

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1891.

No. 3.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is well adapted to children that are nervous, or that are subject to colic, or that are subject to worms, or that are subject to constipation, or that are subject to indigestion, or that are subject to any of the ailments of infancy."—Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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 for standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient 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 as all work turned out.

Bevy 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 will invariably accompany the communication, although the name may be written in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
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, 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, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

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.

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

HARRIS, D. D.—Manufacturer of Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.

HEBBIN, 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.

DATHROUIN, 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 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 Plovers of noise and commotion?

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.

POETRY.

In Good Time.

Oftimes, in sunny morning hours,
The cherriest season over,
We say: "This day must not pass by
Without some grand endeavor."
And this we mean from honest hearts
To make and not to shun it;
But when the evening curtain falls,
Alas! we have not done it.

But we, perhaps, take up instead
Some little grievance gladly,
And magnify its puny form
And gaze upon it sadly.
When, maybe, this faint, tiny spark
That we are hourly fanning
Is but a part of some good work
That God for us is planning.

"There is a wheel within a wheel,"
Albeit we little heed them,
And some machines need sharpened blades
And needle points to feed them.
And so it is, in this strange life,
Through which we journey blindly,
But when the needful knife probes deep
We do not take it kindly.

The time will come for those who bear
Their ills as God appointed
When they shall read earth's mysteries—
A time by Hezron appointed.
Then let us calmly watch and wait
With trusting spirits ever,
Still carrying out from day to day
Some good and grand endeavor.

SELECT STORY.

The Hero of Beaver Head.

BY ALVA MILTON KERR.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

How unexpectably fearful it was; his father out there in the wallowing waters. A picture of the man more vivid than life came into the boy's excited mind; his tall stature, ruffling shoulders, ragged clothes, and laughing, vagabond air; his native good humor, save when liquor made him harsh; his love for children, and dogs, and hunting, and how, when he did not drink, he was the best axman and the strongest man in all the region. Ah, how darkly it all came back!

But presently, while he was thinking of the wind lulled, and a voice leaped out from the very lips of the head in a long, quivering cry for help. His blood bounded and stood still; then the cry came again, rising above the clashing elements like a peal of anguish. Ah, it was his father's voice; and his blood leaped forward again with a great thrill, and forgetful of his lameness he began to climb the face of the head. It seemed an attempt fit for something mad, for all below him lay a boiling abyss, lashing and thundering and leaping after him; but he had no time for fear; was not his father calling for succor somewhere out there in that abyss of noise and commotion?

He knew every hole and shelf in the face of the precipice, and soon by the aid of the lightning flashes he was on a ledge leading toward the voice. It was a frightful place. Once he slipped and hung over the edge of the shelf, very close to death. A thick sweat broke out upon him, and his heart jangled his side with every stroke. After that he crept forward more carefully, waiting for the lightning flashes and feeling his way with trembling hands. Thoughts and images were flying through his brain; the children sleeping in the hut, his mother stooping at the fireplace trying to kindle a fire, the stove in the shed filling with water from the storm, and the millmen's shirts to be dried and ironed on the morrow. Suddenly the clouds broke open to a great height, and there swam the moon in peaceful fields of violet, the serrate edges of the long rift shining like a cake of silver broken apart.

The rain had almost ceased; only a few drops fell into the boy's white face as he lifted it to the light, and the voice broke out afresh. He shouted a reply, but seemingly could not reach the father's ear, and trembling and panting he crept on. In a moment he came to a jutting point, and, creeping carefully around it, emerged upon a little platform of stone. There the shelf came apparently to an end, and as he turned about in blinding eagerness to find a further way, the voice sprang out almost from beneath his feet. He all but leaped into the sea with joy and fright.

In an instant he was down upon his knees peering over the brink, and there, almost in reach of his hand, was his father's upturned face! He was stand-

ing upon one foot in a break in one of the pillars that leaned against the cliff, with his arms about its shattered top, and upon its top and within the protruding circle of his arms, sat a thin-faced, yellow-haired child.

It was the strangest, wildest picture Paul Armor had ever seen.

"Oh, father, don't ye let go! I'll save ye!" he cried, with the first look the child stretched out her arms to him, and a light that was more than the radiance of the moon beamed over the man's face.

"It took a sight of hollerin' to raise ye, son!" he said, half weeping in his joy and weariness. "I'd 'bout made up my mind to let go and slide down among the fish. I guess I'd done it only this little shiverin' thing kep' holdin' me round the neck." And the man's bloated cheeks were trickling with tears. He seemed to break down then that help had come. But what help? A lame boy, trembling and turning impotently about the ledge, while the liquor-weakened man, dizzy at times, and seeming to see all things go round and round, clung there with the billows tugging at his feet.

"I might nebby get outen here but for the child," he said. "But I feel purty wabby, son. If I let go I'll leave her sittin' here, an' nebby ye ken fish her up some way."

"Oh, father!" cried the boy, with straining eyes, "don't ye let go! I'll save ye!"

"I won't let go if I ken help it, son," said the man, faintly. "But ye'd best get a rope; nebby ye ken save the child, if ye can't save me."

"Yes, father!" And Paul had started on his perilous journey across the face of the cliff again.

CHAPTER II.

As Paul Armor crept back along the ledge his heart beat very fast. Up and down, in and out, panting, hurrying, he would think there were whirls of water. Oh, for wings, or even sound limbs! But how came his limbs so halting? He did not think of that now, with his father, who had maimed him, hanging there so near to death. Pity had turned the noisome current of hate aside, and he was being carried forward on the ever-saving, ever-healing stream of love.

In a few minutes, that seemed as many hours, he came down upon the beach. His blood was fairly leaping, and he ran along the sands picking forward in his lameness, and looking pallid and wild in the moonlight. A little way beyond his father's broken boat he came to a sort of landing. He remembered having seen a rope there. Yes, there it lay, coiled and wet, on the bow of a canoe. His face lit up and he seized it with a joyous cry. But it was fastened to the boat! Instantly he fell upon his knees, and began pulling and tugging at the knot, using both fingers and teeth in his eagerness. But it was sodden and solid, and would not yield. Then he seized the nut on the lower end of the boat that held the rope, and twisted it with all his strength. It turned; and in a moment he had it off, and, climbing upon the edge of the boat, he wound the rope about his shoulders and hands and lifted hard. Suddenly, as he strained, the rusty bolt left its socket, and he plunged headlong from the boat's side upon the wet sand. Scrambling up, and snatching the rope, he hurried down the beach. Without waiting to take breath, or steady himself, he plunged into the spray, and, climbing above the surf, took his dangerous way across the beach. Onward he went, creeping along the dripping ledge, with clouds of mist rolling past him up the cliff, and now and then the moonlight breaking through upon him. As he approached the beasting point that hid his father and the unknown child from view he paused with fluttering pulse and listened. No sound save the long rolling crash of the incoming surges met his ear. Tremblingly he crept on round the point and looked down; there they hung! and his heart gave a great leap at the sight. The man with closed eyes seemed sinking down, but the child still held him fast about the neck.

"Father! father!" shouted the boy, with warning voice, "I'm comin'! I've got the rope!"

The man roused himself with a pit-

ful smile and the boy made a hurried noose of the rope and cast it down. The father steadied himself and at length got the noose over the child's head and around its body. Then he kissed her and said, falteringly: "I don't know who ye are, little thing, an' I ain't made out a word ye've said, but ye've saved me so far, and nebby if we get outen here ye'll keep me saved from something worse than this. Good-by!"

Then grasping the rope tightly Paul began to pull and the child swung away from the man and hung over the plunging waters with wide, terrified eyes. Slowly he drew her up, and the man watched until she was safe on the ledge; and he said: "Now, son, I'll see what good I am!" and he began struggling to get upon the end of the leaning column.

Again and again he heaved it: he was so numb he could scarcely move. The boy watched him, with every muscle rigid from sympathy. The action seemed to warm and freshen the man, and at last he got upon the pillar's end and sat still, with his forehead resting against the cool wall before him.

"Now, my son," he said, when he had gotten his breath, "take all the time ye need for gettin' the little thing outen dry ground. I'll be a-restin' while ye'er gone. Don't hurry, I'll be a-restin'." Keep the rope 'round the child, an' if she falls nebby ye ken save her again. I'd rather ye'd save her than me. Good-by!"

Slowly and warily the boy picked his way through the curling mist, guiding, lifting, leading the frightened child along the dizzy path. At last they came down and out upon the beaten sand, and as he took the rope from round the child's quivering form he heard a cry, and looking up saw his mother coming down the rain-gullied bluff, with the gray light of dawn breaking over the edge of the cliff behind her.

"Oh, mother, here's come! Father's round yonder! I'll bring him in a minute!"

The woman's haggard face lit up as she ran forward to meet him. When she saw the child she stopped short. "Why—why, where did that little thing come from?" she asked.

"I don't know, mother. Father said she'd been holdin' him round the neck an' keepin' him from drownin'," said the boy, and he looked at the shivering wail with something like awe.

The child sat still on the rock where Paul had placed her, and looked from one face to the other. Her clothes were fine and thin, but torn and wet, and her tangled curls clung about her thin neck like yellow silk. Her blue eyes were very appealing, and the woman dropped down on her knees beside the child with a great pang of pity at her heart.

"Oh, you poor, drowned, starvin' little thing!" she said, "what's become of your mammy?" The child gazed at her wonderingly a moment, and murmured something in a foreign tongue.

"Merey!" exclaimed the woman. "It can't speak English; it's a foreigner!" and she put her faded shawl about it compassionately.

Husband Wanted.

A GREAT HUSBAND SEEKING CONTEST. \$995.00 IN GOLD TO THE FINDER.

We will give to the first person who tells us before September 12th, 1891, where the word HUSBAND is first found in the Old Testament, \$100.00 in cash. For the second correct answer we will give \$50.00. For the third \$25.00. For the fourth \$20.00. To the fifth \$15.00. To the sixth \$10.00. To the next twenty-five \$5.00. To the next twenty-five \$2.00 to each.

Middle Awards.—To the 250 persons ending in the 250 middle correct answers we will give \$1.00 each. To the person sending in the last correct answer we will give \$100.00 in cash. To the next to the last \$50.00. To the next \$25.00. To the next twenty-five (should there be so many sending in correct answers) we will give \$2.00 to each. This competition is open to the world, and no charge is made to enter it. You pay nothing for the presents, they are absolutely given free to advertise Dr. Cook's Perfect Blood and Liver Pills, the best Blood, Liver and Stomach Pills ever introduced. They are very small. Do not gripe. Sure cure for Sick Headache. With your answer send 25 cents in silver or 27 in stamps, United States or Canadian, for a box of Dr. Cook's Pills. No answer

will be accepted unless accompanied by an order for one box. Five boxes for \$1.00. Send at once, but no matter when you send (if you answer is correct) you stand a good chance to earn a good prize.

Soon after the close of the contest a list of all the prize winners names and addresses will be sent to all who have entered the contest. Besides the above rewards weekly prizes are given.

Caution.—We are in no way connected with any other firm who offer premiums to their customers.

Address, DEAN BROTHERS, MOSTREVI, P. Q.

A Profitable Honey Plant.

One of the most profitable honey producing plants that a farmer can produce is beyond all doubt the alsike clover. This not only is a good and rich honey producing plant, but at the same time will afford excellent pasture for a good forage crop, and makes good sweet hay that is relished by cows. This plant thrives most profitably when sown in our locality in the middle of March, mixed in the following proportions: Timothy, red clover and alsike clover, equal parts of each. By nature the alsike clover has a tendency to fall or crawl upon the ground if not supported by some other growing plants. But when sown as above mentioned, the timothy and red clover will aid to support the alsike, and the alsike will grow as tall as the red clover. For a honey plant this clover will not do much blooming the first year, but will make excellent forage for bees the second and third years. A person should sow a peck as above described each year; and they will find that they have an excellent meadow, bee pasture, fine field for hay, excellent pasture for stock or a good, green fertilizer, a treasure in one seeding. This plant I consider as the finest honey plant that we can raise, as it can be utilized in so many ways and is not expensive to the soil. The honey of the alsike is sweet and as clear as a crystal of ice, and comb; and in my opinion can not be excelled by either poplar or Linden.

Correspondent to the Practical Farmer.

Save the Boys.

Women who have sons to rear and dread the demoralizing influence of bad associates, ought to understand the nature of young manhood. It is excessively restless. It is disturbed by vain ambition, by the thirst for action, by irrefragable desires to touch life in manifold ways. If you, mothers rear your sons so that your homes are associated with the repression of natural instincts, you will be sure to throw them in the society that in any measure can supply the end of their hearts. They go to the public house at first for the animated and hilarious companionship they find there, which they find does so much to repress the disturbing restlessness in their breasts.

"See to it, then that their homes compete with public places in their attractiveness. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires by night. Illumine your rooms. Hang pictures on the walls. Put books and newspapers on the tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish demon of dullness and apathy that have so long ruled your household, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their emotions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass happy boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitious depends on yourself.

That Terrible Camera.

The day cannot be far distant when it will become necessary for the lawmakers of the land to legislate against the camera upon the same principle that it has already been found necessary to legislate against the carrying of concealed weapons. There is always a theory that the general good sense of the community—or the indifference of the community, which comes to the same thing by allowing a thing to slip out of sight altogether—fulfills the function thus optimistically allotted to it; but in the meantime the irritation of the nuisance demands some more speedy and drastic remedy. It is the opinion of the editor, reached after a careful study of the situation and a

temperate and dispassionate review thereof, that for an amateur to be found going about with an ordinary camera should be made a misdemeanor punished by confiscation of the instrument, and a fine to be regulated according to circumstances. To be found with a detective camera should in an amateur be punished by imprisonment for life; in a professional by instant death. Could these precious but mild laws be passed and rigidly enforced there would be a notable change in the comfort and moral tone of the community. It is impossible that there should be any high average of ethical feeling in the land so long as the camera fiend is daily and hourly allowed to trample on every feeling of individual liberty and freedom, and unless something is done to check this rapidly growing evil, who knows whether civilization will be able even to last out a century.—Exchange.

Living Barometers.

Rain or wind may be expected when the spiders shorten the last thread by which their webs are suspended, and fair weather when they lengthen it. When the swallows sweep near the ground uttering plaintive cries, rain is at hand; when they mount up, fly from side to side and play together, fine weather will follow.

When a single magpie leaves its nest in the spring, it is a sign of rain, but the reverse in the case where the two parent birds leave it in company.

Rain is near when the peacocks utter frequent cries, when the parrots chatter more than usual, and when the bees are uneasy.

A Great Event

In our life is the discovery of a remedy for some long-standing malady. The poison of Malaria is in your blood. You inherited it from your ancestors. Will you transmit it to your offspring? In the great majority of cases, both Consumption and Catarrh originate in Malaria. It is supposed to be the most deadly of all other derangements.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

"For several months I was troubled with scrofulous eruptions over the whole body. My appetite was bad, and my system so prostrated that I was unable to work. After trying several remedies in vain, I resolved to take Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and did so with such good effect that less than one bottle restored my health and strength. The rapidity of the cure astonished me, as I expected the process to be long and tedious."—Ferdinand Maria Fernandes, Villa Nova do Goyaz, Portugal.

"For many years I was a sufferer from scrofulous humors, until about three years ago, when I began the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, since which the disease has entirely disappeared. A little child of mine, who was troubled with the same complaint, has also been cured by this medicine."—H. Brandt, Avoca, Neb.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. \$1, \$1.50, \$3.00.

CURE FITS!

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop the fits, but to cure the disease. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy, and I can cure yours. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy, and I can cure yours. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy, and I can cure yours. I have cured many cases of Epilepsy, and I can cure yours.

BE A MAN!

WEAK MEN
FOR A LIMITED TIME
VIGOR and STRENGTH!

For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD, General and NERVOUS DEBILITY, Weakness of BODY AND MIND, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK UNDEVELOPED ORGANS and PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unflinching HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from fifty States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) FREE. Address: ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N.Y.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders a paper to be sent to him, he must pay up an arrearage of three months, unless he can show that the publisher may continue to send it until the amount is paid, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and having them recalled for *prizes facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 8.30 p. m. Mails are made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.40 a. m.
Express west close at 10.00 a. m.
Express east close at 4.50 p. m.
Kentville close at 7.25 p. m.
(Geo. V. Rand, Post Master.)

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon.
G. W. MUNRO, 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. Treas. meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by
GEO. W. BROWN, } Usurers
A NEW BASS } Usurers

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Services every Sabbath 10.30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranwick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. W. R. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfville. Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Greenwich and A. report services at 3 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.; at Horton on Friday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all the services.

JOHN'S CHURCH—From Sunday, June 28th, through the month of July, August and September, and up to October 4th in the current year. The regular Sunday service will be held at 11 a. m. Notice will be given of any extra services which may be held from time to time. The sittings in this church are free. Strangers and Visitors are always cordially welcomed. Pastor, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Warden, Frank A. Dixon and Walter Brown, Wolfville.

FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. M.—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. Wither's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

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

Garfield Tea.

A NATURAL REMEDY
Potent and Harmless!
RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!
CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed of wholly of harmless herbs and accomplishes all the good derived from the use of cathartics, without their ultimate injurious effects.

Ask your druggist for a FREE SAMPLE. For sale by
Geo. V. Rand,
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