

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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

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

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F. O. BOX 30. Sept. 19th 1894

LIGHT BRAMAS!
Matched for best results. Young Birds for sale until March 15th—Eggs after March 1st. Address
DR. BARSS.
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WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Select Poetry.

The Choice.

Which shall it be, dear mother?
To which home shall I go?
The grand old castle beside the sea,
Or the little brown cot below?

Which shall it be, dear mother?
A plain white muslin gown,
Or the richest and rarest of lace and silk
To be found in Inseleytown?

Which shall it be, dear mother?
A tiny plain gold ring,
Or wealth of gems or diamonds rare
That would ransom a captive King?

My child your heart must answer
The question your lips have asked,
Lest bowing in pride you sorrow
When the harvest is overpast.

Choose with your heart, my darling;
Let pride be swept away;
Flowers are fairer than jewels,
Gather them while you may.

Often glittering diamonds,
Conceal but an aching brow,
And the child heart's bitter throbbings,
Bear record of falsehood's vow.

Truth is the brightest jewel
That womanhood can wear;
Never a silken robe can cure
A heart grown sick with care.

This world is not all sunshine,
There's many a stormy day,
And love is the sweetest shelter
When clouds obscure the way.

So choose from your heart my daughter
Remember this life of ours
Must have some thorns and briars
Among its fairest flowers.

But, thorns, tears, and darkest news
Matters not, so love is true;
While you climb keep step together,
With the higher life in view.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE.

A ROMANCE

OF

DOTS AND DASHES.

BY

ELLIA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

With an amused smile, he looked at the back thus presented to his view, opened his lips to speak, hesitated, and finally walked away. Nattie, looking at him out of the corners of her eyes, saw him glance back as he opened the door, and had a remorseful feeling that perhaps she had been crosser to him than he really deserved, for he was certainly very fine-looking. But what was done could not be undone, and with no expectation of ever seeing him again, she dismissed the matter from her mind.

The best, perhaps the only really pleasant part of Nattie's life was her evenings, passed almost invariably with Cyn. Indeed, Cyn seemed to be a magnet, around which all gathered—Quimby, although, of course, Cyn herself was not his chief attraction—Celeste Fishplate, who determinedly pushed herself into an intimacy, and Jo Norton who, had it not been for the fact so loudly proclaimed by himself, of his having no sentiment in his soul, would have been suspected of being on the road to falling in love with Cyn, so strangely was he attracted to her company. But this, of course, was impossible for him!

"That will do, dear," Cyn remarked, when Nattie related her little adventure with the young gentleman. "Do you know you have been in a dreadful state of mind ever since 'C' intruded his personality?"

Nattie colored a little as she replied, discontentedly, "Oh, it isn't that, I assure you; the truth is, I am ambitious, Cyn. I suppose I forgot it, slightly while I was interested so in 'C'; but I cannot be content with a mere working on from day to day, in the some old routine, and nothing more."

Cyn looked at her scrutinizingly, as she asked, "But in what particular way are you ambitious? to be rich, or what?"

"Oh! not for money!" Nattie answered, with a slight contempt for the

necessary and convenient article. "I am ambitious for fame! I want to be a writer; but when I think of the obstacles in my way, to an opening, even, in that direction, I am daunted. I have attacks of energy, it is true, but I fear it is fitful; it comes and goes."

"I understand," Cyn replied, with more than wonted seriousness. "Your ambition is great enough to render you useless and discontented, but you need something to stimulate your energy, else it will waste itself in idle dreams. Perhaps love may come to be that motive power; perhaps—" and a shade crossed her sunny face—"some great disappointment."

There was a moment's silence, Nattie pondering thoughtfully on these words; and then Cyn continued,

"But in the meantime, since you can at present accomplish nothing, why not get all the enjoyment you can out of life, as it goes? So, when the opportunity comes, and you seize it, you will not have to look back on years wasted in vain longings for the then unattainable. That is my philosophy—and I, too, am ambitious."

"Your philosophy is cheery, at least," said Nattie, smiling. "But I am afraid it is very hard for ambitious people to take life easy; and that is not all of my troubles," she continued, gayly, "I can't get anything good to eat!"

"Poor child," said Cyn, with mock seriousness. "This is coming from the sublime to the ridiculous. What is the cause of the lamentable fact?"

"Oh! I am so tired of both boarding-houses and restaurants. In the former they never have what one likes—and ah! such steak!—while in the latter you have to pick out all the cheap dishes, or ruin yourself at a meal."

Cyn laughed. "I assure you I can appreciate your feelings, from sad experience! I, myself, am positively longing for a nice sirloin steak." Then, a sudden thought striking her, "I will tell you what we will do, Nat, we will have a little feast!"

"A feast?" repeated Nattie, not exactly comprehending.

"Yes—I have a little gas stove—low be it said, lest Mrs. Simonson hear and bring in a terrific bill for extra gas—I use it sometimes to cook my dinner, when I do not feel like going out, and why should we not have a feast all to ourselves some day? and the sirloin steak shall be forthcoming! and what do you say to Charlotte Russe? In short, we will have everything we can think of, and you shall be assistant cook!"

"That would be splendid!" cried Nattie, delighted, "only it will have to be some Sunday, as that is my only leisure day, you know."

"All the better, for then we will be less liable to intrusion," responded Cyn, gayly. "So make a memorandum to that effect, for next week. We must not let Mrs. Simonson know, however, on account of the gas stove; I pay her too much rent now. I am afraid we shall have a little difficulty about dishes. The few I have are not exactly real Sevres china, or even decently conventional. But—"

"Oh! never mind the dishes!" interrupted Nattie. "Anything will do! I have myself a cracked tumbler, and a spoon, that will perhaps be useful for something."

Agreeing therefore to hold dishes in strict contempt, the following Sunday found the two girls with closed doors in the midst of great preparations for a truly Bohemian feast, as Cyn termed it; Nattie with her crimps tied down in a blue handkerchief, and Cyn with her sleeves rolled up, and an old skirt of a dress doing duty as an apron.

"Let me see," said Nattie merrily, taking account of stock. "Two pounds of steak—the first cut of the sirloin; I think you said?—waiting, expectant of making glad our hearts, on the rocking-

chair, potatoes in plebeian lowliness under the table, tomatoes and two pies on our trunk, Charlotte Russes—delicious Charlotte Russes—where? Ah!—on your bonnet-box, in a plate ordinarily used as a card receiver, and sugar, butter, et cetera, and et cetera lying around almost anywhere, and the figs, oranges and homely, but necessary bread, where are they? I see, on top of 'Domy & Son!'"

"And our dishes will not quarrel, because they are none of them any relation to each other!" laughed Cyn as she peeled the tomatoes. "I fear goblets will have to take upon themselves the duties of cups, and that cracked tumbler of yours must be used for something. I am sorry that saucepan is so dilapidated, but it is the best I own!"

"And in that saucepan we must both boil the potatoes and stew the tomatoes. Won't one cool while the other is doing?" queried Nattie, hovering lovingly over the steak.

"I think not," Cyn answered. "You won't mind the coffee being boiled in a tin can, once the repository of preserved peaches, will you?"

"Ah, no!" replied Nattie emphatically, and sawing at the steak with a very dull knife, without a handle. "It will be just as good when it's poured out."

"I had a coffee-pot once, but I melted the nose off and forgot to buy another yesterday," Cyn said, putting on the potatoes.

"We will call our convenience a coffee-urn; it sounds aristocratic," suggested Nattie, as she cleared the books from the least shaky table, and spread it with three towels, in lieu of a tablecloth. "But what shall we do for plates to put the pies on?"

"Take those two wooden box covers in the closet," promptly responded Cyn. "That it is right, and see, here is room also for the coffee—pardon me, I had almost said commonplace coffee-pot!"

"But the tomato! what can we pour that in?" suddenly exclaimed Nattie, with great concern.

Cyn scanned every object in the room with dismay.

"The—wash-bowl!" she insinuated at last, determined not to be daunted.

"Don't you think it rather large? to say nothing of its being too suggestive?" said Nattie, laughing.

Cyn did not press the point, but shook her head, dubiously.

"I have it!" cried Nattie, "there is a fruit-dish in my room."

"Just the thing!" interrupted Cyn ecstatically, "I will run and bring it, if you will attend to the cooking."

"Look out for Miss Kling," said Nattie, warningly; "if she catches a glimpse of you making off with my fruit-dish, she will never rest until she finds out everything."

"Rely on me for secrecy and dispatch," said Cyn, going. "If she sees me, I will mention nuts and raisins; merely mention them, you know."

But Miss Kling, for once, was napping; perhaps dreaming of him Cyn called the torpedo—Celeste's father—and she obtained the dish, reached her own door again without being seen by any one except the Duchess, and was congratulating herself on her good luck, when suddenly, like an apparition, Quimby stood before her.

Cyn started, murmured something about "oranges," slipped the soap-dish she had also confiscated into her pocket, and tried to make the big fruit-dish appear as small as possible.

She might, however, have spared herself any uneasiness, for this always the most unobservant of mortals, was too much overburdened with some affair of his own, to notice even a two-quart dish.

"Oh! I—I beg pardon, I—I was coming with a—a request to your room," he said eagerly. "I—would it be too much to—bring a friend, he knows no one here, and I am sure he and you would fraternize at once, if I might bring him, you know."

"Certainly—yes!" replied Cyn, too anxious to get away to pay much attention to his words, particularly as an odor of steak reached her nostrils.

"Thank you! I—I never knew any one who understood me as well as you!" he said with a grateful bow, and without more words, Cyn left him.

"How long you have been gone!" Nattie remarked, looking up, her cheeks very red, and her nose embellished with a streak of smut, as Cyn entered. "Did you see any one?"

"No one except Quimby, who stopped me to ask about bringing a friend to call some evening," Cyn replied, displaying the fruit dish and producing the soap dish.

"Mercy on us!" Nattie said, looking rather aghast, "it is rather large, isn't it? and what did you bring that soap dish for?"

"I thought it might come handy," laughed Cyn. "We will make a potato holder of it for the time. To what base uses may we come at last!—Why—" in a tone of surprise, "here is the Duchess!"

"And sure enough, up by the window sat that sagacious animal, winking and blinking complacently, and evidently determined to be a third in the feast."

"She came in unnoticed under the shadow that fruit dish threw," said Nattie, teasingly.

Cyn shook an oyster fork at her threateningly.

"Say another such word and you shall have no steak!" she said tragically, "instead a dungeon shall be your doom. We will let the Duchess remain as a receiver of odds and ends. I suppose her suspicions were excited by the sight of these articles. A rare cat! a learned cat! now set the table, for our feast will soon be prepared!" and Cyn bent over the sizzling steak that emitted a most appetizing odor.

Setting that table was no such easy matter as might appear, for with the big fruit dish, wooden covers, different sizes of plates and other incongruous articles, considerable management was necessary.

"I shall have to put the sugar on in the bag," Nattie said, incautiously backing to view the general effect, and so stumbling over the saucepan of potatoes that sat on the floor, but luckily doing no damage.

"Ah, well! Eccentricity is quite the rage now, you know," responded the philosophical Cyn, "and certainly a sugar bowl so closely resembling a brown paper bag as not to be distinguishable from the real thing, is quite *recherche*. But my dear Nat, where am I to set the steak, if you have that big fruit dish in the centre of the table, taking up all the room?"

"I shall have to put it on the floor, then," Nattie answered, despairingly, "for I have tried it on all parts of the table! If you set it on the edge," she added hastily, seeing Cyn about to do so "you will tip the whole thing over!"

"Then we must have a side-board," Cyn announced, with a plate of steak in one hand, and the big fruit-dish in the other. "Put my writing-desk on a chair please; spread a towel over it, and there you have it!"

"But what a quantity of entables we have! Two pounds of steak, ten big potatoes, a two-quart dish of tomatoes, two large pies, two Charlotte Russes, an urn of coffee, a dozen oranges and a box of figs—good gracious! I think of two people eating all that!" exclaimed Nattie, decidedly dismayed at the prospect.

"It is considerable," Cyn confessed, surveying the array with a slightly daunted expression. "You see I am not used to buying for a family, and I was afraid of getting too little. But," brightening, "there isn't more than one quart of the tomatoes, and there are three of us, you know—the Duchess!"

"To be sure; I had forgotten her!" Nattie said, recovering her equanimity, and glancing at the purring animal, who was looking on approvingly, and evidently appreciated the difference between sirloin and her usual rations of round.

"Then let the revels commence, at once!" cried Cyn, rolling down her sleeves, while Nattie wiped the smut from her face.

But now another difficulty presented itself; the chairs were all too low to admit of feasting with the anticipated posture; this was soon overcome, however, by piling a few books in the highest chair, and appropriating the music-stool.

"Now for a feast," exclaimed Nattie, exultantly, as they sat down triumphantly, and she brandished her big knife and extremely small fork, while Cyn poured the coffee from the urn; an undertaking attended with some difficulty, and requiring caution; and the Duchess looked on expectantly.

And then—the goal almost reached—upon their startled ears came a dreadful sound—the sound of a knock at the door! Down to the ground went Nattie's knife and fork, the coffee-urn narrowly escaped a similar fate, up went the back of the Duchess, and two dismayed Bohemians and one impatient cat gazed at each other.

(To be continued.)

THE ACADIAN,

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MARCH 13, 1885.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The *New Star*, backed by money and influence, first made its appearance on the literary horizon some eight months ago fixing the centre of its orbit in this town and promising to be a bright and shining light to guide and direct all those upon whom its rays should fall. It has continued to shine at irregular intervals with more or less brilliancy during these months until a week ago when all of a sudden it failed to appear. Its brilliancy it appears was not sufficiently appreciated to secure its prominent location here, neither has its brightness been sufficient to extinguish or in any way dim the unassuming light of the *ACADIAN*, which still continues to appear at its stated intervals. What has actually become of the *New Star* we know not. It is true that it left Wolfville several days ago taking a westerly course, and report says it intends to be come a fixed star in the shire town (for a period at least) where it hopes to be able on account of its wonderful powers of attraction to absorb within itself the other Great Light, or educator of the people, the *W. C.* Failing in this it is assumed that it will still go west and perhaps in time be able to shine so brightly that it will become the great political power that shall overthrow the present Dominion administration and give us the long promised "free trade" policy.

The *ACADIAN*, as our readers know, first made its appearance under very different circumstances, having no powerful friends or money influence at its back, it was obliged to begin at the very foot of the ladder and to strive (by diligence, energy and close attention to business &c., as well as to the interest of its patrons and advertisers) to win the respect and encouragement of the public, and its most sanguine expectations have been realized.

We have made Wolfville our home and by honesty, industry, perseverance, and economy, hope to be able to remain here. Since the first issue of the *ACADIAN* we have endeavored to give our subscribers in a condensed form as much of local matter as it was possible for us to gather; our general news has been selected with a view of giving only such items as would be of general interest, and leaving war, political and foreign news for our dailies and larger weeklies to dispense.

The time has now come when we think it would be desirable to again enlarge, believing that Wolfville should be able to afford a newspaper that would be a credit to a much larger town. We are willing to do our part towards making the *ACADIAN* such a paper, and if the business and literary men of this place should give us such encouragement as would be easy for them to supply, we promise to give a paper that shall be second to none in this County.

STATUTE LABOR.

In his report for 1884, Mr. Murphy, the Provincial Engineer, makes the following suggestions respecting "necessary reforms" in the road service:

1. A system of letting the construction of public roads by tender and contract.
2. The abolition of the present system of statute labor, and levying a tax of say 50 cents per day in lieu of the day's work as at present employed.
3. The County Treasurer to collect this tax by assessment, and account for it to the Municipal Council.
4. A County Surveyor to be appointed for each County to look after roads, bridges, prisons, workhouses, and other municipal property. He would be a salaried officer, appointed by the Executive Council. He should be independent in his position, and hold office during good behavior.
5. General specifications, embracing from twelve to fifteen classes of roads, with drawings or sections attached thereto, with description of repairs, form, drainage, etc., to be adopted as standards and printed for the province generally.
6. The roads and small bridges within fixed points, of from five to ten miles in length, to be let by lease for a fixed term of years, say three or four, at so much per mile or rod per annum; all lettings to be advertised, and to be let by tender and contract, with security for due fulfillment of same.
7. The county surveyor to visit each road within the year; to have power to

suspend payment for bad or inefficient work; and in the event of the road being still kept in an unsatisfactory condition after notice to the contractor has been given, the surveyor to have power to stop or forfeit all payments, subject to the sanction of the municipal council.

Mr. Murphy is a gentleman of sound practical common sense, and although these suggestions may not in all cases meet the wants of the County, they are worthy of careful consideration. A change in the present statute labor law is admitted by most to be a necessity, and it is hardly possible to frame a law more irksome to all and more unjust to the poor man than the present one, or a system more unproductive of results for the time spent and money expended. If the money or labor called for under the present act was judiciously expended by tender and contract under the supervision of a competent engineer, there would be ample to keep the roads of this County in better repair than at present without one dollar of provincial money. At present one can safely say more than half the work is done under the supervision of men totally unacquainted with the art of road making, and who only undertake the work because compelled by law to do so, and who shuffle through it in the most superficial and slovenly manner, glad to get rid of an irksome duty. Again, most farmers feel it a hardship to be compelled to work for fifty cents a day and yet will do it instead of paying cash. The consequence is that in some sections the work is largely done by the poorer class of laborers, and boys whose only thought is to get in the time. Perhaps the worst feature of the whole law is the unjust proportions borne by the poorer class of men. The farmer assessed for one thousand dollars does more than half as much work as his neighbor owning four times as much. If we are going to have a law based on the value of property, let us have one; but not this patent sliding scale that puts seven days' work on the first thousand and one on the fifth. The only wonder is that such an unjust sample of class legislation should disgrace the Statutes of Nova Scotia as long as it has.

Gentlemen of the Legislature, please give us a change. You can't make it worse.

Poultry Hints.

(Continued.)

Plymouth Rocks lay large dark-colored eggs of good flavor. The chickens are generally strong, and like the Leghorns feather very early. Being but little liable to the ordinary diseases of "chickenhood," they are able to take care of themselves and scratch their own paths through life, much sooner than the Asiatics and their crosses. Like the Leghorns they mature very early: pullets well cared for commence to lay at five months old. The chickens make our best early table fowls. Even when very young they are remarkable for their plump full breasts and large thighs. In the markets both the eggs and the chickens are eagerly bought up at the highest prices. In many of the large cities of the United States the dark colored eggs of the Plymouth Rocks and Brahmas bring considerably higher prices than white eggs. It is maintained they are richer and contain more custard forming material than the lighter colored one. While decidedly prejudiced in favor of the dark eggs, we have been unable to decide this matter from actual experience, nevertheless we have often noticed that at hotel tables where eggs of both colors were offered the dark eggs were first taken. It is doubtful whether anyone with his eyes closed could tell whether the egg he was eating had a white shell or a dark one; nevertheless it is an undisputed fact that the eggs laid by hens who have every day generous rations of grain and commeal are much richer and better flavored than the products of hens who are obliged to scratch for a living, and who find their "tit bits" among the decaying garbage of sink holes or compost-heaps. Plymouth Rocks have good appetites, and possibly consume more food than the Leghorns. Nevertheless it would not be wise to be stingy with them at meal times. The feed will tell. Although they may not turn out quite so many eggs in a year as the Leghorns, yet at almost any period after their first moult, they are in a condition to die happily and reach the

dining table plump and juicy, fit for prince or peasant. The yellow color of their flesh increases their value among Americans and enables them to head the fowl markets. Plymouth Rocks are quiet, close sitters, but are not inveterate brooders. A few days solitary confinement generally dispels the desire to sit. Having small legs they don't crush their eggs in leaving and returning to their nests. They are careful mothers, their large wings and abundant fluff forming ample protection for their chickens from the cold spring winds. It seems to be necessary to confine them in separate coops, as we have observed that when several flocks of chickens were allowed to wander unrestrained in the same lot, that the mothers have been less peacable than Brahmas or Cochins. The breed endures the cold well; the hens making first-class winter layers when not fattened by too much corn.

Taken all in all, no one fowl more completely combines "Beauty and Usefulness," "Eggs and Flesh," "Pecocity and Hardiness." In confinement they are thrifty, and may be restrained by picket or lath fences six feet in height. The small breeds in enclosures are restless and discontented. Plymouth Rocks may be crossed with good results with Leghorns, Hamburgs and Light Brahmas. Here endeth the story of "The Plymouth Rocks."

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

To the Editors of the *Acadian*.

Hip, hip, hurrah! Bravo for you! I always thought you were pretty good stuff, but didn't think you could persuade the *New Star* man to pack up his little baggage and sojourn further west so soon; but when we come to think it all over, it is only a fair illustration of that good old saying, whose age, if nothing else, brings it respect—"You can't sometimes most always tell what you least expect the most." Yes, the poor little *Star* is gone. And, as I walked by that building the other day, wherein, but a short week ago, the *New Star* shone in the height of its glory, a feeling of sadness came over me—not for Wolfville, oh, no! not much! we're not that way inclined; but for its poor little self. I've often been told that if there were two things that the *Star* man couldn't do, they were, to edit a newspaper and to teach school. I don't profess to be a judge on literature and never did, so will refrain from expressing my opinion on his literary capabilities; but as a school teacher, I always liked him. Many good old times we scholars have had at school while he was our teacher; in fact I suppose the happiest day of my life was while going to him. It was in the good old summer days, and our geology class was doing well. Most of them seemed to like the study great, and the amount of stones that was brought into that schoolhouse for inspection was altogether beyond people's conception who didn't know anything about it; but I somehow didn't seem to tumble. I thought there was a far nobler calling for me than picking stones. But on this little day that I speak of, when he commenced saying that geologists would rather find specimens than apples under an apple tree in someone's orchard away behind his house out of sight somewhere, I thought I'd be one; for if there was anything in this world that I liked better than apples, I wanted to go in for it. Well, I did go in for it, and after school was dismissed he detained me behind the rest and said he was highly pleased to see the great interest I had taken in this all important study, and in high appreciation of my efforts would present me with a potato bug and a piece of chalcidony. Well, I guess I was about the happiest boy around that place that day, and you bet there wasn't very much grass grown under my feet going home. I kept the potato bug chained up for about a week when one dark night it got away from me, but with the chalcidony I had better success, and before many weeks were past had barrels more of specimens. Some people say the best place to find specimens is around the cliffs of the sea; but I'm not proud, around home is good enough for me. Of course its all very well for those who have their life insured or some of those uncommonly lucky people, but if I were to try any such thing, I'd get left right off. I'm not one of that kind of fellows who runs any risk, and I'm always a little careful about hunting for specimens in such places. After that little adventure he was telling us of one day about narrowly escaping being buried alive with stones. But I'm not going to tell tales out of school; that's not my style. Well, I feel sorry for the *New Star*. I had great hopes for it when it was started and felt proud that a teacher of mine should attain such high eminence, but as it has gone to Ke-t-ville I haven't much hopes for it. But one thing, he can't blame me, and after all, between you and me, I guess he'll do about as well there as here. Thanking you for space, I remain yours, JACK HYDE.

Wolfville, Friday, March 6th 1885.

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

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville Oct 1st, 1884.

TO LET!

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

Sweeping Reductions

In SUITS made by me For 1 Month.

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

A. McPHERSON,

KENTVILLE.

Sept. 25, 1884.

WONDERFUL.

The New York WonderLamp

Is beautifully finished, is the near est approach to the

ELECTRIC LIGHT!

yet invented, and is superior to all other Kerosene Lamps in the market, in

Nickle Plate or Gold Lacquer

\$6.00 EACH.

Bracket Lamps

\$5.00 EACH.

R. PRAT,

AGENT

N. B.—Beware of cheap imitations.

Wolfville, Dec. 16, 1884.

William Wallace,

TAILOR

Corner Earl and Water Streets, WOLFVILLE.

Caldwell & Murray

Have received their first instalment of

SPRING GOODS!

—AS FOLLOWS—

9 Cases Boots and Shoes,

2 Cases Ready Made Clothing,

1 Case Dress Goods,

1 Case English and Scotch Tweeds,

1 Case Grey and White Sheetings

Trunks & Valises!

SCOTCH AND AMERICAN RUBBER COATS!

AMERICAN AND CANADIAN

RUBBERS!

NEW GOODS ARRIVING DAILY!

Wolfville, March 11th, 1885.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

Positively cure SICK-HEADACHE, Biliousness, and all LIVER and BOWEL Complaints, MALARIA, BLOOD POISON, and Skin Diseases (ONE PILL A DOSE). For Female Complaints these PILLS have no equal. "I find them a valuable Cathartic and Laxative PILLS.—Dr. J. M. Palmer, Monticello, Fla. "In my practice I use no other.—J. Dennison, M.D., De Witt, Iowa. "Sold every where, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Valuable information FREE. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

It is a well-known fact that most of the Horse and Cattle Powder sold in this country is worthless; that Sheridan's Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable. Nothing on Earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powder. Do not be responsible to each pint of feed. It will also positively prevent and cure CHICKEN CHOLERA.

He Choler, &c. Sold every where, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps. Furnished in large cans, price \$1.00; by mail, \$1.50. Circulars Free. J. S. JOHNSON & CO., BOSTON, MASS.

THE WOLFVILLE

Local

Music in t

St. PATRICK

Read Cald

Kentville in

hibition.

A first-class

at this office.

Subscribe

50 cents per

RACES in

Tuesday eve

Caldwell d

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Carloads Tu

The snow

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is again first

Come and

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Mr. and M

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Ernest W.

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and in spite

the weather,

SOMETIME
Sometime, sweetheart, our paths will
cross again,
And I will look once more into thine
eyes,
And feel no more the sorrow and the
pain,
While soft and low will sound thy
sweet replies.

Sometime, dear heart, sometime, though
oceans foam
And mountains rise between us, we
will meet,
Thy heart will find within my heart its
home,
And all my bitter life will turn to
sweet.

—John W. Dixie in the Current.

STOOD BY HIS FLAG.

A dozen rough but brave soldiers were
playing cards one night in the camp.
"What on earth is that?" suddenly ex-
claimed the ringleader, stopping in the
middle of the game to listen.

In a moment the whole squad were
listening to a low, solemn voice which
came from a tent occupied by several re-
cruits, who had arrived in camp that day.
The ringleader approached the tent on
tip-toe.

"Boys, he's a-praying, or I'm a sinner!"
he roared out. "Three cheers for the
parson!" shouted another man of the
group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks!
I'll show you how to take the religion
out of him!" said the first speaker,
laughing. He was a large man, the
ringleader in mischief.

The recruit was a slight, pale-faced
young fellow of about eighteen years of
age. During the next three weeks, he
was the butt of the camp. Then several
of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle
patience and uniform kindness to his
persecutors, begged the others to stop an-
noying him.

"Oh, the little ranter is no better than
the rest of us!" answered the big ring-
leader. "He's only making believe
pious. When we get under fire you'll
see him run. These pious folks don't
like the smell of gunpowder. I've no
faith in their religion!"

In a few weeks the regiment broke
camp, marched towards Richmond, en-
tered the wilderness, and engaged in that
terrible battle. The company to which
the young recruit belonged had a desper-
ate struggle. The brigade was driven
back, and when the line was re-formed
behind the breastworks they had built in
the morning, he was missing.

When last seen, he was almost sur-
rounded by enemies, but fighting desper-
ately. At his side stood the brave fellow
who had made the poor lad a constant
object of ridicule. Both were given up
as lost.

Suddenly, the big man was seen tramp-
ing through the underbrush, bearing the
dead body of the recruit. Reverently
he laid the corpse down, saying, as he
wiped the blood from his own face,—

"Boys, I couldn't leave him with the
Rebs—he fought so! I thought he de-
served a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men
dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid
the remains therein. Then, as one was
cutting the name and regiment upon a
board, the big man said, with a husky
voice,—

"I guess you'd better put the words
'Christian Soldier' in somewhere! He
deserves the title, and may be it'll con-
sole him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among those
rough men, as they stuck the rudely-
carved board at the head of the grave,
and, again and again, looked at the in-
scription.

"Well," said one, "he was a Christian
soldier, if there ever was one! And,"
turning to the ringleader, "he didn't run,
did he, when he smelt gunpowder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his
voice tender with emotion, "why, he
didn't budge an inch! But what's that
standing for weeks our fire, like a
man, and never sending a word back?
He just stood by his flag and let us pep-
per him—he did!"

When the regiment marched away,
that rude head-board remained to tell
what a power lies in a christian life.

CLEAR HEADED.

One grain of common-sense will pre-
cipitate a great deal of nonsense. In the
superstitious times a century or two ago,
when every one believed in witchcraft,
a woman was tried in England, on a
charge of being a witch.

Several witnesses for the prosecution
swore that she could fly. The judge, a
hard-headed man, noted for his cool,
keen sense was disgusted.

Turning to the woman, he said, "Pris-
oner, can you fly?"

"Yes, my lord," answered the poor de-
mented creature.

"Well, then, you may; there is no law
against flying," and he turned the case
out of court.

PRIDE'S FALL.—"Yes," said Clara,
"your Maltese kitty is pretty enough,
but he can never come up to my bird."
That was all she knew about it. The kit-
ty did come up to her bird that very day,
and it was all day with the bird.

THE "ACADIAN,"

HONEST,

INDEPENDENT,

FEARLESS.

—PUBLISHED AT—

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

DAVISON BROS.,
Publishers & Proprietors.

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

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

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

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

TASTY DISPLAY.

Its extreme low price,

FIFTY CENTS

PER ANNUM,

Places it within the reach of all and
all should have it.

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We make a speciality of all kinds of

COMMERCIAL PRINTING:

Letter Heads,
Note Heads,
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Statements,
Receipts,
Business Cards,
Checks,
Envelopes

Pamphlets,

Catalogues,

Circulars,

Billets,

Flyers,

Tags,

Programmes,

etc., etc.

SOCIETY PRINTING, BANK WORK:

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

Address—

"Acadian" Office,
WOLFVILLE.

Western Book & News Co. will remove in about two weeks to store lately occupied by the "New Star."

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. RUPERT
NURSERYMAN,

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, CAM-
BRIDGE, 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. G. Newcomb,
C. A. McEntire, E. K. Caldwell,
J. E. Chapman, J. K. Tobin,
M. A. Spellacy, Chas. Morgan,
J. E. Moffit, J. W. Foster,
R. H. Warner, John A. Shaw,
W. T. V. Young, J. E. Morson,
B. F. Congdon, Geo. S. Hoyt.

W. & A. Railway Time Table

1884—Winter Arrangement—1885.

Commencing Monday, 1st December.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily.	Accm.		Exp. Daily.
		T.F.S.	Daily.	
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	
Annapolis Leve		6 15	1 30	
14 Bridgetown "		7 10	2 13	
28 Middleton "		8 10	2 58	
42 Aylesford "		9 15	3 27	
47 Berwick "		9 35	3 52	
50 Waterville "		9 50	4 00	
59 Kentville dpt	5 40	11 15	4 40	
64 Port Williams "	6 00	11 35	4 55	
66 Wolfville "	6 10	11 44	5 03	
69 Grand Pre "	6 25	11 57	5 13	
72 Avonport "	6 40	12 10	5 24	
77 Hantsport "	6 58	12 30	5 39	
84 Windsor "	7 50	1 20	6 05	
116 Windsor June "	10 00	3 45	7 23	
130 Halifax arrive	10 45	4 30	8 05	

GOING WEST.

	Exp. Daily.	Accm.	
		M.W.F.	Daily.
	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
Halifax—leave	7 00	6 15	2 30
14 Windsor Jun—" "	7 45	7 15	3 30
46 Windsor "	9 03	10 05	5 33
53 Hantsport "	9 28	10 37	6 03
58 Avonport "	9 43	10 55	6 20
61 Grand Pre "	9 54	11 10	6 33
64 Wolfville "	10 03	11 25	6 46
66 Port Williams "	10 10	11 35	6 55
71 Kentville "	10 40	12 25	7 10
80 Waterville "	11 02	1 02	
83 Berwick "	11 10	1 17	
88 Aylesford "	11 25	1 40	
102 Middleton "	12 05	3 00	
116 Bridgetown "	12 47	4 00	
130 Annapolis Arive	1 30	4 55	

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Stan-
dard Time. One hour added will give
Halifax time.

Steamer "Dominion" leaves St John
every Mon Wed and Sat a. m., for Digby
and Annapolis, returning from Annapolis
same day.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis
every Tues., Thurs. and Frid., p. m., for
Digby.

Steamer "Cleopatra" leaves Annapolis
for Boston direct every Tues. p. m., and
returns from Lewis Wharf, Boston, every
Sat p. m.

Through tickets may be obtained at the
principal Stations.

P. Innes,
General Manager
Kentville, 29 November, 1884.

Death-blow TO LARGE PROFITS



XMAS! CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

Wolfville Jewellery Store!

J. McLEOD,
PRACTICAL
WATCH MAKER
& JEWELLER.
(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)

Respectfully informs the public of
Wolfville, Kentville, and surrounding
districts that I have bought for cash,
direct from the Manufacturers, the
largest and best selected stock of
Watches, Clocks, Jew-
ellery, 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 mounte-
banks, and others not legitimately
brought up to the jewellery trade. In-
tending 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, Ear-
rings, Chains, Gents' Gold Rings, etc.
etc., too numerous to mention.

A full line of STANDARD SILVER-
WARE: Cake Baskets, Card Receiv-
ers, Sugar Baskets, Cream Jugs, But-
ter Coolers, Castors, Revolving Butter
Coolers, Castors, Napkin Rings, Pickle
Dishes, Call Balls, Nut Crackers, But-
ter Knives, Pie Knives, Fork Racks,
Dinner and Dessert Spoons, Tea Spoons,
Fish Covers, Sugar Spoons, etc.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS!!
Manufactured by French, Canadian,
and American makers, the best selec-
tion out of Halifax, French Gilt Clocks
under glass shades, full finished Cana-
dian Clocks in polished walnut, Ameri-
can Clocks in veneered cases.

I am in a position to sell the WAL-
THAM WATCH, which is a notori-
ous 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, com-
monly 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.