

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

WOLFVILLE, CHRISTMAS, 1883.

A SUMMER EXPERIENCE.

They sat in the shadow at even,
And talked in a over-like way;
He said something that sounded like
Heaven,

She murmured an indistinct nay.
He told her the summer was ended,
That their joy was nearing its close.
Her voice with the zephyrs was blended.
And she gave him a half-open rose.

* * * * *

Next morning they met near the river—
"Some strangers," he said, "came last
night."

"Ah, indeed?" said the girl in a quiver;
"Do you know that young woman in
white?"

He stuttered a little, then bravely.
"Oh, yes, we are promised to wed.
And the man, do you know him?" Then
gravely,

"We've been married since last
spring," she said.

Dr. Gordon on Intemperance.

REV. A. J. GORDEN, D. D.,
preached at the union service in the
Shawmut Church, on the approving
and reproofing character of Christ's work
After referring to the sin of Sabbath-
breaking, which, he claimed, is now
brooding over New England like an
eclipse, he spoke of the liquor traffic,
and said that, in 1879, Massachusetts
had derived from it \$500,000. She
not only gave her sanction to the busi-
ness, but thus made herself direct part-
ner in it. It is a question for Chris-
tians to consider. Shall Massachusetts
give her legal sanction to a business
that is the source of more sin and
crime and wretchedness than all other
causes combined? The voice of her
Legislature has said, "Yes," said he;
"and as from the gallery of the House
of Representatives I looked down upon
the crowd that were swelling the
cry, I saw every representative of the
alms and the saloon standing man-
fully to his post, and shouting, 'Down
with Prohibition and up with Licenses!'
"I saw the lofty and ingenious worst
politician there. I saw the sleek and
red-faced bar-keeper there. And, oh,
'tell it not in Gath, publish it not in
the streets of Askelon!' I saw every
one of our evangelical denominations
represented in that anti-prohibition vote
by some eminent Christian layman.
There was the Baptist deacon, a staunch
sectarian, no doubt versed in all the in-
tricacies of close communion; so loyal to
his devotions that he would refuse the
cup to his own brother if he was not
baptized. But while he was so strict
about 'the cup of the lord,' here he was

GREAT EXPLOSION OF DYNAMITE!

G. A. PORTER has just received his Xmas stock.

I have been in Halifax the past week selecting my
goods, and can now sell as cheap as the cheapest. My
stock of

Staple and Fancy Groceries

is Complete and Fresh, and my CONFECTIONERY is
equalled by none in King's County.
My stock of CROCKERYWARE is complete, and I
am going to sell it at a small advance on cost to make
room for Groceries.

MEATS of all kinds, both Fresh and Salt.
All kinds of VEGETABLES.

FEEDING FLOUR and OATMEAL on hand and a car-load of choice FAMILY
FLOUR expected this week. WANTED all kinds of Farmers Produce in exchange.
Please come and examine my goods before buying.
Truly yours,

Wolfville, Dec. 1883.

G. A. PORTER,

Sleighs! Sleighs!

The subscriber wishes to inform the public that he has
on hand a number of Stylish Sleighs of all kinds. The
material. The Ironing is done by a first class blacksmith.
Also Repairing promptly attended to and neatly done.

PRICES LOW.

Yours respectfully,

A. B. ROOD,
Carriage & Sleigh Manufacturer,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

CALL AT
F. L. BROWN & CO.'S,

AND SEE

THE LARGEST STOCK OF

FANCY CUPS, VASES, and FANCY
PRESENTS, in CHINA and GLASS
in the County.

He offers 5 per cent discount for CASH purchases on all sums over \$1.00
during the Holidays.

blantly officiating in the ceremony of
passing 'the cup of the devils' to its
thousand wretched and drunken com-
munities throughout the State. And
there was the eminent Congregational
layman, ready, no doubt, in the present
controversy, to stand square for 'eternal
punishment.' 'No drunkard can enter
the kingdom of heaven,' and there can
be no escape for him from the eternal
hell; but the rum-seller who makes the
drunkard must have no temporal pun-
ishment. No constable must visit him
with the penalty of confinement; no
sheriff must pursue him with fines, be-
cause he has made a few orphans and
widows. And there was the not less
eminent Methodist citizen, enjoying,
presumably, the sweet witness of the
Spirit; but when called to bear witness
for Christ against the greatest iniquity
that has ever cursed our earth, denying
his Lord, like Peter, all this I saw and
noted; and as I did so I imagined some
just and humane and conscientious
heathen sitting on this wretched spec-
tacle, and exclaiming,—

"Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan sashed in a creed outward,
So might I, standing in this pleasant land
Have glimmers that would make me less
forlorn."

We wish every Christian in the land
could 'read, mark, and inwardly digest,'
the above extract from A. J. Gordon's
Fast-Day sermon. Three representa-
tives of Christ's religion commanding
themselves and Christ to the consciences
of the world; reversing Christ's
miracle and legislating the Devil into
men. If they who failed to give a cup
of cold water to a thirsty man, or bread
to an hungry, or clothes to the naked,
or to visit the one in prison, came short
of the kingdom, what shall be the pun-
ishment of those who cry, "Lord, Lord,
and vot to—and thus do—put the cup
of fire to thirsty lips, take bread from
the hungry, clothes from the shivering,
and thrust men into prison? The mere
fact of a Christian profession places men
under a tremendous responsibility. The
more orthodox the creed, the higher the
type of Christian life, the more awful
the fall. Inasmuch as ye did this thing
to one of the least of Christ's little ones
ye did it unto him. Thirty pieces of
silver was the price paid eight or a hun-
dred years ago. What was the price
in 1881?

Poetry.

SEA-BIRDS.

There's a flock of beautiful sea-birds
Alight on the sandy bar,
How they gleam in the morning sunshine
How white their feathers are,
The tide has almost covered
The Island where they stand,
And the little waves creep nearer
Along the yellow sand.

And there, at the edge of the water,
A hundred sea-birds play
Among the white-capped wavelets,
As foamy white as they,
Out there on the sandy shallow
They find their daily food;
The motherly Ocean feeds them,
Her countless and hungry brood.

She comes with a comforting whisper
And plenty of food for each
Of her little feathered nurslings,
Who wait for her waves on the beach.
Now, over the bar where they lighted,
The Tide her broad arms flings,—
Look, what a sudden uprising
Of white and flashing wings!

Now, half of the flock are flying,—
How fair they are in their flight!
From the pale blue sky beyond them
Gleam out their breasts, snow-white.
They make me think of the angels,
With spotless robes and wings,
Or the thoughts of little children
On high and heavenly things.

And half of the flock are floating
On the dark blue sea at rest,
Like babes that are rocked to slumber
On their mother's heaving breast;
Like a bevy of water-lilies
Adrift on a quiet tide;
Or like hearts that were wild and restless
Now tranquil and satisfied.

(Written for The Acadian.)

Clamming Excursion.

BY HARL HARLEE.

I was "down east" searching for
wealth. Just six miles from where I
boarded, in a south-easterly direction,
was Clam Island. Clam Island is a
place noted for clams—hence its name.
If there is anything I like better than
fish, it is clams. I had often eaten
them, but had never dug any. To eat
by own digging was what I had always
wanted. So when I heard that I was
only six miles from where they grew, I
resolved to have a dig. Two young
fellows, boarder-mates of mine, concluded
to go with me. We decided on the
4th of May as the day of our excursion.
We thought it would be a good
way to celebrate the birth-day of our
queen; we knew she would be pleased
when she heard about it. It was now
the 23rd. On the morning of the 24th
we started. It was a charming morning.
Just the kind of a morning that
makes school boys sick when they think
of school, and excursionists happy when
they think of excursions. We felt un-
commonly happy. We had all the same
subject—clams, before us. We had
brown oxide on our little deficiencies, for

Christmas Presents

1883

New Year's Gifts

1884

—AT—

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.'S

Witter's Block, Wolfville

Their Stock is now Complete in all lines.

Read carefully the lists on pages 3, 6, and 7.

Call early to avoid the rush.

Don't forget the Address—

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.,

A. M. NOARE, Manager,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

we use to differ occasionally especially in politics and religion, and resolved to spend the day in the most peaceful of harmony. I like harmony,—they use to call me that at home. We "yehood" past things as Tom Pinch did when he went to London. Now along by the river, as it ripples and wrangles, and foams along; then over the bridge, with the broken down rail left on purpose to frighten horses; then on past fields thick with dandelions, and children gathering greens; past cottages with men standing at the door, and women at the windows staring (it is human nature to stare) at us, and hoping we are not their relations coming to make them a visit; then on, and on, until the long red bridge is reached and crossed and we are on Clam Island. We enquired at the first house we came to, for the best place for clams, and were directed to a place about a mile south. We then concluded to go just two miles north, but afterwards changed our mind and went south, thinking that perhaps people wouldn't misdirect you to clams if they would to blue-berries. As we travelled south we took a view of the island. It is about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide. It has a population of about 148 inhabitants, mostly children, with a few men and women as parents. Every pair of parents has a large family. I thought as I drove past their houses that they must have a contract of raising children for an immigration society. You would think to see the children outside, that each house owned a sabbath school picnic of its own. Selling cattle and farming are the chief occupations of the men; and spinning flax and going for the cows the principal employment of the women. The children don't do anything but mind the turkeys and wish for meal-time. The people are pious. I am told they know more about regeneration than a catechism. They keep sabbath to the very letter of the law. The women do not allow dishes to be washed on that day, and therefore you will not find a girl on the island but loves the sabbath. The men spend the day reading aloud out of Baxter's "Call to the unconverted" while the children sit around listening, and rolling gum in their hands which they dare not chew.

We had now got as far as our directions took us. As far as we could see was one immense clam-field. I had no idea clam-fields were so large. I had always imagined one to be about the size of a fish-house. Joe and Harry, the boys that were with me, thought this was about an average sized one. But I know it was very much above the average size. I never swear I have such poor teeth, but I did feel like it, to hear boys that never saw a clam-field before pretend to be authority on such an important subject. I said nothing, however. They were these wise boys. There are some people that know everything. I would rather undertake to make a small earthquake and set it agoing than try to tell them something they didn't know. It can't be done. As we had now got to the home of the clam, we went right to work and were soon knee deep in the red mud digging. After an hour's work Harry went ashore to build a fire-place and prepare dinner. It never occurred to him until he had the

(continued on 7th page.)

Chairs should not be covered with silk but sat-in.

Why is a carpenter like a barber?—because he can't get along without shavings.

"Doctor" said a gentleman to his pastor, "how can I best train up my boy in the way he should go?" "By going that way yourself," blandly replied the pastor.

A "HIELAN' SPOKE."—Scene—Bar of an inn; two former acquaintances are having a dram. Sandy, after supplying his tumbler with a moderate quantity: "A little water, Tonal?" Tonal, ex-fisherman: "Na, na! She never liked water in her shoon, far less in her stamack."

A lady riding on a slow train handed the conductor a half-fare ticket for her boy. He looked at the youngster and said: "Rather large boy for half-fare." "Yes," responded the mother; "so he is now. It was all right, though, when I bought the ticket. But you see he has grown so much since we started."

EVIDENCE ENOUGH.—A City broker one day received a call from a man who announced that an acquaintance, old Blank, was dead. "Old Blank! Yes, I remember him. So he is dead?" "Yes; and his heirs are trying to set aside the will." "They are?" "Yes; and they're going to prove he was crazy. They want you as a witness." "Want me? Why, I know nothing of the old man, except that I once invested two thousand for him!" "Well, that's all they expect to prove by you." "What?" "Why, if you'll come into court and swear that the old man let you have two thousand to invest for him, the case is made out! When can you come?" He never went.

THE JAPANESE WAY.—In Japan a girl at the age of nine wears her hair tied up in a red scarf bound round the back of the head; the forehead is left bare, with the exception of a couple of locks, one on each side. When she is of a marriageable age, she combs her hair forward, and makes it up into the shape of a fan or a butterfly, and at the same time decorates it with silver cord and balls of various colors. This means everything, and is fully understood by the young men of Japan. A widow who wishes for a second husband puts a tortoise-shell pin horizontally at the back of her head and twists her hair round it, while an inconsolable widow curls her hair short and goes in for no adornment of any sort. These last are very rare.

Stationer Y

Our stock of Staple lines of Stationery is always full, and comprises all kinds of

Note Paper, Letter Paper, Foolscap Paper, Legal Cap Paper, Print Paper, Flat Post. and Cap, &c., &c., &c.

ENVELOPES. A full line, all sizes, all qualities. 3 thousand Envelopes in sizes to suit Xmas Cards. Manilla Envelopes at 90 cents: White from \$1.75 to \$4.50

5 Qrs FIRST CLASS NOTE FOR 25c.

Desk Goods:

Pens Pencils Holders Racks Clips Files Automatic Pencils Paper-Knives Red & Blue Pencils Rubber Bands Erasers etc. etc. etc.

PLAYING CARDS, VISITING CARDS, COLORED SPECTACLES, PENKNIVES, LETT'S DIARIES and a Full Line of Stationers' sundries of all descriptions.

A STOCK OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS,

Always on hand, and our **ORDERING DEPARTMENT** is now in the most complete shape possible for procuring odd books at short notice.

We are now taking subscriptions for all the leading publications of the day, and will order them sent direct to subscribers from office of publishers if desired.

DON'T FORGET THE ADDRESS—

Western Book & News Co.,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

THE FARMER FEEDETH ALL.

My lord rides through his palace gate,
My lady sweeps along in state,
The sage thinks long on many a thing,
And the maiden muses on marrying;
The minstrel harpeth merrily,
The sailor ploughs the foaming sea,
The huntsman kills the good red deer,
And the soldier wars without a fear;
But fall to each what'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Smith hammereth cheerily the sword,
Priest preacheth pure and holy word,
Dame Alice worketh broidery well,
Clerk Richard tales of love can tell,
The tap-wife sells her foaming beer,
Dan Fisher fishes in the mere,
And courtiers ruffle, strut and shine,
While pages bring the Gascon wine;
But fall to each what'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Man builds his castles fair and high,
Whatever river runneth by,
Great cities rise in every land,
Great churches show the builder's hand,
Great arches, monuments and towers,
Fair palaces and pleasing bowers,
Great work is done, be't here or there,
And well man worketh everywhere;
But work or rest, what'er befall,
The farmer he must feed them all.

Be kind to your mother-in-law, and, if necessary, pay for her board at some good hotel.

"If you mus' marry," writes a colored philosopher, "let common sense have a show in de transackshun. Doan' go off yer feet bekaise you meet a girl who kin sing like a robin, smile like a rose, an' jump off a street kyar widout boderin' de driver to stop. A wife will have much to do besides singin' an' cultivatin' dimples. If you an' gwine to marry, ax yerselves how fer ten dollars per week will go when divided up fur cloze an' pervishuns an' house-rent an' fuel an' incidentals. Befo' you fall in love wid a gal who looks to sweet fur anythin' in a red plush saque kinder figger on how many sich duds your income could afford her. Befo' you are all broke up on a gal who plays de pianner, talks French, paints landscapes, an' reads poetry, jist sit down an' figger who am to cook yer meat an' taters, patch yer cloze, darn yer socks, and help yer make twelve dollars buy fifteen dollars' worth of tings. Befo' ye let a pa'r a flashin' eyes an' a cunnin' dimple captivate ye, look aroun' a little an' see if de owner has got a temper like a wild cat. Marriage am a lottery simply bekaise people take each odder unsight an' unseem."

THE ACADIAN.
SEMI-MONTHLY.

DAVISON BROTHERS

PUBLISHERS & PROPRIETORS.
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.—The ACADIAN is published on the second and fourth Friday of each month at 50cts. per Annum in advance. Single copies 2 cents.

GREETING.

In issuing this our first Xmas Annual, we must beg our readers to pardon any discrepancies in it as it has been gotten up under many difficulties. We ask a careful perusal of all its contents both reading matter and advertisements as they will be found very interesting. All kinds of goods are advertised and our readers cannot fail to get the best goods at the cheapest rates from our advertisers.

With this introduction we leave our paper in your hands and hope all may get some benefit from reading it.

CHRISTMAS IN WOLFVILLE.

Every one appears to be making great preparations for the Holidays. The shops are all in holiday attire with the goods all arrayed in the most tempting manner possible. Customers are taking advantage of the excellent sleighing to come into the village for the purpose of selecting their presents and the material necessary to the construction of those wonderful cakes, pies, and what not that are to delight their friends on the great feast season of the year. All seem determined to have a good time. And while some few are grumbling at the slowness of the potato market yet there does not seem to be a very great scarcity of money.

Wolfville has this year fully sustained its reputation for complete stocks in all lines, and our merchants are to be congratulated upon their splendid displays of the best goods to be obtained in their respective lines. By reference to our advertising columns, our readers will see where they can obtain the best goods at the cheapest prices.

In conclusion we would wish all our patrons, friends and the public generally a very Merry Xmas with all the joys which the term indicates.

- | | | |
|--------------|---|-------------|
| Gift Cups | X | Fancy Boxes |
| Table Mats | M | Glove Boxes |
| Hair Brushes | A | Hdkf Boxes |
| Napkin Rings | S | Shell Boxes |

DOLLS
DOLLS
DOLLS

BURPEE WITTER

PURSES
PURSES
PURSES

- | | | |
|----------------|---|-----------------|
| SILK HDKFS | C | LOCKETS, CHARMS |
| COMPANIONS | A | BAR PINS |
| BRACELETS | R | PENKNIVES |
| SLEEVE BUTTONS | D | VASES, PITCHERS |
| TOYS, TOYS | S | KID MITS. |

New Book Store.

(NEXT DOOR TO G A PORTER'S)

We cordially invite the attention of the public to our
NEW STOCK

CONSISTING OF

PIANOS, ORGANS, SEWING MACHINES, and SMALL MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, BOOKS, STATIONERY, BLANK, EXERCISE, AND ACCOUNT BOOKS; PENS, PENCILS, PAINTING CARDS, PHOTO, AUTOGRAPH, AND SCRAP, ALBUMS; SCRAP PICTURES, CABINET PHOTO FRAMES, EASELS, BRACKETS, JEWEL CASES, WORK BOXES, WRITING DESKS, SHOPPING BAGS, WALLETS, DOLLS, and CHILDREN'S TOYS IN VARIETY.

An elegant assortment of Xmas Cards!

JUST RECEIVED!
500 sheets EVAN'S popular Sheet Music.

Agents for the New Music Book, "Treasury of Song"
Vocal and Instrumental.

ROCKWELL & CO.,
MAIN STREET, WOLFVILLE.

CHOOSING A HUSBAND,

Mixed with the humor and non-sense of the following selections are many serious and valuable hints to those young ladies whose minds are prone to thoughts of love:

First, catch your lover.
Hold him when you have him.
Don't let go of him to catch every new one that comes along.

Try to get pretty well acquainted with him before you take him for life.

Unless you intend to support him, find out what he intends to support you.

Don't make up your mind that he is an angel.

Don't palm yourself off on him as one of the same.

Don't let him lead his life as you; that right should be reserved until after marriage.

If you have conscientious scruples against marrying a man with a mother say so in time, that he may get rid of her to oblige you, or rid of you to oblige her, as he thinks best.

If your adorer happens to fancy a certain shade of hair, don't color or bleach to oblige him.

Remember your hair belongs to you and he doesn't.

Be sure it is the man you are in love with and not the clothes he wears.

Fortune and fashion are both so fickle it is foolish to take a stylish suit of clothes for better or worse.

If you intend to keep three servants after marriage, settle the matter beforehand.

The man who is making love to you may expect you to do your own washing.

Don't try to hurry up a proposal by carrying on a flirtation with some other fellow.

Different men are made of different material, and the one you want may go off in a fit of jealousy and forget to come back.

If you have a love letter to write, don't copy it out of a "letter-writer."

If your young man ever happened to consult the same book, he would know your sentiments were borrowed.

Don't marry any man to oblige any third person in existence.

It is your right to suit yourself in the matter.

But remember at the same time that love is blind, and a little friendly advice from one whose advice is worth having may insure you a life time of happiness or prevent one of misery.

In love affairs always keep your eyes wide open, so that when the right man comes along you may see him.

When you do see him you will recognize him, and the recognition will be mutual.

If you have no fault to find with him personally, morally, politically, religiously, or any other way, he is probably perfect enough to suit you, and you can afford to believe him, hope in him, love him, marry him.

The proper place for a corner is coal—Down in the cellar.

Local

Great rush

Christmas g

Try one of and see how yo

Should the Acadian woma Meluvian.

C. H. Borden and well handkerchiefs.

BIG TURKEY killed a spring dressed over 12 thing worth tal y the man who

Neck-ties, S... enders, Wool Borden's, Wolf

THE Hantsp shed and gives lost everything Wolfville would en like they h

WOLFVILLE MILL.—M... e to 9 inches and or made ards planed a mber always c

Wolfville, Oct.

COLD.—The ght, after a s... ety air that... tra overcoats... d rub their e... refreshing. We... e Rink open C

Persons desir... y secure the... own's, Wolfv... ll furnished r... e offered at

Call at C. H... see his splen... Canadian sl

DIDACTICS.—... cties fiends h... they seem to... quish them... Rand.

C. H. Borden... et styles of A

Don't rogan... ill agen t for

Local and other Matters.

Great rush to Prat's!

Christmas goods at C. H. Borden's.

Try one of A. B. Rood's Sleighs and see how you like them.

Should the husband of an anti-deuvian woman be called an uncle-deuvian.

C. H. Borden, Wolfville, keeps a large and well selected stock of silk handkerchiefs.

BIG TURKEY.—Mr. J. O. Harris killed a spring turkey last week which weighed over 12 pounds. This is something worth talking about, and we envy the man who gets it for Xmas.

Neck-ties, Shirts, Collars, Cuffs, Suspenders, Wool and Kid gloves, at Borden's, Wolfville.

THE Hantsport Rink is nearly finished and gives promise of a big success. Most everything in Hantsport is, and Wolfville would be the better of some men like they have in that town.

WOLFVILLE PLANING AND MOULDING MILL.—Mouldings of any shape or size to 9 inches wide, and stair rails on and or made to order. Also pine boards planed and matched. Dry pine lumber always on hand.

D. A. Munro.
Wolfville, Oct. 12th, 1883.

COLD.—The weather set in Saturday night, after a soft snap, with a biting icy air that made people put on extra overcoats and blow their fingers and rub their ears in a way that was refreshing. We are in hopes of having the Rink open Christmas-day now.

Persons desiring permanent boardings secure the same at Mrs. Henry Brown's, Wolfville—where large and well furnished rooms with good boardings offered at a reasonable figure.

Call at C. H. Borden's, Wolfville, to see his splendid stock of American and Canadian slippers.

DIADICTICS.—We were in hopes the diadictics fiends had concluded to stop, they seem to be still anxious to distinguish themselves and extinguish Rand.

C. H. Borden, Wolfville, keeps the latest styles of American hats.

DON'T FORGET.—That A. M. Hoare is still agent for the Scotch Dye Work

'83. HOLIDAY SEASON '84.

AT THE STORE OF

R. PRAT,

May be found a Splendid Stock of

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES,

**CHINA, GLASS AND EARTHENWARE,
CONFECTIONERY and FRUIT;**

—COMPRISING—

**Choice Tea, Coffee, Val. Raisins, Currants,
Molasses, Sugar, Vinegar, Red Oil, Soap,
PURE SPICES,**

**Figs, Dates, Nuts, Oranges, & Lemons, etc.,
PLAIN AND FANCY BISCUITS,
Vases, Fancy Cups & Mugs, China Toys, etc.**

FLOUR AND MEAL.

TEA, Wholesale and Retail.

Please call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere. Wishing you the compliments of the season, I remain, yours truly,

RUPERT PRAT.

Wolfville, Dec. 1883.

**Boots & Shoes Hats & caps!
GENTS' FURNISHINGS!**

C. H. BORDEN, Wolfville

Has now on hand a large and well selected Stock of the above goods; and, in particular, would call attention to his stock of

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

Comprising all the Latest Styles of Neck Ties, Silk Hdkfs, Collars, Cuffs, A full Line of Suspenders, Umbrellas, Kid & Wool Gloves, Also a Full Assortment of **UNDER-CLOTHING.**

JUST RECEIVED!

All the Latest Styles of American Hard and Soft Hats

—ALSO—

A New and Complete stock of BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, etc. which will be found to be the most Fashionable, Cheapest, and most Complete Stock in the County.

C. H. BORDEN

Wolfville, Oct. 10th. 1883.

Local and other Matters.

Go to Porter's for your Xmas Confectionary, he has the largest stock to select from in Wolfville.

WHAT about a lockup now? Perhaps the sufferers of last week will want to have the subject revived. Cannot our people do anything without being driven into it?

PORTER'S Xmas stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries is now complete; and his smiling face is awaiting to see you.

Dec. 1883.—Certain parties are circulating a story that we have left the country. This is to certify that we have agreed to stay here another year and recanvass King's and Hants counties. All parties in want of first class Fruit and Ornamental Trees please hold your orders for us or address
L. W. KIMBALL,
Wolfville, N. S.

Some advice from our Religious Editor for guidance during Xmas week.

- Don't eat too much.
- Don't get drunk.
- Don't forget to make your mother-in-law a nice Xmas present.
- Don't forget to remember your best girl.
- Be sure to hang up your stocking Xmas Eve.
- Don't send in your accounts for payment before the end of the week.
- Try to pay all your bills before Saturday night and start the New Year with a clean sheet.
- Make lots of resolutions on Jan. 1st. as it is probably the only day in 1884 that you will think of it.

Go to Rockwell & Co.'s for your Xmas Cards.

All kinds of Job work, Posters, Magistrates Blanks, Lawyers' Blanks, Merchants Blanks consisting of Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Note Heads, etc. in every variety, done neatly and promptly at this office.

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Open every afternoon from 3 till 5.30 o'clock; and Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings from 7 till 10 o'clock.

The Rink will be lighted every Friday evening with **ELECTRIC LIGHT.**

ADMISSION

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D. A. MUNRO, Proprietor
Wolfville, Dec 17th. 1883.

Here is the last of a shoe-maker, beyond which let no cobbler go. A lady complaining that the soles of her shoes were too thick, the artful manufacturer said to her, "is that your only objection to them, Madame?" "It is," the lady replied. "Well then, madame, if you take them I think I can assure you, you will find that objection gradually wear away."

"Well, Tom," said a blacksmith to an apprentice, "you have been with me now three months, and have seen seen all the different points in our trade; I wish to give you your choice of work for a while." "Thank'ee, sir." "Well now, what part of the business do you like best?" "Shutting up the shop and goin' to dinner."

A sailor is called an old salt because the minute he gets on shore he is in a pickle.

"What is a woman's sphere?" "Why woman's fear is that the centre table isn't high enough to render her perfectly safe from that horrid mouse."

"That's a very soft corn of yours," said the chiropodist. "Yes but it's hard enough to bear," responded the patient.

Statistics show that the largest number of marriages are by persons under twenty-three years of age. Does this prove that as people grow older they become wiser?

The difference between honor and discretion is that honor tells you not to hit a man when he is down, and discretion warns you to be careful about hitting him when he isn't down.

FASHION ITEM.—"A new color is called four o'clock." "If it's the color of a man's nose as he goes meandering home about four o'clock in the morning, it must be a very brilliant shade of red."

A little while back a worthy alderman inquired at court, in the case of a man who had not been vaccinated, and who had small-pox twice and had died, whether he died the first time or the second.

Ethel's mother was reading her Sabbath-school lessons to her, when she came to the verse: "But when they next saw Joseph they found him in a position of great authority and power, and—" "Joseph was king, wasn't he, mamma?" interrupted Ethel. "No, dear, he was not king, but he was very high—next to the king." "Oh, I know, mamma, he was jack—jack high!" Alas, Ethel had seen too much card playing.

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WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

EVOLVED BY A PROFESSOR.—German professor: "What a couple of bonny little children, dear baroness! Twins, I suppose?" Baroness: "You have guessed rightly." Professor: "Are they both yours?"

A fool, a barber, and a bald-headed man were travelling together. Losing their way they were forced to sleep in the open air; and to avert danger it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then woke him and the fool, raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mistake; you have awakened the bald-headed man instead of me."

"Aw, can you tell me, Miss Fair, queried George W. La Dude, "why'th—aw—Ponto's caudal appendage like a coming event?" "No, Mr. La Dude." "Well, aw, it is something a cur, don't you know,—ha, ha!" "Very good Mr. La Dude; very good. But can you tell me why your hat like a bad habit?" "Why, er-r, aw, well, no—why is it?" "Because it's something to a void." "Oh, well, now, Miss Fair, you are just too bad for anything, don't you know?"

The other day, on a certain railway a man got into one of the carriages and presently began talking to a fellow passenger. After a time, he asked the gentleman whether he had heard a story about how a man travelled without a ticket. The gentleman said he had not; so the man asked him to lend him his ticket, that he might show him how it was done, and began fiddling about with it, but pretending that the story had suddenly slipped out of his head, but he was sure he would remember it soon. After a time the train got near London and, as the man could not remember the story, he returned the gentleman his ticket. The gentleman struck the man as being very curious, and so he watched the man. When the man got to the barrier he asked for his ticket, he said he had lost it, and, after a good deal of altercation, the man pulled some silver out of his pocket, and was about to pay for his fare, when he suddenly said—producing a small piece of ticket—that he could prove that he had given up his ticket because he remembered playing in the train and tearing off a small piece, and that if the ticket-collector looked off. On looking, the ticket-collector found a ticket with a piece torn off, of course, immediately begged the man a thousand pardons.

(continued from 2nd page.)

place but and all the wood near
 ring on that a borrowed washt
 was not just the thing to boil clams
 You see he was absent-minded.
 his perplexity he called us ashore.
 held a consultation and concluded
 at the only thing we could do was to
 row a pot from the people nearest
 fire-place, and gather more wood.
 ent for the pot, while Joe and Harry
 ed for wood. I had never borrowed
 pot, but I knew I could. About one
 of a mile away our nearest neigh-
 lived, thither I directed my steps.
 en I reached the gate, leading to
 house, a dog lying on the door-step,
 menced barking at me most feroci-
 ly. I stood awhile and listened. I
 ted to get acquainted with his bark.
 e dogs don't mean anything by
 r bark, while others, oit n mean
 than you are calculating on.
 s as a general thing, like to bark.
 ing pleases them better than bark-
 at strangers. The common say-
 that "a dog's bark is worse than
 bite" is an absolute lie. I hate to
 arked at, it is very humiliating,
 always makes me feel as if I had
 ht a bottle of silver-wash or a
 age of dry goods from a "shoddy
 lar" or was a woman that had left
 husband's "bed and board" without
 just or reasonable cause, but not-
 standing I would rather be barked
 an bitten. Barking is noisy, but
 not half so terrifying as biting.
 ing to me is the outward and hear-
 sign of a good solid bite. I can
 barking, although I dislike it, but
 g takes away all the heroieness of
 disposition. It is the barking that
 ts, but it is the biting that bites.
 I thought he was joking. He
 a good countenanced dog, and his
 was as amiable a bark as I ever
 ed to, but his bite—well if you
 to see what his bite looks like after
 ears, call and I will show you my
 b. Ever since I have been sus-
 as of dogs.
 ter listening as long as I thought
 ary I opened the gate and walk-
 I had hardly got the gate clos-
 hind me, when the animal came
 ing down the walk at me, as if I
 plate of gravy. When I saw
 oming I made up my mind to put
 f on the other side of the gate,
 my hurry I could not get the
 open. You can't open a gate
 a dog is after you any quicker
 you can get into your pants wrong
 in the dark. When I found
 dn't open the gate, I concluded
 e the dog. Concluding to face
 are not exactly alike. I
 rather conclude than face. As
 g drew near, my early craving
 other side of the gate returned.
 og was just the width of his bite
 out I did not get bitten. I have
 a but it was the dog's intent on
 but the timely appearance of a
 and a broom-handle kind of dis-
 ed his plans and caused him to
 y a different route from the one
 e. I shall love that woman and
 handle as long as I live; for I
 hat if it hadn't been for them I
 have been badly chewed and
 y died next dog-days. I said
 disrespectful to the woman

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WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.,

A. M. HOARE, Manager,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

about the dog I know as a general thing they don't like to hear anything said about them. They become attached to them. In fact there is nothing in the house-keeping line, from a piano to a hat-rack, that a woman will not become attached to, and it is as much as a man's reputation and often his life is worth to say anything against them. I at once made known my errand, and got the pot. She was the best woman to borrow pots from I ever saw. She just coaxed me to take two, but I thought more about carrying them than she did. I have heard since that there is nothing about a house, unless it is the clock or the pattern of a new sacque that a woman hates to lend as much as she does her pots. But this woman would have lent me every pot she had, she was so kind. I made up my mind to make her a three or four weeks visit next summer to repay her kindness. I bid her good morning, and she bid me good morning and I left. When I got back to our fire-place the boys had got home with the wood and we soon had our clams boiled.

The clam is a fish. I have always thought it was intended for an insect and that Adam made a mistake when he classified it. The clam is a very popular fish. Most every person likes them. Those that don't, like the butter, vinegar and pepper that is eaten in them which is just the same thing. They taste very much like an ink craser, but are a little easier chewed. They are the only fish you can't choke yourself to death with bones while eating them, and the only ones that don't call for water afterwards. After we had eaten—I will not say how many—suffice it to say that we found ourselves to be as large internally, as any five gallon keg in the neighborhood, we filled our wash-tub to take home, as we calculated there was enough human nature in us to want clams more next day than we did this. We sent Joe home with the borrowed pot. Joe had spoken in a very sarcastic manner to me when I brought the pot; "that he forgot to tell me when I left if they hadn't any pots made not to wait till they made one, but as long as I did it was all right," so I felt glad to see him take the pot home. The dog did not bite him, but frightened him nicely—which made him mad, at the dog, and then at me for not telling him about him,—just as if I was going to run down that woman's dog to strangers. We now started for home. Joe continued his madness until I asked him to sing. He can't sing, but it always pleases him to ask him. When he got done singing we had reached home feeling much recruited in health and pretty well saturated with clams.

A MONEY ORDER.—Millionaires.

WHAT DOES HE WANT HIS COWS WASHED AND IRONED FOR?—A man lately advertised for a woman "to wash, iron, and milk one or two cows."

NEWS FOR AUSTRALIANS.—One of the Yorkshire newspapers gives an account of an examination in which a boy, on being asked to name one of the minerals of Australia, promptly replied, "tinned mutton."

An Engineer's Reminiscences.

"Well, I've had a little experience in running an engine," said a long specimen of the genus Yankee, putting one elbow on the bar counter and holding his whiskey straight up to the light, "and if it would amuse you I'll give you a yarn or two.

"Stave ahead," said his companion, "but I've been there myself. I used to run an engine from New York to Philadelphia."

"Oh, you did," said the Yankee. "Well, that just amounts to nothing. I've been a special engineer for the last ten years, and there ain't a mile of track between here and Frisco I haven't travelled over. You see us special engineers are obliged to be ready for anything at a moment's notice, and when we travel we just get right over the ground, and don't you forget it."

"I've made some pretty good time myself," said the second engineer. "I took a train through from New York to Philadelphia in 80 minutes."

"Oh, that's child's play," said the first engineer. "Why, man, I've made that run myself, and with one piston rod gone at that. It was a lively trip, and don't you forget it. I'd just got back from a special run up through the coal regions, when word came that one of the big guns of the company wished to start at once for Philadelphia. I knew what that meant, so I jumped aboard long-legged Jim, hitched a construction car behind the tender and a drawing-room coach behind that, and reported for duty. I knew my engine, and I ran up forty pounds of steam more nor she was marked to carry. When the word came I let everything slide and the old boy just jumped into the air. Then he settled down to his work. Everything was clear in front of us, and let him out for all he was worth at the start. In less'n five minutes you couldn't count the telegraph poles, they flew by us so fast. I had two firemen, and I just made 'em earn their passage from the word go. Old Jim must have eat up two tons o' coal inside ten miles."

"What!" ejaculated the second engineer.

"Sure!" said the first engineer. "And we hadn't been out of the station fifteen before every blasted boiler pipe was red hot, and we had to keep flooding the cab with water to keep from burning the darn thing up. Oh, we was just gettin' there my boy, and I didn't let up a pound. Every time we took a curve the outside wheels would be at least a foot up in the air, and once or twice the tender jumped clean on to the ties, but old Jim would yank her back again, and—"

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ADDRESS—

A. C. REDDEN,
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N. B.—Some important improvements have been made in the "BOSTON" lately.

Remember I have no agent except Cyrus West. If you buy a "Boston" from me or my agent you will get the latest improvements.

A. C. R.

"Ain't you kind of stretching a point," asked the second engineer.

"Not a bit of it," said the first engineer. "Why afore we was half way Philadelphia both o' those firemen was down on their knees praying, and I had to do feeding myself until I swore 'em back to their senses again. Well, everything went well enough the first two-thirds o' the run, and I was just a-waiting to myself over the road I was pulling up, when there came a rattle like a rifle, and I know one of the blast-piston rods had busted. There was nothin' to do but stop, and I lost ten minutes' time. The big gut of the coach and came down to see what was up. 'What's to be done?' said me, 'I got one piston-rod left,' said I, 'and I'll take you through on time.' He knew me, and he just lit a fresh cigar and walked back to the coach as contented as a lamb. Well, I just set those praying firemen to work for all they was worth and I had her up to 160 pounds over the limit in less'n an hour. Then I lit the side. Lord Harry, I thought old Jim would jerk the stuffin' out of everything behind him. We just played hop-scotch and I don't believe we touched the four or five times a mile. I know it was a hundred dollar check or nothin', and was after that check. Well, these firemen got to prayin' worse an' ever, an' I had to swear I'd tarow 'em overboard afore they'd come to time. I tell you we was just movin'. Why, the towns got under all tog-tog, an' we'd no more on' get squint at one station afore we was five miles past the next one—"

"Here I here!" said the second engineer, "that's laying it on too strong."

"True as you're here," said the first engineer. "I'd introduce you to the praying firemen, but they cut the business afore that, and an' I kinder lost sight of 'em. Well, we got within ten miles of Philadelphia, an' I begun to stop her."

"Stop her?"

"Yes; I know I couldn't stop her side o' ten miles, and didn't fetch it that, for when we ran into the station we mashed in the bumpers and ripped about twenty feet o' the platform before old long-legged Jim would agree the train was over; but I got the check," and the Yankee engineer thoughtfully drained his glass, as his friend ordered the keeper to "set 'em up again."

A gentleman committed suicide the other day and left a paper stating he did so because his wife was a good deal too good for him. The following is the conclusive evidence in the case. The deceased was in an unusual state of mind.

Vol. ...
It came That From To Peace From The wor To he
Yet with The w Beneath Two t And man The l Oh! hum And h
And ye, Whose Who toll With Look now Come Oh! rest And h
For to l By pro When wit Come When Pe It's an And the v Which
Th
I—didd words," a glum, grin guess it'l— "I wish John," "Twas al Your brot to believe ye out o' th "What d her husban god chin i whiskers v his when b ious. Mrs. M long etooki heal to too answered: "Didn't she answer