

The Acadian,

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

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

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

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PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. B. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 9.30 P.M. Sabbath School at 11 A.M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 P.M.

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

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St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.45 o'clock P.M. J. B. Davison, Secretary.

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

WOLFVILLE DIVISIONS of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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

CARDS.

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

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

B. C. BISHOP, House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER. English Paint Stock & Specialty. WOLFVILLE, N. S. P. O. BOX 90. Sept. 19th 1884

LIGHT BRAMAS! Mated for best results. Young Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs after March 1st. Address DR. BARSS. Wolfville, 28th Feb., '85.

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

Select Poetry,

A Child Again.

Weary workmen, homeward thronging, Filled the car to overflow, Through the door an aged veteran Came with feeble steps and slow.

Down the aisle the brisk conductor Passed along, collecting fare. "How much?" asked the old man faintly, Brushing back his snow white hair.

"Six for adults, three for children." Slowly passed the trembling hands Through his pockets, searching vainly For the sum his ride demands.

Just three cents for all his searching, In his palm he spreads them out, "Can't I ride for these?" he falters, Half in hope, and half in doubt.

"Once a man and twice a child, sir, Life for me is on the wane, And I think 'twill bend no harm, sir, For I am a child again."

Through each heart a generous impulse Swept away the worldly dross, Entertaining something better Than life's baser gain and loss.

Some one passed the hat in silence, Thinking of life's ebbing sands, Then with due respect and reverence Filled the old man's trembling hands. —Eos Harwick Thorpe.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE OF DOTS AND DASHES.

BY ELLA CHEEVER THAYER.

"The old, old story,"—in a new, new way.

CHAPTER IX.

UNEXPECTED VISITORS.

"It must be Miss Kling, empowered by curiosity!" murmured Nattie.

"No!" answered Cyn in a stage whisper, "the knock is too timid! Stand in front of the gas stove, Nat, lest it be Mrs. Simonson, while I go and invent some excuse for not letting in whoever it is."

And having given these hasty directions, Cyn opened the door the smallest possible crack. As she did so, and before she could speak, it was pushed back violently, almost knocking her over, and in burst Quimby. This, however, might not have much disconcerted them, as he could have been disposed of easily enough, had not at his heels came a tall, fine-looking young man, a perfect stranger to both Cyn and Nattie.

"You see I keep my word!" was the enigmatical remark the smiling Quimby made as he entered. Then, catching sight of the festive board, he stopped short and stared, with an utterly non-founded face, at that, at the embarrassed Nattie, at Cyn, behind the door, and at the saucy cover, which, embellished with potato parings, occupied a prominent position in the middle of the floor.

His companion also paused, a surprised and amused smile lurking in his merry brown eyes as he looked at Nattie, seemingly regardless of anything else in the room.

Cyn was the first to recover from the general petrification, and with the involuntary thought, "what an excellent stage situation!" came from behind the door, where Quimby's impetuous entrance had thrust her, saying, with as much ease as she could possibly gather together,

"Don't be frightened at what you see, friend Quimby; we are only extemporizing a little feast, that is all. Will you join us?"

But Quimby only stared harder than ever; he was evidently struck speechless.

His companion, thus placed in the awkward position of an uninvited intruder, withdrew his eyes from Nattie, took in the situation at a glance, and turning to Cyn, said, smiling,

"I think we owe you an apology for our intrusion; my friend Quimby, on whom I called to-day, in pity for my being a stranger in the city, kindly offered to introduce me to some friends of his. He informed me we were expected, but I fear we have made a mistake."

At this Quimby recovered his voice. "No!" he cried, in stentorian tones, "it was not—I cannot have made a mistake this time, you know! Cyn!"—looking at her reproachfully—"you knew about it! I met you a short time ago, and asked you—and you said we might come, you know!"

Half amazed and half amused, Cyn shook her head in denial, at which action Quimby started and turned pale.

"Why I—I beg pardon—but in the hall! you said 'certainly,' you know!"

"Oh!" said Cyn, a light breaking in upon her, "I see, but I did not then understand you, I suppose," rallying from her embarrassment, "my mind was so occupied with our feast, I was incapable of thinking of anything else; so please consider this an apology for the condition in which you find us, to yourself and your friend, whom you will pardon me for reminding you, you have not introduced," and Cyn looking laughingly at the stranger, who also laughed.

"Oh! I—I beg pardon, I am sure for—for all my stupidities. I—I am always doing something wrong, but I—I am used to it, you know," said the disconcerted Quimby; then wiping the perspiration from his forehead, he added clumsily, "my friend, Mr. Stanwood—Cyn—and Miss—Miss Rogers."

Mr. Stanwood gayly shook hands with Cyn, whom Quimby had nervously forgotten to honor with a Miss, and then advanced to Nattie, who had not stirred from her position as screen for the gas stove, saying,

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Rogers."

And as Nattie accepted his proffered hand in an embarrassed way, not yet being able to rise to the situation, and observed the peculiarly roguish expression with which he regarded her, she suddenly became aware that she had seen him on some previous occasion, but where she was utterly at loss to remember.

Cyn, too, was struck by something a little odd in his manner to Nattie, and glanced at him curiously, as she said in her most cordial tones,

"And now, gentlemen, as we have exchanged apologies all around, please be seated."

Quimby immediately bounced up from the music-stool, on which, in his agitation, he had involuntarily dropped. "Oh, no!" he exclaimed hastily. "We—we did not come to dinner, you know!"

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Cyn smiled at Quimby's anxiety to disclaim intentions no one thought of attributing to him, and turning to Mr. Stanwood, asked, thereby greatly scandalizing Nattie,

"But supposing you were invited to stay and share our banquet, would you?"

"Were I sure the invitation was heartfelt, I would be sorely tempted; wouldn't you, Quimby?" Mr. Stanwood replied, easily.

Poor Quimby twirled his thumbs confusedly, and murmured something about leaving the ladies to enjoy their "feast" alone.

"We have eatables enough for six, as Nat was just now intimating," went on Cyn, who certainly had a touch of true Bohemianism in her composition, as well as Jo Norton. "But our dishes, 'ay, there's the rub,'" and she laughingly held up the coffee-urn, while the less adaptable Nattie thought apprehensively of the propensity of things to cool.

Undaunted by the urn, Mr. Stanwood said, with humorous wistfulness, but looking at Nattie,

"You won't force us to eat the dishes, will you? and that steak smells so nice, and I haven't had any dinner!"

"Then away with ceremony and sit down to the banquet!" said the reckless Cyn, regardless of the protest in Nattie's face; and truth to tell, the former young lady was not at all adverse to this addition to their number.

And to the consternation of Quimby, and dismay of Nattie, and possibly a little to the surprise of Cyn, Mr. Stanwood replied by seating himself down in a rocking-chair, and saying gayly,

"I feel positive that I am about to enjoy myself as I have not since I was a boy, and stole eggs, and cooked them on a flat rock behind my uncle's barn, and had raw turnip for dessert. Sit down, Quimby!"

Upon this Quimby, with a blushing protest against an intrusion, that did not seem to trouble his merry friend in the least, also sat down.

As he did so, Nattie screamed; but too late. On the crowning glory of the feast, on those enticing Charlotte Russes, crowded from the table on to a chair, there was Quimby!

"Bless my soul! what is the matter?" he asked, staring astounded at Nattie's scream, but still sitting there, entirely unconscious of the ruin he had wrought.

Cyn's anguish knew no bounds, as she saw what had happened.

"Get up!" she cried, wringing her hands, "can't you get up? good gracious! don't you know what you are sitting on?"

"Oh?" he queried, rising obediently, and looking at her with a blank expression. "Sitting on?" then following her frantic gesture, he turned and looked at the chair behind him, and instantly horror overspread his countenance.

"Bless my soul!" he gasped, turning round and round, trying to get a glimpse at his own coat-tails. "How did it come there? what is it?"

"It is—was Charlotte Russe!" said Nattie, in gloomy despair.

"Charlotte Russe!" echoed Quimby, still turning himself around like a revolving light. "It—it don't look much like it, you know!"

At this, Mr. Stanwood, who had with difficulty suppressed his laughter until now, burst into an uncontrollable roar, in which he was joined by Cyn, and then by Nattie. They laughed until utterly exhausted, Quimby all the time keeping up his rotary motion, with a face whose lugubriousness cannot be described.

"I—I—bless my soul! I will replace what I have destroyed! I—I assure you, I will!" the unfortunate Quimby groaned, as soon as he could be heard.

"I—what can I say, to express my sorrow—I—" and suddenly Cyn's to revolve, he snatched Mr. Stanwood's hat, and started for the door.

"Where are you going?" his friend questioned as gravely as he could.

"More Charlotte Russes!" he responded incoherently, and with an agonized face.

"If I may be permitted to make a suggestion," said Mr. Stanwood with labored gravity, "I should say, some little change in your toilet would be quite appropriate before going on the street, and moreover, that my hat will not fit your head!"

At this, Quimby dropped the hat he held as if it had been red-hot, glanced at the chair whereon he had so lately distinguished himself, took up the tails of his coat one in each hand, revolved again, and then without a word darted from the room.

As well as she could from laughing, Cyn called after him, telling him not to mind about getting the Charlotte Russes, and to hurry back, but he made no response.

"Poor Quimby!" said Mr. Stanwood, wiping the tears of excessive mirth from his eyes. "He is such a good fellow, it is too bad he always is in hot water."

"Yes," assented Cyn, removing the chair with the remains of what had been clinging to it from sight, Nattie following it with a somewhat rueful glance. "Shall we wait for him? I fear our dinner is getting cold."

"I don't think we had better," Nattie, who had long been filled with a similar presentiment, responded. "There is no knowing whether he will return or not, and it's no use in having everything spoiled."

"I do not think he will expect us to wait," Mr. Stanwood said.

"Well then," said Cyn, "here is a chair for you, Stanwood. It's all right, so you need not look before sitting. Luckily you are taller than we, and need no books to raise you. Now the question is, what shall we give you to eat from? Ah! here is the bread plate! Nat, can't you find another wooden cover? No! Then spread a piece of brown paper over Scribner's. How fortunate we have an extra knife and fork; you don't mind their being oyster forks? I thought not! Nat and I will use the same spoon, so you can have a whole one. Nat, you and I will have to drink from that cracked tumbler."

"Allow me," interrupted Mr. Stanwood. "Do you know," solemnly, "a cracked tumbler is and always was the height of my ambition."

"Well then, we are all right!" said the jovial Cyn. "But I fear," she added, helping to steak, "if Quimby comes before we finish, he will have to go foraging for his own dishes!"

Mr. Stanwood was praising the steak, which he certainly ate as if the admiration was genuine, when a timid rap announced Quimby's reappearance on the scene. In complete change of raiment, smelling like a field of new mown hay, and figuratively clothed in sackcloth and ashes, he entered.

"I—I beg pardon," he said, looking not at those he addressed, but humbly at the Duchess, who had been walking the floor impatiently and indignantly, but was now contentedly chewing. "I assure you I shall be delighted to go out and get Charlotte Russes to replace those I so wantonly destroyed. Will you—may I be allowed?"

"Not on any account," said Cyn, quickly. "Besides, the stores are closed to-day."

"So they are, so they are!" he exclaimed, putting his hand to his head dejectedly.

"But we can exist without Charlotte Russes, I think," Nattie said. She had quite recovered her good humor, and was reconciled even to Mr. Stanwood's company; indeed, had secretly confessed he was really an acquisition. Such is the power of good beefsteak!

"Some other time we will talk about it," Cyn said. "And now, we must improvise you a cup, plate, knife, fork, and spoon. I know you must be hungry after your exploit."

"Quimby blushed. 'I—you shall have fifty Charlotte Russes to-morrow!' he ejaculated. 'But the articles you mention—I have in my room, and will bring them. You see I—sometimes have a little private lunch myself, you know,' and departing, he in a moment returned with his dinner accoutrements, which Cyn commanded him to put down at once, lest he demoralize them.

"Let me see," she added, as he meekly deposited his burden on the nearest piece of furniture—which happened to be the piano. "I can make room for you here, next me, I think."

"No! no!" he exclaimed quickly; "if you will be so kind, I—I would rather sit on that little stool in the corner, where I can do no damage, you know!"

"Oh! we must not make a martyr of you!" laughed Nattie, as she cut a pie with a very dull knife, which caused a very unsteady table to shake, so that every one's coffee slopped over.

"No, indeed; there is plenty of room here," added Mr. Stanwood, studying his cracked tumbler. But Quimby took his head.

"Now, really—I—I shall feel much more comfortable if I may—if you will allow me to sit on the stool. I—I am used to it, you know! 'Pon my word, I—I mean all right, but some way I always make a mess of it!"

Cyn would have remonstrated further, but Mr. Stanwood said, "We had better let him be happy in his own way; I suppose he will not be happy unless we do!"

And so Quimby, much to his satisfaction, was allowed to eat his share of the feast on a low stool, in the corner, like a naughty school-boy.

Visitors were destined to be numerous to-day, for hardly had Quimby been served, when a knock at the door was followed by the appearance of Jo, who tip-toed into the room, and in a mysterious whisper, said,

"I saw Quimby enter this room, bearing utensils that could only be used for one purpose! I smelt a savory odor! and here I am!"

"And welcome, too!" said Cyn, laughing; "come, sit here by me. Are you and Mr. Stanwood acquainted?"

(To be continued.)

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A few short weeks ago Wolfville had the honor of publishing in addition to our own little sheet, the New Star, the Canadian Science Monthly, and the Acadia Athenaeum...

The New, or newer, Star got out its first edition from the County town last Saturday. One side of the sheet was blank...

We are a little surprised to see such papers as the Halifax Herald copying from the columns of the Kentville paper articles like those headed "W. & A. R. Smash-up" &c.

Referring again to the subject of Statute Labor we lay before our readers the following extracts from the Revised Statutes, fourth series, chapter 46:

"Every male between the ages of 16 and 60 being able to do a reasonable day's work shall be liable to perform two days' labor as a poll tax."

Table with 4 columns: Assessment Range, Labor Days, Assessment Range, Labor Days

above four thousand dollars, at the rate of one day for every thousand dollars.

The above scale as will be seen is open to very serious objection and there seems to be not a single redeeming feature in it. In the first place it provides that every male as soon as he comes to be sixteen years of age, shall be liable to perform two days labor as a poll tax...

Our present road tax seems to have been constructed with the special object of bearing as heavily as possible upon the poor man and as lightly as possible upon the wealthy.

between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one will have to pay for poll tax alone \$4.00, and if he is worth and assessed for only \$225, he will have to pay \$1.50 additional, making in all \$5.50, failing to raise that amount in cash, he will be obliged to labor eleven days upon the highway...

A law so unjust and oppressive to the poor man should not be allowed to remain longer upon our Statute Book. There certainly could be no risk in changing it, and there seems to be ample room for improvement.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

Ottawa Letter.

OTTAWA, MARCH 9th '85.

To the Editors of the ACADIAN. DEAR SIRS:—On Tuesday last Mr. Tilley made his long looked for "budget speech." It was certainly very able, and the best that could be made under the circumstances...

A LITTLE LETTER TO MY LITTLE FRIENDS OF WOLFVILLE.

OTTAWA, Mar. 9th '85.

While passing the Speaker's door the other day, I heard an "old familiar cry"—the cry of a baby! Now I must tell you a little about this baby and its history.

splendidly, for they are a pretty fair lot after all; he is an excellent Speaker even if he never speaks. Now it happened that during the same session that Mr. Speaker was chosen to watch the members, he could not help watching somebody else.

For the ACADIAN.

Snoring, a Fine Art.

Of all the disagreeable sounds heard in the night we believe snoring takes the cake, night we believe snoring takes the cake, night we believe snoring takes the cake.

WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT.

I. S. Johnson & Co, 22 Custom House Street, Boston, will send free, to all who will send their address on a postal card, an engraving of this famous Monument...

Advertisement for The Bookstore, Eagles' Building, near the Post Office, Wolfville, N.S. Includes text: 'Dear Customers and other people', 'The Bookstore' has removed this week to the Eagles' building...

Large advertisement for Caldwell & Murray. 'Have received their first instalment of SPRING GOODS!' Lists items like boots, clothing, dress goods, tweeds, sheetings, trunks, vaises, rubber coats, etc.

Small advertisements on the far right edge, including 'Local and', 'R. Prat's new', 'The worst sn...', 'Subscribe for...', 'Mr. Lorenzo Wolfville this w...', 'Capt. Clarence visit. His ves...', 'Caldwell & Murray count or in ex...', 'Carloads Turni...', 'Hats & Co...', 'Gents' Furnis...', 'month at C. H.', 'Auction at th...', 'continued Satu...', 'clock. Look o...', 'The Westerv...', 'roved this wee...', 'the Eagles' b...', 'account a wde...', 'The dwellin...', 'narrowly escap...', 'Sunday eveni...', 'overturning of...', 'occupied at th...', 'nately discover...', 'got well under', 'Look at Cal...', 'Boots for \$1.8', 'An esteeme...', 'directory of P...', 'and cuts Wo...', 'capitalist and', 'speculator and', 'port has thir...', 'high soundin...', 'We would f...', 'Kentville was', 'Caldwell &', 'tiful Patch Co', 'BEAR SHOT', 'Coldbrook, w...', 'ber of Foxes', 'week), starte...', 'last and when', 'place encount...', 'made him bit...', 'in good health', 'The carcass w...', 'terday by M...', 'on will make', 'NOTICE.—', 'will offer his', 'figures that d', 'It is our sa...', 'icle the death', 'Grand Pre, v...', 'dence on the', 'at the age of', 'was a repre...', 'and most res...', 'and although', 'part in public', 'widely know...', 'His genial ki...', 'index of an e...', 'to the poor o', 'friend. None', 'hungry from', 'like Goldsmi...', 'house was kn...', 'tram.' Mr.', 'And seven ch...', 'felt sympathy', 'great bereav...', 'Mens Whi...', 'cost for one', 'den's, Wolf', 'SAD AND', 'WOODS AT', 'day last Mr.', 'of his sons', 'and hauling', 'directed his', 'deaf mutes', 'fell a tree, s...', 'so that it mi...', 'tion, and whi...', 'he was prep', 'his team nee...', 'tree it bro...', 'direction.', 'sightedness', 'observe whe...', 'began to tri...', 'lengths for', 'three length', 'another whe...', 'er within si...', 'It is suppos...', 'killed as his', 'one should', 'tree when it', 'inches in di...', 'one of the p...', 'of the Mo', 'Falmouth, f...', 'fifty years', '27 years of', 'roads and', 'was by a bri', 'He effected

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH 20, 1885.

Local and Provincial.

R. Prat's new adv. next week.

The worst snow-storm of the season occurred yesterday.

Subscribe for the ACADIAN. Only 50 cents per year.

Mr. Lorenzo Walley is visiting in Wolfville this week.

Capt. Clarence Eagles is home on a visit. His vessel is in Boston.

Caldwell & Murray will take on account or in exchange for goods two Carloads Turnips.

Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes and Gents' Furnishings, at cost for one month at C. H. Borden's.

Auction at the Acadia Hotel will be continued Saturday morning at 10 o'clock. Look out for bargains!

The Western Book & News Co. removed this week to their new store in the Eagles' building. An extended account is added out of this issue.

The dwelling of Capt. J. E. Eagles narrowly escaped destruction by fire, on Sunday evening last, by the accidental overturning of a stove in a room unoccupied at the time. It was fortunately discovered before the fire had got well under way.

Look at Caldwell & Murray's Goat Boots for \$1.80.

An esteemed exchange publishes a directory of Provincial business men, and cuts Wolfville down to two—a capitalist and exchange broker, and a speculator and exporter—while Hantsport has thirteen and all of them with high sounding business designations. We would feel worse about this if Kentville wasn't left out altogether.

Caldwell & Murray are selling beautiful Patch Cottons for 20 cents per lb.

BEAR SHOT.—Mr. Jacob Foster, of Coldbrook, who has shot a large number of Foxes this winter (three last week), started out on the hunt Wednesday and when near Mr. E. Kinsman's place encountered a Bear and quickly made him bite the dust. Mr. Bruin was in good health and weighed 250 lbs. The carcass was taken to Kentville yesterday by Mr. Foster, who if he keeps on will make this kind of game scarce.

NOTICE.—C. H. Borden, Wolfville, will offer his entire stock for 30 days at figures that defy competition.

It is our sad duty this week to chronicle the death of R. L. Stewart Esq., of Grand Pre, which occurred at his residence on the morning of the 17th inst. at the age of 70 years. Mr. Stewart was a representative of one of the oldest and most respected families in Horton, and although never taking an active part in public business, was perhaps as widely known as any man in the county. His genial kindly manner was but the index of an equally kindly heart, and to the poor or needy he was in truth a friend. None were ever turned away hungry from his hospitable door, and like Goldsmith's village clergyman, "His house was known to all the wandering train." Mr. Stewart leaves a widow and seven children to whom our heartfelt sympathy is extended in their great bereavement.

Mens White and Colored Shirts at cost for one month only, at C. H. Borden's, Wolfville.

SAD AND FATAL ACCIDENT IN THE WOODS AT BLACK RIVER.—On Friday last Mr. John Payzant and two of his sons were engaged in chopping and hauling poles. Mr. Payzant had directed his sons, both of whom are deaf mutes and very near sighted, to fell a tree, showing them how to cut it so that it might fall in a certain direction, and whilst they were thus engaged, he was preparing a road so as to bring his team near to them. In cutting the tree it broke and fell in a different direction. On account of the near-sightedness of the boys, they did not observe where their father was, and began to trim up the tree and cut it in lengths for poles. They had cut off three lengths and were trimming for another when they discovered their father within six feet of them—quite dead. It is supposed that he was instantly killed as his skull was fractured and one shoulder broken. The size of the tree when it struck him was but three inches in diameter. Mr. Payzant was one of the pioneer settlers in that part of the Mountain, going there from Falmouth, Hants Co., something over fifty years ago. At that time he was 27 years of age. There were then no roads and the only way to get there was by a bridle path through the woods. He effected a small clearing and built

a log house on the farm known as the Theodore Reid Farm. He subsequently built a frame house near by and has continued to live there ever since up to the time of his death. By hard labor and steady perseverance, he has been able to accumulate considerable property and to leave his family in comfortable circumstances notwithstanding his great misfortune in having four of his children deaf mutes. They were all living with him at the time of his death, two sons and two daughters. He leaves a widow and nine children to whom we tender our sincere sympathy.

Come and see our Grey Sheetings in five yard lengths. Something new.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.

LONG ISLAND.

Long Island, in this County, is a farming district, lying north of the Grand Pre Dyke, so called, in Horton, and bounded on the north by the Minas Basin, east and south by the Grand Pre, and on the west by the Cornwallis River. From its eastern to its western extremity is about three miles with an average width of about one-half a mile. It contains nearly one thousand acres, one-half of which is under cultivation. Twelve families reside there, with a population of sixty-eight, all told, whose united ages amount to 2083 years, being an average of nearly 31 years for each adult and child in the district; the oldest person is upwards of 95 years old, and there are four children of one year old or under. Probably there is not a district in this province that will give as high an average of age as this, notwithstanding its reputation of being an unhealthy locality. Within the last ten years the total number of deaths occurring there was fifteen, seven of whom were well advanced in years, having lived beyond the allotted age of man. Of the remaining eight, three were children and died from diphtheria, two died from lung troubles, one from heart disease, and one from injuries sustained in consequence of a fall. Those living on this Island at present are all enjoying comparatively good health, and there seems to be no just reason to warrant the opinion that the locality is in any way an unhealthy one.—COM.

C. H. BORDEN. Wolfville, has reduced prices of Wool Underclothing to cost.

SKATING RACES.

The skating races came off at the Rink on Tuesday night as advertised in this paper. A comparatively small number had gathered by the time the races were called, but those who were present seemed to be intensely interested as to the results of the various races. The first contest started was the ONE MILE FORWARD in which J. A. Prescott, of Acadia College, and J. Beckwith, W. & A. R. Yard Master at Kentville, were entered. Prescott won the choice of positions and took the inside. At the word go Prescott sprang at once to the front, while Beckwith made a bad start, losing three or four yards. He soon got down to work however, and in four or five laps had got close to his opponent. This position he held for several laps when in an attempt to pass he made a false step and fell back, losing nearly half a lap, this he partially closed but did not get near Prescott again. On the nineteenth lap the applause at the finishing made him think it was the last and he stopped skating giving Prescott the race by a clear lap. In the SECOND RACE, the following competed: Anderson and Eaton, from the Colleges, and L. Davidson and A. Davidson, of Kentville. At the start Anderson and Eaton got underway first with Anderson ahead. After two or three laps Eaton drew up and tried to pass, but did not succeed, and in the spurt he fell. In trying to regain his feet one of the Davidson's ran into him and both went down, and throwing them out of the race. After this Anderson had it all his own way and slid along munching a lemon amid great applause from the spectators. In the third and last race, a

HALF MILE BACKWARD, the contestants in the first race were entered. As before, Prescott got started first and took the lead, and although Beckwith kept so close to him that they could have touched one another easily, he did not get by and finally stopped at the ninth lap, leaving the race to Prescott. The time made in all the races was slow. We congratulate Mr. Prescott on his success as this virtually makes him the champion skater of the place. The prizes were, first, silver cup; second, pair plated skates; third, gold brass pin. After the races all were allowed on the ice.

Johnson's Anodyne Liniment is richly worth \$10 a bottle in certain cases. For instance, in cases of diphtheria, croup and asthma when the sufferer is almost dead for want of breath and something is required to act instantly. It costs only 35 cents.

Veterinary surgeons all over the country are fiercely denouncing parties who put up extra large packs of worthless trash and sell it for condition powders. They say that Sheridan's Cough Condition Powders are the only kind now known that are worth carrying home. Small packs 25 cents, 2 1/2 lb cans \$1.00.

TRUE.—By living according to the rules of health, without excessive mental or physical exertion, and by taking EAGAR'S PHOSPHORENE according to directions, any person in the early stages of consumption can be cured. Many can be cured in advanced stage and incurable cases relieved from suffering.

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the ACADIAN one year for the following prices, which as will be seen is in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Table with 3 columns: Publication, Regular Price, Clubbing Price. Includes Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Weekly News, Alden's Juvenile Gem, American Agriculturist, etc.

TO LET.

The Store on Main St., formerly used as a Dry Goods Store by Jas. S. McDonald Esq. Also, several comfortable rooms over said Store, forming a comfortable dwelling for a small family. Possession given immediately.

E. F. EAGLES, MASON, PLASTERER & BRICKLAYER. WOLFVILLE, N. S.

For Sale or to Let! Situated on Keene St., a new house and barn, half acre of land, good well of water. House furnished throughout, which may or may not be sold or rented with the place.

FARM FOR SALE! The subscriber offers for sale his Farm, situated in Lower Horton, and partially bounded by the Gaspeau River, consisting of 23 acres of Upland in a good state of cultivation, 120 young apple trees, House, Barn, and Outbuildings all in good repair.

CROCKERY! F. L. Brown & Co OFFERS FOR SALE The LARGEST, CHEAPEST, and BEST SELECTED STOCK OF Crockery and Glassware

LAMP GOODS A SPECIALTY. GLASSWARE! Wolfville Sept. 20, 1884.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN. FOR CURS—Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Stiffening at the Joints, Hoarseness, Inflammation, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD. POSITIVELY CURE SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints. MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases. (GIVE THE FULL DOSE). For Female Complaints these Pills have no equal.

KING'S COUNTY JEWELRY STORE, KENTVILLE.

The subscribers have recently opened the store in ARNOLD'S BLOCK, Webster St., next door to Post office. WITH A FULL LINE OF WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, Table CUTLERY SPECTACLES, ETC., ETC.,

And are prepared to furnish the above lines at the lowest market rates for cash, and would respectfully request intending purchasers to call and inspect our stock and ascertain prices before purchasing elsewhere.

J. R. McDonald & Co., WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS,

Arnold's Block, Webster St. Kentville, N. S. and 145 Granville St., Halifax, N. S.

ATTENTION! S. R. SLEEP,

Desires to call the attention of the people of King's to the fact that he is selling off a large stock of

STOVES, THE ACADIA IRON FOUNDRY,

at exceeding low prices. Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call and inspect as the stock must be sold even at a sacrifice.

S. R. SLEEP. TO LET!

1 Dwelling House and 1 Dwelling House and Store combined, situated in Wolfville. All information can be obtained by applying at this office or to March 3d.

Sweeping Reductions In SUITS made by me For 1 Month.

Having a large stock on hand I wish to clear out to make room for New Stock.

A. McPHERSON, KENTVILLE.

Sept. 25, 1884.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds executed at shortest notice.

CHICKEN CHOLERA, MAKE HENS LAY. It is a well-known fact that most of the Eggs and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless.

CHICKEN CHOLERA, MAKE HENS LAY. It is a well-known fact that most of the Eggs and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless.

CHICKEN CHOLERA, MAKE HENS LAY. It is a well-known fact that most of the Eggs and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless.

EUREKA.

Found! a Plum Tree that will not Black Knot!

The Masters Plum Tree has stood the test 40 years in Kentville, King's County, Nova Scotia. Chas. A. Masters, of Kentville, found this tree growing on lands now owned by Judge G. A. Blanchard forty years ago, and removed the tree to his garden in the village, where it now stands a healthy bearing tree, and is now owned by me. There are scores of trees throughout the village in bearing from a 20 years old which bear every year, and not a vestige of black knot appears on one of them. The tree is an annual bearer of rapid growth, growing tall not spreading. The Plum is quite large, purple color, and of excellent quality. It is the best preserving plum grown, and sells higher than any plum brought into the market. Last year, while the crop was immense, this plum readily brought \$3.00 per bushel, \$1.00 more than any other variety offered for sale. We have several hundred first class trees to offer for the spring planting and intend to plant 6,000 root grafts here. That this is the best and most profitable Plum Tree to plant that is grown in the Dominion of Canada, and that it will not black knot we refer the planters of this delicious fruit to

F. S. Masters, Barrister, of whom we purchased the original tree; also to Chas. A. Masters, G. A. Blanchard (Judge), J. R. Blanchard, H. B. Webster, M. D., J. E. Mullyon, M. D., Otho Eaton, John Byrne, T. E. Smith, J. A. Shaw.

Address—J. F. Rupert, or my Agent, L. W. Kimball, AMERICAN HOUSE, KENTVILLE, N. S.

WONDERFUL. The New York WonderLamp

Is beautifully finished, is the nearest approach to the ELECTRIC LIGHT yet invented, and is superior to any Kerosene Lamps in the market.

Nickle Plate or Gold Lacquer, and \$6.00 EACH.

Bracket Lamps \$5.00 EACH.

R. PRAT, AGENT N. B.—Beware of cheap imitations.

Wolfville, Dec. 16, 1884.

William Wallace, TAILOR

Corner Earl and Water Streets, WOLFVILLE.

The Sun.

An Independent Newspaper of Democratic Principles, but not Controlled by any Set of Politicians or Manipulators; Devoted to Collecting and Publishing all the News of the Day in the most interesting Shape and with the greatest possible Promptness, Accuracy and Impartiality; and to the Promotion of Democratic Ideas and Policy in the affairs of Government, Society and Industry.

Subscription Rates, by Mail, Postpaid: DAILY, per Year \$6.00 DAILY, per Month .50 SUNDAY, per Year 7.00 DAILY and SUNDAY per Year 10.00 WEEKLY, per Year .50

Address, THE SUN, New York City.

*Selected for the Académie.*  
A SNOWBALL'S WORK.

Bachelor Brown was a quiet man, whose scheme of life was a charming plan. He merely wanted to live at ease, with nobody but himself to please. The doctor's orders were only obeyed, for Bachelor Brown was only afraid of looking florid and growing stout. He dreaded the very name of gout. He thought a wife was a useless bore, and nothing in life annoyed him more than crying babies or a sudden draught. And he always frowned when others laughed.

We wonder not that Bachelor Brown was not much liked in his native town; The boys delighted to play him tricks, and most of the folks their eyes would fix on distant objects when he passed by. But he only thought they were very shy. It so fell out on a Christmas Day That lady and lass went out to play When snow lay deep in the fields hard by, and bright and clear was the winter sky. A snowball battle was soon begun, when he, in thick of fight and fun, A ball was thrown with a sudden whirl, By a bright and active laughing girl, Right through the window of Bachelor Brown.

Who starts to his feet with a sudden frown, And rushing forth he cries, with a hiss: "Who is the villain that dared to do this?" They all held back and were quite abashed When they saw their neighbor's window smashed. But the girl stood up and tossed her head, and with laughing eyes she archly said, "Please, sir, I wanted to bring you out To join us all in the snowball bout." When Bachelor Brown saw the pretty face and marked the figure so full of grace, His anger fled, and he straightway fell in love with the saucy village belle.

A very strange thing had come to pass— 'Twas found that the fractured pane of glass was broken in shape like a human heart, which, of course, gave Bachelor Brown a start. For he thought there must be a fate in this. So he sought the rolling snowball miss; With such success did he ply his suit That she quite forgot his old repute. For when he proposed she couldn't say no; And ere the coming of next year's snow Bachelor Brown had a charming wife, which proved the joy of his altered life.

"A snowball," they said, in the little town, "Had made quite a man of Bachelor Brown."

**NO TEARS.**

Perhaps not more than one newspaper had the story. It was headed, "A little boy of seven run over by a street-car and badly mangled." Perhaps scarcely one of the readers of that one paper paused to think about this trifle, in the busy rush and whirl of holiday time; and yet, how much it meant to one small boy. How his heart ached when he heard of little fellow was brought in, and laid on his mother's knees.

His mother's eyes were so full of tears she could scarcely see to tend him, but cry that would her quivering lips, her hands trembled, he hurt his ears, and if enough to do, they were yet firm enough to do what was needed.

The doctor, though used to beds of pain, grew very pitiful when he found, after two operations had been performed under the influence of ether, that still another was necessary. "I do hate to use so much ether," he said, "and yet it's too much to expect him to bear the operation without." The poor mite, himself, caught the words, and understood them, and his sweet, childish voice, conquering with its sweetness fear and pain alike, said, earnestly, "I'll hold still, oh, so still, and not cry once, if mamma will sing a song, and if she won't let the tears come into her eyes."

And then the mother sang—and only the pitying Father in Heaven who helped her, knew how she kept back the springing tears—sang and sang, and the boy listened with his patient eyes fixed upon her face; and, meanwhile, the doctor took out piece after piece of bone from the poor mangled hand, and never one cry or groan came from the childish lips.

"Ah, what a lesson it was for grown-up people, who cry out in their pain, and are not willing to bear the probing hand of the Great Physician!" said one of the old saints. "There are no tears in the eyes of God!" No, because He knows the end from the beginning, and wounds us but to heal.

Persons don't make their own faces and it's no more my fault if mine is a good one than it is other people's fault if theirs is a bad one.—*Dickens*  
Falsehood may have its hour, but it has no future.—*Prescott*  
He that loses his conscience, has nothing left worth keeping.

**THE "ACADIAN,"**

**HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.**  
—PUBLISHED AT—  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

**DAVISON BROS.,**  
Publishers & Proprietors.

Devoted to the interests of the people of King's County in particular and to the Province in general.

Aims to give its readers a condensed summary of the Local and General News of the day.

Nothing to offend the taste of the most fastidious will be found in its columns.

Having a large and rapidly increasing circulation, it offers special inducements to advertisers. No advertisement of any but thoroughly reliable parties will be received. Our rates are exceedingly low and advertisements receive particular attention and

**TASTY DISPLAY.**  
Its extreme low price,

**FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM,**

Places it within the reach of all who should have a copy of all and every one.

**JOB WORK**

We make a speciality of all kinds of  
**COMMERCIAL PRINTING:**

- Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Statements, Receipts, Business Cards, Checks, Envelopes, Pamphlets, Catalogues, Circulars, Billets, Flyers, Tags, Programmes, etc., etc.

**SOCIETY PRINTING, BANK WORK!**

We feel assured that we can give perfect satisfaction. All orders will be filled in **BEST STYLE** and at **CHEAPEST RATES.**

Address—  
**"Acadian" Office, WOLFVILLE.**

**ETHERINGTON'S ADJUSTABLE SPRING BED.**

The Spring Bed consists entirely of **STEEL SPIRAL SPRINGS**, which lock on the slats of a common bedstead; making a most

**DESIRABLE BED WITH BUT A SINGLE MATTRESS,**

thus a saving in the price of bedding. They are the best laying, the most easy, most comfortable, most elastic, the cleanest and the easiest cleaned, the best ventilated (therefore the most healthy), the most durable, the cheapest and the easiest repaired. Most adjustable, as it fits all bedsteads without regard to width or length, and is perfectly noiseless. It can be packed in a trunk 16 inches square, so the most portable; no hiding places for vermin, no sagging to the centre, no slats to become bent and remaining so, but can be adjusted to the unequal weights of the occupants, permitting them to lie upon the same level.

On all points of merit we solicit comparison with any other Bed in the market.

All orders by mail will receive prompt attention.  
Address, **A. L. Etherington**  
Mfrs. Adjustable Spring Bed,  
**MILTON, QUEENS COUNTY, N. S.**  
4-2-85. Agents wanted in every town.

**EGGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE,**

For the Cure of Consumption, Paralysis, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anaemia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration, etc.  
Two sizes, 25c. and 75c.  
FOR SALE BY  
**DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.**

**C. A. PATRIQUIN, HARNESS MAKER.**

Carriage, Cart and Team Harnesses  
Made to order and kept in stock  
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO  
None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville.

**WOLFVILLE SKATING RINK.**

Open every afternoon from 3 till 5.30 o'clock; and Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, from 7.30 till 10 o'clock. The Rink will be lighted every Friday with Electric Light.

Tickets usual rates.  
Single Skate.....15 cents  
Promenade.....5 cents  
**D. A. MUNRO, Proprietor.**  
Wolfville, Dec. 19th, 1884

**BURPEE WITTER**

Has just opened a case of  
**CANADIAN PRINTS**

in new and handsome patterns,  
**White and Grey Cottons,**  
**Plain and Plaid Wineys,**

**DRESS GOODS**

only 16c. per yard,  
**SHAKER FLANNEL**  
Very Cheap.

**WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, BEANS OATS, and DRIED APPLES** taken at current market prices.  
Wolfville, Feb'y 2d.

**House and Orchard TO LET!**  
IN WOLFVILLE.

The House is in thorough repair, and contains 8 rooms, 4 closets and pantry, a Frost-proof Cellar, containing a large milk room. There is a good Barn on the premises. The Orchard is stocked with over 100 Choice Graft Trees in Full Bearing, viz, Apples, Pears, Plums, etc. For particulars apply to  
**JAMES WILSON,**  
Jan'y 29th, on the premises.

**JOB PRINTING** of all kinds executed at shortest notice.

**Carriages & Sleighs**  
MADE, PAINTED, and RAPAIRED

At Shortest Notice, at  
**A. B. ROOD'S,**  
Wolfville, N. S.

**TREES, TREES!**  
**TREES!**

**Annapolis Valley NURSERIES!**

Home Grown Trees!  
**J. RUPERT NURSEYMAN,**  
AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Fruit and Ornamental **TREES!**

**SHRUBS**

**VINES**

**ROSES**

etc. etc.

**ANNAPOLIS, N. S. and ROCHESTER, N. Y.**

Having for the past six years done a successful business throughout Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces, I have ESTABLISHED NURSERIES at  
**ROUNDHILL, Annapolis County; KINGSTON, SOMERSET, CAMBRIDGE, KENTVILLE and GRAND PRE, King's Co.; HANSPORT, FALMOUTH & MILFORD, Hants Co**

And have now for sale the  
100,000 HOME GROWN TREES!

One and two years old at prices to suit the times.  
Hold your orders until you see my Agents:

- L. W. KIMBALL
- E. R. Clark, I. G. Newcomb,
- C. A. McEntire, E. K. Caldwell,
- J. E. Chapman, J. K. Tobin,
- M. A. Spillacy, Chas. Morgan,
- J. E. Moffit, J. W. Foster,
- R. H. Warner, John A. Shaw,
- W. T. F. Young, J. E. Morison,
- B. F. Congdon, Geo. S. Hoyt,

**W. & A. Railway**  
Time Table

1884—Winter Arrangement—1885.  
Commencing Monday, 1st December.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm. T.F.S.	Exp. Daily.
1 Annapolis Leave	6:15	A. M.	1:30
14 Bridgetown "	7:10	A. M.	2:13
28 Middleton "	8:10	A. M.	2:58
42 Aylesford "	9:15	A. M.	3:37
47 Berwick "	9:35	A. M.	3:52
30 Waterville "	9:50	A. M.	4:00
59 Kentville dpt	5:40	A. M.	4:40
64 Port Williams "	6:00	A. M.	4:55
66 Wolfville "	6:10	A. M.	5:03
69 Grand Pre "	6:25	A. M.	5:13
72 Avonport "	6:40	A. M.	5:24
77 Hansport "	6:58	A. M.	5:39
84 Windsor "	7:30	A. M.	6:00
116 Winslot June "	10:00	A. M.	7:28
120 Halifax arrive	10:45	A. M.	8:05

GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. M.W.F.	Accm. Daily.
Halifax leave	7:00	A. M.	2:30
14 Windsor Jun. "	7:45	A. M.	3:30
48 Hansport "	8:03	A. M.	3:53
58 Avonport "	8:28	A. M.	4:03
61 Grand Pre "	8:43	A. M.	4:23
64 Wolfville "	9:54	A. M.	4:43
67 Port Williams "	10:03	A. M.	4:55
71 Kentville "	10:10	A. M.	5:10
80 Waterville "	11:02	A. M.	5:40
83 Berwick "	11:10	A. M.	5:47
88 Aylesford "	11:25	A. M.	6:00
102 Middleton "	12:05	A. M.	7:00
116 Bridgetown "	12:47	A. M.	7:40
120 Annapolis Ar'v	1:30	A. M.	8:55

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.  
Steamer "Dominion" leaves St. John every Mon. Wed and Sat. a. m., for Digby and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis same day.  
Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tues, Thurs and Frid, p. m., for Digby.  
Steamer "Cleopatra" leaves Annapolis for Boston direct every Tues. p. m., and returns from Lewis Wharf, Boston, every Sat. p. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.  
P. Innes  
General Manager  
Kentville, 29 November, 1884.

**Death-blow TO LARGE PROFITS**



**XMAS! CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,**

**Wolfville Jewellery Store!**  
**J. McLEOD, PRACTICAL WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER.**  
(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)

Respectfully informs the public of Wolfville, Kentville, and surrounding districts that I have bought for cash, direct from the Manufacturers, the largest and best selected stock of **Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware etc., etc.**

In King's County, which I can sell at a reduction from 25 to 50 percent beneath the Jewellery Fraternity of King's County. The public will find my stock of a superior quality to what is generally sold by traveling mount-makers, and others not legitimately brought up to the jewellery trade. Intending purchasers will find it to their advantage to give me a call before going elsewhere.

My Stock consists of Gold and Silver Watches, Necklaces, Earrings, Brooches, Gold Wedding Rings and Keepers, Bracelets in gold and silver, Gents Alberts in gold and silver, Gents Rings in gold and silver, Scarf Pins, Collar Buttons, Cuff Buttons gold and silver, Lockets, Fancy Dress Rings, Silver Thimbles, Charms, Pencil Cases etc., etc.

**SPECIAL NOTICE!**

I have for sale the largest selection of English Jewellery out of Halifax in fine Gold Locketts, Ladies Gem Rings, etc. in precious stones, Brooches, Earrings, Chains, Gents' Gold Rings, etc. etc. too numerous to mention.

A full line of STANDARD SILVERWARE: Cake Baskets, Card Receivers, Sugar Baskets, Cream Jugs, Butter Coolers, Castors, Revolving Butter Coolers, Castors, Napkin Rings, Pickle Dishes, Call Bells, Nut Crackers, Butter Knives, Pie Knives, Fork Backs, Dinner and Desert Knives and Forks, Dinner and Desert Spoons, Tea Spoons, Fish Covers, Sugar Spoons, etc.

**CLOCKS! CLOCKS!!**  
Manufactured by French, Canadian, and American makers, the best selection out of Halifax, French Gilt Clocks under glass shades, full finished Canadian Clocks in polished walnut, American Clocks in veneered cases.

I am in a position to sell the **WALTHAM WATCH**, which is a notable fact the public of the county is charged \$30.00 which I can sell for \$20.00. Also Ladies' Stem-wind watches and setters, which are generally sold for \$18.00 I sell for \$12.00

**J. McLeod's Price List of WATCH REPAIRS.**

- Cleaning Watch **50c**
- (usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)
- New Main Spring **50c**
- (usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)
- New Jewel from 25—50c
- (Usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)
- New Balance Spring, commonly called Hair Spring **50c**
- (usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)
- Watch Crystals **10c**
- (usual price 20c.)
- Watch Hand **10 to 15c**
- (usual price 20 to 25c.)
- P. S.—All other repairs at a reduced rate.
- Watch Work guaranteed 12 months

**JEWELRY**

**MADE TO ORDER & REPAIRED**  
P. S.—Hand-bills and Cards will be in circulation in a few days.  
Wolfville, 5th Nov. 1884.