

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

Vol. III.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 30, 1884.

No. 9.

FOR WANT OF A BECKONING HAND.

Full many a ship, that was nobly man-
ned,
Has been 'mid breakers lost;
Just for the want of a beckoning hand
To point out the perilous coast.
In vain did the seamen strive and try
Their noble bark to save;
No warning voice told of breakers nigh,
And they sank to a watery grave.

Many a soul, with powers—God giv'n,
Might belong to his jeweled band;
But is lost, alas! to God and heaven,
For want of a beckoning hand.
Oh, mark how the shattered barks lie
strewn!

Far out on the wave-washed strand;
Sad token of those who perished alone
For want of a beckoning hand.

Full many a sot, in the gutter low,
Might now with noblemen stand,
Had he only been won from the wine
cup's glow

By the touch of a gentle hand.
Are there not those wearing woman's
fair brow

(Unnamed in the family band)
Who might have been saved from sin's
overthrow

But for want of a beckoning hand?

Mother! oh, where are your children
to-day?

Are they safe in his sheltering fold?
Or has one gone off into sin's dark way,
O'er the mountains bleak and cold?
Oh, mother! call back, call back your
child!

Call it back to your nestling band;
Lest it be lost mid the torrents wild
For want of your beckoning hand.

There are sinking barks by the tempest
driv'n,

To be lost 'neath the crested wave;
There are wandering feet; there are
hearts deep riv'n,

There are erring ones to save.
Are we doing our part? God help us to
think!

And faithful to duty stand;
Lest some should perish on ruin's brink,
For want of our beckoning hand.

THE WINDMILL ON THE DOWNS.

Then, as to this Reuben Straytor?
Well, the miller's daughter has given
some account of his pedigree. His
father's farm stood in the little hamlet
of Wavingdean, which lay in the valley
at the foot of the down, therefore, it is
not wonderful he and the little Gower
girls should have been playmates from
their earliest days. As they grew up

the separations which school-times
brought about gradually increased, and
when Naomi, at the age of fourteen,
went abroad for four years, Reuben,
who was a good deal older, was finish-
ing his education at a certain Flock-
shire college, and came home soon after,
as his father designed, to drop into the
farming life. But this did not suit the
taste of the young fellow, who had ac-
quired notions of a loftier kind. With
the indulgence generally accorded to an
only son, it was settled that he should
read for the law, and he went to Lon-
don for the purpose. He liked law,
however, no better than farming, and
it was whispered that he had idled his
time, made doubtful acquaintances, and
falling into habits of luxury, if not dis-
sipation. His father certainly had to
pay a considerable amount of debt,
and Reuben once more came back for
a time to his old home, to give him, as
he said an opportunity of looking out
for something else; came back to the
old home to find his little playmates of
yore grown into blooming girls, the el-
der on the verge of womanhood, and
the younger, though still almost a child
in years, looked almost as much a wo-
man as her sister.

Then ensued the dalliance referred
to, and, according to her father's account
so misunderstood by Naomi. She, truth
to say, had not been insensible to the
attraction which Reuben possessed. His
tall, gentlemanly figure, handsome face
and pleasant manner contrasted strongly
with the usual run of farmers' sons.
But he had made no sign which could
be interpreted as reciprocal of her feel-
ings. He really was too honorable to
contemplate matrimony until a course
in life had been permanently adopted.
He certainly had been constantly up at
the mill, and what more natural? For
having nothing to do at home, he would
occasionally undertake small affairs of
business for his father and his neigh-
bors, and the miller and the farmer ne-
cessarily had constant dealings together.
Besides, were not Naomi and Jeanette
his oldest friends? And the former
had much to say that was worth listen-
ing to about foreign travels. Famili-
arity was to be expected, and he went
and came, as it seemed, under the
circumstances, in a perfectly natural
and likely manner.

Suddenly Jeanette disappeared. She

is in the habit of tripping down into
Crewhaven upon the slightest pretext,
and has become fonder of so doing of
late. She differs from her sister in dis-
position; is vain, frivolous, likes dis-
play of dress, a coquette withal, with
flashing eyes, which have an intuitive
knack of making their meaning
plain. Very French in nature,
chafing more or less at the home life,
and much more since Naomi's return,
yet a most lovable little creature, and
by the same token very dear to father
and sister. So that, on an unusually
stormy September evening, by the time
she should have been seen returning by
the Crewhaven road, and was not seen,
an anxiety, rapidly growing into dread,
seized upon the hearts of the two wa-
tchers at the mill—watchers, for Naomi
shared in her father's simple toil. The
work came easily, and was not new, her
tastes ever rather inclining to simple
household duties befitting her station
than to action in a wider sphere.

She loved the old mill and all con-
nected with it, had understood its ac-
tion from a child, knew how to manage
it, had fed it at a pinch when the tink-
ling of the bell high up upon the shoot-
ing floor told that the supply of grain
was running short. Unlike her sister,
she loved the country too. Her native
downs had more lasting charm for her
than anything the gayest capital in the
world had offered. Thus, late on the
September evening aforesaid, Naomi
is high up in the mill, and, as darkness
gradually begins to shut the storm-
swept landscape from the sight, she
looks out from the window, expecting,
as usual, to descry Jeanette's trim lit-
tle figure coming along the Crewhaven
road, which, from that point of vantage,
lies before her like a silver edging to
the green mantle of the downs where
they trend toward the sea. But it is
now deserted—not a sign of life upon
it.

Naomi pauses still, for it passes some
farm buildings and a small plantation
it cannot be seen; and so she thinks
her sister is just thereabouts, perhaps.
No; there has been plenty of time, had
she been for her to have now emerged
into sight at the foot of the down
and where the ascent begins. Again
she scans the white line from end to end
and while she does so it melts into the
drift of a rain cloud sweeping up from

the sea, and the Autumnal twilight
comes to an end.

Then, to her father straight, "What
has become of Jeanette? Foolish child
to stay so late!" Much consultation.
Some discussion as to the prudence of
these constant visits to the port. Time
goes on; it is 9 o'clock; it has been
dark more than an hour, and still the
truant does not come home. Stokes,
the miller's man, is now dispatched with
a lantern to Wavingdean Farm, and
thence, should he get no tidings there,
to the town, in all a round of some four
miles; thus it may be 12 o'clock before
he can get back, wind, weather, and
inquiries duly considered. At last he
comes, and alone; not a sign, not a word
of Jeanette. She was seen in the town
near the just opened railway station:
but that was quite early in the day.
Mr. Reuben, they told him at the farm,
had walked with her in the morning into
Crewhaven; but he had not come home,
and had said it was probable he should
take the train to London.

Oh! the misery, the agony of that
night, and of the nine days and nights
of fruitless search and hopeless inquiry
which followed! followed in drear suc-
cession, until that morning toward the
end of the month, when by her fierce
words, we have seen what Naomi's
solution of the mystery was.

By noon on that same day, old Amos
Gower, having returned to his cottage,
was seated by his fireside. His des-
pondency had grown heavier daily, and
this morning he had quite broken down,
and left the mill in Naomi's sole charge,
for Stokes was away on some business
touching the grain, and hence it came
to pass that she was quite alone in the
old mill as she stood looking from the
little window of the grinding floor.

A brighter sun never shone upon an
Autumn noon: the crests and ridges
of the hills rose up clear and sharp: the
tearing fury of the equinoctial gales
of the last few days had subsided into
a strong southerly breeze, which was
sending the old mill sails spinning round
merrily. Naomi was looking, we have
said, from the window; but it was not
at the scenes. She was looking into
the far distance of her conjectures, into
the remote dream of the possible and
the probable, speculating, with a drea-
my, miserable foreboding, upon the fate
of the dear missing sister. Mechanic-
ally only did she turn her eyes in the
direction of that part of the road which,
emerging from the farm building and
plantations, began to wind round the
foot of the steep hill. Mechanically
only was it at first that she looked to
see who the horseman was that had just
appeared ascending the white land.
Presently, however, there flashed from
her eyes a fire by no means mechanical.
Her whole countenance, indeed, light-

(Continued on Fourth page.)

THE ACADIAN.

PUBLISHED AT—
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.
DAVISON BROS., Publishers and Proprietors.
A. M. HOARE, Editor.

TERMS.—The ACADIAN is published every Friday at FIFTY CENTS per annum in advance.

Any person sending the names of FIVE subscribers, accompanied with the CASH, will receive a copy of the ACADIAN for one year free.

All communications should be addressed to the ACADIAN, Wolfville N. S.

We cannot engage to preserve or return communications that are not used.

ANNIVERSARY.

Next week we presume will be largely like other Anniversary weeks all bustle and stir, and bonnets and white wash, meetings and partings, speeches and *cetera*. It is the season of the year most important to Wolfville so cially. Have you a dear friend living at a distance—come and see me at Anniversary, is the the way letter reads. Would you like to meet old college chums—come to Anniversary for there all expect to meet that can possibly get to Wolfville and so it has been in years gone by, so we hope it will be for years to come. The change in the class work by which the three junior classes at college are broken up at the first of May, has struck a heavy blow at the celebration of this pleasant season. Another serious stroke is the inability of the class through adverse and annoying circumstances, to secure a concert Thursday evening. This loss will be partially filled by Prof. Foster's lecture. We say partially because many of the people who attend Anniversary would rather attend a concert than a lecture. In point of fact one of Prof. Foster's lectures is worth many concerts such as we have had here.

But under any circumstances Anniversary is and will probably be while Acadia lasts the ope week of the year when every body seems bound to make themselves and their places look better than any other.

HOLIDAYS.

General holidays have for a number of years been a perfect farce in Wolfville. This year we fear they have received their death blow. It has been the custom for some one to draw up an agreement to close and have it signed by all the merchants. This year there was no writing, but a representative from one of the leading stores called on all the merchants and "the grocers, dry goods, boot & shoe and hat & cap

dealers" agreed to close on May 24th. We believe that in the morning this was carried out, but in the afternoon some of the grocers commenced to go in on call, and finally at night two of them opened up full blast.

This may be a good financial move but we question very much the honor of it. Some dealers keep rigidly closed supposing the agreement to be carried out, while others taking advantage of their credulity open up and rake in all the pickings. We have no right to expect a man to close up if he thinks he cannot consistently do so, but we have a right to expect him to close when he gives his word that he will.

As the matter now stands it will be a long while before another general holiday will be observed here. The merchants, and we are ashamed to say it, have lost confidence in each other and years will be required to restore it.

AT IT AGAIN.

There is not a word of truth in the statement of the Wolfville Editor of the Kentville *Bulldozer* that Mr. C. D. Randall has sold his farm.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

LIFE, LIBERTY AND ENJOYMENT.

To the Editor of the *Acadian*.

If I am not astray, the above words figure prominently in the Declaration of Independence of our Republican neighbors; and it is declared in that celebrated instrument that the things represented by the words are the inalienable rights of men, and, I suppose, of mortals in general. I could not help thinking of the words a few days ago, as I was passing through the streets of Wolfville. And was reaching the conclusion, that subjects of the British Crown sometimes hold opinions similar to those of "free and enlightened American citizens."

What led me to the conclusion was the pleasing sight of the numerous cattle of all sizes, ages and colors, "ring-staked, spotted and speckled," black, white, grey and brown, with a sprinkling of horses, sheep and swine, which in the exercise of liberty were perambulating the streets of the beautiful and classic village, of which the ACADIAN is doubtless not a little proud, and deservedly so.

And to say the truth, it was pleasant to see how happy the cattle were in the enjoyment of "life and liberty"—browsing in the gutters, "chewing the cud of contentment," and enlivening the quiet village with their melodious lowings, "sole and responsive," as Milton has it, when treating of another kind of music.

In making some such remark to a companion of my wanderings, I was in-

formed that the cattle had good reason to be happy and thankful as well, for that the authorities had taken them under their especial charge, and appointed a Board of Officers, called Street Guardians, or something of the kind, one of whose duties was to see that the bovines were not molested, or their liberty restricted; and he went on to say that a member of the Board was specially appointed with this end in view, as he had in the past secured the enviable reputation, both by words and deeds, of promoting to the extent of his influence, this most desirable and enjoyable liberty of the good cattle. My companion proceeded to say in addition that in one or two of the appointments, the dispenser of patronage had probably another "string to his bow:" for an Election, was looming up in the near future and as one of the great political parties of the Province were represented on the Board, it would be a masterly stroke of policy to confer like honor on the other, and thereby secure its good will and assistance in the coming contest—in which my informant stated, the dignitary had a most laudable personal interest. By the way this coquetting, whether in love or politics, is a very pleasant and interesting occupation, and shows an amount of sagacity which deserves the most abundant success.

In this particular case, to accomplish the desired object, it was necessary to resort to unusual expedients. Villages generally have but one of the peculiar officers mentioned; if they have as many as that; larger ones have occasionally two; whilst the most important, shire villages, for instance, like Kentville, have in rare cases three; by which honorable number Wolfville was served up to a few days ago—when, as I was informed, it was found that, the district was of such enormous dimensions, being about two miles in length, that three officers could never overtake the labor involved; this was the fortunate discovery and most reasonable pretext for swelling the size and dignity of the Board.

Besides there was another element in the problem. If three individuals represent two parties, it is evident that the representation will be unequal. You must do as John Gilpin, of immortal memory, did, when he would "keep the balance true" in his famous race. He fastened to his "leathern girdle" as many "stone bottles" on one side as on the other. And so in the case before us; by increasing the number of officers from three to four, each political party would have an equal representation. All will admit that this was eminently wise and worthy of a politician.

But I have rather wandered from my subject, and as newspaper articles must be brief, I will not pick up the threads of my discourse, but merely express the wish that the cattle may still be allowed to roam unmolested, in the full enjoyment of the liberty which is their present happy lot and portion; only bespeaking from your indulgence the privilege of referring on a future occasion to some other estimable usages and peculiarities of your lovely and noted village.

WAYFARER.

Sleepy Hollow, May 24th '84.

GENERAL NEWS.

—Work is suspended on the Nictau and Atlantic Railway.

—Victoria Lodge, Good Templars, at Stellarton has over 220 members.

—Rev. Mr. Coffin, of P. E. I., will assume the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church of Bridgetown during the coming summer.

—At this season of the year potatoes should be put into boiling salt water. This will make them mealy if it is within the possibility of any process to do so.

—Mrs. Webb, the widow of Capt. Webb, who perished last year in his attempt to swim the rapids below Niagara Falls, has accepted the position of cashier of the Whirlpool Rapids Park, near the falls.

Colonel J. J. Hickman, the Good Templar orator from Kentucky is under engagement by the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Nova Scotia to deliver a series of lectures in the Province, beginning in June.

—The Czar is taking the right course to gain the confidence of the people. On his son becoming of age a grand *fete* was given and the Czar and his son drove through the crowd without an escort and in an open carriage.

—Mr. Benjamin Starratt, merchant of Paradise, who killed 140 fish during about two days fishing in the vicinity of the Half way House in Dalhousie. The fish were very fine; twenty-five of the largest of the number taken would weigh at least as many pounds. "The speckled" are apparently very plentiful this year.—*Weekly Monitor*.

Wall Paper!
SPRING STOCK,
1884.

The Subscribers call particular attention to their stock of

SPRING PAPER HANGINGS,

Which for style and finish are superior to any ever imported into King's Co., and were personally selected for this market from the best English manufacturers.

Our prices are as low as the same quality of goods can be purchased in Halifax. Our patrons should not confound these Paper Hangings with an inferior quality of narrow width American make, sometimes to be found in the markets.

A call is requested before sending to Halifax or St. John.

Western Book & News Co.,

WOLFVILLE, - - N.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Half Square one ins.	\$0.50
Square	1.00
Half Column	2.00
Column	3.00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions specified in the manuscript will be continued and charged for accordingly.

In order to insure insertion, advertisements should be in the office not later than Monday morning.

Local and other Matters.

Delightful weather most of this week

College closes next Thursday. The Academy and Seminary on Wednesday.

"Slim Jim," of Plucky soap and cheap lottery fame, was here this week with his "mix it up and put it right down in de soup."

A horse, one of a pair attached to an express wagon, did a bear dance in the street one day this week smashing the pole but doing no other damage.

Queen's Birthday was celebrated as usual here. Rain fell most all day. The Wolfville Cricket Club intended to play a match at Windsor but rain prevented.

THE "DOVE"—The old Ser. "Dove" has again turned up all right with a new Captain and crew. She will go into the fishing business in the bay. She was built in 1819.

Miss Maria Harris, sister of Mr. Ly-sander Harris, of Grand Pre, while going from the garden into the house, stepped on a loose step which turned under her throwing her down and breaking her leg.

Don't forget that in every room 12 feet by 12 you save 6 breadths of paper by buying full width English stock, which is 22 inches wide and 8 yards long, while the American is only 19 inches wide. The Western Book & News Co. sells only English Stock imported direct from the best manufacturing house in England.

Commissioners of Streets and Surveyors of Highways, in Ward 8 will be supplied with Statute labor blanks on application to J. B. Davison, who is authorized to assist Surveyors in preparing lists of persons liable to perform statute labor.

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.

Local and other Matters.

PERSONAL.—Rev. F. A. Buckley is in Wolfville this week.

Mrs. R. J. Burdette, wife of the humorist, is dead.

A small child was nearly run over by one of our flying horsemen on Main Street this week.

We understand that Mrs. Henry Brown has opened a boarding house under the name of Bay View House.

CRICKET.—The King's Collegiate Academy C. C. and Horton Academy C. C. will play a friendly match here to-morrow.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Otis Harris, formerly of this place, was in Wolfville this week. Mr. Harris is now doing business in Kansas City, Kansas. He started for home last Monday.

The remains of the late Mrs. Jacob T. DeWolf, who died at Parrsboro', aged 73, were brought here by train last Saturday and interred in the Old Cemetery from the residence of Jas. S. Morse Esq., on Sunday Morning.

Don't forget that the best place to get your room paper is at the Western Book & News Co's.

We record with pleasure this week the marriage of Mr. H. S. Greenough, bandmaster of the 68th Infantry Band.

The Band as also the Windsor Fire Company of which Mr. Greenough is First Lieutenant, turned out and met the happy couple at the train forming an arch with Ladders near the station. Mr. G. is quite well known here and all his acquaintances wish him success.

LAUNCH.—The ship Karoo, of two thousand and seventy-nine tons register, was successfully launched at Kingsport on Tuesday afternoon. A large crowd was present to witness the launch many going over from Wolfville. She was taken in tow by the steamer Hiawatha, and was docked at the pier, where she will receive masts and be rigged. She is chartered to load deals at West Bay for Liverpool, England.

ANNIVERSARY PROGRAMME.—The programme for anniversary exercises next week will be as follows: Meeting of the senate, Tuesday evening and Wednesday, June 3 and 4. Public exercises of Horton Academy, Wednesday afternoon. Graduating exercises of Acadia Seminary, Wednesday evening. Ceremonies connected with graduation in Acadia College, Thursday at 11 o'clock. Governors' meeting, Thursday evening, and Friday, June 6. In place of the usual concert Prof. Foster lectures on Thursday evening, in Assembly Hall. Subject—"Patriotism."

—SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR BILLHEADS, CARDS, TAGS, etc.

GIVING AND RECEIVING.

A life worth living is not mere existence. A story of the middle ages re-presents a holy man, St. Simon Stylites, as dwelling for several years alone on the top of a high column. He was a live, fast enough; but what would life amount to in this world were all its inhabitants to exist in a similar state of solitude. True living is said to consist of giving and receiving—that is to say, letting your neighbor derive some benefit from you, while you in turn are the better and happier for his life.

A great many people never acquire but half this idea. They heartily believe heartily in receiving. They are like sponges, which absorb whatever fluid comes near them. They have nothing of their own to impart, and would not dream of imparting it if they had. Such individuals are not good models. That fact is instinctively recognized. Even little children point the finger of scorn at mean men. But yet, we are all of us given to selfishness, and we must take care that it does not grow upon us.

FARM FOR SALE.

A superior Mountain Farm, situated on the north side of the Gaspereau Mountain and within a few miles of Wolfville, pleasantly situated under good Cultivation, cuts about 30 tons of English hay and with but little labor could be made to produce twice that quantity. Will be sold on easy terms to a good purchaser.

For further particulars apply to J. B. DAVISON.

Wolfville, May 30, 1884

THE ACADIAN

Has a large local circulation, thus rendering it as an

ADVERTISING MEDIUM

Of rare excellence to all classes of the business public.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE From the best Foundries

PRINTING

Every Description DONE WITH NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

ADDRESS— "Acadian" Office, Wolfville, N. S.

ROCKWELL & Co,

IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN PIANOS, ORGANS,

AND Musical Merchandise, BOOKS, STATIONERY, And a variety of Fancy Articles.

—COMPRISING— Photo, Autograph & Scrap Albums Scrap Pictures, Writing Desks, Work Boxes, Jewel Cases, Wallets, Photo Frames, a choice selection of Xmas Cards, Dolls and children's Toys in variety, a few Vols. Poems, also fine German Accordians, etc. etc. etc.

ALSO Agents for the Celebrated "BOSTON" Sewing Machine, and findings for all the leading machines in use.

ROOM PAPER!

Just received, a large and well assorted stock of Room Paper, personally selected from a great variety of samples. As this is our first importation in this line, customers will be sure they are not buying old stock.

Rockwell & Co. Main St., Wolfville.

N. B.—Batter and Eggs taken in exchange.

We have also a fine assortment of Easter and Birthday Cards.

G. A. PATRIQUIN HARNESSE 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.

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

FOR SALE OR TO LET!

That desirable new two-story cottage in Wolfville, built by James S. McDonald. Will be kept in good order.

Rent—Eighty dollars a year. Apply to John W. Wallace.

Wolfville, May 14th, 1884.

(Continued from First page.)

ed up as it might have shone had she been facing the glow of a red sunset instead of the cool gray of mid-day. Her lips quivered for an instant and then became rigid, while her nostrils dilated, and her dark brow was sternly knit. She passed one of her large, but comely hands once or twice across her forehead, and then, driving her fingers into her thick, wavy, dark hair, clutched it fiercely. For a moment or two more she still stood intently observing the rider, as he urged his horse at the fullest pace the steep ascent would allow. When he was about half way she quickly drew back, as if to avoid being seen, but continued watching him through the crack by the hinges of the little wooden shutter of the window. As this opened upon one side of the mill, Naomi, where she stood, would have lost sight of the horseman as he came close up and passed round to the door; but he did not pass round, for the horse, a rough, vicious-looking brute, covered with sweat and foam, shied, and refused to go by the front of the mill, where the sails, in full swing, were whirring round with their rushing, chopping, monotonous noise, and, as usual, when the wind obliged them to be set to the south, within a few yards of the narrow, unprotected road.

An obstinate contest between rider and animal ensued; whip and heels were freely used. The creature plunged and reared violently, swerving from side to side, and doing all it could for mastery. But at last the rider got the best of the struggle, and with a tremendous plunge, the horse dashed forward out of Naomi's sight. The agitated and angry thoughts which evidently possessed her while she was watching the approach of the rider had been for an instant half diverted by the tussle between him and his animal; but as they vanished from her sight, her agitation seemed to be returning, when it was again arrested; this time by a strange and awful cry, which rose high above the clatter and din of the heavy machinery of the mill; a cry part shriek, part wail, part moan—hardly a human cry, but one which struck a chill to Naomi's heart. With the agility of an antelope she flew down the narrow ladder to the dressing floor, and out into the open air by the stair from the doorway at the back of the mill. She appeared to divine something of what had happened, for, with a face now nearly as white as the dust of the meal with she was besprinkled, she hurried round on to the road. The sight which there awaited her might have made stronger nerves quiver. Horse and man lay apparently dashed to death by a blow, or many blows, from the inexorably revolving mill sails. At the first glance both, indeed, seemed to be within their fell swoop; but when Naomi had sufficiently collected herself, she saw that the horse had been thrown quite clear of the sails by that stroke from them which had smashed in the whole of his head, and doubtless killed him in an instant.

It was hardly possible to believe, however, that the man could be beyond the death-dealing circuit of the sails. Each one as it swept down to within that foot and a half from the ground, looked as if it was striking him at every

turn, for he lay stretched face downwards, with his head exactly upon the spot where the beam passed the closest to the grass; but he was motionless, and as long as he so remained was as safe as if he had had his head upon a pillow. But should he move or raise it an inch or two he would inevitably share the fate of his horse. Yet could he raise it? Was it likely?

This was what Naomi asked herself, as with a rush of conflicting emotions, she stood as near as she dare, bending toward him.

(To be continued.)

TOMMY TRIPPS COMPOSITION

"Wun time a frog and a hop-tode they met, and the frog sassed the hop-tode, 'cos it was clumsy, but the tode it said:—'If you will come here on this flat stone, where we can start even, I'll beat you jumpin' hi' best two out of three.' So they done it, and the first time the tode it only jest cleared the stone, but the frog it went up so high that it hurt itself coming down, and cudn't jump no more at all, and the hop-tode it beat the other two times."

The Drunkard-maker always hates his oldest and most reliable customers, and is proud of cursing and kicking them out. How we should be surprised to hear the shoemaker slam the door against an old customer, and say, "You villainous old scamp, I made boots and shoes for you and your family for twenty years, and you have paid for them, and here you are for more shoes! Get out, and don't let me see your face again." How funny it would look to see a tailor basting an old schoolmate into a gutter, because after getting his clothes there for fifteen years he wants to buy an overcoat. Or a minister assaulting an old stand-by because he has been twenty-five years a communicant and elder in his church, and therefore must be unfit company for anybody. Isn't it time for drunkards to be ashamed of the drunkard-makers? —Broadaxe.

An advertising agent called upon Mr. Closefist the other day in a business way.

"Oh, I don't want to advertise," said Mr. Closefist. "I have a regular run of customers, and strangers are attracted by my red flag on top of my house."

"All right," said the agent. "Just continue doing business that way and some of these days people will see a red flag in front of your house, but they won't be attracted by it. They will be attracted by the bell that the boy is ringing as he walks up and down before your store."

That agent was something of a philosopher.—Hatchet.

A philosopher says:—"Live your life in such a way as to show a contempt for wealth." That's us! We want our daily life so intermingled with wealth, as it were, that familiarity will breed contempt.

He who would admonish others should, above all things, be careful of their reputation and sense of shame. They who have cast off blushing are beyond amendment.

LIME! LIME!
I have just received
150 CASKS & BARRELS
CELEBRATED
ROGER'S LIME.

This Lime has won
Two First Prizes,
And is second to none in the Dominion.
FOR SALE LOW BY
R. PRAT.

GARDEN SEEDS!

The Subscriber has received his Stock of Garden and Flower Seeds for season of
1884.

Geo. V. Rand.
Wolfville, May 1st. 1884.

W. & A. Railway
Time Table

1883—Winter Arrangement—1884.
Commencing Monday, 10th. Dec.

GOING EAST.	Accm. Daily	Accm. T.F.S	Exp. Daily.
Annapolis Leave		A. M.	A. M.
14 Bridgetown "		6 15	1 15
28 Middleton "		7 10	2 03
42 Aylesford "		8 10	2 48
47 Berwick "		9 15	3 30
50 Waterville "		9 35	3 48
59 Kentville d'pt	6 00	9 50	3 57
64 Port Williams "	6 20	11 15	4 35
66 Wolfville "	6 30	11 35	4 51
69 Grand Pre "	6 43	11 44	5 00
72 Avonport "	6 55	11 57	5 11
77 Hantsport "	7 12	12 10	5 23
84 Windsor "	8 00	12 30	5 38
116 Windsor June "	10 15	4 00	7 20
130 Halifax arrive "	11 00	4 40	8 00

GOING WEST	Exp. Daily	Accm. M W F	Accm. daily.
Halifax—leave		A. M.	A. M.
14 Windsor Jun—"	7 15	7 00	2 30
46 Windsor "	7 55	7 22	3 30
53 Hantsport, "	9 15	10 15	5 33
58 Avonport "	9 40	10 44	6 01
61 Grand Pre "	9 56	11 02	6 19
64 Wolfville "	10 06	11 15	6 33
66 Port Williams "	10 17	11 30	6 46
71 Kentville "	10 25	11 40	6 55
80 Waterville "	11 00	12 30	7 10
83 Berwick "	11 27	1 05	
88 Aylesford "	11 36	1 20	
102 Middleton "	11 50	1 40	
116 Bridgetown "	12 30	2 50	
130 Annapolis Ar'v	1 15	3 50	
	2 00	4 45	

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

Steamer Secret leaves Annapolis for St. John every Mon. Wed. and Sat. p. m.
Steamer New Brunswick leaves Annapolis for Boston every Sat. p. m.
Steamer Cleopatra leaves Yarmouth for Boston every Wed. p. m.
Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

F. Innes,
General Manager.
Kez. ville, 9th March 1884/

THOS. BIRD,
WATCHMAKER,
WOLFVILLE, - - N. S.

Begs to inform the inhabitants of Wolfville and vicinity that he has leased part of the store occupied by Rockwell & Co., where he is prepared to repair all kinds of Watches, Clocks and Jewellery. And trusts by sound work and moderate charges to merit a share of public patronage.

I warrant all my work for one year

Thos. Bird.

J. W. ESTON.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

CARRIAGES

—AND—
SLEIGHS

of all kinds
Made At Shortest Notice

—AT—
A. B. ROODS.

Repairing in all its branches promptly attended to.

Wolfville, Oct. 12 1883

"GERES" SUPERPHOSPHATE,

Three sizes
Ground Bone.

The best Fertilizers in the market.

The above Celebrated Fertilizers, manufactured at the

CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS
JACK & BELL, Proprietors.
Office: Pickford & Back's Wharf,
Halifax, N. S.

G. H. Wallace, Ag't,
WOLFVILLE

THE ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY
OF
NORTH AMERICA

IS THE
FIRST AND ONLY ACCIDENT
INSURANCE COMPANY
IN AMERICA

Confining itself to the one business.

J. B. DAVISON, - - Agent
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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