

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1885.

No. 13.

## THE ACADIAN.

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

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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 transient 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 is invariably accompanied by the initials of the author, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature. Address all communications to  
DAVIDSON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

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**EPISCOPAL CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

**METHODIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

**S. JOHN'S CHURCH**, Wolfville.  
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:  
Sundays: Mattins and Sermon at 11 a. m. Evensong and sermon at 7 p. m. Sunday-school commences every Sunday morning at 9.30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7.30.  
J. O. Baggles, M. A., Rector.  
Robert W. Heston, Organist.  
(Divinity Student of King's College).

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J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

### Oddfellows.

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### Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in Music Hall at 7.00 o'clock.

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

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

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Every Description  
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**WILSON, JAS.**—Harness Makes, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

### CARDS.

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BARRISTER-AT-LAW,  
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50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c, 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for 3c stamp and this slip.  
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Yarmouth, N. S.

## Select Poetry.

**SELF-RESPECT.**

What though but as a pebble by the sea!  
A single leaf in all the leafy wood!  
Respect thyself, and thou must worthy be  
For such respect can dwell but with the good.

No virtue lives that God will fail to find;  
Of all thy censures make thy heart the chid;  
If leaf or pebble, be among the kind  
A credit to the pebble or the chid.

**WHICH WILL IT BE?**

Which will it be? As the day declines,  
And two souls walk together,  
And look at the spot where the sun still shines,  
In the beautiful autumn weather.

They talk of their lives since love began,  
And the two walk on together,  
A tender woman; a robust man;  
In the beautiful autumn weather.

Alone they wander as night shuts down,  
And held by a mystic tether,  
One path they walk, as they leave the town,  
In the beautiful autumn weather.

And the morning dawns on a new grave,  
In the beautiful autumn weather.  
In the sand, on the withered heather,  
And one is away, and one is bereft;  
In the beautiful autumn weather.

And the bright sun shines, as his face looks down,  
And the cold world cares not whether  
It be two, or one, that returns to town,  
In the beautiful autumn weather.

But the lonely soul, that is left, well knows,  
Of the unseen mystic tether,  
That holds its gaze, where the love light glows,  
In the beautiful autumn weather.

## Interesting Story.

**WINNY.**

A STORY OF ONTARIO.

Stranger to Canada, I think you said? First visit to Ontario? Well, you've heartily welcome to Indian Creek. Take a chair on the piazza till dinner's ready—we dine early in these new world parts.

Fine farm? Well, yes; Indian Creek is a nice place, if I do own it. All, as far as you can see—grassland, cornfields, woods and creeks—all belong to it. Stock too—they call it the best stocked farm in Ontario, I believe, and I dare say they're right. All mine; and yet I came to Canada twenty years ago, without even the traditional half-crown in my trousers pocket. You look surprised. Would you like to hear the story? There's a good half hour to dinner yet and its a story I never tire of telling, somehow.

I began life as the son of a village carpenter in the south of England. You know that class pretty well, I dare say, and what a gulf was fixed between me and the vicar of the parish. And yet—and yet—from the time she was seven years old and I eleven, and she fell down in the dusty road outside the carpenter's shop, and cried, and I picked her up, and smoothed the little crumpled pinafore, and kissed the dust out of the golden curls, I loved but one girl in the world, and that was the vicar's daughter, Winny Branscombe.

Madness you'll say. Well, perhaps so, and yet a man is but a man, and a woman a woman; and love comes what ever one may do. There's no class distinction recognized by childhood, and we were playmates and friends till she went to boarding school. If Miss Winny had had a mother, no doubt things would have been very different, but we were alike in never having known a woman's care, and the old vicar was kind to everything but his theological treatises.

But when she came back from her London boarding school, a beautiful young lady, all smiles and laces and little lovely ways—then I knew, I had tried my best to study and work, and make myself more like the man she would meet; but what can a lad in an English village do? I just had enough education to make every other lad in the place hate me; and beside the men of her world, I suppose, I cut rather an astonishing figure. Yet the love of her was so beyond all else to me, that mad, hopeless as I felt it, I had no power over myself, and the first time I caught her alone in the woods—she avoided me, I saw, and I had to watch for a chance, I told her the whole story, and waited for her answer: She grew scarlet, a rush of color that dyed her fair sweet face, then

deathly white.

"Dick," she said, and she was trembling from head to foot, "you know you are wrong even to dream of such a thing. Some girls would think it an insult—I know you better; but if my father heard of this, he would say you had abused his kindness to you; he would never forgive, he would never forgive you. Forget your madness," and she ran from me.

I let her go. I had seen the blush and the tremor, and I guessed that if I had been Mr Loftus, the young squire, instead of Dick Hawtry, the carpenter's son, her answer might have been different. A great resolve sprang up in my soul, and I took a solemn vow in those June woods. That very night I sold the old shop (my father was dead, and I had taken to the business), and with the money I bought an outfit and started straight for Canada. It was pretty tough work at first, but I worked like a gally-slave—starved, and pinched, and saved, and never spent a penny on myself except for the books I set up half the night to read and study. Well, in this country the man who works and does n't drink is sure to get on; and I had a mighty purpose in my head. By-and-by I bought some land dirt-cheap, and sold it for three times what I gave for it, then I began to make money fast, I should call luck wonderful if I believed in luck, and didn't prefer to think I was helped by a power far abler than my own. At last, ten years to the very day a set foot on Canadian soil, I bought Indian Creek Farm and began to build this house. All the neighbors thought my good fortune had turned my brain, for I fitted it up and furnished it for a lady, down to a little rocking-chair by my study-table, and a work-basket with a tiny gold thimble in it. And when all was finished, I took the first ship for Liverpool.

Ten years builds a city over here. It doesn't make much change in a Devonshire village. The very gates were still half off their hinges, as I left them, only the people were a little older, and a trifle more stupid; and there was a new vicar. Old Mr Branscombe had been dead six months, died very poor, they told me; there was nothing left for Miss Winny. My heart gave one great leap when I heard that. And Miss Winny? Oh, she had gone governessing with some people who were just off for Canada, and the ship sailed to-morrow from Liverpool.

The Liverpool express never seemed to crawl more slowly before. I got there to find every berth taken on board the *Antarctic*, and the captain raving at the non-appearance of two of the crew. Without a second's pause I offered for the vacant place. I was as strong as a horse, and active enough, and though the captain eyed me askance—I had been to a West End tailor on my way through London—he was too glad to get me to ask any question. So I sailed on the ship with my girl, little as she knew it. I saw her the first day or two looking so pale and thin that she was like the ghost of her own self, yet sweeter to my eyes than ever before. The children she had charge of were troublesome little creatures, who worried and badgered her till I longed to cuff them well. But there was a gentleness and a patience about her quite new to my idea of Miss Winny, and I only loved her more for it. After the second day out the wind freshened, and I saw no more of her.

We had an awful passage. It was late in November—an early winter, and the cold was intense. It blew one continuous gale, and some of our machinery was broken—the screw damaged—and we could not keep our course. As we drew near this side of the Atlantic, we got more and more out of our bearings, and at last the logs told us we were somewhere off the banks of Newfoundland, but where, no one was quite sure. It seemed to me it had all happened before, or I had read it, or dreamed it. At all events, it was hardly a surprise to me when on the tenth night, just after midnight, the awful crash and shock took place—a sensation which no one who has not felt it can imagine in the least—and we knew that the *Antarctic* had struck.

It's a fearful thing if you come to think of it, a great steamer filled with living souls in the full flow of life and health, and in one moment the call coming to each of them to die. Before you could have struck a match the whole ship was in a panic—cries, terror, confusion, agony—O, it was awful! I trust never to see such a scene again. I made my way through it all as if I had neither eyes nor ears, and got to the stateroom I had long ago found out the one which belonged to my girl. I knocked at the door with a heavy hand; even at that awful moment a thrill ran through me at the thought of standing face to face with her again.

"Winny!" I cried, "come out! make haste! there is not a moment to lose!"

The door opened as I spoke, and she stood just within, ready dressed, even to her little black cap. The cabin light had been kept burning, by the doctor's orders, and it fell full on me as I stood there in my sailor's jersey and cap. I wondered if she would know me. I forgot the danger we were in—forgot that death was waiting close at hand—forgot that the world held anyone but just her and me.

"Dick!" she cried "Oh, Dick, Dick!" and she fell forward in a dead faint on my shoulder.

All my senses came back to me then; and I threw her over my arm and ran for the deck. A great furled cloak had been dropped by the door of the ladies' cabin. There was no light now, but I stumbled over it as I ran, I snatched it up and carried it with me.

Up above, all was in the wildest chaos; the boats over-filled and pushing off; the ship settling rapidly; people shouting, crying, swearing. One hears tales of calmness and courage often enough at such times, which makes one's face glow as one reads them; but there was not much heroism shown in the wreck of the *Antarctic*. The captain behaved splendidly, and so did some of the passengers, but the majority of them and the crew were mad with terror, and lost their heads altogether.

I saw that there was not a chance for the over-owed boats in the sea, and I sprang for the rigging. I was not a second too soon. A score of others followed my example, and with my precious burden I should not have had a chance two minutes later. As it was I scrambled to the topmast, and got a firm hold there. Winny was just coming to herself. I had wrapped her round like a baby in the fur cloak, and with my teeth I opened my knife to cut a rope that hung loose within reach. With this I lashed her to me, and fastened us both to the topmast. The ship sank gradually; she did not keel over, or I should not be telling you the story now, she settled down, just her deck above water, but the great seas washed over it every second and swept it clean. The boats had gone!

One or two of her crew, floating on loose spars, were picked up afterward—no more. The rigging was pretty full, at least in the upper part; down below the sea was too strong. The captain was near me. I felt glad to think he had been saved—he was not a coward like some of the others.

How long was the longest night you ever knew? Multiply that by a thousand and you will have some idea of that night's length. The cold was awful. The spray froze on the sheets as it fell; the yards were slippery with ice. I stamped on Winny's feet to keep them from freezing. Did you notice that I limped a little? I shall walk lame as long as I live. Sometimes there was a splash in the black waters below, as some poor fellow's stiffened limbs relaxed, and he fell from his place in the rigging. There was not a breath of wind—nothing but the bitter, bitter fog. How long could we hold out? Where were we? How long would the ship be before she broke up? Would it be by drowning or by freezing? We asked ourselves these questions again and again, but there was no answer. Death stared us in the face, we seemed to live ages of agony in every minute—and yet, will you believe me, all that seemed little in comparison to the thought that after the struggles and sorrows, after all

those ten weary years, I held my girl in my arms at last!

She had pulled one corner of the cloak around my neck (I stood on a level just below her), and her hand lay there with it—it was the hand that warmed me more than the cloak—and her cheek rested against my own. Often I thought its coldness was the coldness of death, and almost exulted in the thought that we should die together. And then I would catch the murmur of the prayers she was uttering for us both, and knew that life was there still, and hope—lived too.

Well, well! Why should I dwell on such horrors, except to thank the mercy that brought us through them all? Day dawned at last; and there was the shore near by, and some rocks were fired and ropes secured, and one by one the half-dead were drawn from their awful suspension between sky and sea, and landed safe on shore. They had to take Winny and me together, just as we were, and even then they had hard work to undo the clasp of my stiffened arms about her. I knew nothing then, nor for long after; and it is wonderful that Winny was the first to recover, and that it was she who nursed me back to life and reason.

And how did I ask her to marry me? Upon my word, now you ask, I can't remember that I ever did. That seemed utterly unnecessary to me, somehow. Casto distinctions look small enough when you have been staring death in the face for a few hours, and words were not much needed after we had been together in the rigging that night. Somehow I was glad it was so; glad my girl had taken me in my cap and jersey, for a common sailor, and yet loved the old Dick through it all; glad she never dreamed I was the owner of Indian Creek Farm, and the richest man this end of Ontario, and had wealth and position higher than Mr Loftus, the young squire at home. The people she was with had all gone on that awful night, she had no one in the world but me. We were married in Montreal—the captain of the *Antarctic* gave her away—and then I brought her home to Indian Creek. To see her face when she saw the rocking-chair, and the work-basket, and the thimble! Heaven bless her!

There she comes with her baby on her shoulder. Come in to dinner and you shall see the sweetest wife in the new country or the old; and the girl I won amid the ocean's surges.

## A Half-dollar did it.

They stood talking in front of the Soldiers' Monument yesterday. They had been warm friends for years. If one wanted to borrow, the other was glad to lend, and they voted the same ticket and attended the same church. As they stood talking one of them suddenly stooped down and picked up a half-dollar from the flagstone.

"Look here!" he chuckled as he held it up.

"What! You found it!"

"Yes."

"Well, by George! We are in luck!"

"We?"

"Of course. We'll take it in cigars."

"Not much we want!"

"Then give me half."

"Oh! no! What I find belongs to me."

"Do you mean that you want divy?"

"Of course I want!"

"Then, sir, you are no friend of mine, and you can go to Halifax! I'll never speak to you again!"

"The better for me! I always knew you were a hog!"

And the two separated never to speak again until they wear the wings of angels.

—A Buffalo paper has been asking its readers to name the ten most important inventions of all time. The most votes were cast for the telegraph, printing press, steam engine, telephone, mariner's compass, gunpowder, sewing machine, telescope and photography. Most of these, it will be observed are comparatively recent inventions. Strange to say, none of them mention the lucifer match. Its utility to the human family is far in the lead of the telephone, the sewing machine, or photography. The fellow who would

have to walk half a mile for a shovel of coals, with the mercury below zero, would likely acknowledge the fact. The value of inventions cannot always be estimated by the amount of dollars and cents they yield.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

## 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.

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—AND—

HOME MAGAZINE

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The *Farmer's Advocate* is published on or about the 1st of each month, is handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most practical, practical and reliable information for dairymen, for farmers, gardeners or stockmen, of any publication in Canada.

**\$1.00 PER ANNUM \$1.00**

Address—  
FARMER'S ADVOCATE,  
360 Richmond St., Toronto, Ont.

**BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES**—12 fast-selling articles, and 12 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 3c. and this slip.

A. W. KIRBY, Yarmouth, N. S.

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By Special Arrangement we are enabled to offer the

**ACADIAN**

AND THE

**Detroit Free Press**

**4 MONTHS**

—FOR—

**40 CENTS.**

This will give the opportunity of getting the two papers on trial at a very small price.

The *Detroit Free Press* is acknowledged to be the Best Dollar Weekly in America.

## EAGAR'S PHOSPHORINE,

For the Cure of Consumption, Paralysis, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anemia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration, etc.

Two sizes, 25c. and 75c.—FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS & DEALERS.

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THE

**WESTERN BOOK & NEWS CO.**

Will frame the *Crown Pictures*, or others same size, at following prices: each:

1 1/2 inch Rise & Gift, 80 85

2 " " " " 1 00

2 1/2 " " " " 1 50

All other Mountings marked down to prices that cannot be equalled.

August 18th.

## FOR SALE!

The subscriber offers for sale 1 yoke of superior

**Working Oxen**

Calendar for November

Calendar grid for November 1885 with days of the week and dates.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOV. 13, 1885

AHEAD.

In another column we publish an interesting account of an ocean race between two clipper ships...

AN EXCELLENT PAPER.

It seems almost unnecessary for us to call attention to a paper so well and favorably known as the Youth's Companion...

Parents can give their children few things of more value and importance in their growth of mind and character...

IMPROVEMENT.

To straighten the sharp corner in Main street near Mr John Woodworth's house has been desirable for a long time...

AGRICULTURAL PAPERS.

In this age of progress it becomes us as an agricultural people to take advantage of any information that will assist us in making our farms more productive...

contemplate taking an agricultural journal the coming year and have not decided which it will be...

For the ACADIAN.

PEOPLE.

Treaters are a funny people. They will give you a drink, but never a cent-piece. They like to spend their money in liquor...

For the ACADIAN.

THE SNOW.

By R. W. H.

How interesting it is to watch the falling snow. Already it has made its annual appearance in our midst...

of snow is caused by the blending together, in the snow crystals, of rays composing all the prismatic colors...

We associate pleasant memories with the snow. It reminds us of sleigh-driving, snow-shoeing, snow-balling, &c.

For the ACADIAN.

AN ANT STORY.

In my rambles I was one day sitting beside an ant hill, when, noticing something very peculiar about the movements of the ants...

Whether it was that they were getting tired of working for the outsiders, or that they were getting jealous of their beauty and accomplishments...

But even the patience of ants will be some worn out in time. I noticed one day that the outsiders came together and forming in procession...

OCEAN FEATS.

How a little Nova Scotia Bark beat the American Clippers.

[From the New York Ledger.]

The chronic grumblers on the Maritime Exchange, who have had nothing to talk about except the hard times for no body can tell how many years, have had drop the topic for two days past in order to recall with animation the days when clipper ships were built and times were good...

At noon on Oct. 10 the ship Albert G. Ropes, Capt. David H. Rivers, hauled out of the dock of Liverpool, having 1,500 tons of salt on board.

There were only two dirty Liverpool tugs to see the send-off, but there has not been such a race in twenty years as was then begun.

It is likely that there were never two Captains more surprised than these were when, on Wednesday morning, they awoke to the fact that somebody's royal sail was showing up astern...

Five days later both were cruising along Long Island, the Ropes passing Fire Island light about four hours ahead of the Allen.

The actual time of the Ropes to the bar was 18 days 12 hours, and from dock to dock a few minutes less than 19 days.

Boston Market Report table with columns for Flour, Corn, Butter, Eggs, Potatoes, and other goods.

New Advertisements.

H. S. DODGE CHALLENGING COMPETITION! CAPTURING CUSTOMERS! His Big Fall Stock DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, HOUSE FURNISHINGS, ETC.

October 23d, 1885.

NEW GOODS!

FOR THE FALL.

Burpee Witter

Has opened a large proportion of his FALL STOCK in the following Departments:

DRESS GOODS! 110 per cent., embracing the newest styles from 14c. to \$1.75 per yard.

WOOL GOODS! 20 doz. WOOL SQUARES, CLOUDS, SCARFS and FASCINATORS in new Designs and Colors, from 50c. to \$3.25.

25 Pieces "BRUNSWICK" VELVETEENS, IN

BLACK, NAVY, BROWN, CARDINAL, SKY, BRONZE, OLIVE, PRUNE, GARNET

1500 Yards Flannels, BRONZE, BROWN, CLARET, FAWN, NAVY, SCARLET, WHITE, and Light and Dark GRAY.

CLOTHS! This Department is heavily stocked with English Worsteds, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, and Cloths from the best Nova Scotia Mills.

DOMESTICS! White and Grey Cottons, Bleached and Unbleached Table Linens, Prints, Fleece Cottons, Towels, Bed Ticks.

CORSETS! 28 Varieties American and Canadian Corsets, including the Celebrated Dr Warner's Health Corset.

MANTLE CLOTHS! Black and Bronze Ottoman. Black and Brown Astorian.

STOCKENETTE. A Full Line Black and Colored MELTONS.

1 Case Yarmouth Underclothing. NEW GOODS ARRIVING EVERY WEEK!

OATS, BUTTER, and EGGS taken in exchange. BURPEE WITTER.

WOLFVILLE, Sept 18th, 1885.

FOR SALE. House and Orchard TO LET IN WOLFVILLE.

A First-class Piano Box Timpken Spring Buggy—entirely new—made by Feindel of Bridgetown.

A. deW. BARSS, Agent People's Bank. Wolfville, Oct. 28, '85.

SAVE MONEY! By ordering your Hard Coal from us you will Save Money on every ton!

Celebrated Acadia Coal you will get the Best Soft Coal in the World at a low figure and Save Money

Remember that a few tons of the celebrated Acadia Coal will give as much heat and last as long as a whole vessel load of almost any other kind

We will sell for cash and sell low. Save money by giving as an early order.

D. MUMFORD, W. & A. Railway Station, August 18, 1885.

New Advertisements.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY



Do you want a splendid, handsomely bound story book? You can have your choice out of the best that are published...

Flour! Flour!

JUST RECEIVED. Another Car-load of "CROWN OF GOLD"

The best flour made in the Dominion. Every Barrel Warranted.

G. H. Wallace, Wolfville, Oct. 23, 1885.

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

CUT THIS OUT and return to us with 10c. or 4 3c. stamps, and you'll get by return mail a Golden Box of Goods...

New Tobacco Store!

Having made some changes in my business, I am now prepared to supply the Tobacco Using Public...

ALSO—A full assortment of BRIAR ROOT and MEERSCHAUM PIPES and CIGAR HOLDERS.

FIRST CLASS BARBERING & HAIRDRESSING AS USUAL.

Give Us a Call J. M. Shaw. Wolfville May 7th, 1885.

RESERVED

FOR THE—

WOLFVILLE

BOOKSTORE!

ROCKWELL & CO.

Opposite Miss Hamilton's Millinery Store.

MAIN STREET.

PUMPS!

The subscriber takes this opportunity to inform his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to furnish the Celebrated Rubber-Bucket Pump...

Address—J. B. WORTHYLAKE July 31, 3m. Grand Pre, N. S.

William Wallace, TAILOR

Corner Earl and Water Streets, WOLFVILLE

R. PRAT

In to the front this week with big stock new goods which he will sell low.

Bran and Chopped Feed in bags, Choice Flour and Oatmeal. Old P. E. I. Oats, 50c bushel, at R. PRAT'S.

New Diamond N. and other brands Molasses, Best American Oil, Choice Split Herring, Prime Mess Pork, Codfish, 10 doz. New Brooms, at R. PRAT'S.

Condensed Coffee and Milk, Sardines, Oysters, and Canned Tongue, just received, at R. PRAT'S.

Fine Stock Confectionery and Biscuits just received, at R. PRAT'S.

Grand assortment Lamps, Crockery, Glassware and Fancy Goods, in stock and to arrive at R. PRAT'S.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOV. 13, 1885

Local and Provincial.

Get ready for winter.

What about a reading room?

Very little going on in town this week.

Kiel has been granted another privilege.

The county court at Kentville is still in session.

Room Paper at cost at Western Book & News Co's.

Kentville is working for a fire protection. What is Wolfville going to do?

The trustees of Willow Bank Cemetery are at work making some improvements on the grounds.

A very interesting football match was played on Wednesday between two teams from the College.

Lumber, Shingles and Bricks for sale low at S. R. Sleep's.

The Presbyterian Sabbath-school, which has not been held during the removal and repairing of the church, will be resumed next Sabbath.

We have no ox-yokes nor hand-cider, but we have the best five-cigar in town, and don't you forget it. J. M. Shaw.

We have not heard from several of our correspondents for some time. Would like to hear from Canning, Canard, Sheffield Mills, and several other places.

The *Truro Guardian* is now publishing a small sheet called the *Supplement* in addition to their regular issue. It is well filled and costs 25c per annum. We wish it success.

The finest assortment of Cigarettes, Cigars, Tobaccos at R. Prat's. 3-4f

Many amusing stories are told about the small-pox scare. There is a story told of one man in New Glasgow who refused to take a bank of Montreal \$10 bill on account of it.

CRUEL.—The famous C. R. Bill, in a recent issue of his organ, the *Western Chronicle*, refers to THE ACADIAN as a youthful contemporary. Notwithstanding this terrible blow it still lives and prospers.

Boquet, Cupid, and El Padra, the best 3c. 5c., and 110c. cigars in town, at R. Prat's. 3-4f

LECTURE.—The first and only lecture of the present term under the auspices of Acadia Athenaeum will be delivered on Tuesday evening next. The lecturer is the Rev. J. A. Gordon, of Leinster Baptist Church, St. John, N. B., and the subject, "Wit and Humor, Weeping and Lamenting, their proper use." The lecture will no doubt be a very interesting one, and we anticipate that a large number will attend.

PICTURE YARNS—Oxford Grey, Cardinal, and Navy Blue at 2-ii Caldwell & Murray's.

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance held its annual meeting last week. The following are the officers appointed for the ensuing year:—G. W. P.—Rev. A. W. Nelson, Windsor; G. W. A.—John McCrow, Halifax; G. S.—Rev. R. Alder Temple, Halifax; G. T.—H. A. Taylor, Halifax; G. Chap.—Rev. J. A. Mosher, Acadia Mines; G. Cond.—R. L. Black, River Philip; G. S.—J. D. McKenzie, Pictou.

Vanity Fair, Old Judge, Little Beauty, No. 1 Cadet, Cigarettes, at Shaw's Barber Shop. 9-4f

I. O. G. T.—The officers of Acadia Lodge, I. O. G. T., for the ensuing quarter are as follows:—W. C. T.—A. K. deBois; W. V. T.—Miss Lillian Benjamin; W. S.—E. C. Johnson; W. P. S.—J. L. Franklin; W. T.—Mrs. J. L. Franklin; W. Chap.—Mrs. Thos. Wallace; W. Marsh.—A. M. Hoare; W. I. G.—Reuben Wallace; W. O. G.—Howard Whidden; R. H. S.—Miss May Vaughan; L. H. S.—Miss Lizzie Higgins; A. Sec'y.—Miss M. Higgins; Deputy Marsh.—Miss Bessie Benjamin; P. W. C. T.—C. S. Fish.

Local and Provincial.

See our special offer to send the ACADIAN and *Detroit Free Press* for four months for 40 cents.

The Kings County branch of the Temperance Alliance held a meeting at Kentville on Monday.

Several interesting communications have been received to late for this issue. They will appear next week.

FOR SALE.—One pair three-year-old steers and one yearling heifer. Apply to C. A. Patriquin. 2-4f

Thanksgiving day passed off much as usual. The places of business were nearly all closed, and a union service was held in the Baptist church in the evening.

WANTED.—One thousand yards Sheep's Gray All-wool Hosiery must be clean and soft wool, and well woven. Caldwell & Murray. Wolfville, Sep. 29, '85. 4f

Mr J. I. Brown's blacksmith shop had a narrow escape from burning a few nights ago. The fire caught, it is thought, by sparks from the forge. It was discovered and extinguished.

The ACADIAN will be sent till the end of 1886 for \$1.00.

We were pleased to see Mr Charles Miller, of the College, who met with a serious accident while playing football some few weeks ago, on a few days ago, and hope he will soon be fully recovered.

R. Prat sells the Boquet for 3c, equal to any 5c. cigar in town, genuine as imported. Try them and be convinced. 3-4f

THE WEATHER.—We have had during the past week, and the temperature has been from 76° above down to freezing. To-day (Thursday) is very fine, remarkably so for the time of year.

PLEASE NOTICE.—Caldwell and Murray have lately received some very noble lines in Boots and Shoes, viz:—Ladies' Fine Lace, Tie and Button Kid Shoes, Fur-top, Wood-lined Slippers, Felt Home Boots, Pebbled Calf Lace Boots, French Kid, French Oil Goat, Gaiters, Fine evening wear in Polish Calf Clogs, Kid Lace Shoes, Fancy Slippers, &c. 2-ii

The Acadia Iron Mines *Week's Doings* makes its appearance much improved. It has made several changes. It has been considerably enlarged, being now a five-column paper, with a supplement; and having thrown off party all giances, comes out an independent journal. It has always, since its start, been one of our most valued exchanges, and we wish it the success it deserves. Its motto, "Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may," sounds right.

TAKE NOTICE.—If your tax is dull, take it to J. M. Shaw's Barber Shop, and he will put it in first-class order for the small sum of 15c. 10-4f

LOU J. BEAUCHAMP.—This talented lecturer appeared for the first time before a Wolfville audience on Wednesday evening. The Baptist church was full, and for nearly two hours the speaker held the large audience spell-bound with his beautiful word painting. While much of it consisted of pathos, and heart-touching incidents of man's doings, there arose out of these words of counsel, admonition, and entreaty such as won its way to the hearts of all who listened. His wit was timely, pure, and good, and his appeals to parents and children, young and old, were of the most touching and effective kind. We congratulate the Order of Good Templars in having such a champion of their cause and life-work and Acadia Lodge upon being able to place such a speaker on a Wolfville platform. We say God speed the Order and may He long preserve B. Beauchamp to speak for the good of suffering humanity with the effectiveness of his present efforts.

Smoke the "TWIN'S" the best five-cent cigar in town, at Shaw's Barber Shop. 9-4f

MARKET REPORT.—PUBLISHED BY BENTLEY & LAYTON, Produce Commission Merchants, Corner Argyle & Sackville, Sts. (Opposite Mumford's Market.) Halifax, November 12, 1885. Prices Current this day: Apples, Green, per bushel, 1 00 to 2 50 do Dried, per lb., 04 1/2 to '05 Beef in Qrs per lb., 05 to 07 do on foot per lb., 04 1/2 to 05 Butter 50c boxes per lb., 17 to 20 do Ordinary per lb., 15 to 18 Chickens, per pr., 35 to 40 Ducks, per pr., 40 to 45 Eggs, per doz fresh, 18 to 20 Geese, each, 45 to 50 Hams smoked, per lb., 10 to 12 Hides, per lb. inspected, 07 to 00 Lamps, P. B., 04 to 05 Mutton, per lb., 05 to 06 Oats, per bushel, 45 to 00 Pork, per bus., 06 to 07 1/2 Potatoes, per bus., 30 to 35 Peas, each, 40 to 14 Turkeys, per lb., 12 to 15 Tomatoes, per bus., 00 to 00 Yams, per lb., 06 to 00 Carrots, per bus., 30 to 35 Turnips, per bus., 15 to 20

Provincial News.

—Albert, N. B. is to have a new wheat mill.

—The Presbytery of Pictou met at New Glasgow on the 3d inst.

—J. A. Ash Esq., of Pugwash, is about building a large warehouse at that place.

—Quin, the Parrsboro bigmist, has been committed for trial, and being refused bail now lies in Amherst jail.

—John McDonald, aged 23, belonging to River Inhabitant, C. B. was drowned in Gloucester last week while drunk.

—Amherst boasts in having three blood beats weighing fourteen pounds and a half, and three red carrots weighing seven pounds.

—Dr Black, of Windsor, has purchased for his son, Mr Paul C. Black, the well known farm of Mr Constant Church, in Falmouth.

—Twenty-seven thousand dollars was the amount of money paid last month for wages by the Cumberland Coal & Railway Co.

—Old Wm. Moody, of Gulf Shore, Cumberland, is still quite well and hearty, retaining his mental faculties, eyesight and hearing in his 104th year.

If you wish to color wool, cotton silk or feathers, use the new **Electric Dyes**, Strongest and Best in the world. 10 cents at all dealers.

—The *North Sydney Herald* says: "Mr Thomas Evans of Chimney Corner, Inverness, has grown in his farm some calico potatoes weighing 3 1/2 pounds each."

—The last day of October twelve inches of snow fell along the North Shore, N. B. At Campbellton there was good sleighing and all the hotels had runners at the station.

—Wm. Dawson, aged 60 years, a section man on the I. C. R., was killed at Moncton last week, by being struck by cars on a flying shunt. He was cut in two at the hips.

Horse and cattle powders if a adulterated are of immense advantage, but the large 25c packs now sold are trash, only one kind now known in this country are absolutely pure and those are Sheridan's.

—A barn belonging to George Woods, of Rockingham twenty-eight miles from Yarmouth, was struck by lightning last Friday and considerably damaged. Of the four cows in the stalls two were killed.

—The Burrill, Johnson Iron Co., of Yarmouth, have just turned out a new steam fire engine, which they intend offering for sale after first exhibiting it in the principal towns of the province. It is 700 gallons capacity.

—An old anchor and a chain, one hundred and twenty fathoms in length, which was stretched across the North west arm, Halifax, for a blockade one hundred and twenty-three years ago, has been sent to the Nova Scotia Forge Co., as scrap iron.

—Mr Dolovin, of Big Harbor, Bonaventure, while digging a cellar on his farm recently, discovered a valuable pot of gold, which was probably placed there by the early French settlers. He has sent it to the United States to be melted and recoined. It is estimated to be worth between \$2,000 and \$3,000.

BU TURNIPS.—The Charlottetown Examiner is responsible for the statement that Mr George Oakes brought a load of Turnips for shipment to Crapaud, on Saturday last. When counted, the carload only contained one hundred and forty turnips, but they were sufficient to fill twenty-eight bushels.

BEAR KILLED.—Mr John Durling, West Inglewille, succeeded in capturing a bear last week. Brain came looking after some mutton for himself, and carried off a fine sheep. Mr D. found the remains of the feast and with it set a trap for his reception at his next repast. After his next visit he was found shot dead.—*Bridgetown Monitor*.

—On Saturday last while Wm Robertson, an elderly man belonging to Salt Spring was returning home with a load of tiles, his team was struck by an engine belonging to the Albion Miner's Railway, at the crossing west side of New Glasgow, and he received probably fatal injuries. His head was badly cut and his right leg was so badly mangled that it had to be amputated.

—A wicked thief has been prowling round Albert Co., N. B., lately. The *Mail* says that on Tuesday, the 6th ult., someone stole about 15 pounds of beef out of the barn belonging to Isaiah Bacon, at Hopewell Hill. A number of heads of cabbage were also stolen from the garden of Mr Bullman, and a load of hay was stolen from a barn on the Hill marsh belonging to Levi Downey.

The Celebrated **Electric Dyes** are the most lasting of all colors. Warranted strictly pure. 10 cents at Druggists and Grocers.

A BLACK AND YET BLACKER LIST.—The number of deaths in the City of Montreal from small-pox since the outbreak of the epidemic to the 31st October inclusive, was as follows: April..... 2 May..... 12 June..... 22 July..... 24 August..... 102 September..... 697 October..... 1712 Total..... 2531

The above shows a melancholy array of figures, steadily increasing from month to month for the past seven months, whilst the deadly seker hue of the total is in no way relieved by any appearance of a disposition of the plague.

GENERAL NEWS.

—Wm. F. Smyth, the well-known New York journalist, is dead.

—Great destruction of property has been caused on the west coast of South America by violent storms.

—The English Government has decided to send Mr Matthew Arnold to France and Germany to enquire into the system of free schools.

—England has asked satisfaction of Spain for damage done to the property of British subjects by the natives of the Caroline Islands.

—The postmistress of the village of Curney, Pa., has been arrested for opening letters to gratify her curiosity regarding her neighbors' affairs.

—In Paris gas is produced from water by passing a stream over glowing coke. Gas thus produced is said to be better than ordinary coal gas.

—London theatres are now opened on Ash Wednesday. Heretofore only public halls, among places of amusement, could be opened on that day.

—The traffic receipts of the Canadian Pacific railway for the week ending the 31st ult., were \$209,000, an increase over the corresponding week last year of \$44,000.

—Advices from Melbourne say it is rumored there that natives of Fly River have murdered all members of the Sydney geographical association's expedition in New Guinea.

—Baron Compagnia, the richest man in Naples, was attacked while out driving to-day by five masked men. He was shot at and the horse bolted. The baron, however, escaped unhurt.

—The writ has been issued for the election in St. John, N. B., rendered necessary by Sir Leonard Tilley's resignation. Nomination will take place on Tuesday, the 17th instant and voting on the 24th.

A western paper says that "by this time all down eastern have got their houses banked up and have laid in a supply of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment." It would be a wise thing for people hereabouts to lay in the Anodyne. It is the most valuable liniment in the world.

—Tuesday afternoon, Mr Shean picked up the trunk of a 200 ton vessel, also a lot of shingles, plank and other wrecked material, off Norman's Woe. The question is to what vessel does this wreckage belong? and it is supposed that some coaster was sunk in the bay during the gale on Monday.—*Gloucester Advertiser*.

Selma, Ala., Nov. 9.—Friday night one of the most terrific and destructive storms ever known in this state passed over the section of country north of this city, washing away bridges, railroad beds, growing crops and leveling forests and houses for miles. The cyclone was accompanied by torrents of rain and appalling electric discharges. The track of the cyclone was half a mile wide. Thirty-two persons have been found killed outright and 40 or 50 dangerously wounded. A number of persons cannot be accounted for. Relief parties are searching for the dead and dying.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitudes of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y. (13-11-85)

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 "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Table with columns: Publication, Regular Price, Clubbing Price. Includes Toronto Weekly News, London Free Press, American Agriculturist, etc.

Correspondents will please remember that contributions must be in the office no later than Wednesday. Items of general interest solicited.

READY!

Wolfville, Oct. 9th, 1885. Our Fall Stock is now complete and your inspection of the following lines is respectfully invited:

BOOTS & SHOES in latest American and Canadian Styles, embracing Ladies' Curicoa Kid, Fr. Kid, Hand Sewed Fr. Oil Goat, Peb. Goat, Peb. Grain, Men's Nova Scotia Yand Made Coarse Boots, Men's Fine Boots in great variety. American and Canadian Rubber Goods now in stock.

GENT'S FURNISHINGS, Gent's Wool Underclothing from 40c. up, positively the greatest selection in Wolfville, Fine Shirts, Wool Top Shirts, Collars, Neckties, Cuffs, Suspenders, Archbalds celebrated Hosiery, Gloves, Umbrellas, &c., &c.

HATS & CAPS; Latest styles American Stiff and Soft Hats. Respectfully yours, C. H. BORDEN.

Sole Agents for King's County for the Celebrated FRENCH LUSTRE Dressing, for Ladies' Boots.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS MAKE NEW, RICH BLOOD. MAKE HENS LAY. CHICKEN CHOLERA.

GO TO RYAN'S FOR BEST VALUE IN Dry Goods, Clothing, Carpets, Oil Cloths, House Furnishings, Ladies' Shawls, Mantles, Ulsters and Jersey Jackets, Hats, Caps, Furs and Gentlemen's Outfittings. FALL STOCK NOW COMPLETE.

Stock Large, carefully bought and all goods guaranteed as represented or money refunded. MAIN STREET, - KENTVILLE.

Stoves! Stoves! Having completed my Fall importation of Stoves I have now in stock the Largest Variety OF STOVES In The County.

All of which I offer a-way down to Bottom Prices to suit the times. Please call and see for yourselves. S. R. Sleep. Wolfville, Oct. 16th, 1885.

Charters Wanted. By the following vessels to carry Potatoes to ports in the United States, Schr. WIOMA, Capt J E Hawes, will carry 3000 bushels. Schr. SECOND Capt W. Durant, will carry 2700 bushels. Schr. ROWENA, Capt G. W. Hawes, will carry 1850 bushels.

NOTICE! To all whom it may concern Notice is hereby given that Frank L. Brown, of the late firm of F. L. Brown & Co., of Wolfville, in the County of Kings, Me. does, by this day, by deed, convey to me, the subscriber, all his stock in said firm and property of all kinds, in and to, pay his creditors as therein mentioned.

COAL COAL. Having made especially favorable terms with the best mines I am prepared to sell Coal at unusually low rates, and hereby request parties in want of Fall and Winter supply to communicate with me before purchasing. Satisfaction guaranteed, both in quality and price. Good facilities for loading cars to go by rail.

Persons wanting Hard Coal please send in their orders at once. W. J. HIGGINS. Wolfville July 30, 1885. 4f

American Agriculturist. 100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue. 44TH YEAR. \$150 A YEAR. Send three 2-cent stamps for Sample Copy (English or German) and Premium List of the Oldest and Best Agricultural Journal in the World. Address: Publishers American Agriculturist, 751 Broadway, New York.

JOBS PRINTING of all kinds executed at shortest notice.

Caldwell & Murray.

Fall and Winter Goods.

STOCK COMPLETE IN ALL DEPARTMENTS!

DRY GOODS!

House Furnishings Grey and White Cottons, Sheetings, Blankets, Quilts, Counterpanes, Table Linens, Towels, All-wool, Union, and Shaker, Flannel; Winceys, twilled, checked or plaid.

Dress Goods Ottomans, Serges, Broadens, Jersey Tricoe Soudans, Plaids, Cashmeres, Merinos, and Velveteens.

Mantle and Ulster Cloths, Ottomans, Broadens, Astrachans, Seal-ettes, Beavers, Meltons, etc.

Tweeds And Worsteds, English, Scotch, and Canadian Tweeds, Overcoating in nap and worst-d, Pictou Cloths plain and fancy.

Wool Goods, Ladies' Vests, Jackets, Undervests, Children's Coats, Caps and Hoods, Squares Shawls, Promenade Scarfs, Nubias, House and Street Jerseys, etc.

Fur Goods, Capes in 10 different varieties, Ladies' and Gents' Caps, Muffs, Boas, Gloves, Collars, Trimmings different widths in Fox, Cooney, Raccoon, Hare, etc., Japanese Goat, Robes.

Clothing, Suits, Overcoats, Mantles, Ulsters, Rubber Coats, Rubber Carriage Robes, Railway Wraps, Horse Rugs.

Gents' Furnishings, American and Canadian Hats and Caps, Underclothing, Shirts, Kid Gloves, Wool Gloves, Hosiery.

Boots & Shoes.

LADIES' Fine Boots, lace and button, in French Kid, French Oil Goat, Buck Goat, Polish Calf, Oil Pebble; Fine Shoes, in lace, tie and button.

MEN'S WEAR. Heavy Walking Boots, double soled and nailed, for \$1 80, Fine Bals and Congress. The celebrated Amherst Long Boots, hand-sewed seams, whole stock. Red Shanty Boots. Ayer's oil tanned Larrigans.

Rubber Goods. American and Canadian Rubbers, Overboots, Alaskas, Gaiters, etc.

Furniture & Carpets.

SUITES.—Parlor and Bedroom, Sets, W. S. Chairs cane and perforated bottoms, Ash Dining Room.

TABLES.—Centre, Pine Top Toilet, Extension, Bedsteads, Bureaus, Easy Chairs, Whatnots, etc.

CARPETS.—All-wool, Union, Tapestry, Hemp, Kidder Squares, Felts, Squares, Hearth Rugs, Linoleum, Mats, Floor Oil Cloths.

Produce taken in exchange.

Five Percent Off CASH PURCHASES!

Caldwell & Murray

Wolfville, Oct 16th, 1885.

Choice Miscellany.

COMPENSATION

BY MARY G. CROCKER. I am sad and heart weary, My neighbor beside me is gay: If I feel the night dews falling, He sees the promise of day...

A PRINCESS'S SMILE

A correspondent of a London paper gives the following interesting incident, one of many during the royal visit to Ireland: The Prince and the Princess were nearly due, and the streets were packed with people...

"SUPREMELY HAPPY"

It is rare to find an old man whose life has been passed in mental labour and intellectual conflicts, who does not begin to dote at the top. Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst lived until he was ninety-two and then died without passing through the dimness of old age.

"I tell you what, Lyndhurst," said Lord Brougham to the chancellor, one day when he was old and feeble in body, "I wish I could make an exchange with you. I would give you some of my walking power, and you should give me some of your brain."

During his active life he had been so absorbed in professional and political work, that he rarely had opportunity to meditate on religious things and the relations of this life to the future. But he redeemed the time, when physical weakness forced him into the retirement of his home.

His mind was skeptical, and towards the religious questions of his day his position had been that of an indifferent spectator. But he now bent his powerful intellect upon the one question: Has God revealed Himself in Jesus Christ?

He approached the question as he had been used to search for truth in his judicial work. He examined the evidence for the inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, and when he had satisfied himself that they contained the word of God, he searched them that he might more fully apprehend what they taught. The search ended by his bowing with brain and heart before the Son who revealed the Father.

The effect was apparent to his family and friends. He had been noted for his kind and genial spirit, but now they experienced an overflow of constant and thoughtful tenderness, imbibed from the teachings and spirit of Him whom he now called his lord and king, and to whom he had given his unreserved allegiance.

A cataract in both eyes threatened him with blindness. He prepared for the calmity with calmness, and employed much time in getting by heart the daily services of the Prayer book, and the greater part of the Psalms. One morning, his elder daughter's companion suddenly entered the aged man's room. He was seated in an easy chair, while before him stood his youngest daughter, eight years old, with an open prayer book in her small hands, leaning her father repeat the prayers, and now and then prompting and correcting him. So absorbed was he in saying the prayers that he did not notice the lady's entrance, and when conscious of her presence said, with a smile, "I like no one but my little girl to hear me say my lesson."

When the last moment came, his mind was clear and self-possessed. He seemed to be absorbed in the contemplation of the new world he was about to enter. "Are you happy?" asked his daughter. "Happy! Yes, happy!" came the feeble but distinct answer.

Then rousing himself, he added, in a clear, strong voice, "Supremely happy!" and passed gently away.

ONLY A DREAM

The doctor had gone away at midnight, saying that he would look in again early in the morning, and the tired watchers had sought a few moments of rest while the sick man slept, but they were within reach of the faintest call.

The light burned low and out of the gloom strange shadows evolved themselves into almost human shapes and hovered about the bed whereon the dying man lay.

Suddenly the white head lying on the pillow moved, the sunken face grew less pinched and worn in the fitful light, and the eyes of the old man opened wide with a troubled, wistful expression.

"Millicent," he called feebly, "Millicent, I have had a bad dream." The shadow of an old woman with white locks, and a form bowed by age, came in swiftly at the open door; she sat down beside him and held in hers the helpless hands. There was a sob in the voice that said tremulously: "It was only a dream, Reuben."

"But such a dreadful dream—that my hair was white and I was old—an old man—and that we had graves. Millicent, what did it mean?" "Sob—sob—sob."

She bent over him tenderly and stroked the wrinkled and wrinkled hand with loving touch. But she could not speak; strong hands they had once been, and tireless to do her bidding.

"And in that dream you were old, too, my bonny Millicent. Your hair was snow-white instead of golden, and your soft hands—clear hands—were hard and withered. And the children, dear, the little ones, were gone. Are the children safe, Millicent?"

"Aye, Reuben," soothed the shadow, "the children are—safe." "Thank God, then, it was only a dream, and your hair is not white and I am not old. It was only a dream, after all."

"Only a dream, Reuben." With his hands in hers he slept again, and glad smiles crept over his wan face and a look of his youth trembled on his closed eyelids. Tender words escaped from his pale lips as his soul drifted among the argosies of the unknown seas.

"Hark!" he cried, with the fervor of immortal youth. "They are singing in the church. I hear my Millicent's voice!" "Aye, Reuben," soothed the shadow, "the children are—safe."

"Thank God, then, it was only a dream, and your hair is not white and I am not old. It was only a dream, after all." "Only a dream, Reuben." With his hands in hers he slept again, and glad smiles crept over his wan face and a look of his youth trembled on his closed eyelids.

Tender words escaped from his pale lips as his soul drifted among the argosies of the unknown seas. "Hark!" he cried, with the fervor of immortal youth. "They are singing in the church. I hear my Millicent's voice!"

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have a good night's sleep and a good day's work; make thorough work of it. Then you will be ready to laugh at the unpleasant trifles which now make you wretched.

GOD'S ARGUMENT

"Through the pure and unspiced nature of the human mother, God's argument against any use of alcohol, save as a medicine, is given to the world to-day," are the earnest words of Miss Elizabeth Cleveland, an honored member of the W. C. T. U. and now the presiding woman genius of the White House.

"There is a majesty of Right, a royalty of Truth, which in its manifold forms claims our allegiance, and argues its claim. God sees in the tearful cry of the bruised and befallen mother, sister, wife, His own argument for the utter extinction of intoxicating beverages, the suppression, root and branch, of the Liquor Traffic. And in that cry He makes His argument to men."

NEWSPAPER BEATS

We like to hear a man refuse to take his home paper and then sponge on his neighbor to read it. We like to hear a man complain when asked to subscribe for his home paper, that he takes more papers than he can read, and then go around and borrow his neighbor's, or loaf until he gets all the news from it; this is patronizing home industry. We like to hear a man run down his home paper as not worth taking and every now and then beg the editor for a favor in the editorial line; this is personified cheek.

We like to see business men neglect to advertise in their home paper, and then try to get a share of the trade the newspaper brings into the town, this encourages the newspaper man. We like to see all this; it looks economical, thrifty, progressive and—cheeky.—Exchange.

A POETIC TAIL

A thoughtless boy with a shining pail went singing gaily down the dail, to where a sad-eyed cow with a hainle tail on clover sweet did herself regale. A tumble bee did gaily sail over the soft and shadowed vale, to where the boy with the shining pail was milking the cow with the brindle tail. The bee lit down on the cow's right ear, her heels flew up through the atmosphere—and through the leaves of a big oak tree the boy sailed into eternity.—Oregon Reporter.

MATRIMONY.

The state of Matrimony is one of the United States. It is bounded by a ring on one side, and a cradle on the other. The climate is sultry till you pass the tropics of house-keeping, when squally weather sets in with such power as to keep all hands as cool as cucumbers. For the principal roads leading to this interesting state, consult the first pair of bright eyes you run against.

The manufacture of EAGER'S PHOSPHOLENE is another stride toward the mastery of that dread disease Consumption, and in fact all wasting diseases. Don't waste your time using trashy preparations. Try Eager's Phospholeine.

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They have in the Bookstore a small line of Water Color Paints, and expect in a few days a full assortment of Oil Colors in Tubes, Water Colors in Moist and Dry Cases, Brushes, Palettes, and all kinds of Artist's Materials.

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READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.

DR. NORTON: Dear Sir,—For twenty-five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, an shirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt. Brock of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint. Yours truly, Mrs. John Knight

Peter Frost, Esq., of Little River, Digby Neck, was sick a long time with Liver and Kidney and Nerve Disease. He is now well by using Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Ass Raymond's son was sick and confined to the house for over three months with Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble. He was attended by a doctor, and tried many remedies but obtained no relief until he used Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, which cured him.

John Layton of Mount Denson, was sick with Sciatica for five weeks, when his doctor gave him up. He is now quite well by using Norton's Magic Liniment and Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by most of the dealers in medicines throughout the county, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville at \$1.00 per large bottle. June 26, '85.—1 yr