

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1889.

No. 49.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the most eminent medical authorities to be used in all cases of Colic, Constipation, Worms, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Indigestion, &c. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is sold in all parts of the world.

Prepared by J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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 for every insertion, unless by special arrangement.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transaction 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.

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

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

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office hours 8 a. m. to 8:30 p. m. Mail made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor closed at 6:50 a. m.

Express west closed at 10:35 a. m.

Express east closed at 4:50 p. m.

Kentville closed at 2:30 p. m.

11:30 v. Bank, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.

A. W. BARRS, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free. All are welcome. Strangers will be cordially received.

W. W. BARRS, } Ushers
A. W. BARRS, } Ushers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. B. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. D. W. Johnson and G. F. Day, Pastors. 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.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m. and 3 p. m.; other Sundays, 3 p. m.; the Holy Communion administered on the first Sunday in each month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations to the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rice Bay, Kentville. Wardens, R. Pratt and Francis A. Dixon, Wolfville.

ST. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

DIRECTORY

OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use you right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.

BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent. Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York.

GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner, and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods, Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.

KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.

MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.

PATRICK, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Planners, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED

BY J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED

POETRY.

Vapor and Blue.

Domed with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with their brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl.

Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapor of rest—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the West.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Mould memories left here
By gods who long ago came,
And, vanishing, left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where, hazy wrap, the August night
slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here, where the jewels of nature
Are set in the light of God's smile,
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest me awhile,
And store in my heart old music,
Mouldies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and of beauty
When the heart of the world was young.

—William Wilford Campbell, in the Century.

STORY.

A Mysterious Sound.

Two children—a boy about 10 years old and a girl somewhat younger—were playing hide-and-seek among broken pillars and heaps of fallen stones down in the dark cellars of a ruined house in the Hindoo fort of Fatighar, in Northern India.

It was a gloomy place—black, lonesome, dreary—and just the spot where you might expect a wild cat or a poisonous snake to pop out upon you at any moment; but Harry and Nellie did not seem to mind it a bit, and went scampering and laughing through the dim archways and dark, ghostly vaults as merry as if they had been in a kindergarten.

It was certainly a very strange place to choose for a playground, and it was stranger still that they should be playing and laughing at all, with the shadow of death deepening day by day over themselves, their fathers and the whole garrison of the fort.

War was raging throughout the entire district, and all around Fatighar lay encamped a great host of fierce Hindoo warriors (more than twenty times as many as the handful of brave men who held the fortress), rowing never to leave the place till they had taken it and killed every living thing within its walls.

Three times had the besiegers made a furious attack on the fort, but each time they had been beaten off with heavy loss and did not seem inclined to try it again.

But all day long—and sometimes all night, too—they kept banging away at the wall with their cannon and muskets, till no one could look over the battlements for fear of being shot dead, and the sick and wounded men of the garrison were quite worn out with the ceaseless din.

Worse still, food was beginning to run short; and they would soon be forced to surrender or be all starved to death, unless some one came to the rescue; and there seemed to be little hope of that, for it would have taken a large army, as well as a brave one, to cut through the forests of white turbans and colored robes and dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons that hemmed in the doomed fortress on every side.

"And we've helped to defend the fort, too," said Harry to Nellie, as they paused to rest, after running themselves quite out of breath. "I heard Capt. Markham say so myself, while I was helping mamma to scrape lint for those soldiers that were wounded last night."

"And I tore up a whole lot of rags for bandages," cried Nellie, proudly; "and I'm going to tear up a lot more this afternoon. I do wish, though, they'd give over fighting. I'm so tired of those guns banging all night long, and it's so horrid seeing the poor soldiers brought in all out and bleeding. There's poor Sergt. Bennett, who made all the pretty boys for me, has got such a terrible place all along one side of his head, when a bullet hurt him the other day; and it's so sore that he can't sleep a bit."

"Never mind," answered Harry, assuming quite a fatherly air, in virtue of his being six months the older of

POETRY.

the two; "just you wait two or three days more, and when you'll see Gen. Rose and his men come up from the other side of the river and send all those black fellows flying."

"But I heard papa say yesterday," objected Nellie, with a rather grave look on her round, rosy little face, "that Gen. Rose has only a few hundred men with him just now; and surely they can't fight a whole army at once?"

"Can't they?" cried Harry, disdainfully. "Didn't Lord Clive thrash sixty thousand of them at Plassey with only three thousand men of his own? And didn't the Duke of Wellington send the rajah's whole army scampering with only two regiments? Just you wait and see, that's all. I say, let's have another game. You go hide and I'll hunt for you."

Away went Nellie instantly, right into the gloomiest and loneliest part of the ruins, even upon discovering some place where even Harry himself would not be able to find her.

Fearlessly she picked her way in almost total darkness through one black and dismal vault after another—for the roughest soldier in the garrison was not braver than her little golden haired Nellie—and at length she came to a spot where two great masses of masonry had fallen in such a way as to lean against each other, forming a kind of low arch very much like the mouth of a cavern.

"Harry will never find me here," said she to herself, triumphantly, as she crept into the hole; and, finding it not large enough to let her stand upright, she lay right down upon the ground, and remained as quiet as a mouse, eubucking inwardly to think how puzzled Harry would be when he came to look for her.

But scarcely had her ear touched the earth when she became aware of a strange, dull sound deep down below her, like the measured beat of oars or the noise which would be made by some one thumping hard against a padded door.

What could it be? It was certainly not Harry, and there was no one else down there except herself; but the sound could not be merely her fancy—she was quite sure that she did hear it, and, what was more, it seemed to be growing louder and coming nearer.

Then, for the first time, little Nellie began to feel frightened. Even in the course of her short life she had seen in the East Indian jungles so many tigers and crocodiles and huge snakes and other terrible creatures that it seemed quite natural to her that some unknown and fearful monster should have its underground den beneath the fort and should now be at work to dig its way out and devour them all.

Nellie scrambled heading out her hiding place, never heeding how sorely her poor little arms and face were bruised by the rough stones, and darted out of the vault in such haste as to almost knock down Harry, who she encountered just at the entrance.

"Oh, Harry," she panted, "there's a monster living here under the ground, and it's trying to claw its way out and eat us!"

The boy looked puzzled, as well he might, and at first seemed more inclined to laugh than to be scared. But he became serious enough when Nellie took him back to the spot and they both heard the mysterious noise plainer than ever.

"I'll tell you what," said he, with an air of decision, "I'll just go straight to papa and tell him about this. If there's anything wrong he ought to be told at once, for he's commandant of the fort, you know."

And away they both flew to the old colonel's quarters as fast as their feet could carry them.

The commandant, who had quite enough to think of just then, for he was just in the very midst of an inspection of the falling provisions and a calculation how long they would be made to last, frowned slightly at the intrusion of the children, and was going to order them out again. But the instant he heard Harry's first mention of the mysterious sound, the colonel's bold, weather-beaten face changed visibly and looked so grave that Nellie felt quite convinced that there really was an underground monster beneath the fort, which was trying to get out

POETRY.

and eat them all up; and she was more certain of it than ever when she heard the old colonel making Harry describe as exactly as possible the precise spot where the strange noise had been heard.

"Have you told any one else about this, my boy?" asked he, after hearing all that there was to be told.

"No; I thought I had better report direct to you, as commandant of the garrison," replied Harry, doing his best to speak in military fashion.

"Quite right," said his father, with a grim smile. "I'm very glad you did. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Take Nellie with you and go and help your mother to make bandages for our wounded men, and mind you don't say a word about this to her or any one else till I give you leave."

Away went the two children, still rather puzzled, but feeling quite sure that "it would all come right somehow," for they both had unbounded confidence in Harry's father, whom they secretly believed to be the greatest soldier alive.

It was drawing toward evening when the colonel came back, pale and weary, and with a broad bandage across his forehead, but looking very well satisfied for all that.

"You've served us all, my little sentinels!" cried he, laying one broad, brown hand on Harry's shoulder and stroking little Nellie's golden curls with the other. "Those Hindoo rascals were trying to dig a mine under the fort and blow us all up together, but we've stopped their little game for once, and I don't think they'll have time to try it again."

He was right, for on the very next day the enemy broke up their camp and retreated, and they had hardly disappeared on one side when the bayonets of Gen. Rose's soldiers came glittering over the crest of a low ridge on the other.—David Kerr in Golden Days.

POETRY.

Vagaries of Etiquette.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady in Italy, is a grave and objectionable familiarity. "Never touch the person, it is sacred," is one of their proverbs.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and depart.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand. For him to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is to be one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honor.

No Turk will enter a sitting room with dirty shoes, with goshes over them. The latter, which received all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans, when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or sarpers outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in the Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

In China grief is associated with a white dress, in Ethiopia with brown, in Turkey with violet, in Egypt with yellow.

Etiquette requires, in Chinese conversation, that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that

POETRY.

the following is not an exaggeration: "Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is at Luchan."

"How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile worthless brats are five." How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well." The salutations of a people to some extent indicate their national character.

"May God strengthen your morning," brings to the fore-ground the Arab's faith and destiny. The oriental "May thy shadow never grow less," shows the honor placed in obesity.

The French, "How do you carry yourself?" indicates the regard for forms. The German's habit of generalizing is seen in "How goes it?" and the Englishman's practical mind in "How are you?"

POETRY.

CATARH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, HAY FEVER.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT. Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. Dixon & Sox, 303 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

POETRY.

Two Men.

Two men, one a total abstainer, another a drinker, each spent \$100 in two months. The first pays his \$100 for furniture and the other for liquor. The first receives actual value and his home shows the result of his purchase. The second loses his money, receives in return that which makes him a brute and a loafer. Out of the \$100 spent for clothing and the other for liquor. The first receives actual value and his home shows the result of his purchase. The second loses his money, receives in return that which makes him a brute and a loafer. Out of the \$100 spent for furniture, enough goes to employ 12 men for one day at \$2 each. Out of the \$100 spent for liquor, enough goes to labor to hire one man for one day. Suppose all the saloons were closed, the \$85,000,000 now spent for liquor in Pennsylvania would be spent for furniture, boots and shoes, carpets, hardware, etc. They would employ twelve men where but one is employed now. The 12 men would spend for other necessities twelve times as much as the one man. Taxation would immediately commence to be reduced, for crime and pauperism would decrease.—People.

POETRY.

Jenny Lind's Grave.

From a private letter received a few days ago from an American in London we get the following: "One day I strolled into Malvern Cemetery. I was anxious to see the grave of Jenny Lind. A large granite cross of simple design marks the last resting place of the glorious songstress. This cross rises from a plain granite block. On this is the following inscription: "In loving memory of Jenny Lind, the wife of Otto Goldschmidt. Born at Stockholm, Oct. 6, 1820; died at Winds Point, Malvern, Nov. 2, 1887." There is no other word than these. Some loving hands had lain upon the grave the day of my visit a laurel wreath intertwined with violets and daffodils. It is a calm resting place that the diva lies in—a lovely spot nestling at the foot of the Malvern hills."—Ex.

POETRY.

St. George.

The renowned St. George of England, patron of arms and of the garter, has his historical antecedent in the infamous George of Cappadocia, who arose from the obscurity of a fuller's shop to the chair of Athanasius. His tyranny won for him a merited death of violence, which, invested with evidences of divine agency and with circumstances of preternatural origin, a benighted and superstitious age blindly adorned with a fervor which in time canonized the tyrant's memory as a saint. Further information on this topic may be gleaned from Gibbon's Rome, vol. II, p. 451.

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"A Dry Cough"

Is dangerous as well as troublesome. It renders the patient liable to the rupture of a blood vessel or to other serious injury of throat and lungs. To allay bronchial irritation and give immediate relief, the best medicine is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I was recently troubled with a dry cough, which seemed to be caused by an irritation in the throat. My physician prescribed for me, but no relief was obtained. A little over a week ago, my attention being called to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I concluded to try it, and purchased a bottle. After taking this medicine only one day, I could see a change for the better, and, by the time I had used it a week, my cough had entirely disappeared."—H. W. Denny, Franklin square, Worcester, Mass.

"Ayer's Cherry Pectoral leads all other medicines as a safe, sure, and speedy cure of throat and lung troubles."—W. H. Graf & Co., Druggists, Carson, Iowa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

A Georgia farmer prevents his cows from jumping a fence by cutting off their lower eyelashes, making them think the fence is three times as high as it really is. If you cut the upper lashes, a reverse delusion will result, he says.

The largest ferryboat in the world is the Solano, used in carrying trains across the straits of Carquinez, Cal., between Benicija and Porta Costa. It is 460 feet long, and has a capacity of forty-eight freight cars and two locomotives.

At a recent examination of volunteers for one-year service in the army at Munster, Austria, the remarkable spectacle was seen of twenty-two young monks of the Franciscan order present themselves. They all passed the examination in each branch required.

An Englishman has produced a piece of mechanism containing 400 figures, representing horses, cannon, artillery, infantry, and a band of fifty-two men, each with an instrument. A tiny windmill turned by the current from burning candles furnishes the power to move all the figures automatically.

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The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Stephen, N. S.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

OFFICE OF CHARLES A. SYDNER, BREEDER OF CLEVELAND BAY AND FAVORITE BRED HORSES, ELWOOD, ILL., NOV. 20, 1888.

DR. H. J. KENDALL CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y., NOVEMBER 5, 1888.

Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the Half dozen bottles. I would like to refer in larger quantity, I think it is one of the best treatments on earth. I have used it on my stallions for three years. CHAR. A. SYDNER, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., NOVEMBER 5, 1888.

DR. H. J. KENDALL CO.

Dear Sir: I desire to give you testimonial of my good opinion of your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have used it for lameness, stiff joints and spavins, and I have found it a sure cure. I cordially recommend it to all horsemen. H. GILBERT, Yours truly, Manager Troy Laundry Stables.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

SAVY, WITTON COURT, ONTO, DEC. 12, 1888.

DR. H. J. KENDALL CO.

Gentle: I feel it my duty to say what I have done with your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured several fine horses that had Spavin, on of King Horse, you afflicted with Spavin, and I have cured it. Since I have had one of your books and followed the directions, I have never had a case of any kind. Yours truly, HORSE DOCTOR.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE.

Price \$1 per bottle, or six bottles for \$5. All Druggists have it or can get it for you, or it will be sent to any address, outside of your city, by express. DR. H. J. KENDALL CO., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

