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R WATER ST.,  
N. S.  
Engineers, Machinists,  
Stationary and  
Compound Engi-  
neering Machinery,  
etc.

SMITH,  
TAILORING,  
Hollis Street,  
Halifax, N. S.

S. A. GRAY  
Printer and  
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SELL & CO.,  
MANUFACTURERS OF—  
Iron and Tinware  
OF EVERY SIZE  
SPECIALTY  
Portland and Dundas  
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ROCHE,  
W STOCK  
DRIES, ROOM PAPER,  
& 4 CTS. UPWARDS. 31  
St. St., Halifax, N. S.

Sandford and Sons,  
Le and  
ite Works.

84 Argyle St.,  
Halifax, N. S.

description of  
Work in  
Marble  
and prices furnished  
on application.

Sale.  
desirable building lot on Main  
St. adjoining the residence of  
Mr. Martell. The purchase  
money may remain on mortgage.

J. E. MULLONEY,  
April 25th, 1894.

For Sale!  
TO LET!

Subscriber offers for sale or to  
house and land in Wolfville  
as the Andrew DeWolf  
containing house, barn and out-  
buildings, and 14 acres of land—  
ordained. Sold on bloc or by  
Apply to  
R. W. STORRS,  
or E. S. CRAWLEY.

WANTED.  
od man in your district to rep-  
"Fountain Nurseries of Canada,"  
700 acres. The largest in the  
tion. Position permanent. Salary  
proportion to right man.

the increasing demand for fresh  
fruit with us as salesman will  
than engaging in farm-  
as your application and we will  
how to get your money.  
ool Teachers! It's just the thing  
during the summer. Write for  
Circulars.  
STONE & WELLINGTON,  
BRAL, Manager, Montreal.

W. V. JONES,  
VETERINARIAN,  
WOLFVILLE.  
Calls promptly attended to. [35

PHINION ATLANTIC  
RAILWAY.  
AND OF EVANGELINE ROUTE

and after Monday, 7th October,  
the trains of this Railway will run  
Sunday excepted.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE  
from Kentville..... 5.25, a.m.  
Halifax..... 9.15, a.m.  
Yarmouth..... 4.20, p.m.  
Halifax..... 6.05, p.m.  
Richmond..... 11.20, a.m.  
Annapolis..... 11.25, a.m.  
TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE  
from Halifax..... 5.25, a.m.  
Yarmouth..... 9.15, a.m.  
Halifax..... 4.20, p.m.  
Kentville..... 6.05, p.m.  
Annapolis..... 11.20, a.m.  
Richmond..... 11.25, a.m.  
Parlor Cars run daily each way  
between Halifax and Yarmouth on the  
weekdays.

Steamship.  
Daily Service.  
St. John and Digby.  
St. John..... 7.45 a.m.  
Digby..... 1.10 p.m.  
Trains are run on Eastern Standard  
Time.

W. B. CAMPBELL,  
General Manager.  
SUTHERLAND, Superintendent.

DENTISTRY.  
R. H. LAWRENCE will be at his  
office in Shaw's building, opposite  
American House every Thursday, Fri-  
day and Saturday. Office open every

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS—DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

No. 10.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

**THE ACADIAN.**  
Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.  
TERMS:  
**\$1.00 Per Annum.**  
(IN ADVANCE.)  
CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.  
Local advertising at ten cents per line  
or every insertion, unless by special ar-  
rangement for standing notices.  
Rates for standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
editor and payment on insertion advertising  
will be made on application to the  
editor.

**DAVIDSON BROS.,**  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

**U don't hav 2 go  
2 Halifax 2 get  
clothes. But if U  
want them made 2  
fit, wear,**  
and give you a gentlemanly appear-  
ance, go to

**N. L. McDONALD,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
Upper Water St.,  
Halifax, N. S. 32

**Damp  
Days**  
When being coughs and colds,  
while

**PYNY - PECTORAL**  
brings quick relief. Cures all in-  
flammation of the bronchial  
tube, throat or chest. No in-  
convenience. Balm, ointment,  
bottle promptly.  
A Large Bottle for 25 Cents.  
**DRUGS & LAMBERT CO. LTD.**  
MONTREAL.

**Klines Granite Work.**  
THE PROPRIETOR of these works is  
now prepared to supply  
**Rough & Dressed Granite**  
—AND—  
**Light Blue Granite.**  
SUITABLE FOR  
**MONUMENTAL - WORK!**

The Blue Granite comes from his  
Quarry at New Brunswick, and its quality is  
highly endorsed by the Geological De-  
partment at Ottawa.  
Estimates given and orders filled for  
all classes of  
**DRESSED GRANITE.**

**JOHN KLINE,**  
NORTH AND OXFORD STREETS,  
HALIFAX.

**SHE HAS BACKACHE**  
Feels sore aches  
with muscular twinges, and  
has just put on that  
Bottle of Backache  
Cure.  
J. McLaughlin, Point St. Charles, writes: "I  
suffered for years with back and lameness than the  
D. E. Mottel's Plaster."  
A. E. Mottel writes from Windsor: "The D. E.  
Mottel's Plaster is curing my back and  
lameness at a great rate in this vicinity."

**"White is King of All."**  
White Sewing Machine Co.  
Cleveland, Ohio.  
Thomas Organs  
—FOR SALE BY—  
**Howard Pineo,**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.  
N. B. Machine Needles and Oil.  
Machines and Organs repaired. 25

**KARLS  
ROOT**  
CURES CONSTIPATION  
INDIGESTION BILIOUSNESS  
RHEUMATISM OF THE SKIN  
It is a powerful and healthy  
and pleasant laxative and purgative.  
It is sold in 25 cent and 50 cent  
bottles. Price 25 cents per bottle.  
Bottle for 50 cents.

**ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T.,** meets  
every Saturday evening in Temperance  
Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

**CRISTAL Band of Hope** meets in the  
Temperance Hall every Friday after-  
noon at 2 o'clock.

**THRESHER FOR SALE.**  
1 No. 1 Little Giant Thresher and  
Cleaner in use part of two seasons,  
in thorough repair, sold cheap for cash  
on easy terms. Apply to  
**F. J. FAULKNER, Agent,**  
Grand Pre.  
or to **R. L. FULLER,**  
39-2nd Ave.  
Wolfville.

**Money to Loan**  
On Good Land Security!  
Apply to  
**E. S. Crawley,**  
Solicitor,  
Wolfville, May 22d, 1894. A

**POETRY.**  
What Can it Mean?  
What can it mean? Is it ought to him  
That the nights are long and the days  
are dim?  
Can he be touched by the grief I bear,  
Which saddens the heart and whitens the  
hair?  
About His throne are eternal calms,  
And the strong glad music of happy  
palms,  
And bliss untroubled by any strife;  
How can He care for my little life?  
And yet I want Him to care for me  
While I am here in the world where I  
rowe be!  
When the lights die down from the path  
I take,  
When strength is feeble and friends for-  
sake—  
When love and music that once did bless,  
Have left me to silence and loneliness,  
And my life goes, changes, to nothing  
any more,  
Then my heart calls out for a God who  
cares.

When shadows hang over the whole day  
long,  
And my spirit is bowed with shame and  
wring,  
When I am not good, and the deeper  
shade  
Of conscious sin makes my heart afraid,  
And this busy world has so much to do  
To stay in its course, to help me through,  
And I long for a Saviour—can it be  
That the God of the universe cares for  
me!  
Oh, wondrous story of deathless love!  
Each child is dear to that Heart above!  
He fights for me when I cannot fight;  
He comforts me in the gloom of night,  
He lifts the burden, for He is strong;  
He stills the sigh and awakes the song!  
The sorrow that bears me down, He  
bears;  
And loves and pardons, because He cares.  
Let us who are sad take heart again;  
We are not alone in our hours of pain;  
Our Father stoops from His throne above  
To soothe and quiet us with His love;  
He leaves us not when the storm is high,  
And we have anxiety, for He is nigh,  
Can it be trouble, which He doth share?  
Oh, rest in peace, for the Lord will care!

**SELECT STORY.**  
**PENELOPE'S ELOPEMENT.**  
At thirty one is popularly supposed  
to have arrived at years of discretion,  
and to be fairly in possession of one's  
faculty of choice. In the case of every  
accepted truth, which may have become  
axiomatic to the rest of humanity,  
there are always those who reject, or  
at least to reject, its teachings.

A recent study opponent to the pro-  
position first set down was Mr. Phineas  
Paine, a hard-headed and successful  
grocer in the town of Careville. Mr.  
Paine, it is true, did not deny the  
proposition generally, but he signified  
his dissent by his conduct toward his  
daughter, Penelope, who had arrived  
at the age mentioned in single blessed-  
ness.

If there were a woman in the  
end of the nineteenth century who had  
cause for complaint on the score of  
repression it was Penelope Paine. Her  
mother had died when she was five  
years of age, and her father, possessed  
by the idea that he knew how to bring  
up a child right, had immediately be-  
gun the systematic course of repression  
that made his daughter a demure,  
dainty little girl, and a meek, spiritless  
woman.

He had kept down all her youthful  
joyousness by straight-laced rules, of  
deportment of an unnatural tenor.  
People looking at her would say:  
"That girl looks as if she had been  
boxed up all her life." And, in a  
measure, she had been.

But Penelope, prim as she was,  
grew to be a fair woman to look at,  
and, in spite of the difficulty of ap-  
proach she had many steady admirers.  
The grocer was, in his way, a social  
man. That is, he liked to have some-  
one to listen while he gave his views  
and opinions, and at first young men  
would affect to be coming to see him.  
But the moment they were so im-  
prudent as to let it leak out that Pen-  
elope was the real object of their at-  
tentions, they were summarily dismissed.

"I just won't have it," the old man  
would say. "Young folks don't know  
what's good for themselves, and they  
need the guidance of some older head  
to keep 'em out of mischief."

Penelope never seemed to care much  
about her beaux or the loss of them,  
till Ned Holborn began going there.  
He kept a feed store and was a brother  
Odd Fellow with the grocer, so the old  
man liked him pretty well.

Penelope was clerking in the grocery,  
as she had been doing ever since she  
was old enough to tie up a package of  
sugar, but she always left an hour  
earlier than her father, so as to be at  
home and get his meals for him, for

Mr. Paine's hard-hearted, unfeeling for-  
bade his keeping "a girl," albeit, he  
was abundantly able to do so.  
It was during these happy intervals  
of time, when Penelope was entirely  
alone, that Ned Holborn would  
steal a few minutes away from his  
store, and unconsciously drop in for  
a short chat. It was the fact of such  
pleasure the girl had over known, and  
these stolen moments had come to be  
inexpressibly sweet to her.

she knew that her father would not  
have approved of this intimacy be-  
tween Holborn and herself, and for  
that reason, at first she took a shy  
delight in it. For with all his repres-  
sion the hard-hearted grocer had not  
succeeded in crushing out of his daugh-  
ter that touch of romance which is in  
the nature of every woman.

But there came a time when there  
was more than the romantic secrecy of  
the affair to give it charm. The in-  
timacy had ripened into love. The  
young man had placed his heart affec-  
tion in the keeping of the quiet, de-  
more girl, and she had given her heart  
unreservedly in return.

As the days went on the stolen  
meetings grew sweeter and sweeter to  
both, and Phineas Paine measured his  
pickles and weighed his pounds in  
blissful ignorance of what was passing.  
But the state of affairs got to the ears  
of a jealous rival of Holborn, and a  
word to the unsuspecting grocer  
brought him up standing. The scales  
fell from his eyes, and shortly after the  
lovers were surprised to see him walk  
into the house in the midst of one of  
these tete-a-tetes.

Of course there was a scene. The  
old man stormed and Penelope wept,  
but staunch Ned Holborn stood up  
like a man and "faced the music."  
He told the old man that he loved his  
daughter, that his love was returned,  
and she had promised to wed him, and  
the end of it all was his dismissal from  
the house and a peremptory command  
never to return.

And Phineas Paine was grieved, for  
after all these years of confidence his  
system had proved at fault. In spite  
of all his repression he found that his  
daughter was not well brought up, and  
when she had been put to the test had  
fallen signally.

After this the old man was his  
daughter's shadow. He never allowed  
her to leave his side. Necessity check-  
mated frugality—and he hired a house  
girl to take care of his furniture and  
get his meals.

In vain poor Holborn sought for a  
chance to talk to his sweetheart. She  
was as effectually shut away from him  
as if she had been immured within the  
four walls of a convent. Ned groaned  
in spirit and the grocer chuckled with  
himself.

But no one state of affairs can last  
forever, least of all such a strained one  
as this. It has been said before that  
Mr. Paine was an enthusiastic Odd  
Fellow, and it was his devotion to the  
duties of that order that first made  
him relax his vigilance. It was to be  
a banner night, with the initiation of  
some ten or a dozen candidates as its  
leading feature, and in the depths of  
his innermost soul the old man longed  
to go. But prudence said no. Pain-  
fully he argued out with himself.  
Was his duty to the lodge less im-  
portant than his duty to his daughter?

These visions of the society in ses-  
sion came before his eyes. He laughed to  
himself, for this hardened old tyrant  
had not lost all his taste for fun. But  
Penelope, passing through the room,  
made him sober again as he thought  
of all the possibilities that might arise  
from leaving her alone. Then his  
apologetic mind said, "One night can't  
do her any harm. You can leave her  
alone this one time and, after all, Ned  
Holborn will be at the meeting, too,  
he'll want to see the men initiated."

He hesitated and was lost and after  
seeing Penelope peering looked in he  
set off for his lodge.

But love has won the reputation of  
laughing at locksmiths, and embodied  
in the person of Ned Holborn he went  
knocking at Penelope's window.  
Something in the character of the tap  
or some subtle intonation which only  
love inspires, told her who it was and  
she forgot her timidity enough to raise  
the sash and open the shutter a little.  
The sash and open the shutter a little.  
"It's me—Ned," said the ungrac-

ious Holborn eagerly, and there was  
a note of deep pleading in his voice as  
he added—  
"It's our only chaperon's darling. Get  
your hat and climb out of the window.  
I've got a chair here for you to get  
down on."

Penelope went away from the win-  
dow for a moment, and when she re-  
turned, she had her hat tied on, and a  
shawl thrown about her shoulders.  
Her heart was beating very swiftly as  
she stepped out of the window on the  
chair and into the arms of her waiting  
lover. Holborn was a thorough going  
fellow, and he had a buggy waiting at  
the fence. They got in, he caressed  
and the girl all tremulous, and away  
they went across the river to the old  
minister, who was already famous for  
marrying runaway couples from three  
counties.

In the meantime, the grocer, not  
finding Holborn, who was a regular  
and devoted attendant at the lodge,  
meeting, had grown uneasy and sus-  
picious. A vague foreboding, which  
gradually grew into a terrible fear,  
filled his mind. When he could not  
bear the suspense no longer, he was  
excused and started for home. He  
had hardly entered the yard, when an  
open shutter flapping listlessly on its  
hinges arrested his attention, and his  
heart sank within him. Penelope, he  
thought, would never leave a shutter  
that way under any conditions. The  
key gave forth a hollow, loose-sound  
as he turned it in the lock, and the  
sound of his footsteps on the floor  
was altogether too weird and unusual.

"Penelope," he called, with a trem-  
ulous voice, "Oh, Penelope!"  
But only the echoes answered him,  
and the unwelcome truth forced itself  
upon him that Penelope was gone.  
He went outside, and, sitting down  
upon the step bowed his head in his  
hands. Just then the sound of wheels  
fell on his ear, and a buggy was driven  
up and halted at the gate.

Then a man helped a woman to  
alight. The grocer recognized her,  
and ran down the steps, crying:  
"Penelope, Penelope, ain't you  
ashamed—you've been riding!"  
But here the voice of Holborn broke  
in:  
"We're married," he said.  
"Well, well, Penelope Paine!"  
"Holborn," said Ned, proudly.  
"Penelope," went on the old man  
ignoring his son-in-law, "I would  
never have thought it of you."

The girl was silent, frightened and  
tearful.  
"And you, Ned Holborn, to think of  
you being a brother in the same lodge  
and all of that and then playing me  
such a trick!"  
"I guess I'm able to keep a wife,"  
said the young man.  
"Able to keep her, able to keep her!"  
That ain't it, it's the way you got her.  
That ain't it, Penelope Paine, and after all the rais-  
ing I've been giving you, do you realize  
what you have done? You've been  
guilty of eloping—eloping do you  
hear?"

"That's all right, father-in-law,"  
said Holborn, "Penelope's past thirty  
now, and she'll soon come to know her  
own mind. When she comes to know  
I hope she won't change; if she  
doesn't, she'll never regret this elope-  
ment," and he kissed her.—Buffalo  
News.

**The Bright Side.**  
In the moments of despondency that  
come to every life—when cherished  
plans seem likely to fail, when disap-  
pointment instead of success caps our  
best endeavors, when "everything goes  
wrong" and all the world looks blue to  
us—how exasperating the advice,  
"Look on the bright side; all will yet  
be well!" This advice we must take,  
however. It is the people who must take  
cultivate the good habit of looking on  
the bright side that ultimately are  
successful. For, to move over misfor-  
tune is to be conquered by misfor-  
tune; to grumble at our fate is to invite a  
repetition of fame's frowns; to live in  
the shadow of adversity is to droop  
and dwindle and die. Our only hope  
lies in a struggle towards the sunshine.  
To every mistress of a household is a  
bright outlook upon life especially  
valuable. Not only does it cheer her  
self, but it is also the source of inspira-  
tion to all within her influence. If the  
hand that rocks the cradle moves the

world, surely it is desirable that that  
hand should pulse with the energy of a  
courageous, not flinching, heart!  
"Forward" is the watchword of youth,  
but when youth is tempted to fall back,  
then is the mother's opportunity; she  
points her children to the bright side  
she urges them to persevere in well-  
doing, she keeps them true to their  
aspiration. So with the good mass of  
the house. Weary, disheartened, dis-  
gusted often, with the burdens, defeats  
and trickeries of business life, he is  
tempted to give up the struggle.

He has been honorable, and honor  
doesn't seem to count; he has been  
honest, and honesty "don't pay." Well,  
for him in this crisis his wife can be  
his good angel, holding him back from  
despair, healing his wounded spirit with  
the balm of hopeful words, and  
restoring his faith in the right, so that  
he is enabled to "try again."

That there is a bright side to the  
darkest of our affairs, let us never  
doubt. The very failures that seem  
most appalling bring to us, if we will  
have it so the stepping-stones to  
success. Only let us not yield to  
despondency, and from every trial we  
shall gather strength; from every  
denial, patience, and from every de-  
feat, experience. Strength, patience,  
experience! These three are invincible  
helpers to life's best guardians, and they  
come gladly to the aid of those un-  
happy folks who persist in walking on  
the sunny side of the daily path.—M.  
D. Sterling.

"Kathleen Mavourneen."  
There was nothing remarkable about  
the composition of the words or of the  
music of this well-worn song, but it,  
nevertheless, has connected with it a  
bit of personal history that is worth  
the telling. The words were written  
by Mrs. Crawford, an Irish lady, who,  
it is said to have died about 1855, and  
the music was composed by F. W. N.  
Crouch, an English musician, who had  
much ability but little balance. The  
song was composed in Plymouth, Eng-  
land, and for the copyright, Crouch  
received 25, and although himself very  
lucky. He was extremely eccentric,  
and marvellously improvident, two facts  
which ill fitted him for business, so no-  
body that knew him felt in the least  
surprised when he came to America in  
1848, as first "cello" player in the  
orchestra of an Italian opera company,  
and then as a teacher.

He did not teach long, having little  
patience with pupils and preferring to  
sell about giving concerts wherever  
he could get an audience. So generous  
was he, as well as improvident, that on  
one occasion, when aiding in a concert  
for the benefit of a friend, finding the  
receipts very small, he increased them  
to the extent of \$10 by casting in them  
the last bill in his possession. Crouch  
lasted in his position for some time,  
and was finally reduced to the  
level of poverty. Going from the  
country and sang in New York.  
On the night of her first concert  
"Kathleen Mavourneen" was adver-  
tised, and a shabby tramp, by aiding  
to move the effects of the company,  
managed to obtain admission to the  
concert. She sang the melody with  
marked effect, and as the notes rang  
from her lips some one noticed that  
the tramp was weeping. No attention  
was paid to him, however, until after the  
great soprano had retired from the  
stage, when he approached her and  
tendered his thanks for singing his  
song so beautifully. It was Crouch.  
At the close of the concert he left the  
hall, went out into the night and die  
appeared. He was never heard of  
again and probably did not long after.

**Married People Look Alike.**  
"Some curious investigations have  
recently been undertaken by a photo-  
graphic society in Geneva," says the  
Photographic Times. "The purpose  
was to show that the longer a married  
couple lived together—the more and more  
harmoniously—the more and more  
marked became the resemblance which  
the two persons bore to each other.  
Photographs of 78 couples were taken,  
as well as an equal number of adult  
brothers and sisters. On careful  
inspection it was found that the  
other than the brothers and sisters of  
the same blood. Apparently, there-  
fore, there seems to be a stronger force  
available for the production of family  
likeness even than that of hereditary  
transmission. In accepting the state-  
ment of the society in question as true  
as to the fact, it is not difficult, in a  
certain measure, to account for the  
phenomenon referred to. Human  
beings, for example, have quite a  
faculty for copying each other in their  
ways, movements and temperaments."

**Going too Far.**  
Have you any sold victuals, inquired  
the rusty-looking pilgrim, to spare for a  
hungry—



James E. Nicholson.

**Almost  
Passes Belief**

**CANCER ON THE LIP,  
AND IS CURED BY  
AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

Mr. James E. Nicholson, Florenceville,  
N. B., Struggles for Seven Long  
Years with  
**CANCER ON THE LIP,  
AND IS CURED BY  
AYER'S Sarsaparilla**

Mr. Nicholson says: "I consulted  
doctors who prescribed for me, but to  
no purpose; the cancer began to  
spread to my chin, and I suffered in  
agony for seven long years. Finally I  
bought and used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. In  
a week or two I noticed a  
**Decided Improvement.**

Encouraged by this result, I per-  
sisted, until in a month or so the sore  
under my chin began to heal, and, after  
months my lip began to heal, and, after  
using the Sarsaparilla for six months,  
the last trace of the cancer disappeared.

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**  
Admitted at the World's Fair.  
**AYER'S PILLS** Regulate the Bowels.

No, snatched the woman at the kitchen  
door.  
Perhaps I was wrong in asking for  
colored vittles, he rejoined apologetically.  
If I had suggested tinned steak  
with baked potatoes, maulin, and a cup  
of coffee—  
You wouldn't have got that, either.  
H'm? My own preferences, I acknowl-  
edge, would have been roast turkey  
with cranberry sauce, chicken salad, a  
morsel of Bognort cheese, and French  
coffee, with, perhaps, a glass of—  
It wouldn't have done you any good  
to ask for that either, you impudent,  
insulting vagabond! You ought to go to  
work.

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IS WEALTH.**  
If your clothes show signs of wear  
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You won't have to buy new ones.  
All Dyeing, Cleaning and Laundry  
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Why Mrs. R. Thery's  
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it is splendid for Washing  
the head it prevents dandruff  
thus puts an end to Dandruff  
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