

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1884.

No. 13.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

Could we see the inward anguish,
In the hearts of those around;
Could we from their standpoint reason,
Where, I ask, would hate be found?
Foolish actions, foolish motives,
All are weighed in Justice's scales;
Punishments, rewards, like given,
By Wisdom just that never fails.

Could we see the untold hardships,
Of the souls that stagger on,
Burdened with their grave misfortunes,
Around us, with us, in the throng;
Could we see the hearts of many
That we haste to call our foes,
Surely, hate would change to pity,
And all other thoughts depose.

NELLY.

"John! Draw the curtain back, and
come nearer. I can't see you well, and
my voice seems weak. I've something
I want to say."

The room was as light as the clear
sunshine of an early spring afternoon
could make it, and only the failing sight
of the dying man was at fault.

But a noiseless step came close be-
side the bed, and a pair of smooth
white hands drew back the green, old-
time curtains that the farmer's clumsy
fingers had been pulling at in vain.

"There! So! That's cosier, things
always did move easy to your touch,
John. Now let us be quick! There
isn't much time, I'm afraid, John; and
I've something I want to say. It's
not too late yet, if we don't lose time."

A sip of cordial put to the old man's
lips, and an attentive look from the
face that bent over him, were the
only answers, and farmer David went
on.

"It's about that girl of mine. She's
my Nell—the prettiest flower that ever
grew on the old place, and as true a
daughter as ever a man had. Where
is she? I'd like to see her," and his
dim eyes looked anxiously out into the
room. Call her, John! I want to see
her; I want her to hear what we say."

"Yes, presently," answered an insin-
uating voice. "You are tired now and
are better not disturbed. We will talk
a few moments if you wish, and then
you might try to sleep."

"Well, then, John, you were always
the fine gentleman of the family, and
you've made a fine place and a fine
fortune for yourself in the world, while

I have been delving away on the old
farm. And a few thousand dollars in
the bank is all I've managed to lay a-
way.

"Now Nelly, you know, she's not my
own flesh and blood, though she's the
child of my heart all the same, and the
law will give it all back to you, I sup-
pose, if I don't settle it.

"But you don't want it, John, you
don't want it. You're rich already,
and too fine a gentleman for the old
place, take it at the best. So open my
desk, John, and bring me my will. I
want you to read it to me, to make sure
it's all right before I go. I want Nelly
to have it all,—all, John, all! I would
be nothing to you, but 'twill keep my
Nelly above want at least."

John crossed the room with noiseless
step, and taking the will from the desk
he read it to the dying man.

"Is it all right, John? Clear and
plain, so the law can't mistake and take
what you don't want away from Nelly?
I can't see to read it myself, but no
matter.

"Now I am going to sleep. Call
Nellie when I wake, John, and we'll
tell her it is all right."

His watcher stood by the bedside till
the slow, unnatural breathing showed
that the old man had fallen into a rest-
less sleep, and then his smooth-shaven
face gleamed with a treacherous smile
of triumph.

"Aha!" he muttered to himself,
with a noiseless laugh. "Yes, yes;
we'll make it all right. The law shall
not give me a dollar that I don't want,
and the precious Nelly shall have the
old place the moment I find no use for
it."

He crossed the room with a cat-like
tread and stood before the hearth. A
few dying embers still smoked between
the fire-dogs, and crumpling the paper
in his hand, he thrust it among the
ashes, and watched it till it crisped and
curled and a gleam of red crawled slowly
from one corner to the other, and left
it black as the ashes it lay among.
Then he ground it into dust with his
heel and turned away.

As he did so he heard a slight noise
at the window, and a sound as of some
one dropping to the ground. He has-
tened to the window and looked out.
No one was in sight but Seth Danbury,

the hired man, who was some distance
off, walking towards the barn.

Seth had been engaged about a week
before, and David Harcourt, who was
now dying, said he had not had such a
faithful man for years.

"Pshaw!" muttered John Harcourt.
"It was probably Seth passing below
the window. It was a narrow escape,
but the little affair is safe enough.
Miss Nelly shall have the farm as David
directed, but not yet—not just yet!"

When John Harcourt left home
twenty years before, and set out to
make his fortune, he left all its honest
notions behind him at the same
time; he had never scrupled at ways
or means, and the "fine place" he had
made for himself in the world had a
good many shaky planks at the bot-
tom.

But all that did not trouble him in
the least, and he couldn't tell now why
that noise at the window should worry
him so much, or why it should keep
sounding in his ears during the next
few days.

By the time those days were over,
the neighbors began to come with sol-
emn faces, and came till the house was
running over; and they tramped the
flower-beds all down, trying to hear
through the window what the minister
was saying within.

When the funeral was over, they
went solemnly away again, all but two
or three favored gossips, who stayed to
have a bit of talk with the housekeeper.

"And so David never left a will after
all?" said little Miss Pettikin,
the school mistress who had reigned
supreme over the book-learning of the
village for the last two generations.

"Not a sign," said the housekeeper.
"Leastways, we can't find it, and Mr.
John would be a most sure to know if
there was one."

"Well, now, I tell you I would not
have thought it of David!" said little
Miss Pettikin, with a flush of indigna-
tion rising over her peaceful little face.
"Nelly's the prettiest girl that ever
held a spelling-book in this village, and
he's petted her and coddled her, and
acted as if the ground wasn't good
enough for her to walk on; and now to
think of her being left to work her own
way in the world with her own little
white hands!"

"He must a' meant to do it," said
the housekeeper; but I suppose he was
overtaken. But then,"—and her face
brightened,—"there's Mr. John; he
must know what the Squire planned
for, and he'll see it carried out,
sure."

"Mr. John!" said Miss Pettikin,
tossing her head till her good-natured
little nose seemed in danger of going
of backwards; "I taught him the first
arithmetic he ever knew, but he's got a
way of reckoning compound interest
since then that never was learned in
these parts, nor practised either, I hope!
Nelly Harcourt never'll be any better
off for his help, now I can tell you!"

"Yes, she will, ma'am; he'll do the
the handsome thing by her, you mark
my word! If he don't, I lose my guess,
that's all!" said another voice, in
strong, cheerful tones that made them
start.

It was Seth Danbury, passing
through the room to change his black
coat for a more serviceable one.

Seth never lost time, and before Miss
Pettikin and the housekeeper had done
staring at the door he shut behind him
he was upstairs and passing the room
he knew John Harcourt occupied.

"Scoundrel!" he muttered, as he
shook his fist toward it in passing, and
then what Nelly called the "sunshine,"
that always belonged to his honest face,
came out. "Yes, my gay fellow, you'll
do just exactly that! We'll attend to
it between us," he added, and the next
moment was going with a vigorous
stride towards the stable to look after
the horses.

"Now what did he mean by that?"
asked Miss Pettikin, meanwhile, look-
ing eagerly into the housekeeper's face.

The housekeeper shook her head.
"He can't know anything mor'n we
do," she said; "but he's a comfortable,
cheerful creature, and always wants to
have things go pretty near as folks want
'em."

"He spoke pretty positive, though,"
said Miss Pettikin, drawing her little
black veil round her bonnet and getting
slowly up to go. "Seems as though he
knew."

For the next few days the village
gossips were busy. The lawyer from
the next town was closeted at the Har-

(Continued on Fourth page.)

THE ACADIAN.

-PUBLISHED AT-
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO. N. S.
DAVISON BRGS., Publishers and Proprietors.
A. M. HOARE, Editor.

Terms:—The ACADIAN is published every Friday at FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance.

Any person sending the names of FIVE subscribers, accompanied with the CASH, will receive a copy of the ACADIAN for one year free.

All communications should be addressed to the ACADIAN, Wolfville N. S.

We cannot engage to preserve or return communications that are not used.

DOMINION DAY

July first this year promises to be a great gala day in this part of the country. At Annapolis there is to be a Grand Bazaar under the auspices of the St. Louis Catholic church, and other festivities. At Windsor the day will be kept in the usual way, Sports, Bands from Halifax, Concert in the evening, Fire-works, etc. etc. At Halifax, also, there will be the usual attractions.

Special trains are advertised to run east and west, leaving Annapolis for Kentville at 5.30 p. m., Kentville for Windsor at 8.00 p. m., Windsor for Halifax at 10.30 p. m., also leaving Halifax for Windsor at 8.15 p. m. and Windsor for Kentville at 10.30 p. m., all railway time, one hour added giving Halifax time. All one first-class fare and good to return same or following day.

If the expectations of these places are fulfilled one of the best days of sport ever held will be realized.

We see no reason, now that Dominion Day has lost in a large manner its political significance, why this day should not be celebrated as our grand national day the same as July 4th in the United States. A general Holiday once a year is always an enjoyable event and should be supported and kept up. July 1st is a time peculiarly suitable because the farmers are just through planting and a day of rest and recreation comes very acceptable to them. Wolfville as yet has done nothing in this line, but we hope to see in the near future our people making this a grand fair-day to be remembered as the day of the year.

The base fellow sees in anyone, whatever the excellences, only the defects and faults. A swine notices only the mud and mire in the pond that bears the lotus.

OURSELVES AS OTHERS
SEE US.

The following communication appears in the *Steel Edge Reporter*:

The editors met in solemn conclave and unanimously decided that, as two of the staff had been off on a trip, they would grant leave of absence, for a few days to another, in order that he might bring home his wife and family. At the same time they cautioned him to conduct himself in such a manner as would sustain the "dignity of the press," as the other two had done, when far removed from the influences of the "Editorial Sanctum." Pleased with the thought that, for a few days, no business cares nor editorial duties would disturb his mental equilibrium your most humble servant started for a short visit to the "Garden of Nova Scotia." At Truro he is joined by the Principal of the Normal School, a Halifax Barrister, formerly a student of Acadia College, a ministerial student, a Presbyterian Divine and a medical doctor. The two latter are going to Halifax the three former are on their way to Wolfville to attend the anniversary of the College which takes place on the following day. The time is very pleasantly spent till Windsor Junction is reached. Here we spend twenty minutes waiting for the W. & A. train. The time, though short, is quite sufficient to get introduced to a very large collection of Rocks and a very large number of Goats—in fact the greater portion of the population belong to the latter class.

We also made a mineralogical examination of the rocks and came to the conclusion that the legend is false which says these rocks formed the ballast of the Ark and were thrown out here, as they belong to a different age from those of Eastern Counties. We think we established this beyond the shadow of a doubt. The train came along and prevented us from making any further examinations. We got on board and found the cars terribly crowded—a regular Baptist convention on wheels. Many old college chums were there—lawyers, doctors, and ministers—all en route for Wolfville. The Press was well represented, Mr. S—, said to be the best press reporter in Halifax, represented the *Mail and Herald*. The *Chronicle* had a man there also. The Editor of the *Christian Messenger* wore a placid smile on his countenance, caused no doubt, by the thought that on the morrow he expects to get matter enough to fill eight or ten columns, which is a very pleasant thought for an editor. In a rear corner of one car may be seen a little group of kindred spirits, prominent among whom is your humble servant, discussing the topics of the day, College Questions, Didactics, etc. are disposed of in a masterly style. After which the Cumberland elections receive due notice. Then the conversation turns to Dominion politics but as all are on one side the conversation begins to flag a little, when our genial *Herald* reporter, who is equal to any emergency, tries to show us all that is good in the opposite party and succeeds so well that we have quite a spirited discussion. Time passes quite rapidly and real pleasantly in this way till the conductor

informs us that he requires our company no longer, at the same time expressing, by his looks, his deep regrets at losing such a jolly crowd. Our paths now diverge to various parts of the village.

It was our privilege to attend the closing exercises of the Seminary and College, which we enjoyed very much indeed, four years have flown swiftly past since we attended similar gatherings. On Friday evening it was ours to enjoy a rich treat. Prof. Foster, M. P. for King's N. B., had lectured on Thursday evening on Patriotism. Wolfville Division being aware of his loyalty to the Temperance cause invited him to deliver a lecture on Temperance which he willingly consented to do.

Friday evening, long before the appointed hour, the Baptist church was well filled. I would that every citizen of our town had heard that fine lecture. Prof. F., considered one of the finest speakers in the House of Commons, made a stirring speech on behalf of Prohibition. Said that all great reforms in both Church and State had been brought about by agitation. The Temperance movement was an agitation which he hoped would result in Prohibition becoming law. He showed the interdependence of Moral and Legal Suasion, both being very necessary: temperance was being agitated in England. He clearly disproved the position some men took in reference to License—the only thing in a license that could recommend it at all was its Prohibition. He met the argument so frequently argued against Prohibition—viz—"that it would not stop drinking and we might just as well grant licenses"—in the following manner. We have a law forbidding murder and theft yet murders do occur and men continue to steal, so we might just as well erase said law from our statute books and grant a few licenses to respectable persons to do all the murdering and stealing, as it would then be done in a respectable way, for it would be done by some one, we cannot stop it entirely.

He admitted that Prohibition would not stop drinking altogether but it would reduce it to a minimum. He struck a heavy blow to the inconsistency of politicians in tinkering with the Temperance question by one of his most apt and original illustrations. In which he showed their hearts were not in the work or we would have a better state of affairs. He said that while you cannot make a man sober by "Act of Parliament," yet it was possible by legislation to greatly change his surroundings and make it exceedingly difficult for him to become a habitual drunkard. The whole lecture was a powerful argument for Temperance and was replete with good sound common sense.

A view of the Gasperau valley, from a lofty eminence a little to the south of Wolfville, formed the closing scene of my trip, and that beautiful picture that was there spread out before me shall not soon fade from my memory. The whole valley, as far as the eye could reach, was clad in the most pleasing garments.

Hoping your readers will pardon me for this lengthy article, I remain
ROAMING PETER.

OPENING THIS WEEK

CALDWELL & MURRAY'S

- Gray Cotton, 5 & 10 cents.
- White Shirtings,
- Fancy
- Table Linens,
- Carriage Dusters,
- Prints Cottons,
- Cambrics,
- Crettonnes,
- Ladies' Embroidered Silk Ties,
- Ladies' Parasols and Umbrellas,
- Ladies' Merino Vests,
- Ladies' Silk Gloves,
- Ladies' Kid Gloves,
- Ladies' Hose,
- Ladies' Serge and Kid Slippers.

ON HAND

- A fine stock of—
- Lace Curtains,
- White & Colored Counterpanes
- Men's Lineu Coats and Dusters,
- Mens Straw Hats,
- Mens Felt Hats hard and soft,
- Mens Collars and Ties,
- Mens Boots and Shoes,
- Mens Ready Made Clothing,
- &c., &c., &c.

We want 3 tons of Good Wool by July 1st, for which we will pay the highest market price.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.

Wolfville, June 20, 1884

Wall Paper!

SPRING STOCK,

1884.

The Subscribers call particular attention to their stock of

SPRING PAPER HANGINGS,

Which for style and finish are superior to any ever imported into King's Co., and were personally selected for this market from the best English manufacturers.

Our prices are as low as the same quality of goods can be purchased in Halifax. Our patrons should not confound these Paper Hangings with an inferior quality of narrow width American make, sometimes to be found in the markets.

A call is requested before sending to Halifax or St. John.

Western Book & News Co.,

WOLFVILLE

JOB PRINTING of all kinds at this office.

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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half Square one ins.	\$0.50
Square	1.00
Half Column	2.00
Column	3.00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions specified in the manuscript will be continued and charged for accordingly.

In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Monday morning.

Local and other Matters.

Road work in active operation this week.

Go to C. H. Borden, Wolfville, for Gents' Furnishings.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.—The Wolfville Board of Health.

Great reductions in Straw Hats at C. H. Borden's, Wolfville.

Capt. Smith, of Lockhartville lost a valuable mare this week.

C. H. Borden, Wolfville, is selling Boots and Shoes at a slight advance on cost.

Rev. F. A. Buckley and wife were at Canard on a short visit to the father of the latter this week.

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

Mr. A. D. Calhoun, a graduate of Acadia College, is here this week. He has an agency for a map publishing firm.

PANTINGS.—New lot just received at A. McPHERSONS, Webster St Kentville.

The corner stone of the new Post Office and Custom House at Windsor was laid on Wednesday with full Masonic honors, by Grand Master Major General Laurie and officers and members of the Grand and subordinate Lodges.

A. McPHERSON.—Go and visit his tailoring establishment. His Styles cannot be beaten, cloths in all the latest styles Webster St Kentville.

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

ACCIDENT.—While crossing the Port Williams bridge on Monday afternoon a pair of cattle attached to a wagon got frightened and ran into a carriage driven by Mr. H. M. Sleep of Canard, wrecking the carriage and severely injuring the driver of the ox-team. This makes three accidents within two weeks on that bridge.

Local and other Matters.

Some correspondence crowded out this week.

In communication by WATCH in last issue for 'continuing' read 'entering.'

Dr. McLatchy's horse was badly injured by getting on the wire fence near the railroad, this week.

Adam Burns Esq., of the firm of Burns & Murray, Halifax, spent a few days here this week, at the American House.

NEW CLOTHS.—Brand new cloths, a fine assortment at A. McPHERSONS, Webster St Kentville.

PERSONAL.—Mr. T. William F. Harris returned home this week from Montreal where he has been attending St. Mary's College.

RELIGIOUS.—Rev. Geo. D. Peters preached in the Church of England here last Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. Walter Barss preached in the Methodist Church Sunday evening. Mr. John Bouns, fell in the morning.

It is with feelings of deep regret that we note this morning the death of Mr. Charles P. Bailey of Kentville, and at one time station agent here, at the early age of 25. While in Wolfville he won many friends. For a long time he had been suffering from the fatal disease consumption and last night he passed into his rest. He leaves a wife and one child to whom we tender our warmest sympathies in their great affliction.

ANOTHER BURGLARY.—The store of Mr. E. A. Davison at Gaspereau was broken into Sunday night, and about twenty dollars in cents taken from the till. The thief effected an entrance by cutting out a pane of the front door, and pulling the bolt. An attempt was made to get the safe open but was not successful. It does look as if there was room for some detective work here. Where is the St. John P. D. F. and its representative for this part of the county?

CRICKET.—The Wanderers could not accept the challenge from the Wolfvilles to play here on the 21st, but wanted our boys to play them on 28th June. This could not be arranged and no decision as to playing at a later day has been arrived at yet. The Wolfville C. C. has received challenge from the new Truro C. C. for a match to be played June 28th or July 1st, but were unable to accept it. The Wanderers C. C. played the Three Elms C. C. on Wednesday 25th, beating by 116 runs, the score being 47 for Three Elms and 163 for Wanderers. There will probably be a match played between the Junior C. C. of Wolfville and the Wolfville C. C. tomorrow afternoon.

The Wolfville C. C. has a challenge from the Windsor C. C. to play a match on the 1st July here. They will probably accept. The Wolfville C. C. will not play the Wanderers C. C. tomorrow.

FARM FOR SALE.

A superior Mountain Farm, situated on the north side of the Gaspereau Mountain and within a few miles of Wolfville, pleasantly situated under good Cultivation, cuts about 30 tons of English hay and with but little labor could be made to produce twice that quantity. Will be sold on easy terms to a good purchaser.

For further particulars apply to J. B. DAVISON.

Wolfville, May 30, 1884

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

From the best Foundries

PRINTING

Every Description

DONE WITH NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

"Acadian" Office,

Wolfville, N. S.

ACADIA

Iron Foundry.

The subscribers respectfully inform the Public that they have opened a Foundry in

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

and are prepared to manufacture

RANGES,

STOVES,

PLOUGHS,

Hollow Ware,

And General Castings

—AT— WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

—ALSO— TIN and SHEET IRON-WARE

In connection with the above.

STOVES

Repaired at shortest notice.

ORDERS SOLICITED BY SLEEP & McADAM, Proprietors.

Wolfville June 13th 1884.

ROCKWELL & Co.

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

PIANOS,

ORGANS,

AND Musical Merchandise,

BOOKS,

STATIONERY,

And a variety of Fancy Articles.

—COMPRISING—

Photo, Autograph & Scrap Albums

Scrap Pictures, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Wallets, Photo Frames, a choice selection of Xmas Cards, Dolls and children's Toys in variety, a few Vols. Poems, also fine German Accordians, etc. etc. etc.

ALSO Agents for the Celebrated "BOSTON" Sewing Machine, and findings for all the leading machines in use.

ROOM PAPER!

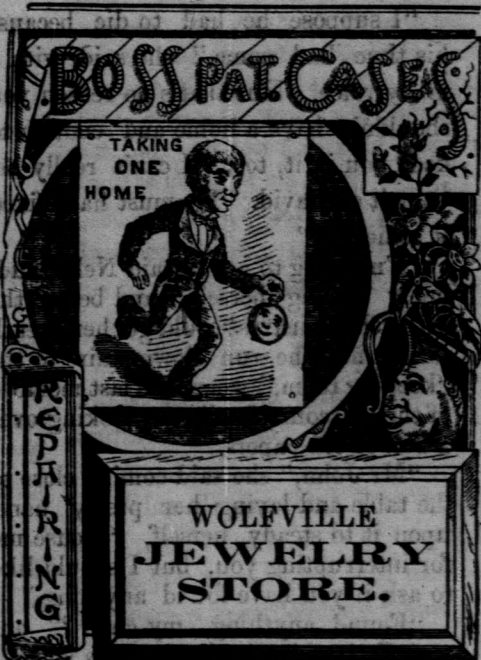
Just received, a large and well assorted stock of Room Paper, personally selected from a great variety of samples.

As this is our first importation in this line, customers will be sure they are not buying old stock.

Rockwell & Co. Main St., Wolfville.

N. B.—Butter and Eggs taken in exchange.

We have also a fine assortment of Easter and Birthday Cards.



Jas. McLeod,

PRACTICAL

WATCH & CLOCK

MAKER.

(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)

Opposite the store of Messrs. Caldwell & Murray.

See future advertisements.

Wolfville, June 16th 1884.

(Continued from First page.)

court house a whole morning. Mr. John went softly about, touching his hat to every one he met; and the housekeeper said he spoke always in the most sympathising tones to Nelly.

Had he found a will? Did he know that the Squire meant to provide for her, and was going to make it right? Or would he do the generous thing, and share and share alike?

It was all in vain. Guessing did no good; and poor Nelly meantime sat all day in her solitary room, spilling her pretty brown eyes with tears, and only stealing out in twilight to carry a wreath or a fresh bouquet to the old cemetery under the hill.

"I can't bear it any longer! I must know!" she said at last, one night, throwing herself into the arms of little Miss Pettikin when she came for her faithful daily call.

"Must know what, child?" said Miss Pettikin, pushing the black veil out of the way to kiss Nelly's forehead.

"I must know whether I am eating beggar's bread! I feel like a beggar every time I sit at his table, if it is his; and yet, Father David always told me this should be my home as long as I lived. O Miss Pettikin! why need he die? He loved me so, and he was so dear!"

Miss Pettikin wiped her own eyes, and then wiped Nelly's.

"I suppose he had to die because his time had come," she said, with a misty voice. But that's no reason you shouldn't have a home and enough to keep you in it, too. I can't really believe it of David. He must have fixed it somehow."

"I'm going to ask!" said Nelly, suddenly freeing herself; and before the little schoolmistress could get her breath for fright, she run down stairs to the "keeping room," where the last member of the Harcourt family sat looking over a box of old papers.

"Mr John," she said coming close to the table and laying her pretty hand upon it to steady herself, "excuse me for interrupting you, but I should like to ask if you have found anything."

"Found anything, my child?" answered the fine gentleman, in a smooth voice. "I have found a great many things. But let me hand you a chair," and the same white hands that had put back the bed-curtain for the squire drew a chair near his own and waited for her to take it.

"Thank you!" she said, without moving; "but I wish you would be kind enough to tell me whether there is anything that really belongs to me."

"Anything that belongs to you?" repeated Mr. John. "A great many things, I hope; youth and good looks certainly, to begin with."

The brown eyes flashed now, and the little hands began to tremble.

"I mean, sir, is it necessary for me to earn my living? If it is, I shall like to begin to-morrow—although—"

and she glanced around the familiar room—"It will break my heart to leave the dear old house and all that is in it!"

"Of course," said Mr. John, smoothly; "but I think we can arrange it so that you can stay. I think Mrs. Harcourt will like to come up here for the summer, and of course she will want some one in the kitchen—some one to keep the house in order and so forth. I don't doubt you will do very well, if you like to stay."

How Miss Pettikin clasped Nelly in her tight-sleeved arms, and rocked back and forth when she got her back again upstairs!

"The brute!" she said. "The horrid creature! He sha'n't speak to you again, nor look at you, if I can help it! You pet! you pretty child! If I only had a house of my own! But I haven't. Or if I'd only laid up a little money! But I didn't. Or if I only needed an assistant in the school! But I don't;" and the little schoolmistress cried and rocked till Nelly really felt rested and comforted on her queer little heart.

But this was too much luxury, and Nelly sprang to her feet.

"Now, you dear little Pettikin!" she said, forcing a smile, though her eyes hadn't lost the flash that came into them down stairs; "you mustn't cry another tear! I'm not afraid of work. Didn't I work hard when you were my mistress? It's only leaving the dear old home that troubles me, and—and—feeling it so strange that I should have been forgotten, when he always loved me so!"

"But I must go, and I sha'n't be long deciding where. Just give me a few days, you dear Pettikin, and I'll tell you."

The village was all agog again. "Nelly Harcourt was going out dress-making. She hadn't a cent in the world now, that was certain, and she was showing herself as plucky as if she had real Harcourt blood in her veins."

"Look at this dress, dear Pettikin," she said, smoothing the folds of her black suit tenderly with her slender hand, the next time the little schoolmistress looked in; "does it not fit well? and there," opening the door of a closet where a row of jaunty-looking dresses hung in gay array, "I shall never wear those again, but are they not well done?"

"Now, you see, I have only to find some quiet place where a dress-maker is wanted, and I shall make myself as independent as—as—I know dear Father David meant to leave me," and poor little Nelly hid her face one moment on Miss Pettikin's shoulder again.

But going among strangers! The poor child would break her heart, and wear her fingers out at once! What was the old squire thinking of?

From the whitest-haired old man down to the youngest toddler, everybody was Nelly's friend, and so they all mourned together—all except Seth Danbury, and not a cloud ever came over his face, no matter who might be talking about it.

"Now I don't think she's going very far," he said. "Things'll come out just about right, I guess; just you see. 'T would be a pity if we couldn't attend to her somehow amongst us all."

(Concluded next week.)

LIME! LIME!

I have just received
150 CASKS & BARRELS
CELEBRATED
ROGER'S LIME.

This Lime has won
Two First Prizes,
And is second to none in the Dominion.
FOR SALE LOW BY
R. PRAT.

GARDEN SEEDS!

The Subscriber has received his Stock of Garden and Flower Seeds for season of 1884.

Geo. V. Rand.
Wolfville, May 1st. 1884.

W. & A. Railway

Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.F.S.	Exp. Daily.
Annapolis Leave		A. M.	P. M.
14 Bridgetown "		5 30	1 45
28 Middleton "		6 25	2 23
42 Aylesford "		7 25	2 57
47 Berwick "		8 32	3 30
50 Waterville "		8 55	3 43
59 Kentville d'pt	5 40	10 40	4 20
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 00	4 33
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 10	4 38
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 22	4 46
72 Avonport "	6 37	11 35	4 54
77 Hantsport "	6 55	11 55	5 08
84 Windsor "	7 45	12 45	5 30
116 Windsor Junc "	10 00	3 10	6 50
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	3 55	7 25

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F.	Accm. daily.
Halifax—leave		A. M.	P. M.
14 Windsor Jun--"	7 20	8 30	2 30
46 Windsor "	8 00	11 00	3 30
53 Hantsport "	9 15	11 00	5 35
58 Avonport "	9 35	11 30	6 03
61 Grand Pre "	9 48	11 50	6 20
64 Wolfville "	9 56	12 06	6 33
66 Port Williams "	10 05	12 24	6 46
71 Kentville "	10 10	12 36	6 55
80 Waterville "	10 40	1 25	7 10
83 Berwick "	10 58	2 02	
88 Aylesford "	11 05	2 17	
102 Middleton "	11 18	2 40	
116 Bridgetown "	11 48	3 47	
130 Annapolis Ar'v	12 23	4 52	
	1 00	5 50	

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

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.

Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.

Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes,
General Manager.
Ker ville, 30th May 1884

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I warrant all my work for one year

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