

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1885.

No. 5.

Vol. V.

THE ACADIAN

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS OF five in advance \$4.00

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for advertising notices.

Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

Newspapers from all parts of the country, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably be a company the communication, although the name may be written over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.

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

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

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mail is made up on Wednesdays.
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.
Express close at 10.35 a. m.
Express close at 5.20 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.30 p. m.
Geo. V. HARRIS, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
A. de W. BARRS, Agent.

Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 3.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville. Divine Worship will be held (D.V.) in the above Church as follows:—Sunday, Morning and Evening, at 11 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Evening and Sermon at 7.30 p. m. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9.30 a. m. Church practice on Wednesday evenings after Divine Worship.

THE HALL, HORTON—Divine Worship will be conducted in the above Hall as follows:—Evening and sermon at 3 p. m. Sunday, Evening and Sermon at 11 a. m. J. O. Ruggles, M. A. Rector. Robert W. Hudnell, (Divinity Student of King's College).

St. FRANCIS (R.C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

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

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

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM
IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE
JOB PRINTING
—OR—
Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE.

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

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

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

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

BROWN, F. L. & CO.—Dealers in Groceries, Crockery, and Glassware.

BROWN, J. L.—Practical Horse-shoer.

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

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

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

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

MCINTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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

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

STRAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, & Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

DEDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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

GOOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all kinds of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing neatly done.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flowers.

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

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

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

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

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

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

CARDS.

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

B. C. BISHOP,
House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER.
English Paint Stock a Specialty.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.
P. O. BOX 20. Sept. 18th 1885

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

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.
CONVEYANCER,
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE AGENT,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

LIGHT BRAHMAS!
Matched for best results. Young Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs after March 1st. Address
MR. BARRS.
Wolfville, 26th Feb., '85.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES,
12 fast-selling articles, and 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3c stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 3c, and this ship. A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

Settle Poetry.

"As Evening Time is shall be light."
Zechariah XIV. 7.

An Evening Meditation.

How often when the day is drear,
When leaden hues pervade the sky,
And sullen wind howls fitfully,
That lo! as evening time comes round,
Ere it is fully, wholly night,
The storm has passed, the rain has gone.
At evening time behold 'tis light.

The clouds have parted in the midst,
And through the rift shines forth the sun,
Bedecked with gold and amethyst
On either side they swiftly run,
Whilst o'er the heavens the radiance spreads
In ever-dazzling glory bright,
A golden haze above our heads,
At evening time behold 'tis light.

So, sometimes in the Christian's life
The storm-clouds gather thickly round,
Trouble and sorrow, pain and strife,
Sickness and sadness there are found.
O let him not be slow to learn
There sixth One Who doeth right
Above the storm. His power can turn
Our evening time to glorious light.

Sometimes, as in a darkened room
The afflicted child of God abides,
His soul enraptured in blinding gloom,
It seems to him God always chides;
But by one movement of His Hand
The darkening shutters—closed so tight,
Wide open are thrown at God's command.
His evening time is turned to light.

—ROBERT W. HUNDELL, S. J. CHAS. WOLFVILLE.

Interesting Story.

Thankful Blossom.

BY BRET HARTE.

Continued.

PART II.

Thankful Blossom remained at the mill until her lover had disappeared. Then she turned, a more lonesome shade in that uncertain light, and glided under the eaves of the shed, and thence to a tree in the orchard, lingering a moment under each as a trout lingers in the shadow of the bank in passing a shallow, and so reached the farm-house and the kitchen door, where she entered. Thence by a back staircase she slipped to her own bowser, from whose window half an hour before she had taken the signalling light. This she lit again, and placed upon a chest of drawers; and, taking off her hood and a shapeless sleeveless mantle she had worn, went to the mirror, and proceeded to readjust a high horn comb that had been somewhat displaced by the captain's arm, and otherwise after the fashion of her sex to remove all traces of a previous lover. It may be here observed that a man is very apt to come from the smallest encounter with his dulcinea *distracted*, bored, or shame-faced; to forget that his cravat is awry, or that a long blonde hair is adhering to his button. But as *mademoiselle*—well, looking at Miss Puss's sleek paws and spotless face, would you ever know that she had been at the cream-jug?

Thankful was, I think, satisfied with her appearance. Small doubt but she had reason for it. And yet her gown was a mere slip of flowered chintz, gathered at the neck, and falling at an angle of fifteen degrees to within an inch of a short petticoat of gray flannel. But so surely is the complete mould of symmetry indicated in the poise or line of any single member, that looking at the erect carriage of her graceful brown head, or below to the curves that were lost in her shapely ankles, or the little feet that hid themselves in the broad-buckled shoes, you know that the rest was as genuine and beautiful.

Mistress Thankful, after a pause, opened the door, and listened. Then she softly slipped down the back staircase to the front hall. It was dark; but the door of the "company-room," or parlor, was faintly indicated by the light that streamed beneath it. She stood still for a moment hesitatingly, when suddenly a hand grasped her own, and half led, half dragged her into the sitting-room opposite. It was dark. There was a momentary fumbling for the tinder-box and flint, a muttered oath over one or two impending articles of furniture, and Thankful laughed. And then the light was lit; and her father, a gray wrinkled man of sixty, still holding her

hand, stood before her.

"You have been out, mistress!"

"I have," said Thankful.

"And not alone," growled the old man angrily.

"No," said Mistress Thankful, with a smile that began in the corners of her brown eyes, ran down into the dimpled curves of her mouth, and finally ended in the sudden revelation of her white teeth.—"no, not alone."

"With whom?" asked the old man, gradually weakening under her strong, saucy presence.

"Well, father," said Thankful, taking a seat on a table, and swinging her little feet somewhat ostentatiously toward him, "I was with Capt. Allan Brewster of the Connecticut Contingent."

"That man?"

"That man!"

"I forbid you seeing him again."

Thankful gripped the table with a hand on each side of her, to emphasize the statement, and swinging her feet replied,—

"I shall see him as often as I like, father."

"Thankful Blossom!"

"Abner Blossom!"

"I see you know not," said Mr. Blossom, abandoning the severely paternal mandatory air for one of confidential disclosure, "I see you know not his reputation. He is accused of inciting his regiment to revolt,—of being a traitor to the cause."

"And since when, Abner Blossom, have you felt such concern for the cause? Since you refused to sell supplies to the Continental commissary, except at double profits? Since you told me you were glad I had not politics like Mistress Ford!"

"Hush!" said her father, motioning to the parlor.

"Hush," echoed Thankful indignantly. "I won't be hushed! Everybody says 'Hush' to me. The count says 'Hush,' Allan says 'Hush,' you say 'Hush,' I'm a-weary of this 'hush,' what shall I say?" He turned appealingly to the count.

"Virtue," nodded the count.

"Truly, Virtue! all in the fair lady of these countries. Ah, believe me, honest friend Blossom, there is moose more in these than in those!"

So much of this speech was addressed to Mistress Thankful, that she had to show at least one dimple in reply, albeit her brows were slightly knit, and she had turned upon the speaker her honest, questioning eyes.

"And then the General Washington has been kind enough to offer his protection," added the count.

"Any fool—any one," supplemented Thankful hastily, with a slight blush—may have the general's pass, say, and his good word. But what of Mistress Prudence Bookstaver? she that has a sweetheart in Knyphausen's brigade, ay,—I warrant a hessian, but of gentle blood, as Mistress Prudence has often told me,—and, look you, all her letters stopped by the general, ay, I warrant, read by my Lady Washington too, as if 'twere her fault that her lad was in arms against Congress. Riddle me that, now!"

"'Tis but prudence, lass," said Blossom, frowning on the girl. "I said that she might disclose some movement of the army, tending to defeat the enemy."

"And why should she not try to save her lad from capture or ambushade such as befel the Hessian commissary with the provisions that you—"

Mr. Blossom, in an ostentatious fatherly embrace, managed to pinch Mistress Thankful sharply, "Hush, lass," he said with stimulated playfulness; "your tongue clacks, like the Whippany mill."

"My daughter has small concern—'tis the manner of womenfolk—in politics," he explained to his guests.

"These dangerous days have given her sure affections by way of parting comrades of her childhood, and others whom she has much affected. It has in some sort soured her."

Mr. Blossom would have recalled this speech as soon as it escaped him lest it should lead to a revelation from the truthful Mistress Thankful of her relations with the Continental captain. But to his astonishment and, I may add, to my own, she showed nothing of that disposition she had exhibited a few moments before. On the contrary, she blushed slightly, and said nothing.

"Nay, this is far too great happiness."

Mistress Thankful," he said, with a strongly marked foreign accent, and a still more strongly marked foreign manner. "I have been in despair, and my friend here, the Baron Pomposo, likewise."

The slightest trace of a smile, and the swiftest of reproachful glances, lit up the dark face of the baron as he bowed low in the introduction. Thankful dropped the courtesy of the period, —i. e., a duck, with semicircular sweep of the right foot forward. But the right foot was so pretty, and the trace of the little figure so perfect, that the baron raised his eyes from the foot to the face in serious admiration. In the one rapid feminine glance she had given him, she had seen that he was handsome; in the second, which she could not help from his protracted silence, she saw that his beauty centred in his girlish, half fawn-like, dark eyes.

"The baron," explained Mr. Blossom, rubbing his hands together as if through more friction he was trying to impart a warmth to the reception which his hard face disconcerted,—the baron visits us under discouragement. He comes from far countries. It is the custom of gentilefolk of—of foreign extraction to wonder through strange lands and doings of the peoples. He will find in Jersey," continued Mr. Blossom, apparently appealing to Thankful, yet really evading her contemptuous glance, "a hard-working yeomanry, ever ready to welcome the stranger, and account to him, penny for penny, for all his necessary expenditure; for which purpose, in these troublous times, he will provide for himself gold or other moneys not affected by these local disturbances."

"He will find, good friend Blossom," said the baron in a rapid, voluble way, utterly at variance with the soft, quiet gravity of his eyes, "Beauty, Grace, Accomplishment, and—eh—Santa Maria, what shall I say?" He turned appealingly to the count.

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"Nay, this is far too great happiness."

And then the conversation changed, —upon the weather, the hard winter, the prospects of the cause, a criticism upon the commander-in-chief's management of affairs, the attitude of Congress, etc., between Mr. Blossom and the count; characterized, I hardly need say, by that positiveness of opinion that distinguishes the unprofessional. In another part of the room, it so chanced that Mistress Thankful and the baron were talking about themselves; the assembly balls; who was the prettiest woman in Morristown; and whether General Washington's attentions to Mistress Pyne were only perfunctory gallantry, or what; and if Lady Washington's hair was really gray; and if that young aide-de-camp, Major Van Zandt, were really in love with Lady W., or whether his attentions were only the zeal of a subaltern, —in the midst of which a sudden gust of wind shook the house; and Mr. Blossom, going to the front door, came back with the announcement that it was snowing heavily.

Mistress Thankful and the baron had walked to the rear door—the baron with a slight tropical shudder—to view this meteorological change. As Mistress Thankful looked over the snowy landscape, it seemed to her that all record of her past experience had been effaced: her very footprints of an hour before were lost; the gray wall on which she leaned was white and spotless now; even the familiar farm-shed looked dim and strange and ghostly. Had she been there? had she seen the captain? was it all a fancy? She scarcely knew.

A sudden gust of wind closed the door behind them with a crash, and sent Mistress Thankful, with a slight feminine scream, forward into the outer darkness. But the baron caught her by the waist, and saved her from heaven knows what imaginable disaster; and the scene ended in a half-hysterical laugh. But the wind then set upon them both with a malevolent fury; and the baron was, I presume, obliged to draw her closer to his side.

They were alone, save for the presence of those mischievous confederates, Nature and Opportunity. In the half-obscurity of the storm she could not help turning her mischievous eyes on his. But she was perhaps surprised to find them luminous, soft, and, as it seemed to her at that moment, grave beyond the occasion. An embarrassed utterance new and singular seized upon her; and when, as she half feared yet half expected, he bent down and pressed his lips to hers, she was for a moment powerless. But in the next instant she boxed his ears sharply, and vanished in the darkness. When Mr. Blossom opened the door to the baron he was surprised to find that gentleman alone, and still more surprised to find, when they re-entered the house, to see Mistress Thankful enter at the same moment, demurely, from the rear door.

When Mr. Blossom knocked at his daughter's door the next morning it opened upon her completely dressed, but withal somewhat pale, and, if the truth must be told, a little surly.

"And you were stirring so early, Thankful," he said: "would have been but decent to have bidden God-speed to the guests, especially the baron, who seemed much concerned at your absence."

Miss Thankful blushed slightly, but answered with savage celerity. "And since when is it necessary that I should dance attendance upon every foreign jack-in-the-box that may lie at the house?"

"He has shown great courtesy to you, mistress, and is a gentleman."

"Courtesy, indeed!" said Mistress Thankful.

"He has not presumed?" said Mr. Blossom suddenly, bringing his cold gray eyes to bear upon his daughter's.

"No, no," said Thankful hurriedly, flaming a bright scarlet; "but—nothing. But what have you there? a letter?"

"Ay,—from the captain, I warrant," said Mr. Blossom, handing her a three-cornered bit of paper; "Twas left here by a camp-follower. Thankful," he continued, with a meaning glance, "you will heed my counsel in season. The captain is not meet for such as you."

Thankful suddenly grew pale and

contemptuous again as she snatched the letter from his hand. When his retiring footsteps were lost on the stairs she regained her color, and opened the letter. It was slovenly written, grievously misspelled, and read as follows:—

"SWEEHEART: A tyrant's Act, begotten in Envy and Jealousie, keeps me here a prisoner. Last night I was basely arrested by Servile Hands for that Freedom of Thought and Expression for which I have already Sacrificed so much—aye all that Man hath but Love and Honour. But the End is Near. When for the Maintenance of Power, the Liberties of the people are subdud by Martial Supremacy and the Dictates of Ambition the State is Lost. I lie in Vile Bondage here in Morristown under charge of Disrespect—me that a twelvemonth past left a home and Respectable Connections to serve my Country. Believe me still your own Love, albeit in the Power of Tyrants and condemned it may be to the scaffold.

"The Messenger is Trustworthy and will speed safely to me such as you may deliver unto him. The Provender sanctified by your Hands and made precious by yr. Love was wrested from me by Servile Hands and the Eggs, Sweethart, were somewhat Addled. The Bacon is meekins by this time on the Table of the Com'in-Chief. Such is Tyranny and Ambition. Sweethart, farewell, for the present.

Mistress Thankful read this composition once, twice, and then tore it up. Then, reflecting that it was the first letter of her lover's that she had not kept, she tried to put together again the torn fragments, but vainly; and then in a pet, new to her, cast them from the window. During the rest of the day she was considerably *distracted*, and even manifested more temper than she was wont to do; and later, when her father rods away on his daily visit to Morristown, she felt strangely relieved. By noon the snow ceased, or rather turned into a driving sleet that again in turn gave way to rain. By this time she became absorbed in her household duties—in which she was usually skilful—and in her own thoughts that to-day had a novelty in their meaning. In the midst of this, at about dark, her room being in the rear of the house, she was perhaps unmindful of the trampling of horses without, or the sound of voices in the hall below. Neither was uncommon at that time. Although protected by the rudeness of the soldiery, the Blossom farm had always been a halting-place for passing troops, commissary teams, and reconnoitring officers. Gen. Sullivan and Col. Hamilton had watered their horses at his broad, substantial wayside trough, and sat in the shade of its porch. Miss Thankful was only awakened from her day-dream by the entrance of the negro farm-hand, Cassar.

"Fo' God, Missy Thankful, them sogers is g'wine into camp in the road, I reckon, for they's jest makin' theirsevs free af' the house, they's an officer in the company-room with his spurs cocked on the table, readin' a book."

A quick flame leaped into Thankful's cheek, and her pretty brows knit themselves over darkening eyes. She arose from her work, no longer the moody girl, but an indignant goddess, and, pushing the servant aside, swept down the stairs, and threw open the door.

An officer sitting by the fire in an easy, lounging attitude that justified the servant's criticism, arose instantly with an air of evident embarrassment and surprise that was, however, as quickly dominated and controlled by a gentleman's breeding.

"I beg your pardon," he said, with a deep inclination of his handsome head, "but I had an idea that there was any member of this household at home—at least, a lady." He hesitated a moment, catching in the raising of her brown-fringed lips a sudden revelation of her beauty, and partly losing his composure. "I am Major Van Zandt; I have the honor of addressing you."

"Thankful Blossom," said Thankful a little proudly, divining with a woman's swift instinct the cause of the major's hesitation. But her triumph was checked by a new embarrassment visible in the face of the officer at the mention of her name.

"Thankful Blossom," repeated the officer quickly. "You are, then, the daughter of Abner Blossom?"

"Certainly," said Thankful, turning her inquiring eyes upon him. "He will be here betimes. He has gone only to Morristown." In a fear that had taken possession of her, her questioning eyes asked, "Has he not?"

The officer, answering her eyes rather than her lips, came toward her gravely. "He will not return to-day, Mistress Thankful, nor perhaps even to-morrow. He is—a prisoner."

To be continued.

Hard Coal!

To arrive at Wolfville about the end of September, per Schr. "Moselle," Cargo superior Hard Coal, guaranteed to be LACKAWANNA WHITE ASH.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., SEPT. 18, 1885

Local and Provincial.

Street Jerseys beautifully trimmed at Caldwell & Murray's. 5-2

A valuable vein of coal has been discovered at Acadia Mines, says the Week's Doings.

Gent's Furnishings in great variety at Borden's. 4-3

There is a dangerous hole in the bridge near Wm. Regan's, which should be looked after.

JUST RECEIVED.—2000 Choice Imported and Domestic Cigars, for sale low, J. M. Shaw. 1-4f

The schr. "Moselle," captain Gould, arrived on Wednesday from New York with hard coal to Dr. Fulkerton.

Now is the time to get your pictures framed. Rockwell & Co. are doing them cheaper than ever.

We believe there is a large number of volunteers in camp at Aldershot this year. Two large special train-loads passed through on Tuesday night.

Lumber, Shingles and Bricks for sale low at S. R. Sleep's. 1-4f

We notice that Mr. R. Prat has had his express newly painted and his name put on the side. The work was done by A. B. Rood and is, we think, a very creditable job.

TOWELS, TOWELS.—Splendid new stock of Cotton, Linen and Damask Towels at Caldwell & Murray's. 1-4f

J. M. Shaw has a new blind in his window with his name and business neatly inscribed "in letters of gold." We congratulate him on the neat appearance of his shop.

Western Book & News Co. are selling 5 quires of note paper for 20c.

The bridge near Co. C. Johnson's, which we mentioned in our last as being in a dangerous condition, has been the cause of several accidents. We understand it has been partially repaired.

Be sure you inspect Borden's stock of Gent's Wool Underclothing before purchasing. 4-3

The open season for partridge shooting begins this year on the first of September. While this will make little difference to the partridge it will give law-abiding citizens a chance to compete.

We were shown some new and noble hats at C. H. Borden's this week. Mr. Borden has just received a new and very fine assortment of latest styles in hats and caps, and his stock will repay the inspection of our readers.

Local and Provincial.

We will send the ACADIAN from now until the end of the year for 25c. in advance. Try it!

Mr. S. D. Scott, who has been editor of the Halifax Evening Mail for two and a half years, is to assume the editorial management of the St John Sun.

Straw Hats selling at cost at Caldwell & Murray's. 1-4f

Rev. Walter Bars's many friends in Wolfville will be pleased to learn that he is steadily recovering from his recent illness. His church, at Victoria, B. C., is in a flourishing condition.

250 Fine Envelopes for 25 cents at Western Book & News Co's.

There has been quite a "boom" in shipping here for a few weeks, sometimes as many as five or six vessels being at our wharves at one time. This is something uncommon for Wolfville of late years.

Bay Rockwell & Co's 5c Scribbling Books (two sizes), got up expressly for students' use. 4-4f

We desire to express our thanks to the following: The Queen's Printer for bound copy of the Journals of the House of Assembly for 1885; Mr. A. K. Bars, for late copies of St. Louis papers; Mr. H. C. Gillmore, for late Boston papers; and Mr. W. H. O. Halliburton, for New York papers.

C. H. Borden has just opened a splendid assortment of Men's Wool Underclothing. 4-3

NEWPORT.—Some stalks in a field of fine oats raised by D. L. Harvey, of Newport, on being measured, proved to be respectively 5 ft. 8 in. and 6 ft. 8 in. in height, the former consisting of 32 stalks from one-cut, the latter of 21. Who can beat this?

A FRIEND OF THE ACADIAN.

STYLISH HATS.—The place to buy a real first-class hat is at Caldwell & Murray's. You can have your choice from an assortment of twenty different styles in silk, and also from a large assortment in soft felt. They have just by way of a large stock from Boston, which they must sell, and in order to do so, have marked them down to bottom prices. 4-2

SHEFFIELD'S MILLS.

There is little or nothing new at Sheffield's Mills. Messrs. B. Eaton & Sons are still running their thrashing machine on full time, having all they can do; and it is claimed giving perfect satisfaction to all concerned.

The shingle mill belonging to the above named firm is turning out shingles in large quantities, made from Bay Shore spruce, said to be very durable.

Messrs. Bently & Elk, it is said, intend opening their evaporator this week, which, when in full blast, employs about eight hands. This industry makes use of inferior apples, which would otherwise be wasted, and converts them into a nice, neat, clean, and delicious article of diet.

The most important topic of conversation is the last horse race, and the coming one between "Napoleon" and "Bridgetown Charlie." Most every one from the aged grandfather to the child on his knee has a judgment to give or an opinion to utter. The people here are, of course, wishing that "Napoleon" will win, but a great many are "doubtful." The 24th inst., I suppose, will tell the tale.

Notwithstanding this, the farmers have found time to harvest their grain and hay crops, and expect a fine crop of potatoes and a fair one of apples. The countenance of the tillers of the soil has been set a glow by the report that potatoes are rising in the United States. Not wishing evil to the United States, we hope, at the same time, it may be true. JACOBUS.

MARKET REPORT.

—PUBLISHED BY— EENTLEY & LAYTON, Produce Commission Merchants, Corner Argyle & Backville Sts., (Opposite Mumford's Market.) Halifax, Sep. 17, 1885.

Table with market prices for various goods like Apples, Green, per lb., 15c to 20c; Beef in Quarts, 10c; Butter on boxes, 18c; Chickens, per lb., 15c; Ducks, per lb., 10c; Eggs, per doz., 14c; Geese, each, none; Ham smoked, per lb., 10c; Hides, per lb., 10c; Lard, per lb., 10c; Mutton, per lb., 10c; Oats, per bush, 45c; Pork, per lb., none; Potatoes, per bush, 30c; Peas, each, none; Turkeys, per lb., none; Turnips, per bush, 30c; Plums, per bush, 40c.

Provincial News.

A young ladies walking club has been formed in Lunenburg.

Potato bugs have taken possession of the side-works in Sackville.

A branch of the P. O. savings bank has been opened at Stellarton.

Yarmouth will be attacked by the Salvation Army next month.

They are having second-growth straw berries at North Sydney.

Val, of St. John is training on the Kennebecasis for race with Morris.

Abraham Coventry of River John, Pictou Co., cut timber measuring 5ft 3 inches.

The Scott Act will go into force in Guysboro Co. on the expiration of the present license.

A Twenty-five dollar foot race is to take place soon at Spring Hill, between Cameron and Henderson.

A shipment of 150 bales of cotton duck valued at \$2,000, was made from Yarmouth for Liverpool England on Wednesday last.

The Synod of the Presbyterian churches of the Maritime Provinces will be held in St. John this year, and will open its session on October 6th.

Messrs. Green, McDonald and Henderson, contractors, of New Glasgow have the contract for erecting the New Government Building at North Sydney.

The Acadia Coal Co., of Stellarton, have been awarded the contract to supply the public buildings of Halifax, Windsor, Truro, Charlottetown, and Moncton.

Lieut. Gov. Richey, on a recent visit to Lunenburg was enthusiastically received. An arch of cordials with the word "welcome" was among the attractions.

If you wish to color wool, cotton, silk or feathers, use the new Electric Dye, 10 cents at all dealers.

A barn belonging to Archibald A. Gillis, jailer, Port Hood, was burned to the ground on Tuesday night of last week. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Halifax is going to be lighted by electric light after a first day of November, 38 lamps, giving a light equal to 2,000 candles power each, will be supplied for \$2,300 a year.

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

Gloucester Advertiser says: "The sch. Onyx, of Yarmouth, N. S., arrived there from Grand Bank last week with 403,000 lbs. codfish; on two trips this season she has brought in 554,000 lbs.

Dr. Kelly, of Yarmouth, writes that it gives him pleasure to state he has been prescribing Eggers Phospholine for the last two years, and the more he uses it the more he is gratified with the results.

Pure rich blood gives us health, long life and a "green old age," but how few pay any attention to the state of their blood! Parsons Purgative Pills made new rich blood, and taken one a night for three months will change the blood in the entire system.

The street lamps have been procured and erected along the streets. We should like to see one in the centre of Court House Square where it is so much needed as any where, and then let them be filled and lighted. —Annapolis Spectator.

Don't let anything in this life the will give one a taste of hell, as some represent it, that thing is Neuralgia. It is the refinement of torture. But there is a simple and inexpensive remedy for it, Johnson's Anodyne Limentment. Put it up into the head will give instant relief.

The woolen mill at Southampton, Cumberland Co., and nearly all its contents, was destroyed by fire on Saturday last. The factory was started some years ago and although unfortunate in its early management was supposed to be in a paying condition. Sparks from the "pickers" is supposed to be the cause of the fire. The loss is calculated at \$25,000, of which no part is secured by insurance.

Some of the richest and most beautiful specimens of gold bearing quartz we ever had the pleasure of examining were shown us at the other end of the world by W. J. Nelson. They were taken from the property owned by Messrs. Nelson et al on Pleasant River road, five miles from Bridgetown, and to judge from the size and richness of the lead and the quality of the quartz in which it is found, it looks very much as if we would soon have some millions more amongst us.—Dreadnought Times.

The Pictou News tells a marvellous story—"A young man with a gun at Sonora, St. Mary's, was testing his marksmanship by firing at a crow. Miss Ellen Hewitt, passing on the highway at the time felt a hot bullet striking her. The boy's bullet had flown, wrenched off its mark and passed between Miss Hewitt's slightly parted lips cutting both slightly and erasing the enamel of her two upper front teeth. Miss Hewitt thus literally escapes 'with skin of her teeth,' and saving fright and swollen lips is none the worse for her narrow escape, a narrower than which can hardly be imagined."

BROWNING ACADEMY.—A very sad drowning accident occurred at Mariposa, Bridge on last Saturday. A young boy, aged fourteen years, son of Mr. Rook. Munroe, was sent on an errand by his mother to a neighbor who lived on the opposite side of the river. The boy met returning, his parents became alarmed, and went in search for him, but without success. On Sunday morning, while his father was crossing the bridge, he found his son dead under the span. It is supposed that while crossing the bridge, and on looking over, lost his balance and fell into the river. His head showed signs of having struck some part of the bridge while falling. Great sympathy is felt for his bereaved parents.—North Sydney Herald. Grip.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. MAKE NEW RICH BLOOD. Thirty years study and experiment have been given to perfecting the formula for Parsons' Pills, and the universal judgment of the highest medical authorities, chemists, and men of science, is that our formula is the best yet devised by the brain of man, and should rank with the wonderful discoveries of the world. No family should be without them, for there is no other remedy in the world capable of counteracting so much benefit, excepting, possibly, Johnson's Anodyne Limentment. The information contained in the wrapper around each box is worth ten times the cost of a box of pills; it shows how to avoid and how to cure all manly ailments, and how to correctly interpret the symptoms thereof. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 50 cents in stamps. A valuable illustrated medical book sent free to all who send their address. DR. J. R. HOBBS & CO., 23 Custom House St., Boston.

NOTICE. All persons having legal demand against the Estate of Sarah Davison, late of Long Island, in the County of King, widow, are requested to register the same duly attested, within twelve calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are required to make immediate payment to J. B. DAVISON, Wolfville, July 6, 1885. Admr.

NEW YORK WONDER LAMP (60 CANDLE POWER). I have greatly reduced the price on my latest importations of above Lamps. STAND LAMPS \$4 00 BRACKET " 3.50 Call and see them and leave your order. Lamps sent out on trial. R. PRAT AGENT.

LOOK HERE! No More Broiling Over Hot Stoves, Ironing Clothes!!! I have purchased the sole right of selling in this County KEARNS & NOBLE'S Peerless Smoothing Iron, The best ever invented. In introducing this Iron to the public, we do so knowing that when once used its merits will be appreciated, it being specially adapted for family use and highly recommended by all milliners who have used it for cutting fabrics, removing creases and wrinkles, doing away with the old plan of broiling over hot stoves. It will heat in five minutes ready for use, and can be run at a very small cost, making it the most useful smoothing iron ever introduced. Sold only by our agents. Price \$3.00 S. R. SLEEP. Wolfville, N. S., July 23, 1885.

F. L. Brown & Co. SELL Preserve Jars AT VERY LOW FIGURES. Also have in stock a complete line of CROCKERY, China Tea Sets, Milk Pans and Jugs. CALL EARLY AND SECURE FIRST CHOICE. July 31st, 1885.

WE SELL CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS, CAN- NED LOBSTERS, MACKER- EL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC. Best prices for all shipments, Write fully for Quotations. HATHWAY & CO., General Commission Merchants, 22 Central Wharf, - Boston. Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE AND HOME MAGAZINE. Circulation over 20,000 Copies. The Farmer's Advocate is published on or about the 1st of each month, is handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most profitable, practical and reliable information for dairymen, for farmers, gardeners or stockmen, of any publication in Canada. \$1.00 PER ANNUM \$1.00 Address—FARMER'S ADVOCATE, 360 Richmond St., London, Ont.

TO LET The Store on Main St., formerly used as a Dry Goods Store by Jas. S. McDonald Esq. Also, several comfortable rooms over said Store, forming a comfortable dwelling for a small family. Possession given immediately. Apply to A. deW. BARSS, Agent, E. S. CRAWLEY, Wolfville, 18th Mar. 1885.

New Tobacco Store! Having made some changes in my business, I am now prepared to supply the Tobacco Using Public with all the finest brands of Imported and Domestic CIGARS, CIGARETTES, SMOKING & CHEWING TOBACCOES, ETC., ETC. —ALSO— A full assortment of BRIAR ROOT and MEERSCHAUM PIPES and CIGAR HOLDERS. FIRST CLASS BARBERING & HAIRDRESSING AS USUAL. Give Us a Call. J. M. Shaw, Wolfville May 7th, 1885.

Table with publication prices: Farmer's Advocate \$1.00, Toronto Weekly News 1.00, Toronto Daily News 4.00, Toronto Juvenile Gem 75c, American Agriculturist 1.50, do with Dialects 2.40, Toronto Weekly Globe 1.00, London Free Press 1.00, Youth's Companion 1.75, Book Worm 1.15, Weekly Messenger 1.00, Weekly Witness 1.00, Canadian Dairyman 1.50, Grip 2.00.

W. B. & N. CO.

Western Book & News Co.'s Book store is the place to buy your School and College Text Books, and they make a specialty of ordering Books not in stock.

They have in the Bookstore a small line of Water Color Paints, and expect in a few days a full assortment of Oil Colors in Tubes, Water Colors in Moist and Dry Cakes, Brushes, Palettes, and all kinds of Artist's Materials.

Our Artist's Materials are imported direct from England and will be sold very low.

We are selling Room Paper at Cost to make room for new importations. Now is the time to buy them cheap. 33 1/2 percent discount.

You can't miss the place. Our projecting sign reads, "The Bookstore," in black letters on a white ground, with Western Book & News Co. over the Door.

Western Book & News Co. have a magnificent line of BLANK BOOKS all sizes and prices. Over 100 different patterns to select from.

Nice little line of Fancy Soaps at Western Book & News Co's.

Neat assortment of Walking Sticks at Western Book & News Co's.

We are framing the Crown Pictures, or any others of same size, in 1 1/2 inch moulding for 85 cents; 2 inch \$1.00; 2 1/2 inch \$1.25, and guarantee a good job every time or no sale. Smaller sizes at proportionally low prices.

Send in your pictures at once to Western Book & News Co's and get them framed.

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The 5c Scribbling Book sold by the Western Book & News Co. at the Bookstore is made of extra-heavy paper, bound in very neat manilla covers, and contains, full count, 100 pages.

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IMPORTER AND DEALER IN DRUGS MEDICINES CHEMICALS FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY AND SOAPS, BRUSHES, SPECTACLES, JEWELLERY, ETC. ETC Main Street, Wolfville, N. S.

ROOM PAPER! ROOM PAPER! Don't forget that the WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO. are selling the balance of their ROOM PAPER at cost to make for new importations.

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

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

DR. O. W. NORTON'S Burdo k BLOOD PURIFIER! Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound —FOR— RESTORING HEALTH.

Hundreds have been cured by using it for LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, DYSPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY DISEASE, AND—

GENERAL DEBILITY. Benj. Starratt, Esq., Merchant of Paradise, writes: "Your medicine skills well and gives splendid satisfaction. Please send me another lot of your Burdo k Blood Purifier."

There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdo k Blood Purifier. Sold by most of the dealers in medicines throughout the county, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville at \$1.00 per large bottle. June 26, '85.—1 yr

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WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO. Sept. 18th, 1885.

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WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO. Sept. 18th, 1885.

Choice Miscellany.

TOUCH NOT, TASTE NOT.

Seek not to taste within the bowl, The poison that lies hidden there; 'Tis death unto the very soul, And brings thee down to deep despair.

Seek not to see the liquid flame, You see its work in human ones; It kills a grand and noble name, And gives a name of drunken sons.

Seek not to give thy friend a taste, Though earthly men say you are mean; Be mean, than your friend's soul to waste For they have not thy goodness seen.

Seek not to touch, or taste, or smell, That which doth poison and doth kill; 'Twill only make thee fit for hell, And fearful tortures is thy fill.

WE TWO.

God's will is—the bud of the rose for your hair, The ring for your hand and the pearl for your breast;

God's will is—the mirror that makes you look fair— No wonder you whisper: "God's will is the best!"

But what if God's will were the famine, the flood? And were God's will the coffin shut down in your face?

And were God's will the worm in the fold of the bud, Instead of the picture, the light and the lace?

Were God's will the arrow that flieth by night, Were God's will the pestilence walking by day,

The dot in the valley, the rock on the height— I fancy "God's will" would be harder to say.

ALFRED THE GREAT.

No king or hero of antiquity of modern times can be compared with Alfred for so many distinguished qualities, and each so excellent. Princes more renowned for power and glory, and reigning over greater nations, have always had some defect in their moral character, which forcibly contrasts with our high estimation of their mental qualities; and although by the side of Alfred, ruling in his narrow Wessex, their forms appear to tower high amongst the stars, yet his figure, in its proportions, remains one of the most perfect ever laid up by the hand of God as a mirror to the world and its rulers. As such a noble example he has lived in the memory of a thousand years, and during that period the people whom he governed have spread over the earth, making homes for themselves, and establishing freedom and independence of thought and deed to its most remote bounds. That tree, which now casts its shadows far and wide over the world, when menaced with destruction in its bud, was carefully guarded by Alfred; but at the time when it was ready to burst forth into a plant, he was forced to leave it to the influence of time. Many great men have occupied themselves with the care of this tree, and each, in his own way, has advanced its growth, from William the Conqueror, who, with his iron hand, bent the tender branches to his will to the Stewarts, who, with despotic ideas, outraged the deep-rooted Saxon individuality of the English, and by their fall contributed to their sure development of that freedom which was founded so long before. The Anglo-Saxon race has already attained maturity in the new world, and, founded on these pillars, it will triumph in all places and in every age. Alfred's name will always be placed amongst those of the great spirits of this earth; and as long as man regards their past history with reverence, they will not venture to bring forward any other in comparison with him who saved the West Saxon race from complete destruction, and in whose heart the virtues dwelt in such harmonious concord. His image will stand brightly in the world's history, never defaced by malice or dimmed by known errors.—Bohn's Library.

YE SUMMER RESORT.

And in these days the weather became exceedingly much heated with hotness, and the inhabitants of the city began to sweeter with a great sweat. And when the thermometer began to try to climb on top of the building and the ice began to weigh only two ounces to the pound, behold then the rich inhabitant sayeth: "I will lack my grip, and I'll hie me away to some shady retreat where the cool breezes blow and the cold waters flow. Even into some sylvan dell will I go, and I will rusticate there matchily."

And he goeth into a famous summer resort, one that is advertised, where they have such pure life-giving waters, and where the drives are exceedingly fine, and where there is much fishing, and where the hotel is the invalid's paradise.

But behold, how soon our dreams vanish, and of how short duration are our joys, and how quickly our bright hopes all go a glimmering.

The sweltering man reacheth the much advertised resort, and hauleth up in front of the hotel. He looketh about him, and hope dieth away. He turneth his eyes upon the hotel and behold it is a box shanty, with two rooms below and three above, and none of them finished. He seeketh the lake and findeth a frog pond covered over with a green scum and like unto false pride, inasmuch as it stinketh. He seeketh the shady drive, and behold he hath to walk up and down the hills or get his neck broken. He seeketh the fish and findeth mosquitoes. He feasteth the finer man on bacon and corn bread and onions, and he sleepeth on a table.

He tarrieth through the night and fighteth mosquitoes and black gnats, and sweareth with much vehemence.

The next morning he taketh a train for home, and when he is arrived there in the night time he speaketh home through the back alley, and he hideth in his own house for two weeks.

And at the end of that time he goeth forth into the busy places of the city, and he meeteth his friends, and he telleth them of the glorious time he had had at the summer resort. And he speaketh of the fish he caught, and of the sylvan lake, and the beautiful drives and the splendid hotel.

And his friends when they have heard resolve to go, while he goeth about a soldier but a wiser man, and he wondereth if the world is all sham, and if there is naught in life to live for.—THOMAS P. MONROE in St. Louis Magazine.

GEMS OF THOUGHT.

All orators are dumb when headily pleated.—Shakespeare.

We ought not quit our post without the permission of him who commands; the post of man is life.—Pythagoras.

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august, how complicated how wonderful, is man.—Young.

The increase of a great number of citizens in prosperity is a necessary element to the security, and even to the existence of a civilized people.—Burd.

The world is full of poetry. The air is living with its spirit; and the waves dance to the music of its melodies, and sparkle in its brightness.—Percival.

Cease, triflers: would you have me feel remorse? Leave me alone—nor cell, nor chain, nor dungeon speak to the murderer with the voice of solitude.—Maturin.

If two men are united, the wants of neither are any greater, in some respects, than they would be were they alone, and their strength is superior to the strength of two separate men.—De Senneville.

When all was done, human life is at the greatest and the best but like a froward child, that must be played with and humored a little to keep it quiet until it falls asleep, and the care is over.—Sir Wm Temple.

A writer, charged with composing a speech for the lord mayor, asked pleasantly for the measure of the mouth of his lordship. "There is certainly a relation to be observed between the words and the mouth which pronounces them.—Le Bruyere.

To mourn deeply for the death of another, loses from myself the petty desire for, and the animal adherence to, life. We have gained the end of the philosopher, and view without shrinking the coffin and the pall.—Paine.

They that have read about everything are thought to understand everything; too; but it is not always. Reading furnishes the mind only with the materials of knowledge; it is thinking that makes what we read ours. We are of the rummaging kind, and it is not enough to count ourselves with a great load of collections—we must chew them over again.—Channing.

WHERE STRONG MEN WEPT.

The morning that Lee sent word that we were to retire from the road to the Appomattox Court House and leave it clear, none of us knew what the order meant, but even if we had known it would have been cheerfully obeyed. The troops withdrew among the timber to the right and left of the highway, where our commissary stores had been packed on the previous night. In a little while Lee rode up to the rear, accompanied only by Col. Marshall, his aide. It was with the greatest difficulty that the men were kept from rushing out and surrounding the General so much as he loved. We crept forward to the edge of the road and saw Lee returning. His face was very sad. When he was opposite to us the soldiers could no longer retain themselves and they rushed out in a wild mob around his iron-grey horse, shouting: "Lee! Lee! Lee!" All discipline was thrown to the wind, and the men seemed to feel as if the end was near, for I never saw such a loyal yet disorderly rush. Lee was calm and seemed to be profoundly moved. When he dismounted he made a motion for silence and a ring was formed around him. Then he stretched out his hands to us and said: "Gentlemen, I have done the best I could for you. To-day I have surrendered the army of Northern Virginia. Boys, go home. God bless you! 'I saw strong men throw themselves upon the ground at his feet and weep like women. The shouts and cries of my comrades were heart-stirring. Lee looked upon the scene for a moment, sighed and turned away. It was all over."—Maj. Quincy, in New York Herald.

ATTEND TO THE FALL FEEDING.

When the pastures begin to fall off, some extra food should be provided for all the stock, but especially the cows. Horses are always well cared for, but the cows are too often neglected, both as to food and a supply of pure water. Those farmers who have provided some selling crops, will find the benefit of the fresh green fodder; those who have not, will now see the disadvantage of being short of food just at this season. It is very easy to secure this supply of food for the short season. Every farmer has a neglected piece of land, which is bringing in nothing, and which could be made to produce a very profitable crop of green feed. Such an opportunity should not be neglected. Where the supply has been provided, a liberal feed should be given daily. It is a mistake to suppose that it

is a waste of food, to feed liberally now and that it is better to save the food for winter, and spare it at this season. When any animal is kept short of food, it goes back rapidly, and more food will be required to make up this lost ground, than would have kept the animal in its normal condition. This is especially true as regards swine; if these are permitted to fall off now, for lack of food, they will consume much more than the present gain, in recovering the loss. Animals that are intended for fattening, should be kept on full feed now, and those to be wintered over, should be kept in good condition. The old, and true adage, should not be forgotten, viz: "an animal that is well summered, is half wintered."—American Agriculturist for September.

GIRLS.

When the sun shines and the trees are bedecked in blossom it is pleasant to walk out doors, and while these lovely spring days last, one cannot get out into the air too often. But in nearly all households some one has to stay in the house a great part of the time, earnestly and patiently working that home may be made comfortably for the absent ones, and that they may go about in the sunshine gathering strength and health.

The ones who usually stay at home are mothers and sisters—often mothers alone, who frequently grows tired and heart-sick. See if you cannot make her look cheerful and happy; try comforting and cheering words; have a bright smile and a cheery laugh, jump around and help, straighten up the house and mend the clothes, make a garden, and plant vines, then bundle her up in her best 'outing new shoes,' and take her where there are new faces, new scenes, where she will have something to think about besides kettles, pans, and meals. Make it your business to take her away from these homely and familiar scenes at least one day out of seven and take our word for it, you will be more than paid in seeing the light in her old eyes, the smile that will come, reminding you of the days when first she hugged you to her bosom and cooed loving words to your baby ears. Time flies; mother grows old; some day that dear voice will not be heard calling, 'Dear! dear!' but will be hushed in silence which has no earthly awaking.—Happy Hours at Home.

SMILES.

A smile costs the giver nothing, yet it is beyond price to the erring and relenting and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice, subdues temper, turns enmity to love, revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays, a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful, and a happy husband. A smile resembles an angel of Paradise.—Zerkow.

There are other "smiles" that are the reverse of all this. This costs the giver a place in Heaven. They fortify malice, increase temper, turn love to hate and pave the highway of life with blood, murders and drunkards' graves. These smiles resemble a demon of hell, and their wreaths are the sparkling ice of liquor in the glass.—Albert Maple Leaf.

W. & A Railway.

Time Table

1885—Summer Arrangement—1885.

Commencing Monday, 1st June.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accm. Daily, Accm. P.T.S., Exp. Daily, A.M., P.M. Stations include Annapolis, Bridgetown, Middleton, Aylesford, Berwick, Waterville, Kentville, Port Williams, Wolfville, Grand Pre, Avonport, Hantsport, Windsor, Windsor June, Halifax arrive.

GOING WEST.

Table with columns: Exp. Daily, Accm. M.W.F. daily, A.M., P.M. Stations include Halifax, Windsor June, Windsor, Hantsport, Avonport, Grand Pre, Wolfville, Port Williams, Kentville, Waterville, Berwick, Aylesford, Middleton, Annapolis arrive.

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

Steamer Empire will leave St. John for Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning, returning on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

Steamer Evangeline leaves Annapolis every Mon., Wed. and Frid. p. m. for Digby.

The steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis every Tuesday p. m. for Boston direct; and St. John every Saturday night after arrival of Empire.

The steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Saturday, p. m. on arrival of W.C.R.V. train from Digby. Returning leaves Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Tuesday.

International Steamers leave St. John at 8:00 a. m. every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6:30 a. m. and 8:30 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. INCE, General Manager

Kentville, May 28, 1885.

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KENTVILLE, SEPT 1, 1885.

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