

# THE ACADIAN.

WE WISH YOU ALL A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Vol. IV. No. 14.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1884.

Only 50 Cents per annum.

## The Acadian,

Published on FRIDAY at the office,  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
**50 CENTS Per Annum,**  
(IN ADVANCE).  
CLUBS of five in advance \$2.00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transit advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

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

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

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE  
Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. Mails are made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.  
Express west close at 10.50 A. M.  
Express east close at 5.20 P. M.  
Kentville close at 7.30 P. M.  
Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX  
Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.  
A. DEW-BARRS, Agent.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. and Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 P. M. and Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. M. Burgess, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 A. M. the last Sunday of each month.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH (English)—Rev. J. O. Burgess, Rector.—Services next Sunday at 3 P. M. Sunday School at 1.30 P. M. Weekly Service on Thursday at 1 P. M.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 10 o'clock P. M.  
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Cadell's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

## CARDS.

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

**J. B. DAVISON, J. P.**  
CONVEYANCER,  
FIRE & LIFE INSURANCE  
AGENT,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

**B. C. BISHOP,**  
House, Sign and Decorative  
PAINTER.  
English Paint Stock a Specialty.  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
P. O. BOX 26. Sept. 19th 1884

**LIGHT BRAMAS!**  
Carefully bred from FIRST CLASS STOCK. Trios, Pairs, and Single Bird for sale. **A. DEW-BARRS**  
Wolfville, Oct. 1st, '84

**J. WESTON**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
Has a fine stock of Cloths which will be sold Cheap.

## Select Poetry.

### Grace Darling.

'Twas a wild September evening,  
And the north wind fiercely blew,  
When the *Porpoise* came drifting  
With a weary, hopeless crew.  
And upon the Longstone striking  
With that warning light in view.

"Father," cried the lighthouse maiden,  
"Hear you not the drowning call?  
Heed not though the sea be raging,  
Launch our boat while 'er betfall!"  
Seated in that boat—a maiden  
And an old man—that was all.

To the rock, through wind and tempest,  
Through the raging ocean's roar,  
On that dread September morning  
Pulled that man and maiden o'er,  
Stormy sea and danger round them,  
Dying fellow-men before.

Sixty-three were in the steamer  
When she struck the fatal land,  
All the night the raging billows  
Every hope of succor banned.  
How could man avail to save them?  
One by one felt Death's stern hand.

But the nine who clung despairing  
All that wild and dreadful night,  
Heard a cry of help come ringing  
Through the air with morning light;  
Little marvel that the maiden  
Seemed to them an angel bright.

Saved them all! The thrilling story  
Run through England far and wide,  
While Grace Darling's fame and glory  
Were proclaimed on every side.  
She lived humbly in her lighthouse,  
Humbly in her lighthouse died.

—The London Friend.

## Interesting Story.

### Colonel Paul.

"My experience and observation go to prove that 'aint the fellows that fought best who are most fierce and forward with their war-stories now. At least, it's so down here in Virginia. 'Twas such a dead-in-earnest conflict, and such a close tussle for life or death, and the ruin that it brought was so great, it's no wonder we shrink from vaporin' 'bout it now.

"Our own folks know all they want to, and were, on that subject, and ignorant or curious meddling with wounds aint pleasin' nor healthy.

"Still, there are times when one can't help thinking over things that happened in those days, whether he will or no. Evenings like this, for instance. Since we've been out here on the poren, watching the sun go down on the hills over the river, and listening, you might almost believe, to the world settling itself to sleep, I've lived through in my thoughts the very saddest of the many heart-breaking stories that come to my notice in the four-years horror. That's what it was from beginning to end, sir! Such horror and desolation, and despair as you Northerners never dream of.

"I reckon it must have been the smell of the locust blossoms, and the singing of the late bees among them, that started me to dreamin'. Anyhow, it all comes back to me clear as a picture, seen with my bodily eyes.

"It's a pretty picture, too,—the old Carrington place, Locust Hill, over yonder,—just at this season of the year, when the white flowers were dropping like snow on the steps and the grass and gravel walks, and drifting in the breeze up to Mrs. Carrington's feet, as she sat in her rocking-chair out on the porch, pale and uneasy, looking into her boy's face.

"I'm not ashamed to own that my father was overseer on Mr. Carrington's plantation, and had been for twenty years. He was a man that respected himself, and consequently his fellow-citizens respected him.

"A kinder or more liberal gentleman than Mr. Carrington never lived, even in old Virginia. His wife was a mortal saint, sir. Loving and tender and soft-hearted as an angel. A beauty, too, to the last, even after her hair was white as picked cotton, and you could tell by her eyes that she had no heart in life.

"I was raised with the Carrington boys. We went to the same school, and played together all the rest of the day. But when they entered college, I was put into the tobacco-crop, and learned all there was to know about cultivating and cutting and curing and pressing this staple of the South.

"In vacation we were just as good friends as ever—me and the Carrington fellers. There were four of them: James and David and Randolph and Paul. When the war broke out, the oldest was twenty-four, and the youngest—Paul—just thirteen. All of us went into the army within six months, except Paul, of course.

"There was no help for it, sir. If it was my last breath, I should be obliged to say that. They had invaded the State, you see. That was our view of the situation, and we acted according to our light. Daniel and St. Paul couldn't have done no more, nor no less.

"Well, it was in the spring of '64 that our regiment was in camp on the edge of the Carrington plantation for a couple of months. We'd been busy for the best part of the winter, and had some right smart fighting down the river. Just now, however, the Northerners were lying so low and keeping so dark that we had quite a play-time.

"The Carrington boys and a dozen other young officers passed pretty near half their time at the house. It wasn't strange that Paul caught the army fever. He was sixteen years old, and small of his age. Not exactly puny, but almost like a girl for slenderness and good looks, and the very core of his mother's heart. She had lost two girls between him and Randolph.

"She would not have a word of his enlisting, and begged his brothers to put the notion out of his head. On the evening I speak of, he was even more in earnest than usual with her. He would drop on one knee by her and put his arm over the back of her chair, while he pleaded with her to let him go. It was always a pretty sight to see how much they thought of each other.

"You see, mother," he said, "if I enlist now, I can choose my company, and go into David's."

"David had risen fast. He was major now, and a splendid soldier. James was a captain, and Randolph was first lieutenant.

"If I wait a little longer, they can draft me," he said, "and send me to Nova Scotia if they choose. I reckon we shall have conquered up to there by that time."

"The war may be over then," said Mrs. Carrington, so solemn it might have been a prayer she was repeating. "Surely the Lord's anger will be turned away and his outstretched arm be withdrawn before many months."

"Paul was by no means pacified. He was brim-full of patriotism and fight. His brothers helped him on. Not that they wanted him to carry his point but they made a great pet of him and were proud of him. And I could see that his father was pleased though he did not say much until Mrs. Carrington packed Paul off to bed at ten o'clock. Then he asked her if the best way to stop the boy's nonsense wouldn't be to let him go into camp and without his enlisting, try military duty for a few weeks. 'I'm much mistaken if the experiment wouldn't cure him,' said he.

"Mrs. Carrington looked at him as if she couldn't believe he meant it. 'My dear,' she said, all in a quiver, even to her voice, 'Paul is our baby. Such a trail little fellow! Camp-fare and sleeping on the ground and all that would kill him.'

"Then the brothers spoke up and showed that no harm could come to toe child under their eye and declared that roughing it would probably dis-

gust him with the service and send him home in a sensible mood.

"He'll find it's no fun to march up and down a half-mile beat, toting a heavy musket!" said I at last.

"I wished afterwards that I had held my tongue, for Mrs. Carrington looked surprised and hurt and said quietly, 'You against me, too, Dick!'

"Don't be silly, Paulina!" said her husband, a little sharp. 'Nobody's against you in this matter. You seem set upon keeping that boy a baby. It's a bad thing for him.'

"What else passed between them I don't know, but about twelve o'clock the next day, there came Mr. Paul into camp, chirpy as a cricket, and ready to tackle the whole Northern army.

"He had on a suit of gray, and a military cap with a feather stuck sideways in the band.

But in all his toggery he favored his mother so much when he laughed up at me, that it was all I could do to keep from picking him up bodily, as I would a baby, and carrying him home again.

"In two days he was the camp favorite—'Col. Paul,' the boys called him.

"I'll be a real colonel before the war is over," he said, his eyes flashing. 'Won't mother be proud of me, then? She felt awfully when she kissed me good-by.' But he winked hard as he said it. 'It's strange that the wisest woman can't understand just how a fellow feels about his country,' he went on. 'But sae'll forgive me when I've distinguished myself, as I mean to do. This is something like life! I must get a furlough for Sunday, next if I can be spared from duty, and go to see her.'

James Carrington overheard this, and when the boy had walked off, I said to him, 'He isn't discouraged yet, that's evident.'

"He's game to the backbone!" said the captain, laughing, and showing by his manner that he felt proud of the young soldier. He had four hours' drill in the hot sun to-day, and I reckon we'll put him on picket-duty to-night. It is best that he should have a full taste of what is before him."

"At nine o'clock I met him, in high spirits, on his way to his post. I didn't quite like the night-watch for him. To be sure, our pickets hadn't had a surprise in two months, and we didn't know of a Federal soldier within twenty miles of us.

"How long do you suppose you'll keep your eyes open?" I asked, laughingly.

"All right, if necessary," he answered back, as stiff as a ramrod. 'But I'm to be relieved at twelve.'

"I made it convenient to happen his way a little after ten. He was tramping back and forth as steady as a clock, whistling softly the old prayer-meeting hymn:

"Am I a soldier of the Cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I blush to own His cause,  
And fear to speak His name?"

"Halt!" he said, clear and sharp, when I stepped into the road out of the shade of the bushes. 'Who goes there?'

"A friend!" I said.

"Advance and give the countersign!"

"It so happened that I hadn't the pass-word, and the young game-cock wouldn't let me come a step nearer, well as he knew me.

"My orders are to guard this piece of road," he said, grave and quiet as a man of fifty. 'I don't want to shoot you, Dick, so you'd better be off.'

"I gave the salute, begged his pardon, and took myself back to tell the story to his brothers.

"We'll relieve him at eleven," said the major. 'The little rascal will be fagged out by then. He's had a hard day of it.'

"That very night Kautz's cavalry, that always came and went like the wind, swept up that road so near our camp that I cannot conceive why we

did not hear them. They were on a raid up the river and couldn't stop to poster us; but they captured three of our sentinels and carried them off, and one of them was Colonel Paul.

"They picked him up five minutes before eleven. The boy said to me afterwards that, being leg-weary after all the drilling he had had that day, he had leaned against a stump, and must have nodded a little, for the first thing he knew he was captured and carried away on a trooper's saddle.

"His cap with the hawk's feathers, was laying in the dusty road by his musket. We took that to his mother; and it made my heart ache to see how dazed she looked when we told her what had happened to Paul.

"I was taken prisoner at Spottsylvania Court House in May. We were kept awhile at Fortress Munroe, then at Point Lookout. On the first of September they took us to Fort Delaware.

"'Twas fearfully hot that day and night! We lay in the hold like so many herrings, with hardly room to turn. About midnight I dropped asleep, and waking, almost smothered, within an hour, I fancied—what with the groans and swearing, the heat, the bad air, and the red light of the swinging lamp overhead—that we were in the region that isn't often named in polite society. It wasn't agreeable, sir.

"Well, we weren't landed at Delaware until sunset the next day, and a doctor set you never saw than we were when marched into the privates' quarters. I was skulking along, savage as a starving catamount, when somebody called out, 'Dick Cosby!' and a slim boy in ragged gray clothes ran right into my arms.

"He had grown surprisingly. His face was thinner and paler than it used to be; his pants and sleeves were too short for his legs and arms, and his suit was much the worse of wear. But he had the clean, gentlemanly look notwithstanding. The Carrington blood told, sir, in spite of rags and wretchedness.

"He was very popular with our boys, and had got on the blind side of the men who had us in charge. To please him, I was put into his mess and bunked beside him at night.

"It's one of my greatest comforts to remember how much good my being there did him. After hearing about his mother and the rest of the folks, he became quite cheerful, and like himself.

"One of our men who had been a college professor at home had books sent him by Yankee friends, and Colonel Paul—somehow he'd got that name even among the Northern guard—took to Latin and Greek and such studies in solid earnest.

"My mother shan't have a dunce for a son when I get out of this!" he exclaimed, one day. 'I've only to make believe that I'm taking a university course, and must stay until the term's over, and it isn't so very hard to bear.'

"Every week he wrote to his mother whether the letter could go or not. Sometimes the mail was sent South by flag-of-truce, and he wouldn't miss a chance. Three of his letters got through the lines and to his mother. The last of them reached Locust Hill on Christmas Day.

"Well, sir! I'll hurry my story a little. Colonel Paul died, of diphtheria, on Christmas Day. He was sick four days.

"The roughest prisoners were kind to him, and the Yankee surgeon did his best. But the Island is a bleak rock, and our barracks were hardly better than sheds. There was little chance for the boy from the beginning of the attack. I was thankful he did not fight harder with the disease. At sunrise he opened his eyes and smiled. 'It's Christmas morning, isn't it?' he whispered. "They'll be thinkin' of us

(Continued on fourth page.)

With this issue we make our last appearance before the public for the present year. And in taking a retrospective glance at the year just closing we find that although not characterized by any very startling events, it will probably occupy its full space in the pages of history.

In England, the political situation has been peculiarly interesting and suggestive. The Irish question still seems as far from a satisfactory solution as ever, while the affairs in the Sudan have become, if anything, more complicated. Early in the year, and following closely on the massacre of the Egyptian forces under Hicks Pasha, came the defeat and almost annihilation of Baker Pasha's army of 3,500 men. A British force under General Graham defeated Osman Digma and captured his camp on March 12th, and seemed in a fair way of bringing the rebels to order, when it was suddenly ordered home and Gen. Gordon apparently left to his fate. Since then the reports from the Sudan have been very contradictory and unsatisfactory. At present an expedition under Gen. Wolsley is on the way there.

In July the House of Lords voted to postpone the consideration of Mr. Gladstone's franchise bill, which led to considerable agitation for the abolition of that body.

Across the channel, the French have had both war and plague. A continuation of the war in Tonquin and the commencement of another in China. While the cholera has been busy in the southern provinces, the victims being counted by thousands.

On this side of the Atlantic the great topic of interest has been the Presidential Election in the United States, which has been one of the most bitter political fights ever known, and resulted in the choice of a Democratic President and Vice President, being the first in twenty-four years. In Cincinnati a riot lasting three days, occasioned by dissatisfaction about a verdict in a murder case, was attended with large loss of life and property, forty-five persons being killed and one hundred and thirty-eight wounded.

The floods in February on the Ohio River were the worst ever known, causing much loss of property and considerable loss of life.

In July the steamers, *Thetis* and *Bear* returned with the remains of the Greely Expedition, six in all. Of the remainder of the party, seventeen died of starvation, one was drowned, and one died three days after being rescued. This expedition reached a point farther north than ever before achieved by any exploring party, and a few days after their return the world was shocked by the report that the survivors sustained life by the last desperate resource of starving men; cannibalism.

Although the closing year has not been the chapter of horrors, as regards disasters, that 1883 was, it has probably furnished its average quota, Canada leading with the first railway accident on Jan. 21 when two trains collided on the Grand Trunk with a loss of twenty-five men. On April 3d the Steamer "Daniel Steinman" was wrecked off Sambre, with a loss of 123 persons. July 30th Sable Island, the grave-yard of the Atlantic, added another to its victims, the Steamer "Amsterdam" being wrecked with loss of three passengers. We haven't space to give an extended list of the usual railway, colliery, steamer, and dynamite accidents, of which there was the usual number—the excursion steamer alone has not furnished any considerable disaster this year.

Among the prominent men who have passed away may be noted the Duke of Albany; Charles Reade, the novelist; Wendell Phillips; Sir Edward Bartle Frere; Henry Fawcett, Post-Master General of England; and many others we have not space for.

In our own Province we have little change to chronicle. The history of Nova Scotia will have to be written by centuries as the ripple marks one year

leaves on the sands of time being scarcely discernible. The resignation of the Local Government and the formation of a new one being the most startling political event. The Halifax Dry Dock scheme has been talked about, so it was forty years ago, so it probably will be forty years hence. City Councils have talked it over, engineers have given estimates, meetings have been held, committees appointed and delegates sent out, newspaper men have written it up with wild enthusiasm, and have grown gray and died leaving the subject as a legacy to their successors who continue to write it up with a cheerful hope undaunted by the disappointments of forty years.

In our own county the past year has not been one of unalloyed prosperity. The season was the wettest ever known and many people had to take the advice of a county contemporary and not hoe their potatoes—with the result of an almost entire failure of the crop. Turnips and all other roots from the same cause were also a short crop. The fruit crop on the contrary was one of the best ever known, and considering the quantity fair prices were realized.

The depression in business that extends all over the world, affects us here in a modified form and probably caused the recent failure of a well known ship-building and lumbering firm of this county—which failure can almost be looked on as a public misfortune. The firm had succeeded in building up a large business and employed a large number of men who but for them would have had to seek homes in the Land of the free. If this firm had had the enterprise and forethought of the usual Nova Scotia capitalist and invested their money in mortgages or Bank stock, they would probably have been solvent to-day.

While we readily admit there has been good excuse for the cry of hard times, we must recollect that if crops have been small and prices low, that the prices of all we consume are correspondingly low. Flour, sugar, tea, wools, cottons, and all sorts of hardware are as low if not lower than they have been for years; and the opinion among business men seems to be that the lowest point has been reached and that 1885 will see a revival of trade all over the world.

Of the success of our own little paper we cannot complain. We have had to struggle with want of funds and inexperience, we have had some kicks and few coppers; but we have had much to encourage us and many kind words. It has cheered us to know that our small effort in the cause of decent live journalism has been appreciated, and, notwithstanding another paper has been started in the Village within the last few months under more favorable auspices and with great flourish of trumpets, our subscription list and patronage in our job office has steadily increased.

We shall strive in the future to still further merit the confidence of the public. We have increased facilities for collecting local news and are continually gaining experience, and although we may not in the next year do much towards regulating the affairs of the Royal Family or change the fiscal policy of the Dominion, there will be subjects on which we can and will speak.

**EDITORIAL NOTES.**

The Weather—Oh, yes, the weather. Sometimes it is and sometimes it isn't, and then again it is. Snow or rain, one never knows which when retiring at night and is hardly certain the next morning on arising. Truly Nova Scotia is ahead of every place except Maine in weather, and we sometimes think Mark Twain was, to put it mildly, a little mistaken even about Maine.

The Gasperau Bridge is finished at last, and like the human frame is just begun when it commences to crumble away.

We sometimes wonder where the contractors go to when they die. And the only conclusion we can arrive at is that they build a few bridges and railroads and then go to Parliament at Ottawa or Halifax.

That sort of thing must come to a stop some day. A bridge that costs so

much money to our county should be made to last a year or two anyway. But that one is finished, and now we can only be more careful and see that government jobbers do not make a farce of the work at Port Williams.

Mr. Government Engineer, keep your eyes open or you may wish you had before King's gets done with you. We are a long suffering people, but we sometimes "rise to the emergency and mash the emergency's head," as A. Ward once remarked.

We do hope our friend of the *Nepawa Canadian* wasn't drunk when he wrote the item quoted in this issue, but he has got things sadly mixed as to names and places. We thank him all the same for his good intentions and well wishes and can assure him we value such from our older contemporaries very highly.

We find that our little paper is meeting approval far above our most sanguine expectations, and we feel encouraged to go on trying to steadily improve.

King's is our native county and we are bound to look out for it even if we let the United States and the Egyptian war go to the dogs.

Our Neepawa friend's motto is—"Canada first, last and all the time," and we feel like hanging out a similar shingle with our motto—"King's first, last and all the time."

We want to have a talk with our readers on Assessment as soon as we can get materials together, so look out for us when we do come out. Civil reform is much needed in this county and we do not care how soon it is commenced.

**Vacation Notes:**  
BY HARL HARLEE.  
(Continued.)

Milton is one of the prettiest villages of Nova Scotia. It has many handsome residences and beautiful gardens. Its streets are wide and clean, and shaded by large trees which are the pride of the inhabitants and the admiration of strangers. The river running through the centre of the village and parallel with the streets on either side adds much to the beauty of the place, and gives it an Eden appearance. For natural scenery it can be placed, beside Wolfville. But it is not so "aesthetic" a village as Wolfville. Its people encourage industries; and the noise and racket of its eight mills do not disturb or annoy any of them. Its four schools have a large population; the head department is a real school-teacher manufactory. The inhabitants are social and particularly courteous to strangers. When you meet them they do not look afraid you were going to their house to dinner; and at church you are welcomed and not stared at as if you were the street parade of a circus. As a fashionable watering-place Milton is becoming noted. Visitors from the United States and different parts of Canada are there every summer; and each year the number increases. To spend one vacation there and not want to spend another is impossible. This my first visit I enjoyed very much. Through the kindness of my host and J. H. Cook, M. P. P., and W. Ford Esq., I was taken to the principal places of attraction in the surrounding country; and was well introduced to Liverpool, the county's capital. To wake some morning again and find myself in Milton would make me feel happy—would bring back some of the old feeling I used to have when a boy, when mother would pronounce me sick enough to stay home from school. But vacations do not last long, from childhood we have noticed that, and soon good-bye has been said to Milton, and in company with four others I am wheeling towards Annapolis. The first stop we made was at the Grimes' estate. Of "old" Mr. Grimes, and his "gray coat" that buttoned down before, "we have all heard. Poets have sung of him as "being dead and buried in the ground," but it is a mistake. The old gentleman is still alive and quite smart for a man of his years. He was putting up the clothes-line when we drove up and his wife was superintending. I told Mrs. Grimes I did not expect to find her husband enjoying such good health, as I had often read of his death and burial. She seemed to feel deeply what I said and cautioned me against depending too much on poetry. Poets, she reminded me, saw things as they should be, not as they are. Mrs. Grimes is a jovial woman and real yellow. She wears a white cloth around her cheeks which I imagine is Grimes' invention to check the fluency of her talk. She did not recognize me at first but after a while she comprehended me well. We reached North Brookfield about dark and drove to the only house that would sell food and lodging, and ordered accommodations for the night. The woman of the house was a Baptist and the man was a Granger. Their only son inclined to the father's belief. He talked of Granges and played buying flour cheap, living without merchants, and going to Grange picnics. The two girls did not believe in anything but playing snap. After tea they invited me to, and I played as hard as I could until bed-time. I never think it is wicked to play snap. There don't appear to be any more harm in it than in Whist Nations, Lotum, or Button; but any one who exchanges a good precious hour of day-light or candle-light for an hour's play in it, gets badly cheated. Some say you can gamble with it but I can't. When I settled with the landlord next morning he wouldn't allow me a cent for my night's play.

**Going West!**  
**Grand Clearance SALE!**

On and after Dec. 29th and until Feb. 1st, the subscriber offers his entire stock of

**GROCERIES AT COST!**

Also, his Household Furniture, 1 good Carriage Horse (7 years old), 1 Top Buggy (nearly new), 1 Double Wagon, Harness, etc., etc.

**PUBLIC AUCTION!**  
**J. E. PALMETER.**

Wolfville, Dec. 23d, 1884.  
N. B.—All outstanding Accounts not settled by Feb. 1st will then be placed for collection, as the business must positively be closed up.

**C. A. PATRIQUIN,**  
**HARNESS MAKER.**

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

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed.

Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville

**NOTICE!**

W. T. Thompson & Sons beg to inform the public that they have for sale a quantity of DRY CORD WOOD also a lot of TIMBER, FENCE-POSTS, POLES, etc. etc., etc., at their place, Handcock Mountain (beyond John McInnes). They will also deliver the same at a low price.

*The subscriber would like to say right out loud to the public that he is selling the CELEBRATED ACADIA COAL*

very cheap. Also that he is taking orders for HARD COAL, which he will supply at hard pan prices.

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

**DENTISTRY!**

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

WOLFVILLE.  
Dr. P. will remain in Wolfville during DECEMBER to wait upon patients in Dentistry.  
Sept. 8th, 1884

**Burpee Witter**

Has received this week another lot of

- LADIES' Mantles & Ulsters,
- BLACK eacock & Victoria Yarns
- GENTS' Underclothing!
- HORSE RUGS!

WHITE AND COLORED FLEECY COTTONS.  
Wolfville, Dec. 3d, 1884.

**JOB PRINTING**  
—OF—  
**Every Description**  
DONE WITH  
**NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.**

**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.

**JOB WORK**

We make a speciality of all kinds of

**COMMERCIAL PRINTING:**

- 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, N. S.



at home, old boy?  
"God bless them—one and all!" I responded.

"Amen!" he said, shutting his eyes and nestling his face into the hollow of my hand as it lay on the pillow.

"I thought he was asleep; until, presently, he said in a low hesitating voice,

"Must I be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease, While others—  
"There his voice gave out. He never spoke again.

"I got a new tin pan from a sutler, ripped it apart and then beat it flat. With my jack-knife I cut the figure of a cross on it, and under that, 'PAUL CARRINGTON, AGED 16,' and nailed it on the pine coffin.

"Two years afterwards, James, David and I came North for the body. We opened eight or ten graves before we found the tin strip. But for that, there would have been no use of searching.

"The burying-ground at Locust Hill is out of sight of the dwelling-house. It's a pretty place, with a brick wall round it, and inside of that a row of weeping-willows. We drove there, the moonlight night we got back, for Mr. Carrington had a grave ready, and was waiting for us.

"When we had covered the boy with his native soil, and turfed it over, we went to the house, and found the mother sitting on the front porch. In a husky voice Mr. Carrington told what we had done, and that her soldier boy was at home once more.

"She didn't say a word until he sat down by her. Then she put her arms about his neck, laid her face on his shoulder, and sobbed as if her heart would break. All we heard her say was, 'It is well. God's will be done!'

"Such wounds are slow in healing, sir; and so, as I was saying, it isn't well to open them afresh, unless it may be to recall some noble deed, or some views of character that quicken human sympathy, and open the heart to tenderness and love."

MARION HARLAND.

RIGHT.

The greatest of Christian moralists teaches that no man should give exclusive attention to his own interests, but that every man ought to promote the welfare of the many. The precept lies itself directly across one's natural selfishness and the stings of competition. To obey it, one must be possessed by a love which both excels and impels. An anecdote illustrates that he who is swayed by such an affection can obey St. Paul's precept.

An Ohio farmer recently died, leaving eleven children and a tract of land valued at ten thousand dollars. Before his death, he bequeathed to one of his sons forty acres and leased to him all the rest for thirty-two years.

After the funeral, the ten children, discovering that they must wait a long time before they could share in their father's estate, consulted a lawyer. Instead of advising them to begin a legal contest, which might be both expensive and tedious, he suggested that they should confer with the lucky brother.

The advice was heeded. The lawyer, his clients and the brother met to talk matters over. They had not conversed long before the lawyer and his clients were surprised. The brother produced the lease and tore it to shreds.

"I will take the forty acres deeded to me years ago," he said, "and you may divide the rest of the land among yourselves."

When the excitement caused by the unexpectedness as well as the generosity of the act had subsided, the lawyer took the brother aside and asked for an explanation.

"I am a Christian," said this brother, in deed, as well as in blood, "and I could not endure the thought of leaving my brothers and sisters with no share in our father's estate."

Love had expelled the selfishness which would grasp all, and had impelled the destruction of the lease.

The landlord of a village tavern stood at his door fondly gazing at his newly put up sign of the Golden Lamb, which specimen of zoology hung lazily over his door. "Good morning, friend Joshua," quoth a passing rustic, "what be you thinking of?" "I was thinking," said mine host, "as how the lamb is a picture of innocence." "Yes, friend Joshua, but that one of yours is a picture of guilt."

A man says his wife is only half like a telescope. He can draw her out, but he can't shut her up.

### ATTENTION!

## S. R. SLEEP,

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

### STOVES,

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

### S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville Oct 1st, 1884.

### 6 Horse power Engine, 8 " Boiler, No. 4 Fan,

Almost as good as new.

### Sweeping Reductions

In *SUITS* made by me For 1 Month.

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

### A. McPHERSON,

KENTVILLE.

Sept. 25, 1884.

## Xmas Groceries

GO TO

### G. H. WALLACE'S.

Prices always low for this grade of goods.

### Cream of Tartar; and All SPICES,

Fresh Ground and warranted Pure.

### OUR STANDARD JAVA COFFEE

Is pronounced the Best in the market.

Try it!

### Our TEAS!

are bought only after being personally tested for Strength and Flavor, and you may be sure of getting

### GOOD VALUE!

Wolfville, Dec. 11th, 1884.

### William Wallace

### TAILOR,

Corner Earl and Water Streets,

### WOLFVILLE.

## Caldwell & Murray

Give notice that on Nov. 1st we will stop doing a credit business, and in future sell only for cash or merchantable produce.

We would also call your attention to our

## FALL STOCK!

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

### DRESS GOODS and CASHMERES

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

### VELVETEENS,

In all the new colors and in black. Splendid value and very pretty goods in

### LADIES' MANTLES, LADIES' DOLMANS, LADIES' ULSTERS,

### LADIES' SHAWLS,

### MAINTLE and ULSTER CLOTHS, ASTRICAN, SEALSKIN,

And everything a lady wants in our line we can supply at the lowest market rates and in the newest materials

### OUR STOCK OF

### BEDDING, CARPETS, CLOTHING,

### Boots & Shoes,

### Furnishings, Hats and Caps,

Is very full and better value than ever.

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

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

Wolfville, Oct. 21st, 1884.

## JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

### PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

### PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

### PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

### PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

### PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

### PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE.

### PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS

MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD.

### Carriages & Sleighs

MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED

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

### TREES, TREES!

### TREES!

### Annapolis Valley NURSERIES!

### Home Grown Trees!

### J F RUPERT,

### NURSERYMAN,

AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

### Fruit and Ornamental TREES!

### SHRUBS,

### VINES,

### ROSES,

etc., etc.

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

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

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

And have now for sale the

### SPRING TRADE

### 100,000

### HOME GROWN TREES!

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

Hold your orders until you see my Agents:

### L. W. KIMBALL

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

### W. & A. Railway

### Time Table

1884—Winter Arrangement—1885.

Commencing Monday, 1st December.

### GOING EAST.

Accm. Daily. T.F.S. Daily. Exp. Daily.

Annopolis Leave 6:15 1:30

14 Bridgetown 7:10 2:13

28 Middleton 8:10 3:13

42 Aylesford 9:15 3:57

47 Berwick 9:35 3:52

50 Waterville 9:50 4:00

53 Kentville 11:15 4:40

64 Port Williams 6:00 11:35 4:55

69 Wolfville 6:10 11:44 5:05

69 Grand Pre 6:25 11:57 5:13

72 Avonport 6:40 12:10 5:24

77 Hantsport 6:58 12:38 5:39

84 Windsor 7:50 1:20 6:05

116 Windsor June 10:00 3:45 7:28

130 Halifax arrive 10:45 4:30 8:05

### GOING WEST.

Exp. Daily. Accm. Daily. Accm. Daily.

Halifax leave 7:00 2:30

14 Windsor June 7:45 7:15 3:30

46 Windsor 9:05 10:05 5:33

53 Hantsport 9:28 10:57 6:03

58 Avonport 9:43 10:55 6:29

61 Grand Pre 9:54 11:10 6:33

64 Wolfville 10:03 11:25 6:46

69 Port Williams 10:10 11:35 6:55

71 Kentville 10:40 12:25 7:10

80 Waterville 11:02 1:02

83 Berwick 11:10 1:17

88 Aylesford 11:25 1:40

102 Middleton 12:05 3:00

118 Bridgetown 12:47 4:00

130 Annapolis Ar'v 1:30 4:45

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

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

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

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

Through tickets may be obtained at the principal Stations.

P. Innes, General Manager.

Kentville, 29 November, 1884.

## Death-blow

## TO LARGE PROFITS

### BOSS PAT CASES



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

## XMAS!

## CHRISTMAS PRESENTS,

Wolfville Jewellery Store!

### J. McLEOD,

### PRACTICAL WATCH MAKER & JEWELLER.

(FROM LONDON, ENGLAND)

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

### Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, Silverware

etc., etc.

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

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

### SPECIAL NOTICE!

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

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

### CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

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

I am in a position to sell the WALTHAM WATCH, which is a notorious cheap \$50.00 watch I can sell for \$20.00. Also Ladies' Stem-winders and s. t. t. s. which are generally sold for \$18.00 I sell for \$12.00

### J. McLeod's Price List of WATCH REPAIRS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Watch Work guaranteed 12 months.

### JEWELRY

### MADE TO ORDER & REPAIRED.

P. S.—Hand-bills and Cards will be in circulation in a few days.

Wolfville, 5th Nov. 1884.