

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 20, 1884.

No. 12.

THE BATTERED SPARROW.

A stormy night with a clouded sky,
A wintry wind, o'er an icy sea,
That howls in its rage as it rushes by
O'er the empty plain and the leafless tree.

No light on the shore, no sail on the sea,
No sea bird afloat on the black wave's crest,

No human form on the storm-swept lea;
Naught save the wind in its wild unrest.

High in the whirling snow is borne
A speck, that a withered leaf might be:

A luckless sparrow, battered and torn,
Drifting out to the awful sea.

No strength to struggle, no help at hand,
It has almost reached the cliffs by the sea;—

When a lull in the blast as it leaves the land,
Drops the wanderer safe in the friend-

And he who watched that sparrow's flight,
Whose arm is strong, whose love is His care is about thee day and night.

In the unknown land on the untracked sea.

The Outward Seeming.

"No, not a single cent do they get from me," said Miss Sarah Jenkins, with a peculiar expression of her thin lips, as she took her spectacles from her nose, and slowly replaced in its envelope the letter she had been reading to her friend, Miss Hepzibah Lackey. "I think I know my duty as well as most folks, an' givin' help to Susan Bayard an' her children don't come unthatter head."

"But bein' as they're your own kin," said Miss Hepzibah, deprecatingly, "it's only natural for 'em to look to you."

"Let 'em look. They'll take it out in lookin'. I told Tom when he married Susan Bayard that the day'd come when he'd rue it. She was allers spindlin' an' sort o' helpless. But Tom was that headstrong he wouldn't listen to nobody. He spent his last cent in buyin' that farm over to Milford, an' then had to mortgage it 'fore he could start his crops."

"It was unfortunite his dyin' so soon," said Miss Hepzibah, who was a kindly old soul. "Ef he'd a lived a couple o' years more he'd paid for the place an' left Susan comfortable. I shouldn't

wonder but she's had a hard pull these two years to get along with those three children."

"Most likely she has. But I don't see as I'm called on to shoulder her burdens with her. Goodness knows I've enough already without lookin' out for any more."

"Yes, your hands are pretty full—that's a fact," said Miss Hepzibah. "I hear folks sayin' every day that they don't know what the minister would do without you."

"I reckon I've labored pretty faithful in the Master's vineyard," said Miss Sarah "if I do say it as shouldn't."

"And you'll get your reward, Miss Jenkins," said Miss Hepzibah, as she rose to go. "You can allers take comfort in thinkin' that. But I do wish you could see your way to help Susan a bit."

"She don't deserve help," and Miss Sarah's tone was decidedly acid. She'd oughter have taken my advice in the first place. I told 'em how it would be, an' it's come out pretty much as I said. I told Tom she was too delicate, an' would break down in less'en five years. But he would have his own way an' marry her, an' now here she is laid up—just as I said she'd be."

"Pity they didn't listen to you," said Miss Hepzibah as she went out. "But you know young folks is generly mortal headstrong."

Miss Jenkins often boasted that she never spent an idle minute; and there was always work of one kind or another for her to do; but after her visitor had gone, she sat for some time with her hands in her lap, thinking over the contents of the letter she had just received.

Tom's marriage to Susan Bayard, the orphan daughter of a man who, to use the expression of his of his neighbors, had never been "forchanded," had not pleased his sister, who thought Susan far too delicate and dainty to prove of much help as the wife of a farmer of slender means.

Tom, however, had been very happy in his wedded life, and had never regretted his choice, as he took pains to say to his sister whenever he wrote to her.

And Miss Sarah, who wasn't as good a Christian as she thought herself, and did not fancy being called a

false prophet, resented his happiness, and allowed a feeling of enmity to grow up in her heart against Susan.

Tom's death, seven years after his marriage, was a terrible blow to his wife and children, who were left almost penniless.

But Susan, knowing the way in which she was regarded by her sister-in-law, did not dream of calling upon Miss Sarah for help.

Through the influence of a friend the young widow secured the position of teacher in a district school, and for two years, on a very slender salary, had managed to keep the wolf from the door.

Then the mortgage on her home was foreclosed, and a long illness which followed her removal from the farm to a small room in the village of Milford, made it necessary for the trustees of the school to provide another teacher in her place.

The sale of the furniture of the farmhouse provided Susan with money to defray her expenses during her illness; but she found herself when convalescent utterly penniless, and with three small children looking to her for support.

It was then that, with a heavy heart, she wrote to her sister-in-law, and it was a letter which ought to have called forth only sympathy and pity from its recipient, but which gave Miss Sarah only a strange sort of pleasure in being able at last to say, "I told you so."

As she sat in her kitchen that warm July afternoon, the quiet broken only by the ticking of a large eight-day clock and the soft purring of the cat by the stove, she was thinking what she would write in reply; in what words she would remind Susan of Tom's declaration that "neither he nor his should ever ask for a favor or a cent at his sister's hands."

The clock struck four with a loud, whirring noise, which roused Miss Jenkins with a start from her reverie, and she sprang up, surprised and shocked to find how long she had been idle.

"I'll let her wait awhile for my answer," she thought. "It'll do her good to be in suspense a bit. And I reckon it ain't too late to go after them blackberries in the medder-lot. First thing I know them town-boys will be after 'em an' I won't get none for jam."

She put on her sun-bonnet, and taking a large tin pail from the pantry,

went out. She paused on the path which led to the meadow to look back at the house, thinking it was very likely Susan had calculated on being asked to take up her abode there.

It was a large, old-fashioned house, with roomy chambers, wide fire-places, and plenty of windows. The grounds surrounding it were well shaded, and an abundance of flowers bloomed in the front garden. It would have been a grand place for children to play, but none had ever played there since Tom had been grown. The place had been left to Miss Sarah by an aunt, and Tom had had no share in it. Miss Sarah, however, had cared for and supported her brother, who was very much her junior, until he was able to strike out for himself; and she had made him a present of five hundred dollars when he attained his majority. She thought she had done more than her duty by him, and she desired that he should pay her some consideration in the matter of his marriage. She had never felt the same towards him since, though she tried to heed the motto, "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," whenever she spoke of him.

The blackberries in the meadow were very ripe and large, and so plenteous that Miss Sarah had no difficulty in filling her pail in a very short time.

It occurred to her as she walked homewards that perhaps the minister's wife might want to make jam, too, and would appreciate the gift of a few quarts of berries, such as these. So, on reaching home, Miss Sarah filled a smaller pail with the fruit, and, starting out again, turned her steps towards the village.

"I look such a sight in this sun-bonnet, I reckon I'd best go in the back way," she thought as she approached the neat frame dwelling in which her pastor lived, "like as not they've got company come to tea."

The heat, combined with the long walk to the village, had caused Miss Sarah to feel very tired, and as she entered the minister's garden, her eyes fell on a very delightfully shaded arbor, she concluded to rest a few minutes until she was cooler.

"My face must be as red as a beet," she thought, as she seated herself on one of the rustic chairs. "I wish to goodness I'd brought my umberell."

She had just concluded that she was sufficiently cooled off to present herself at the house, when she heard voices, and peering out through the vines, with

(Continued on Fourth page.)

THE ACADIAN

-PUBLISHED AT-
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.
DAVJON BROS., 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.

"MUCH CRY; LITTLE WOOL."

We are always reminded of the above old story when ever a fire occurs or a robbery or other depredation is committed in Wolfville. It has been the rule in times past when anything of the kind happened, for several enthusiasts to get excited. Talk about lock-ups and vigilance committees, and a public meeting is next in order, and then the thing falls flat.

Within a short time two burglaries have been committed here but no one seems at all interested. Is it not for the credit of the village and the safety of the people that some steps be taken towards the detection and apprehension of the culprits?

It does seem as if the Government should look after the Post Office and have it better protected. It has been broken into so many times that the novelty has about worn off. A postal robbery in any other department of the services is subjected to the most rigid investigation and we see no reason for this case being neglected. In justice to the Post Master and to the public the matter should be at once looked into and a competent detective set to work at once.

A great deal has been said and written lately about the Harden Hand Grenade Fire Extinguisher. From the result of the test in Halifax the other day and from the testimonies published, there can be no doubt of its efficiency, and it seems to us the people of Wolfville should take immediate steps to have a supply in all the stores and public buildings of the village at least. The governors of Acadia would do well to place some in the buildings of the institution as they at present have no way of extinguishing fires. We would like to see the general agent have the thing tested here to show people what it will do and give the proof positive of the necessity of such an article in every house.

THE AGE OF DEBT.

We have all read something about the "golden age," the "stone age," the "iron age," and the like. What will be the name applied in future history to the nineteenth century? Do you say the "inventive age"? Perhaps so, but it bids fair to have a better title to another name—the "age of debt." It is astonishing when we come to reflect upon it, the amount of the world's debt to-day. National debts, State debts, city debts, personal debts—the aggregate is enormous.

The result of this is that a large part of everybody's earnings goes, not to his own support or pleasure, but to the payment of these heavy obligations. This is not always paid directly; many of us hardly feel that we are burdened at all by these immense debts. Yet we are. An English statistician has recently figured that it takes from one-seventh to one-sixth of a London workingman's earnings to meet the various claims which the public debts put upon him.

The growth of our great western territories is one of the marvels of the century. Yet did it ever occur to us that one secret of it is the great ease with which money is borrowed? The West is perfectly plastered with debts, so to speak. No doubt the growth of the country will enable them to be met, but is the habit to continue? Our forefathers had to "make haste slowly" in their day, because the money lender and his ten per cent. were not so handy as now.

It is certain that there is trouble ahead unless a limit is put to this run-up of debt. This is true of individuals as well as of the public. One of the worst habits a boy can acquire is that of borrowing. If he is honest at heart his debts will come to vex him more than almost any other of his troubles. Pay as you go, even if you have to go slow, is a sound principle of action.—Sel.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

To the Editor of the Acadian:

Dear Sir,—A writer in a late number of the ACADIAN refers to the largeness and weightiness of the Board of Commissioners for Wolfville. It has passed into a proverb that large and heavy bodies move slowly, and an illustration has been furnished by the 74 gun ship and her motions. It would seem that we need not go so far for an example but could find as good a one at hand in the Wolfville Street Commissioners. We are now in the middle of June; the sun has nearly reached the Summer Solstice, and is about to stand still and take breath before continuing upon his downward journey; but the Street Commissioners have won the race, for

they have been standing still for months. No one needs to be told that if the streets and roads ever need repairing it is in the spring, after the freshets have done their annual work and rendered travelling difficult and dangerous; but with the exception of what was accomplished by a man and a wheelbarrow one fine day some weeks ago, in renovating the main street of the village, everything remains as the floods and frosts of the winter and spring left it. One is reminded in mentioning the wheelbarrow, of the famous vehicle of that name which the newspapers have so often told us did duty on the Nietaux and Annapolis Railroad, at different times for a few days previous to an election. By the way our Wolfville wheelbarrow got at work also just before an election of a certain kind. But whether or no, wheelbarrows are a great institution, and so are Street Commissioners, especially when the Board is an unusually large one, as is fortunately the case with that of Wolfville.

OBSERVER.

Look Out, June 17th '84.

A DOUBLE DILEMMA.

In a certain Village the inhabitants, by their representatives, determined that there should be an Office of a certain kind, which the said representatives decided was for the public welfare. Now, if you have an office, you must have an officer to fill it; and here was dilemma the first. The question to be decided was whether to appoint an individual who had in the past observed the law in matters to which the Office in question pertained, or one who was known and noted as a breaker and defier of said law. By acting on the first principle, good conduct would be rewarded; by adopting the second, some maintained that future good conduct would be purchased and secured. It was finally decided by the Magi of the Village that the latter was the true principle of action; and the appointment was made accordingly.

And now comes dilemma second. The individual selected was in great perplexity whether to accept or not. If he did it would be expected that for the future he would be on his good behavior and not transgress the rules and regulations belonging to the province of his Office. If he did not accept he would still be at liberty to act as in the past and do as he liked, trusting to luck and the indulgence of his fellow citizens not to be called to account for his peccadilloes or graver offences. Finally he decided not to be hampered by the restraint which office would seem to impose, and so he refused the tendered honor. Thus dilemma second was solved.

A new duty was now imposed upon the Authorities, who had expended so vast an amount of time and argument and persuasion, and all to no purpose. It remained that they must, according to their principles, appoint to the Office another old offender; who kindly for them, and without reluctance on his own part, accepted; with the understanding, we must suppose, that he would be a good boy in the future, both for his own credit and for theirs.

WATCH.

Sleepy Hollow, June 16, '84.

OPENING THIS WEEK

-AT-

CALDWELL & MURRAY'S,

Grey Cotton, 5 & 10 cents.
White Shirts,
Fancy
Table Linens,
Carriage Dusters,
Prints Cottons,
" Cambrics,

Cretannes,
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 Linen 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., &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 found in the markets.

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

Western Book & News Co.,

WOLFVILLE N. S.

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.

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

We had the usual June frost last week, but as far as we can learn it did not hurt the fruit crop any.

About half a pint of ripe strawberries was picked on Wednesday of this week. This is the first we have heard of this season.

PANTINGS.—New lot just received at A. MCPHERSON'S, Webster St Kentville.

CURIOUS.—In Church Street there is this summer a robin, that instead of the usual whistle gives utterance to a decided crow like a young rooster.

NEW CLOTHS.—Bran new cloths, a fine assortment at A. MCPHERSON'S, Webster St Kentville.

Friends and relatives of Mr. Ebenzer Pryor Coldwell of Gaspereau will be pleased to learn that he has graduated at Newton Baptist Theological Seminary.

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

Vaughan & Loomer, of Mill Creek, Blomidon, have assigned to R. M. Rand Esq. of Canard.

W. W. Beardsley, of Berwick, has assigned to E. L. Newcomb, Esq., L. L. B., Barrister of Kentville.

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

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

CRICKET.—The Canning C. C. played a return match here, on Saturday last, with the Kentville C. C. After some very remarkable play the last wicket fell with Kentville one run ahead. The score stood, Canning—62. Kentville—63.

The Wolfville C. C. has challenged the Wanderers C. C., of Halifax, for Thursday June 26, or any day in that week which will suit their convenience.

The Wanderers C. C. play the Three Elms C. C., of King's College, at Windsor, on the 25th June.

Local and other Matters.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—An accident attended with serious results occurred at Greenfield last Monday. Mr. Joseph Vaughan and a man named Boyd were chopping in the woods when Mr. Vaughan's axe glanced cutting his foot severely, and also giving Mr. Boyd an ugly gash just below the knee.

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

PICNIC.—A monster Temperance picnic is to be held at Berwick July 12th. All the Divisions in this and adjoining Counties will probably attend. It is also expected that General Carey P. M. W. P. and other members of the National Division will be present.

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.

PERSONAL.—Charles R. Higgins left on Saturday last for Portland, Oregon, to work in the store of his brother, Thomas Higgins.

Mr. Frank DeWolf arrived home on Wednesday night.

We notice by the Daily Astorian (Oregon) that J. E. Higgins, formerly of Wolfville and Halifax, is on the regular democratic ticket for school commissioner. Mr. H. is a son of W. J. Higgins, of this place.

A very interesting event took place at Grand Pre yesterday, when our esteemed friend Mr. R. R. Duncan stepped out from the ranks of the grand army of Bachelors and took a wife from among the fair daughters of Grand Pre. As a bachelor "Bob" was a gigantic success and a general favorite with "the boys." Now that he has joined the other party we hope he will meet with that success and happiness in life which is merited by all good and true bachelors. We are in hopes he is "not lost" but merely "gone before." He will please accept for himself and wife our most sincere congratulations and well wishes.

Born.

ROGERS.—At Yarmouth on the 13th inst, the wife of Rev Anderson Rogers of a daughter.

Married.

DUNCAN—STEWART. At the residence of the bride's father, June 19, by Rev John Lathern D D Robert R. Duncan and Miss Agin ora Stewart, daughter of R. L. Stewart, Esq of Grand Pre.

JACK—FITCH. At the Baptist Church, Wolfville, June 18, by Rev T A Higgins assisted by Rev Dr Welton, Andrew M. Jack, of the firm of Jack & Bell, Halifax, and Jennie, daughter of Charles Fitch, Esq of Wolfville.

Died.

MCDONALD.—At Canning, June 10th Mary E. beloved wife of Henry McDonald aged 52.

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

—OF— 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!

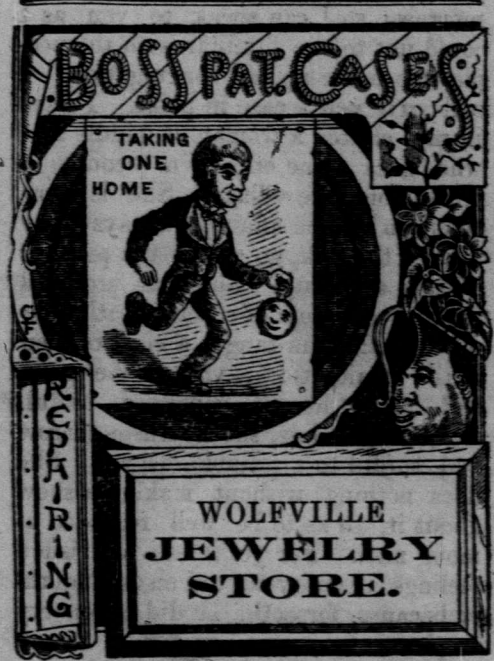
Just received, a large and well assorted stock of Room Paper, personally selected from a great variety of samples.

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.)

which the arbor was well screened, she saw Mr. Lawton, accompanied by a lady, coming down the garden path.

Miss Sarah drew back, and wished very sincerely that she had not thought of bringing the berries, or had stopped at home long enough to put on a nice dress; for the lady was a stranger, and looked so exquisitely neat and cool that Miss Sarah felt herself by contrast disgracefully untidy.

She had no doubt that the minister was about to show his companion the way to the arbor, and her heart sank at thought of being found in such a plight. But suddenly the stranger paused, and bent to pick a rose of great beauty.

"If we could only be like this rose," she said, "as fair within as without."

You forget said Mr. Lawton; "how often we see worms eating into the very heart of the most beautiful roses."

"Is nothing true, then? Are we never to be able to put faith in the 'outward seeming' of anything or anyone?"

"Those who make the loudest professions are often the most corrupt," said the minister, "and, as I was saying a moment ago, there are so many, oh, so very many, who think themselves Christians because they go regularly to church, teach in the Sunday-school, use no profane language, and give liberally to the missions. But they do not think it necessary to guard their thoughts, to fill their daily lives with little acts of kindness. Now, you are a stranger here, and are to leave us tomorrow; so I can speak to you as I could not to one familiar with the people who make up my congregation. I will give you a case in point. I have in my church a woman of middle age, who lives alone on a farm a couple of miles from the village. She is very active in church affairs, is always ready to visit the sick, go among the poor, or give to a charity. She has provided for the education of several heathen in Africa, and has taught a class of men in the penitentiary, visited the gaol, and made herself generally useful. But, nevertheless, she is selfish, narrow and sordid to a pitiable degree. She does nothing without making a show about it, so as to be well regarded among men. For years she cherished feelings of enmity toward an only brother because, forsooth, he did not marry to please her, and I was told not an hour ago that she has declared her intention not to help in any way that brother's sick and penniless widow and children. She speaks of them with bitterness, and even seems to rejoice that at last they are forced to appeal to her for aid. I was asked to speak to her on the subject, but she would be highly insulted, I know, if I ventured to call her to account for her want of charity and natural affection. She thinks herself a Christian, but in my opinion she is very far from being anything of the kind. She will come into church next Thursday night and pray earnestly for the forgiveness of her sins, and for help to walk in the right way. But she prays only with her lips; her heart has nothing to with it. She thinks

and cares only for the 'outward seeming,' and—"

At this moment little Lulu Lawton interrupted the conversation by running down the path with the announcement that tea was ready; and the minister said no more.

But Miss Sarah had heard quite enough. She was pale and trembling, and so greatly disturbed that when she hurried from the arbor as soon as she could without being perceived, she left her pail of berries behind her.

She met several of her friends on her way home, but she did not even bow to them, so absorbed was she in the recollection of what the minister had said.

Reaching home she sat down in her big rocking-chair by the kitchen stove, and, leaning her chin on her hand, stared before with eyes from which the scales had fallen. And she was looking inward—for the first time in her life.

"Only the outward seeming" she muttered, over and over under her breath, as if the sound of the words frightened her, "and after all these years I've only just found out that I haven't been a Christian."

Contrary to the expectation of Mr. Lawton, Miss Sarah did not appear at prayer-meeting on Thursday night; and when he called to see her on Friday he was surprised to find three curly-headed children making mud-pies in the front yard, who informed him in a loud chorus that they had "come to live with aunt Sarah forever."

Miss Sarah welcomed him cordially though she looked tired and warm after her journey from Milford, she seemed as happy as possible.

"This is a great surprise, Miss Jenkins," said the minister, as he followed her into the parlor and took a seat.

"Yes I reckon it will be a surprise to most folk. But I ain't afraid but they'll live through it."

"I think you will be rewarded for bringing your sister and her children here. Your life has been a very lonely one," said Mr. Lawton.

"Yes, I reckon I'll take considerable satisfaction out o' it, and it does seem sort o' pleasant to have 'em round. They're well mannered children. Susan's been mighty particular about them. Did you notice the boy as you came in? He's the very moral o' Tom."

As Mr. Lawton walked back to the village he wondered what had waked Miss Jenkins up to a sense of her duty. But he never knew.

Early in the following winter Miss Jenkins invited her pastor and his wife to tea. The table was well supplied with cake, pickles, and preserves, a glass dish of blackberry jam occupying a position just before Mrs. Lawton.

"I am so fond of blackberry jam," said that lady, as she helped herself to the article in question, "and I put up a great deal last summer. But the very nicest I made was from some blackberries my little girl found in the arbor in our garden. We never knew who had left them there, but took it for granted they were meant for us, and so took possession of them, pail and all. Lulu calls it my 'mystery jam.' I have often wondered if the mystery would ever be explained."

But it never was.—Standard.

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.T.S.		Exp. Daily.
		A. M.	P. M.	
Annapolis Leave		5 30	1 45	
14 Bridgetown "		6 25	2 23	
28 Middleton "		7 25	2 57	
42 Aylesford "		8 32	3 30	
47 Berwick "		8 55	3 43	
50 Waterville "		9 10	3 50	
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 June "	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.
		A. M.	P. M.	
Halifax—leave		7 20	2 30	
14 Windsor Jun—" "		8 00	3 30	
46 Windsor "		9 15	5 35	
53 Hantsport "		9 35	6 03	
58 Avonport "		9 48	6 20	
61 Grand Pre "		9 56	6 33	
64 Wolfville "		10 05	6 46	
66 Port Williams "		10 10	6 55	
71 Kentville "		10 40	7 10	
80 Waterville "		10 58	2 02	
83 Berwick "		11 05	2 17	
88 Aylesford "		11 18	2 40	
102 Middleton "		11 48	3 47	
116 Bridgetown "		12 23	4 52	
130 Annapolis Ar'Ve		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.
Kerwille, 30th May 1884

THOS. BIRD,
WATCHMAKER,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Wolfville and vicinity that he has leased part of the store occupied by Rockwell & Co., where he is prepared to repair all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery. And trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a share of public patronage.

I warrant all my work for one year
Thos. Bird.

J. WESTON
MERCHANT TAILOR,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

CARRIAGES

of all kinds
Made At Shortest Notice,
—ALSO—

PAINTING

Neatly done, at
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Repairing promptly attended to.

"GERES" SUPERPHOSPHATE,

Three sizes
Ground Bone.
The best Fertilizers in the market.

The above Celebrated Fertilizers, manufactured at the
CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
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Office: Pickford & Black's Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

G. H. Wallace, Ag't,
WOLFVILLE

C. A. PATRIQUIN
HARNESS MAKER.

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

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None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville.