

# THE ACADIAN

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DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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## THE ACADIAN.

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## Select Poetry.

### The Three Fishers.

Three fishers went out sailing into the west—  
Out into the west as the sun went down;  
Each thought of the woman who loved him best,  
And the children stood watching them  
For men must work, and women must weep;  
And there's little to earn, and many to keep.  
Though the harbor bar be moaning—

Three wives sat up in the light-house tower  
And trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;  
They looked at the squall and they looked on  
And the night-track came rolling up,  
Ragged and brown;  
But men must work and women must weep,  
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,  
And the harbor bar be moaning—

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands  
In the morning gleam as the tide went down  
And the women are weeping and wringing  
Their hands,  
For those who will never come back  
For men must work, and women must weep,  
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,  
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning—  
—Charles Kingsley

### Child-Nature.

A man may be noble and great,  
And a woman tender and pure,  
But their knowledge, if deeper, is less divine  
Than childhood's innocent lore,  
Ah! why should we wonder at this?  
For God on the little ones smiled,  
And we often lose with the lapse of years  
The flawless faith of a child.

A man may be gallant and gay,  
And a woman joyous and bright,  
But they seldom keep through the waning years  
The position of pure delight,  
Ah! why should we wonder at this?  
For God on the little ones smiled,  
And a harmless lightning of laughter plays  
Round the gleamings of a child.

Then happy are those who cherish  
Youth's hopes and its fleeting tears,  
And soon clear signs of their childhood  
Keep  
Through a circle of changing years,  
Ah! why should we wonder at this?  
For God on the little ones smiled,  
And the heads of the Wise Men bent  
Above the child that held a child.  
—William H. Payne.

### Interesting Story.

#### Rachel.

A TRUE STORY OF WESTERN FARM LIFE.

It was the middle of a short December afternoon. From the scholars in the little log schoolhouse in the Stillman district rose a buzzing sound as they bent over their desks, intent on looks or mischief, as the case might be. The teacher, a good-looking young man of twenty or thereabouts, was busy with a class in arithmetic when a shrill voice called out:

"Teacher, Rachel Stillman's readin' story book."  
"Bring the book to me, Rachel," said the teacher quietly, and the delinquent, a girl of about fourteen, slowly rose, and walking to him placed a much worn, ancient-looking volume in his hands. "Why," he said, glancing at the open page, "it is the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' No wonder you are interested, Rachel. But you must not read it during school hours."  
"The child lifted to his face a pair of large blue eyes, beautiful with their timid wistfulness, as she replied:

"I know I oughtn't, sir, but I wanted to see how they got out of Doubting Castle so bad."  
He smiled. "I will give you the book," he said, "after school, then you can read it to-night at home."  
"Oh, no," she whispered, "father won't let me read story books."  
"He surely would not object to this book," answered the young teacher, "but I will keep it until recess to-morrow morning, and never fear! Christian and Hopeful will outwit the old giant yet."  
The wistful eyes lighted, and with a grateful smile Rachel returned to her desk.

"First class in spelling, take your place," called the teacher. Rachel belonged to this class, as did all the larger scholars, among whom was her brother Thomas, two years older than herself. The teacher had promised a prize at the end of the term to the member of the class obtaining the greatest number of head-marks, and consequently a good deal of interest was taken in the lessons. Rachel had been at the head of the class the evening before, therefore she now took her station at the foot. Tom, her brother, was "head," and for some time no change in position was made, but finally "somebody blundered," and Rachel, who was one of the good spellers, went up in the long line. Presently another hard word was missed, and this time Rachel walked to the head. Tom gave her a spiteful push. "Another mark, Rachel," said the teacher, "for that is the last word." The class resumed their seats, and in a few minutes school was dismissed for the day. "Good evening," said the teacher as Rachel and her sister, a pretty, delicate-looking child of ten, passed him at the school room door, "now don't worry about Christian, Rachel."

"I won't," she answered, laughing. "I guess he'll get out. Didn't he stand up to old Apollyon?"  
"Like a good one," said the teacher. "Hope I'll come off as well."  
She looked at him inquiringly, but he turned to his desk again, and the sisters set out on their half-mile walk home. Let us precede them and see what manner of home it is to which these children belong. The farm is a large one; the buildings substantial, and everything has a prosperous, well-to-do look. Mr. Stillman, the owner of these broad acres, and father of these three, Tom, Rachel, and Susy, as well as of three more girls and another stalwart son, is a stout, comfortable-looking man of forty-five or fifty years; comfortable to look at, but a glance at his close, thin lips and keen gray eyes, would convince an observant person that he could and would make it very uncomfortable for any person in his power who might differ from him in opinion or venture to dispute his authority. Just now he is chatting pleasantly about to-morrow's work with his hired man, and pays no attention to the children who pass him on their way to the house.

Indoors Mrs. Stillman, a slender, fair-haired woman who looks as if she owed the world an apology for being in it, is preparing supper, being assisted by her two daughters, Elizabeth, a sad-faced woman of 24 and Margaret, a girl of 18, with her father's determined mouth and chin and her mother's large blue eyes and fair hair.

never enjoyed the holidays and I thought maybe this year—"  
"We will do this year as we always have," broke in the father angrily. "I suppose," with a look at his wife that made the poor woman shrink as from a blow, "this is some of your plans. You and the girls want to go gadding around the country."  
"Mother never said anything about it," said Margaret her temper rising. "But nobody else takes Christmas time to do their hardest and dirtiest work."  
"Will you hush?" thundered the father. "What do I care how anybody else does; I am master here."  
Nobody spoke again. The assertion was not to be disputed. He was master and well his wife and daughter knew it. Poor Mrs. Stillman. Two fortunate baby girls had died a few weeks after their birth and the tears the mother shed over the little coffins were not half so bitter as those that fell on their innocent faces when first they were laid on her bosom.

When on this evening the father had proved his authority his two elder daughters rose from the table and taking a couple of large buckets, went quietly out of the house, and going to the barnyard, proceeded to milk the half-dozen cows awaiting them. It was pretty dark and cold, but no words were spoken except to the animals, as the girls hurried through the milking and hastened back to the kitchen where Rachel and the mother cleared away the supper things and made needful preparations for next morning's breakfast.

When the milk had been put away and all things were in order, Mrs. Stillman and her daughters entered the large room adjoining the kitchen, which was used as a bedroom by the parents, and sitting-room for the family, Mr. Stillman not permitting a fire kept in any other room in the house.

Mrs. Stillman sat down, knitting in hand, as close to the corner as possible. Elizabeth and Margaret brought out a huge basket of rags and went to work mending and sewing carpet balls. The younger children were busy with their lessons at the table, where the father sat reading his newspaper. All were silent, for to have spoken while father was reading would have brought a torrent of wrath on the head of the offender. At last, however, Mr. Stillman laid down his paper, and addressing Tom, said:

"Well, how did you get along at school to-day?"  
"Oh, first-rate," said the boy, in whose mind that lost head mark rankled; "but Rachel was called up."  
"How was that, Rachel?" said the father, sharply. "Poor girl! deep in the mysteries of 'long division,' she did not answer."  
"Rachel," he repeated, "what were you called up for in school to-day?"  
She glanced up reproachfully at Tom. "I was reading in the 'Pilgrim's Progress' just a little, father. It's not a story, it's—"  
"Never mind what it is," interrupted the father; "I send you to school to study your school books, and I don't want to hear of your touching any others."  
"May I bring it home?" faltered the child.

"Bring it home, indeed! No, ma'am. I guess you can find enough to do at home." "Not a word now," as he saw her about to speak, "or you stay home for good."  
The child bent over her slate, but her tears would fall, and at last a sob burst forth in spite of her.

"Close out to bed this minute, Rachel," said her father, "I want no snivelling here."  
Upstairs in the cold, dark room, what bitter thoughts surged through the childish brain.

Mr. Stillman loved his wife and children, although you may not think so. He wanted them to be happy, but in his way. He must choose their pleasures. If they could not find pleasures in the things that pleased him it was not his fault. It was their own fault. And as no two souls are alike, the attempt to fit a number of them by the same pattern necessarily caused a good deal of pain to the souls undergoing the trying operation. Mrs. Stillman's sensitive organization was completely crushed by her eldest daughter's nearly so. Martha, the second

daughter, refusing to be shaped, had escaped by marrying a clever young hired man, who pitied and then loved the pretty daughter of his employer, and persuaded her that by eloping with him she would be more happily situated at all events than she was at home. The mesalliance angered Mr. Stillman greatly, and since the marriage, which had taken place a year ago, all intercourse with the disobedient daughter had been forbidden.

Margaret, the third daughter, as we have seen, also rebelled at the fitting, and having a goodly portion of her father's determination, it was evident he would have some trouble in competing with it. So far Rachel had given him no trouble. She and Susan were only babies in his opinion, and as he ordered them about, he no more thought of their feelings than he did of those of the horses he worked.

With the boys it was different. They would be men some day. They must be treated with more consideration. At an early age John, two years older than Elizabeth, was given a share in the stock and land to cultivate for himself, so that when at the age of twenty-four, he married the daughter of a neighboring farmer, he had a "right good start" in life.

But his sister toiled early and late—washing, ironing, milking, churning, baking, nursing the younger children, in short, sharing as far as she could her mother's labors, for her board, and a scanty, grudgingly-given wardrobe. She was twenty-four now and had never in her life known what it was to possess a five-dollar bill. There are many Mr. Stillmans. Are they honest men? If the son had a right to wages, had not the daughter? I leave the question with you.

Poor Rachel carried a heavy heart to school next morning. The Tinker's wonderful allegory to her vivid imagination was very real. And now to leave her here in that awful dungeon, never to know how she escaped, was almost more than she could bear.

"Here, Rachel," said the teacher, when the time for recess came, "here is your book." He held it to her, but she did not take it. "Father," she said, then sobbed choked her utterance. The young man looked at her silently a moment then he said, "I am so interested in Christian, Rachel, that I will read aloud if you will listen."

In all her life Rachel never forgot their readings at recesses and nights, which lasted out only until Christian reached the Celestial City, but until Christians and her children joined together. And her gratitude to her young teacher would have surely awakened love if she had been a few years older. When in March the term closed, not even the prize as best speller—a beautiful copy of the Pilgrim's Progress—consoled her.

As for the teacher, he was only glad the winter's work, which had been undertaken solely to furnish means for the pursuit of his profession, was over. He liked some of his scholars very much, Rachel especially, she was so intelligent, so grateful, and when, with blue eyes swimming in tears, she said good-bye, he did for a second feel sorry to leave her, and told her so.

"You ought to have seen Rachel and Susie cry!" when old Grey bid us Good-bye," said Tom at home the evening of that last day at school. "Did you cry?" asked Margaret. "Guess not. I'm glad school's out. Hope I'll not have to go next winter," said Tom.

"I guess you won't," answered Margaret. "You're smart enough now, bub." She always called him "bub" when she wanted to vex him. "But old Grey, as you call him, will make his mark in the world, as if he does, or?"

The entrance of Mr. Stillman closed the conversation, and Tom went out banging the door after him. No wonder Margaret was getting discouraged. The winter was a long dull season in the Stillman home. Even her enjoyment at the few social gatherings she was allowed to attend in the neighborhood, was marred by the knowledge that she could not entertain her young friends in turn. Once or twice she had attempted to fix up the spare room and have a fire there for company, but her father had forbidden it.

"I'd like to know," he said, "why

the settin'-room aint good enough. If your company can't sit with the family they can stay away, Miss."

And "they" stayed away, generally, after one visit. Mr. Stillman was not a success as a host, especially for young people.

And a young minister who came home from meeting one Sunday with Elizabeth was so completely abashed by the cool reception he received that not even the daughter's pleading eyes could induce him to remain in the father's presence. A few weeks afterwards, Elizabeth heard of his departure for a distant part of the state, and her face became sadder than ever.

Jim Lausung, the son of a widow neighbor, who managed a good sized farm and two grown sons with equal skill, was more successful.

He generally brought his mother along on his visits, and while she, with ready wit, entertained Mr. Stillman, Jim, the girls and the carpet rags escaped into the kitchen.

"But spring is near, and," thought Margaret, "he can't keep us out of the spare room in warm weather; and, besides, we will have all out-of-doors."

July came with her blue skies, her singing birds, her wealth of beauty. But there was no time at Stillman's to enjoy it. A larger crop than usual had been put in and extra hands employed. Not in the house. Why, there were five women, counting ten-year old Susie and the poor, delicate mother. What extra help could they need, although washing and cooking must be done for all the men? You see "hands" could be got for low wages if the farmer boarded them and had their washing done; and what else had the women to do? True, mother was not so strong as she used to be, but she did not complain. She was only more shadowy and quiet than ever; and Mr. Stillman told his daughters to "sit" around themselves and not let mother do all the work.

"Oh, dear," said Margaret one morning as she and Rachel were bending over the wash-tub while mother, Elizabeth, and Susy did the churning, and taking, and prepared dinner, "I wish we could go to the picnic on the fourth; everybody's going."

"Maybe we can," said Rachel, hopefully. "I heard father say he would not cut the wheat until the sixth, and also, Margaret, I heard him say your calf was worth ten dollars. If he gives you the money you can get a new white dress, and I might wear your old one. It is so small for you."

Margaret laughed. "The calf is mine," she said, "it would have died if I had not taken care of it, and father gave it to me so I will have a new dress and you shall have my old one."

Out in the barn-yard, as the girls talked and worked, Mr. Stillman and Tom were putting the pretty calf in the wagon preparatory to taking it to the butcher.

When the girls went in to dinner the men had finished their and were lounging about in the shady yard enjoying their "nooning."

As they entered the dining-room, Mr. Stillman handed Margaret a pack, age, saying—"There's your share of the calf, Margaret."

"My share!" she exclaimed, "why, the calf was all mine; at least, you said so."

As she spoke she opened the paper and unrolled a piece of cheap lawn, bright yellow, with blue flowers. With an angry gesture she threw it on the floor and left the room.

Mr. Stillman stood a moment amazed, then turning to Rachel he said:—"You can have the dress, Rachel. I'll teach Margaret a lesson."

"I don't want it," she said. "It was bought with Margaret's money? Why didn't you give her her money? When you sold Tom's pigs he had his money to do as he pleased with."

"Nice girls, these of yours, mother," said Mr. Stillman to his lightened wife. "They'll be turning us out of doors next. You pick up that goods, Miss."

Rachel obediently took up the lawn and began to fold it. "That calf was mine," he went on. "I only want to pay Margaret for caring for it."

"You should have said so, the n," answered his daughter, frowning him with eyes as keen as his own. "You told her if she could raise it she could have it, and, of course, she thought you meant what you said."

Concluded next week.





Choice Miscellany.

SHROUDED AND IN THE SEA.

BY HAZEL GORDON.

We stood on the deck, a reverent group, in the light of the setting sun, with heads all bowed and voices hushed, and listening every one, to the deep, low tones of the skipper's voice, who the burial service read, and the solemn words ached each rough heart as we gave to the sea its dead.

The unbidden tears all dimmed my eyes as I gazed on the quiet face; a ray from the sun in the reddening west seemed to light it with life and grace, and my heart was filled with pitying love for somebody far away.

The warm, soft breeze of the southern seas stirred the locks on his forehead fair, and I thought of some mother whose fondling hands had caressed that golden hair.

I cut one curl from over his brow, and kissed those lips so white, for somebody's sake, whose light of love would be changed to sudden night.

His only shroud was a rough, white sail, and a flag above his breast; his gaze in the calm, many fathoms deep, where "He gives His beloved rest," with tender hands he lowered his funeral hymn was the gentle plash of the ebbing and flowing tide.

That night the skipper, with tear-dimmed eyes, brought me a parcel small, saying: "These are some things from the poor lad's kit, and a woman knows best of all."

How to tell a story that's hard to tell, and to comfort a brother's heart, will you write to his mother and tell her all—well, you know how to start.

"And tell her that every man of us loved her boy, the life of our boat; hearty and busy and full of life, whether we were ashore or afloat."

We felt would have brought him safe back again, only the Captain above knew better than we, and guided him home to a haven of rest and love!

So I opened the packet with trembling hands, it seemed such a sacred thing; letters and photos and little gifts and half of a broken tin of a boy's pen-knives gathered in foreign lands for the loving ones at home.

And a letter half finished, to catch the mail by a passenger bound for Rome.

He told of a elephant hunt in Ceylon, of a stern in Biscay's Bay, of their trip through the Suez Canal and how they all held the Christmas Day.

There was love to Harry and Dick and Ray, besides to Meggy and Sue. Whose feet he hoped hadn't lagged grown for he'd brought them Chinese shoes.

And now he would soon be back, he said, to his Scottish home again, after two long years of a wandering life on the restless, stormy main.

Then he stopped, for he had said his watch had come, but he'd finish it up to-morrow.

How could I read it? What could I say to him such a tale of sorrow? One portrait was there of a worn, sweet face, and beneath it a boyish hand had written "Mother." I saw her again in the midst of a smiling band.

Of boys and girls of every size, but she had a proud head on each one. Her sailor lad with bright, frank face, her eldest and eldest son.

Photos of schoolboy friends there were, and one of a fair young face, smiling and tender-eyed, beneath he had written the one word "Grace."

A dainty housewife, all bordered grey, held buttons and pins and thread, and worked on the ribbon which held the spools, "To my darling brother Ned."

I broke it to his mother as well as I could with many a falling tear, the news she set, and the curl I sent with all of his treasures dear.

Al! that was the sorrow, saddest task that ever I have known, Christ! 'Thou who has wept with weeping ones, comfort and keep Thy own."

Thou who in moments of sorrow and pain thought of the mothers' weal, list to the cry of a heart's sore pain, listen and comfort and heal.

Give thy peace, which is perfect peace, lead with Thy own right hand, till we join our beloved, to part no more, in Thy beautiful, happy land.

OCTOBER.

—To many is the saddest month in the year; it presents to them nothing but death and dying form of vegetable life, but it is only in theory that this is a sad month, for, although the harvests are gathered in, the fields now bare of summer verdure, the woods in the first stages of leafy decay, the birds gone to more genial climates, the garden rusty and full of dead or frost-stricken flowers, and everything telling of the departure of genial summer and the approach of chilly winter, there is an opposite side to this gloomy picture.

No month is so full of rich and varied attractions, and none offers gratification and satisfaction to the diverse tastes of so many admirers. We should not see the dying flowers but the ripening seed-pods with its hundreds of infant forms, which we will tend the cradle of our thoughts until the dawn of spring, when they will bring to us hundreds of joys for every sorrow we had for the loss of the parent plant.

And still there is more life than death in the garden, field and forest, in October. To the eyes of all who love nature, October has cheer and delight; it presents not decay and death, but a rich display of nature's choicest beauties. Every tree is now dressed in its most glowing attire; it seems as though all the summer's warmth and the earth's richness has been collected and absorbed, only to be returned infinitely increased and improved. Change is manifest everywhere. The air feels its duties enlarged, and is no longer sultry and stifled, but transformed into blue and purple mists, that envelope the hills and fill the valleys. The hedge-rows that all summer long have been the home

of the cat bird and the thrush, shielding them by its thick verdure, are now radiant with the Golden-rod, the Aster and the Gentian.

The richest beauty of October, however, is to be seen in the Birches, Maples, Chestnuts and Oaks; Cedars fastooned with the woodbine, all blended together, and yet made more brilliant by the purple atmosphere, the spirit of beauty grows more and more wonderful and magnificent, till the splendors of the earth rival those of the sunset.

It seems as if the consciousness of the long sleep of winter, now near at hand, has roused the material world to show its gratitude to its Lord and Master for His constant care and kindness—for the gentle rains and winds of spring—for the hot and stimulating suns of summer—for the bounteous harvests of autumn—in one resounding hallelujah, in whose song the voice of the smallest flower is not lost though blended with the mighty tones of forest and mountain.

FALLING IN LOVE.

There is nothing—no moral or intellectual phenomena—more strange than falling in love. What it is; when it originates; how brought about; these things are among the hidden mysteries of our nature.

A girl has reached the age of eighteen, a young man that of twenty-one. They have lived at home, travelled a little, pursued their studies, attended parties, and been a good deal in the society of other young people, yet they never took a very deep interest in anything in particular; neither of them ever cared very much for any other person.

They meet, and lo! of a sudden all is changed. Each sees the other in a different light from what any other was ever seen in; the whole world seems changed; life itself is changed; their whole being is changed to be like what it was, again, never more.

Love is often as sudden as this; but not always. Sometimes it is of very slow growth. Persons have known each other for years, and been in each other's society, and been intimate all this time; but never thinking of a stronger than friendly relationship, when some incident—even a temporary parting, or the intervention between them of a third person, friend or stranger—reveals to them, for the first time, the great truth that they are mutually in love.

Yet this love, springing up gradually and imperceptibly, is no less mysterious and unfathomable than that which is sudden and at first sight. It is not mere friendship grown strong; it is a more absorbing, more violent, more uncontrollable sentiment.

Love lives to labour; it lives to give itself away. There is no such thing as indolent love. Look within your heart and see if this is not true. If you love anyone truly and deeply, the cry of your heart is to spend and be spent in your loved one's service.

Love does not die if it could not benefit. Its keenest suffering is met when it finds itself unable to assist. What man could see the woman he loves lack anything and be unable to give it to her, and not suffer? Why, love makes one a slave! It tolls night and day, refusing all wages and all reward save the smile of the one unto whom it is bound, in whose service it finds its delight, at whose feet alone it discovers its heaven.

There is no danger that language can be too strong, too fervently used, to portray the service of love. By cradle and couch, by sick bed and coffin, in but and palace, the ministries of love are being wrought. The eyes of all behold them; the hearts of all are moved at the spectacle.

Whether a person can fall in love more than once is a moot question. Some people appear to fall in love many times. It is not unusual to see widowers, who have been very devoted husbands, marry again, and seem to love the second wife just as well as the first.

PASSING GLANCES.

The nation's lament—Let us sweep. In the stock market bull luck is hard to bear.

A man of gall is almost invariably a good liver.

When the trunk line railroads are playing policy they are playing pool.

He is a mis guided youth who does everything his sweet heart asks him to do.

Contempt of court—When the younger brother makes faces at his sister's lover.

"A spotted adder" is a name grimly given by the Boston Record to defaulting cashiers.

No one ever hears any complaint of a night when an old house tries on a coat of paint.

Why is a successful poultry man like a carriage builder? Because he makes a coop-py.

Sleep-walking is supposed to be in some way connected with the transmigration of souls.

There are only 300 shades of blue. We sometimes feel as though there were twice as many.

Why is a girl like an Indian? Because she doesn't feel dressed without a feather in her hat.

If you want to know how small a man is, give him an office or let him become suddenly wealthy.

Query for yachtman: If a vessel can sail before the wind, why should she have to wait for the wind?

The difference between a lawyer trying a case and a cat is that one is lying for a fee and the other is feline.

"In science nothing can be permanently accepted but that which is true." This would seem to shut out the lawyers.

"What is the worst thing about riches?"

asked the Sunday school superintendent. And the new boy said, "Not having any."

A Paterson man has a horse which sings. It never utters a note as an excuse. Neither does it say neigh when out is set before it.

"Personal—Dear Ned, come back; all is forgiven. Pa kicked the wrong man, and didn't know it was you. Come immediately.—May."

The advertiser, no matter how small his favors, is like the brave general. He considers his place to be at the head of the column.

Why is a balloon voyager greatly to be envied? Because he rises rapidly in the world, and has most excellent prospects.

A man of philosophical temperament resembles a cucumber—for although he is completely cut up he still remains cool.

If a burnt child dreads the fire, why does a person who has been singed by Cupid's torch so often have a lingering regard for the old flame?

"Waiter, you can bring me a nice young chicken smothered in onions?" "No, sah. We doesn't 'kill em dat way, sah. We cuts off d'er heads."

The most gigantic sharks in the world are said to be found near Australia. Of course this discovery makes the New York bar mad, but facts are facts.

A scientist says that a very strong solution of salt boiling hot will preserve wood. This is important to those whose wood pile has to be protected by a spring gun.

Overest from the Omnibus: "So, Freddy, now must thou the dear uncle congratulate His birthday is the same as thine?" "So, so, the uncle has today also birthday?—Then are we twin brothers?"

"Well, may I hope then, dearest, that at some time I may have the happiness of making you my wife?" "Yes, I hope so, I am sure," she replied, I am tired of dancing fellows for breach of promise."

If there is anything more dangerous than the unloaded gun which always goes off when it is pointed at anybody, it is the pleasure boat that can't tip over. It is this kind of a boat which tips over every time.

At a negro wedding, when the minister read the words, "love honor and obey," the groom interrupted him and said, "I feel that again, sah; read it wance mo' so's de lady kin ketch de full solemnity of de meaning. I've been married befo'."

THE GIRLS

Give your daughter a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, iron, and darn stockings, to sew on buttons, to make their own dresses.

Teach them to make bread, and that a good kitchen is the doctor's account, and that a calico dress paid for its better than a silken one until paid for. Teach them that a full, healthy face displays a greater luster than fly cosmetic beauties.

Teach them to purchase, and see that the account corresponds with the purchase. Teach them good common sense, self-help and industry. Teach them that a honest mechanic in his work is a better object of esteem than a dozen haughty, finely-dressed idlers.

Teach them that the happiness of matrimony depends neither on external appearance nor on wealth but on the man's character.

W. & A Railway.

Time Table

1885—Summer Arrangement—1885.

Commencing Monday, 1st June.

GOING EAST.

Table with columns: Station, A.M., P.M., Exp. Daily, Accm. Daily, Exp. Daily. Rows include Annapolis Levee, 14 Bridgetown, 28 Middletown, 42 Lylesford, 56 Berwick, 70 Waterville, 84 Kentville, 98 Fort Williams, 112 Wolfville, 126 Avonport, 140 Grand Pre, 154 Avonport, 168 Hantsport, 182 Windsor, 196 Annapolis Arive, 210 Halifax arrive.

GOING WEST.

Table with columns: Station, A.M., P.M., Exp. Daily, Accm. Daily, Exp. Daily. Rows include Halifax leave, 14 Windsor Jun., 28 Windsor, 42 Hantsport, 56 Avonport, 70 Grand Pre, 84 Wolfville, 98 Kentville, 112 Berwick, 126 Middletown, 140 Bridgetown, 154 Annapolis Arive.

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

Steamer Express will leave St. John for Annapolis and Digby every Monday, Wednesday and Friday mornings, 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 Thursday m. for Boston and St. John every Saturday night after arrival of Express.

The steamer "Dominion" leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Saturday m. on arrival of W. C. Ry 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 Langor, 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. LINES, General Manager, Kentville, May 26, 1885.

W. B. & N. CO.

Western Book & News Co. will mail free to any address, a sample sheet of each of their papers, from 20c per package of five quires to \$1.00 per package. They will also mail samples of envelopes on same terms.

We state positively and without fear of contradiction that we are selling the best value in Paper & Envelopes for 20 and 25 cents per 5 quire package ever shown in this county.

Western Book & News Co. have a fine lot of Readings, Recitations and Dialogues suitable for Temperance and other societies. Will send books on approval to responsible parties anywhere.

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.

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 pictures in all styles of moulding considerably cheaper than any other house in King's County and defy competition.

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.

Western Book & News Co. are selling the best 5 quire package of Note Paper for 25c ever shown in Wolfville.

Western Book & News Co. have a splendid lot of 5c and 10c Pen and Pencil Tablets, imported direct from New York, and just the thing for Students.

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.

BIBLES and TESTAMENTS from 15 cents up at Western Book & News Co's.

Full and nice assortment of PURSES and POCKET BOOKS at lowest prices.

150 Vols. LISOVEL LIBRARY on sale at The Bookstore, including works by Dickens, Canon Farrar, Carlyle, Lytton, George Elliot, The Duchess, Ruskin, Jules Verne, Wm. Black, Miss Braddon, etc., etc.

Now is the time to think of what magazines and papers you are going to subscribe for next year. We will send a full list to any address free. Send your name on a post-card.

We are selling 5 quires of Note Paper and 25c Nice Envelopes for 45c at "The Bookstore."

Birthdays Cards, Visiting Cards, Invitation Cards and Envelopes, Playing Cards, Printer's Cards for sale wholesale and retail at Western Book & News Co's.

Prices lowest in Wolfville for School and College Text Books.

W B & N CO

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HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS!

ENLARGED AND IMPROVED!

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THE MOST POPULAR PAPER IN THE COUNTY.

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

THE ADVERTISEMENTS ARE READ EVERY TIME.

Parties wanting a County Paper will do well to send for a sample copy, AND COMPARE THE ACADIAN With the other County papers.

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"AND DONT YOU FORGET IT!"

The Acadian Job Department is Very Complete.

FINE NEW TYPE, TASTY WORK, AND LOW PRICES!

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

"THE ACADIAN," WOLFVILLE,

FRUIT GROWERS! BUY YOUR DRY-APPLE BARRELS

J. D. MARTIN, GASPETEAU. He is selling them at 23 Cents Each! With a discount of 5% for cash, and expects to manufacture 8,000 this year. N. B.—Orders by mail promptly filled Gaspereau, Sept 18th.

Money to Loan!

The subscriber has money in hand for investment on first-class real estate security. Good farm properties in Horton and Cornwallis preferred. Wolfville, Oct 9, A. D. 1885. E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

Geo. V. Rand,

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.

15c. PAPERS FOR 10c.

GOOD HORSE SHOING!

J. I. BROWN CASH 90c. CASH

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

Carriages & Sleighs

MADE, PAINTED, and RAIPAIED At Shortest Notice, at A. B. ROOD'S, Wolfville, N. S.

DR. O. W. NORTON'S BURDOCK

BLOOD PURIFIER!

Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound

RESTORING HEALTH

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

GENERAL DEBILITY.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS

Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885. DR NORTON: Dear Sir,—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1883 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, am entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Yours truly, Mrs John Grant

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

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

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

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

Sold by most of the dealers in medicines throughout the county, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville at \$1.00 per large bottle. Sept 26, '85, 177