

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, APRIL 7, 1893.

No. 33

THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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\$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 for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment in advance is required to 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 same 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 5 P. M. Mail is made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 1/2 P. M.
Express west close at 10 30 A. M.
Express east close at 4 30 P. M.
Kentville close at 7 00 P. M.
Geo. V. Rand, Post Master

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 1 p. m.
G. W. Munro, Agent.

CHURCHES.
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 2 30 p. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Praying meeting on Monday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30. All are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
C. W. ROSSON, } Ushers
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St. Andrew's (PRESBYTERIAN).
(Rev. Alex. King.)
Service every Sabbath at 3 p. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Evangelistic and Testimony Meeting at 7 p. m. Bible Reading Wednesday at 7 30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

CHALMERS (LOWER HORTON).
Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. Sabbath school at 10 a. m. Prayers and Payer Meeting Friday at 7 30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oscar Grondin, B. A., Pastor. Services on the Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 12 o'clock, noon. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30. All the saints are free and strangers welcome at all the services.—At Greenwich, preaching at 3 p. m. on the Sabbath, and prayer meeting at 7 30 p. m. on Thursdays.

St. John's Church—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m. except on the first Sunday of the month, when the service will be at 11 a. m. with a celebration of the Holy Communion.
REV. ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,
Rector of Horton.
Canon of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax.
Frank A. Dixon, } Wardens.
Robert W. Stone, }

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, 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 at 7 30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Temperance Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Tuesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

APPLE TREES for SALE.
For the Fall and next Spring trade, at the
Weston Nurseries!
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.
We solicit and satisfaction guaranteed.
ISAAC SHAW,
PROPRIETOR.
Ripans Tablets cure bad breath.
Ripans Tablets cure the kidneys.

WHAT PHYSICIANS SAY.

ENDORSED BY A
Graduate of Edinburgh.

A. DE V. HARRIS, A. M., M. D., Edin., a man of culture and refinement, is Lecturer on Physiology and Hygiene in Acadia College, Nova Scotia. Of SKODA'S REMEDIES he says—

"I have carefully examined the formulae from which they are constructed, and find they have been judiciously selected, and are well adapted, for the accomplishment of the various ends desired. I believe the SKODA'S REMEDIES used, the BEST of the kind, and the REMEDIES should have a large sale, even placed before the general public."



F. A. ROBERTS, M. D.

The late Dr. F. A. Roberts, a leading Homoeopathic Physician of Maine, said—
"No Remedies upon the market equal SKODA'S, in neatness and elegance of appearance. I believe SKODA'S German Ointment and SKODA'S German Soap, are the most perfect remedies with which I am acquainted, for the cure of all Skin Diseases. I do not hesitate to recommend them as such."
SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.

DIRECTORY

OF THE
Business Firms of
WOLFVILLE

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

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

CALDWELL, J. W.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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

DAVIDSON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

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

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

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, 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 Tobacco Dealer.

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

WITTER, BURFEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Furnishings.

NO HOPE OF RECOVERY.

WEAKNESS, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS. A WONDERFUL CURE.

MR. VAIL, the well-known Checker of the L. C. R. Freight Dep't., St. John, N. B., makes the following statement:—

"On Oct. 12, 1892, I was completely run down from the effects of overwork, and an attack of the Grip. I was weak and nervous and had no appetite. I could not sleep and felt very restless. I tried HAWK'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC, and found it gave me strength, and I was able to get up again. I had GIVEN UP ALL HOPE OF RECOVERY, when I was advised to try HAWK'S NERVE AND STOMACH TONIC.

Entirely Cured of Nervousness. I am stronger now than I have been for years and can do my work without fatigue or nervousness. To anyone suffering from weakness or exhaustion I heartily commend it as a most valuable medicine. It gives me strength and restores my health, and I feel as if I were a new man."

We enclose the above statement of Mr. Vail's case, as we have had hundreds of similar cases, and hereby do affirm his statement to be true in every particular.

W. G. Robertson, Station Master, I. C. R., St. John, N. B.; Fred E. Hargrave, Ticket Agent, I. C. R., N. B.

For sale by all Druggists and general dealers at 50c. a bottle. 3 bottles \$1.25. Manufactured by the HAWK'S MEDICINE CO., Limited, St. John, N. B.

"HAWK'S LIVER PILLS cure Biliousness," Ripans Tablets: best liver tonic.

POETRY.

"Jesus Lover of My Soul."

"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Sung a sentinel one night,
As he paced his lonely beat
In the pale moon's waning light,
"Jesus, lover of my soul,"
Let me to thy bosom fly"
Plainly he sang, and low,
While he felt that death was nigh.

"Cover my defenceless head—
Softly on the still night air—
With the shadow of thy wing—
Sung he thus his sad heart's prayer,
Thinking only of God would hear;
But the night wind wafted them;
To a hidden foe man's ear."

Through the murky shades of night,
From a reconnoitring band,
And had crept a daring scout
To that picket's lonely stand,
And with sure, unerring aim,
On his foe had drawn a bead,
When in suppliant tones he heard,
"Cover my defenceless head."

Down his deadly rifle came;
He himself a man of prayer,
Could not take the life of one
Trusting in his Saviour's care.
Softly from his covert then
In the shadows he withdrew;
Leaving still that heart to beat,
Which he knew was brave and true.

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
In life's tempest be thou nigh,
And amid its gathering gloom
Let me to thy bosom fly.
When the day of wrath is come—
When thou shalt to judgment bring,
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

SELECT STORY.

A Veteran of Waterloo.

How fate drifted the old veteran of Waterloo into our little Canadian Lake Erie village I never knew. Drifted he? No, he ever marched as if under the orders of his commander. Tall, thin, white-haired, clean-shaven, and always in knee-breeches and long stockings, he was an antique and martial figure. "French white fish" was the cry, which he delivered as if calling all the village to fall in for drill.

So impressive was his demeanor that he dignified his occupation. For years after he disappeared the peddling of white fish by horse and cart was regarded as highly respectable. It was a glorious trade when old John Locke held the steadiards and served out the glittering fish with an air of distributing ammunition for a long day's combat.

I believe I noticed, on the first day I saw him, how he tapped his left breast with a proud gesture when he had done with a lot of customers and was about to march again at the head of his band. That restored him from trade to his soldiership—he had saluted his Waterloo medal!

There beneath his threadbare old blue coat it lay, always felt by the heart of the hero.

Why doesn't he wear it outside? I once asked.

He used to, said my father, till Hiram Scudder, the druggist, asked him what he'd take for the bit of powder.

What did John say, sir?
Take for the bit of powder I said he looking hard at Scudder with scorn I've took better men's lives nor ever yours was for to get it, and I'd all my own for it as quick as ever I offered it before.

More fool you, said Scudder.
You're now, said old John, very calm and cold, you're now but walking dirt. From that day forth he would never sell Scudder a fish; he wouldn't touch his money.

It must have been late in 1854 or early in 1855 that I first saw the medal. Going home from school on a bright winter afternoon I met old John walking very erect, without his usual fish supply. A dull, round, white spot was clasped on the left breast of his coat.

Mr. Locke, said the smally boy, staring with admiration, is that your glorious Waterloo medal?
You're a good little lad! He stopped to let me see the noble power. War's declared against Russia, went on the old man, and now it's right to show it. The old regiment's called, and my only son is with the colors.

Then he took me by the hand and led me into the village store, where the paper read aloud the news from the lawyer that the veteran gave him. In those days there was no railway within fifty miles of us. It had chanced that some fisherman brought old John a later paper than any previously received in the village.

Ay, but the duke is gone, said he, shaking his white head, and it's curious to be fighting on the same side with another Boney.

All that winter and the next, all the long summer between, old John displayed his medal. When the report of Alma came, his remarks on the French failure to get into the fight was severe. What was there even without Boney? he would enquire.

But a letter from his son after Inkerman changed that.

Half of us was killed, and the rest of us clean tired with fighting, wrote Corporal Locke. What with a bullet through the flash of my right leg, and the fatigue of using the bayonet so long I was like to drop.

The Russians was coming on again as if there was no end to them, when strange drums came sounding in the mist behind us. With that we closed up and faced half-round, thinking they had out-flanked us and the day was gone, so there was nothing more to do but make out to die hard, like the sons of Waterloo men. You would have been pleased to see the looks of what was left of the old regiment, father.

Then all of a sudden a French column came up the rise: out of the mist roaring Vive l'Empereur! their drums beating the charge. We gave them room, for we was too dead tired to go first. On they went like mad at the Russians, so that was the end of a harg morning's work. I was down, fainted for want of blood, but I will soon be fit for duty again. When I came to myself there was a French man pouring brandy down my throat, and talking in his gibberish as kind as any Christian. Never a word will I say again them red-legged French again.

Show me the man that would, growed old John. It was never in them French to act cowardly. Didn't they beat all the world, except only us and the duke?

With the ending of the Crimean war our village was illuminated. Rows of tall candles in every window, fireworks in a vacant field, and a torch-light procession! Old John marched at its head in full regimentals, straight as a ramrod, the hero of the night.

His son had been promoted sergeant for bravery on the field. We boys thought the old army of Wellington kept ghostly step with John Locke, while aerial drums pealed and beat with rejoicing at the new glory of English speaking men.

After that the old man again wore his medal concealed. The Chinese war of 1857 was too contemptible to celebrate by displaying his badge of Waterloo.

Then came the dreadful tale of the Sepoy mutiny—Meerut, Delhi, Cawnpore! After the tale of Nana Sahib's massacre was read to old John he never smiled, I think.

Week after week, month after month, as hideous tidings poured steadily in, his face became more haggard, grey, and dreadful. The feeling that he was too old for us seemed to shame him. He no longer carried his head high, as of yore. That his son was not marching behind Havlock with the avenging army seemed to cut out the veteran soldier. Sergeant Locke had sailed with the old regiment to China before the Sepoys broke loose.

It was this time that old John was first heard to say, I'm feared some thin's gone wrong with my heart.

Months went by before we learned that the troops for China had been stopped on their way and thrown into India against the mutineers. At that news old John marched into the village with a prouder air than he had worn for many a day. His medal was again displayed on his breast.

It was but the next month, I think, that the village lawyer stood reading aloud the account of the capture of a great Sepoy fort. The veteran entered the post-office and all made way for him. The reading went on.

The blowing open of the Eastern Gate was the grandest personal exploit of the attack. It was performed by native sappers covered by the fire of the 60th regiment, and headed by Lieutenants Howe and Stalked, Sergeants Smith, Carmichael, Burgess and Locke. God be praised, my son was there!

Read on.
Sergeant Carmichael, while laying the powder, was killed, and the native hav-

dar wounded. The powder having been laid, the advance party slipped down into the ditch to allow the firing party, under Lieutenant Stalked, to do its duty.

While trying to fire the charge, he was shot through one leg and arm. He sank, but handed the match to Sergeant Burgess, who was at once shot dead. Sergeant Locke, already wounded severely in the shoulder, then seized the match and succeeded in firing the train. He fell at that moment literally riddled with bullets.

Read on, said old John, in a deeper tone. All forebore to look twice upon his face.

Others of the party were falling when the mighty gate was blown to fragments, and the Oxford Light Infantry, under Colonel Campbell, rushed into the breach.

There was a long silence in the post-office till old John spoke once more. The Lord God be thanked for all his dealings with us, my son, Sergeant Locke, died well for England and duty.

Nervously fingering the treasure on his breast, the old soldier wheeled about and marched proudly straight down the middle of the village street to his lonely cabin.

The villagers never saw him in life again. Next day he did not appear. All refrained from intruding on his mourning. But in the evening, when the Episcopalian minister heard of his parishioner's loss, he walked to old John's house.

There, stretched upon his straw bed, he lay in his antique regimentals, stiffer than at attention, all his medals fastened below that of Waterloo over his quiet breast.

His right hand lay on an open Bible. His face wore an expression of looking forever and ever upon Sergeant Locke and the Great Commander, who takes back unto him the heroes of fashions to sweeten the world.—*Youth's Companion.*

Canada and American Aggression.

Continued.

The treaty of 1818 settled matters for a time, but in 1837 the Canadian rebellion gave an opportunity for renewed aggression. In December of that year, W. Lyon Mackenzie, at the head of a number of rebels, and with a number of American sympathizers, took up his quarters at Navy Island, on the Niagara river. Extremeness were thrown up, and artillery and stores obtained from the United States arsenals at several frontier towns, and fire was opened on the Canadian shore. Many United States citizens publicly espoused the insurgent cause and lent the rebels every possible assistance. Enlistment went on steadily and without concealment, whilst a "score of American rascals" occupied at Grand Island, further up the river, and fired at Canadian farmers as they proceeded with their labors. As Mr. Dent says in his "Lost Thirty Years," there can be no doubt that the State of New York winked at these things, and that the sympathies of the American people were, almost to a man, in favor of the rebels. A cannon was taken from the state artillery to Navy Island on the pretext, given to the American officer in command, that it was wanted to shoot wild ducks. Matters were brought to a crisis by the American branch of the insurgent force obtaining a Buffalo steamboat called the "Caroline," which was used to bring men and supplies to the island. A number of Americans gave a bond to the owner, indemnifying him in case of capture, and the collector of customs at Buffalo knowingly licensed the vessel for the use to which it was to be put. This was too much for loyal men in Upper Canada, and the protests having been useless, Colonel McNab, of Hamilton, at last sent an expedition under Captain Drew to seize the vessel. The act was promptly performed, the ship set on fire and sent over the falls. Shortly afterwards the rebels dispersed, though the Alex. McLeod case, growing out of this seizure, almost brought the two nations to the verge of war some years later. As in the recent case of the Italian massacre in New Orleans, the United States Government tried to get out of its responsibility for these infringements of international amity by the ready p...

control a state of the Union in such matters.

But 1842 witnessed a far more disgraceful aggression upon Canadian rights. Deception, not threats, was the weapon employed, and it certainly answered the purpose well. For many years the true location of the boundary line between New Brunswick and the state of Maine had been a matter of grave dispute. By the treaty of Paris, in 1783, it had been left uncertain, or at least, the American government made that claim, and the friction had been so violent at times upon the border land between the state and the province as to almost lead to blows. Finally, in 1842, the situation became strained to such a degree as to render some settlement absolutely essential. The British Government sent out Lord Ashburton, a well intentioned, but rather weak man, who seems to have been thoroughly overcome by American expressions of love and friendship as the U. S. senate was a decade later by Lord Elgin's champagne. Besides this, the physical force, profound air of conviction and diplomatic astuteness of Daniel Webster, set to nothing of his unscrupulousness, were sufficient to make the result dangerous to the state represented by such a man as Lord Ashburton. And, unfortunately, the country chiefly interested was Canada. By the treaty, as finally settled, seven twelfths of the territory in dispute was awarded to the United States; five twelfths was awarded to Great Britain. And this beautiful piece of diplomacy was so arranged that Mr. Webster and the great republic kindly accepted about 5,000 square miles less than was relinquished by the people of Maine, the relinquished tract being largely a sterile waste. Lord Ashburton thus gave up to American greed a territory nearly equal to the combined areas of Massachusetts and Connecticut—a fertile and well timbered district, which includes the fruitful valley of the Aroostock. And upon what basis was the arrangement made? This came out later, and stands as a great disgrace to American discredit and disgrace as does recently proposed retaliatory legislation or the laughable Chilian war on paper. While on a visit to Paris during the earlier stages of the discussion, Mr. Jared Sparks, the American historian, discovered an original letter of Benjamin Franklin, written to Count de Vergennes, regarding a map of North America, upon which the Count wished the newly arranged boundary line of the United States and the British Provinces to be marked. The letter read as follows:

"I have the honor of returning herewith the map your Excellency sent me yesterday. I have marked with a strong red line, according to your desire, the limits of the United States, as settled in the preliminaries between the British and American plenipotentiaries."

After considerable additional research, Mr. Sparks found the map referred to, and promptly sent both documents to Mr. Webster. The red line in the map actually upheld the British contention, and was the only proof required to complete the justice of its position. Yet the U. S. Secretary of State withheld this letter and map until the treaty was signed, giving the Republic a large territory which did not belong to it. Upon the treaty coming up in the senate, however, and discontent being manifested that still more Canadian territory had not been obtained, Mr. Webster brought out the map as proof that if it was not satisfactory they would get little or nothing. Senator Benton said he had long been aware of other maps which proved the same view. So the growing contest, the treaty passed and the United States became the proud owners of a large portion of territory belonging properly to another nation. Besides the happy result to Maine, 4,000,000 acres to the west of Lake Superior as well as several valuable islands in Lake Superior. Thus ended another incident of American aggression.

For a brief period after these events even American hunger seemed to be satisfied. Then came the great civil war, when the Southern States had to be reconquered, and until its close, with the exception of the Trent affair, the Canadians were allowed to rest and prosper. But in 1856 the Fenian troubles began. Then followed the abrogation of the reciprocity treaty and Canadian

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For Bronchitis

"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies, without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and ensuring a good night's rest."—T. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in my chest. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I begun taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the old-fashioned medicine, 'Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,' was so good."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

Lung Trouble

"For more than twenty-five years, I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with hemorrhages, the physicians frequently lastly Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and I was induced to try it. It was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—J. W. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. Price \$1 per bottle, \$5 per dozen. Prompt to act, sure to cure.

Federation as the only means of escape from the inevitable result of continued American hostility to the disunited provinces. It is unnecessary to say much of the horde of turbulent spirits known as Fenians, as it is known upon Canada by the cessation of the civil war. For over a year there were rumors of contemplated invasion; for many months they were active preparations, drilling, arming and marching; for weeks the movements of the invading bodies were common talk. Yet nothing was done by the American authorities. Protests presented an evidence given from this side were alike useless. The invasion took place and was repulsed. Many Canadian lives were lost and millions of money spent, but with this spirit of injustice which has characterized all American diplomacy when Canada was concerned, the U. S. Government refused to include the question for compensation on account of this lawless invasion and infringement of international decency in the subsequent Alabama arbitration. Rather than have any trouble, England gave us compensation herself in a fair and dignified way, but the United States refused to accept a sorry spectacle. And Great Britain also paid enormous sum in the Alabama matter. Yet, when an impartial tribunal at a later period estimated the value of our fisheries to the United States for a certain term of years during which they had used them, at \$5,500,000, it was only after tremendous "kicking" an undignified hickering that the amount was paid.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

A Curious Marriage Ceremony.

Some interesting notes have been contributed to a North Borneo newspaper by Mr. Cressh, the governor of British North Borneo, respecting a recent visit made by him to the island of Banguey. There he found a tribe of Dyaks differing widely in language, religion and customs from other tribes bearing that name. Marriages are performed in the forest in the presence of two families. There is no public gathering or feast. The rite consists in transferring a drop of blood from a small incision made with a wooden knife in the calf of the