

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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The Acadian,

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Select Poetry.

Questionings.

I wonder why some hearts are sad,
And others always gay—
Some lives are like the starless night
While others bright as day.

I wonder why the roses bloom
Only beneath some feet,
While others through the path of life
With only thorns will meet.

I wonder why the star of hope
Shines always bright for some,
While to other dark and dreary lives
Its rays will seldom come.

I wonder why sweet dreams of love
Will always fill some hearts,
While every feeling from some lives
Save bitter hate departs.

I wonder why some roll in wealth,
While others want for bread;
Content like Lazarus they must be
If with the crumbs are fed.—L. G.

Interesting Story.

For the ACADIAN.

IS SHE HAPPY?

[An original story founded on fact.]

My story opens in the beautiful village of B—, built on the banks of a lovely river which flows through the State of Minnesota. On the left bank as you ascend this stream is situated the cottage of the widow Drummond, an old and much respected lady, and at the time our story commences she sits in the cottage door watching the busy feet passing to and fro, hurrying on to the workshop, furnace, or mill; and she thinks, what a change since I came here thirty years ago: on that stream that now drives so many looms and spindles, naught disturbed its peaceful bosom but the flutter of wild-fowl or the silent dip of the red man's paddle. But we digress (as the novelist says) our story is concerning the only child of the widow. The beautiful and accomplished Kate Drummond, queenly in her brunette beauty, with such liquid expressive black eyes, a pleasant born beauty of eighteen summers; and as always follows, she had many admirers both rich and poor, but all silently withdrew as they witnessed her decided preference for a noble looking young man, a resident in the village and owner of a fine factory. This was Howard Douglas, and a finer specimen of many beauty you could not well find, a broad chested deep toned fellow with raven hair and flashing black eyes.

One afternoon a few of Kate's friends called at the cottage to inform her that they had planned an excursion to "Chestnut Island" for the next day. Kate promised to go, and the next day dawned bright and beautiful, and the village lads and lassies were jubilant over the prospect of a fine day's sport and ramble through the leafy glades of this picturesque island.

At the appointed hour all was ready, lunch baskets filled to overflowing with all the delicacies of the season, all were packed, with the more precious human freight, into the large boat provided for the occasion, the cord was cut loose, the boat swung round to the current and quickly drifted down the stream.

The island was soon reached, the boat moored, and all were to scatter through the forest, to meet at noon by the boat for dinner.

And (accidentally of course) Howard and Kate walked off together to collect moss and ferns. That was a happy day for the lovers, and before their return home that night she was the promised bride of Howard Douglas, subject to the consent of her only living parent. Weeks and months rolled by, many were the merry-makings of the youths and maidens of B—, Kate and Howard, the acknowledged belle and beau were leaders in all their games and pastimes, and thus all went smoothly and little did think that a dark shadow was about to flit across

their path.

It came in the form of Carlos Cameron a dashing young man with chestnut curls and light-blue eyes, a good form and a fine countenance, yet under it all a close study would reveal a deceitful wicked heart, and stamped him at once as a man who would stoop to almost any crime to gain his point.

He came, he saw, and loved the beautiful Kate Drummond, and from that hour he plotted and planned the destruction of his rival, if by no other means he could gain Kate.

It happened at this time that business connected with the factory called Howard away to Europe, and six months would elapse before he could return; and at his return they were to be married. The parting of the lovers on the eve of his departure was a great trial to both of them, Kate shed many bitter tears and asked many pledges of constancy. He, man that he was, thought it undignified to cry, and pent his grief within him till it nearly crashed his heart.

Howard arrived safely in London. The hurry and bustle and strange sights of the monster city did not prevent him from immediately writing a loving letter to Kate, giving a full description of his trip across the Atlantic. Then, without taking time to visit the chief places of interest, he plunged into business, that he might soon finish his work and return to the land of his birth and Kate. In London society designing mammas set many a trap to catch the rich young American for their daughters, but all to no purpose, he remembered his first love and remained true as steel. He received but one letter from her, but thinking that Kate's letters must have gone astray, he still wrote to her loving epistles, which can only be penned by a true lover to the lady he adores. Why did she not answer his letters? Scarcely one week had passed after Howard left her, when the new face and new form of Carlos Cameron came before her. He obtained an introduction, and from that moment seemed to charm her to him by his snake nature. He was so assiduous in his attentions, and she, thinking it no harm (as she expressed it) to carry on a "harmless flirtation," they soon became fast friends, and from friends to lovers, and long before the return of Howard Douglas they were engaged to be married.

Oh fickle woman, what hast thou done? Thou hast jilted a man true as the sun. One beautiful starlight evening Carlos and Kate sat in an arbor enjoying pleasant conversation, when a manly form sprang in the door and a clear voice rang out, Kate my darling, are you here? Carlos rose to his feet and shouted, who dares address such words to my affianced bride? and struck a full blow at the intruder. Howard (for twas he returned) easily stopped the blow with his left hand, while with the right he dealt a return stroke that would have felled an ox, which hurled him senseless and bleeding to the ground. Then Howard turning to Kate demanded, who is this man and what does it all mean; am I dreaming or did I hear aright? With shame and distress she answered "it is true, Howard; I am soon to be the wife of this man," as she knelt beside the prostrate form of Carlos.

Howard stood a moment in speechless astonishment, then in a mournful voice, cried, "Oh, Kate, you have broken my heart; I loved, I adored, I worshipped you, and in return you have proved a false, heartless flirt. May the curse of unhappiness rest on you and yours." And with a wild, maniac laugh, he sprang into the darkness and was gone.

This was a terrible shock to Kate, and when Carlos came to his senses, she was in a deep swoon. He conveyed her to the cottage, where, for weeks, she lay with brain-fever, and Howard's fearful words ringing in her ears—

"May the curse of unhappiness rest on you and yours." But at last youth, coupled with a good constitution and the careful nursing of her mother, brought her back to health again. And six months later she married Carlos Cameron, settling down seemingly happy. She lives in a beautiful house, Carlos having a Government situation is able to give her every luxury. And as she sits one morning in her neat breakfast room sipping her coffee, a servant enters and hands in the morning paper, she picks it up and carelessly glances over the local matter till her eye rests on a paragraph with a fascination.

"Died, at the State Insane Asylum, Howard Douglas, who has been the most dangerous inmate of this Institution for nearly a year. He was brought here a wild maniac from the woods in a nude state unknown to all, but inquiries since his death have proved without a doubt, he is the missing Howard Douglas, a rich mill owner of B—."

The paper dropped from her nerveless grasp. Another long illness followed, out of which she came a shadow of her former self. The beauty of Kate (Mrs. Cameron) is gone. She is a subdued, quiet woman, making charity the object of her life, and the world thinks her happy; but those who know her best feel sure she never forgets the great wrong she did Howard Douglas.

LADDIE.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"You must go to bed," he said, with a burst of overwhelming compunction. "I ought not to have let you stop up like this. I should have kept what I had to say till to-morrow when you were rested. Come, think no more of it to-night, everything will look brighter to-morrow. I'll show you your bedroom."

As he took her upstairs, such a lot of stairs to the old country legs; but her curiosity overcame her fatigue sufficiently to make her peep into the double drawing-room, where the gas-jump in the street threw weird lights and shadows on the ceiling and touched unexpectedly on parts of mirrors or gilded cornices, giving a mysterious effect to the groups of furniture and the chandelier hanging in its holland covering.

"'Tis mighty fine!" she said, but an unkind place to my mind; like a church-yard somat."

Her bedroom did not look "unked" however, with a bright fire burning, and the inviting chintz-curtained bed and the crisp muslin-covered toilet-table, with two candles lighted. In the large looking-glass on the toilet-table the figure of the little old woman was reflected among the elegant comfort of the room, looking all the more small and shabby, and old, and out of place in contrast with her surroundings.

"Now make haste to bed, there's a good old mother; my room is next to this if you want anything, and I shall soon come to bed, I hope you'll be very comfortable. Good night."

And then he left her with a kiss, and she stood for some moments quite still, looking at the scene reflected in the glass before her, peering curiously and attentively at it.

"And so Laddie is ashamed of his old mother," she said softly, with a little sigh; "and it ain't no wonder!"

As Dr. Carter sat down again in his consulting-room by himself, he told himself that he had done wisely, though he had felt and inflicted pain, and still felt very sore and ruffled. But it was wisest, and practically kindest and best for her in the end, more surely for her happiness and comfort; so there was no need to regret it, or for that tire some little feeling in one corner of his heart that seemed almost like remorse. This is no story-book world of chivalry,

romance, and poetry, and to get on it you must just lay aside sentimental fancies and act by the light of reason and common sense. And then he settled down to arrange the details of to-morrow's plans, and jotted down on a piece of paper a few memoranda of suitable places, times of trains, &c., and resolved that he would spare no pains or expens in making her thoroughly comfortable. He even wrote a note or two to put off some appointments, and felt quite gratified with the idea that he was sacrificing something on his mother's account. The clock struck two as he rose to go up to bed, and he went up feeling much more composed and satisfied with himself, having argued and reasoned down his troublesome, morbid misgivings. He listened at his mother's door; but all was quiet, and he made haste into bed himself, feeling that he had gone through a good deal that day.

He was just turning over to sleep when his door opened slowly and his mother came in—such a queer, funny old figure, with a shawl wrapped round her and a very large nightcap on—one of the old-fashioned sort with very broad, gapping frills. She had a candle in her hand, and set it down on the table by his bed. He jumped up as she came in.

"Why, mother, what's the matter? Not in bed! Are you ill?"

"There, there! lie down; there ain't nothing wrong. But I've been listening for ye this long time. 'Tis fifteen year and more since I tucked you up in bed, and you used to say as you never slept so sweet when I didn't do it."

She made him lie down, and smoothed his pillow, and brushed his hair off his forehead, and tucked the clothes round him, and kissed him as she spoke—

"And I thought as I liked to do it for you once more. Good night, Laddie, good night."

And then she went away quickly, and did not hear him call "Mother, oh, mother!" after her, for the carefully tucked-in clothes were flung off and Laddie was out of bed, with his hand on the handle of the door, and then—second thoughts being cooler, if not better—"she had better sleep," Dr. Carter said, and got back into bed.

But sleep did not come at his call; he tossed about feverishly and restlessly, with his mind tossing hither and thither as much as his body, the strong wind of his pride and will blowing against the running tide of his love and conscience, and making a rough sea between them, which would not allow of any repose. And which of them was the strongest? After long and fierce debate with himself he came to a conclusion which at all events brought peace along with it. "Come what may," he said, "I will keep my mother with me, let people say or think what they will; even if it cost me Violet herself, as most likely it will. I can't turn my mother out in her old age, so there's an end of it." And there and then he went to sleep.

It must have been soon after this that he woke with a start, with a sound in his ears like the shutting of the street-door. It was still quite dark, night to Londoners, morning to country people, who were already going to their work and labor, and Dr. Carter turned himself over and went to sleep again, saying, "It was my fancy or a dream," while his old mother stood shivering in the cold November morning outside his door murmuring,

"I'll never be a shame to my boy, my Laddie; God bless him!"

CHAPTER IV.

When Dr. Carter opened his door next morning, he found his mother's room empty, and it seemed almost as if the events of the night before had

(Continued on fourth page.)

THE ACADIAN,

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOV. 21, 1884

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We have been requested by several persons to call the attention of the authorities to the extremely dangerous condition in which the new Gaspeau bridge work has been left. The abutments on both sides have been finished and a railing built, and the whole nicely fixed all ready for travel. This work has been carried right up to the face of the abutments. The result is that anyone driving there after dark or even in daylight would be led to think from appearances that the whole bridge was finished, and drive on until they pitched headlong into the river. There is, we understand, no barrier except a very narrow board laid loosely at the edge of the abutment, and even this is removed during the day.

It has been generally understood that the contract for the superstructure was to have been finished last month. Under this state of things the county is running the risk of having some human repairs to pay for and possibly some widows and orphans to keep. Why the approaches to the bridge have not been closed in some way it is difficult to imagine and savors strongly of criminal neglect in some quarters. Meanwhile as far as the contract is concerned a very small storm may swell the river so that traffic will be closed altogether and we should suppose the contractors would be liable to action for damages on that account.

And now it is reported that the Government has issued orders that the Port Williams Bridge shall not be closed at all but that the new bridge shall be built and the old one removed as it progresses.

If this is true what will be the probable effect of the County Council's notice of any action that may arise should any damage result from the unsafe condition of the old bridge.

The amount of liquor drinking seems to be on the increase again in Wolfville. On last Saturday night there were a number of young men very drunk and noisy on the streets.

A little more Scot Act would be a good thing just now. It is, to look at it from one side, perhaps a pretty tough medicine, but the liquor business is a pretty bad disease and requires a very strong herb to drive it out of our social system.

Some of our village subscribers would like to know very much what has been done by the Trustees or the ardent advocates of the "Compulsory Education Act" towards carrying it into operation.

Perhaps our friends up the street, who frequently allude to us by various names; and who advocated this act so strongly, can enlighten them.

The Municipal elections in the several Counties of the Province took place on Tuesday last. In this County several Wards have been very keenly contested and majorities exceedingly small. We subjoin the following as the results of the various Polling Districts:

WARD 1.—Jonathan Steel, votes cast 230; Daniel Cox, votes cast, 213. 2.—J. R. Clark, majority, 17. 3.—J. M. Roscoe, maj. 22. 4.—J. N. Fitch acclam. 5.—Nathan Fisher, maj. 34. 6.—B. Webster, votes cast 192; N. E. Bishop, 110. 7.—Jehiel Davison, maj. 9. 8.—R. F. Reid, acclam. 9.—F. G. Curry, acclam. 10.—Stephen Taylor, maj. 44. 11.—T. G. Mack, acclam. 12.—S. L. Fitch. 13.—Noble Lyons, acclam. 14.—James Northup, maj. 15.

For the ACADIAN.

AN AESTHETIC VILLAGE.

Arcadia is an aesthetic, a very aesthetic, village of the Western Continent. It is pleasantly situated, commanding a view of varied and beautiful landscape which comprises hill and dale, mountain and valley, with a noble arm of the sea; some of which objects, at least, enjoy a classic celebrity. The principal street of the village is planted with ornamental trees, of native and foreign growth, which with the gardens that are attached to most of the houses render the village more than ordinarily attractive.

Some of the principal residences are remarkably fine and display much taste, and with the accompaniments and surroundings are evidently the abodes of competence and wealth. The village has another great attraction—it is unusually quiet and free from the annoyance and discomforts of business. This is indeed one of the chief attractions of the place, particularly with the moneyed men who reside in it. That it may so continue is their desire and aim; and to this end they resolutely oppose every thing that would tend to disturb the delightful quiet and repose by which it is characterized. To secure this object it is necessary to discountenance and discourage every undertaking that would interfere with the prevailing stillness. In this age of activity and enterprise there will always be some who will desire to increase their means by lawful active industry; but most kinds of industry are accompanied by noise, and noise is sadly out of place in an aesthetic village; hence there must be no factories or manufactories, for they necessarily are antagonistic to the stillness and quiet which are demanded; and consequently they are resolutely frowned upon. Especially is this the case where steam is the motive power of the machinery needed. Steam, as all know, is noisy and therefore steam is distasteful to the gentle and cultured inhabitants of the place. And steam is not only noisy, but is closely allied to smoke, and smoke darkens and defiles the air, and so we have another reason why steam and steam-engines and the machinery driven by steam, can have no proper place in an aesthetic village. And banished therefore they are, and most determinately and effectually. A mill was established a few years ago in the neighborhood, to be driven by steam power; but the mill was starved to death, though it would have fed, not only its proprietor but many families besides. A mill, we know, is a noisy affair, and noise was not to be tolerated in the aesthetic village alluded to. A foundry too was started in the vicinity, but its existence was as short-lived as was that of the mill; it had just got nicely to work when cold water was thrown from all directions upon it, the fires were extinguished and all operations were forthwith terminated. And so with other industries. The village could once boast of a furniture factory but it also had to succumb to the aesthetic tastes of the villagers. The same was true of a shoe factory, which was started under very favorable auspices, but the making of shoes is not a very suitable employment for an aesthetic village, and so the shoe factory was driven to the wall. A tannery was once projected by an enterprising and industrious young man, to be placed in the outskirts of the village; but as every one knows, two, at least, of men's "seven senses" are offended by a tannery, and so the young man was compelled to abandon the undertaking, and wrap himself up in the mantle of repose, though a large family was dependent upon him for subsistence. The village is most favorably circumstanced for ship-building, and enterprising and wealthy ship-owners have more than once thought of establishing a business in the place, but who is not aware that vessels cannot be built without noise? and noise, as has been already intimated, is intolerable in an aesthetic village. If, like the Jewish temple, ships could be built "without sound of hammer or axe" it would, we may suppose be different, but until they can be so constructed there will assuredly be none built in the aesthetic village of Arcadia. There is one industry in the village which thus far has been tolerated. It is represented by two printing offices, one of which is very quiet in its operations, the other of which is employed chiefly with "the harmony of the spheres," and so neither of them occasions much noise, and are therefore allowed to exist. But it may yet be discovered that a printing office is not a very aesthetic place; and presses and papers may therefore soon receive notice to quit. It is principally to a few considerate individuals that the village is indebted for the continuance of the prevailing quiet and noiselessness and aesthetic attractions generally for which it is noted and known far and near, and it doubtless will remain in this most enviable condition, as long as these, its friends, are spared to protect the place from the abominations of business and the noise and bustle of vulgar enterprise.

Nov. 16, 1884.

AESTHETIKOS.

Science, Literature, Criticism.

Sayings, wise and otherwise of Scientists and Scientists.

WITH CASUAL NOTES.

(Continued.)

Let us hear the illustrious Scientist again upon the subject. He says:

"Unless we will fully close our eyes, we may with our present knowledge approximately recognize our parentage; nor need we be ashamed of it."—Darwin.

As regards the first proposition in the last extract, we may say, that our "present knowledge" of man's "descent" from the "ascidian," or from any thing else but man, is no knowledge at all. The only knowledge whatever that we have upon the subject is that our first father was much like "his sons since born"; though according to the poet he was our superior in goodness and manly grace. And as respects the second proposition, we may remark, that whether we have cause or not, "to be ashamed of our" assumed ascidian "ancestry," we have some reason not to be particularly proud of certain of our near relatives on his side, namely, the materialistic genealogists.

But Mr. Darwin is not yet done with speaking, or we with listening. He thus proceeds:

"I believe that animals have descended from at most only four or five progenitors, and plants from an equal number or less. Analogy would lead me one step further, namely, to the belief that all animals and plants have descended from some one prototype. I should infer from analogy that probably all the organized beings which have ever lived on the earth have descended from some one primordial form, into which life was first breathed."—Darwin.

One cannot refrain from asking, why it is that materialists are so anxious to trace the "descent of man" up to some low, contemptible type? Could not the Creator form him as he is, and as all attainable records prove him ever to have been? But here it must be remarked, that development genealogists are not in harmony among themselves as to the course or stages of the descent, or even as to the starting-point from which their labors should begin. Some commence with the ascidian; others ascend many thousand steps further up the ladder to the Monera; and others still pursue their toilsome, dim, uncertain course through chaos, and a "molten globe" to an invisible, imaginary, mysterious atom to which they grandiloquently assign "the promise and potency of all terrestrial life." Nice words! We involuntarily think of Swift's "Liberatus et natale sohum."

But why should our officious Scientist trouble himself with the question, whether "all forms of terrestrial life" were derived from "one" original or from "four or five"? He and all his confederates might as well leave the "Species" as they came from the hand of the Creator; for with all their determined and crooked endeavors they have succeeded neither in "deriving" one from the other, nor in "transmuting" one into the other.

But let us hear Mr. Darwin again. He says:

"Geology assuredly does not regard any such finely graduated organic chain, "as the development theory requires," and this is perhaps the most obvious and greatest objection that can be urged against my doctrine. The explanation lies, as I believe, in the imperfection of the geologic record."—Darwin.

This is a very adroit and original method, it must be acknowledged, of getting out of an inextricable difficulty. The chain of being from man up to the ascidian must, according to the development theory, have consisted of many million links, for "Natura nunquam favit;" of which links some millions at least are missing. A few of these, say a thousand or so, ought certainly to be found somewhere among the "Geologic Records"; but unfortunately for the theory and for the character and fame of its apostles, these are not forthcoming, when summoned; though every art of the conjurer is tried, and with a determination worthy of a better cause. Baal is invoked by his mad votaries; but "there is none to answer" for there is "none to hear." Our philosophers shout for the "Missing Link," for example between man and the troglodyte; but all the response is—"Missing Link"—feebly uttered by faithful Echo. Well may Mr. Darwin speak of "the imperfections of the Geologic Record!"

As Geology therefore is silent, nothing remains but to allow our Philosopher to speak for himself. This he does in the following words:

To be continued.

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Wolfville, Oct 23d, 1884.

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Wolfville, N. S.

THE ACADIAN,

WOLFVILLE, N. S. NOV. 21, 1884.

Local and Provincial.

Snow storm Wednesday night and yesterday.

H. M. Sleep has assigned to S. R. Sleep and R. M. Rand.

How much longer is this place to be bothered with Joe White?

The ACADIAN will be sent from now till Jan. 1st 1886 for 50 cents in advance.

St. George's Lodge, A. F. & A. M., will celebrate its centennial on Friday evening next.

Call and see Rockwell & Co's. Xmas Cards.

Private Loring Read, 68th King's county battalion, has been gazetted 2d lieutenant, vice West promoted.

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

We are pleased to hear that Mr. C. R. Burgess, who has been quite ill for a few days, is recovering.

Nice line of Walking Sticks at Western Book & News Co's.

The river at Gaspereau is now almost impassible on account of the rise of the water during the late storm. What about the new bridge, will it be completed before winter sets in?

C. H. BORDEN is offering great bargains in Gents Woolen Underclothing. Call and inspect and you will be convinced.

BASKET SOCIABLE.—The ladies of Avonport held a basket sociable at the Church last Thursday evening, for the purpose of raising funds for lighting the fire, and other work in connection with the church.

We understand that the Professors of Astronomy and Meteorology at Acadia have been trying to solve the problem as to what made the wind act so strangely during the foot-ball match at Halifax last Saturday between Dalhousie and Acadia. Acadia won by a try for goal, and the city dailies say the winds didn't blow fair. Guess it was the papers.

ANOTHER OLD LAND-MARK GONE.—An old house, known as the Amasa Harris house, situated at Grand Pre, was totally consumed by fire on Wednesday evening last. Cause unknown, but supposed to be the act of an incendiary. Loss said to be covered by insurance.

Last Monday evening as Master Fenwick Gertridge, in attempting to cross the Gaspereau Kiver on the foot bridge, erected for that purpose, missed his calculations as to his whereabouts and owing to the darkness of the night, could not see where to go, and stepped off the abutments of the bridge, now in course of construction at that place, and fell to the bed of the river, bruising himself very considerably and breaking his nose. Who pays the doctor bills?

The ACADIAN will be clubbed with all of the best Canadian and American Periodicals.

FEAT IN PEDESTRIANISM.—A great performance in pedestrianism was made on the athletic park track, Cleveland, on Thursday 13th inst. in a three mile race for \$100 a side, in which James Grant, of Antigonish, conceded O. J. Gordan, alias M. J. Hopperty, 200 yards. Grant lost the race by 35 yards, but beat the American record by 11 seconds. He finished fresh, and his miles were made in 4.40, 9.57, and 15.10. Wherever Nova Scotians are, they are bound to make a good show.

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday afternoon last Mr. Leard Harris, Grand Pre, while crossing the field to the barn, was attacked by a vicious ram, which his son had only purchased a few days previously, and before assistance could be rendered, Mr. Harris had received severe bruises about the hips. He was unable to walk to the house without assistance, and suffered great pain which has necessitated him lying up for a few days. We are happy to state that he is now much improved and the injuries less painful.

Local and Provincial.

Dave Poor and another fellow caught fifteen dozen trout one day this week at Davison Lake.

Go to Western Book & News Co's. for Text and Birthday Cards, large and extra fine assortment.

The Seminary entertainment last Friday evening, in College Hall, was, we understand, a grand success.

Buy your Coarse Boots of C. H. Borden as these goods are made in Wolfville and every pair warranted.

Cider making is brisk at Gaspereau, as many as 400 bushels of apples have been converted into cider in one day.

Acadia Lodge I. O. G. T. is now in good running order, and members are being added to it every session. We wish them well.

The ACADIAN and Toronto Weekly Mail, or the ACADIAN and Toronto Weekly Globe, will be sent to any address for one year for \$1.25, in advance. Look out for our big Club Offers, etc.

The official organ of the Grand Division, S. of T., is to be published in Windsor after the first of the year. We wish it every success and hope it may neutralize to an extent the bad effects of the past year.

PERSONAL.—We are pleased to learn that Benjamin Ward, Esq., of Long Island, who has been detained in England on account of sickness, has so far recovered as to be able to take passage for home on the 13th and is expected to arrive to-morrow.

We are now furnishing Letter and Note Heads, Envelopes (cornered or addressed), Bill Heads, Counter Heads, Statements, Business Cards, Shipping Tags, and all kinds of plain and ornamental printing at extremely low prices. Samples and prices furnished on application.

BIG TURNIP.—Mr. Geo. Trenholm, of Grand Pre, sent us last week a Swedish turnip which weighed sixteen pounds. He informed us that he had some which were even larger than this but taken altogether he thought this was the finest, and we think he may well be proud of his crop. The turnip is on exhibition at our office. Come and see it.

The Provincial Normal School was formally opened on Wednesday last. There are 195 students in attendance representing every county in the Province except Shelbourne. There are distributed as follows:

Colchester, 57; Halifax, 24; Pictou, 22; Annapolis, 18; Hants, 17; King's, 15; Cumberland, 15; Yarmouth, 9; Inverness, 6; Lunenburg, 3; Cape Breton, 2; Guysborough, 2; Antigonish, 1; Queens, 1; Digby, 1; Victoria, 1; Richmond, 1.

This is a larger number than attended at any former session.—*Truro Guardian*.

We clip the following from the Halifax Herald of Thursday:

Apples auctioned in London Oct 30th as follows: Ribston Pippins, 20s @ 24s 6d; King Tompkins, 14s 6d @ 20s; Baldwins, 15s 6d @ 17s; Vandeveres, 12s 6d; Newton Pippins, 24s 6d @ 26s sterling per barrel. At auction in Halifax yesterday, Shand sold as follows: Ribston Pippins, \$2.50; King Tompkins, \$2.45; Bishop Pippins, \$1.95 @ \$2.20; Northern Spy, \$2.25; Baldwins, \$1.50 @ \$2.10; Nonpareils, \$1.75 @ \$2.20; R. I. Greenings, \$1.80 @ 2.25; Newton Pippins, \$2.30; Snow Apples, \$2.

NEW SUMMER RESIDENCE.—We are happy to state that His Honor Judge Weatherly intends to erect a handsome residence on his property, Grand Pre, the coming spring. Stone has been quarried at Blue Beach and is now being lightered to Walbrook for the purpose of making the foundation. Besides other improvements, Judge Weatherly intends to lay out quite a sum in tile-draining in the spring. The large and commodious barn which he has erected this past summer, and the large orchard, now in a forward state, will make this farm one of the most valuable in the section of the county. We wish the judge every success in his new venture.

Died.

SANFORD.—At Halifax, after a short illness, George A. Sanford, aged 49, leaving a widow and two sons to mourn the loss of a kind and affectionate husband and father.

GENERAL NEWS.

Heavy frost in Paris on the night of the 17th.

A tax is proposed on bachelors in the next French budget.

The Turkish army is demoralized for want of regular pay.

There were fourteen deaths from cholera in Paris on Wednesday.

The mining town of Silver Plume has been burned and several lives lost.

The Cunard and Guion Steamship Companies have decided to amalgamate.

There were 185 business failures in the United States during the past week.

During the last ten years Italy has expended \$100,000,000 on monster war vessels.

Another new fruit is reported in California: a melon that grows on a shrub.

In the town of Sysran (Russia) there is now living a man whose age is 127 years.

McGill university has refused to receive the recalcitrant law students of Laval university.

There is no truth in the reported amalgamation of the Grand Trunk and Canada Pacific railways.

Cholera has reappeared at Naples and several cases and two deaths were reported within 24 hours.

On the 18th of January next the London Times will have completed the first century of its existence.

Thursday, Nov. 27th, has been proclaimed by the President of the United States as a day of Thanksgiving.

A clean and perfect copy of John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" 1678 has just been added to the British Museum.

A little girl of eight in Renal, Russia, recently murdered a playmate of five years old by stabbing her in the back with a knife.

At Dover, Maine, on the 6th, John Simpson was instantly killed, and J. R. Kirby fatally injured by their team being struck by a train.

The lumber shipments from the St. Lawrence to River Plate this season amount to 35 million feet, an excess of 17 million feet over last year.

The Queen has, at Mr. Gladstone's request, conferred upon Sir John Macdonald the grand cross of the Order of the Bath in recognition of his eminent service.

The Liberal Conservatives of Ontario are to give Sir John Macdonald an enthusiastic public welcome on Wednesday and Thursday, 17th and 18th December.

The total Presidential vote in round numbers in New York is 1,167,000, divided roughly as follows: Cleveland, 564,000; Blaine, 563,000; St. John, 24000; Butler, 16,000.

A freight train on the Virginia Midland Railway collided with a Manassa passenger train on the 6th inst., smashing three freight cars and a baggage, killing one man and injuring several others.

Mr. Forsyth, of the Canada marble works, Montreal, who has just completed the pedestal for the statue of George Brown in Toronto, is in Ottawa superintending the erection of the pedestal for the statue of Sir George Cartier.

The trial for murder of Captain Dudley and mate of the wrecked yacht, "Mignonette," for having killed the boy, Parker, to keep themselves alive, concluded at London on the 6th inst. The jury brought in a special verdict, finding the facts as stated and referring the question of law as to whether a murder has been committed, to the Superior Court.

Creditors Notice!

Notice is hereby given that H. M. Sleep, of Canard, Cornwallis, Trader, has this day made an assignment of all his Goods, Book Debts, and all effects to the undersigned for the benefit of his creditors who shall become parties to said assignment within three months from this date.

A copy of said assignment is at the office of R. M. Rand, Canard, where it can be examined and executed by such creditors.

S. R. SLEEP.
R. M. RAND.
Assignees.

Canard, Nov. 18th 1884.

Caldwell & Murray

Give notice that on Nov. 1st we will stop doing a credit business, and in future sell only for cash or merchantable produce. We would also call your attention to our

FALL STOCK!

Which is almost complete, and is the best assorted and best value we have ever shown. Our ALL WOOL

DRESS GOODS and CASHMERES
We bought direct from PARIS, and customers may depend on their being the Newest colors and fabrics, and the very best value. We have a fine range of

VELVETEENS,

In all the new colors and in black. Splendid value and very pretty goods in **LADIES' MANTLES, LADIES' DOLMANS, LADIES' ULSTERS, LADIES' SHAWLS, MANTLE AND ULSTER CLOTHS, ASTRICAN, SEALSKIN,** And everything a lady wants in our line we can supply at the lowest market rates and in the newest materials

OUR STOCK OF

BEDDING, CARPETS, CLOTHING, Boots & Shoes, Furnishings, Hats and Caps,

Is very full and better value than ever.

As we will henceforth make no bad debts and save the expense of keeping books, we will be able to sell goods at a smaller percentage and also devote our time more fully to looking after the wants of our customers.

On and after Nov. 1st we will allow a discount of five percent on all purchases for cash. Wool, Yarn, Eggs, dried apples, etc. taken in exchange as usual.

Wolfville, Oct. 21st, 1884.

DENTISTRY!

E. N. PAYZANT, M. D., DENTIST.
WOLFVILLE.

Dr. P. will remain in Wolfville during DECEMBER to wait upon patients in Dentistry.

Sept. 8th, 1884

D. A. Munro, Manufacturer of Doors Sashes and Mouldings of every description for house finishing. Having fitted up my shop with new machinery for the above business and using kiln-dried stock I am able to give satisfaction to persons favoring me with their orders. Wolfville, April 17th '84 6 mos

OUR JOB ROOM

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

ATTENTION!

S. R. SLEEP,

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

STOVES,

the remnant of stock manufactured by **THE ACADIA IRON FOUNDRY,** at exceedingly low prices. Parties wishing to purchase will do well to call and inspect as the stock must be sold even at a sacrifice.

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville Oct 1st, 1884.

6 Horse power Engine, 8 " " " Boiler, No. 4 Fan, Almost as good as new.

KING'S COUNTY JEWELRY STORE!

KENTVILLE.

The subscribers have recently opened the store in

ARNOLD'S BLOCK, Webster St., next door to Post office,

WITH A FULL LINE OF

WATCHES, CLOCKS, SILVER and ELECTRO-PLATED WARE, Table CUTLERY, SPECTACLES, ETC., ETC.,

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

J. R. McDonald & Co.

WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELLERS,

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

Sept 18th, 1884.

(Continued from first page.)

been a bad dream; only the basket of apples, and the handbox, still tied up in the spotted handkerchief, confirmed his recollections, and when he went down, the patters, still, on his writing-table, added their testimony. But where was his mother? All the servants could tell him as they had found her bedroom door open when they had come down in the morning, and the front door unbarred and unbolting, and that was all.

"She had gone back to Sunnybrook," he said to himself, with a very sore heart; "she saw what a miserable, base-hearted cur of a son she had, who grudged a welcome and a shelter to her who would have given her right hand to keep my little finger from aching. God forgive me for wounding the brave old heart! I will go and bring her back; she will be ready to forgive me nearly before I speak."

He looked at the train paper, and found there was an early, slow train by which his mother must have gone, and an express that would start in about an hour, and reach Martel only a quarter of an hour after the slower one. This just gave him time to make arrangements, and write a line to Violet, saying he was unexpectedly called away from London, but that he would come to her immediately on his return, for he had much to tell and explain. The cab was at the door to take him to the station, and everything was ready, and he was giving his last directions to Mr. Hyder.

"I shall be back to-morrow, Hyder, without fail, and I shall bring my mother with me." He brought out the word even now with an effort, and hated himself for the flush that came up into his face, but he went on firmly, "that was my mother who was here last night, and no man ever had a better."

I don't know how it happened, but everything seemed topsy-turvy that morning; for all at once Dr. Carter found himself shaking hands with Hyder before he knew what he was about, and the deferential, polite Hyder, whose respect had always been slightly tinged with contempt, was saying, with tears in his eyes, "Indeed, sir, I see that along; and I don't think none the worse of you, but a deal the better for saying it out like a man; and me and cook and the gals will do our best to make the old lady comfortable, that we will!"

Dr. Carter felt a strange, dream-like feeling as he got into the cab. Every one and everything seemed changed and he could not make it out; even Hyder seemed something more than an excellent servant. It was quite a relief to his mind, on his return next day, to find Hyder the same imperturbable person as before, and the little episode of handshaking and expressed sympathy not become a confirmed habit. It was a trifling relief even in the midst of his anxiety and disappointment, for he did not find his mother at Sunnybrook, nor did she arrive by either of the trains that followed the one he came by, though he waited the arrival of several at Martel. So he came back to London, feeling that he had gone on the wrong tack, but comforting himself with the thought that he would soon be able to trace her out wherever she had gone. But it was not so easy as he expected; the most artful and experienced criminal, escaping from justice, could not have gone to work more skillfully than the old woman did quite unconsciously. All his enquiries were fruitless: she had not been seen or noticed at Paddington, none of the houses or shops about had been open or astir at that early morning hour. Once he thought he had a clue, but it came to nothing, and, tired and despaired, he was obliged, very unwillingly, to put the matter into the hands of the police, who undertook with great confidence to find the old woman before another day was past.

It was with a very haggard anxious face that he came into the pretty drawing-room in Harley Street, where Violet sprang up from her low chair by the fire, to meet him. How pretty she was! how sweet! how elegant and graceful every movement and look, every detail of her dress! His eyes took in every beauty lovingly, as one who looks his last on something dearer

than life, and then lost all consciousness of any other beauty in the surpassing beauty of the love for him in her eyes. She stretched out both her soft hands to him, with the ring he had given her, the only ornament on them, and said, "Tell me about it?"

Do not you know some voices that have a caress in every word and comfort in every tone? Violet Meredith's was such a voice.

"I have come for that," he said, and he would not trust himself to take those hands in his, or to look any longer into the red caves among the glowing coals. "I have come to tell you about my mother. I have deceived you shamefully."

And then he told her of his mother, describing her as plainly and carefully as he could, trying to set aside everything fanciful or picturesque, and yet do justice to the kind, simple old heart, trying to make Violet see the great difference between the old countrywoman and herself. And then he told her of her having come to him, to end her days under her son's roof. "I could not ask you to live with her," he ended sadly.

She had clasped her hands round his arm, shyly, for it was only a few days since she had had to hide away her love, like a stolen treasure, out of sight.

"It is too late to think of that," she said, with a little coaxing laugh; "too late, for you asked me to be your wife a week ago. Yes, John,"—the name came still with a little hesitation,— "a whole week ago, and I will not let you off. And then, I have no mother of my own; she died before I can remember, and it will be so nice to have one, for she will like me for your sake, won't she? And what does it matter what she is like, you silly, old John?—she is your mother, and that is quite enough for me. And don't you think I love you more ridiculously than ever because you are so good and noble and true to your old mother, and are not ashamed of her because she is not exactly like other people?" And she laid her soft cheek against his sleeve, by her clasped hands, as she spoke.

But he drew back with almost a shudder.

"Love me less, then, Violet; hate me, for I was ashamed of her; I was base and cowardly and untrue, and I wanted to get her out of the way so that no one should know, not even you; and I hurt and wounded her—her who would have done anything for her 'Laddie,' as she calls me—and she went away disappointed and sad and sorry, and I cannot find her."

To be continued.

William Wallace, TAILOR,
Corner Earl and Water Streets,
WOLFVILLE.

The subscriber would like to say right out loud to the public that he is selling the **CELEBRATED ACADIA COAL** very cheap. Also that he is taking orders for **HARD COAL**, which he will supply at hard pan prices.

D. MUMFORD,
W. & A. Ry Depot, Wolfville, N. S.

CAUTION!

All persons are cautioned against trading or bartering with my sons or paying them money for the products of my farm, as I will not ratify any bargains made by them and will collect the pay for anything sold from off my premises.

REBECCA FARRELL,
Etna, Sept. 20th.

C. A. PATRIQUIN,
HARNESS MAKER.

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

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville

SPECIALITIES. WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO FALL 1884.

Books:

POETS at 75c. cloth.
Steele's Fourteen Weeks Science Primers, \$1.35
Smith's Latin Principia Part I \$0.65
Smith's French " " .65
Harknes' Standard Lat. Grammar 1.55

20 cents each:

Never:
Always:
Every day Blunders.
Stop!!
English as she is wrote.

18 cents each:

Longfellow.
Don Quixote.
Hood's Own.
Old Fogey.
Arabian Nights.
Boomerang Shots.

35 cents each:

Twain's Nightmare.
Dunbury Newsmen.
Ward among the Mormons.
Jumping Frog.
Innocents Abroad.
Roaring Camp.

Baker's Reading club, 20 cents.
Dick's Readings, 35 "

Stationery:

Special Note, 5 quires, 25 cts.
Clear lake " 5 " 25 "
Fine Steel Pens, per Gross, 30 "
Gisburne's Ruling Pen, each, 13 "
Boxed Invitation, Cards & Envelopes, 30 "

Stafford's Inks:

Universal, 3 oz. 10c. 8 oz. 30c.
Office, 3 oz. 15c. 8 oz. 50c.
Blue, 3 oz. 10c.
Green, 3 oz. 10c.
Violet, 3 oz. 10c.
Blue Black, 3 oz. 12c.
Red, 5c.
Knickerbocker cones, 5c.

MUCILAGE, 4 oz. bell mouth, 20c.

Carter's Raven Black, 5c.

Stephen's Commercial Dwarf, 3c.

David's Inks:

Quart, 60c.
Pints, 35c.
Half Pints, 18c.
MUCILAGE, cones, 12c.

NEWS DEPARTMENT.

Look out for our catalogue of Magazines, Newspapers and Periodicals in a few days.

We have taken the local agency for
THE "WANZER"



SEWING MACHINE,

and invite our friends to inspect it before purchasing elsewhere. It is not an untried machine but has stood the test for a long time. Having been greatly improved during late years it now stands superior to any in the market and defies competition. We are here to stay and cannot afford to misrepresent our business. Call and see our stock for yourselves and we are sure to suit you.

Western Book & News Co.

A. M. HOARE, Manager,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Booksellers and Stationers,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Carriages & Sleighs MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED

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

TREES, TREES! TREES!

Annapolis Valley NURSERIES!

Home Grown Trees!

J. F. RUPERT,
NURSEYMAN,

AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

Fruit and Ornamental TREES!

SHRUBS, VINES, ROSES, etc., etc.

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

Having for the past six years done a successful business throughout Nova Scotia and the adjoining Provinces, I have ESTABLISHED NURSERIES at

ROUNDHILL, Annapolis County; KINGSTON, SOMERSET, CAMBRIDGE, KENTVILLE and GRAND PRE, King's Co.; HANSPORT, FALMOUTH & MILFORD, Hants Co.

And have now for sale for the

SPRING TRADE 100,000 HOME GROWN TREES!

One and two years old at prices to suit the times.

Hold your orders until you see my Agents:

L. W. KIMBALL

E. R. Clark, I. S. Newcomb,
C. A. McEntire, E. J. Caldwell,
J. E. Chipman, J. K. Tobin,
M. A. Spellacy, Chas. Morgan,
J. E. Maffet, Wm. Whitman,
R. H. Warner, John Gavazza,
W. T. V. Young, J. E. Morson,
Alex. A. Jones, Geo. S. Hoyt,

W. & A. Railway

Time Table

1884—Summer Arrangement—1884.

Commencing Monday, 2nd June.

GOING EAST. Accm. Daily. Exp. Daily.

Annopolis Leave 5 30 1 45
74 Bridgetown " 8 25 2 23
28 Middleton " 7 25 2 57
42 Aylesford " 8 32 3 30
47 Berwick " 8 55 3 43
50 Westerville " 9 10 3 50
59 Kentville dep 5 40 10 40 4 20
64 Port Williams " 6 10 11 10 4 38
66 Wolfville " 6 25 11 22 4 46
69 Grand Pre " 6 37 11 35 4 54
72 Avonport " 6 55 11 55 5 08
77 Hantsport " 7 45 12 45 5 30
84 Windsor " 10 00 3 10 6 50
116 Windsor June " 10 45 3 55 7 25
130 Annapolis arrive

GOING WEST. Exp. Daily. Accm. M.W.F. daily.

Halifax—leave 7 20 2 30
14 Windsor Jun—" 8 00 8 30 3 30
46 Windsor " 9 15 11 00 6 35
53 Hantsport " 9 35 11 50 6 53
58 Avonport " 9 48 11 50 6 20
61 Grand Pre " 9 58 12 05 6 33
64 Wolfville " 10 05 12 24 6 46
66 Port Williams " 10 30 12 50 6 55
71 Kentville " 10 50 1 02 7 10
80 Westerville " 11 05 2 17
83 Gerwick " 11 18 2 40
88 Aylesford " 11 48 2 47
102 Middleton " 12 23 4 52
116 Bridgetown " 1 00 5 50

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

Steamer Express leaves Annapolis for St John every Tues Thurs and Sat. p. m.

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for Boston every Tues. p. m.

Steamer Dominion leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Sat. p. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes, General Manager.

Kerville, 1st Sept. 1884

Death-blow TO LARGE PROFITS



Repeating, Duplex, Lever, Cylinder and Verge Watches REPAIRED.

XMAS! CHRISTMAS PRESENT

Wolfville Jewellery Store!

J. McLEOD, PRACTICAL WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER.

(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)

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

etc., etc.

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

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

SPECIAL NOTICE!

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

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

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!!

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

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

J. McLeod's Price List of WATCH REPAIRS.

Cleaning Watch 50c. (usual price 75c. to \$1.00)

New Main Spring 50c. (usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)

New Jewel from 25—50c. (Usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)

New Balance Spring, commonly called Hair Spring 50c. (usual price 75c. to \$1.00.)

Watch Crystals 10c. (usual price 20c.)

Watch Hand 10 to 15c. (usual price 20 to 25c.)

P. S.—All other repairs at a reduced rate.

Watch Work guaranteed 12 months.

JEWELRY

MADE TO ORDER & REPAIRED.
P. S.—Hand-bills and Cards will be in circulation in a few days.

Wolfville, 5th Nov. 1884.