

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUG. 16, 1889.

Our Streets.

Uniformity and regularity in the streets of a town add much to its appearance and convenience. Many of our older towns have the disadvantage of crooked and irregular streets, owing to the fact that roads were opened without any regard to the future. A very small obstacle, such as a slight convexity or a springy place, was shunned even though the divergence of the street from its legitimate course was considerable. The streets of Wolfville, upon the whole, are regularly and conveniently laid out, yet there are a few exceptions, some of which it would be difficult now to correct on account of being built upon, while in others much improvement could be effected without difficulty.

A case in point is Kees street, which when first opened, was caused to diverge considerably from its proper course on account of a supposed difficulty near the Casperian road, which difficulty, if it ever existed, has now completely disappeared. There is no reason why this street should not be straightened now and before it becomes too late in consequence of buildings being erected beside it as there probably will be before many years. By straightening the street building lots upon it would be much better and the appearance of the town improved. For the accomplishment of this purpose two methods are open, one could be easily accomplished if agreed to by the residents of the town themselves and the other by petition to the Municipal Council.

We understand that some of the parties, at least, owning land adjoining this street are willing that it should be straightened. It could not possibly be of much inconvenience to those who own land on either side to allow the change to be made as it would give them as much land on the one side as it would take off the other, and besides would make the lots of the one side straight and nearly at right angles to the street.

During the present summer Commissioner Murphy has done good work on the west end of this street near its junction with School street, by cutting down the hill, making it more easy of ascent, and greatly improving its appearance. If it were straightened it would soon be one of the most desirable localities as it is now one of the most slightly and quiet in the town.

About Sugar.

How our readers are perhaps aware of the vast amount of sugar used at the present time. We gather the following statistics from an elaborate report of the eminent Englishman, Mr Griffin, in regard to the progress of the sugar trade. Between 1853-5 and 1888-7 the production of cane sugar increased from 1,233,000 tons to 2,754,000 tons annually, but sugar increasing during the same period from 100,000 to 2,455,000 tons. The total increase of all kinds during the period named was 3,764,000 tons. Of this vast quantity the United States takes 1,600,000 tons, or 29 per cent, and the United Kingdom 1,100,000 tons, or 21 per cent. These two countries consume half the world's production. All the European continental countries take but 38 per cent of the whole. The rest of the world exclusive of England and America take but 14 per cent. This consumption of Great Britain and Ireland is 75 pounds a head of the population, the largest per capita in the world.

We have received a copy of a neatly gotten up volume entitled "Jubilee of Acadia College, 1888." This book, as the name implies contains a full report of the exercises in connection with the jubilee of the College which took place a year ago. In addition to this it contains a memorial to the late Dr Crawley including the paper of Judge Johnston in full. This book is one that should have a place in every home in this vicinity and in every Baptist home throughout the Dominion. There is now a limited number of copies on sale at the Wolfville Bookstore, price \$1.00 in cloth, in paper 75 cents.

There are public meetings in the air. As will be seen in another place in this paper a meeting is called for Monday evening next in the Baptist vestry by a number of the citizens. The water commissioners have called a meeting by posted notice for Wednesday evening in Wither's Hall to elect a commissioner or in place of Geo. C. Johnson, resigned. These meetings are both important and will no doubt be largely attended. The last named in particular should be a large meeting and the matter of appointment of a new commissioner should receive the consideration of all interested.

Vacation Jottings.

A first-class day for jaunting—a first-class day. Just enough breeze swept by us to make us cool and refreshed and put us in a good humor to enjoy one of the pleasantest of days amongst the pleasantest of scenes. "Hart Harlee" is a jovial fellow to go on a jaunt with, and a jovial time we had. We had left Brookfield at seven o'clock that morning, and were on our way to spend a day in the Stewiacke valley. I was all anticipation. Seven years ago I had visited Upper Stewiacke and I wondered if I would know the place and the people. I wondered if I would know the boys and girls I used to know who were no longer boys and girls now but young men and young women. Seven years is a long time in a boy's life. It is a long time even in a girl's life. Let me see—seven and seven is fourteen and seven is twenty-one. Yes, it is so—a long time. Seven years makes great changes sometimes. Two of the boys whom I knew in those days and whom I half expected to see to-day, I learned, on inquiry for them, had left this world of cares and sorrows and had sought a brighter world. What a blending of joy and sorrow a visit at a place brings after a long absence. Others of the boys and girls whom I knew in those days had moved away—some to stay, some to come back again to the old nest in other days. The place however looked natural as we drove into it—some alterations—some additions; but mostly natural. Familiar were most of the faces. A few more wrinkles, a few locks a little more white and silver with some—seven more steps down the hill of life with them; others not a day older apparently or a day younger than when I knew them last—the same cheery ways and pleasant looks; others again from childhood changed to youthhood—then the budding now the bloom, and the fruition to be.

We drove up to the home of Mr Jas. A. Cox on reaching the village, and were greeted warmly. It is the same pleasant place to visit as of old. I can never forget the pleasant times I have had here. After dinner Mr M. S. Cox, a former resident of Wolfville, who has succeeded in working up a large business making business here since my former visit at Stewiacke, and is owner of one of the prettiest farms in the valley, asked me to jump into his carriage and take a drive with him. A delightful drive we had. After we had driven down the valley we turned and drove up the mountain at the south. On our way we passed what is known as the "Natural Bridge." It is certainly a wonderful freak of nature. A bridge over this deep gulch would have cost enormous amounts, but nature has stepped in and done the work herself. We tied the horse and went down, and I expected the ledge from the bottom. I require a cool head, a nervous grasp, and a fleet foot to go down here, but we possessed all three and succeeded in descending. We should have gone down probably if it had been twice as deep and wild and dangerous. We neglected to bring torches to light our way under the bridge, and we were sorry for our omission seeing a great deal of the account. "Wang-wang-wang!" What's that? Oh, yes, dinner—and we are ready for it.

5 o'clock, p. m. The mountains have disappeared and for the last two or three hours (we have not been at dinner yet, but time though) we have been passing through meadows. In some places the upland comes quite near the river, in others for miles, as far as we can see from the least, extends the level green covered by frequent butternut-trees, oak trees and willows, and by lines and bunches of dark green bushes along the creek and river banks. We're wondering how it is that all this river and country has no villages of any size when we are attracted by the words of an old man who is pointing ahead to an apparent forest with a church spire or two in it. "The church in the wild wood." "Yes," he says, "that's the Protestant. That there spire you see it's Catholic. This stone building here on the hill with the trees yonder, that's the College. Little further up that, close to the river, you see the Parliament, and way up, you can see it very well—the red building—that's the school for young teachers."

Now we approach a great brown bridge held up by eight or ten piers. Two men on one of these piers can be seen walking around one another and slowly two spans of the bridge swing around on the pivot and we pass through. Procterston, "The Celestial City," is a most beautiful town. Trees, great oaks and beautiful elms, line every street and often meet overhead, although the streets are not at all narrow. "Cleanliness is next to godliness, and both are very important" seems to be Procterston's motto, for everything, streets, sidewalks, stores, houses, gardens and even backyards are like the things "within this, but" in the Third Boy's Reader—"wondrous neat and clean!" But I expect if I continue I will crowd out a valuable article on Water Supply or something to do be consigned to the basket, and either would give me. Fare thee well, A. J. K.

W. A. Payant, dentist, has just returned from dental college and is prepared to do fine work then ever. All kinds of dental work done by the latest methods. Office at his residence, Station Street, opposite Acadia Hotel, Wolfville.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Diarrhoea, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin, Shallow Vitæ, or a poor complexion. Sold by George V. Reid.

Up the Saint John River.

A pleasant trip up New Brunswick's beautiful river.

I do not blame St John for not having a good Cornish for I think they-trifling do their best, and succeeded to that extent, but it seems to me that the St John newspapers are to blame. Now, if St John ever does have a good show, how is any one to know about it? For the papers have used up all such adjectives as "suberb," "magnificent," "unhitherto unequalled," and "unprecedented," on this meagre affair. They will be the plight of the man who cried "fire" when there was none, for when the "fire" came no one would believe him.

But there is no compulsion about St John. You can leave when you like and that is very nice. So I thought as I got on the street car for the "West End" where the river-boat, Acadia, was plying as if it too were anxious to get off up the river out of the city. I say I thought the above bit of deep philosophy, but when I consider I must have thought it some time later for the car was so crowded that I had to stand partly on an old gentleman's toes, and partly on the front platform, and if I thought at all it was probably to wish that the old old gentleman would smoke tobacco of a different brand from that he then used, or else knock off the use of the weed altogether.

About ten o'clock, after as much haste as a pretty good-sized river boat could hold. "Long a long" sounded the bell and the head paddles of the side wheels began to churn, churn, and away we went, ruffling the smooth water with a great wave that begins at our Acadia's bow, and tries to keep up with her. But it cannot roll fast enough, so it falls back further and further and gets further and further away, until it throws itself on the public benches as if it had given up in despair. It is of no use trying to keep up with us now. We have left behind the last St John sight and are fairly sliding along; past neat farms with cozy farm houses nestling among shade trees—past spruce trees on mountain sides, past cliffs of whitish looking rock, past picture-like ravines, where forested mountains stand close together as if all ready for battle, foot to foot, past picturesque-like junks, past a tug boat that is swimming down stream with a great raft of logs, past thousands of little waves that dance and sparkle in the sun and seem to be leaving a fine time until one great wave, which is still continuing the race, jumbles them together and breaks up the raft. And now we have passed the limestone country, and are sailing between mountains where the rocks, that here and there protrude from the smooth mountain fields or the higher forest land is black and irregular, indicating volcanic formation. At times the mountains are close in around us, on all sides apparently, and it seems as if our progress by water must soon stop. But as we go on "the way opens up before us" and the water continues to be fully five fathoms deep. Ever changing, ever beautiful, never tiresome are the picturesque views that come and slowly sink, sink, and grow dimmer and dimmer as the distance.

"Wang-wang-wang!" What's that? Oh, yes, dinner—and we are ready for it.

The "Book of Wonders" is done. The last poem is written, the last sketch is penned. The author has left this land of joys and sorrows, pleasures and pains, and his bright, genial, presences we miss. But we only miss when we know that our loss is such gain to him. And what a time that must have been to the spirit, released at last from the sufferings of the body, to reach the joyous home where all is happiness! No, we do not mourn. But when we think of the happy days that were, when his bright companion-ship cheered us and made the days pass more joyously, and then think of the days and months and years, to follow in which, in place of his companion-ship, will be a blank—how we miss him!

"May our decline," he writes, in his article on "Death," "have been a brilliant day, and as the setting sun is only outshined in splendor by its setting, let death come on unbidden against us for we know of the glorious Asshura, that was the death of Leslie Loring Davidson. Death, by him, was looked forward to with eagerness, or rather "the glorious Dawn." As we sat about the bed during his last hours, listening eagerly to what he said and ministering to his wants, the constant prayer was that he might soon depart. "Pray," he said, "that I may soon go." He kept looking and longing for the Pilot, from the other shore. At last when death came, and the spirit was released, we were glad—glad for his sake—for we knew "It was received by a Pilot From the City of the Blessed And there 'tis heaven's safety And forever is at rest."

I will sell balance of my Spring Stock at cost for cash down, by the yard or made up. Now is your chance for bargains! This sale to continue only 29 DAYS. No trouble to show goods. Yours very truly, WALLACE, THE TAILOR. Wolfville, June 23, 1889.

"Book of Wonders." (L. L. DAVISON.) NO. 15. We have reached the end of the "Book of Wonders." On the last page is the poem, "The Long Ago," which, though not the last of his productions, having been written in the September of 1887, serves as an appropriate finale to the book. The autograph at the bottom of the poem is a wood-engraving done by the author's own hands. It was found among other wood-engravings of his in his "study." This is the poem: THE LONG AGO. We were sitting alone in the study— My dear old friend and I— And as we sat in the twilight, A tear was in his eye. We were talking of past recollections— Of memories ever dear— When the old man spoke unto me In a low voice and not clear. "To me there is nothing dearer Than love; memory's stream to row In the boat of yest recollections To the Lake of Long Ago."

JUST OPENED
--AT--
Burpee Witter's!
2. CASES CORSETS! 2.
Embracing the following Special Lines:
YATSI CORSET
DR. WARNER'S, CORALINE A, FEATHERBONE, JOSEPHINE, FRENCH D. & A., BALL'S, OLIVET, ABDOMINAL.
Prices from 40c to \$2.25.
Sizes from 18 to 36.
Store closed Thursday evenings at 6 o'clock.
Wolfville, August 15th, 1889.

In connection with all others in Wolfville, will be closed every THURSDAY EVENING, at 6 o'clock, beginning August 1st. WALTER BROWN, Wolfville, July 24th, 1889.

ST. JOHN AND MINAS BASIN ROUTE.
Steamers of this route will sail as follows during the MONTH OF AUGUST:
Leave: Hantsport for Parrsboro Village—Monday—5th, 4:30 a.m.; 12th, 10:00 a.m.; 19th, 4:30 a.m.; 26th, 9:00 a.m.; Parrsboro Village for Hantsport—Tuesday—6th, 6:00 a.m.; 13th, 12:00 p.m.; 20th, 10:45 a.m.; 27th, 10:45 a.m.; Wolfville for Parrsboro pier—Monday—5th, 6:00 a.m.; 12th, 11:30 a.m.; 19th, 6:00 a.m.; 26th, 10:30 a.m.; Parrsboro pier for Wolfville—Tuesday—6th, 4:30 p.m.; 13th, 10:45 a.m.; Monday, 19th, 3:30 p.m.; 26th, 9:00 a.m.; Windsor for Parrsboro pier, sailing at Hantsport and Kingsport—Wednesday—7th, 7:30 a.m.; 14th, 7:15 a.m.; Windsor for Parrsboro pier, sailing at Hantsport—Thursday—8th, 12:15 p.m.; 15th, 1:30 p.m.; 22nd, 1:30 p.m.; 29th, 1:30 p.m.; Parrsboro pier for Windsor, sailing at Kingsport and Hantsport—Friday—9th, 7:00 a.m.; 16th, 6:00 a.m.; Parrsboro for Windsor, sailing at Hantsport—Thursday—10th, 12:15 p.m.; 17th, 1:30 p.m.; 24th, 1:30 p.m.; 31st, 1:30 p.m.; Parrsboro pier for Parrsboro Village, sailing at Hantsport—Friday—11th, 1:30 p.m.; 18th, 1:30 p.m.; 25th, 1:30 p.m.; 1st, 1:30 p.m.; 8th, 1:30 p.m.; 15th, 1:30 p.m.; 22nd, 1:30 p.m.; 29th, 1:30 p.m.; 5th, 4:30 a.m.; 12th, 11:30 a.m.; 19th, 4:30 a.m.; 26th, 9:00 a.m.; There will be no sail from Parrsboro Village to Hantsport, Monday, 22nd.

STEAMER "ACADIA."
Will leave Windsor every Wednesday at 10:00 a.m. for St. John, also connect at Parrsboro for Windsor on her return.

STEAMER "HAWATHA."
Will leave Hantsport for St. John, calling at Kingsport and Parrsboro, Wednesday, 14th, 1:30 p.m.; Wednesday, 20th, 11:30 a.m.

WILL leave Mattland for St. John calling at Parrsboro, Wednesday, 14th, 9:00 a.m.; Wednesday, 21st, 7:30 a.m. Returning will leave St. John every Thursday evening, last price.

Will call at Spencer's Island going and coming from St. John, weather permit. Through freight taken from St. John for Parrsboro or Kingsport, Wolfville, Stanmoreville, Hantsport, a candidate and Windsor.

FARES—Windsor, Hantsport, Kingsport, Mattland and Parrsboro to St. John, \$2.75 Return, \$4.50. Children under 12 years, half price.

Three hours added to time of leaving Hantsport or Mattland will give time in leaving Parrsboro for St. John. (Boats run on Halifax time.)

E. CHURCHILL & SONS, Hantsport, August 1, 1889.

OUR STORE!
In connection with all others in Wolfville, will be closed every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock, beginning August 1st! **G. H. WALLACE,** Wolfville, July 24th, '89.

Dressmaking!
Miss Taylor, Dress Maker, Has removed her rooms to the residence of Mr J. L. Murphy, and she will be pleased to attend to the wants of her customers as formerly. Wolfville, Sept. 6th, 1888.

NOTICE!
ALL PERSONS having legal claims against the estate of J. Wesley Stewart, late of Horton, in the County of Kings, farmer, are requested to exhibit the same, attested, within twelve calendar months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to **OHEN R. STEWART, Administrator, R. R. BUNGAN, Lower Horton, May 1st, 1889.**

\$5. \$3. \$2. ARE OFFERED!
THE HISTORY CO., 723 Market St., San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE!
The committee appointed by the Council to select a Farm suitable for the Poor and harmless issue will receive offers from parties having such property for sale, offers to be sent to the undersigned on or before the 24th day of August. The property should be easily accessible, not over four miles from a rail way station, and should contain from 5 to 125 acres of land. The committee do not bind themselves to accept the lowest offer.

September 30,
to the three families in King's county who sent

WRAPPERS
representing greatest value in **WOODILL'S German Baking Powder.**

Grand Picnic!
TO PARRSBORO.
Under the auspices of the "Lily of the Valley" Division, The steamer "ACADIA" will leave **Port Williams!** TUESDAY, AUG. 20, at 7.30 A. M. Come and enjoy the beautiful sail around old Horton and Pive Islands. Music will be furnished both going and coming. Tickets 50 Cents! For particulars and tickets apply to **RENA WOODWORTH, Church Street, PARS JACKSON, Town Plot, WILLIAM STEWARTS, Port Williams.**

International S. S. Co.
FOR BOSTON FROM Anna polis. DIRECT.

APPOINTING done at short notice at this office. A Large Stock of Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Shipping Cards, Shipping Tags, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Envelopes, &c., &c. always on hand.

Boston Direct!
every TUESDAY and FRIDAY after 7 o'clock the Halifax Exp. Pass from all W. & A. R. Stations is **One Dollar Less** than by any other route.

ST. JOHN LINE!
One of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7 45 Eastern Standard time. All ticket agents sell by these popular lines. **W. H. MUMFORD, Agent, Wolfville, N. S. R. R. B. CARDER, Commercial Wharf, Annapolis, Boston.**

Until further notice the Favorite Steamer or "NEW BRUNSWICK," having been thoroughly overhauled, will leave Anna polis for **Boston Direct!**

What are they? The growth of intelligence in medical matters has given rise to a demand for a class of genuine, reliable medicine. The opportunity of the ignorant is being seized by the unscrupulous of a single bottle has passed. To supply satisfactorily this demand this list of remedies has been created. They are the latest and most powerful of the most famous medical practitioners of the day, gathered from the hospitals of London, Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Prescriptions which cost the patients of these cities from \$25 to \$1000 have offered for sale at a price of 50 cents each. Not one of them is a cure all; each one has only one special disease for which it is a cure, and each one is a cure in contrast. Sufferers from Catarrh, Discharge, Leucorrhoea, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Headache, Pains, Fever and Kidney Complaints, Fever and Ague, Neuritis, Female Weakness, Leucorrhoea or Nervous Debility, should send stamps for descriptive catalogue to Hospital Remedies Co., 365 1/2 West King St., Toronto, Canada. If your druggist does not keep these remedies remit price and we will send direct.