THE ACADIAN
AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. X. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 22, 1891. No. 39.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY Street, N. Y.

The Acadian.

Published on FRIDAY at the office WOLFVILLE, KINGS 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 on all work turned out.

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

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

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 his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, 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 leaving them uncalled for is *prima 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 6.50 a. m.

Express west close at 10.35 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. MUSSO, Agent.

Churches.

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

CORIS W ROSCOE, } Ushers
ARTHUR BAISS }

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R D Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 3 00 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranswick 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 Avonport 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

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

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

Masonic.

ST GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7½ o'clock p. m.

J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S of T meets every Monday evening in their Hall Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

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

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

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

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

CALDWELL, 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

PATRIQUIN, 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 Plows

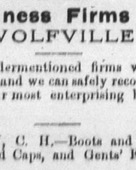
SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobacconist.

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.

Garfield Tea.



A NATURAL REMEDY!

Potent and Harmless!

RESTORES THE COMPLEXION!

CURES CONSTIPATION!

THIS REMEDY is composed *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,
Druggist,
50 WOLFVILLE, N. S.

PISO'S CURE FOR THE BEST COUGH MEDICINE. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE. CONSUMPTION

POETRY.

A Woman's Conclusion.

I said if I might go back again
To the very hour and place of my birth;
Might have my life whatever I chose,
And live in any part of the earth;

Put perfect sunshine into my sky;
Banish the shadows of sorrow and doubt;
Have all my happiness multiplied,
And all my suffering stricken out;

If I could have known in the years now gone
The best that woman comes to know;
Could have had whatever will make her blest,
Or whatever she thinks will make her so;

Have found the highest and truest bliss
That the bridal wreath and ring inclose,
And gain the one out of all the world
That my heart as well as my reason chose;

And if this had been, and I stood tonight,
By my children lying asleep in their beds,
And could count in my prayers for a rosary,
The shining row of their golden heads.

Yes, I said, if a miracle such as this
Could be wrought for me, at my bidding, still
I would choose to have my past as it is,
And let my future come as it will.

I would not make the path I have trod
More pleasant or even, more straight or wide,
Nor change my course the breadth of a hair,
This way or that way, to either side

My past is mine and I take it all;
Its weakness—its folly if you please:
Nay, even my sins, if you come to that,
May have been helps, not hindrances.

If I saved my body from the flames
Because that once I had burned my hand,
Or kept myself from a greater sin
By doing a less—you will understand;

It was better I suffered a little pain,
Better I sinned for a little time,
If the smarting warned me back from death,
And the sting of sin withheld from crime.

Who knows its strength, by trial will know
What strength must be set against a sin;
And how temptation is overcome
He learns who has felt its power within.

And who knows how a life at the last may show?
Why, look at the moon from where we stand,
Opaque, uneven, you say; yet it shines,
A luminous sphere, complete and grand.

So let my past stand just as it stands,
And let me now, as I may, grow old,
I am what I am, and my life for me
Is the best—or it had not been, I hold.

—*Phebe Cary.*

SELECT STORY.

SALLY.

BY ALBERT FLEMING.

It was a hot day in August, one of those reeking hot days that begin to be hot early in the morning and go on getting hotter and hotter till nearly midnight.

In the year 1870 Cow court and its unwholesome cluster of neighbors still clung to the skirts of Holborn and festered round St Alban's church, stretching from Gray's inn road to Leather lane. The fine shops and warehouses that now adorn Gray's inn road then only existed in the brain of some city architect. Of all these alleys Cow court carried off the palm for squalor, dirt and general decay. You had to turn out of Leather lane to get there; the turning was flanked on either side by a tavern, and those taverns, with their plate glass and gilding, were the only things that were bright and cheerful in this region. If you explored farther you saw an archway on the right, made by sweeping away the ground floor of one of the crazy tenements. This was the postern gate to Cow court. If any one ever got so far in as this and retained his watch and chain, he always lost them on approaching this archway.

On this August evening a young man was passing through Leather lane in search of Cow court. He was dressed in the latest West End fashion; but even the hideous chimney pot hat, pointed shoes and rigid collar could not disguise his comeliness. At a guess he was three-and-twenty. Being of a trusting nature, he allowed his gold chain to disport itself across his waistcoat, and his jeweled pin remained in his scarf.

Kenneth Gordon was down from Oxford, and had been calling on one of the clergymen at St Alban's, who had asked him to take a letter to a dying girl in Cow court. He strode through the dingy street, sometimes asking his way of one of the residental ladies of Leather lane, and always winning a civil answer by the force of his genial smile. When he reached Cow court a pleasant thrill of excitement prevaded that locality; the watch and chain had survived Leather lane, and now flashed gayly in the evening light; his pin held its accustomed place; his handkerchief gleamed white against his coat. Inquiring of a boy, he learned that Polly Turner lived at No 7 and was escorted there by a crowd of loafers. The girl was dying; the stuffy room was crowded with friends, nearly dark and unspeakably miserable. Kenneth gave her the letter, but had to take it back and read it to her. In the presence of that deathly white face he felt usual forms of speech to be useless. He held her hand for a minute, tried to say a few kind words, and then felt that he had failed; but the gentle touch and words went straight to the girl's heart, and there rested until it ceased to beat. When Kenneth left No. 7, a child was lying in a doorway just opposite. Dirt, famine, and ill-usage had effectually obscured the bloom of youth in her. Her face was so dirty that he could only see two large eyes flashing from a tangled mass of hair. This was "Sally." As she never owned a surname, it is impossible to introduce her more formally; if her friends wished to identify her with precision, they called her "Tim's Sally." Tim was her father and his surname was also hidden in obscurity. Sally had heard that a young swell had come into Cow court, and was waiting to have a look at him. On that she reckoned without her father for Tim, coming down the passage behind her, enforced her parental discipline by a vigorous kick on her shins When you have kicked a body for 10 years you acquire precision in the art and Tim planted his kick with such exactness that the girl fell down on the doorstep and there she lay too listless to cry out. Now, nothing is tamer or more monotonous than to waste good kicks on an irresponsible person; so Tim was aggrieved, and followed up his first kick by others, accompanying them with a volley of inspiriting oaths. The last kick must have caught Sally in a sensitive place, for she gave a sharp scream of agony.

"What's that?" cried a woman from an inner room.

"Oh," said another, "it's only Tim awaking up his gell."

As Kenneth left No 7 he saw this kick and heard Sally's scream. He instantly strode across the court. Tim was girding himself up for more kicks. For the first time in his life he found this simple pastime of his interfered with.

Kenneth faced him sternly.

"Leave the girl alone, you blackguard. How dare you kick a woman?"

Not kick a woman! Cow court was convulsed. Why, women were kicked every day; they expected it—accepted it as a law of nature. Tim and the bystanders paused for a moment to grasp the full absurdity of the idea: but only for a moment. Then Tim turned on him like a wild beast, the veins in his great bull's neck swelling like cords

"Who the—are you? Can't a man kick his own gell? Get out of this, or I'll kick you, too." Then, in mere bravado, he lifted his foot to give the girl another refresher.

"Touch her at your peril?" cried Kenneth, flushing to the roots of his hair. In another moment he heard the thub of Tim's foot as it drove lustily into the girl, and, at the selfsame moment, Kenneth's fist crashed into Tim's face, catching him on the jaw, and sending him reeling backward down the passage. Then Cow court perceived that there was a joyful propect of a Homeric combat. In a few moments a ring was formed, and old Biddy was whisked aloft in her chair in the arms of two stalwart supporters. Kenneth's blood was up; he flung his coat and waistcoat to one bystander and his hat to another. Cow court accepted them with alacrity. Tim divested himself of some superfluous rags, bared his stalwart arms, and prepared to "smash the swell." Biddy surveyed both combatants with a critical eye; she knew the points of a man.

"Blood'll tell," she said oracularly, as she saw Kenneth straighten himself for the fight; he had boxed at Oxford, and was in fair condition, sound in wind, above all temperate and cool. The first round revealed to him that Tim fought in a very effective but utterly unscientific manner. He came at his enemy with a furious rush and planted terrific chance blows; but he left himself unprotected, and wasted a lot of strength to no purpose. Kenneth quietly bided his time parried Tim's blows and let him exhaust himself. Tim drew first blood, beating down Kenneth's parry, and landing on his temple with considerable force; still Kenneth kept his temper, and the cooler he was the more savage grew Tim; the ring cheered him on, exhorting him to go in and do for the swell. Kenneth now began to act on the offensive, letting drive, he caught Tim full on the mouth with all the strength of his sturdy left hand. His knuckles cut deeply into Tim's lips, and sent him crashing to the ground. Biddy rapped approval with her crutch; she loved to see a straight blow well planted. Tim was set on his feet, rather giddy and dazed—he was not a pretty sight; his lips were like raw liver, and his face distorted with the passion; what little steadiness he had he then threw to the winds, and Kenneth's next blow caught him full in the eye. After this he summoned his strength for one more furious onslaught. His blow was partially parried, but landed on Kenneth's shoulder; in reply, Kenneth caught him full in the forehead, felling him to the ground as a butcher does an ox. After this Tim did not come up to time; he was dragged off into some back region, and left Kenneth undisputed master of the field. Old Biddy took a pull at her pipe, expectorated, and said simply:

"Ah, blood has told!"

When Kenneth pulled down his shirt sleeves and turned to the crowd to demand his coat waistcoat they were not forthcoming—they had vanished: Then Kenneth flashed out, called them curs, sneakes and thieves. Cow court being accustomed to language of far greater pungency preserved an unbroken calm. Then Biddy rose in her wrath, and steadying herself on her crutch, vowed, with many bloodcurdling oaths, that the missing garments should be forthcoming, and that quickly—condemning empassant, the eyes and limbs of the thieves to infernal torments. The clothes appeared and it was an ennobling sight to see the old crone stand up and order him to search his pockets while she asked categorically:

"Purse? Whip? Cigar case? Watch? Chain?" etc. Each had been honestly replaced. Kenneth then took Biddy by the hand and gave her a sovereign to distribute among her subjects.

Just then he felt something at his feet. He had almost forgotten the girl he had fought for. She had crawled to his feet and kissed them; there was a pathetic and dog-like fidelity in her look and gesture.

"Don't leave me here," she said. "He'll do for me worse now than ever when you're gone."

Kenneth paused. It was easier to fight than to know what to do with the damsel he had rescured, but he acted on impulse and threw his card to Biddy.

"There, mother, is my card. I'll take the girl and get a good home for her. That's my address; come and see her when she has pulled round."

"You have fought for her and won her," said Biddy. "I'll bet you're honest, and will do well by her—so take her."

II

Kenneth lived in an old-fashioned house in Kensington, fenced from the outer world by well grown trees. His father and mother had lived there before him, and had died there. Kenneth then asked his two aunts to live with him. Aunt Hannah was tall, bony and vigorous; Aunt Matty fat and gentle. Hannah Gordon was well known in the philanthropic world; she was an active member of the charity organization—in fact, organization was her forte. Her special season began about November, when the first touch of winter woke up the poor. Then take up what paper you like, and ten to one that in some corner of it you would find Aunt Hannah enlightening the world as to what they should do or not do. Exeter hall knew her not, nor did she subscribe to African missions or soup kitchens. What she gloried in were boards. School boards, poor boards, parochial boards—all kinds of boards. Nothing she enjoyed more than ferreting out abuses and getting them remedied. Her abomination was promiscuous charity. It was beautiful to put her on the track of some philanthropic imposter and observe with what holy zeal she would hunt him down to the death? It was she that opened people's eyes to the iniquities of that arch imposter, the archdeacon of Saratoga; before that he was the darling of West End drawing rooms. When she took him in hand he exchanged Belgravia boudoirs for Holloway jail and wasted much persuasive penitence on the chaplain. How many sham mendicants did she not expose!—pouncing upon them in the highways and byways, and giving them in charge with joyful alacrity. It was Aunt Hannah who plunged into a crowd in Picadilly when a poor man, seized with an epileptic fit, was surrounded by a ring of sympathetic bystanders. Elbowing her way through them, she speedily seized him by the collar.

"Epileptic fit is it? I'll soon cure you!"

"Leave the poor man alone!" cried a tender hearted bystander. "Don't you see he's foaming at the mouth?"

"Soap!" cried Hannah, contemptuously; and lo and behold the man did come out of his very artistic fit, spat out a lump of soap, and said:

"Let me go, can't yer! You're either the devil or old Hannah?"

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Home Comforts.

The homes of the people are the index of the nation's civilization. They are the creators of sentiments and ideas. A house should be made for comfort, happiness and health. For comfort, we look to warmth and shelter, dry soil and an easy access to the highway. For happiness, we wish good views, cheerful surroundings, suitable arrangement of rooms, pictures, music, plants, open fires, piazzas for summer and heating for winter. For health, we require good ventilation and drainage and a free and pure supply of drinking water. The ideal location for a house is upon a gently sloping hillside, with a rugged uneven top backed by a piece of woodland. These locations abound everywhere. When selected, adapt the house to the land, but don't grade to make it level. A cellar underground is a nuisance all the time. Most houses have poor foundations and little or no care is given to draining. A dry wall of flat stone does not make a good foundation. The old-fashioned lath and plaster walls have given away to more solid walls that are either painted or tinted. A cheap floor, to be covered with an expensive carpet, has been superseded with a substantial floor of some good wood. The narrow window has gone never to return, and the modern window is broad and ample. Trees and shrubbery are the best ornaments for house surroundings. Trees should not be placed so near the house as to shade it. Group the shrubbery in accordance with color. For heating, steam heat is the most satisfactory, and gives a uniform temperature at all times at a moderate cost.

About Self Control.

The mastery of one's self is the grandest human achievement, and forms the basis of other conquests. Without first capturing himself a man will find the taking of a city a dangerous venture. The unconquerable foe lies concealed in the appetites, passions and ambitions of man himself. Alexander overturned empires and held the world in his grasp; but the wild passions and untutored appetites within his own nature were too much for him. What the bravest enemy could not do by way of damage to the conqueror, he did himself. To be safe in a world like ours, control must be lodged within. Some men are like steamers which plough the ocean, defying wind and storm, in a steady onward movement towards the port, being unable to indicate beforehand the day of arrival; others remind us of baloons which are subject to adverse currents and liable to fearful catastrophes. Americans are conquerors. They are fast subduing the continents. If they are ever conquered it will be by a domestic foe, concealed in the folds of an unregenerate and unbalanced nature.

FOR DYSPEPSIA,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is an effective remedy, as numerous testimonials conclusively prove. "For two years I was a constant sufferer from dyspepsia and liver complaint. I doctored a long time and the medicines prescribed, in nearly every case, only aggravated the disease. An apothecary advised me to use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I did so, and was cured at a cost of $5. Since that time it has been my family medicine, and sickness has become a stranger to our household. I believe it to be the best medicine on earth."—P. F. McNulty, Hackman, 29 Summer st., Lowell, Mass.

FOR DEBILITY,

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is a certain cure, when the complaint originates in impoverished blood. "I was a great sufferer from a low condition of the blood and general debility, becoming finally, so reduced that I was unfit for work. Nothing that I did for the complaint helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla, a few bottles of which restored me to health and strength. I take every opportunity to recommend this medicine in similar cases."—C. Evick, 14 E. Main st., Chillicothe, Ohio.

FOR ERUPTIONS

And all disorders originating in impurity of the blood, such as boils, carbuncles, pimples, blotches, salt-rheum, scald-head, scrofulous sores, and the like, take only

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

PREPARED BY

DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

THE GREAT COMPETITION!

THE CANADIAN AGRICULTURIST'S $5,000 WORD HUNT,

Positively closes May 29th, 1891, (15 days thereafter being allowed for letters to reach us from distant points.)

The following magnificent prizes will be given free to persons sending in the greatest number of words made up out of the letters contained in the two words, "The Agriculturist."

1st Prize	$1,000 in Gold
2nd "	$500 in Gold
3rd "	$1,000 Grand Piano
4th "	$500 Piano
5th "	$300 Organ
6th "	Ticket to England and return
7th "	Lady's Gold Watch
8th "	Gent's Gold Watch
9th "	China Tea Set
10th "	Hunting Case Silver Watch
11th "	Boy's Silver Watch
25 prizes of $10 each	250 prizes of $5 each

making a total of 306 prizes, the value of which will aggregate $6,000. This Grand Word Making Competition is open to everybody, subject to the following conditions: The words must be constructed from the two words, "The Agriculturist," and must be only such as may be found in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, and in the body of the book none of the Supplements to be used. Write each word plainly on one side of the paper only, and number its position, 1, 2, 3 and so on to the end, on separate lines. In forwarding to the office of The Canadian Agriculturist, place the largest number of words will be awarded first place, and so on to the order of merit. No letter is to be opened at the office of the Canadian Agriculturist, all to be numbered, and if two or more do hold the largest list, the first received will be awarded the place, and so on to the end of the competition. Parties from the United States will be required to pay 2 cents postage on each letter they send in. Competitors may be of any age, sex or nationality, and may use as many words in competition as they wish. The competition is open to all except employees of the Canadian Agriculturist. One person only will be allowed to compete for each prize, and no person will be entitled to more than one prize, no matter how many lists they may send in. The Canadian Agriculturist is a high class monthly, with a circulation of over 30,000 copies, and is well and favorably known throughout the Dominion of Canada. It is the cheapest and best family paper in Canada. It is the only paper in the Dominion that has been established for a quarter of a century, and has been published every month for the last 17 years without missing an issue. It is a large 32 page paper, with an attractive illustrated cover, and is well printed on good paper, and is in every way a first class publication. It is devoted to the interests of the farmer, the stockman, the dairyman, the bee-keeper, the poultry raiser, the market gardener, the fruit grower, the housewife, the young folks, and contains 32 pages of matter each month, including the latest and most reliable information on all matters of interest to the farmer and his family, such as Farming, Stock Raising, Dairying, Bee-keeping, Poultry Raising, Market Gardening, Fruit Growing, Veterinary, Household, Young Folks, Miscellaneous, Markets, Law, Medicine, Science, Art, Manufacture, Commerce, Travel, Adventure, Biography, History, Poetry, Music, Fashions, Sketches, Tales, Humorous Anecdotes, Puzzles, Enigmas, Charades, Rebuses, Arithmetical Problems, Chess, Correspondence, Agriculture in Schools, Agricultural Education, Agricultural Colleges, Experiment Stations, Reports of Societies, Agricultural Legislation, Proceedings of Parliament, Reports of Markets, Financial Reports, Weather Reports, Reliable Market Quotations, Stock Quotations, Seasonable Hints, Miscellaneous Items, Notes and Queries, Science and Art, Mechanics