; Wednesday 19th, 5 a m; Thursday 20th, 6 30 p m; Thursday 27th, 11 30 a m. Parrsboro pier for Windsor, calling at Kingsport and Hantsport—Friday 14, 9 40 a m; 28th, 8 a m. Parrsboro pier for Windsor, calling at Hantsport—Thursday 6th, 2 20 p m; Friday 7th, 3 15 a m; Thursday 13th, 8 30 a m; Thursday 20th, 2 50 p m; Friday 27th, 3 50 a m.

STEAMER "ACADIA." Will leave Windsor every Wednesday to connect with "HAWATHA" at Parrsboro for St. John; also connect at Parrsboro for Windsor on her return. STEAMER "HAWATHA." Will leave Hantsport for St. John, calling at Parrsboro and Parrsboro Wednesday 5th, 4 80 a m; Wednesday 19th, 4 40 a m. Will leave Hantsport for St. John, calling at Parrsboro, Wednesday 12th, 10 00 a m; Wednesday 26th, 9 50 a m. Returning, will leave St. John every Thursday evening. Will call at Specifier's Island going and coming from St. John, weather permitting. Through freight taken from St. John for Parrsboro, Kingsport, Wolfville, Summersville, Hantsport, Avonville, and Windsor.

FARES.—Windsor, Hantsport, Kingsport, Parrsboro and Parrsboro to St. John, \$2.75 Return, \$4.50. Children under 12 years, half price. Three hours added to time of leaving Parrsboro or Hantsport will give time for leaving Parrsboro for St. John. Boats run on Halifax time. E. CHURCHILL & SONS, Hantsport, June 1, 1889.

NOTICE! ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of J. Wesley Stewart, late of Horton, in the County of Kings, farmer, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to JOHN R. STEWART, Adm'r. R. R. DUNCAN, Lower Horton, May 1st, 1889.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, for the cure of Spavin, Gout, Rheumatism, and all other ailments of the horse. Sold by all Druggists.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE. Dr. B. J. KENDALL CO. BOSTON, U. S. A. Your horse is suffering from Spavin, Gout, Rheumatism, or any other ailment of the horse? Do not despair. I have a cure for you. It is called Kendall's Spavin Cure. It is the best medicine ever discovered for the cure of Spavin, Gout, Rheumatism, and all other ailments of the horse. It is sold by all Druggists.

