

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

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No. 1

THE ACADIAN.

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J. B. DAVISON, Secretary

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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.

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Select Poetry.

THE "BEST HAND ON THE FARM."

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dew-drops glow like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.

The men are wanting their breakfast early:
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surely,
Are what the men give when the meals are late.

Oh! glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning—
These things must always yield to these.

The world is filled with the wine of beauty
If she could but pause to drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cooler her head,
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner and made her bread.

The boy men in the hay-field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would call her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

But after the strife and weary tussel
When life is done, and she lies at rest,
The nation's brain and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters shall call her best.

And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The rarest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all will be given,
Unto the wayworn farmer's wife.

Interesting Story.

THE LITTLE PROFESSOR.

Carl Leyfert was sixteen years old, and quite too old to cry; at least, he had supposed so. But he was lying on the floor of his little room, and struggling with something very like sobs.

"Oh, I did want to go so much!" he moaned. He had no mother to tell his troubles to, poor child! He had only a stern father, who had just refused him a pleasure. Carl had just rushed home from school, and by rare good fortune, finding his father alone, had begged permission to attend a base-ball match, with all his soul in his eager eyes. For an instant Prof. Leyfert hesitated. For an instant Carl had hoped.

"No, you can't go," he said at length. Noticing the intense disappointment in his son's face, he condescended at once to give a reason.

"You had your practising for the concert. There is none too much time. Did you want to go so much?"

Carl knew his father too well to take advantage of the softened tone, and try to tease him. He turned away without a word, and had flown up here to battle with his disappointment as best he could.

"He might have let me off for once," he muttered, angrily. "That old concert! I never can do as the other boys do!"

Ah! but perhaps Carl could do something which the other boys could not.

At the very moment when he was thinking hard and somewhat rebellious thoughts of his father, the professor was giving a strong proof of his affection for him. A friend had come in by one door as Carl dashed out of the other.

"I have another scholar for you, Leyfert."

"And I have no room," returned the professor.

"You must make room. It's that Macdonald I spoke of to you. He's very anxious to take lessons of you; would come in the evening. Give him Carl's hour, can't you?"

The professor looked up.

"Shemak's children should not go unshod," he said, drily.

"Well, they generally do," laughed the other. "Oh, the boy can't be very far advanced. You can hand him over to one of the younger teachers."

"That is very good nonsense. You are no musician, or you would not say that. I give my boy my best."

"Come now, Leyfert, we understand all that. Of course your hours are full. That's well for your dignity and reputation, but you can make room if you try. Macdonald has a great deal of talent; he will make it worth your while; pay double if necessary. Give him the evening hour."

The professor was roused at last.

"He cannot haf it!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Not if he was von prince! Bah! you haf no prince here. Vell, den, not if he was—*Andelsohn himself!*"

In the meantime, Carl, ignorant of any sacrifices except his own, had dried his eyes and taken up his violin. He did not hear that any grudge; it had been his comforter in many a lonely hour. He rested his cheek against it and drew the bow softly across the strings, trying to catch the air of a fantastic he had heard the night before.

This was rather a stolen pleasure. If his father caught him playing without his notes!

Carl stopped short, with a sudden thought. And he thought aloud, as he had formed the habit of doing from being much alone.

"There! I must correct Willie's exercises. It would never do to forget them." For Carl had a little pupil of his own, a boy of ten, who looked up to him as wonderfully wise, because he was a few steps further on in the long climb which music exacts from its votaries. He took a book from the table, and examined a blurred and blotted page with a frown that made his boyish face look oddly like his father's.

"I wish Willie would ever remember his parallel fifths," he said, presently. Then, with an amused look, "I wonder what my father would say to this! He'll be after me some of these days, if I'm not more strict with him; but, somehow, I can't bear to be. Oh! it does well enough. Willie wouldn't do anything at all with a cross teacher. He's very easily discouraged as it is, and he gets no end of petting and praise at home. How they did like that duet! They seemed to think Willie did it all."

Carl was making rapid corrections as he spoke, and either Willie had been more careless, or he was more critical than usual.

"I wonder if I have my exercises of this grade," he exclaimed at last. "I mean to look." A vigorous ransacking of an old trunk produced the desired book, and Carl's face showed pardonable pride as he compared the two. There certainly was a good deal of difference between the achievements of the boy who was studying music as an accomplishment, and the one who hoped to make it a profession.

But then Carl shrugged his shoulders, remembering his own training, which had also been different. Long hours of hard practice, rigorously exacted; the utmost care and effort always insisted upon; and sundry severe scoldings; that had wrenched broken his heart, for Carl was an affectionate boy and docile in the main. And, even yet, though he was seldom careless, Carl was not free from the dread, on days when he was more than usually stupid, or his father more than usually worried, of a sharp cuff or two which hurt his dignity far more than his ears. Half his short life had been spent in this way.

"And I don't know anything yet," he said, sadly; but that was a sure sign that he was learning.

So far the boy's ambition had been merely the reflection of his father's; it would not be long before he would be working for work's sake, with a keen desire to excel as any one could possibly have for him.

The coming concert would be quite an event in Carl's life; his first public appearance, in fact. But he did not think much about it, except that it was a great bore and abridged his play-time.

He did not dread it at all, having often played at the pupil's concerts. To be sure, when one stopped to think of it, it was different; a regular professor's concert; and very few knew that the name opposite the violin solo was not that of a grown-up person as any of them.

When the evening actually came, and Carl found himself in an inner room of the concert-hall with the other performers, he was conscious of a new feeling of excitement. Boy-like, he could not stay there.

In the course of his explorations he came upon a capital hiding-place under the stairs, where he could peep at the audience, himself unseen. He stayed there some time, and found it very amusing at first. But the music sound-

ed strangely there; everything looked weird and unnatural; and at last it seemed to the boy's excited imagination that he was not looking upon human faces like his own, but upon a horrible many-eyed monster, such as he had read of in fairy tales, that could only be charmed into quiet by the sounds of sweet music.

How he roared whenever the music ceased! Carl began to tremble at thought of being himself the charmer.

"Pahaw!" he said, with a little impatient shake. "As if I'd never been at concerts before! There isn't such a crowd as there was the night Ole Bull played. It was just packed that night, and I know he wasn't afraid."

There was not quite as much consolation in that thought as Carl had hoped. He was trembling all over now. "Oh, I can never do it!" he exclaimed. "I shall fail, I know I shall, and be disgraced forever!"

Poor Carl did not realize, as he would in after years, how small is one atom in God's great universe, or how few of the strangers before him would ever think of him again, whether he did well or ill. Terror mastered him so completely at last that he dashed up-stairs, determined to brave his father's anger, which would be terrible enough, and beg to be let off.

The inner room was crowded now, and not very well lighted. Carl could not at once distinguish his father, and he shrank into a corner and waited. Fortunately, he waited long enough to hear his own name spoken.

"I wonder you are not afraid to have Carl do that, he's so timid."

Could it be his father who replied, with a ring in his tone? "Ach! you do not know Carl. He will not fail me! He will not do as well as Carl's days; it is not to be expected. But he will do his best." He added a sentence or two in German. "Carl has practised faithfully. I am very proud of my boy."

No, Carl would not fail him—not now. He glanced at the programme in his hand. There was yet time for a hasty retreat to his hiding-place, to shed a few excited tears of joy. Why, the boy had never dreamed of such a triumph as this!

He had seen his father chiefly in the light of a hard task-master. Never before had he realized the strong bond of affection between them. He shook his fist at the unconscious audience.

"Yes, I will play for you now," he said, with an excited little laugh.

When his time came to play, Carl was on hand, tuning his instrument with as much apparent composure as if he had been going to take a lesson.

"Steady now, Carl!" said his father, in a low voice, as he searched the pale face with his piercing eyes. He did not know what to make of the smile that answered him.

He thought it childish bravado, for he knew the lad too well to doubt that he was afraid. But there was no time for further encouragement, even if the professor had been the man to give it. They went on the stage together.

And the audience, to him like a horrible monster, roared again, a louder and more terrible roar than ever before, at sight of his youthful victim. Carl's blind, unreasoning terror came back. Ah! he could never do it!

Happily, his father was to accompany him, and the rippling notes of the soft prelude sang these words in the excited boy's ears, "I am very—very—very proud of my boy," over and over—and over again.

Nerved by thought, Carl summoned courage to begin, and once launched upon his theme, it was not as hard as he had feared. He played with a coolness that surprised his father. True, he made some mistakes, but they were such as only the trained ear could distinguish, and he did not falter. The audience was charmed quite as much by the performer's youth, and his grave intoneness, as by the sweet music that came from his violin.

"That youngster is used to this sort of thing," said some one not too well-bred to whisper. "He'll look as old and grave as his father, in a couple of years," said some one else. And that was all they knew about it.

The little pupil was there, with a huge bouquet, which he was anxious

to present with his own hands. Twice, during a lull in the music, he stepped forward, but retired in great confusion, on finding that Carl had not finished.

Those near the platform were much amused at this, but Carl knew nothing of it. They would have been still more amused if they could have known the running accompaniment of his thoughts.

"That wasn't so bad—there goes a sixteenth! Father won't like that—now if I can only get this andante—gracious, I'll never play again!"

It was over at last, and the flowers duly presented. Poor Carl did not know roses from cabbages, just then. He resisted a strong impulse to hurl the bouquet at Willie's head, and he thought it very unkind of him to give him that clumsy thing to hold, and add to his difficulties.

But surely the ordeal was past. Ah no! for the crowd were clapping vigorously. The applause rose and fell, and rose again to a perfect tumult. Carl was obliged to go forward, and bow his thanks. It was not a triumph; it was torture to the sensitive child. A sudden fear seized him lest he might have to repeat. But his father was neither so hard nor so unobservant as Carl fancied. He had his own anxiety, and dismissed the lad peremptorily and went on with the programme in spite of repeated calls for the "little professor."

To his great relief, Carl found himself once more in the inner room. But there were people there, too, and they crowded around him, and they were saying—oh, he did not know what! He bowed and shook hands mechanically enough.

"How unresponsive that boy is!" exclaimed a young man who had tried to compliment him.

"Do you wonder?" asked some one with more discernment. It was a distinguished pianist, who had left his own first appearance far behind. But he had not forgotten it. He followed Carl as he retreated to a corner, and talked kindly to him a little while about anything and everything except his own performance.

He did not get much response either. But the boy's eyes followed him when his turn came to play.

"And I wish him very good success," muttered Carl, from the depths of his grateful heart. And now the boy could do nothing but watch anxiously for his father. He came at last, but he took no notice of Carl, beyond giving him a formal order or two about the music.

The lad was disappointed. He had not expected much, but surely his father would say something. He knew he had not failed entirely. When they were once more alone, the professor suddenly seemed to remember his existence. He went up to him and put both hands on his shoulders. But he did not smile. Carl trembled a little, remembering those mistakes.

"Good, my boy," said his father, gravely, "and we will do better yet next time."

It was cold praise, but Carl was delighted. His father had spoken in German, his heart's language, and that, of itself, meant warm approval.

"He's afraid to say much," the boy said to himself; "he thinks it will make me vain, but oh, I can work twice as well now!"

Ten years later, Carl was a professor in earnest, just returned from Germany and giving concerts on his own account. He met with unexpected popularity, but he had a private ambition, not yet gratified. "I ought not to want that so much," he said to himself one day.

"Ah, well, never mind!"

"No endeavor is in vain,
Its reward is in the doing;
And the pleasure of pursuing
Is the prize the vanquished gain."

But Carl's old longing smouldered under this dash of philosophy. Returning one evening from a concert, a friend ventured to criticize his choice of music.

"That sonata was quite thrown away on the public," he said. "People generally don't appreciate such music; I doubt if they tolerate it. You are quite the rage now, but not well established enough to indulge in eccentricities."

"I had an object in that," returned Carl, briefly.

"Leyfert, if I could play as well as you do, I should be perfectly happy. I suppose you were wedded to your art, and nothing could tempt you from it."

Carl gave a short laugh. "There are times when I am as enthusiastic as the next one, but this has been rather a hard day."

"Of course you take a holiday before an effort of the sort?"

"Not precisely. I've been teaching all day. We're crowded at the school, you know. I was trying to persuade the dullest scholar I ever had not to trip more than every other bar; the flute-master was going to overhead with his foot; some girls were playing a duet in the class-room next mine; there were five-finger exercises racing up and down on the other side; vocal practice in the room below; a hand-organ came along and played 'How Can I Leave Thee!' I declare, Griswold, I thought, for a while, I could leave it all, easily."

"It's too bad!" exclaimed the other. "You ought not to be bound down to such drudgery."

"Drudgery is good discipline," was the answer. Carl was very weary. When they reached his door, it was a relief that Griswold refused to enter. He had not been alone long when his father entered in a very unusual state of excitement. He shook hands warmly, and his face was radiant.

"Vy, how did you get here? Vere did you go? I did miss you, and I could not wait—I wanted to tell you—I congratulate you, my boy! It was a great success!"

"I'm glad you were pleased," stammered Carl, feeling sure he was dreaming.

"I am delighted! You haf beaten us all, and it is not I who shall be jealous. Dat sonata—I haf heard it many time, fairly well, but you—you did manage dose runs like rippling water. Ach! It was fine! And the encore, Carl? I haf not heard dat before; it is your own, is it not? Tell me."

"Yes, sir," said Carl, smiling. "It is mine, such as it is."

"Vell, sir, I am getting too old to tell good music, or it is of the best. Look, now! You say dere is nothing like Leipzig—they do not keep all the talent dere! Ve vill show them! Vait a once!"

The young man colored with pleasure as he had not for any compliment that evening. It was a new experience to see this cold, impassive man marching up and down in excitement, lavishing praises upon him: it seemed that having once begun, he could hardly say enough. At last he came close, laid a hand on his son's shoulder, and spoke to him in German, in a tone tremulous with feeling.

"Ah, Carl! Do you think I do not know what it has cost you? People do not understand; they think it is all knack. It is no such thing; it is hard work—all day and every day—maybe you feel like it; maybe you don't. I know. You have always been faithful. I am very proud of my boy."

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Calendar for August

Calendar grid for August 1886 showing days of the week and dates.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 20, 1886

VOLUME SIX.

In entering upon this our sixth volume, we would invite the attention of our readers to a few suggestions in relation to the year we are now entering upon.

There are many people who think the local paper too small a matter to take their attention and are not willing to give their thoughts to anything less than a city daily.

In a former issue we have laid down our platform, and we intend as far as lies in our power to carry out that policy.

Less than two years have passed since our Government, seeing the necessity of doing something for the promotion of agricultural education in our province.

Some farmers have already come to the conclusion that as manufacturers carefully studied the motive power and took good care to introduce the latest improvements to increase speed and save fuel.

We believe that many of our farmers' sons, who become sick of the farm, and go abroad to do service for the benefit of others, often to their own injury.

Our cities, towns, and villages have numbers of bright, sturdy, intelligent lads who with proper training in the science and art of farming, would contribute in no small degree towards making our province, so favored by nature.

We are pleased to learn that Arthur McN. Patterson, Esq., M. A., has decided to establish in connection with his well-reputed institution, Acadia Villa Seminary, a department of Agriculture for the benefit of those of his students who wish to pursue that subject with a view of becoming practical farmers.

It is the intention of this school to teach both the science and art of farming (agriculture, horticulture, and pomology); and for this there is every facility.

Acadia Villa Seminary will carry on its former work in general education as usual; and by additional help, classes are now being formed in the natural sciences as an introduction to the study of agriculture proper.

The question has been asked, Where were our foremen during the late tournament? Echo answers, Where!

HAYING TIME.

BY BEN SEENE.

Haying time is the pleasantest time of the year. And it is not only the pleasantest, but it is the unpleasantest, in a great many respects.

Haying time is about over now, and I'm glad for the sake of those whose business it is to mow away hay.

AN ADVENTUROUS TRIP.

The canoe Atlanta with S. A. Stoddard, publisher of Glen Falls, N. Y., and R. B. Burchard, editor of the American Colonist New York, on board, arrived at Port Greenville, from St. John on Saturday.

Prices Current this day: Apples, American, per bushel, 2 00 to 2 50; do, Dried, per lb., 05 to 10.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(We do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions or correspondence.)

PUBLIC SPIRIT.

DEAR EDITORS,—I wish to call your attention to a small act which shows that we have necessity of more enterprise and observation on the part of our citizens.

took the matter in hand and hired a man to rake up the place and turn the rubbish. Now the appearance of that corner is respectable.

THE OTHER SIDE.

DEAR SIR,—Most all the papers I have read lately excepting yours contain more or less nonsense about the running of an express train from Kentville to Halifax.

FRUIT REPORT.

MONMOUTH BUILDINGS, LONDON, E. C., 5th August, 1886. DEAR SIR,—We now have the pleasure to send you our usual annual report of the apple crops on this side.

MARKET REPORT.

PUBLISHED BY BENTLEY & LAYTON, Produce Commission Merchants, Corner Argyle & Sackville, Sts. (Opposite Mumford's Market).

Prices Current this day: Apples, American, per bushel, 2 00 to 2 50; do, Dried, per lb., 05 to 10.

Boston Market Report.

FURNISHED BY HATHAWAY & CO. FLOUR: Spring Wheat, Patents \$4 25 @ \$5 25; Bakers, 3 90 @ 4 25.

\$2,000.00 WORTH OF NEW AND Seasonable Goods! JUST RECEIVED AT H. S. DODGE'S.

Owing to my Increased Sales during the Summer Months, I have been obliged to purchase the above amount of NEW GOODS.

All Old Goods at 20 per cent Discount. H. S. DODGE.

Kentville, August 6th, 1886

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS:

WHAT will you want in Dry Goods this season? WHERE are you going to purchase? WHY not call and see our stock?

IMPORTANT INFORMATION:

WE have a large and carefully selected Stock! WE are prepared to give you good value for your money! WE will trade with you for all kinds of marketable produce!

Please Read this Carefully.

Beautiful Stock of DRESS GOODS in the following fabrics: Jersey Trico, Amure, Chuddas, Taffeta, Bioges, Nun's Cloth, Cashmere, black and colored.

MANTLE CLOTHS

Fancy Cloths for Spring Wraps, beautiful Black Silk Brocade and Ottoman Mantle Cloths.

TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS

Black and Fancy Worsted Coatings, Fancy Tweed Suitings.

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Splendid assortment of Lace Curtains, Lambrequins, Curtain Net, etc.

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We have one of the finest assortments of Fancy Prints we have ever shown, Fancy Plaid and Checked Gingham.

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Beautiful Silk and Taffeta Gloves, Lisle Thread for women and children.

Caldwell & Murray.

Wolfville, May 14, 1886

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.

A BOON IN LIFE INSURANCE! The Canada Mutual Aid Association! Incorporated in 1880 and Registered under Dominion Act of 1885.

Insurance for the industrial classes, the people who need it most, within their reach. Insurance from \$1,000 to \$3,000 according to age.

NOTICE.

James Kerr would inform the people of Wolfville and vicinity that he has opened a shop over J. M. Shaw's Barber Shop, where he is prepared to make and repair BOOTS and SHOES.

MISREPRESENTATION.

STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, ALBANY, Feb. 11. The Board considered the proceedings of the Royal Baking Powder Co.

D. W. Moody's Tailor System for DRESS CUTTING.

Price of one system with instructions \$5.00, or \$2.00 and one month's work at dress making. For particulars apply to E. Knowles.

"Confidential Charley"

Will make the season of 1886 in Lunenburg, Kings, and Hants Counties, instead of in New Brunswick as previously advertised.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING! MILNE & CHRISTIE, Fashionable Tailors.

have just received direct from England a complete variety of all kinds of Tweed Trouserings & Diagonals, etc., which they are prepared to make up in the latest Styles and at the lowest prices.

Cut THIS OUT and return to us with 10c. or 4 3-c stamps, and you'll get by return mail a Golden Box of Goods that will bring you in more money in one month than anything else in America.

1886 SPRING 1886

The subscriber wishes to say to his numerous friends and customers in King's County that he has now completed his Spring Importations of

Hardware, Builders' Material, Lumber, Shingles, Brick, Lime, Calcine Plaster, Portland Cement, Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Varnishes, Nails, Sheathing Paper, also

METALLIC ROOFING PAPER.

His stock of Sheet Hardware will be found complete. A fine stock of Table and Pocket Cutlery, bought in the best markets, will be sold low.

The largest variety of Tinware ever shown in the County. Prices are very low. Anything wanted and not found in stock will be made to order in short notice.

Farming Implements:

A large variety of Manure Forks, Shovels, Hay and Garden Forks, Scythes, Bird Cages in variety and prices to suit purchasers. Also the IMPERIAL Creamers, the best and cheapest in existence.

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville, April 2d, 1886

Ah There!

Now we can supply you with fine LEADS, OILS, COLORS, VARNISHES, GLASS, &c.

DO NOT

Buy cheap paints when you can buy Brandram's Best for the same money.

PLEASE

Remember that I am prepared to carry on PAINTING, GRAINING, CALSOMING, PAPER-HANGING, &c. &c.

BOTTOM PRICES.

B. C. BISHOP, (30 4-86-1f) Main Street, Wolfville.

Advertisement for 'REMEDY FOR MAN & BEAST' by C. C. RICHARDS & CO., YARMOUTH, N. S.

It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the scalp of all Dandruff.

VALUABLE INFORMATION.

Yarmouth, N. S. May 15, 1886. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. Having used your Minard's Liniment for several years in my stable, I attest to its being the best thing for horse flesh I know of.

Minard's Liniment is for sale everywhere. PRICE 25 CENTS.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOPPED FEED

The subscriber has opened the store formerly occupied by F. L. BROWN & CO., and intends keeping on hand the above goods, and will endeavor to satisfy—both as to quality and price.

Johnson H. Bishop.

Wolfville Mar 17, '86 AGENT.

CHOICE

Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal and Feed. Cheap for cash. No 1 and 2 Shad, Smoked Herring, Cod fish and Pollock. Fine stock Self-Sealing Jars, Jelly Cans and a big stock, Plain and Fancy Crockery, China and Glassware, open this week. Fruit Syrups, Pure Lime Juice. Fresh Confectionery and Biscuits, a fine assortment in stock and to arrive.

R. PRAT'S.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFFVILLE, N.S., AUGUST 20, 1886

Local and Provincial.

A lot of interesting matter crowded out.

Mr John Harris of the American House, has a cherry tree which is now bearing its second crop of fruit for this year.

Latherine.—The great Washing Compound at R. Prat's. 1/2

Rev. Robt. Laing, M. A., of St. Matthew's church, Halifax, occupied the pulpit of the Wolfville Presbyterian church on Sunday last.

OSTS—150 Bus. for sale at BURPEE WITTE R

The public schools will reopen on Monday August 23. All are requested to be present on that day as new classes will be formed and some changes in the seating of pupils will be made.

Cedar Posts for sale low at S. R. Sleep's.

The weather has been much colder this week. Thursday was the most unpleasant day of the season, a cold disagreeable rain falling all day. Towards evening it cleared and since then the weather has been much more pleasant.

Ice Cream Soda cool and Refreshing at R. Prat's.

The host of friends which Rev. Anderson Rogers made while pastor of the Presbyterian church of this town, will be pleased to know that the reverend gentleman has had a unanimous call from the Millville Presbyterian church, Cotes Antoine, Montreal. Mr Rogers has been stationed at Yarmouth for the past few years.

A full line of Boys' Knickerbocker Hosiery just opened at BURPEE WITTE R

We understand that J. I. Brown intends rebuilding his shop near his residence, and has already begun the preparations and will have it completed as soon as possible. In the future he will confine his attention wholly to horse-shoeing and veterinary work. Mr Brown is well informed in all horse troubles and will no doubt be very successful.

Feed Flour \$3.75, Family Flour (good to choice) \$5.00, \$5.25 and \$5.50 per barrel, at R. Prat's.

On Wednesday afternoon on the invitation of Capt. Clarence Eagles, and in company with the genial Captain and Mr Otis Harris. We enjoyed a pleasant cruise on the basin. Although the wind was light we had a pleasant sail and the Captain and Mr Harris, who are both good shots, succeeded in bagging a number of fine game, which is now quite plentiful along the marshes.

TAKE NOTICE.—If your razor is dull, take it to J. M. Shaw's Barber Shop, and he will put it in first-class order for the small sum of 15c. 10

In the last issue of the Maple Leaf we began an interesting and instructive history of Albert Co., written by its talented editor, Lovett M. Wood. The Maple Leaf seems determined to please its readers by constantly introducing new features. This latest is a most commendable one, in collecting and presenting the history of its native county, and will no doubt be duly appreciated by its numerous patrons.

FOR SALE.—A new milch cow six years old. Apply to Thos. Tuzo, Horton Landing. 1/2

Mr James Jarvis, of Avonport, has a curiosity in the shape of a deformed lamb. It has hind legs exactly like those of a rabbit, claws and toes complete, and on one of its fore legs which is about 7 inches in length, instead of a hoof it has just a lump of flesh, on which its owner has fitted a little shoe. Where the other fore leg should be there is only the stump. The animal moves by making successive leaps from its hind legs and the part of the one fore-foot. It is in a fine, healthy condition and drinks four quarts of milk a day.

FINE STOCK OF Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Apples, Prunes, Confectionery, etc. at R. Prat's.

W. C. Goucher, son of Rev. J. E. Goucher, of Truro, was ordained July 27th at Camden, Maine, and entered into the work of the Christian ministry. Camden is a beautiful village near Penobscot Bay. There are six churches. The Baptists have an elegant church edifice and are most hearty and unanimous in co-operating with their young pastor in Christian work. He is a graduate of Acadia College, class of '83, and of New Brunswick University, class of '85. Rev. W. A. Newcomb also of Nova Scotia, has a church near Camden. Mr Goucher's many friends and acquaintances here will be glad to hear of his pleasant situation.

Grand Pre Items.

The sequel to the "Bazaar and Fancy Sale" held here a short time ago, is the complete renovation of the interior of the Methodist church; and none too soon has the good work been done, as the whole inside had become very dirty and dingy. Under the artistic treatment of B. G. Bishop, of Wolfville, the church has now assumed a neat and pleasing appearance, and minister and people are well satisfied with his work. The ceiling is tinted cream-color, the centre-piece maroon with leaves picked out with green and stems brozed, and circular mouldings old-gold and olive. The cornice is done in four tints, the upper mouldings being two shades of olive, cove maroon, and bed moulding sage green. The walls are a warm olive; dado and body of pew myrtle green with walnut trimmings; pew ends and gallery oak grained and newly varnished; window frames and sashes cherry with glass done in imitation ground glass. The old pulpit was white and gilt on a high platform and had a boxed-up appearance. This was torn down, the platform lowered ten inches, two steps built at each end finished flush with the front, a neat desk placed on it, and the whole done in walnut, with panels banded and moulding on desk old gold. The ladies got new carpet of a very pretty pattern for the platform, and the whole it a great improvement on the old style. New matting has been laid down in all the aisles and on the stairs, and our church now only needs painting outside and a little improvement in lighting to be complete, and a move is being made to have that done. The church was closed two Sabbaths, but was re-opened last Sabbath and Mr Johnson bestowed a few words of approval on the new order of things. Many of the congregation would have been glad to see and hear our old minister, Mr Brown, at the re-opening, but Mr Johnson is winning his way among us, and Methodists have to cry every three years, "The King is dead; long live the King." The committee desire to thank all the friends who so kindly assisted them with their work, and to express their gratitude to Mr and Mrs George Starr of Halifax for their generous donation. Our Division (Evangeline) is still flourishing and doing a good work quietly among the young people. When Sir William Young was staying at Dunedin Cottage, Evangeline was honored by a donation from him to aid in paying a debt on the organ, and the thanks of the Division were unanimously voted to the distinguished donor for his kindness. Little acts of kindness like the above will keep the memory of a great man green when greater deeds are forgotten.

Rev. Robt. Laing, pastor of St. Matthew's, Halifax, wife and children, are at Mrs Stewart's for a month.

Our School has opened again and Miss Cassie Davidson, teacher, has brought back with her six other school ma'ams who are doing Grand Pre for a week.

Two or three ladies from Hantsport have rented a house and are here for a month until the influence of the black fish is tested for the summer. The number of visitors increases year by year. It's a healthy spot. All who come like to stay and are sure to return.

Aencia Villa has opened out as a Commercial and Agricultural School, and a sign-board is to be erected on the premises to that effect. It's a huge affair, twenty-two feet long and not quite as wide. We hope the school will attain to like proportions under the able management of Mr Patterson and his assistant, Professor of Agriculture. This sign is a sign of the times, and designed to induce parents to send their sons to sign the will of Aencia Villa. This last comes under the G. P. I.'s as B. G. Bishop is painting the sign here. It is too big for the Landing. Bishop had to bring it up here to turn it around, like the fellow who had to get out of bed to turn over.

There will be more items when the moon changes. This itemizing is adjourned till then. GABRIEL.

Long Island Items.

The shad fishing has ended and the fishermen have commenced to take out their works. The catch here and at Little Island has been very small, barely paying expenses; but at Bate Island it was very much better, and considering the season, the catch has been a very respectable one.

Picnics are now the order of the day, there having been no less than five here already, coming from Hantsport, Wolfville, Camden, Lockhartville, etc. The hay crop has all been gathered in, the most of it in excellent condition; and although not quite so heavy as last year, it is of superior quality. Oats are being harvested, and the yields on some farms is immense. Taken as a whole the yield will be heavy. Vegetables of all kinds are exceedingly firm.

W. D. Fullerton has a small plot in onions, the bottoms of which literally cover the ground—some of them measuring 10 inches in circumference. A year ago last spring he set out 75 goose-berry bushes, from which he gathered 3 1/2 bushels of superior fruit this season.

Fruit will be almost a total failure in both apples and plums. Some of the finest orchards are almost bare of fruit.

Methodist S. S. PICNIC.—Last Tuesday was the day set apart for the above named picnic, and a vigorous "non-raster" set in accompanied by the greatest rain-storm of the season. So the picnic had to be postponed. Wednesday dawned bright and clear and by ten o'clock the pools in the streets had vanished and every crystal drop glistening from twig and leaf, was dissipated by the rays of old Sol, who rode in triumph across the sky, grand with floating clouds. There never was a better day for pleasure seekers. About one hundred and fifty persons from Wolfville and Greenwich met at the Methodist church and drove in procession to the "Island," which was reached about noon. Dinner—that word of magic to hungry boys and girls was soon prepared. And such a dinner! Our eyes dilate and our mouth waters when we think of it. Every dainty of the season was at hand and the tables were piled high with provisions to suit the most fastidious appetites. After a very sumptuous meal, various games were indulged in, such as croquet, quoits, swinging, and best of all for the children—swimming and bathing in the surf. A mile or more of sea-beach was literally lined with juveniles sporting in the watery element, which lasted till the sun retreated from their reach. The island is a fine place for a picnic, and with a few dollars judiciously expended could be made the favorite place of resort in the county. Great praise is due Superintendent Caldwell and others for the day's enjoyment. Not an accident occurred to mar the pleasure of the day and all came home with the firm conviction that Sabbath-school picnics are a blessing.

One case St. Croix Gingham, fine quality, at 100 per yard at BURPEE WITTE R

Choice Imported and Domestic Cigars at 3/4, 5/8, 7/8 and 10 cents at J. M. Shaw's. 35

If you wish to color wool, cottons, silk or feathers, use the new Electric Dyes, Strongest and Best in the world. 10 cents at all dealers.

BARRELS.—J. D. Martin wishes to inform his patrons that apple barrels can be obtained in Wolfville, from Edward Paine who is acting as his agent, in this place.

The Celebrated Electric Dyes are the most lasting of all colors. Warranted strictly pure. 10 cents at Druggist and Crocers.

WANTED.—To purchase turkeys, fowls and chickens (dressed). Also wanted at once, 100 pigs, alive, weighing from 150 lbs to 225 lbs. 46-51 SILAS FADEN, Port Williams.

Having recently imported a "Perfection Shear Sharpener." I am prepared to sharpen and put in first-class order shears and scissors of every description. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. J. M. Shaw, Wolfville. 35

Owing to the dry season the price of paints has fallen. To arrive in a few days Leads, Oil, Colors, Glass, &c. I sell good lead for \$5.75. Please examine. Make up your orders for glass to keep cold winter out. I can give you fine figures. B. G. Bishop, Wolfville. 4

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure. This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight adulterated phosphates. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST. N. Y. (13-11-85)

"OLD ITALIAN SCHOOL OF SINGING."

Miss Jennie Hitchens, Vocal Teacher of Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, teaches the celebrated method of "Overtone," as taught by the old Italian Masters; Madame Marchesi, of Paris; Mr Shakespeare, of London, England; and Madame Hall and Mrs L. P. Merrill, of Boston.

Miss Hitchens feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may intrust their voices to her during the coming school year. (6-8-86)

MISS HITCHENS

begs to announce to the young ladies and children of Wolfville that she intends giving a series of entertainments, consisting of Cantatas and choruses, to be given during the Fall and Winter months, and would like to form a large chorus of female voices. Instruction in chorus singing free. Please call at the Seminary, or send name, from September 3d to 12th. August 6th, 1886

J. D. MARTIN

Wishes to state that he is selling his

APPLE BARRELS at the usual low price of 22 cents at the mill, 1 cent extra for delivering. Five per cent discount will be allowed for cash; also

Half Barrels and Tight Barrels. GASPERRAU, King's Co., Nova Scotia.

Bay Mare For Sale. For Sale.—The Blackadder Mare, white bay with black points (no white). Weight about 950 lbs. Sound, kind and free from blemishes. An easy keeper. Apply to A. deW. Barrs. Wolfville, July 28, 1886

HOLSTEIN BULL.

The subscriber has for service the noted Prize Holstein Bull, Lord of Gasperreau, which he imported direct from Holland, so as to get the very best milking strain possible. Terms \$5.00 at time of service. Fred Annand. Grand Pre, Jan. 1st, 1886.

BURPEE WITTE R BURPEE WITTE R BURPEE WITTE R

SPRING STOCK SPRING STOCK SPRING STOCK

COMPLETE COMPLETE COMPLETE

Wool Carpets in handsome patterns at Burpee Witter's.

2000 Yards St Croix Gingham, 2000 Yards St Croix Shirtings, 2000 Yards Printed Grey Cottons,

Floor Oil Cloths very cheap at Burpee Witter's.

Knickerbocker Suits for Small Boys at Burpee Witter's.

200 Pieces Printed Cambrics, 200 Pieces Black & Col'd Dress Goods, 200 Pairs Am. & Can. Corsets.

Burpee Witter's Spring Stock is the most attractive he has ever shwn.

Unlaundried Shirts selling at 50c Unlaundried Shirts selling at 65c Unlaundried Shirts selling at 75c

Latest Styles in Men's COLLARS and NECKTIES at Burpee Witter's.

50 Suits Men's Clothing, 50 Suits Youths' Clothing, 50 Suits Boys' Clothing.

Cretonnes in beautiful patterns at Burpee Witter's.

Wool, Butter, Eggs, and other marketable produce taken in exchange.

Wolfville, April 30th, 1886

Glasgow House! WOLFFVILLE (Late Glasgow House, Halifax.) NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

We have just opened a fine assortment of Cloths and Tailor's Trimmings. Fifty select patterns in Scotch and Canadian Tweeds at bottom value.

Tweed Suitings, Diagonal Coatings, Black Broadcloths, Fall Overcoatings.

One Case of Print Cottons worth 13 cents selling for 10 cents per yard.

Full Stock Black Cashmeres just opened!

DODD & CORBETT.

"CASH."

J. W. Ryan has this week received a lot of new goods, including Seersuckers, Strim, Bunting Lawn, Lama Cloth and India Linen, Embroideries, Laces, Corsets, Hose and Gloves; and as Cash is what he is after, he can be induced to part with these nice new goods at a very moderate advance on cost. Try him.

MAIN ST., KENTVILLE.

JULY 22, 1886.

Farm Machinery and Implements!

Toronto Mowers (2 horse), Toronto Mowers (1 horse), Massey Mowers (2 horse), Bullard's Tedder, Sharpe's Rake (no equal or no sale), Massey Harvester, Toronto Reaper, Philadelphia Lawn Mower.

THRESHERS.—Heebner's Little Giant Threshers (1 or 2 horse), Heebner's Level Tread Powers, Abell's Little Giant Threshers, etc., Chatham Fanning Mills. PLOWS.—Brantford Sulky Plows, Wiant Sulky Plows, Clipper Sod Plows, "Little Hero" One Horse Plow, Syracuse Side Hill Plow 2-Furrow Gang Plows.

HARROWS.—"Acme" Pulverizing Harrows, Champion Steel Tooth Harrow, Spring Tooth Cultivating Harrows. CULTIVATORS.—Planet Jr. Double Wheel Hoes, Planet Jr. Single Wheel Horse Hoe and Cultivator combined, Diamond Point Cultivators.

FEED CUTTERS.—The Copper Strip Feed Cutter, The Cyclone Ensilage and Fodder Cutter, The Clinax Feed Cutter, The I X L Feed Cutter.

SUNDRIES.—Daisy Churns, Lilly Butter Workers, The "Perfection" Lawn and Garden Force Pumps (only two dollars and a half—does the work of a ten-dollar brass pump), Dederick's Hay Presses, Knop's Manure Spreaders, Halladay's Wind Mills, Hercules Stump Lifters, Aspinwall Potato Planter; and anything and everything in the way of Farm Implements and utensils, also any piece or part of any of the above Machines or Implements furnished at shortest notice on easy terms and Lowest Prices.

D. MUMFORD. W. & A. Railway Station, June 25, 1886.

Flour! Flour! Another Car-load of "BUDA" The best flour made in the Dominion. Every Barrel Warranted. For sale low for cash by G. H. Wallace. Wolfville, June 25, 1886.

KENTVILLE Jewellery Store! JAMES McLEOD

Head Quarters for fine Quadruple Silver Plated Ware Waltham and Swiss Watches, Gold & Silver Jewelry, Plated Jewelry, CLOCKS AND SPECTACLES.

We are regularly bringing out New Styles, and are showing a very fine line at prices never before heard of. Everything that appertains to the Jewellery Business is to be found at the Kentville Jewellery Store.

Solid Gold Wedding Rings Keepers and Gem Rings a specialty. For prices, quality and finish they are not equaled by any in the trade. Kentville, April 23d, 1886

Arrived at Last!

Crockery, Earthenware and Glassware Which we are cutting very low.

Our Groceries, which are of first quality and always fresh, are sold at low prices. Choice Molasses at 45c and 50c per gal. Teas, extra, from 25c upwards, Rankin & Moir's Biscuits, Celebrated Western Cheese, Bologna, etc.

ASK FOR WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE AT W. D. PATTERSON'S. Wolfville, May 14th, 1886

'86.-SPRING!-'86.

Ghas. H. Borden begs to call attention to his stock of Carriages for the spring trade, in CONCORD and WHITE CHAPEL styles. He is also prepared to build Carriages in any style required, including the VILLAGE CART, at shortest notice, and will guarantee stock and workmanship in everything turned out of his establishment. Wolfville, April 23d, 1886

1886. SEEDS! SEEDS!

GEO. V. RAND has received his supply of Garden and Flower Seeds for this season and customers can be supplied in quantities to suit.

They have been procured from reliable sources and can confidently be recommended. Wolfville, April 29th, 1886.

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

DOMINION DEPOSIT \$100,000 HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

The following example of a Ten Year Endowment Matured and Paid will show the advantage of insuring this Company;

No. 1149. JAMES FOREST, Guelph. \$1000. Age 42. Annual Premium \$92 04

In the following statement the premiums are such as were paid after being reduced by surplus. The right hand column gives the interest compounded at 5 per cent till the day the Policy was paid.

Table with 2 columns: Premiums and Interest. Total paid to Mr. Forest, \$1,027 57. Prem's pd by Mr. Forest \$733 33. Comp int on same at 5% 259 90 990 25

As an investment Mr. Forest's Policy returned \$37 32 more than all premiums paid by him, with compound interest at 5% added, in addition to his risk, or assurance of \$1,000, for ten years from age 42 to 52.

Full information at Avonport, N. S. J. B. Newcomb, General Agent for Nova Scotia Avonport, July 6th, 1886. Rev. J. B. HEMMEON, Special Agent.

DR. O. W. NORTON'S BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER!

Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound FOR RESTORING HEALTH

Hundreds have been cured by us for LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, DYSPEPSIA, SALTY BILFUM, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY DISEASE

GENERAL DEBILITY. READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS.

Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885. DR NORTON: Dear Sir,—For twenty five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, an entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Burdock Purifier has also cured Capt. Brooks of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Yours truly, Mrs. John Grant. ARTHUR BLACKBURN, of Newport writes: "For five years I have been afflicted with two Erysipelas Fever Sores on my legs. Have consulted all the doctors far and near. All medicine failed to do me any good until last fall I commenced to take Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. After taking seven bottles my sores are entirely healed up and I am as well as ever."

"February 9th, 1886." There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by most of the dealers in medicine throughout the country, ask by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville, at \$1.00 per age bottle.

March 12th, '86 ac-6-'85

Silver Ware.

We have a fine stock of Silver Ware including Castors, Cake Baskets Butter Dishes, Pickle Castors, Card Receivers, Knives, Spoons, Forks, Napkin Rings etc., which we are selling at extremely low prices. These goods are warranteed first quality quadruple plate.

Rockwell & Co., MAIN ST., WOLFFVILLE

Choice Miscellany.

Constancy.

Although our hands may never clasp in greeting With warm fond pressure, whose delight bespeaks The heart's too sudden and too conscious beating That sends confessing blushes to our cheeks, Although my lips drink not in draughts of cyan The love that trembles in thy tearful eyes, And destiny with wounding, harsh decision Duth sever all our dear remembered ties.

A Cup of Bitterness.

Standing in the fastly fading sunlight, looking down with eyes that have ceased to weep, into an open grave, kneeling and with pale hands clutching the moistened earth, putting this away. A casket of what? Tenderly with myrtle, alone and rose-leaves. A faithful heart, charred beyond recognition. A love which all the glory of Heaven could not encompass. A perfect trust. Broken vows. The sweet for nothing ("Dolce far niente") of other years. The tender memory of the warm clasp of an erstwhile kindly hand. Bitter tears and weary sighs sealed with His sanction and placed within. An old love song. A peal of silver laughter and the distant echo of the tiny pattering footsteps. Buried at last. Hidden from view forever. Alone and bending 'neath the shadow of His irrevocable will. Ah, well. But, hark! Up from the near woodland comes the twitter of birds. The soft whisper of a summer breeze as it sways the branches and rustles the leaves of the grand old trees, and beyond the pulsing murmur of the laughing brook.

The mellow sunlight lingers lovingly upon the green earth, and touches, as if with caressing hand, the wild beauty of the fragrant flowers. A hazy, misty, dreamy sweetness fills the air, a benediction, as it were. A hush! and out of the perfumed silence a peace rests over all, as a day and hour stepped down from Heaven and God pausing in wonderous awe in at its own loveliness. A charm of a faint, though greater hope thrills the old heart strings and the echo of a dead past floats away into the interminable misty distance. Up from the ashes of the old life a new starts forth. A gust of rhytmic melody bursts upon the air. Lustrous lights beam softly. Pearls of hope, rubies of love and diamonds of a full fruition of a long ago happiness looked for, gleam as from the depths. Turning away forever. No backward glance. It is over. Buckling on the armor, as Achilles of old, we take up our scap and staff and press on, trying to understand.

A Touch of Kindness.

"The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the maker of them all." It is something fine to see fashionable ladies exemplifying the rule and spirit of the Book that permits no caste distinctions. A reporter of the Philadelphia Press saw an evidence of this feeling that "makes the whole world kin" in a little street scene between a society belle and a child-peddler of the curbstone: "Ma-tchis, misis? ma-a-tchis! Three or five. Ma-a-tchis!" cried a child's thin voice on Chestnut Street, just below Broad. The voice belonged to a girl less than a yard high, who had big pleading blue eyes and a pert mouth. The street was crowded with people. The blue-eyed child persistently offered her wares to a man who was walking with a very stylishly dressed young lady. "Go away!" said the man, in a gruff tone. "Ah, the poor little thing!" cried the young woman. "Why don't you buy some of her matches, Fred? I'll do it myself. Here, little girl," opening a small reticule and fishing out some coins with her daintily gloved hand. "She's very neatly clad, and looks as though she had a good mother. I just believe I'll make her a present," and smiling the action to the word, she opened her fur coat and unfurled a knot of bright cherry ribbon that caught up a loop in her black silk dress. Then she quickly pinned the knot on the child's gray hood, and patting the pink cheek, turned away. "What in the world made you do that?" demanded the man, evidently much annoyed. "Oh, why, it will please the poor mother or so to think that some one has noticed her sweet-faced child!" was the young lady's reply, as the two went down the street. A tall, red-faced Irishman had been standing on the curb watching the performance with keen interest. "That young lady is better nor the Quene of England," he remarked, looking after the couple. "Be the powers,

Oh could go down on me knase and worship a beautiful creature like that, as isn't claimed to do a kind act to the poor with her own swate hands."

Short Summer Sermons.

BY BROTHER GARDNER. Dar' am sartin fings which you kin chalk down on de celiah doah wid a feelin' dat you am gwint to hit nine times what' you mis one. De wuss a wain's breaf smells de chuser he am gwint to get to you in an argyment. It am twice as easy to spend fifty cents to go to de circus as it am to pay back two shillins of borrowed money. No man can remember whar he frowed his empty cans and bottles until de diskivers dat somebody has dumped ashober his fence. Broadcloth an' silks look well on de street, but dey doan' litch well wid cold 'taters at home. De value of de dog you kiek am no gauge fur de feelins of de owner if he happens to be round. Nine men ou'er 'en borrow wid de expectashun of bein' so much ahead. De old one will want to borrow agin as a reward fur his honesty. It am powerful easy to discriminate between a wise man an' a fanatic. De wise man belongs to your party; de fanatic to de opposishun. While you should luv your naybars yourself, doan' gin him to understand dat you kin be depended on to lie awake o' nights to purtick his grape-arbor. De man who figgers dat he kin so live as to dodge slander an' escape notice has got a heap o' thistles waitin' fur his bar' feet. The average man's bizness word kin be depended on to a sartin pint—as fur as he will profit by keepin' it. De problem of livin' doan' depend so much on havin' 'tu an old velvet cap 'it in de parlor as it does in savin' de crusts and crumbs in de kitchen. When a man's whisky costs mo' dan his flour he should stan' ready to wote fur de buildin' of two wings on de County House. While it am tru dat all men war' created equal, a heap of us have got spiled in de bringin' up. About de only time social barriers am abolished am doarin' a steamboat explosion.

Speak a Good Word for Your Town.

Speak a good word for your town and county whenever an opportunity presents itself. More towns die for the want of confidence on the part of business men and lack of public spirit than from the rivalry of neig' baring towns or adverse surroundings. When a man in search of a home or business location goes to a town and finds everything him full of hope and enthusiasm over the prospects of the place and earnestly at work to build up the town, he soon becomes embued with same spirit and as a result he drives down his stake, and goes to work with the same interest. When, however, he goes to a town and everyone expresses doubt and apprehension in the future prosperity of the place, mooping about and indulging in mourning complaints about imaginary evils which are likely to befall the town, he naturally feels that it is no place for him, and at once shakes the dust from his feet, while he pulls with all his possible speed for some 'other town. Consequently, try and make a live, enterprising, progressive town; remember when you are working for and saying a good word for your town you are accomplishing all the more for yourself.—Florida Free Press.

What a True Wife Will Do.

As far as money matters are concerned, the wife if taken into the husband's confidence, and made to feel that the money that comes into the family be equally shared, will, if she be a true wife by her womanly tact and the interest she feels in her household, exhibit economy and judicious management. Women do not like the idea of being considered subordinates. Talk with them of your plans, show that you mean to have them operate with you in your aspirations, and the idea of striking will not enter their heads. If the person who thinks "women ought to have sense enough to discern a brute from a man before marriage," would stop and think for a moment would realize that there are other things besides brutishness which disturb domestic felicity. Men in general are not like cats, to be mollified at will, even by woman, with her "God-given gift to turn sour to sweet." Life cannot be lived happily in a one-sided manner, and it is for the husband as much as the wife, to make the other happy, to "honour and cherish," and without being "lovesick," or stooping beneath his dignity to take her occasionally of his love.—Boston Globe.

Why they are Honest.

An Arizona editor recently sent postal cards to all the prominent citizens of the place requesting them to give an answer to the question: "Why are you an honest man?" Some of the replies which he publishes are curious. One answers: "It must be because of my durned cussedness; I always did like to be differ'nt from other people." Another says that he is honest because he has never held any public office. Another indignantly answers: "What d'ye take me for—an angel!" Another sarcastically remarks: "I suppose you're goin' to start a museum and are lookin' fer freaks. Well, count me out; I'm not one." Another,

professional labor agitator, wrote in blood-red ink, on a postal card: "What are ye givin' us?" While the editor of the opposition paper volunteered the answer that he scorned to lay bare the palpating manning of a noble and honest soul at the request of a dishonest reptile and political parasite. The editor is so well pleased that he intends soon to ask for answers to the question: "What do you take for a cold?"

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangement with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the ACADIAN one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be sent in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Table with columns: Publication, Regular Price, Clubbing Price. Includes Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Weekly News, Toronto Daily News, Alden's Juvenile Gem, American Agriculturist, etc.

Sarcasmic.

A large woman, with a market-basket on her arm and a sun-burned umbrella in her hand, stood on the corner and signalled the driver to stop. The driver as is often the case, looked at her as if she were simply a lamp-post, and kept on his way. The woman ran wildly after the car, waving the umbrella and shouting loudly. After the driver had gone about a block, he kindly reined up his horses, and putting his head around a corner of a car, asked the almost breathless woman if she wished to board it. With cutting sarcasm, she made answer: "Oh, of course not!" she replied. "I just wanted to chase it up the street a few blocks. Of course I didn't want to get on! Street-cars weren't made to ride on; they were made for women to run after an' admire!"

Conviction.

Never let your honest conviction be laughed down. You can no more exercise your reason, if you live in constant dread of ridicule than you can enjoy life if you live in constant fear of death. If you think it right to differ from the time, and make a point of morals, do it—not for insolence, but seriously and gravely, as if a man carried a big soul of his own in his bosom and did not wait until it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Be true to your conviction, and in the end you will not only be respected by the world, but have the approval of your conscience.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

The cheapest doctor you can employ

is to always keep in the house "Minard's Linctum," Conqueror of all pains, "Minard's Honey Balsam" good for all Pulmonary trouble, "Minard's Family Pills" the best Liver Pill known, and general cathartic, "Nelson's Cherookee Vermifuge" the Worm-Killer, pleasant to take.

THE Tired Feeling.

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, but common complaint, known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Dr. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists.

The evil consequences resulting from impure blood

are beyond human calculation, as are the vast sums expended in worthless remedies. Parson's Purcative Pills make new rich blood, and taken one a night for three months will change the blood in the entire system. One bad meal will do more harm to a consumptive patient than weeks of care. A good junket made from EAGER'S WINE or HENNEY, with a cream sauce over it, will supply them with a delicious nutritive and easily digested meal.

The relaxing power of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment

is almost miraculous. A gentleman whose leg was bent double at the knee and stiff for twenty years had it limbered by its use, and the leg is now as good as the other.

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NOTICE.

All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson C. Martin, of Horton, Kings County, deceased are requested to render the same, duly attested, within three calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with JAMES B. MARTIN, Admr. JOHN L. MARTIN, Admr. Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885.

NOTICE.

All persons having legal demand against the Estate of Sarah Davison, late of Long Island, in the County of King's, widow, are requested to render the same duly attested, within twelve calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to make immediate payment to J. H. DAVISON, Admr. Wolfville, July 6, 1885.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES. 12 fast-selling articles, and 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 3c, and this slip. A. W. KIRNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

W. & A Railway. Time Table. 1886—Summer Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 14th June.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accm., exp. Daily, TFS Daily. Lists stations like Annapolis, Wolfville, etc.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accm. M.W.F. daily, Accm. P.M. daily. Lists stations like Halifax, Windsor, etc.

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

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

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday at 2 p.m., and St. John every Saturday at 8 p.m. for Boston direct.

Steamers "Alpha" and "Dominion" leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston.

Steamers "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Lines leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6:40 a.m. evening and Sunday morning.

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