

THE ACADIAN.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1885.

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The Acadian,

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

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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 AC must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

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House, Sign and Decorative
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English Paint Stock a Specialty.
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LIGHT BRAMAS!
Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS STOCK. Trios, Pairs, and Single Bird or sale. A. DEW. BARSS
Wolfville, Oct. 1st, '84

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

Select Poetry.

For Love's Sake.

Sometimes I am tempted to murmur
That life is flitting away,
With only a round of trifles
Filling each busy day—
Dusting nooks and corners,
Making the house look fair,
And patiently taking on me
The burden of woman's care.

Comforting childish sorrows,
And charming the childish heart
With the simple song and story,
Told with a mother's art;
Setting the dear home table,
And clearing the meal away,
And going on little errands
In the twilight of the day.

One day is just like another!
Sewing and piecing well
Little jackets and trousers,
So neatly that none can tell
Where are the seams and joining—
Ah! the seamy side of life
Is kept out of sight by the magic
Of many a mother and wife!

And oft, when I'm ready to murmur
That time is flitting away
With the self-same round of duties
Filling each busy day,
It comes to my spirit sweetly,
With the grace of a thought divine;
You are living, toiling for love's sake,
And the loving should never repine.

You are guiding the little footsteps
In the way they ought to walk,
You are dropping a word for Jesus
In the midst of your household talk;
Living your life for love's sake,
Till the homely cares grow sweet—
And sacred the self-denial
That is laid at the Master's feet.

Interesting Story.

WIRED LOVE. A ROMANCE OF DOTS AND DASHES.

BY
ELLIA CHEEVER THAYER.

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

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

"Do you see that twinkle, N?"
"What!" ejaculated Nattie—so forcibly that a passing countryman stopped with a peanut half cracked, to stare, and clutching at an umbrella hanging by her side, for support, she turned a horror-stricken face to the questioner, who looking as if he expected her to be enraptured, added,
"You know a fellow that signs 'C'; don't you?"

The bump of self-conceit must have largely overbalanced the perceptive faculties of this obnoxious young man, if he could possibly mistake the expression on Nattie's face for rapture, as frantically grasping the umbrella, she gasped,
"No—no—it can't be—you are not—not—"

"Not C? Ain't I, though!" laughed the proprietor of the ring, pin, bear's-grease, etc. cetera.
"But," said poor Nattie, clinging desperately to hope and the umbrella, "C said this morning he was going to B—a—"

"That was a trick to take you by surprise," he interrupted, with great enjoyment of his words. "I knew I was coming here, all the time, but I wanted to give you a nice little surprise. Think I have, eh?" and he laughed again, and winked with almost vulgar assurance.

Nattie let go of hope and the umbrella, and collapsed with her romance into a chair; and the thought of Quimby's warning about the "soiled invisible," and barely suppressed a groan. Involuntarily she stole a glance at this too-visible person, and shuddered. Could she reconcile 'C'; her visionary, interesting, witty and gentlemanly 'C' of the wire, with this musk-scented being of greasy red hair, cheap jewelry and vulgar manners? Impossible!

"It is the nightmare! It cannot be!" she thought with the despairing refuge in dreams we often take when suddenly overwhelmed with terrible realities.

As she made no reply to his last observation, her visitor, glancing at

her as if slightly puzzled by her behavior, went on—
"I did not think you would be so bashful, after all our talks. I am not,"—a fact hardly necessary to mention. We ought to be pretty good friends by this time. Say, do I look as you expected I would?" and as if to give her a better view, he pushed his hat back on his head, a kindness wholly unappreciated, as Nattie had seen more than sufficient of him already.

"Not—not exactly!" she stammered, in a sort of dazed way!

"I believe you thought I was one of those slim fellows whose bones rattle when they walk, didn't you? I am no such fellow, you see. But you ain't a bit as I imagined. May I be a plug* forever if you are!"

Nattie was too wretched, too unable even yet to realize that her 'C' and this odious creature were one and the same, to ask, as he evidently expected natural curiosity would induce her to do, in what way, she so differed from the person of his imagination.

"You go beyond all my calculations," he continued, flatteringly, after waiting in vain for a question from her; "Only you are more bashful than I supposed you would be, after the dots and dashes we have slung. But then it's easier to buzz on the wire than it is to talk, isn't it? For all a fellow has to do is to take up a book or paper, pick things out to say, and go it without exercising his own brains!"

At these words, that explained the previous incomprehensible difference between the distant 'C' and present person, the realization of the companionship, the romance, the friendship gone to wreck on this reef of musk and bear's-grease came over Nattie with a rush, and for a moment so affected her that she could hardly restrain her tears.

and yet, after all, was not 'C' her 'C', the 'C' whom she knew by his conversation only—"picked out of books!"—an unreal, intangible being, and not 'this so different person who claimed his identity?

"I think we astonished some of them on the wire with all the stuff we had over!" went on with his monologue the knight of the collapsed romance, who, not being troubled with fine sensibilities, had no idea of the feelings under which she was laboring.

"Yes—I—doubtless!" stammered Nattie, and turned very red, as suddenly remembering the tenor of some of what he so elegantly termed "stuff," the appalling thought, what if he should say "my dear?" presented itself in all its horrors, and the idea punished her for that girlish imprudence in allowing the familiarity from afar.

Evidently he noticed the access of color, and attributed it to his own fascinations, for he smiled complacently as he said,
"I wish I had longer to stay with you, but my train goes in five minutes." Nattie breathed a sigh of relief. "Too bad, isn't it? But I will come again some time! By the way," a cunning expression that seemed uncalled-for crossing over his face, "don't say anything on the wire about my being here to-day, will you? I don't want any one to know. Let them think I was at B a."

"Certainly not!" replied Nattie, with an alacrity born of the knowledge that she should hold no further communication of any kind with him; then in order to give a hint of her intentions, she added, bracing herself up to mention what was so difficult to speak of to this vampire who mocked her with her vanished 'C'.

"Now that the—the mystery is solved, and I—and we have met, I don't think there will be much amusement in talking over the wire."

Somewhat to her surprise, and not at all flattering to her vanity, he acquiesced.

"*Plug* is the common telegraphic expression for an incompetent operator."

sworded, without a remonstrance,
"No! I don't know as there will!"

"Perhaps he doesn't like my looks any better than I do his!" was Nattie's natural and indignant thought at this quiet reception of her hint. And if anything had been necessary—which it certainly was not—to her utter repudiation of him, this would have sufficed for the purpose.

"You mentioned this morning you thought of leaving X. n. Do you expect to go soon?" she asked, catching at the idea that a few hours ago had caused so much alarm, with the hope that he might be about to vanish from her world finally and forever. But even as she spoke, the difference of the now and then smote her like a pain.

"Did I say that?" he said, with a look that she could not understand, as if for some secret reason, he was so well pleased with himself, he could hardly avoid laughing outright. "Oh! well! I was only fooling!"

Nattie's face fell, but catching at the opportunity to convey the impression that in her opinion they had not been very friendly, after all, she said,
"I suppose no one really means what they say on the wire. I am sure I do not!"

"But we mean what we say now," he replied, with an insinuating smile. "Next time I come we will be more sociable. But we have had a nice talk, ain't we?"

For a moment the repulsive person before her overcame the remembrance of the lost 'C', and Nattie replied, sarcastically,
"I trust the talk has been too much of an exercise for your brain!"

He looked at her doubtfully, and then laughed. "You are sort of a queer girl, ain't you? I wish though, I could stay and buzz you longer, but I have only time to get my train, so good-by."

"Good-by," said Nattie, betraying all her relief at his departure in the sudden animation of her voice, something so different from her preceding manner that he could but notice it, and he turned, looked at her, as if a suspicion of its true cause penetrated his mind at last, frowned, and then with that former look she did not understand crossing his face, nodded and ran for the depot, coming into violent collision with a fat Dutchman, looking perplexedly for a barber's shop. And thus the red hair, the bear's grease, the sham jewelry, and the obtrusive, fighting teeth disappeared forever from Nattie's sight, leaving her with a bewildered look on her face, as if, indeed, just awakened from that imagined nightmare.

She looked around the office blankly. Everything was there just as usual, the little key and the sounder, over which had come all 'C's' pleasant talk. 'C'! That creature! The odor of his detestable musk hovered about her even now, but not yet could she realize that her 'C' was no more.

CHAPTER VII.

"GOOD-BY."

It was a very long face that Nattie carried to the Hotel Norman that night; so long that Miss Kling at once saw that something was amiss, and while curiously wondering as to the cause took a grim satisfaction in the fact. For Miss Kling liked not to see cheerful faces; why should others be happy when she had not found her other self?

Nattie's first act on gaining her own room was to drag forth that carefully-preserved pen and ink sketch, and tear it to atoms, annihilating the chubby Cupid with especial care.

"And now," she thought to herself savagely, as she burned up the pieces "I never will be interested in people again, unless I know all about them. Imagination is too dangerous a guide for me!"

Having thus exterminated the illustrious edition of her romance, Nattie felt the necessity of unburdening her mind, her sorrow not being too deep or words, and with that object sought Cyn; a proceeding much disapproved of by Miss Kling, who, knowing well that weakness of human nature that seeks a friendly bosom wherein to repose its sorrows, rightly surmised her lodger's destination and design, and decidedly objected to any one knowing more than she herself did.

Nattie found her friend at home, but, to her vexation, not alone. With her was Quimby, who had called in the untold hope of gloaming tidings of the young lady who had—as he said to himself—flooded him. His confusion at the sight of her, remembering as he did the somewhat unusual circumstances of their last meeting, was indescribable; indeed, his knees actually knocked together. Nattie, however, whose latest experience had effaced the effect, and almost the remembrance of that former one, bade him good-evening, without the least trace of consciousness or embarrassment, a composure of manner that astounded but at the same time filled him with admiration.

As he did not take his departure, being, in fact, unable to tear himself away, Nattie, in her anxiety to tell Cyn all that was in her mind, in reflecting that he really was of no consequence—an argument not flattering to its object, but one that he probably would have been first to indorse had he known it—and, moreover, that he already knew the prologue, disregarded his presence and said,
"The most incomprehensible thing has happened, Cyn! I cannot realize it even now!"

Quimby quaked in his boots, and grew hot all over with the fear that she was going to relate their last evening's adventure. Could it be possible?

"I knew that something was the matter the moment you entered the room," said Cyn. "I cannot imagine why you should look as if you were going into the grave-digging business!"

"Ah, Cyn!" exclaimed Nattie, as if the words hurt her, "He, 'C', called on me to-day!"

Quimby gave a bounce, and then grew limp in all his joints.
"Is it possible? Personally questioned Cyn, with great interest and animation; then glancing at Nattie's face, her tone changed as she added, "He was not what you thought! I understand, poor Nat!"

Quimby straightened himself up. He fancied he saw a gleam of hope ahead.
"Far enough from what I thought!" replied Nattie, with a mixture of pathos and disgust. "Why did he not remain invisible?" then, in a burst of disappointment—"Cyn, he is simply awful! All red hair and grease, musk, cheap jewelry, and insolent assurance!"

Quimby glanced in the opposite glass, and his face brightened all over. He felt like a new man!

"Oh, dear! Is it as bad as that?" said Cyn, looking dismayed. "He was so entertaining on the wire, I can hardly believe it. Are you quite sure it was 'C'?"

"I could not realize it myself, but it is a fact nevertheless," Nattie answered sorrowfully, and then related what she termed the "disgusting details." Cyn listened, vexed and sorry, for she too had become interested in the invisible 'C', but Quimby found it impossible to restrain his joy at this complete overthrow of one whom he had ever considered a formidable rival.

"It is no use to talk about romance in real life!" said the annoyed Cyn, yielding to the conviction that the obnoxious visitor really was 'C', as Nattie concluded. "It is nice to read about, and to enact on the stage, but it's altogether too unreliable for our solid, every-day world. Well, dear! consolingly, 'it's better to know the truth than to have gone on blindly talking to so undesirable an acquaintance!"

(To be continued.)

THE ACADIAN
WOLFVILLE, N. S., FEB. 27, 1885
CRUSHED AGAIN.

We feel bad. Awfully bad. In fact extremely bad. That model of politeness and bad grammar coupled with an utter disregard for facts and a sour disposition, the paper printed at Kentville, is at its old "bull-dozing" tricks again. Not satisfied with calling us "a circular," "an amateur," "other sheets," "idiots," "fools," "plagiarists," "an immature contemporary," etc., etc., he now adds injury to insult by threatening us with a libel suit. Through all this persecution we feel to exclaim with the old colored woman who was telling about a terrible accident that happened to her when she was a baby and who on being asked by her companion, "An did you lib?" exclaimed, "Course I did. Why mudder said I libbed and growed nicely." The opinion of the public generally seems to be that we are living and growing nicely. On the matter of libel we are not prepared at present with any remarks. Just what ails our "ripe contemporary" we are at a loss to know as yet, but hope to ascertain later on. Meanwhile our paper will still be issued from the old stand at the exceedingly small price of 50 cents per annum in advance. We hardly expected to become a wet blanket so early in the season, or with the thermometer so far below freezing, but it seems as if these things were thrust upon people sometimes.

A correspondent in the *New Star*, no doubt being misled by the æsthetic example set him by our "aged contemporary," speaks of us as "their amateur neighbor." Our ideas of amateurs are that they are a class of persons who pursue a sport, an art, a study or a trade for the purpose of the instruction and pleasure to be derived therefrom without expecting any pecuniary reward or profit, while on the other hand a professional is one who follows any or all the above occupations for the purpose of acquiring a living or accumulating riches. Certainly in the history of journalism the portion of those who accumulate riches thereby is decidedly small, yet a great number are trying to make a living, and we do think we are one of the latter and therefore must be classed as professional. One thing is certain, our paper is circulated only among paying subscribers and we have not yet had recourse to the questionable practice of forcing our paper on the public for the purpose of showing a large circulation. But we must apologise for devoting so large a space to ourselves.

It is reported that the Government has granted an extension of time to the contractors for the construction of the Port Williams Bridge. No doubt this action will be received with feelings of anything but pleasure by the people of Cornwallis and Horton.

In view of the present state of the poor, and the agitation for a Central Poor Farm for the County, a few facts about the working of such a farm will probably interest our readers. In 1883 the municipality of West Hants, which includes the former poor districts of Windsor, South Newport, North Newport, Falmouth and Kempt, bought a farm of one hundred and twenty acres in Newport for \$2,000. On this farm the municipality erected a house sixty-five by thirty-five feet, two stories high, with basement and frost-proof cellar, at a cost of about \$4,000. In January 1884 the new system went into operation, and at the January meeting of the Council this year the Committee in presenting their report were able to say that the system adopted had "provided a very decided success, not only in the large saving effected in the cost of maintenance, but also in the materially improved condition and comfort of the poor themselves." The following statements will give a clear idea of the working of the system:

Expenses outside, including Conveyance of Paupers to the Farm, \$376.06
Manager and Matron, 300.00
Supplies (January, 1884), 56.90
Supplies, contract, 750.35
Potatoes for table use, 14.80
Fresh meat, 20.43
Material for Clothing, Sheets, &c. \$127.70
Sundries for House and Farm, 40.38

Spreads, &c., for beds,	39.72
Crockery,	9.10
Tinware,	6.85
Yarn,	15.00
Medical Attendance,	36.00
Tools—Forks, Scythes, &c.,	17.24
Female Help,	114.54
Boots and shoes,	39.95
Blacksmith,	14.50
Whitewashing House,	10.80
Funeral Expenses,	3.55
Bringing three Lunatics from Asylum,	17.00
Material for Fencing,	52.12
Apple Barrels,	5.50
Printing,	15.50
Interest,	320.03
Postage and Stationery,	6.00
Sundry Small Accounts,	31.82
Insurance,	23.50
Teaming,	6.50
Extraordinary Expenses,	418.08
Stock Account,	183.00
	\$3,072.12
Less proceeds of Brick, &c., sold, paid to Treasurer,	44.05
	\$3,028.07

DEDUCT.
Extraordinary Expenses \$418.08
Stock Account, 183.00
601.08

Current Expenses for the year, \$2,426.99
COMPARATIVE STATEMENT.
Cost for support of poor in 1883, under the old system, \$3,780.00
Cost for support of Poor in 1884, under the new system, 2,426.99

Balance in favor of Poores' Farm system, \$1,353.01
To which add former cost of three Insane patients now at Poores' Farm, 358.73

Making a saving to Municipality of Besides Crop valued in the autumn at \$530.00, the increase in value of Stock, and a considerable quantity of Knitted Work.

The extraordinary expenditure was for farming tools, tank, etc., to which we think might in justice be added some of the items in the current account, such as spreads for beds, crockery, tools, etc., still further reducing the cost per head of the paupers, of whom there was during the year an average of about forty. In the item of outside expenses, which is much less than it is either in Cornwallis or Horton, is included the cost of the poor for the townships of Falmouth, Windsor, and Kempt from the 1st to the 18th and 21st of January they not being sent to the poor house till the latter date. By looking at the comparative statement it will be seen that a saving has been effected of \$1,711.74. Showing conclusively that the system if properly managed is a decided success over the old one, and a central farm in this county would probably be as satisfactory as in Hants.

Poultry Hints.

(Continued.)

The Leghorns are non-sitters, (although one will cluck occasionally when old age comes creeping on) feather very quickly, and are in every respect hardy. They are very precocious: pullets hatched in May and well fed frequently lay the following October, and occasionally in September. In some hands they have commenced laying in October and continued on through the winter with scarcely a break. Speaking for ourselves we have not been so successful in this respect. When our pullets have commenced to lay in October, continuing through November and December, we have almost invariably found that they rested the greater portion of January and sometimes part of February. The cockerels (young cocks) have been known to crow when under two months old. They are handsome, sprightly, active birds, and as egg producers are unequalled. When killed their flesh is fine flavored, but being very small when dressed, as marketable birds they are less saleable than Plymouth Rocks, Langhans, Cochins, or Brahmas. In close confinement they are somewhat restive, and will not succeed penned up in summer as well as some of the larger breeds; but when a large grassy range can be provided, they will lay more continuously, and furnish more eggs than any other breed. In confinement spacious airy yards should be provided, surrounded by fences six or eight feet in height; as the flying capacities of Leghorns when suddenly disturbed are something wonderful, in fact almost equal to those of partridges. Clipping one wing will, of course, prevent high flying, but this besides spoiling their symmetry prevents them easily reaching their roosts. A stormy controversy has been carried on among breeders as to the relative merits

of White and Brown Leghorns. There are certainly no reasonable grounds for any such contention. After all the arguments on either side are heard, to an unprejudiced mind, the matter resolves itself into a simple case of "Tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee." In cities exposed to dust and coal smoke Brown Leghorns most assuredly appear at best advantage and easily preserve their high glossy plumage, while the White Leghorns become grimy and sooty under the same circumstances. In the number of eggs, and in the size of their eggs one has no superiority over the other. Some fanciers claim that the White Leghorns lay the largest eggs, but have failed to establish the point. Individuals who have a large experience in poultry state that among every variety of fowls are found some hens that lay more eggs than others, and some under similar conditions that lay larger eggs. In other cases shape and color vary without any apparent cause. An occasional Plymouth Rock will produce eggs nearly white, in the same pen of fowls, the majority of which are laying very dark eggs. From a yard of Brahmas apparently all alike are received eggs, pointed, oval, or almost spherical in shape, and in color varying from that of "weak tea" to dark "terra cotta." In a like manner flocks of White Leghorns and Brown Leghorns, will be found producing larger eggs than other flocks similar in color. In all probability the nature of the soil as well as the quality of the food largely influence the color and the quantity of the eggs. Where absolute purity of breed is a matter of indifference, it will be found that the Leghorn may with great success be crossed, with some larger breed. Chickens from a yard of "White Leghorns" headed by a vigorous young Light Brahma cock will be unusually good.

(To be continued.)

GENERAL NEWS.

—Cunningham and Barton, dynamiters, are to be tried for high treason.

—It is estimated, that 75,000 men and women are out of work in New York City.

The dynamiters threaten to blow up St. Paul's Cathedral and the Bank of England.

—An anti-dynamite bill was introduced in the New Jersey Legislature on the 16th inst.

—The total value of rateable property in the municipality of Yarmouth, N. S., is \$5,588,023.

—The Knagler cotton mills, at Blackburn, England, were burned a few days ago; loss £100,000.

—Early Rose potatoes have advanced in Boston to 60 and 65 cents per bushel and are likely to be higher.

—Miss Eva Mackay, daughter of the American millionaire, has been married in Paris to the Prince of Colona.

—The New Glasgow glass factory employs about 130 hands, and the sales for the past year amounted to nearly \$1,000,000.

CALCUTTA, Feb. 18th.—A camel corp numbering 2,000 and 500 laborers for the railway are going to Suakim immediately.

—Nancy Cass Wilmore died in Welington Ill. last week aged 116. She related the history of her life on her death bed.

—We are glad Judge James has so far recovered from his recent illness that he is able to drive out on fine days.—*Dartmouth Times*.

—Gen. Sir Herbert Stewart died Feb. 16th at Gakdul wells and was buried at the entrance of the valley leading to Gakdul, with military honors.

New York, Feb. 19th.—The *Times*, London, special, says excitement in political circles is at fever heat. There is a general conviction that the ministry will be beaten on a direct vote of censure.

VICTORIA, B. C., Feb. 19.—Instructions have been received from Ottawa to enforce the Dominion liquor law. It is believed the provincial and city authorities will resist its enforcement with police.

OTTAWA, Feb. 20.—The deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank during January was \$709,377, and the withdrawals \$484,937. This is the largest amount deposited in any month of January in the history of the Dominion.

—Dr. Franklyn Ernest Weatherbe, a native of Charlottetown and brother of Judge Weatherbe of Halifax and of Mrs. G. R. Beer of this city, died on the 16th ult. in California after a brief illness. For some years he had practised dentistry in Boston, Mass., where we had met him on several occasions, but removed to California last September.—*Charlottetown Herald*.

ETHERINGTON'S ADJUSTABLE SPRING BED.

The Spring Bed consists entirely of STEEL SPIRAL SPRINGS, which lock on the slats of a common bedstead; making a most

DESIRABLE BED WITH BUT A SINGLE MATTRESS.

Thus a saving in the price of bedding. They are the best laying, the most easy, most comfortable, most elastic, the cleanest and the easiest cleaned, the best ventilated (therefore the most healthy), the most durable, the cheapest and the easiest repaired. Most adjustable, as it fits all bedsteads without regard to width or length, and is perfectly noiseless. It can be packed in a trunk 16 inches square, so the most portable; no hiding places for vermin, no sagging to the centre, no slats to become bent and remaining so, but can be adjusted to the unequal weights of the occupants, permitting them to lie upon the same level.

On all points of merit we solicit comparison with any other Bed in the market.

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BURPEE WITTER

Has just opened a case of **CANADIAN PRINTS** in new and handsome patterns, **White and Grey Cottons,** **Plain and Plaid Winceys,** **DRESS GOODS** only 16c. per yard, **SHAKER FLANNEL** Very Cheap.

WOOD, BUTTER, EGGS, BEANS, OATS, and DRIED APPLES taken at current market prices.

Wolfville, Feb'y 2d.

G. A. PATRIQUIN, HARNESS MAKER.

Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses
Made to order and kept in stock
ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO
None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

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for only \$1.25 in advance.
Price of "Farmers' Advocate" alone \$1.00
Address THE ACADIAN, Wolfville, N. S.

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE,

For the Cure of Consumption, Paralysis, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anæmia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration, etc.
Two sizes, 25c. and 75c.
—FOR SALE BY—
DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

House and Orchard TO LET!
IN WOLFVILLE.

The House is in thorough repair, and contains 8 rooms, 4 closets and pantry, a Frost-proof Cellar containing a large milk room. There is a good Barn on the premises. The Orchard is stocked with over 100 Choice Graft Trees in Full Bearing, viz. Apples, Pears, Plums, etc.
For particulars apply to
JAMES WILSON,
Jan'y 29th. on the premises.

JOB PRINTING of all kinds executed at shortest notice.

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 Advertisement 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

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- Letter Heads,
- Note Heads,
- Bill Heads,
- 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.

THE WOLFVILLE Local and... The ice harv... Music in the... A first-class ply at this off... Subscribe fo 50 cents per... The Queen thanks for Pa... The Hunts day of public... C. H. BORD... duced prices cost... We are ind... W. Bishop, papers... Rev. R. D... with Rev. A. Sabbath... CALDWELL... ceived a nice in twelve pa... The Band this week Saturday aft... J. D. R... Times pass... terday on hi... Dr. BARR... Light Brash... ly Pullets, k... Foxes are... A number... ity and a g... All perso... West shou... Witter's ne... Telescope... The we... charming, beautiful... young alik... and betwe... etc., our s... appearance... NOTICE... will offer... figures th... It is re... & Co., of... Chas. E... ert M. R... amounting... assets to... signment... first pref... Why... making... ter fit an... Murray... of the ch... best fitt... uly che... We h... bers of... publishe... Official... N. S. l... literatur... 30c. a... of all... If yo... new Pr... Book &... they ar... The... mence... engine... found... labor s... up in... be tur... and ever b... FAT... HANT... of roc... mines... West... death... jured... 17th... down... TI... along... ed by... cert... day... ceed... ohas... the... Mile... "Dr... gann

THE ACADIAN,

WOLFVILLE, N. S. FEB. 27, 1885.

Local and Provincial.

The ice harvest has begun.

Music in the Rink, to-night.

A first-class Violin for sale low, apply at this office.

Subscribe for the ACADIAN. Only 50 cents per year.

The Queen's Printer will accept thanks for Parliamentary papers.

The *Hants Journal* has changed its day of publication to Wednesday.

C. H. BORDEN, Wolfville, has reduced prices of Wool Underclothing to cost.

We are indebted to our old friend, H. W. Bishop, for copies of Western papers.

Rev. R. D. Ross exchanged pulpits with Rev. A. Gun, of Windsor, last Sabbath.

CALDWELL & MURRAY have just received a nice line of Canadian Prints in twelve patterns.

The Band will play in the Rink this week to-night (Friday) and on Saturday afternoon.

J. D. Roylston, of the *Yarmouth Times* passed through Wolfville yesterday on his way home.

DR. BARRS has for sale four fine Light Brahma Cockerels and seven early Pullets, low if taken at once.

Foxes are quite plentiful this winter. A number have been shot in this vicinity and a great many more hunted.

All persons who intend to emigrate West should call and inspect Burpee Witter's new stock of Trunks, Valises, Telescope Bags, etc., just opened.

The weather this week has been charming, bright sunshiny days with beautiful moonlight nights. Old and young alike have taken advantage of it and between sleigh-driving, coasting, etc., our streets have presented a lively appearance.

NOTICE.—C. H. Borden, Wolfville, will offer his entire stock for 30 days at figures that defy competition.

It is reported that E. Bigelow Sons & Co., of Canning, have assigned to Chas. E. Borden of Canning and Robert M. Rand of Canard, with liabilities amounting to some \$50,000, nominal assets to \$60,000 or \$70,000. Assignment protects their creditors as first preferential.

Why pay six or seven dollars for making a suit when you can get a better fit and better made at Caldwell & Murray's for little more than the price of the cloth. Their overcoats are the best fitting in the market and wonderfully cheap. Dec 12

We have received the first two numbers of the *Good Templar Herald*, published at 111-Agricola St., Halifax, Official Organ of the Grand Lodge of N. S. It is well filled with temperance literature; and its small price, only 30c. a year, places it within the reach of all. We wish it every success.

If you have not already seen those new PENCIL TABLETS at the Western Book & News Co's. go in at once, as they are going rapidly.

The Iron Foundry Co. (limited) commences operations this week. The new engine was started last week and was found to be satisfactory. A number of labor saving appliances have been fitted up in the machine shop, and work can be turned out with increased dispatch, and in a more thorough manner than ever before.—*Bridgetown Monitor*.

FATAL ACCIDENT AT THE GORE, HANTS CO.—By the fall of some tons of rock and debris in the Antimony mines at the Gore, Hants Co., Thomas Weatherhead was instantly crushed to death and four others considerably injured. The accident took place on the 17th inst. at a depth of about 250 feet down the main shaft.

The singing people of Coldbrook along with other musical talent, assisted by Prof. Spinney, will hold a concert at Bill's Hall, Billtown, on Saturday evening 28th February. Proceeds to go towards a fund for the purchase and erection of a monument to the memory of the late John L. Miles, the popular singing master. Prof. Miles was also the author of the song "Dreaming of Home and Mother." His remains are interred at Canard.

Local and Provincial.

Petitions are being circulated for a frost-proof warehouse at the Halifax R. R. Terminus.

Hats & Caps, Boots & Shoes and Gents' Furnishings, at cost for one month at C. H. Borden's.

The roads in some places are quite dangerous on account of numerous bad pitches. A slight expense would improve them greatly.

Mens White and Colored Shirts at cost for one month only, at C. H. Borden's, Wolfville.

We understand that Dr. Rand has declined the invitation to address the meeting of the International Congress of Education to be held in connection with the New Orleans exposition.

LADIES LOOK!—Just opened one case Dress Goods, at BURPEE WITTER'S.

Bob Burdette, the humorist, is to visit Halifax early in May. Will not the students of Acadia make an effort to have him lecture here. All who heard him on his last visit will wish to hear him again.

If the person who borrowed a string of bells and a surcingle from H. D. Farrell's stable last Friday will return the same at once no questions will be asked. If not he will be proceeded against at once as he is known.

CINDERELLA.—The students of Acadia Seminary in their public entertainment of Friday, Feb. 20th, made a departure in a new line. They presented the old but pretty story of Cinderella in a series of songs and readings. A large amount of study and time must have been given to the matter by Miss Hitchens and her pupils. The proceeds, amounting to about \$30.00, is to be devoted to purchasing books for the College Library.

New Silks, Satins, Laces, etc., in all shades, just opened at BURPEE WITTER'S.

BURGLARY.—Mr. R. Prat's shop has again been the subject of a dastardly outrage. On Saturday night between the hours of 11 and 12 o'clock during the temporary absence of Mr. Prat, some person or persons unknown broke a light of glass in his front window over the shutters and succeeded in fishing up some confectionery. Fortunately they did not get inside, probably being frightened by someone coming down the street, as a great number of persons were around that evening. The wheels of justice seem very slow in this place, but probably it will grind to dynamite some day.

Thomas Cramp, eldest son of the late Rev. Dr. Cramp, died suddenly at Montreal, on the morning of the 18th inst. The *Toronto Daily Mail* says of him:

"Mr. Cramp was a fluent and popular speaker at public meetings and could hold the attention of his audience by the cogency and ability of his arguments without any attempts at flights of oratory. He was a man of mark in this community and has left few merchants to fill his place. He leaves a wife and two small children, beside a brother who is a Q. C., to mourn his loss. In his forty years residence here he preserved an honorable and unspotted name for all these high qualities of character which go to make a noble man in the strictest sense of the word.

People are finding out every day that the merchant who gives long time must get long prices. Caldwell & Murray sell for cash or its equivalent and the people save money by buying from them, because there are no bad debts to be made up. Dec 12

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the ACADIAN one year for the following prices, which as will be seen is in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Publication. Regular Price. Clubbing Price.

Farmer's Advocate \$1.00 \$1.25

Toronto Weekly News 1.00 1.10

Alden's Juvenile Gem .75 1.10

American Agriculturist 1.50 1.50

do with Cyclopaedia 1.65 1.90

Toronto Weekly Globe 1.00 1.25

London Free Press 1.00 1.25

Hearthstone, Farm & Nation 1.00 1.00

Youth's Companion 1.75 1.75

Book Worm .25 .65

Weekly Messenger .50 .90

Weekly Witness 1.00 1.25

Canadian Dairyman 1.00 1.00

Ship 2.00 2.00

A PRACTICAL SERMON TO YOUNG MEN.

BY H. G. EASTMAN, LL. D.

You are the architects of your own fortunes; rely upon YOUR OWN STRENGTH of body and soul. Take for your STAR, Industry, Self-Reliance, Faith, and Honesty, and inscribe on your banner, LUCK is a fool, PLUCK is a hero. Earnest effort IN ONE DIRECTION is the surest road to wealth and high position; diligence and stick-to-it-ness is the winning hand. Don't take too much advice, keep at the helm and steer your own ship, and remember that the great art of commanding is to TAKE A FAIR SHARE OF THE WORK. Don't practice too much HUMILITY, think well of YOURSELF—strike out—assume your position. It is the JOSTLINGS and JOLTINGS of life that bring GREAT MEN to the surface; put potatoes in a cart over a rough road, and SMALL potatoes go to the bottom; turn a raft of logs down a mill-race, and the LARGE logs come on TOP. Rise above the envious and jealous. Fire ABOVE the mark you intend to hit. ENERGY, INVINCIBLE DETERMINATION, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. Don't drink. Don't chew. Don't smoke. Don't swear. Don't deceive. Don't read novels. Be in Earnest. Be Self-Reliant. Be Generous—there are TWO SIDES to every BALANCE, and FAVORS thrown in one side of the scales are sure to be reciprocated in the other. Be Kind. Be civil. It is a foolish man who does not understand that MOLASSES will catch more flies than VINEGAR. Read the PAPERS—they are the Great Educators of the People. ADVERTISE your Business. Keep your own Counsel, and superintend your own Business. MAKE MONEY, and do good with it. Love your God and Fellow-man. Love truth and virtue. Love your Country and obey the laws.

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

Ear ache, tooth ache, head ache, neuralgia, and deafness can be instantly relieved and finally cured by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. Get a bottle and read directions.

STILL THEY COME.—Dr. G. M. Duncan, of Bathurst, writes:—"Egger's Cod Liver Oil Cream Phospho-LEINE gives me entire satisfaction. My patients too like it better than any other Emulsion. Its results are sometimes surprising, especially in wasting diseases of children."

The editor of an agricultural paper says there is absolutely no cure for hog cholera but that Sheridan's Condition Powders given occasionally will certainly prevent it. Be sure to get Sheridan's. The kinds in large 25c. packs are trash.

WOLFVILLE SKATING RINK.

Open every afternoon from 3 till 5.30 o'clock; and Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings, from 7.30 till 10 o'clock. The Rink will be lighted every Friday with Electric Light. Tickets usual rates.

Single Skate.....15 cents
Promenade.....5 cents
D. A. MUNRO,
Proprietor.

Wolfville, Dec. 19th, 1884

FARM FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale his Farm, situated in Lower Horton, and partially bounded by the Gasperow River, consisting of 23 acres of Upland in a good state of Cultivation, 120 young apple trees, House, Barn, and Outbuildings all in good repair.

Marsh Mud within 30 rods of any part of the farm.

Also, 12 acres of Dyke on the Grand Pra.

This property will be sold at a bargain on easy terms. For particulars apply to subscriber on the place.

Jan 7th 1885. F. RATHBUN.

CROCKERY!

F. L. Brown & Co

OFFERS FOR SALE

The LARGEST, CHEAPEST, and BEST SELECTED STOCK OF

Crockery and Glassware

IN THE COUNTY.

LAMP GOODS

A SPECIALITY.

GLASSWARE!

Wolfville Sept. 20, 1884.

Western Book & News Co.

Our Stock is now complete, and is fully up to its usual standard of Excellence. It comprises the usual assortment of

including

The Lily Series, \$0.45
The Standard Lib. .70
of Poets, " Girls " 1.00

And a large number of miscellaneous and standard works.

Children's Books, all prices,
Bound & Paper Toy Books,

A MAGNIFICENT DISPLAY OF LARGE QUARTO PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS, From \$1.25 to \$7.00 Each.

SMALL PHOTOGRAPH, AUTOGRAPH, & SCRAP ALBUMS

Velvet Frames!

SPLendid LOT OF Purses and Pocket Books!

Nice Bibles, Hymn Books, etc. All Prices.

WRITING DESKS! IN GREAT VARIETY.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

Now is the time to subscribe for Magazines. If you have not already one of our Price List send for one at once. We are ordering every day. Examine our prices. Remember we guarantee you every number of the year. If you order for yourself you risk losing one or more in the year.

BIRTHDAY CARDS ALL STYLES! LARGE ASSORTMENT!

NEW AND PRETTY DESIGNS!

Western Book & News Co.

PICTURE FRAMING!

We have opened this week a lot of PICTURE MOULDING, and are now in position to take orders for all kinds of Picture Framing. Also a new lot of common

RUSTIC FRAMES,

very cheap, in popular sizes—8x10, 10x12, 10x14, 8 1/2 x 21; and a few very fine 8x10 Int. Walnut and Gilt frames, very nice for cabinet photographs with mat. Call and get our prices and see the samples.

FRAMED CHROMOS, SIZE 24x30

A fine lot of subjects, 2 in. moulding, Int. Walnut and Gilt.

Come in and see us!

We cannot tell you half we want to in this advertisement.

WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO

A. M. HOARE, Manager,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL Booksellers and Stationers,

Wolfville, N. S., Dec. 3d.

EUREKA.

Found! a Plum Tree that will not Black Knot!

The **Masters Plum Tree** has stood the test 40 years in Kentville, King's County, Nova Scotia. Chas. A. Masters, of Kentville, found this tree growing on lands now owned by Judge G. A. Blanchard forty years ago, and removed the tree to his garden in the village, where it now stands a healthy bearing tree, and is now owned by me. There are scores of trees throughout the village in bearing from 4 to 20 years old which bear every year, and not a vestige of black knot appears on one of them. The tree is an annual bearer of rapid growth, growing tall not spreading. The Plum is quite large, purple color, and of excellent quality. It is the best preserving plum grown, and sells higher than any plum brought into the market. Last year, while the crop was immense, this plum readily brought \$3.00 per bushel, \$1.00 more than any other variety offered for sale. We have several hundred first class trees to offer for the spring planting and intend to plant 6,000 root grafts here. That this is the best and most profitable Plum Tree to plant that is grown in the Dominion of Canada, and that it will not black knot we refer the planters of this delicious fruit to F. S. Masters, Barrister, of whom we purchased the original tree; also to Chas. A. Masters, G. A. Blanchard (Judge), J. R. Blanchard, H. B. Webster, M. D., J. E. Malloway, M. D., Otho Eaton, John Byrne, T. E. Smith, J. A. Shaw.

Address—

J. F. Rupert,

or my Agent,
L. W. Kimball,
AMERICAN HOUSE,
KENTVILLE, N. S.

KING'S COUNTY

Jewelry Store,

KENTVILLE.

The subscribers have recently opened the store in

ARNOLD'S BLOCK,

Webster St., next door to Post office,

WITH A FULL LINE OF

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

SILVER and

ELECTRO-PLATED

WARE,

Table CUTLERY

SPECTACLES,

ETC., ETC.,

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

J. R. McDonald & Co.,

WATCHMAKERS

AND JEWELLERS,

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

Sept 18th, 1884.

The Sun.

An Independent Newspaper of Democratic Principles, but not Controlled by any Set of Politicians or Manipulators; Devoted to Collecting and Publishing all the News of the Day in the most Interesting Shape and with the greatest possible Promptness, Accuracy and Impartiality; and to the Promotion of Democratic Ideas and Policy in the affairs of Government, Society and Industry.

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