Choice Miscellany.

The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay"—"Repeat it darling,"—
"Lay me," lisped the tiny lips
Of my daughter, kneeling; bending
O'er her folded finger-tips.

"Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured,
And the curly head bent low;
"I pray the Lord," I gently added,
"You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"--the sound came faintly;
Fainter still—"my soul to keep;"
Then the little head was rested,
And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes half opened
When I clasped her to my breast;
And the dear voice softly whispered:
"Mamma, God knows all the rest."

O, the trusting, sweet confiding
Of the child-heart! Would that I
Thus might trust my Heavenly Father,
Him who hears my feeblest cry!

For the Acadian.

Camping by Lake and Wood.

Wearied with the dust, heat, and scorching drought, we one day sighed, "Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness!" But a wise friend answered, "let us go to the lakes," and from that moment "camping on the lakes" was our watchword. But the wondrous wise shook their heads in grim disapproval. One shivered "oh, the cold!" others gasped "the heat! the heat!" while a host of lesser lights predicted rheumatism, neuralgia, mosquitoes, flies, "and all things that do bite." But the adventurous ones paid heed to none of this, and regardless of forebodings dire, hindrances, and delays innumerable, one soft September day a dauntless band of "fair women and brave men," with laugh, jest, and the merry notes of the bugle, started for the lakes, embarking in a trusty boat, our pilot leading the van, and the dainty birch canoe floating lightly astern. Up the lakes we went, the beautiful Gaspereau lakes, with their numerous islands, wooded slopes, rushing streams, wild, picturesque bluffs, and flocks of quaint water-fowl.

Guided by our trusty pilot, our course lay among these "enchanted isles," the waves rippling and curling in the breeze, the sunshine transfiguring its wild loveliness.

As we gaze on the wide spread panorama unrolled before us, we recall what we have heard, and cry in rapturous chorus, "the half was not told us," then we wonder how it is possible that so much of beauty lies in our own township, almost at our doors, and as yet so little known.

Then out rings the merry notes of the bugle, clear and full over the water, while the nearer islands catch the sound and send back a generous echo, which is again caught by others more remote—echoing and re-echoing, until island and shore seem peopled with sylvan dryads, who answer the merry sound.

And hither and thither flits the birch canoe, the fairy "Juanita," skillfully propelled in and out among the islands, and as the graceful craft shoots rapidly from behind some rocky point, making with its occupant a vivid living picture of what seemed a poetic dream, we think of Hiawatha and his swift beemaun, that was

"Builded in the valley,
In the valley by the river,
In the bosom of the forest
And the forest life was in it.
All the mystery and the magic,
All the lightness of the birch tree,
And the toughness of the cedar;
And it floated on the river
Like a yellow leaf in autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily."

Passing through the lesser, and even lovelier lakes, every curve of which discloses views surpassing fair, we catch glimpses of the shy loon, and hear their shrill, mocking call as they sight our mimic fleet, and dive to avoid our unwelcome presence, coming to the surface again only when far away.

Propelled by the strong arms of our pilot, we fling carping cares to the winds, and after four hours of delicious restful enjoyment, we sight Entry Islands, our "Ultima Thule," reach our destination, build our camp fire, and prepare our first meal in these sylvan solitudes. Having pitched our canvas tent, four pairs of strong, willing arms, directed by one skilled in such matters, we prepare a cosy retreat, which we name "my lady's bower," that when completed, with its evergreen walls lined with crimson curtains, lacks but the luxurious robes of fur to resemble a chieftan's lodge.

The gathering shades of night find us seated by our camp fire of huge logs under the spreading trees, engaged in pleasant intercourse, until the bugle rings out our curfew through the dim aisles of the forest, when our good-nights are said, and we rest our tired limbs on a genuine woodman's bed of fir boughs, soft as Minnehaha's, and realize, with Fitz-James, that—

"A summer night in greenwood spent
Is but to-morrow's merriment."

With the morning our "housekeeping in the woods" begins in earnest, the unskilled are initiated into the mysteries of out-door cooking. And who that has never camped out can appreciate the flavor of food cooked in the open air, or gauge the capacity of a genuine camp appetite, even when fresh trout are not prominent feature of the repast? What with cooking, camp work, fishing, a trip down the lake, and preparations for the Sabbath, the silver hours fly lightly by, as merry laughter and snatches of old songs speak of longings satisfied, contentment with our forest home, and nightfall brings us together for another evening of our camp life.

It is not often, in this conventional life of ours, that we are privileged to spend a Sabbath in the solemn stillness of the forest sanctuary, God's first temple, His mighty cathedral, with its grand dome of the firmament, and the ever-changing mosaic of the water, for the pavement of its outer courts,—within, the dainty tracery of leaf and vine carved in nature over against the sculptured pillars of the forest giants, while over and around are the voices of the unseen choir, whose blending melodies are beyond man's imitation. The books we have prepared for our reading seem insipid compared with the wealth of thanksgiving and psalm contained in the great missal spread out before us. As our Sabbath descends at eventide in sunshine and splendor, our party, who are alike lovers of nature in all her changeful moods, interchange thoughts and opinions around the pleasant fire, until the bugle's call reminds us that our Sabbath in the woods has passed into the land of sweet memories.

The ever-recurring delights of the following days—enhanced as they were by the fact that our highest anticipations were being more than realized, as we explored rivers, bays, and islands, or fished amid the shadows in the silent pools and the rapid runs—reached their maximum in our expedition to West River. Starting one bright morning, we sail down the eastern side of the upper lake, exploring each inlet and bay, until we discover a clear, limpid stream, which we at once decide must be our destination, following its winding course by many a moss and lichen-covered rock, at whose base the royal fern reared its graceful fronds, bordering the quiet pools where the leaping trout with their golden sheen flashing in the sunlight, hold a tempting lure to our eager sportsmen. Now and then some lordly maple flings out its regal banner of crimson and gold to welcome our coming—so we chose to fancy.

Where we dined, a magnificient tree stood on the bank, spreading its great branches out for our banqueting hall, whose floor was spread with a moss carpet, whose warp and woof were wove in a loom more wondrous than that of the lady of Shallot. Below us the stream widened into a smooth placid basin, whose mystic depths might be peopled in imagination with naiads and water-nymphs. At the water's edge the broad, smooth rock, moss-covered and fern-fringed, stretched into the rippling water, dimpled with the sunlight through the interlacing branches. From above us falls softly on our ears the sound of a miniature whirlpool rapid, whose "Thus far and no farther," was challenged by the light canoe, which skillfully propelled, is soon skimming beneath the overhanging branches, following the serpentine windings by rock and dell, until the source is reached, and we return.

As the golden haze of the soft September sun extends into lengthening shadows, we lingeringly bid adieu to the charmed river with its enchanting beauties pictured forever on our memories, and homeward row under the stars to our smouldering camp fire and cosy retreat.

But alas! one morning, all too soon it seems to us, the ladies who had charge of the commissariat, warns us that, owing to the ever-increasing appetite of our party (fanned by the freshness and the freedom) our supply of provisions is getting low. And moved by this most potent of all considerations, we reluctantly decide to turn our feet homeward. But, wasting no time in useless regret, we at once strike and fold our canvas tent, then removing the curtains and the waterproof covering from the ladies' bower, we are soon all stowed in the roomy boat.

Although forced by the claims of the inner man to beat a retreat, we march out with flying colors and the cheerful notes of the bugle, leaving Camp Pioneer dismantled in the distance.

Again the sun, which shone so smilingly on our upward trip, glances athwart the water with its brightest rays, mirroring in its silent depths the graceful trees that line its banks. Dispensing with the services of a pilot, and depending on our memory, we safely steer past rock and shoal, and as each lake is passed many lingering regretful looks are cast backward to the beautiful scenes, which perhaps we may never revisit.

In thinking of the grand old poet, who has immortalized the river that derives its life from hence, we wonder if the dim future holds a "bard sublime," whose lyric shall render thee famous—oh lovely lone lakes of the Gaspereau!

A Bad Venture.—Last Saturday night, a lady enjoying the unenviable sobriquet of "Red Nancy," attempted to instil some of the spirits of the age into the good people of Victoria Mines. To that end she opened an establishment close by McGillvray's Brook; and as the youths of that place are rather abundantly supplied with native vigor, this invitation gave an opportunity for display. In a few hours the place was painted such a crimson hue that the proprietoress considered it better to leave for parts unknown.—*North Sydney Herald.*

Magnificent Building.—The Bank of Nova Scotia's new stone building is weekly showing new beauties as its walls rise, and its carved capitals and other embellishments are placed in position. The bank managers are evidently determined to give this town and county an edifice commensurate with the extensive business drawn from this locality.—*Amherst Gazette.*

Between disease and the many cheap preparations which are palmed off under the name of blood purifiers, take your chances with disease, until you can procure Ayer's Sarsaparilla—the only reliable blood purifier. Sold by all druggists.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

We Find the best Condition Powders are "Maud S."

The silent man is often worth listening to.

There are Many Cough Mixtures, but only one Allen's Lung Balsam; try it

Killing unclaimed dogs by electricity is justly described as a shocking process.—*Life.*

In Habitual Constipation, Campbell's Cathartic Compound is used with great success.

James C. McKay, of Baddeck, has been fined $50 and Margaret McLeod $10 for violating the licence law.

A Trusty Friend.—Perry Davis' Pain Killer Safe to keep and to use in every household.

It is not every bicycle rider who can lower the record, but it is a poor bicycle that cannot lower the rider.

The Perfume we consider to be at once the most delicate and most enduring—"Lotus of the Nile."

West's Liver Pills, a never failing remedy for all liver and stomach diseases. Purely vegetable. All druggists.

Yankees now feel as if they had a right to volunteer advice to the yacht builders of the Clyde.—*Toronto Globe.*

Beware of calomel and mineral poisons. West's Liver Pills are purely vegetable. Always reliable and effectual. All druggists.

Be as fair with your fellow men as you are with pictures. You always give the latter the advantage of a good light.

Consumptives, do not despair. There is hope. Try West's Cough Syrup. It will always cure in early stages. Procure a dollar bottle of your druggist and be cured.

The Woodstock Woodworking Company are compelled to work extra hours in order to keep up with their rapidly accumulating orders.—*Carleton Sentinel.*

West's Liver Pills, the world's best remedy for liver complaint, sick headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, 30 pills 25c. All druggists.

Of a seedy guest at a summer hotel it was said that he arrived without any luggage, except the bags in the knees of his trousers.

West's World's Wonder, the magic cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, cuts, burns bruises, wounds, and all diseases requiring an external remedy. 25c. and 50c. All druggists.

Cunningham & Curren, of Halifax, who recently purchased the grist mill belonging to T. G. McMullen is repairing the old building, and erecting a new piece. Jas. Leeper is attending to the mill fitting.—*Truro Guardian.*

Thousands of testimonials and an increasing demand attest the popularity of West's Cough Syrup, the popular remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Try a 25c. bottle. All druggists.

A mammoth cabbage was brought into town by John McFarlane, of Inlet, last week. It measured over two feet in diameter and turned the scales at 26½lb. We are waiting for the next monster vegetable to *turn up.*—*Baddeck Island Reporter.*

West's Cough Syrup, pleasant to take and always gives satisfaction. Do not be put off with any other, but insist upon having West's Cough Syrup, genuine wrapped only in blue, three sizes. All druggists.

Alex. Vaughan, of Barnsville, N. B., while partridge shooting on Saturday last, was fatally wounded by the accidental discharge of his gun in dragging it over a stump. He was fifty-three years of age, and leaves a wife and six children.—*Antigonish Casket.*

Wonderful is the effect of West's World's Wonder, or Family Liniment in rhenmatism, sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, and all diseases requiring external application. It stands without a rival. 25c. and 50c. per bottle. All druggists.

Confirmation.—His Lordship, Bishop Sweeney during his recent pastoral visit to this county, confirmed 96 persons at Shediac, 148 at Cape Bauld, 42 at Barachois, 69 at Abousaghan, 26 at Cape Tormentine, 41 at Sackville, and 341 at Memramcook, making a total of 831.—*Sackville Post.*

Worms.—A young mother writes: "My little boy, 5 years of age, was very much troubled with worms. A few doses of Nelson's Cherokee Vermifuge brought away the worms, and improved his general health. There is nothing like it as a worm expeller."

The water works are now progressing most rapidly, and the contractors deserve credit for pushing on the work with such speed; but will they just please keep in mind to level down their work at the crossings, so that when the wet weather comes, ladies can cross without getting in mud up to their ankles.—*New Glasgow Eastern Chronicle.*

HEMORRHOIDS.

A gentleman writes: "I desire to place on record the cure of the pile by using Minards Family Pills and applying Minard's Liniment externally." Use equal parts of Liniment and sweet oil for applying; it reduces inflammation and gives comfort at once.

The business public is anxiously awaiting a reply to their memorial asking the Western Union for better telegraphic facilities for this town. If a favorable response does not come in the immediate future, the business men will take stock in the telephone company now being rapidly organized to run a line along this shore to Halifax.—*Lunenburg Progress.*

What am I to do?

The symptoms of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhœa or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. They may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this, if not effect a cure, try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle, and thousands attest its efficacy.

Advice to Mothers.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's soothing syrup," for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething, is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. 39

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 multitude 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)

$500.00 REWARD!

We will pay the above Reward for any case of Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Indigestion that we cannot cure with West's Liver Pills, when the Directions are strictly complied with. Large Boxes containing 30 Pills, 25 Cents; 5 Boxes $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

'86 -SPRING!- '86.

Chas. H. Borden

Begs to call attention to his stock of Carriages for the spring trade, in CONCORD and WHITE CHAPEL styles. He is also prepared to build Carriages in any style required, including the VILLAGE CART, at shortest notice, and will guarantee stock and workmanship in every thing turned out of his establishment.

Wolfville, April 23d, 1886

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Infallible Blood Purifier, Tonic, Diuretic Loss of Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Jaundice, Liver Complaint, Rheumatism, all Kidney Diseases, Scrofula, Diseases peculiar to Females, Salt Rheum, Eczema and all Skin Diseases, Headache, Palpitation of the Heart, Sour Stomach and Heart Burn. Purely Vegetable.

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FOR INTERNAL — AND — EXTERNAL USE.

Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Neuralgia, Pneumonia, Rheumatism, Bleeding at the Lungs, Hoarseness, Influenza, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough, Catarrh, Cholera Morbus, Dysentery, Chronic Diarrhœa, Kidney troubles, and Spinal Diseases. We will send free, postpaid, to all who send their names, an Illustrated Pamphlet containing information of very great value. Everybody should have this book and those who send for it will ever after thank their lucky stars

THE MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price, 25 cts.; 6 bottles, $1.50. Express prepaid to any part of the United States or Canada. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., P. O. Box 2118, Boston, Mass

White Bronze.

Yarmouth, Maine, July 15, 1885.

Mr Thos. Morris:—In answer to your enquiry about my White Bronze Monument, I would say that it stands on the sea shore ten feet above high water mark, it is twenty-five feet high, base four feet. It has been erected over ten years, and is as good now as when placed in position; it has not been effected in the least by either heat or cold; no moss or foreign substances gather on it as do on marble; it is as clear and bright as when new, and (in my opinion) White Bronze is superior to either marble or granite for monumental purposes, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to others.

Yours. &c., John P. Carswell.

"This is to certify that during the summer 1868 at the Schronbrun Palace Gardens, Vienna, Austria. I saw an equestrian statue of Prince Joseph which had been erected 85 years. It was cast of pure zinc, and in appearance was fresh and perfect." A. H. Laandon, Supt. Pembroke Iron Works, Bridgeport, Conn.

You are at liberty to refer any one to me, either personally or by letter, to aid you in refuting the falschoods circulated by the marble dealers about White Bronze. It disgusts me to think that men should use such means to push their business. After giving the matter careful consideration, I hvea decided to place my orders for White Bronze Monuments.

Simcoe, Ont., June 30th, 1885. W. H. Schuyler.

For Designs and Prices call on or address

F. L. McNeill, W. D. Porter,

BERWICK, N. S.

June 17th, 1887

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IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN

TEAS, COFFEES, —AND— SUGARS.

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ENGLISH BREAKFAST—25c, 30, 35c, 40c, 50c, Best 50c.
OOLONG—30c, 40c, 50c, Best 60c
FORMOSA—50c, 60c, Best 60c.
GUNPOWDER—40c, 50c, 60c, Best, 70c.
YOUNG HYSON—30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, Best, 70c.
SCENTED ORANGE PEKOE—60c, Best. 70c.
BASKET FIRED JAPAN—40c, 50c, Best, 60c.
UNCOLORED JAPAN—40c, 50c, Best, 60c.

COFFEES,

JAMAICA—20c, 25c, 30c.
JAVA—35c, 40c.
MOCHA AND JAVA—40c.

As an accommodation to our Customers we Retail

Sugar at Actual Cost.

COFFEES—FRESH ROASTED AND GROUND DAILY.

August 18th, '87

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CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TIES LUMBER, LATHS, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH,

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The best known for all such purposes as coloring yarn, mat rags, wool, stockings, carpet rags, shawls, hoods, and in fact everything you can think of, are the EXCELSIOR DYES. They are only 8c. per package and will dye more goods and give better results than any other known dyes. Sold by G. H. Wallace and B. G. Bishop, Wolfville, and other dealers throughout the Province, and wholesale by 2952

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—CONSISTS OF—

Flour, Corn Meal, Bran, Shorts Chopped Feed, Salt, Molasses,

CIDER OR FISH BARRELS.

Mowers, Wheel Rakes, &c.

All of which are first class and will be sold low for cash.

WANTED!

In exchange for the above, good sound ROSE, PROLIFICS, CHILIS and BURBANK POTATOES, also a few cords WOOD.

Johnson H. Bishop,

Wolfville, Oct. 1, '86 AGENT.

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—AND—

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Isaac Shaw,

Riverside Nurseries.] Berwick, N. S.

W. & A. Railway.

Time Table

1887—Summer Arrangement—1887.

Commencing Monday, 13th June.

	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Accm. Daily	Exp. Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	Annapolis Leave		8 10	1 30
14	Bridgetown "		7 05	2 07
28	Middleton "		8 05	2 43
42	Aylesford "		9 12	3 15
47	Berwick "		9 35	3 29
50	Waterville "		9 50	3 35
59	Kentville "	5 45	11 10	4 10
64	Port Williams"	6 00	11 30	4 23
66	Wolfville "	6 06	11 40	4 29
69	Grand Pre "	6 16	11 55	4 38
72	Avonport "	6 25	12 10	4 47
77	Hantsport "	6 40	12 30	5 00
84	Windsor "	7 10	1 00	5 25
116	Windsor Junc"	8 48	3 45	6 45
130	Halifax arrive	9 25	4 30	7 20

	GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. Daily.	Exp. daily.
		A. M	A. M.	P. M.
	Halifax--- leave	7 00	7 25	3 10
14	Windsor Jun--"	7 38	8 40	3 50
46	Windsor "	8 55	11 00	5 30
53	Hantsport "	9 17	11 32	5 53
58	Avonport "	9 30	11 50	6 08
61	Grand Pre "	9 39	12 05	6 17
64	Wolfville "	9 49	12 20	6 28
66	Port Williams"	9 55	12 30	6 35
71	Kentville "	10 25	1 20	6 50
80	Waterville "	10 45	1 55	
83	Berwick "	10 52	2 10	
88	Aylesford "	11 05	2 33	
102	Middleton "	11 37	3 40	
116	Bridgetown "	12 13	4 37	
130	Annapolis Ar've	12 50	5 30	

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

Steamer "Secret" leaves St John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:45 a. m., for Digby and Annapolis. Returning leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, p. m., for Digby and St John.

Steamer "Evangeline" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, p. m. for Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 3.00 p. m. and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m.

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, p. m., and St John every Saturday evening for Boston direct.

Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston.

Steamers "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St. John every Monday Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.40 a. m. and 8.30 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations.

P. INNES, General Manager

Kentville, 10th June 1887