

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1888.

No. 28

Vol. VII.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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THE ACADIAN.

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

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MOTHERS LIKE IT! CHILDREN LIKE IT! It is the best medicine for all the ailments of Infants, Children, and the Sickly. It is a purely vegetable medicine.

Strict Poetry.

THE SILVER LINING.

There's never a day so sunny
But a little cloud appears,
There's never a life so happy
But has had its time of tears;
Yet the sun shines out the brighter
When the stormy tempest clears.

There's never a garden growing
With roses in every plot;
There's never a heart so hardened
But has a softer tender spot;
We have only to prune the border
To find the forget-me-not.

There's never a cup so pleasant
But has bitter with the sweet;
There's never a path so rugged
That bears not the prints of feet;
And we have a Helper promised
For the trials we may meet.

There's never a sun that rises
But we know 'twill set at night,
The tints that gleam in the morning
At evening are just as bright;
And the hour that is the sweetest
Is between the dark and light.

There's never a dream that's happy
But the waking makes us sad;
There's never a dream of sorrow
But the waking makes us glad.
We shall never look some day
At the troubles we have had.

There's never a way so narrow
But the entrance is made straight;
There's always a guide to point us
To the "little wicket gate."
And the angel will be nearer
To the soul that is desolate.

There's never a heart so haughty;
But will some day bow and kneel;
There's never a heart so wounded
That the Saviour cannot heal;
There is many a lowly burden
That is bearing the hidden seal.

Interesting Story.

An Incident of My Childhood.

"Mabel," said my aunt, facing me sternly, and speaking with solemn emphasis—"you are to be forever in my eyes! When Mr. Ellison comes, he shall assuredly know of this. Go!" she added, with a gesture as if of the right of me were intolerable: "I shall never have confidence in you again!"

I ran out of the room into the garden through the side-door, which always stood open in hot weather; but my cousins were at play on the lawn; so I flew in the bitterness of my wounded spirit, until I found the shade and quiet I wanted under a large hoary apple-tree, which stood in the neighboring orchard. Under its spreading branches I threw myself down.

I have a vivid impression of the aspect and "feel" of that summer afternoon. The heat was intense; even the ground on which I lay seemed to burn the bare arms crossed beneath my humbled head. I knew there was not a grateful cloud in the radiant sky above me; I felt there was not a breath of wind stirring, not a sound even to rustle the thick leaves of the orchard trees. The garish brilliancy, the sultry stillness, oppressed me almost more than I could bear. If I could have hidden myself from the sight of the sun, if I could have cheated my conscience, I would have gladly done so. I will not believe the world held at that moment a more wretched being than I was, that as grown up man or woman with developed faculties ever suffered more keenly from the pang of self-contempt.

For, let me at once tell the reader, I was no victim of injustice or misrepresentation; the words with which I had been driven from the house were justified by what I had done, I was fourteen years of age, I had been carefully and kindly educated, none knew better than I the difference between right and wrong; yet in spite of age, teaching, and the intellect's enlightenment, I had just been guilty of a gross moral transgression: I had been convicted of a falsehood; and, more than that, it was no impulsive lie escaping me in some exigency, but a deliberate one, and calculated to do another hurt. The whole house knew of it—servants, cousins, and all; the coming guest was to know of it too. My shame was complete. "What shall I do? what will become of me?" I cried aloud. "I shall never be happy again!"

It seemed so to me. I had lost my position in the house where I had been so favored and happy; I had compromised my character from that day henceforward, I, who had meant to do such good in the world, had lost my chance; for that sin clinging to

my conscience, the remembrance of which I should read in everybody's face and altered manner, would make effort impossible. My eyes had lost all confidence in me—that was terrible; what was worse, I had lost all confidence in myself. I saw myself, mean, ungenerous, a liar! I had no more self-respect. When my cousins whispered together about me, or the servants nodded and smiled significantly, I should have nothing to fall back upon. Why, I was what they thought me; I could not defy their contempt, but must take it as their due. I might get angry, but who would mind my anger? A thousand thoughts exasperated my anguish.

I was very fond of reading, and had a liking for heroic biographies. Noble actions, fine principles, always awoke a passionate enthusiasm in my mind, and I was often led to a kind of exultation by the outpouring of such emotions. The case would be altered now. I might read, indeed, but such feelings I must henceforth keep to myself; who would have patience to hear me thus expatiate? I was cut off from fellowship with the good.

I must give up, too, my little class at the village Sunday-school, which I had been so proud to undertake. How could I, despised at home, go among the children as before? I could never talk to them as I used to venture to do. They would know it, as all the world would know; they would mock me in their hearts—each feeling me to be better than I. I rose up from the grass, for my state of mind would bear the prone attitude no longer, and leaning against the tree, looked around me. Oh! the merry games I had had in this orchard. The recollection brought a flood of tears to my eyes—I had not cried before—for I was sure that time was past; I should never have another.

"Never, never!" I cried, wringing my hands; "I shall never have the heart to play again, even if they would play with me. I am another girl now!" In truth, my brief experience seemed to have oldened me, to have matured my faculties. I saw myself in a kind of vague confused vision as I might have been, as I could never before become. No; life was an altered thing from what it had appeared yesterday: I had its capabilities on the threshold. I could get a glimpse of the house through the trees; I could see the parlor windows where, within the shady room, tea was even now being prepared for the expected visitor. Ah! that visitor, with whom I used to be a favorite, who had always been so kind—he was now on his way with the same heart towards me, little knowing what had happened, little knowing I was lost and ruined!

Does this description of my state of mind, of my sense of guilt, seem overstrained? It is just possible I give a little more coherence to my reflections than they had at the time, but I can not do so to highly; the anguish of humiliation they produced: it was all but intolerable. "I suppose," said I moodily to myself, for a reaction was commencing—"I suppose I shall always feel like this, or I should go mad. I shall get used to it presently—used to being miserable!"

Just then I heard my name shouted by one of my cousins, but I had no heart to shout in answer. No doubt tea was ready, but I wanted no tea. Mr. Ellison might come, but I dreaded to see him. My cousin called, and ran on towards the spot where I stood till he caught sight of me. He was hot with the search, and angry that I had not answered; moreover, what beyond his age, on the lividhood of a dozen summers' knowledge of a dozen summers' consideration? "There you are, miss," he said savagely, "and you are late! I've had! You're to come in to tea; and another time don't get better people the trouble of fetching you: they don't like it, I can tell you."

He was just off again, eager for his tea, but I stopped him. "Bob, is Mr. Ellison come?" I cried.

"Hours ago; and he and mother have been shut up ever so long talking about you, I know; and don't 'Bob' please, Miss Mabel; I don't like to do such good in the world, had lost my chance; for that sin clinging to

the way? One touch of rough boyish kindness, and I could almost have kissed his feet; and I walked back to the house with a bitter "I don't care" swelling at my heart.

I may as well say here, though scarcely necessary to the moral of my story, that I was an adopted child in the large family of my aunt. She was a widow, and had been so ever since I had lived with her; and I, as will be supposed, was not poor; she had in her own right a good income, though she only held in trust for her eldest son the substantial manor-farm on which we resided. I was not poor; indeed, I was in some sort an heiress; and Mr. Ellison, my aunt's honored friend and her husband's executor, was joint-guardian over me with herself. I had been brought up to fear and reverence him; he had taught me to love him. My degradation in his eyes was the bitterest drop in my self-mixed cup.

As I entered the hall my aunt came out to meet me, and took me with her into another room. "Mabel," she said, "you are to take your place at the table with us as usual for the present. I have spoken to your guardian about you, but I scarcely know what we may finally decide upon in the matter. You are too old to be whipped or sent to bed; but though you are to be suffered to come amongst us, I need not say we shall never feel for you as we once did, or if we seem to do so, it will be because we forget. Your sin justifies a constant mistrust; for my part, I can never think of you as before under any circumstances, I am afraid. I don't think I ought, even if it were possible. But now, come in to tea."

"I want no tea," said I bitterly. "I can't see Mr. Ellison. Oh! need he have known it?"

"Mabel," was the answer, "it would have been better had you feared the lie as you fear its discovery."

I sat down on a chair, and leaned my head on a table near. I had not a word to say for myself, or against the treatment adopted. My aunt was a woman of severe rectitude, and had brought us all up with deep solicitude, and, I believe, prayerful care. She thought lying an almost unpardonable sin, for she looked upon it as a proof of nearly hopeless moral depravity; and my falsehood had been an aggravated one. Many, with less strict sense of my delinquency, might have been more severe. I could not blame her. "At least," I said, "you won't make me come in?"

"No," she returned, and went back to the parlor.

I went up stairs to my bedroom, where I spent the rest of the evening. No inquiries were made after me. When it got dark I undressed and threw myself into bed. I offered no prayer for God's forgiveness; mine was not so much penitence as remorse. Had I been a man who had blasted his prospects in life by the commission of some deadly sin, I could scarcely have felt more morally lost, more hopeless about the future. My aunt had represented my sin in appalling colors, and my whole previous education and turn of mind made me feel its turpitude strongly: the possibility of repeating it had not been urged upon me, but rather denied. I thought it would color and prejudice my whole after-life, that I had lost cast forever.

I scarcely slept at all, and got up mentally sick, physically worn out. I dared not stay away from the breakfast table, so I made haste to be first down stairs. The windows of our pleasant morning-room were open; their had been rain during the night, and it was one of those fresh laughing mornings which I felt I should have so enjoyed once. Once I yes, it was a long time ago. The whole aspect of the apartment within, of refreshed nature without, had an eminently pleasing effect; or, rather, I thought it would have to other eyes. I took a seat in a shade; I had a dim idea (I knew not whether it were hope or dread) that Mr. Ellison might come in before the others; but he did not. He and my aunt came in together, and they were closely followed by the children.

He was a man of about fifty years of age, with a figure and countenance which, in youth, might have been handsome, but which had suffered too severely from what I suppose were the

effects of time to be so now. He had, too an air of gravity and reticence, which rather oppressed the stranger unacquainted with the minute sympathies, the comprehensive benevolence it veiled.

He came up to me where I sat dejected and humbled, and held out his hand. To my surprise, and, I may say, to my exquisite pain, he spoke to me much as usual, I could almost have thought more tenderly than usual. I dared not look up as I murmured my inaudible answer. My aunt gave me a chilling "Good morning"; my young cousins looked at me shyly, but did not speak. No one spoke to me during breakfast except my guardian, and he only in connection with the courtesies of the table; and not being able to bear this I crept out of the room as soon as I dared. It was the same at every other meal; and the intervals un-
questioned, suffering a fiery trial. I don't dwell on the details of my experience that day; I have suffered much since, but God knows, never more. However, as may be supposed, I slept a little that night, for nature would bear up no longer.

The next day came; breakfast had passed as before, and, as before, I was stealing out of the room, when my guardian called me back. "If you want to talk to Mabel," said my aunt, "I will leave you alone together."

But Mr. Ellison begged earnestly that she would remain, and, to my bitter regret, she consented. I felt now there would be no hope for me. He then placed a chair for me, and coming up to where I stood sinking with shame near the door, led me gently to it. "You are too forbearing; my dear sir," urged my aunt; "she is no longer entitled to your kindness."

"Is she not?" he returned with a bitter sigh; "and then addressing me: "Mabel, are you truly sorry for this sin of yours?"

The accent of generous sympathy with which the words were spoken wrought upon me. "Sorry!" I cried in an agony; "I'm miserable; I shall always be miserable! Every one will despise me all my life long—and oh! I must be so good!"

"My guardian took a seat beside me. "And now," he asked, "will you give up trying?"

I looked up eagerly. "Where would be the use?" I said. "A liar—the words seemed to burn upon my lips." "I would say it, for I half-feared he did not know the worst—loosed her character once and for ever. No one will trust me again, no one can respect me. O, it's dreadful!" I shuddered instinctively.

"Then what is to follow?" asked Mr. Ellison. "Is all effort to be given up, and this dark spot to spread till it infects your whole character? Are all duties to be neglected because you have failed in one? and are you to live on, perhaps to fourscore, incapacitated by this selfish remorse? Not so, Mabel!"

"Pardon my interrupting you, Mr. Ellison," interposed my aunt; "but this is scarcely the way to treat my niece. You will make her think lightly of the dreadful sin she has committed; she will fancy her compunction extreme, whereas no repentance can be sufficient. Don't try to soften her present impression. I would have her carry with her to the grave the salutary sense she seems to have of what she has done."

to the place she once held in your esteem?"

I looked anxiously towards my aunt; the question was a momentous one to me. She seemed to rest on "It is painful to say it," she replied at length; "but I must be conscientious. In such a case, Mabel would in a great measure regain my esteem; but to expect me to feel for her as I did before she had so deeply injured her moral nature, seems unreasonable. She can never be exactly to me what she was before."

"And you think, doubtless, she is right in considering that this youthful sin will impair her future capacity for good?"

"I think," answered my aunt, "that it is the penalty attached to all sin, that it should keep us low and humble through life. The comparatively clear conscience will be better fitted for good deeds than the burdened."

There was a pause; my heart had sunk again. Mr. Ellison rose and began to walk up and down the floor. "Suppose a case, madam," he said presently, and in a constrained tone—where an honorable man, under strong temptation has committed a dishonorable action; or a merciful man, a cruel; have they marred life, and must they go softly all the rest of their days? Must they leave to other men the fulfillment of higher duties, the pursuit and achievement of moral excellence? Would you think it unseemly if, as an after-period, you heard the one urging on some conscience the necessity of restitution, or the other advocating the beauty of benevolence? or must they, conscious that their transgression has lowered them forever, never presume to hold themselves or act again?"

Concluded next week.

SICK HEADACHE and Dyspepsia are quickly dispelled by Campbell's Cathartic Compound.

AYER'S PILLS. Sugar-Coated Cathartic Pills. If the Liver becomes torpid, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from general Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored me to perfect health.—W. T. Brightley, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else for my bowels. These Pills are mild, and do their work thoroughly. I have tried them with good effect, in cases of indigestion, kidney trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attitash, N. H.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris Gates, Downsville, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Patten, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled, at the same time, with indigestion, and distressing pain in the bowels.

The Bowels. By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested, and I felt a sore on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. Witter, Atlantic, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Deaton, Darion, Miss.

My wife and little girl were taken with Dysentery a few days ago, and I at once began giving them small doses of Ayer's Pills, thinking I would call a doctor if the disease became any worse. In a short time the bloody discharges stopped, all pain went away, and health was restored.—Theodore Ealing, Richmond, Va.

Ayer's Pills, Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicines.

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF-WASHER TRY IT
A marvel of efficiency and economy in quality and value. The richest and best for all household purposes. Cleanses and brightens the skin, and makes it soft and supple. It is the best soap for the face, and for the hair. It is the best soap for the hands, and for the body. It is the best soap for the laundry, and for the kitchen. It is the best soap for the bath, and for the tub. It is the best soap for the wash, and for the sink. It is the best soap for the stove, and for the range. It is the best soap for the floor, and for the wall. It is the best soap for the window, and for the door. It is the best soap for the house, and for the world.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEB. 24, 1888

Another Victory.

It must rejoice the hearts of all true friends of temperance to learn that the attempt of the opponents of the Scott Act in Westmorland County, N. B., to overthrow the Act has resulted in a miserable failure.

Fruit Growers' Meeting.

The annual meeting of the Fruit Growers' Association convened in Witter's Hall on Thursday, Feb. 16th. The annual address of the President, Rev. J. R. Hart, dealt with the great success achieved in the apple trade and the good prices realized.

The Secretary's report shows the Association to be in a sound financial position, having a balance to its credit, including invested funds, of about \$800.

The committee on fruit report that last year's crop of apples was only about one-third as great as that of 1886 and the whole export crop of the year will probably not exceed 50,000 barrels, while in 1886 the shipments aggregated 121,541.

Considerable time was taken up in discussing the effect of frost upon the apple and the treatment of them when frozen; but so varied were the opinions and experiences of members present that no definite conclusion could be arrived at.

Dr Reid's paper on 'Agriculture, or the Farm as a Profession,' was well received. The farmer, as well as the professional man, he said, requires to be thoroughly educated in his particular calling.

The matter of apple-barrels received considerable attention, some favoring the flat hoop, while others believed that so long as the barrels were clean and white with heads of good spruce board 1/4 of an inch in thickness or thereabouts, the ordinary hoop would be equally satisfactory.

On Friday afternoon Prof. Eaton's paper on the 'Conditions of Success in Agriculture' was read, and brought forth a spirited discussion.

Senator Power, who was to have read a paper on the English sparrow not being present, Mr. Watson Bishop was asked to tell the meeting what he knew about them. He said they were first introduced into this Province, so far as he knew, in Windsor, but since they had migrated to Wolfville, Kentville, Truro and elsewhere in the Province, they multiplied very rapidly and in some localities had five broods in the year and some four or five to each brood.

In discussing this paper Mr. John Starr thought that farmers were doing what they could for the best. Intelligence and science are very necessary, he said, but there are two other things much more so—energy and industry. If these are lacking, he will fail.

can. Some, perhaps, are not so persevering as they should be, but it is probably not in them to do more. He had no sympathy with those that proclaimed that the farmers more than other classes of persons have not done so well as they should do.

Mr A. McN. Patterson believed that the farmers had been neglected in their education, as our schools and colleges were not calculated to educate for the farmer as well as for the doctor, lawyer, minister, &c.; and thought the farmers would ultimately rise higher than the judges; that they will observe that the crop in order to produce must be fed, and that the young apple-tree must also be fed in order to make it thrive.

The subject of evaporating fruits was discussed at considerable length and reference made to the canning establishment at Aylesford, which it was stated was doing a good business in canning cherries, green corn, peas, Boston baked beans, &c.

In Dr Reid's paper reference was made to Judge Weatherly's orchard, anticipating that the system of planting orchards as adopted by the judge was going to revolutionize the orchard business in this Province. Dr Chipman could not see in what respect it was going to do so, as he could not see any superiority either in the setting out or growth of his trees.

THURSDAY EVENING. The Growing of Orchards contained valuable information. It stated that during the past year a great impetus had been given to fruit culture and that 40,000 young trees had been planted and that double that number would be planted the coming spring.

On account of the lateness of the hour Prof. Lawson was unable to enter into the subject of his address so fully as he intended. It was however full of interest and instruction. It treated on 'Some discoveries in plant growth and their bearing on fruit culture.'

The President expressed regret that the lateness of the hour prevented the reading of all the papers that had been so kindly prepared by gentlemen named in the programme, but hoped that they would all appear in the transaction of the year.

Thus closed the 24th session of the F. G. A. of N. S. How to Visit the World's Metropolis. Continued.

Perhaps the greatest attractions at Kensington are the Albert Memorial and the Royal Albert Hall, both of which were erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort.

The Memorial was designed by Sir Gilbert Scott and the work in connection therewith was executed by several eminent artists. It cost about \$500,000 and is perhaps the most magnificent work of the kind in the world.

FRIDAY MORNING. Friday morning the officers were elected. The late President, Rev. J. R. Hart, felt it his duty to decline to accept a re-appointment and Dr Henry Chipman was unanimously chosen to the position.

The question, How to bring a tree into bearing the earliest, called forth a lively discussion and the method known as top-grafting seemed to be the most in favor, particularly when grafting into thifty trees, although in the experience of some, grafts grown from the nursery were preferable. It was generally concluded however that the Nonpareil is best forwarded by top-grafting on strong grown varieties, as the Alexander, Ben Davis, &c.

On Friday afternoon Prof. Eaton's paper on the 'Conditions of Success in Agriculture' was read, and brought forth a spirited discussion.

Dr Young, of Windsor, was in favor of the sparrow and believed that the opposition to it was the result of a case. It

was imported to destroy the caterpillar and that was what it was doing, and he did not want to see the sparrow go.

FRIDAY EVENING. The closing session was held in College Hall on Friday evening. In the absence, through illness, of the Rev. Dr Sawyer, Prof. Keistead made the opening address, welcoming the Association in a most cordial manner.

During the evening a choir of students under the leadership of Mr H. N. Shaw rendered several glees in a pleasing manner.

W. D. Dimock's paper on 'The Farmer at the Indian and Colonial Exhibition' was without doubt the feature of the evening. After a few humorous introductory remarks he entered upon the subject of his paper and fully described the different courts of this wonderful exhibition, drawing vivid pictures of the beautiful and varied scenes.

On account of the lateness of the hour Prof. Lawson was unable to enter into the subject of his address so fully as he intended. It was however full of interest and instruction. It treated on 'Some discoveries in plant growth and their bearing on fruit culture.'

The President expressed regret that the lateness of the hour prevented the reading of all the papers that had been so kindly prepared by gentlemen named in the programme, but hoped that they would all appear in the transaction of the year.

Thus closed the 24th session of the F. G. A. of N. S.

How to Visit the World's Metropolis.

Perhaps the greatest attractions at Kensington are the Albert Memorial and the Royal Albert Hall, both of which were erected to the memory of the late Prince Consort.

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and a remarkable cannon taken from Alexandria.

Our last place of visit is Waterloo Place, to get to which we pass through Pall Mall or Club Lane. Here are statues to Franklin, Campbell, Duke of York and the guards who fell at Balaclava and other engagements of the Crimean War.

According to announcement, Mrs Marion B. Baxter, of Michigan, U. S., lectured in College Hall last Saturday evening, under the auspices of Acadia Lodge, I. O. G. T., and Wolfville Division, S. O. T.

The great argument of the lecturer was that the people themselves are responsible for the liquor traffic. A mighty struggle is going on between the two factions—the faction of temperance and sobriety and the faction of drunkenness and riot.

On Sunday afternoon this same speaker addressed an audience in the Presbyterian church. The church was packed to the doors and many were compelled to stand.

A Magnificent Offer. IF ACCEPTED AT ONCE. We have succeeded in making arrangements whereby we are enabled to offer the following unparalleled inducements to new subscribers.

THE OFFER.—No. 1.—The ACADIAN, postpaid, (English or German), for the balance of this month and all of 1888—thirteen months. Price, per year, \$1.50.

Business Change. The subscriber begs to notify his friends and the public generally that the business lately conducted by him in Wolfville has been sold to MR E. C. BISHOP, who will continue the same.

Allen's Lung Balm. COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption. 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

KENTVILLE Jewellery Store, James McLeod, Watch Maker. Waltham and Swiss Watches! Gold and Silver Jewellery.

Burpee Witter's FALL AND WINTER STOCK 1887 COMPRISES 1888

BURPEE WITTER. Dress Goods, Mantle Cloths, Jackets, Flannels, Overcoating, Scotch Tweed, Oxford Cloth, Under Clothing, Cottons, Cotton Duck, Grey Flannels, White Cottons, Grey Sheetting, White Sheetting, Blankets, Fleece Cottons, Wadded Quilts.

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THE CANADIAN HORTICULTURIST. ENLARGED AND IMPROVED. A live practical Monthly Magazine, with illustrations and colored plates of fruits and flowers, devoted to the Orchard, the Garden, the Lawn, the Window Garden and Forestry.

F. J. PORTER. In Connection With the above, we solicit a share of the public patronage. Our stock will be found complete in all lines of the general grocery business.

HUE'S. Monday, Jan. 9th. FANCY Holiday Goods. MERE TRIFLE COMPARED WITH THE COST. As they must be sold no matter what our loss will be.

Marked Down SALE. We add, rather than carry over to next season, the balance of our stock of ALL WOOL BLANKETS, ULSTERINGS & BED COMFORTERS.

The Scientific American. THE MOST POPULAR SCIENTIFIC PAPER IN THE WORLD. Established 1845.

PATENTS! Any person who has made an invention, and desires to know whether it is probable and patentable, can obtain advice by consulting the same, free of charge.

Farm For Sale. The subscriber will sell or trade for small property, his farm on old pasture, 2 1/2 miles from Berwick, containing 120 acres—30 M.adow, 4 Orchard, 20 Timber, remainder Pasture and Tillage.

Allen's Lung Balm. COUGHS, COLDS, Croup and Consumption. 25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

F. J. PORTER. In Connection With the above, we solicit a share of the public patronage. Our stock will be found complete in all lines of the general grocery business.

All of Them.

A dark brunette with flashing eyes, Peeping long curling lashes through;

A gentle blonde with flowing hair, Two eyes of heaven's tender blue;

Sweet modest maidens, brave and true! And pleasing each and every one,

I like all sorts of girls—don't you?

Volapuk.

This calabuc word is not a part of an Indian medicine man's incantation, as we might at first hearing it suppose, but the name of a new language—and, as the word really signifies a world language.

No nation ever spoke Volapuk, no one ever made love or a Fourth of July oration in Volapuk; it is a creation, a homoculus, a scientifically constructed human language.

When my mother died, leaving me at the age of fifteen to care for my father's house, and a younger brother and sister, I could do almost anything better than keep house, which I could not do at all.

At Newcastle, Cal., there is a famous fig tree. One foot from the ground it measures eight feet four inches in circumference, and its branches cover 4,500 feet of surface.

The Joggins railway is running two trains daily from the Joggins Mines. They have not yet commenced to run regular passenger trains. The road was at no time blocked during the late storm.

The operation of tracheotomy (opening the wind-pipe) was performed on the Crown Prince last week under the influence of an anesthetic. The operation was successful, and the Prince, at the latest date, reported as going on very favorably.

The manufacturer of wireman pipes is a new industry introduced in New Brunswick last year, through the enterprise of Mr. C. N. Vroom.

A good story is told of the editor of a prominent paper in New Brunswick—a man full of fun and ready wit, but possessed of a very solemn countenance almost as long as his figure, which tops his feet.

His Hermit Life Ended. Louis Michel, the hermit of Winfield, N. B., is dead. He lived in a wretched little house near the switch house, where he was usually visited.

Weeks, getting no response to requests sent over the door, merely fastened by a rope, and found the hermit half reclining upon his miserable pallet, cold and stiff in death.

The single apartment in the hotel in which he lived is but five feet by seven in size, and too low to admit one to stand upright in it.

It was the great discovery. Piles upon piles of sheet music were heaped upon every surface, works on chemistry and physics, antipathies, music and literature, besides books on various subjects in French and Italian.

There were also manuscripts in French, which may throw light on the mystery of his last life.

ITEMS OF INTEREST

Use Seavey's East India Liniment. 12 Kosuth, who is now living in the strictest seclusion at Turin, is in excellent health, despite his 85 years.

A Scott Act defendant was fined \$100 on two months' imprisonment at Charlottetown on Monday, the 13th inst.

ASK YOUR GROCER for the "Royal" Extract of Lemon.

The County Council of Inverness, C. B., has decided to build a county hospital for the insane at Mabon. It will cost \$4000.

The Norwegian bloater, an astietic relative of the worthy salted red herring, will be one of the imported delicacies for Lent.

A REALLY GOOD TRAVELLING Companion—Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

The liquor dealers of St. Croix have been given six days in which to dispose of their liquors, at the expiration of which time they will be prosecuted.

Italy it seems, has suffered from intense cold. Even sunny Naples has experienced hard frosts for weeks, and Vesuvius has been covered with snow many feet thick.

The envy of her friends, a lady who uses "Lotus of the Nile" Perfume.

There are some 350 lobster factories in the Maritime Provinces. From \$1,500,000 to \$1,400,000 is probably invested in the industry. Over fifty are owned and operated by Americans.

FOR IMPROVEMENT of the Lungs and Bowels, give "Maud's" Condition Powders to YOUNG LADIES.

At Newcastle, Cal., there is a famous fig tree. One foot from the ground it measures eight feet four inches in circumference, and its branches cover 4,500 feet of surface.

COUGH AND COLDS.—If everything has failed, try Allen's Lung Balsam and be cured.

The new timber ship at the Joggins Shore is making good progress. The frame is completed, ready for the timber. It is to be about 650 feet long, 100 feet longer than the old raft.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Do you think you can get anything better than Simon's Liniment for Rheumatism, Headaches, Sprains, Stiff Joints, Lumbago, etc., etc? If so, we cannot think all people think as you think, and we still think that the many testimonials we receive are from honest people who conscientiously think they have been benefited by its use, and we think that you will think it too after you have used it for any of the above diseases.

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ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. No ice economical than the ordinary kinds and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders.

THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE Beautifully Illustrated. 25 cts., \$3 a Year.

Valuable property for sale. The Eight-Acre Lot adjoining College property, to be sold in lots or as a whole, runs to the main road.

A New Book! The Memoirs of the late DR. CRAMP.

Chas. H. Borden. '86 - SPRING! - '86.

GEO. V. RAND, FANCY GOODS.

NOTICE! P. CHRISTIE, TAILOR.

FARM FOR SALE.

TO LET!

OUR JOB ROOM.

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE.

EVERY DESCRIPTION.

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

ROYAL BAKING POWDER. Absolutely Pure.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Nose, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hoag Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Typhoid, Cholera, Kidney Troubles, and Internal Diseases.

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

CLEARANCE SALE! Old Stock, Remnants, Balance of Wool Goods will be positively sold at cost or less.

These goods must be disposed of before March 1st in order to make our stock light for stock-taking.

Come early and secure these BARGAINS!

Caldwell & Murray.

Wolville, January 25th, 1887

A GREAT COMBINATION!

THE ACADIAN AND THE WEEKLY DETROIT FREE PRESS. Each for One Year for \$1.75.

Everybody has heard of the famous Detroit Free Press. Its enormous and ever-increasing circulation—120,000 copies per week—speaks louder than words of its great popularity.

WE SELL. CORDWOOD, SPLING, BARK, R. B. TIMBER, LUMBER, LATH, CAN. NED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC.

HATHAWAY & CO. General Commission Merchants.

A HORSE!

C. A. PATRIQUIN'S, where you can buy GOAT ROBBER RUBBER LAPS-SPEARDS and a requisites for horses and harness.

CONFECTIONERY!

W. & A. Railway.

GOING EAST. Annapolis Leave 10:15 A.M. 10:15 A.M. 10:15 A.M.

GOING WEST. Halifax Leave 7:00 P.M. 7:00 P.M. 7:00 P.M.

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OUR JOB ROOM. IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE.

EVERY DESCRIPTION. DONE WITH NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

JOHN P. THORNTON, Proprietor.