

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 16, 1896.

No. 35

## THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00  
Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.  
Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.  
Newspaper 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 same may be written over a fictitious signature.  
Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

### Legal Decisions.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, whether or not he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

### POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS: 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:  
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 a. m.  
Express west close at 10:35 a. m.  
Express east close at 2:30 p. m.  
Kentville close at 7:30 p. m.  
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.

### PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.  
A. DE W. BARRIS, Agent.

### Churches.

- PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH**—Rev. R. I. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 p. m.
- BAPTIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.
- METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

**S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.**  
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sunday, Morning and Sermon at 11 a. m.  
Evening and Sermon at 7 p. m.  
Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.

**Masonic.**  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.  
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

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

**Temperance.**  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

## OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH  
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE  
**JOB PRINTING**  
—OF—  
Every Description  
DONE WITH  
**NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

## DIRECTORY

—OF THE—  
**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE**

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

**BORDEN, C. H.**—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

**BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

**BISHOP, B. G.**—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

**BROWN, J. I.**—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

**CALLWELL & MURRAY**—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

**DAVISON, J. B.**—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

**DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.

**GILMORE, G. H.**—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

**GOFFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

**HERBIN, J. F.**—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

**HIGGINS, W. J.**—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

**KELLEY, THOMAS**—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

**MCINTYRE, A.**—Boot and Shoe Maker.

**MURPHY, J. L.**—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

**PATRIQUIN, C. A.**—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriages, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

**PEAT, R.**—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

**REDDEN, A. C. CO.**—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

**ROCKWELL & CO.**—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

**ROD, A. B.**—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

**SHAW, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

**SLEEP, S. R.**—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobacconist.

**WALLACE, G. H.**—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

**WESTON BOOK & NEWS CO.**—Booksellers, Stationers, and News-dealers.

**WITTER, BURFEE**—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

**WILSON, JAS.**—Harness Maker, and dealer in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Going to the hurry in getting up this Directory, we 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.

### CARDS.

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

**B. C. BISHOP,**  
House, Sign and Decorative PAINTER.  
English painted Block a Specialty.  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

P. O. BOX 39. Sept. 19th 1884

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

**WE SELL**  
CORBWOOD, SPLITTING, BARK, R. R. TILES, LUMBER, LATHES, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC.

Best prices for all Shipments.  
Write fully for Quotations.  
**HATHEWAY & CO.,**  
General Commission Merchants,  
22 Central Wharf, Boston.

Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verso & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c, 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 3c stamp and this slip. A. W. KIRBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

### Select Poetry.

#### AT THE ORGAN.

In summer, when through the windows  
The moonlight dreamily falls,  
Or when red gleams of the firelight  
Play over the floor and walls,  
Then in the shadowy silence  
I finger the unseen keys,  
And bring from the glorious organ  
For myself sweet melodies.  
And 'tis then I seem in spirit  
To be borne away afar,  
Till I reach enchanted regions  
Where the realms of Dreamland are.  
For then, of the beloved and noble  
I dream, and the good and fair,  
And friends, the grand and absent,  
I seem to behold them there.  
And thrilled by each mystic influence  
The quiet gladness expands,  
Filling thoughts of hope and sadness  
Even as then by my hands.

#### THE HOME.

Where the mountains slope to the westward,  
And their purple chaises hold  
The new-made wine of the sunset,  
Crimson and amber and gold,  
In this one wide-open door way,  
With the sun-boughs overhead,  
The house all garlanded behind her,  
And the plentiful table spread,  
She has stood to welcome our coming,  
Watching our upward climb,  
In the sweet June weather that brought us,  
Oh, many and many a time!

Again is her doorway opened,  
And the house is garlanded and sweet;  
But she silently waits for our coming,  
And we enter with silent feet.  
A little within she is waiting,  
Not where she has met us before;  
For over the pleasant threshold  
She is only to cross once more.

The smile on her face is quiet,  
And a lily on her breast;  
Her hands are folded together,  
And the word on her lips is 'rest.'

It is we who may not cross over,  
Only with song and prayer  
A little way into the glory  
We may reach, as we leave her there.  
But we cannot think of her ill;  
She is but a home-maker still.  
God gives that work to the angels  
Who fit the task fulfil.

And somewhere yet, in the hills  
Of the country that hath no pain,  
She will watch in her beautiful doorway  
To bid us a welcome again.  
—Mrs Whitney.

### Flourishing Song.

#### HAPPILY RUINED.

Arthur Morton sat in his room in his hotel. He was a young man, six and twenty, tall and slim frame, with a face of great intellectual beauty, dressed in costly garments, though his toilettes was but indifferently performed.

He was an orphan, and for a time had lived at an hotel. It required but a single glance into his pale features to tell that he was an invalid. He sat with his head resting upon his hands, and his whole frame would ever and anon tremble, as though with powerful emotion.

As the youth sat thus, his door was opened, and an elderly gentleman entered.

"Oh, doctor, you are moving early this morning," said Morton, as he lazily rose from his seat and extended his hand.

"Oh, not early for me, Arthur," returned Weston, with a bright smile. "I am an early bird."

"Well, you have caught a worm this time."

"I hope it will prove a valuable one."

"I don't know," sighed the youth. I fear a thousand worms will inhabit this poor body ere long."

Nonsense, you're worth half a century yet," cried the doctor, giving him a gentle slap on the shoulder. "But just tell me, Arthur, how is it with Crosby?"

"Just as I told you. All is gone."

"I don't understand it, Arthur."

"Neither do I," said the young man, sorrowfully. "That Matthew Crosby could have done that thing, I would not, I could not have believed. Why, had an angel appeared to me two weeks ago, and told me that Crosby was shaky, I would not have paid a moment's attention to it. But only

think, when my father died, he selected for my guardian his best friend, and such I even now believe Matthew Crosby was, and in his hands he placed his wealth, and for him to keep until I was of age. And when I did arrive at that period of life, I left my money where it was; I had no use for it. Several times within three or four years has Crosby asked me to take my money and invest it, but I would not. I bade him keep it, and use it if he wished. I only asked that when I wanted money, he would honor my demand. I felt more safe, in fact, than I should have felt had my money been in a bank on deposit."

"How much had he when he left?"

"He should have had a hundred thousand dollars."

"What do you mean to do?"

"Ah, you have me on the hip there."

"And yet you must do something, my son. Heaven knows I would keep you if I could. I shall claim the privilege of paying your debts, however."

"No, no, doctor—none of that."

"But I tell you I shall. I shall pay your debts, but beyond that I can only help you to assist yourself. What do you say to going to sea?"

"A faint smile swept over the youth's pale features at this remark."

"I should make a smart hand at sea, doctor. I can hardly keep my legs on shore. No, no—I must—"

"Must what, Arthur?"

"Alas, I know not. I shall die—that is all!"

"Nonsense, Arthur, I say, go to sea. You couldn't go into a shop, and you would not if you could. You do not wish to remain here, amid scenes of your happier days. Think of it; at sea you will be free from all enervators of the heartless, and free from all contact with things you loathe. Think of it."

Arthur started to his feet and paced the floor for some minutes. When he stopped, a new life seemed already at work within him.

"If I went to sea what could I do?"

"You understand all the laws of foreign trade?"

"Yes, you know I had a thorough schooling at that in my father's counting-house."

"Then you can obtain the berth of a super-cargo."

"Are you sure I can get one?"

"Yes."

"Doctor Weston, I will go."

Arthur walked home one evening to the house of a wealthy merchant, John Melbourne.

It was a palatial dwelling, and many a hopeful, happy hour had he spent beneath its roof. He rang the bell and was soon admitted to the parlor. In a few minutes Grace Melbourne entered.

She was only twenty. She had been waiting until that age to be Arthur's wife.

Some words were spoken—many moments of painful silence ensued.

"Grace, you know all. I am going from my native land a beggar. I cannot stay longer."

"Grace, did I know you less than I do—or, knowing you well, did I know you as I did many—I should give back your vows, and free you from all bondage. But I believe I should trample on your heart, did I do that thing now. I know your love is too pure and deep to be torn from your bosom at will. So I say—wait—wait! There are other feelings in the human heart besides love. That love is a poor pitiless passion which puts aside all other considerations. We must love for eternity, and so our love must be free. Wait. I am going to work—aye, upon the sea to work."

"But why upon the sea? Why away where my poor heart must beat ever in anguish, fear and doubt as it follows you?"

"Because I cannot remain here. Hundreds of poor fools have imagined that I slumped them because I was poor. They do not know it was the tainted atmosphere of their moral life that I slumped. They gloat over my misfortune. Men call me foolish, but it would kill me to stay here."

"Alas, must it be?"

"I must. You will wait?"

"I will wait even to the gates of the tomb."

"Then Heaven bless and preserve you!"

The ruined youth was upon the ocean—his voyage commenced—his duties as a laborer for his own daily bread all fairly assumed.

Ah, it was a strange life for him to enter upon. From the ownership of immense wealth to the trade books of a merchant ship, was a transition indeed! But, ere he went on deck again, he fully resolved that he would do his duty, come what would, short of death.

He would forget that he ever did else but work for his livelihood. With these resolves clearly defined in his mind he already felt better.

At first our supercargo was too weak to do much. He was very sick, and it lasted nearly two weeks, but when that passed off, and he could pace the vibrating deck with a stout stomach, his appetite grew sharp, and his muscles began to grow strong.

At first he craved some of the many delicacies he had been long used to, but they were not to be had, and he very soon learned to do without them.

The result was that his appetite became natural in its wants, and his system began to find itself nourished by simple food taken in proper quantities.

For years he looked upon his breakfast as a meal which must be set out and partaken of from mere fashion. A cup of coffee, and perhaps a piece of dry toast, or a seasoned and highly spiced titbit had constituted the morning meal.

But now, when the breakfast hour came, he approached it with a keen appetite, and felt as strong and happy as at any other time of the day.

By degrees the hollow cheeks became full, the dark eyes assumed new lustre, the color rich and beautiful, came to the face, the breast swelled with increasing power, the lungs expanded and grew strong, the nerves grew strong, and the garment which he had worn when he came on board had to be let out some inches in order to make it fit.

His disposition became cheerful and bright, and by the time the ship had reached the southern cape of Africa the crew had all learned to love him.

Through storm and sunshine, through tempest and calm, through dark hours and bright, the young supercargo made his voyage.

One year from the day which he left his native land, he placed his foot again on the soil of his home.

But he did not stop. The same ship, with the same officers, was going on the same cruise, and he meant to go in her. He saw Grace Melbourne and she would wait. He saw Dr Weston and the kind old gentleman praised him for his manly independence.

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### Prominent Old Men.

Almost up to the time of his death Horatio Seymour held a position of remarkable power as a wise counselor in his party. He was often styled "the Sage of Deerfield."

That the power of old men is great in England we know very well. Indeed, the *Pall Mall Gazette* complains that "in England the seniors have it all their own way," not only in politics but in literature. "In letters, at present," it says, "it would be hard to find a single name of a man under 50 (bar novelist) which could really be considered as well on the front rank of popular authors."

This does not describe the situation in this country, for scores of Americans have won brilliant reputations—literary, political, and professional—who are under fifty-two; it is true here that "the seniors" are numerous who retain their powers and their high positions in literature, in politics and in the professions. George Bancroft, says the *Mail and Express*, in his eighty-sixth year, continues his historical work with undimmed faculties. Whittier and Oliver Holmes, past seventy-five, still display the genius that made them famous. The most vigorous and ablest speech that has been delivered in either House of Congress this session was made by Senator Morrill, of Vermont, who has passed his seventy-fifth year without showing the slightest sign of mental or physical decay. Simon Cameron, past eighty-six, is still a great power in Pennsylvania politics, whenever he chooses to act as an adviser of younger politicians. Judge Thurman, past seventy, is so strong in his faculties and so capable of great efforts that jealous leaders of his own party try hard to keep him in the background. Very recently the New York alumni of Yale found that their old President had no reason for resigning at seventy, that Dr McCobb, of Princeton, half a dozen years the senior of President Porter, is not only carrying successfully all the burdens of his arduous office, but enlarging the sphere and the facilities and endowments of Princeton, and ready for a debate on "the new education" or the old faiths, on short notice and with all fit focus for his steel.

Ex-President Hoopkin, some years past eighty, has been a dexter living-lecture on the most abstruse of metaphysical and scientific questions, and still is recognized as one of the great educational powers of the country. So, too, ex-President Woolsey, of Yale, past eighty-five, is still one of the highest of authorities in the higher realms of law and theology, though not strong physically.

David Dudley Field, the eminent jurist, recently celebrated his eighty-first birthday, and is now in the full possession of his faculties.

Having made special arrangement 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 "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

**Clubbing Offer.**

Publication	Regular Price	Clubbing Price
Farmer's Advocate	\$1.00	\$1.75
Toronto Weekly News	1.00	1.50
Toronto Daily News	4.00	4.00
Alden's Juvenile Gem	75	1.60
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.00
do with Cyclonedia	1.00	2.40
Toronto Weekly Globe	1.00	1.75
London Free Press	1.00	1.75
Youth's Companion		

Calendar for April table with days of the week and dates.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., APRIL 16, 1886

WILLow BANK CEMETERY.

The Annual Meeting of the trustees and lot-holders of Willow Bank Cemetery was held in Witter's Hall on the evening of the 7th inst. Owing to the bad state of the roads the attendance was small. J. W. Caldwell presided and J. W. Hamilton occupied the secretary's table. The minutes of the last meeting were read and confirmed, after which, according to the regulation of the Corporation, three of the trustees, viz., J. W. Wallace, retired. J. W. Wallace and J. W. Caldwell were re-elected, and D. B. Shaw was elected in place of J. W. Wallace. The officers were re-elected.—J. W. Caldwell, Pres; J. W. Wallace, Vice; J. W. Hamilton, Sec'y; and A. deW. Bars, Treas. The committee of management remains the same as last year with the addition of Thomas Wallace. It now stands,—J. W. Hamilton, A. J. Woodman, J. E. Eagles, G. V. Rand, J. B. Davison and Thomas Wallace. The committee on the care of the old burying ground is,—G. V. Rand, A. J. Woodman and J. W. Wallace. During the year there has been collected for Lots \$50.50, which added to the balance on hand a year ago of \$9.72 makes a total of \$60.22; \$52.27 of which has been expended, leaving a balance of only \$7.95. During the year a tile drain has been laid for a short distance on the east side of Main Avenue and a number of Lots laid off on the west side, but owing to difficulty of getting labor from those inland for lots and the small number sold for cash during the year, the committee have been unable to make such improvements as are necessary and desirable, and as a consequence the secretary has been instructed to collect all amounts due the Corporation with as little delay as possible. The usual sum of \$10 was voted the secretary for his services during the current year, and the meeting adjourned.

It is to be regretted that so little interest is taken by the people of Ward 8 in the beautifying and improving of this cemetery. The lot, containing some 9 acres of land, was donated to them for a cemetery in consideration that it should be suitably inclosed, laid out, and ornamented by planting trees, etc. The original board of trustees proceeded at once to have the grounds laid out in an artistic manner (upon paper), enclosed it with a good and substantial fence, opened out Main Avenue and all the paths and avenues on the west side of Main Avenue, laid out a number of lots, set out trees on Main Avenue and other places; but the reluctance of parties to buy lots until they were actually needed has prevented the committee making much improvement. Why people are so adverse to buying that which they are certain to need at some time (and who can tell how soon) is something we cannot understand. It does not appear to be the proper time to make selection of the spot which will be the last resting-place of ourselves and our families when some one of our loved ones lies in the cold embrace of death waiting for interment; and we ourselves smitten down with grief. Yet that seems to be the time that the most of us are obliged to make our selection. Delay no longer but attend to it at once. Purchase a lot and thus give the committee the means to make these grounds such as will be creditable to us and at the same time provide for ourselves while we have time and inclination to select a lot in accordance with our taste.

We would also suggest that the management appoint one day in each year to be an Arbor day, and solicit all who now have, or expect to have, an interest in these grounds, to plant a tree either upon their own lot or on some street or avenue, under the direction of the committee.

PROFESSOR ROBERTS' LECTURE.

The students at the institutions on the Hill, and the few friends who attended from the village enjoyed an exceptionally rich literary treat last Friday evening, in the above named gentleman's lecture, on the subject, "Some aspects of American poetry." As some what exhaustive reports of the lecture have already appeared in other provincial papers, anything lengthy here is unnecessary. After making reference to the style, and writings of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Poe, Holmes, and others, the lecturer dealt with the three younger and more truly American poets: Whitman, the hicksidealist, rhapsodical rhymist, who needs his obtrusive personality

reel imitators, fortunately—for us: Lanier, the sweet singer of Georgia's cotton-folds, and Southern orange-groves; whose frail body could not keep step with the up-bounding soul-force of the music-bard, and after a severe struggle the spirit departed to join in seraphic harmonies—Lanier died at the early age of 39, leaving his work hardly more than well begun; Miller, the most picturesque personality in the whole array of modern poets. In personal appearance Miller is long and lanky, with high and narrow forehead, long light hair and whiskers, roving dreamy blue eyes looking out under overhanging eyebrows; with a perceptible limp in his walk, caused by a Buccarion's bullet, and a stiffness in the right arm, the result of a "little unpleasantness," "out West." Miller's strong points as a poet are his originality in his subjects, his broad impressive pictures stretching out before the reader's eye in all the warmth of color, and boldness of treatment of a master hand. The romantic career of Josquin Miller must be known that his poetry may be fully appreciated. There is little of direct ethical teaching in his verse, and yet always is felt the elevating influence of comparison, righteous judgment, and reverence for the true and pure. He aims to awaken emotion rather than deep thinking.

ACCOMPANIMENT.—It was hoped that the caustic remarks made with reference to the management of a recent lecture on the Hill, in a local paper of another town, would have had their effect. But judging from the laborious oratorical harangues on the part of the president of the society and another speaker, it was plainly seen that a wholesome lesson had not been learned. Such fulsome, exaggerated, hyperbolic flattery is as disgusting to the audience as it is insulting to the lecturer. We look for speedy improvement.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

From a certain class of papers and magazines now being published in the United States and England we naturally expect much sensational reading. Of these probably the most talked are the New York police papers and one or two others of same stamp, but it is seldom that we in Nova Scotia find a respectable journal going into those horrible tales of human suffering which characterize the Herald and Chronicle accounts of that awful affair of the men lost from the scho. Cecily H. Luce. True, the affair was a horrible one, but why it should have been so gloriously blazoned before the world in all its revolting, sickening awfulness it is hard for us to imagine. Who would care to have that story read by their families who take no interest in it? Then how would those things read to the family and friends of those men who do take a very particular interest in them? For our part we consider it a disgrace to any newspaper, and an inhuman wanton of the sufferings of our fellow men before the world which should have been kept forever as a sealed book.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.] To the Editors of the ACADIAN. GENTS,—I notice in your last issue an article signed "Ratepayer," giving his construction of the law in reference to licensing auctioneers and peddlers, and couples them with hawkers of goods and traders who are not ratepayers in the Province by the Municipal bye-laws, made by the assistance of "Ratepayer" when he sat as Councillor. I would refer, him, if his head is not too thin to understand the law which he himself helped to make, to By-law 12, sec. 1, which is at very plain, and also sec. 2 which says that persons not resident ratepayers in the county shall not be allowed to carry on the business of an auctioneer &c. Auctioneers' licenses are granted by the municipal council through their clerk. Any person violating this law is subject to a penalty of \$12, and no person not being a resident ratepayer can lawfully hold such license. I would refer him also to sec. 5, where there is a special law for hawkers of goods and traders not being ratepayers, who have to apply to the clerk of the license and not to the municipal council for a license to sell for six months at a time, and not for one year, and not as auctioneers and hawkers &c.—no mention of auctioneers; and I think any person with a head large enough to hold any brains could understand it. "Ratepayer" says he does see something wrong and what would come very near coming under "the head of dishonesty for a few auctioneers to undertake to 'blackmail' the whole county" &c. Now, Messrs. editors, I don't see whose head it came under but his own, as I am well convinced that "Ratepayer" sets in the capacity of auctioneer without license, and if he blackmails the innocent public I am very sorry. But I am quite sure that the licensed auctioneers of this county are not of that stamp, but an honest and upright body; and I challenge

his own name and charge the licensed auctioneers of this county with dishonesty and blackmailing the public. He also charges them with monopolizing the whole business. If we pay for our license we have a right and the privilege over any person not holding a license. He speaks of the sale of a load of wood, a tub of butter, and a pair of socks. I think that it would tax the ability of "Ratepayer" quite enough in his capacity of auctioneer to look after those smaller matters, if it was the law for those to have an auctioneer in attendance to effect a sale of their wares which they themselves have no trouble to sell.

ENCOURAGE HOME TALENT.

As a lover of good music, and one who believes in encouraging home talent I wish to enter a protest against the meagre reports of musical entertainments, which appear in our papers. Even the Atheneum, being a paper of the College, I expected would always set forth in glowing terms, any entertainment afforded them by the ladies of Acadia Seminary. If a lecture is given, a scribble or a Lodge entertainment, the event is proclaimed, and quite an article is gotten up, and read by the public. That is well. Music seems to be considered as a necessary evil, something that has to be listened to and got through with. This ought not to be. Music gets the least notice in the papers, and that part of the programme often requires more thought, more work to prepare, and more effort to render. I for one member of this community, feel that we are very lax in expressing our appreciation of those who favor us with music.

NOTES FROM OTTAWA.

OTTAWA, April 14. DEAR ACADIAN,—Mr. McLellan made his Budget speech on Tuesday last. I see the report, press says it was a "great speech," while the opposition press says it was "contemptible." As usual both fail to tell the truth, as in their estimate of Mr. Thompson on the Riel debate and everything else they touch. It is a pity about this, that one cannot get the truth from the political press. It is also unfair to a man, and especially a new man, to set him in new places, as are Messrs. McLellan and Thompson, to send them up like rockets, lest they come down as sticks. You in N. S. know perfectly well what the calibre of these men is, or was, when they were in the local Parliament. Well Mr. McLellan is no greater, and many think he is no greater than when he was of the Provincial "Holmes-Thompson" government! But Mr. McLellan did as well as he could be expected to do in the face of an enormous and rapidly increasing public debt, now nearly \$300,000,000, and a deficit of several millions. He said \$2,000,000, Mr. Cartwright, notwithstanding that figures never lie, made it \$5,000,000. The discrepancy arose from the fact that Mr. McLellan charged several millions of expenses incurred by the N. W. rebellion to "capital account," i. e. to the public debt. Cartwright says it should not be so charged. He is right according to recent custom. Another point on which the Finance Ministers, present and past, or future, disagreed was the deficit, or expenses of next year, there having been left out of the estimated expenditure several large items, such as the settling of claims in re the defunct McCarthy, or License Act, and the expenses of the franchise bill, etc. Well the future knight of finance sat giving like a tiger ready to spring, when the exponent of "tariff and revenue" sat down. And spring he did. Of course he had a splendid, or to us the people a rather sorrowful, opportunity. I must say it is rather grinding to have to pay such enormous taxes on every necessary of life with the exception of tea and coffee, which I with many others don't use. But I will certainly learn to use them now so as to escape paying taxes on something I eat or wear! Take the article of sugar. The tariff will now be about 100 per cent. That is, American granulated sugar that is sold in New York for 30 per lb will cost 60 here; and Scotch refined brown sugar, that can be landed in Halifax for 25 per lb, will be 50 here. And of course the sugar manufactured in Canada sells for the same price; and so with all dutiable articles. If we only understood the "tricks of trade," we would sigh and wail for "free-trade." It is doubtless the right thing, but I fear our sighing will be in vain for some time. But it must come by and-by. The worst feature of the whole tariff question now is that as large and as general as the duties are, there is scarcely revenue enough to pay the \$10,000,000 of interest on our debt and meet legitimate expenses. And I see no way out of the position, as expenses are not likely to be diminished with every province clamoring for increased subsidy and more public works.

MARKET REPORT.

MARKET REPORT. BENTLEY & WATSON, Produce Commission Merchants, Corner Argyle & Sackville, Sts. (Opposite Mumford's Market.) Halifax, April 15, 1886. Prices Current this day: Apples, Green, per bushel 1 25 to 2 25; do. Dried, per lb. 05 to 10; Beef in Cans, per lb. 7 00 to 8 50; do. on foot per lb. 17 to 20; Butter in boxes per lb. 15 to 17; do. Ordinary per lb. 15 to 17; Chickens, per lb. 40 to 60; Ducks, per lb. 50 to 70; Eggs, per doz fresh 12 to 13; (fresh, each 50 to 60; Hens, smoked, per lb. 10 to 11; Hides, per lb, inspected 07 to 07 1/2; Lard, P. B. 06 to 07; Mutton, per lb. 05 to 06; Oats, per bushel 06 1/2 to 07; Pork, per lb. 40 to 45; Potatoes, per bushel 13 to 15; Peas, each 40 to 40; Turkey, per lb. 13 to 15; Tomatoes, per bushel 10 to 10; Veal, per lb. 05 to 06; Varn, per lb. 40 to 40; Carrots, per bushel 90 to 1 00; Turnips, P. B. 20 to 20; Parsnips per bushel 1 00 to 1 10.

Boston Market Report.

Boston Market Report. FURNISHED BY HATHERWAY & CO. Flour: Spring Wheat, Patents \$5 00 @ \$5 75; do. Inferior 4 25 @ 4 75; Choice Extras 4 20 @ 4 25; Common Extras 3 65 @ 4 00; Middling Extras 4 00 @ 4 10; Old Meal 4 75 @ 6 00; Corn Meal fresh 'd & s 2 35; Butter per lb. 20 @ 30; Cheese per lb. 05 @ 10; Eggs per doz. 12 @ 14; POTATOES, per bushel: Arrowroot Co. Rose 70 @ 70; Maine Central Rose 60 @ 65; Maine Holborn 70 @ 75; Burbank Seedling 70 @ 75; Prolific, Eastern 60 @ 65; Onions, P. B. 2 50 @ 2 75; Apples per bushel 1 00 @ 1 25.

if the com. is granted, perhaps. (2) Mr. Blake asked for a committee to examine a charge against Doid of C. B. for threatening to turn some man out of office if he did not vote for the com. at the last election. And (3) a dispute culminated in a row between Messrs. Beatty and Woodworth concerning a railway subsidy, which the former has chiselled the latter out of completely, or has tried to, but will probably not get it at all now.

Cartwright was followed on Friday by Hon. T. White, minister of the interior, in an able speech, in which he made some good points and comparisons between the past and present regimes, to the apparent advantage of the present. But I find that the speeches in parliament are sometimes as unfair as the newspaper reports. I notice that, while the Riel debate lasted the house was generally full and the galleries crowded; but now that the "vital question," viz., the "financial condition" of the country is up, the chamber is thin and the gallery empty. Almost everything needs touching up, especially public opinion, and that especially on political. Not partyism, but sound honest moral government. The "moral wave" set in motion by the Pull Mall Gazette has reached our shores, thank God, and Mr. Charlton's Sedition Bill, for the protection of young girls, and which was quashed, session before last, by Sir John Macdonald, and rejected last session by the senate after receiving a close majority in the commons; has now passed its second reading by a two thirds vote. I think the senate will not dare to reject; if so it will only hasten its end. I don't mean the end of the bill!

Peter Mitchell, independent Conservative, in making a motion on Thursday concerning the fishery question, which certainly is assuming serious aspect, criticized the govnt for not putting itself right on the question, in connection with the "Aspe Bay" settlement. Foster and McLellan undertook to lecture him as they do opposition men who criticize them, but Peter refused to be lectured by men who did not even expect to hold portfolios when he, Mitchell, had managed, and that without bawling, the fishery bureau. He actually settled them both and carried his point. I suppose no man in Canada knows more about this question than the old "marine and fisheries" minister. Mitchell is extreme, but he is very clever and hits his nail with great precision. It is said that he would have had this, or some portfolio, only for his independence!

Patterson (Brant) replied to White in a terrific speech, in which he repeated the charge of Blase that half of the ministry, and a large percentage of their following were guilty of bribery, land grabbing, and corrupt practices. This is a specific charge and of course must be denied, or else will be a big thing. Doubtless the handling of the N. W. lands, and the building and subsidizing of railroads have been great temptations, but it is hoped the ministers have kept their hands clean. You will perceive that it is pretty hard to charge an opposition with wrong doing, for they do not do anything but challenge and criticize wrong doing. So all the attacking is done on the part of the opposition. The only way to repulse them seems to be the "you are another" style. But that will not do now.

Western Book & News Co., being about to remove their Business to Halifax, will sell their stock at Greatly Reduced Prices till MAY 1st. Wolfville, April 9th, 1886.

MARKET REPORT. BENTLEY & WATSON, Produce Commission Merchants, Corner Argyle & Sackville, Sts. (Opposite Mumford's Market.) Halifax, April 15, 1886. Prices Current this day: Apples, Green, per bushel 1 25 to 2 25; do. Dried, per lb. 05 to 10; Beef in Cans, per lb. 7 00 to 8 50; do. on foot per lb. 17 to 20; Butter in boxes per lb. 15 to 17; do. Ordinary per lb. 15 to 17; Chickens, per lb. 40 to 60; Ducks, per lb. 50 to 70; Eggs, per doz fresh 12 to 13; (fresh, each 50 to 60; Hens, smoked, per lb. 10 to 11; Hides, per lb, inspected 07 to 07 1/2; Lard, P. B. 06 to 07; Mutton, per lb. 05 to 06; Oats, per bushel 06 1/2 to 07; Pork, per lb. 40 to 45; Potatoes, per bushel 13 to 15; Peas, each 40 to 40; Turkey, per lb. 13 to 15; Tomatoes, per bushel 10 to 10; Veal, per lb. 05 to 06; Varn, per lb. 40 to 40; Carrots, per bushel 90 to 1 00; Turnips, P. B. 20 to 20; Parsnips per bushel 1 00 to 1 10.

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JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. MAKE HENS LAY. CHICKEN CHOLERA.

Oriental Laces! Oriental Laces ORIENTAL LACES! 100 pcs. Oriental Laces and White & Col'd Embroidery Just Received. H. S. DODGE'S, Direct From Germany, in The Leading Fashionable Shades in Silk and Cotton.

NEW SPRING STOCK ARRIVING EVERY WEEK! Kentville, March 19th, 1886.

NEW SPRING GOODS! Burpee Witter HAS JUST OPENED 2000 YARDS GINGHAMS, 1000 YARDS SHIRTINGS, Ladies' Spring Mantle Cloths, 1 Case Clothing, 1 Case Scotch and Canadian Tweeds.

Western Book & News Co., being about to remove their Business to Halifax, will sell their stock at Greatly Reduced Prices till MAY 1st. WHITE AND GREY COTTONS, BROWN AND PLAID DUCKS, COTTONADES! Balance of Men's and Boys' OVERCOATS will be sold out AT COST! Oats, Butter, Eggs and Dry Apples taken in Exchange as usual.

SAVE MONEY! By ordering your Hard Coal from us you will Save Money on every ton! Celebrated Acadia Coal you will get the Best Soft Coal in the World at a low figure and Save Money much heat and last as long as a whole vessel load of almost any other kind and will not choke you like other kinds do. W. & A. Railway Station, August 18, 1886.

NOTICE!

To the farmers of King's County, The Percheron Stallion "Ruler Hugo" will make the season of 1886 for King's County, commencing 1st of May. PELIGREE—"Ruler Hugo," age six years, was bred by the Agricultural Society of N. B.; sired by the thoroughbred Percheron stallion "Victor Hugo," imported from the State of Illinois, U. S. by the New Brunswick Government; and sired by thoroughbred Suffolk Percheron stallion "Young Ruler."

BUDS & BLOSSOMS

is a forty page, illustrated, monthly magazine, edited by J. F. AVERY, Halifax, N. S. Price 75 cents per year if prepaid. Its columns are devoted to Temperance, Missionary Intelligence, Household Hints, Short Stories and Illustrations, making 28 pages of reading, suitable and profitable for young and old, with an average of 12 illustrations in each number, this will give 40 pages monthly for 75 cents a year, and will, therefore, be one of the cheapest sold. Specimen copies sent for 100 stamps. A \$5 GOLD PIECE will be given if you get 20 subscribers. "Buds and Blossoms" is endorsed by Christians and ministers of all denominations. One writes: "The cover has been a comfort and blessing to me. Every page is calculated to bring one nearer to the Lord." "We wish you ever-increasing success as you deserve." "To see H & B is to want and to love." "It should be in every house. 9-4-85

Assignee's Sale.

On the premises of H. O. McLatchy, Wolfville, on Saturday, April 17, 1886, at 1 o'clock p. m., all of the said H. O. McLatchy's interest in Real and Personal estate conveyed to me—by Deed dated Oct. 10th, 1885, viz.:

The Property in Wolfville, consisting of 1 acre of Land, House and Stables, and 1 acre of Dyke adjoining. The Property at Grand Pre, consisting of 4 acres of Orchard, House and Barn, now occupied by Edward McLatchy.

1 Mare, 1 Colt, Riding Wagon, Sleigh, Cart Harness, Plows, Household Furniture, Book Debt, and Notes of Hand. TERMS CASH. JAMES H. DILL, Lower Horton, April 2, '86 Assignee.

Flour! Flour!

JUST RECEIVED. Another Car-load of "CROWN OF GOLD" The best flour made in the Dominion. Every Barrel Warranted. For sale low for cash by G. H. Wallace, Wolfville, Oct. 23, 1885.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOPPED FEED

The subscriber has opened the store formerly occupied by F. L. BROWN & CO., and intends keeping on hand the above goods, and will endeavor to satisfy—both as to quality and price. Terms cash or equivalent. Johnson H. Bishop, Wolfville Mar 17, '86 AGENT.

New Tobacco Store!

Having made some changes in my business, I am now prepared to supply the Tobacco Using Public with all the finest brands of Imported and Domestic CIGARS, CIGARETTES, SMOKING & CHEWING TOBACCOES, ETC., ETC. —ALSO— A full assortment of BRIAR ROOT and MEERSCHAUM PIPES and CIGAR HOLDERS. FIRST CLASS BARBERING & HAIRDRESSING AS USUAL. Give Us a Call. J. M. Shaw, Wolfville May 7th, 1885.

House and Orchard TO LET

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



Editor's Miscellany.

WONDERFUL WORDS

Keep a guard on your words, my darlings. For words are wonderful things; They are sweet like the bees' fresh honey...

THE FARM-BOY.

My son do not smile derisively at the farm-boy, toiling contentedly yonder by the wayside. He is not attired as trimly as you are...

And the farm boy may not write as prettily as you do, but in the near future his plain, every-day signature may draw a great deal of letters from your beautiful autograph, at the bank.

No, my son, the farm-boy does not begin his active career under a 200 plug hat, neither does he leave his victuals unattended and fade away to a shadow because he cannot have a single-barrelled eye-glass to his back.

The farm-boy is not familiar with the lap of luxury and in his working clothes he does not resemble a fragile hot-house flower, but he is full of grit, my son, check full of grit.

I know that you can walk all around that ancient farm-house, my sheepy son, for he has not had time to educate his feet so that they might not get tangled up with each other in the mud, mazy whid; but if you don't keep your eyes open and the inside works of your head busy he will be likely to walk so far ahead of you on the race course of success that you won't see him coat tails after the end of the first quarter.

Oh, my son, the farm-boy hasn't much time to read, but I do not doubt but that he uses well the little he has. His life is not sedentary. He has a great deal of exercise in the open air. His father is a very lively old man. He works like a barrel of new cider, and when his resonant voice is heard thundering through his ancestral halls at 4 a. m. there is a general resurrection on the premises.

At noon our merry farm-boy comes in with an appetite like a sausage machine and after he has swallowed his dinner his father invites him out under the early harvest apple tree to turn the grind-stone while he is resting his back. The energetic old farmer can always find something for the farm-boy to do, while he is resting his back at noon, and he generally finds it.

In the evening the tired farm-boy reads his few books, and is thus seeking in valuable information in so all but effective doses, what you, my beautiful son, are forgetting a large part of that knowledge which cost me a very high price. Maybe, it does not seem so valuable to you because I paid for it.

But you are not such a bad boy, after all, and I am not finding fault with you at all. I merely suggest in a gentle sort of way that you should not smile derisively at the toiling farm-boy. Look about you, my son, among the successful men in every calling. A large majority of them were once toiling farm-boys who absorbed book knowledge out of business hours; and there are not many hours which are not business hours on the farm, my son.

The farm boy early learns the value of time. He can't help but learn that, and he learns it so hard that he never forgets it. If he leaves the old farm to satisfy a swelling ambition you will most likely soon find him on one of the front seats of the synagogue. And wherever you do find him, my son, in the editorial chair, in the White House at Washington, in the Hall of Congress, Governor of a free and adopted State, an eminent professional man, at the head of some great commercial or manufacturing firm or corporation, you will find him knowing the value of time and making use of the large and varied stock of priceless experience he soaked in on the old back country farm.

PEN-PICTURES.

A dainty, blue-eyed baby girl sitting for the first time in her high chair with the family at the stately dinner. The first born daughter, the father's pride, the mother's joy; so bright, so winning, giving such fair promises of a sunny childhood, a true girlhood, and a brave womanhood. The wine is being poured, and in childish wonder the little one, attracted

by its brilliant color, begs to be allowed to taste it. Not a moment does the mother hesitate; not a shadow of the future falls across that gaily-lit table to warn her of the terrible result of that first fatal taste. The child crawls and laughs and begs for more. More is given. By and by the little one grows sleepy and is carried by the nurse to the couch which, years afterwards, the guilty mother, remembering, wishes it had been her last resting place.

Ten years later. A young girl, with nervous air and stealthy tread, creeping to the locked side-board and looking for the missing keys. Vainly she searches. With angry frown she turns away and examines eagerly the contents of her pocket-book. The father who used to be so generous with his little daughter, dares not give her spending money now. The purse is empty. Quietly, and to avoid suspicion, she arranges in a study all her materials for painting—for she is skilled, for one so young, in the use of water colors. Then she creeps away to her room, and, hiding a jewel in her hand, goes secretly out the side door, and rushes to a pawn broker's. She does not stay to argue with him, though she knows he is cheating her, but hurries to the nearest liquor saloon, and slips in the door above which is written "Family Entrance." A few hours after her carriage stops at her father's mansion, and she is borne unconscious and intimated to her daintily-furnished room.

Two years more have drifted by. Weary, sad, anxious years. Tears, entreaties, threats, and promises, alike have proved unavailing. The mansion blinds are always closed now. No laughter rings through the halls. Only the nearest of kin cross the threshold. In a padded, darkened room, with chains upon the white wrists and chains upon the ankles, sits the fair-haired, blue-eyed daughter not yet sixteen. The beauty is faded, the face is bloated and scarlet, the light of reason is gone. Sometimes she raves wildly, and begs passionately for the poison which has ruined her, and then they go away, and leave her alone with the misery which is too heart-breaking to witness.

Again, rocking to and fro as her mother enters and sits beside her, she moans: "Won't you call my mother! O, I've lost my mother! I want my mother!" In vain the mother winds her arms around her daughter, seeking to soothe her. In vain she calls her all the pet names of her childhood. All in vain! She only moans more piteously.

"I've lost my mother! O, I want my mother!" God pity her! Fancy sketches, these? Nay; I wish they were. They are painted from life! Christian Advocate.

CALLED A TOM-BOY.

What changes the last century has brought in the education of women! Only a few years ago there was not a college in the land whose doors were open to women. To-day there are many colleges where young women can enjoy the same educational advantages as are accorded young men. The feeling no longer exists that a woman has no need of an education. It may be difficult for the present generation to believe that less than a hundred years ago it was so unusual a thing for a girl, even at the common school, to advance in her studies as far as her brothers, that if one attempted to do it, she often became the butt of ridicule. The following true incident in "Reminiscence of Wilmington" serves as an illustration:

In the early history of Wilmington there was a school taught by Master Wilson where the boys and girls acquired the rudiments of an education. A girl who advanced as far in arithmetic as simple division was considered quite proficient—for a girl. Further than this was considered awfully of time, which had better be spent in making patchwork, spinning, knitting and the like. "For what use," said these simple villagers, "can it be for a woman to know more?"

There was one girl in Master Wilson's school who showed unusual fondness for "figures." She persuaded her parents to allow her to keep on with a class of boys through the "double rule of three." But for this perseverance she was teased a good deal, and was called "the tom-boy with her big slate."

MOUNTED THE LADDER.

In 1822 a dinner party was given in New York City, Senator Henry G. Davis sat at one end of the table, Simon Cameron of Pennsylvania sat at the other, and Gen. W. F. Sherman at the head. The General began a reminiscence of his life, saying: "When I was a lieutenant—"

"Come now, Sherman," interrupted Mr. Davis, "were you ever a lieutenant?" "Yes," he replied, "I was a lieutenant about the time you were a breakman on a freight train."

"Well, boys," observed Cameron, "I don't suppose either of you ever cut cordwood for a living, as I did."

A gentleman writes: "I am a hearty eater, but as my work is mostly mental, and as I find it impossible to take much exercise, I naturally suffer distress after a heavy dinner; but since Mrs. EAGER'S WIFE OF BLENNET, over which she puts sometimes one, sometimes another sauce, I do not suffer at all, and I am almost inclined to give EAGER'S BLENNET the credit for it, but I will say for it that it is simply delicious."

More than three quarters of a century has passed since Johnson's Anodyne Linctament was invented, and it is to-day the most widely known as well as the most valuable internal and external remedy in the world. No family should be without it a day.

It is said by reliable persons that Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders fed sparingly to laying hens will increase the quantity of eggs two-fold. Try it. It won't cost much. Don't throw away your money on the large 25c packs. Sheridan's are absolutely pure.

This is the season of the year when everybody should take an alternative. There is no medicine selling in the market that is making so many cures of the liver, kidney and blood diseases as Dr. O. W. Norton's Barlock Blood Purifier. See Testimonials in adv. 3 m

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE HOME MAGAZINE

Circulation over 20,000 Copies. The Farmer's Advocate is published on or about the 1st of each month, is handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most profitable, practical and reliable information for dairymen, farmers, stockmen, and stockmen, of any publication in Canada. \$1.00 PER ANNUM \$1.00

GRAND OFFER!

By Special Arrangement we are enabled to offer the

ACADIAN AND THE Detroit Free Press 4 MONTHS FOR— 40 CENTS.

This will give the opportunity of getting the two papers on trial at a very small price. The Detroit Free Press is acknowledged to be the Best Dollar Weekly in America.

NOTICE.

All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson C. Martin, of Horton, Kings County, deceased are requested to render the same, duly attested to the undersigned within three months from date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with JAMES B. MARTIN, Adm'r JOHN L. MARTIN, Adm'r

American Agriculturist.

100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue.

44TH YEAR. \$1 50 A YEAR.

Send three 2-cent stamps for Sample copy (English or German) and Premium list of the Oldest and Best Agricultural Journal in the World. Address: Publishers American Agriculturist, 751 Broadway, New York.

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12 fast-selling articles, and 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 5c, and this slip.

W. & A Railway. Time Table

1885—Winter Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 16th November.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accom. Daily, Exp. Daily, A.M., P.M. Stations: Annapolis, 14 Bridgetown, 28 Middleford, 42 Berwick, 56 Waterville, 70 Kentville, 84 Port Williams, 98 Wolfville, 112 Grand Pre, 126 Avonport, 140 Antigonish, 154 Windsor, 168 Wolfville June, 182 Halifax arrive.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accom. Daily, A.M., P.M. Stations: Halifax, 14 Windsor June, 28 Middleford, 42 Berwick, 56 Waterville, 70 Kentville, 84 Port Williams, 98 Wolfville, 112 Grand Pre, 126 Avonport, 140 Antigonish, 154 Windsor, 168 Wolfville, 182 Halifax arrive.

Western Book News Co., 'The Bookstore,' Nearly opposite the Post Office, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

1886.

The Western Book & News Co. wish in this to thank all who have favored them during the past 5 years for their generous patronage, and to wish them and all our fair Dominion a prosperous and happy year.

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