

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., SEP. 28, 1888.

Our Exhibitions.

The Provincial Exhibition opened at Truro on Tuesday last when a goodly display of exhibits from the different counties of the Province were suitably displayed and witnessed by a large number of visitors.

Halifax Letter.

Baseball has got a grip of this city just now, and the baseballist is King. It is high noon with the batsmen, and bruised noses are glory scars.

This week the pilgrim's Mecca will be at Truro to see the exhibition. Special trains running from the city are largely patronized.

We are about saying good-bye to the Y. & L. Regiment which is now being relieved by the 76th Batt.; the troop-ship Orontes having arrived this morning with them.

The fruit business is booming. Plums, pears, and apples are coming in abundantly from the western counties. The str. Stockholm City expects to take 10,000 barrels apples for London as a pioneer shipment of this season.

Our public gardens have appeared more beautiful this summer than ever before, but autumn comes on apace, and soon that beauty will disappear.

Our city board of works deserve commendation for a matter introduced for their consideration last week. The north suburbs of the city have been polluted with the offensive odor from slaughter houses dotted here and there, without regard to the wishes or feelings of property owners who desire to make that portion of the city a pleasure spot for their residents.

Halifax, September 26, 1888.

Mr C. W. Bishop wishes to inform the people of Wolfville and vicinity that he is prepared to do painting, paper-hanging and kalsomining in a first-class manner for all who may favor him with their orders.

Over the Bay.

In a literal sense and not in the figurative use of the phrase above I would now invite you all to cross the lovely waters of Fundy. Lovely when there is no Euroclydon about, but when stirred up by an easter or aroused thoroughly by a wester it is rough, very rough.

You would like to call at Diligent River where by the name assumed you will expect the people—all the people—to be a living illustration of that charming poem of earlier years—

"How doth the little busy bee Improve each shining hour."

Standing on the low-lying table-land in front of the village, with your back to the Cobequid, your face is directly facing the bay. Just to your left is Cape Bear the northern giant, just ahead is Cape Split the southern, just behind is the rugged and rugged hands stands as no mean sentinel over the flowing and ebbing waters as they rush up past into Minas Basin or drop away again into the larger bay.

Greville comes next in your journey west, a village made quite famous recently by James Hannay, whose thrilling story of sweet Acadian simplicity, and daring atrocities of plundering freebooters, was all about people who some time lived in this secluded hamlet. As you enter this village you get your first experience of

THE HILLS.

What hills? The Parraboro Shore hills, my son. The historic, the poetic, the prosaic, the verdure-dotted, the mud-spattered hills. Go to the commercial traveller as he drags his aching form back to Parraboro after a two days' trip down shore. Go to the home-coming sea captain who, landing at the station in Parraboro, braces himself for that last 30 minutes' drive home. Go to W. C. Balcom, the obliging and successful jeweller of Hantsport as he homeward hies his weary way from one of his most prosperous journeys in the lower end of Cumberland. If on inquiry of all these, their united testimony does not impress you with the grandeur, the immensity, the back-aching tendency of those hills, then personal experience alone can fix you, my son.

Passing through Spencer's Island, a village guarded by Cape D'Or, and named from a little island about half a mile off shore aloped like an overturned exaggerated tea-pot of the old school, you soon find yourself looking out between the mighty Capes D'Or and Chignecto, over the Isle Haut, down the bay to the fog and mist obscured horizon.

You are just above the stirring village of Advocate, the nursery of sailors, the abiding-place of sea captains, when they find themselves at home.

AN EPISODE.

Of course there are sailors, and sailors. One has been heard from. His name is Benjamin Matthew Morrish. He started on his first sea experience as he at the same time started for St John, acting in the capacity of green hand on a small coasting schooner. Beset by storm the first day out, the captain headed his craft up Cumberland Bay and finally put into Apple River for shelter. The next morning Ben skipped out for home overland. As the evening shades were casting their long arms down the mountain into the village of Advocate, Benjamin Matthew Morrish had been seen silently approaching the home of his boyhood's days. Ben's father was splitting wood at the door, of whom Ben inquired,—"Can you tell me, sir, where Benjamin Matthew Morrish lives?" In amazement the old man fairly yelled, "Hel-low, Ben! how'djeh git home, Ben?" With much dignity the youth replied,—"You have the advantage of me, father."

As a postscript I may add that it is currently reported that Benjamin Matthew Morrish's mother passed the greater part of the succeeding night dashing water against the side of the house if possible to imitate the swash of waves against the ship's bows, without which seductive music the young tar protested that he could not get to sleep.

TRADITIONS.

This region is full of them. There are men here, away along in years, and women too, who know where the most of Capt. Kidd's money is buried; who have almost had it in their grasp once or twice in their life-time, but were thwarted at the critical moment by Capt. Kidd's father, namely,—the Devil, who interposed with all manner of infernal sights and noises and effectually frightened away the anxious explorers. One old gentleman comes to mind who not only was posted in all the folk lore of the country but who was something of a character besides. He has been dead some years now, but you will still hear that in his day once a year he hitched up his ancient nag, after having hit him through his annual grooming with the buck-saw (this part the boys

(tell), and having given him his annual feed of half a bushel of buckwheat, he then started for Amherst, ostensibly to keep up calling acquaintance with the judges and members of Parliament, but really it was surmised to ordain his year's supply of grog.

POETICS.

grow here, and blossom like the rose, and send out an odor over the land not like the rose. This is the land of Tupper, the meeting place of all the Tupper, and the people are justly proud of the name of Tupper, and the Tupper should be extremely proud of the people. The name of Tupper is the watchword and rallying cry of the land, and he the big Tupper himself—King of all the Tupper—or a youngster Tupper, or a middle-weight Tupper, here he is bound to get a crowded house, and a host of enthusiastic followers. The good people of Advocate and Amherst are just finishing the harvesting of their marsh hay.

September 15, 1888.

Excursions and that Sort of Thing.

Early last Saturday morning a number of men, women and children could be seen hurrying towards the new wharf at Horton Landing; the arrival of the morning train added a few more to the number, and soon quite a crowd had gathered on the wharf waiting for the steamer Acadia. Some one cried: "There's her smoke!" and very soon she was at the wharf and we were boarding her. The wharf is only partly covered and we were obliged to walk the timbers, which gave the girls a chance to be a little timid and the boys were accordingly brave and gallant. Only one lady refused to "walk the plank." She resisted all entreaties and persuasions, and turned back. We were all aboard when some one shouted, "There's a passenger on board that's left behind!" and sure enough some one was hurrying along in the distance. The captain was equal to the occasion and the Acadia gave such an unearthly whistle that all clapped their hands to their ears and the tardy one started on a trot.

At last we were afloat, and when fairly on our way exclamations of pleasure were heard on all sides. The day was lovely, the water calm, the boat steady as a clock, and the atmosphere so clear that all points of interest were marvellously distinct. There were about seventy aboard. Wolfville was represented by O. D. Harris and Ralph Fuller, and Dr Clark of Parraboro went across with us. We were told that Mr. Day and family intended to join us, but if so they were a few days late. We saw the steamer Hantsport at Kingsport and stepped along abreast of her till she rounded the Cape for Isle au Haut. The little steamer is smart, sits very steady on the water, and Capt Holmes is just the sort of man to make it pleasant for "picnickers," and we recommend the Acadia for a small party.

As we neared the Parraboro shore Blomidon stood out in bold relief on the one hand—patches of bright red sandstone in marked contrast with the darker trap-rock above, and the still darker forest trees—and Five Islands on the other hand with Pinnacle Rock split off from the mainland, and Partridge Island looming up in our front. In less than two hours we were safe alongside the Snag and away with our baskets in various directions. Some lunched on the beach, some drove to the village, and a party climbed the winding road to the top of Partridge Island, made a fire and enjoyed the good things and the magnificent view at the same time. The island rises sheer out of the water to a height of 250 feet and from the summit we could look down into West Bay Islands, and far across the blue waters of the bay. It is one of the finest views to be found anywhere. There is a good spring on the road with water crystal clear and cold as ice. There was a good deal of work and a good deal of fun in toiling up the winding road. The two professionals of the party were tugging along a tier of baskets, and while engaged in conversation came to a rough place and over went the top basket and sandwiches and crockery were scattered around promiscuously. It was wonderful with what unanimity they both glanced back to their wives coming a long leisurely, and then scrambled up the fragments; but, alas! a broken cup told the tale.

We spent two hours on the island and then for 25 cents each drove to, through and around the village. There was a Methodist minister in our party and instead of going to a hotel we stopped at the parsonage and went into the church, since when we have been better satisfied with our own churches on this side. Methodist ministers only stay three years on a circuit and like to prospect a little, poor fellows! On the road we saw a herd of black and white Holsteins belonging to Mr Leekie, manager of Springhill mines. Two of them not long ago went over the bluff at the island. One was killed and the other was seen two days after by a passing vessel in a cleft of the rock and rescued with very little injury. Mr Leekie rescued the large hotel opposite the "Snag" for summer and we greatly admired a span of beautifully matched grays he was driving. We had time to stroll up a wooded road to the east of the hotel—a very pretty walk which brings you to an open meadow from which the village and light-house seem but a stone's throw distant. The entrance to that road was through a high board fence, or through a hole in it, and one gentleman had some difficulty in persuading some young

ladies with large hats to make the attempt. While they were hesitating a brightly colored alpenstock and then they followed and seemed to enjoy the fun.

At four o'clock we were again on board and soon got away. The water was as calm as a mill-pond and we made the return trip in little more than an hour and a half. We were home in time for tea and all were delighted with the picnic by steamer, and sorry for those who were left at home in the harvest-field. The season has been so very wet that having and harvesting have been delayed beyond all recovering, and our excursion was not a financial success, because so many had to remain at home, but the captain kindly accepted the sum collected and we owe him and Messrs Churchill a vote of thanks. They have always used us well. When we go again we hope Wolfville will join us; we always have a good time.

Last Sunday evening the Methodist Sunday-school had their annual concert. It was a little different from the usual exercises. Mr Johnson introduced "The Golden City" and took charge of the Chorus. Miss Jennie Brown presided at the organ and Mr Harris, who has a very pleasant and well-trained voice, assisted the singers, and the music was very good. The children, as usual, were prompt with their answers, and well up in their several parts and it was all very pleasing and successful. These concerts are always a pleasure to the congregation, and Superintendent Curry and the teachers may justly feel pleased with their work. It was a beautiful moonlight night and the church was filled, pews and galleries, and the people all seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. J. W. Caldwell, George Wallace, J. B. Newcomb, and A. A. Pines were present and called upon for a speech; all declined except Mr Pines who is always ready for a speech and he spoke at some length on Sunday-school work and other topics. A collection was taken which amounted to about \$10. COM.

[The above came to hand on Friday last, after we had gone to press with last issue.—Ed.]

Tea Meeting.

The ladies of the Port Williams Baptist sewing circle held a tea-meeting and fancy sale in the vestry of the church on Wednesday, the 19th, which was attended with great success. The evening was beautiful, the moon shining so bright that a newspaper could be read with ease in the open air. The roads being good a large number took advantage of the opportunity of spending a very pleasant evening. The fancy table was well supplied with all kinds of fancy articles, children's clothing, aprons, etc., made by the ladies of the circle most of which sold like hot-cakes. The confectionery table also looked enticing with such things as pears, plums, confectionery of different kinds, and syrups; and sold for good prices. Last but not least the tea table we think looked prettier and neater than we ever remember of seeing it before. The many loaves of cake wreathed with flowers, and bouquets arranged in different ways, served to set the appearance of the table off to the greatest possible advantage and indeed when one entered the door and met face to face with a supper ticket for only 25 cents he could not but purchase one and satisfy himself that looks was not by any means the best part of it. On the whole everything seemed to pass off successfully both financially and pleasantly. All seemed to enjoy themselves and the large sum of sixty dollars was realized clear of expenses. DAN CARLON.

P. S.—I am committed to say the provisions for the tea table was furnished by the ladies of the community voluntarily and the old habit of going from house to house asking assistance done away with. D. C.

DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER.

I have been sick with Liver and Kidney Complaint and night-sweat, for over two years; most of the time confined to my bed. A doctor attended me who failed to cure me; and after trying many patent medicines that were recommended for the above complaints, which failed also, I was advised to try Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier; this medicine has entirely cured me, and I now enjoy the best health I have for twenty years. Mrs. S. D. MACDONALD, 5 Avondale, Hants County May 2d, 1888

OLD SYDNEY COAL!

To arrive at Wolfville, cargo Old Sydney Mines coal—per schr. Moselle. J. W. & W. Y. FULLERTON. Sep. 6th, 1888.

There are 166 Cities

in the world that contain over one hundred thousand inhabitants, and there are a hundred and one little ailments brought on by an over-worked constitution which might be prevented by the timely use of Putner's Emulsion. It is in diseases of this organ that it has achieved and is achieving such marvelous results. Rev. R. T. Brine, Pugwash, N. S., says: "Being fully convinced that it differs from exhaustion, brain weakness and rheumatic attacks will gain speedy relief from the use of Putner's Emulsion, I feel it a duty to make known to such its remarkable effects on my system." Dr. H. J. Fiset, St. Peters, C. B., says: "Judging from the results obtained from Putner's Emulsion in the course of my practice, I cordially recommend it to possess all the virtues ascribed to it as a medicine."

Young and growing children thrive on Putner's Emulsion. For sale by all dealers at 50 cents. Brown Bros. & Co., Halifax.

Dressmaking!

Miss Taylor, Dress Maker, Has removed her rooms to the residence of Mr J. L. Murphy, where she will be pleased to attend to the wants of her customers as formerly. Wolfville, Sept. 6th 1888.

20,000 WALTON'S SUPERIOR

Draining Tiles; the best tile in the market. Also, draining tools of all kinds. Walter Brown, Late Augustus Brown, Wolfville, Sept. 5th, 1888.

Opening This Week

--Two Cases-- CHRISTY'S FELT HATS, direct from the manufacturers. STOCKPORT, ENGLAND. These goods are celebrated all the world over and are manufactured in the LATEST STYLES Expressly for, and sold only by, H. S. DODGE, - - KENTVILLE, N. B.--Gents should make their selections before the sizes get broken. H. S. D. Sept. 13th, 1888.

NOTICE.

The office of Registrar of Deeds is removed to the Court House at Kentville, and will remain there until the new office, now in course of erection in the vicinity, shall be completed. FRED BROWN, Registrar of Deeds for King's Co. Kentville, June 19th '88

If You Want The Very Best Quality

ALL KINDS OF GROCERIES -GO TO- C. H. WALLACE'S Wolfville, Nov 11th, '87

ASSIGNEE'S SALE!

THE ENTIRE STOCK OF DRY GOODS, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, HARDWARE, ETC., OF F. L. Strong & Co., SOMERSET, To be closed out. Parties looking for bargains will find plenty of them here. By order of JOHN A. JOHNSON, Assignee. Somerset, June 20th, '88 3m

Burpee Witter

Has just opened a new stock of Bleached and unbleached Sheetings, Table Linens, Towellings and Towels, Linen Napkins,

1 CASE FLEECY COTTONS,

1 Case Flannels in Plain and Twilled---Gray, Scarlet, White and Navy.

YARMOUTH CLOTH & YARN.

WANTED--GOOD TABLE-BUTTER.

STORE CLOSED EVERY EVENING AT 8 O'CLOCK EXCEPT SATURDAY.

Wolfville, Aug. 17th, 1888

"INDUCEMENTS!"

We want your trade and in order to secure it we are placing our goods at unusually low figures. LADIES' ALL-WOOL DRESS COATS from 20c per yard upward. Sweaters, Swiss Cheeks, Gingham, Flano, Shirtings, etc.: a choice range dress fabric. CLOTHING! Cut and quality equal to tailors make, and prices lower than ever. Cutting never before so low; do not fail to see it; All-Wool Scotch Tweed Suits at Bargain.

Boots & Shoes!

We study to please, and in so doing keep nothing but solid goods, and a daisy lot we have, well worth an inspection.

Wool Wanted! CHASE, CAMPBELL & CO., Port Williams, March 30th, '88.



THE "DAISY" CHURN.

People buy the "Daisy" Churn because it makes a superior quality of butter and fully ten per cent. more of it than any other churn in the world. And because it saves half the labor and is perfect in material and workmanship and is so easily cleaned. And because it is so simple and durable. And because it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction. Over 80,000 sold in the United States last year. Try one and see for yourself. For sale by D. MUMFORD. Wolfville N. S., July 12th.

CHANGE OF TIME

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

Fare to BOSTON \$1.00 less From W. & A. Railway Stations than by any other route

ON AND AFTER Monday, October 1st, THE STEAMER New Brunswick WILL LEAVE

ANNAPOLIS

FOR BOSTON DIRECT,

EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON. Returning, will leave Commercial Wharf, Boston, every MONDAY morning, at 8.30, for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS.

STEAMER "SECRET" Will leave ANNAPOLIS for DIGBY and ST. JOHN, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY afternoon. Returning, will leave ST. JOHN for DIGBY and ANNAPOLIS, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY morning.

Fare between Annapolis & Digby ONLY 10 CENTS.

H. A. Carder, Agent. Annapolis, Sept. 26th, 1888.

Jersey Bull.

The subscriber offers for service the Thoroughbred Jersey Bull,

"EUREKA" (148)

Sire, "Victor Hugo (445); Dam, "Dairy Queen" (165). TERMS:—\$2 00 at time of service by the season.

G. H. PATRIQUIN. Wolfville, March 28, '88.

WANTED.

Live, Energetic Men to Sell Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Rose Bushes and Shrubs. Salary and Expenses Paid. State age and name references to insure a reply. Address S. T. CANNON & CO., Mention this paper. Augusta, Me.