

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XVIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1899.

No. 47.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00.

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AN ORIGINAL GIRL.

Clear weather is always prayed for on "steamer day" at Nassau. If Nassau, like most other civilized places in the nineteenth century, had telegraph or even daily mail communication with the rest of the world, "steamer day" would not mean so much as it now does to its inhabitants and visitors.

The passengers land. Waiting friends rush forward to greet some; others walk through a row of curious faces on either side and up toward the hotel. Small native boys rush about and beguile them with all manner of requests: "Carry your bag, boss?" "Drive for you, boss?" "Does you want a boy, lady?"

By noon the excitement had moderated, and we strolled down to the wharf and pitched silver coins into the clear water thirty feet deep, to see small boys dive and bring them from the white sand bottom, where they lay clearly visible.

I strolled away from my companions, and, passing several small schooners laden with sponges, lying along the

island schooner could have followed London theatrical matters so closely, I gave her my unbiased opinion of the matter. She was then silent, and I, meanwhile, had an opportunity to study this Bahama curiosity.

She was about twenty-six years old, and was neatly dressed in an inexpensive light material. Her luxuriant hair, of a dark brown color, was tastefully arranged, and she wore a large-brimmed, but not unbecoming, straw hat, which had evidently seen better days. Although much burnt, I could see her skin was fair and her hands delicately formed. Her expression was one of demure sadness, and after my study I came to the conclusion that she was a more than ordinarily handsome woman, I decided to continue the conversation.

"May I come aboard?" I ventured to say.

"Certainly," was the reply. "John's gone out to the steamer and I'm being watch for him. I shall be glad to have you tell me the news. We get little except when we come to Nassau."

"Who is John?" I wondered, "and how much news can people get who only rely on Nassau for it?"

I stepped on board, however, and my fair hostess, excusing herself for a moment, stepped down into the cabin and returned a moment after with two small chairs, which she placed under a small awning which shaded half the cockpit.

She motioned for me to be seated, and I obeyed. There was silence for a moment after we sat down and then my hostess said, speaking very slowly and with evident effort:

"You must think it very strange that I spoke to you and have allowed you to talk to me, but I saw you were a gentleman, and I do grow so lonely and so anxious to see and talk with someone from the great world now and then. The ladies up at the hotel, if I go up there, I do not know, and I suppose I seem queer to them, for they look at me, and I haven't the courage to speak to them. John doesn't seem to care for anything but sponges and salt wrecks."

"Sponges and salt wrecks?" I asked myself. "What manner of man may John be?"

"Yes," continued my hostess, "it's very lonely on Watlings. You see there are only 675 people on the whole island, and of these only about 300 are white, while I don't suppose there are forty I know. We're 160 miles from Nassau, and although I'm teasing John to bring me over there, he won't come but three times a year, unless there's a wreck."

"A wreck?" I asked.

"Yes," she went on nonchalantly, "we don't have much luck now a-days."

"We haven't had a good wreck since the big Spanish steamer went down on Eleuthera three years ago."

The situation dawned. My fair friend was the wife, daughter or sister of a Bahama wrecker—perhaps pirate.

"What's the matter? You seem disturbed."

I murmured in a rambling way something about wrecking being a pleasant occupation.

"Oh, I see," she laughed, and a wonderfully musical laugh it was, too. "You are shocked at John's being a wrecker. John doesn't really wreck ships. He merely helps to strip them when they are wrecked."

I felt relieved, but dire memories of childhood tales of false lights and murdered crews would come in my mind.

"And who is John?" I asked.

"Ah, John is the dearest, sweetest, noblest fellow living—that's John I'm sure you'd like him."

I tried again.

"You were born at Watlings?"

"Oh, dear, no. I was wrecked there. Wasn't it romantic to be wrecked on the island Columbus first landed on?"

"I mildly remarked that I had been taught Columbus first landed on San Salvador or Cat Island."

"Oh, my, no. You're quite wrong. It's been proved he first came ashore at Watlings. Why, I often, on fine mornings, get John to drive me over to the southeastern point of the island where it is thought he came ashore

There's the loveliest white beach there, and the broad blue ocean stretches out and away before you as you look eastward. I make John go away, for John isn't romantic, you know, and then I sit down and close my eyes and I see the queer old-fashioned ships with their worn sails, their high sterns and the royal banners waving, tossing at anchor beyond the reef; I see the line of boats with flashing oars advancing; I see the dusky Indian forms standing at the edge of the wood, and just above where the surf breaks on the beach I see the old mariner kneeling under the banner of Spain, his sword uplifted and his eyes raised to heaven."

"Oh, it's a glorious picture, and I never tire of calling it forth. Life on Watlings, you see, has its compensations."

"As the woman told this story, she unconsciously acted it out, rose from her chair, and with flaming eyes and cheeks, a new and fair Columbus led a fancied band. I had grown deeply interested and I determined to know her history."

"Tell me about yourself," I said, "and how it comes that you, with your evident education and accomplishments, choose to live on a place so remote and lonely as Watlings Island."

She blushed a little, was silent a moment, and then in a low voice said:

"Well, I don't mind telling you, it's not a long story. I see I've given you a wrong impression, for, indeed, although it is lonely at times, I'm really very happy and I wouldn't change places with any woman. I am an English woman, and I was born near London. My father was a civil engineer in good circumstances, and with a twin sister I had every possible advantage of education. My mother died when I was about fifteen, and as we had no near relatives we were much with our father. We were never enough to London to run in of an evening to the theatres and the opera—we had a pleasant society of our own. We read much, sang and played a good deal, and rode continually."

"Ten years ago last autumn my father met with a sudden business reverse. He was offered a remunerative post in California, and decided to go there. A ship belonging to a friend of his was just about to sail for the Isthmus; we were offered a passage on her at a low rate, and in three days' time found ourselves at sea. I never tell you of the voyage. It was all new and strange to us, of course, and we two girls were the pets of the ship."

"I saw with relief my father, who had broken much under his losses, improve in health and spirits, and as we neared the tropics the glowing sunset skies were emblematic of our hopes of life in the new world."

"We had been out some thirty days when one afternoon as the sun set in a dark bank of clouds and the air was close and sultry, I noticed the captain looking anxious and heard him say something about the 'Bahama reefs' to the mate."

"That night a hurricane struck us, and for hours we were in what seemed a dull gray cavern of water and sky. The ship plunged madly before the gale, and with our father we sat in the cabin, clasped in each other's arms."

"The merran broke scarce less dark than the night. Suddenly the wind shifted and the ship righted and seemed to stand quivering like an over-driven horse. A few minutes passed when, with a wild roar, the storm was on us once more, and drove madly in another direction. There was a sudden crash, my father sprang, half dragging us toward the companionway. I saw a high wall of water rolling down upon us—it fell and all grew dark. I remember a sensation of sinking, of being whirled around, a dull, booming noise in my ears, and I opened my eyes to find myself lying on a sandy beach, two rough men looking down on me, while a third and younger one, kneeling beside me, was chafing my hands. Frightened, but too weak to scream, I feebly said:

"Where am I?"

"Oh Watlings Island, Miss," said the young man.

"Yes," said one of the older men, and a narrow squeak you had for it, too. If I hadn't thought it was mighty queer seaweed washing in over

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

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Marrahn and the Hen's Eggs.

CHARACTER SKETCH.

He was only four years old, and had not yet pulled on those little breeches in which, afterward, he strutted up and down like a young peacock, and vainly imagined that he made his eight-year-old half-sister green with envy. He was a loving little chap, and was suited first-rate when his aunt coddled him and fussed with his long silky hair; or his grandfather made him some sail-boats for a windmill on top of a tall sapling fixed at the end of the barn; or when he was logging wood for his mother; or tending his boisterous baby brother; or listening with breathless interest to those magic stories about the ugly boy who brained his brother with a club, the boasting giant, the three men who couldn't be burned alive, and the man the lions didn't want to eat. He used to dig dandelions for greens, and begged his father to make him a yoke to "break in" the little steer-calves. Once he tried to milk the little heifer-calf, but bossy was very modest and sidgeted a good deal, and finally, when he persisted in his attempt, her original indignation was aroused and she ran over him with her hind legs, knocking his pail and stool in all directions, and hurting his feelings to quite an extent. He heard the Silver-Spangled Fowls cackling in the hay-loft, and decided to rob her nest. At the risk of a broken head he climbed the rickety ladder into the loft and—it was like picking up gold—he found a nest with six beautiful eggs. He gathered them up into the "Trust of his dress as he had seen his mother put chips into her apron, and with one hand occupied with his treasure, started to back like a crab down the ladder. Then he saw an egg roll out, grabbed for it, lost his balance and fell tumbling and rolling to the floor. His body was not much hurt, but the accident led to his getting a bruise on his soul that was black and blue for ever thirty years. When his parents scraped up the bay and the eggs they decided from indignation that five eggs had been broken. He insisted that he had started down with six. He was their first boy to grow out of infancy, and their ideals of truthfulness were very high. They argued with him, persuaded, begged him to say he had started down the ladder with only five eggs; but his little righteous soul was up in arms. He persisted in his statement that six eggs had been broken. Then there was a sad scene. Don't blame the parents too severely. They believed in total natural depravity. They spanked their little struggling son, and spanked, and spanked, till finally, brained, defenceless, and in despair, he told his first lie. He repeated the story according to instructions. He said he broke five eggs only. Poor little Marrahn!

B. A. LEE.

Inheritance of Health.

There is, it is true, as great an equality in the inheritance of health as in the bequeathal of wealth or brains. Some are born with a fortune of vigor and soundness so large that not a lifetime of eager squandering will leave them poor, and others enter the world paupers of need so dire that no charity from medicine can ever raise them to comfort, but most of us have just that mediocre legacy of vitality which renders us undistinguishable units in the mass. It lies in the hands of each to improve or waste that property, as he chooses, for there are self-made men who, because of ancestral wastefulness, have only a sixpence of health and turn it into a fortune, and there are spendthrifts of health who come to as sorrowful a case as spendthrifts of gold. The body is the realm where a wise and frugal ruler brings happiness as surely as a foolish one brings distress, and wisdom here, as elsewhere, lies in learning and obeying natural laws.—North American Review.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JULY 28, 1899.

Editorial Notes.

It seems a trifle unflattering that Nova Scotia, which, as the various plebiscite votes show, possesses very advanced views on the temperance question, should, in a sense, be represented in the newspaper lines by dailies so very much behind the times in this respect as the Halifax Herald and Chronicle. Probably no papers in Canada have taken a more decided and unfair stand against the temperance cause than they have taken.

In fact it is very apparent that they are quite as much organs of the whisky interests, as they are of the political parties they are supposed to aid. Whether or not the liquor influence shall be permitted to have exclusive control of the daily press in this province, is a question prohibitionists should gravely consider. What would be the matter with the establishment of another provincial daily, either in Halifax or some progressive town outside, which would more fairly represent the people of the province on this question.

Indeed a more moral stand on the temperance question is not the only particular in which a new periodical might improve upon the traditions of the old. Our present dailies are antiquated in other respects as well. The time is past, we think, when a newspaper can do most for its party by falsified reports and by heaping approbations upon the opposite party, and fulsome praise upon its friends under any circumstances. Yet these are just the tactics which the Halifax press make use of. The times call for a little more independence in journalism. Yet who ever heard of either of these papers advocating anything which their party had not first originated, or standing out against their party for the sake of principle? Who ever heard of them recognizing merit in an opponent, or mistake on the part of those of the same party color?

Instead of anything like this they pursue the same old policy of slavish allegiance to the dictates of their party; they halt the same old terms of invective against each other, and bestow the same extravagant praise on their friends until their readers become nauseated. The only variety which we have had of late being that since '96 the two papers seem to have exchanged files.

Were a daily started with a personality of its own, one with advanced views on the Prohibition question and other kindred reforms in which the people are interested, and one above all which would be clean and reliable, we venture to predict that it would receive a hearty support from Nova Scotians, whether they were Liberal, Conservative or neutral.

The wide fire law went into force in New Brunswick on the first of May of this year. Regarding its popularity, it is a fact that the Halifax Herald has this to say: "Premier Emmerson's wide fire law, which went into force on May 1st, seems to be meeting with general approval in this neighbourhood, and it is beginning to look as if the narrow tires for heavy vehicles would soon be a thing of the past. It was thought at first by not a few persons that the law would be a failure, but already a good many who entertained that opinion have changed their minds. The law is being pronounced one of the very best ever placed on the statute book, and there seems to be a disposition on all sides to conform to its provisions. It is generally admitted that wide tired vehicles are much easier on horses, particularly on country roads, and for this reason it is not looked upon as hardship to be compelled by law to adopt them. Already a large number of persons including millmen and others, who have heavy hauling to do, are using the wide tires, and none can be found who regret having made the change."

The Dominion-Atlantic railway has just issued a very neat little booklet entitled "A Glimpse of Evangeline's Land: Lovely Wolfville and the Region Thereabout." It is very pretty and tasty and will prove to be a good advertisement of our beautiful town. The first cover has an excellent engraving of "Evangeline" and the last contains "Blomidon from Wolfville." The sketch is from the pen of Miss Margaret Graham, who is well known to many ACADIAN readers. It is exceedingly well written and describes the beauties of Wolfville "in a most charming, bewitchingly lovely," in a very attractive and readable manner.

The escape of a criminal from the county jail last week should set the authorities to thinking. This is not the first time that the county boarding-house has failed to retain its guests. We would suggest that a quantity of old lead shot be procured and placed around the building.

Woods in July.

Probably there is no other spot in nature where we may obtain the mind-rest, which we all so often badly need, as in the summer woods.

This must be especially true during these sultry July days of ours. For the heat has come upon us so suddenly, and before we were half aware of it's near approach, that rest and coolness seem rare and very, very pleasant; and the contrast between time spent in the woods and the time spent in our own homes and offices and on our dusty streets, where only now and then a stray breeze will reach us, is all the more striking.

There is something supremely peaceful about the forest which enfolds all within it; and one has scarcely entered before this same subtle influence steals over him, and the frets and worries of the work-a-day world vanish quite out of his thoughts. It is all so restful, and quiet and sublime there seems no room for one worldly care or thought. All things seem as one, and there comes over us a feeling of reverence and awe as though we were in the presence of something Divine. The unseen and the seen are blended in perfect unity. God and nature appear to us, at least for a little while, as one great whole. Perhaps for the first time in our life we really understand the meaning of the words,

"Closer is He than breathing,

"And nearer than hands or feet."

Something inexpressibly sweet comes to us from the songs of the birds, and we forget how disagreeable our experiences with the outside world have been. Forgiveness and love do not seem nearly as difficult, and we are willing to believe that there is quite a lot more of both existing among our fellow men than a short time before we could have believed possible.

But perhaps it is the trees themselves that appeal most strongly to us. Dr. O. W. Holmes in speaking of trees compares them to so many full-grown, half-witted children, with out-stretched arms, depending on nature to dress and undress them. Myself, I like to think of them as a part of nature as we ourselves are, taking in their own nourishment and depending upon themselves for their existence as much or more than any of us do. Their thousands and thousands of leaves, all speaking the same unutterable language we cannot understand. But they bring over us all the sweet, vague feelings of some beautiful dream of a happier time, and a better, nobler life.

In even the smallest tree there is some great and mysterious power. Among all our trees the oak is the best type of strength and endurance, and it is almost impossible, while walking beneath them, not to have some of their power and strange, silent nobleness and unchangeableness engrafted into our own nature. It is just as Tennyson says of the Yew,

"O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changes not in any gale,
Nor bending summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom."
"And gazing on thee, fallen tree,
Sick for thy stabbard hardihood,
I seem to fall from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee."

All our better impulses are stirred, all the good that may be buried deep in our hearts is raised to the surface. Who can explain it? Who can express it? Toi, influence which Nature, greatest teacher of the present, or past, or of the future, works upon us all. But whatever it is we have all felt it at some time during our life, perhaps many times. And it is a disposition on all sides to conform to its provisions. It is generally admitted that wide tired vehicles are much easier on horses, particularly on country roads, and for this reason it is not looked upon as hardship to be compelled by law to adopt them.

Already a large number of persons including millmen and others, who have heavy hauling to do, are using the wide tires, and none can be found who regret having made the change."

Evangeline Beach Notes.

The high tides during the past week, serving as they have in the middle of the day, have been very favorable for the Beach.

As the season for Sunday school picnics has not yet arrived, the attendance has been more in the form of private picnics and tourists, the latter of whom have patronized the Beach to a very large extent.

The attendance up to the present has been fair, and all that could be expected. Mr Hennigar, with some friends, sailed over from Canaan, and spent Sunday with his family at Glee Cottage.

Miss Craig, of Cambridge, and Miss Vogel, of Boston, have been visiting Mrs Bleckhorn at Clear View Cottage. Mrs Murray and family and the Misses Woodman have taken up their residence in Blomidon Cottage.

The cottages are now all occupied for a longer or shorter period. It is expected that the Wolfville Band will give a second concert at the Beach this afternoon from 4 to 7 o'clock.

The 9th International Convention of the E. Y. P. U. was held at Richmond, Va., on the 13th of July. Music was furnished by a choir of seven hundred voices. The key word of the Convention was Discipleship. Prof. Keirstead, of Wolfville, gave an address on "The Disciple and his Books." A large number of people attended the convention and it was a grand success.

Col. Robt. G. Ingersoll, the great non-believer, suddenly passed away at his summer home, Watson-on-Hudson, near Dubbs' ferry, a few minutes after noon on Friday, death resulting from heart trouble, with which he had been troubled since 1896.

ASTHMA.

If you have it try Ozone, a sure and safe remedy. Ozone kills the germs of the disease and nature does the rest.

Mr A. R. Melan, engineer of the Str. "Evangeline," says: "I have suffered terribly from asthmatic trouble, and every night I would wake up choking and straggling so that at last I did not take my clothes off at all on retiring. I have taken two bottles of Ozone and have been greatly benefited thereby. I now can enjoy a good night's rest. I can confidently recommend Ozone to all sufferers from similar troubles."

For sale by Druggists and Dealers. 50c. AND \$1. PER BOTTLE.

Southern California Letter.

The people of this section are agitated in many ways this summer. The semi-drought is affecting them at every turn. The crops are almost a failure, pastures are dying up alarmingly fast, and the water supply is falling at every point. For the first time in the history of San Bernardino there is insufficient water to supply the needs of the inhabitants. Artesian wells stop flowing and Lythe creek, from whence comes the city water, is drying up at the rate of 10 inches a day. Just east of town, and on a lower level, an artesian well was opened in May of this year that is a wonder in the whole country. It is 550 feet deep, 10 inches in diameter, and throws out a stream that measures 350 miner's inches. This water has been sold to parties in Riverside, 10 miles south of us and on a still lower level. These facts will give point to the following squib that appeared in a local paper this week:

"NOW OTHERS SEE IT."

"Speaking of saloons reminds me of a conversation I overheard on the train the other day. A Los Angeles man was twitting a San Bernardino man about San Bernardino's saloons. 'Here you are,' said he, 'having no end of trouble to get bare drinking water, while Riverside gobbles up the well, naturally your supply, flowing enough water for three or four cities like San Bernardino.' 'Oh, you make a mistake,' said the Bernardinoite, 'we're not bothering about water; that is just Los Angeles talk. We don't need water like Riverside. We sprinkle our streets with oil, drink beer, and curry ourselves in lieu of bathing.'" For the benefit of the San Bernardino papers the writer went on to label his little article as a joke. He said he did not believe that the people of that city ever drink water nor bathe, even if it is true that they sprinkle their streets with oil.

BOUND TO RUN DOWN HILL.

A few weeks ago the lumber firm of Savakrup & Hoek purchased from the Desert Box Co. a large traction engine with which they expected to haul the logs from where they were cut in the forest to the mill. They started it from this city under its own steam for their mill in the mountains, over 6000 feet higher up in the air, over the toll road of the Arrowhead Reservoir Company. At the toll-gate they were refused passage and after offering \$25 toll, the men broke down the toll-gate and proceeded on up the mountain. But just as they reached the main grade the driver discovered that the water in the tank was giving out, and there was no brake, so he undertook to keep on just enough steam to hold the engine on its grade without moving either forward or backward. This bright scheme wouldn't work, and the ponderous engine backed off into the canyon, a drop of 40 feet. At an expenditure of \$350 the engine was taken to pieces, repaired, and carried to the mountain crest. Here it was again set up and started under its own steam for the mill. Everything went well until it was within two miles of its destination, when it again backed off the road into a deeper canyon, where it now lies in a badly smashed condition. To add to these perplexities the owners have had to appear in court to settle with the Toll-road Company for smashing the gate and obstructing travel.

THE N. E. A. CONVENTION.

The meeting of the National Education Association, just concluded in Los Angeles, has been a notable affair. Educators from every state in the Union, from Cuba, Porto Rico and Honolulu, were in attendance. Reports just published show that the Santa Fe has brought 4000 delegates into the State from points east. The Southern Pacific has brought in 3000. Besides which the Southern Pacific has brought 1200 from Pacific coast points, and the Santa Fe and Southern Pacific together have hauled to Los Angeles over 3000 from cities and towns immediately tributary to Los Angeles, making a grand total of 11200 persons there two companies have put into Los Angeles. M. B. Shaw, San Bernardino, Cal., July 17, 1899.

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\$5.00 Goods.....for \$4.00.
\$4.00 "....." \$3.20.
\$3.00 "....." \$2.50.
\$2.00 "....." \$1.60.
\$1.00 "....." .80

Don't miss it as there is big value in this sale. Not all sizes in stock, but pretty well assorted.

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PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

NEW STORE!

H. W. DAVISON will occupy the new store in the McKENNA BLOCK on and after Friday, April 28th.

GROCERIES ALWAYS NEW AND FRESH. BEST OF BREAD AND PASTRY.

WOULD BE PLEASED TO SEND YOU A CARPET SWEEPER ON A WEEK'S TRIAL.

Full stock of Bissell's Carpet Sweepers just in.

A. J. WOODMAN.

Coldwell & Borden, HARD AND SOFT COALS, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Kindlings ALWAYS ON HAND. Telephone No. 7.

Spectacles. Eye helps, if right. Eye destroyers, if wrong. Who is to know in time to let you 'skip the mistakes. Not the average spectacle seller. His mission is to get your nose bawled and get your cash. Come and talk it over. If you do not need spectacles I would not sell them to you for love or money. I will not sell you a pair to injure your eyes. I know how to fit glasses and guarantee satisfaction. Call and see me or send for me. No charge except a reasonable price for spectacles ordered. 50¢ a pair home Mondays.

Yours, H. PINO, Wolfville.

FOR SALE. Five swarms of German bees in patent Loopstroth hives, at about half the regular price. A. L. DAVISON.

Meteorological Observations Taken at the N. S. School of Horticulture, Wolfville, for the period July 6-12, 1899.

Max. Min. General state of weather.

July Ther. Ther. Morning Evening
20 77 79 Fine Fine
21 66 45 " " Rainy
22 67 57 " " Thunder storm Cloudy
23 65 48 " " Fine " Fine
24 70 47 " " Fine, evening showers
25 70 49 " " Fine, evening showers

FOR SALE. The AMERICAN HOUSE PROPERTY is for sale. This valuable property which can be purchased at a reasonable figure affords a good opening for a man of enterprise. For Hotel Purposes it has magnificent grounds. For Business Sites it is the best available situation in town.

Because of its central location the property is yearly increasing in value and a purchaser now will have every prospect of a margin for profit.

FOR TERMS APPLY TO AVARD V. PINO.

NEW GOODS!

We are receiving daily our Spring imports.

OUR REPUTATION FOR CLOSE PRICES WILL BE MAINTAINED.

OUR STOCK OF GOODS will contain many novelties, and intended buyers should scan our adv. from time to time so that they may be assisted in purchasing good goods at close prices.

Port Williams House, CHASE, CAMPBELL & CO.

Have been making some elegant work lately.

Will show you samples any time you can drop in.

W. W. ROBSON, PHOTOGRAPHER.

WOLFVILLE STUDIO OPEN MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

WOLFVILLE REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Desirable Properties for Sale: 6. Small Farm at Hanport-15 acres. House 10 rooms, land by fence. Stable. Suitable for Summer Tourists or Country Residence.

7. House and Lot on Central Ave.-6 rooms and bathroom. Price reasonable.

8. Farm near Wolfville-70 acre Orchard 800 trees. Good buildings.

9. Land at Wolfville-3 1/2 acres 3/4 acre Orchard. 10 acres Dyke.

16. Modern House on Main St.-Nine rooms, Bath room, furnace, hot and cold water. Small garden.

18. The Wallace property at corner Front street and Central avenue. Four rooms, six and seven rooms each.

25. House and Orchard on Main St. 5 1/2 acres, 9 rooms, Stable, 1 acre land in orchard producing apples, pears and plums. Trees in full bearing. Also a quantity of small fruit.

27. Land on south side main street, opposite "Kent Lodge," about 7 1/2 acres, well situated for building, in the lot.

28. "American House" Stable. For further particulars, apply to AVARD V. PINO, Barrister, Real Estate Agent, etc., Wolfville, N. S. Office in R. E. Harris' Building.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS

Scientific American. MUNN & Co. 37 N. 5th Street, New York.

People's Bank of Halifax WOLFVILLE, N. S., AGENCY

SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT. Deposits of One Dollar and upwards will be received and interest allowed at the current rate.

Geo. W. HADRO, AGENT. AUG. 28th, 1899.

THE BIG MARITIME FAIR! NOVA SOTIA PROVINCIAL EXHIBITION. September 23-30, 1899.

INCREASED PRIZES IN CATTLE, SHEEP, POULTRY, AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS, FLOWERS AND FEEL. Improved Facilities in Every Department.

WRITE FOR PRIZE LISTS. FOUR DAY'S RACING-BIG PURSES -FOR TROTTING AND PACING.

Special attractions, surpassing the splendid programmes of previous years. The world's greatest athletes in marvellous feats of dexterity and side-splitting specialties, concluding every evening with a realistic presentation of Bold soldiers in actual warfare. War with the Afghans, Lord Roberts's Famous March to Kandahar, and The Story of Polwar Kotal, a noted Afghan stronghold, produced with over two hundred British soldiers and soldiers from the garbure, a number of whom actually took part in the Afghan war.

Fireworks galore. Magnificent display every evening. For prize lists and all information apply to J. E. WOOD, Manager.

MONEY TO LEND on Mortgage, etc. to E. E. Cawley, Solicitor, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999.

THE SLA

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IN Bicy

Color Seal soles, Bicycle part of the moccasin.

Ask to see the

New Slater S

BOR

Only Agency Bell's

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JULY 28,

Local and Provincia

The Oldfellow's Grand Lodge m

Kestville, August 9th.

The Wolfville band is to p

Evangeline Beach this afternoon

weather is favorable.

The house of Mr Ford, on Gas

street, has been much improv

week by a coat of paint.

There have been a good many i

to leave the past week. Acadia

Hotel had a large number

Sunday.

The new fruit house for Not

Low has been begun. Mr D. A.

is the contractor. The new buildi

is located just east of the Acadia

There was an excursion from

Wol on Friday by the steamer A

line. There was a good attendan

If We Know.

Could we but draw back the curtains That surround each other's lives, See their naked heart and spirit, Know what their hearts are giving, Often we would find it better, Purer than we judge we should— We should love each other better, If we only understood.

Could we judge all deeds by motives, Bred and bred and bred within, Often we should love the sinner, All the while we loath the sin. Could we know the powers working To overthrow integrity, We should judge each other's errors With more patient charity.

If we knew the care and trials, And the bitter disappointment, Understood the loss and gain, Would the grim eternal roughness Seem, I wonder, just the same? Would we help where now we hinder? Would we pity where we blame?

Oh, we judge each other harshly, Knowing not life's hidden foe; Knowing not the fount of action Is less turbid at its source. Seeing not the evil, All the good that's in it, Oh, we'd love each other better, If we only understood.

CURED OF EPILEPSY.

THE STORY OF A ST. CATHARINES LADY WHO IS RESTORED TO HEALTH. She Suffered Severely, sometimes having as Many as Four Spasms in a Week—Several Doctors Consulted Without Benefit.

From the Star, St. Catharines Mrs. S. B. Wright, of St. Catharines, has for a number of years been a severe sufferer from epilepsy, from which dread disease she is now happily free. To a reporter who recently called upon her to ascertain the manner of her cure, she said: "It is to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my release. It is some years since I had my first attack. At the time I did not know what my trouble was, but the doctor who was called in to attend me at once said it was epilepsy, and that the disease was incurable. After this I had the spasms as often as two, three and four times a week. I had no premonitory symptoms, but would fall no matter where I was. I always slept heavily after an attack. Finding that the local treatment was not helping me my husband took me to a doctor in Hamilton. He also said that he could not cure me, but that he could give me medicine that would prolong the period between the spasms. This he accomplished, but I longed for a cure rather than for relief, and I finally consulted a specialist, who told me that he could cure me, but that I must have patience. I asked him how long he thought it would require to effect a cure, and he replied at least six months. He gave me medicine and I took it faithfully, but instead of getting better I was surely growing worse. After following this treatment for some months without avail, I felt that I could not hope for a cure and was about resigning myself to my fate. My sister, however, urged me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a trial and I reluctantly decided to take her advice. For a time after beginning to use the pills I continued to have the spasms, but I felt that gradually they were less severe and my strength to bear them greater, and I persisted in the treatment until the time came when the spasms ceased and I was as well and strong as ever I had been. I took in all twelve or fourteen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and although several years have elapsed since I discontinued their use, I have not in that time had any return of the malady. I owe this happy release to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will always have a good word to say for them.

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who, for the sake of an extra profit to himself, may say "as good" as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

What Makes Success.

"We are forever going to begin work in earnest to-morrow," said Mr. Stacy, bolt, "and we are never satisfied with the job we've got, and we perform the labor involved in it in only a half-hearted manner, but we are going to work in dead earnest when we get a job to suit us." "The fact is that to-morrow, when we get to it, we will be just as lazy as now; we shall feel any more like work. And that other job, when we come in actual contact with it and see it close at hand, we'll quit it as fast as we can get away from it. The truth is that we are dawdlers and shy of work and trying to get along just as easy as we can. We hate to pitch in and go at things." "The time for us to work is now, not to-morrow, and the job for us to collar is the one we've got. Round that up in style, do the work completely and thoroughly, and you'll be astonished to find how you'll bring it out and what chances there are in it. And everybody that knows about your work or is in any way concerned or affected by it, as it is done well or ill, will be delighted to see it well done—everybody likes to see a job whatever it is, well done—and pleased with the doer, and there's money in it every time." "It isn't the job that makes success; it's the man, and don't you forget it."

A CARD.

I, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a twenty-cent bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after using three-fourths of contents of bottle, they do not relieve Constipation and Headache. I also warrant that your bottle will permanently cure the most obstinate case of Constipation. Satisfaction or no pay when Williams' Pink Pills are used.

GEORGE N. RAND, Druggist, Wolfville, N.S.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land."

Condensed by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U.

OFFICERS. President—Mrs. Trotter. Vice-Presidents—Mrs. Hemmeon, Mrs. Chambers.

Evangelistic Work—Mrs. Kempton. Press Work—Mrs. Borden and Miss Randall. Literature—Mrs. Davison. Systematic Giving—Mrs. Fitch.

Next meeting in King's Daughters' Rooms, Thursday, August 17th, at 3.30 P.M. The meetings are always open to any who wish to become members. Visiting members of other W. C. T. U. unions are cordially welcomed.

The White Ribbon in the East.

I look for the white ribbon—the symbol of purity and love—wherever I go. In our tour of eight months in China, Japan and Korea I was delighted to find the white ribbon not only on the dresses of our missionaries from the home land, but also on the dresses of native women and girls. At Ching King, on the great Yangtze river, China, in Miss Mary Robinson's model girls' boarding school, I found a most vigorous Temperance Union. It was among the initiative knowledge of the girls of our W. C. T. U. history in the United States. They were even informed on our great struggle to get temperance instruction into the schools of New York. I had the pleasure of attending one of their monthly meetings, presided over by their president, Mrs. Wier, the wife of the interpreter at our consulate. The programme was most interesting and profitable, and the temperance songs rang out with all the fervor that we have in the home land. Six new members came forward and received the white ribbon that day.

At Kin King, many miles further up the river, was another union in our girls' boarding school there. Later we went away up to Hakodati on the island of Yesso Japan, and there we found a large company of women calling themselves the "White Ribbon Temperance and Improvement Society," and I had the pleasure of meeting and talking to them on Sunday afternoon. This society includes women of different denominations, and it was a great delight to me to see the white ribbon on their dresses. There were a number of heathen women present who are interested in the work. I spoke to them especially on the use of tobacco, as the women of Japan smoke as well as the men. Miss Clara Parrish had visited them and helped them much. Later I had the pleasure of seeing Miss Parrish in Tokyo. I am hoping that the temperance physiologists may yet be put into the mission and government schools in Japan and indeed in all mission schools at least in the east.—From a letter to the Union Signal.

England, France, and Germany are beginning to realize the monstrous evil of the liquor traffic in Africa; that it causes idleness and demoralization among the natives. So seriously does this affect the finances of the powers, that there is to be a conference in Brussels for international action on the subject. Our mother country, always with a good head for business, seems to be awakening at last to the situation.

Counsel for Girls.

An association of young women in a Western city wrote through a committee of one—the most effective sort of a committee—to their favorite religious editor. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to us here.

"You will remember, doubtless, that Lockhart tells us in his 'Life of Sir Walter Scott,' that when Sir Walter lay upon his dying bed he said to Lockhart, 'My dear, be virtuous, be religious, be good. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to us here.'"

"I know of no better words of advice that I can give to you, and other girls readers of my writings, than those of the author of 'Waverley,' which I have just quoted.

"Be clever, if you will, and can; but first of all, be good. 'I think I cannot do better than to urge upon you, and all my other young women, readers the importance of sincerity and earnestness of purpose. Let it be your sinners in every set of life, to be rather than to seem."

"Remember that intense earnestness and earnest, conscientious labor are the keys to success in every undertaking. Be in earnest, then. Work hard. Having formed a purpose, let nothing tempt you from its accomplishment.

"If you have high and lofty aims, no matter how hard the struggle you may have to make before they may be realized, press on, fight on, till you have attained them.

"What if you have to sacrifice the thousand and one pleasures of life? Let them go without a thought. Time enough for that when sincerity and earnestness have made you more than conquerors; have brought you, a triumphant winner of a good life, to a commanding elevation, whence you can look down in peace and contentment upon the rugged path up which you have struggled.

Family Government.

It is not "all in the child" by any means. With the majority of children there is a natural impulse toward that form of independence which brings the child into conflict with the parental discipline, no doubt, but it is very largely the manner in which this discipline is exercised which determines whether the parent or the child is to be the real "master of the situation."

In one home the word of the mother, expressed with kindness but firmness, is the accepted and respected law of the child. In another few are the minutes that pass unpenetrated by reproofs, threats, scoldings—in none of which has love or dignity a share. The threats fall on callous ears, and for long experience has shown the child that they are "mere words."

As it will be said by a recent writer: "Everything has been said as a matter of custom, without any intention of carrying out the threat. Instead the child has received endless warnings on his disobedience and obstinacy. The reprimands, the threats, the scoldings, and the parent, on their side, lose what little authority they have in continual nagging and fault finding. Soon other incidents present themselves, to be followed by fresh disobediences and a still longer discourse. There is never a moment of respite for anybody. And, if the child does not become enraged it is because he is thinking of something quite different when one is finding fault with him."—Good Housekeeping.

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in Crystal Palace Block I Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in Crystal Palace Block I Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

W. H. DUNGANSON.

Wolfville, Nov. 14th, 1895. 11

EVANGELINE HOUSE, LONG ISLAND.

The proprietor has decided to open his new and commodious house at Long Island to summer visitors. Every attention will be paid to guests and no trouble spared to provide for their comfort. The house is beautifully situated and has large airy rooms and halls and less than two miles from Grand Pre Station.

Terms, \$5.00 per week or \$1.00 per day. Alex. Fuller on.

Change in Business.

Having purchased the Meat Business recently carried on by Mr. O. L. Eagles, the subscriber will be prepared to supply customers with the best of everything in his line. My teams will be in Wolfville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday of each week.

T. M. DAVIDSON. Dec. 9th, 1897.

Scraps for Odd Moments.

It is easy enough to take things philosophically, but it is hard to part with them that way.

"Reptiles multiply very rapidly." That's not surprising. There's a good manyadders among 'em."

Guest—Ah! Then you are a musician. What instrument do you play? His Wife (emphatically)—But only in the orchestra!

Minards Liniment Cures Diphtheria. He—There's only one seat in the theatre left, dear. She—What are we going to do? "We might do as we do at home, if you don't mind the people."

Late Employer (sharply)—What are you doing down there, Rastus? Rastus—Hulpin' Nimrod, sah! "What is Nimrod doing?" "Nimrod, sah!"

McFingle—"Peer Broome!" He's gone over to the silent majority."

McFingle—"Why—I—when did he die?" "McFingle—"Well, no, but he's married."

Minards Liniment Cures Colds, etc. One of the cruelest remarks made by a musical auditor is reported from California. A vocalist was waiting to be heard at a concert. "Oh, would you be so good as to sing me a song?"

Her Particular Young Man—"Why, you don't seem to have any appetite, Edith."

Her Brother—"Oh, ain't she, though! You should have seen her at breakfast this morning working up the cold sausage."

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Mistress (to cook)—Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same, makes matters somewhat confusing. Cook—Shure, mum, it's not me that's particular. I'm willing to call the young lady anything you like.

"Papa, I know what makes some people laugh in their sleeves," said little Harry. "What, my son, what makes them?" "Cause that's where their funny bones is," was the reply.

Minards Liniment Cures Gargot in Cows. I was cured of a severe cold by MINARD'S LINIMENT. R. F. HAWSON. Oxford, N. S.

I was cured of a terrible sprain by MINARD'S LINIMENT. FRED COLLEMAN. Yarmouth, N. S.

I was cured of Black Bryzypelas by MINARD'S LINIMENT. J. W. ROBERTS. Inglewille.

Aunt Geelaw (of Hay Corners)—"Did the story you were just reading in the newspaper and happily, Joshua?" Uncle Geelaw (approvingly)—"Gosh! yes; the beautiful heroine got cured of an horrible disease, and it was the name of the pills that did the trick!"

Stern Parent (to a young applicant for his daughter's hand)—Young man, can you support a family? Young Man (meekly)—I only wanted a chance.

Livery Stables

Until further notice at Central Hotel.

First-class teams with all the seasonable equipments. Come one, come all, and you shall be used right. Beautiful Double Teams, for special occasions. Telephone No. 41. Office Central Telephone.

W. J. BALCOM, PROPRIETOR. Wolfville, Nov. 19th, 1894.

LOOK!

There will always be found a large stock of best quality at my meat-store in Crystal Palace Block I Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Bacon, Bologna, Sausages, and all kinds of Poultry in stock.

Leave your orders and they will be promptly filled. Delivery to all parts of the town.

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Hello! Horsemen and Farmers!

Having one of the best Harness Stores in the Province, I am prepared to give you Horse Goods of all kinds, consisting of Harness, Rugs, Robes, Whips, Collars, Oils, Brushes, Combs, &c. My Harnesses are the best made in the County, for the price asked; all Hand Made. Call and inspect. WM. REGAN.

Wolfville, Oct. 14th, 1897.

Torbrook } Myrtleton } Red Wilkes } 1794 }
28613 } 9577 } Myrtle } 2254 }

Nubietta } Nutwood } 600, 2183 }
Bonnie Wilkes } 2254 }

Torbrook, bay horse foaled 1893, 16 h. 1 in. high, 1100 lbs. standard bred and registered, once better bred, a perfect individual, having size, style and speed, and will bear inspection. Sired by Myrtleton, 3 in list, he by Red Wilkes, the greatest living producer of speed.

Lockhart, 2084 }
Com. Porter, 213 }
Blak, 2134 }
Selina F., 2144 }
Mount Vernon, 5,214 }

Nubietta, by Nutwood 2183 sire of and 105 others.

Grand dam Bonnie Wilkes, by George Wilkes, has to her credit Bon Bon, 226; Bonnie Nutwood, 2294; Bonnie Bon, 2294, and Bonnie June. Will serve a few approved mares at owner's stables during April, May and June. Terms, \$15.00 to warrant.

F. W. Steadman, Spruce Bank Stock Farm, KENTVILLE.

If you intend purchasing a FUR COAT! Or any other Stylish Fur Garment get prices from COLEMAN & CO., HALIFAX, N. S. Largest stock of Ladies' and Gents' Furs in the Province at lowest prices.

C. M. VAUGHN. F. W. WOODMAN. WOLFVILLE COAL & LUMBER CO., HALIFAX, N. S.

General dealers in Hard and Soft Coals, Kindling-Wood, etc.

Also Brick, Clayboards, Shingles, Sheathing, Hard and Soft Wood Flooring and Rough and Finished Lumber of all kinds.

BE SURE!

BE SURE and get our BARGAIN prices and terms on our slightly used Karn pianos and organs.

BE SURE and get the aforesaid before buying elsewhere.

WE MUST SELL our large and increasing stock of slightly used Karn pianos and organs to make room for the GOODS WE REPRESENT.

MILLER BROS., HALIFAX, N. S.

101-103 BARRINGTON ST. 30 38 PRINCE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Special Notice

To The Ladies: Having established a ladies' tailoring department, and being waiting on them for the past month with perfect satisfaction, I now feel fully confident of recommending our work, fit, and style of the public, feeling sure of pleasing the most fastidious, and to introduce our work, I have decided to make suits half price for one month.

Oxford and Serge SUITINGS, Silk Lined \$16.50.

Samples of our work can be seen in the Ladies' Department, 235 Barrington St.

H. LETHBRIDGE. Ladies' and Gentlemen's Tailor, HALIFAX.

As it Once Was.

When the human foot was first introduced to shoes it was exactly as nature had made it, strong-symmetrical-handsome.

It has been revolutionized from what it was to the foot of to-day by sixteen centuries of distorting tightness and freakish styles.

"Slater Shoes" are made to fit feet as they are to-day, comfort first, but good appearance never forgotten.

Twelve shapes, six widths, all sizes leathers and colors. Goodyear welted, name and price stamped on the soles. \$3.50 and \$5.00.

C. H. Borrien, Sole Local Agent.

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED)

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

THE QUICKEST TIME, 16 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston!

4 - TRIPS A WEEK - 4 The Fast and Popular Steel Steamer "BOSTON"

COMMENCING July 1st one of the above steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every

Tuesday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday Evenings

after arrival of Express Train from Halifax. Returning leaves Yarmouth every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday at 2 P. M.

making close connections at Yarmouth with Dominion Atlantic and Coast Railways for all parts of Nova Scotia.

This is the fastest steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States and forms the most pleasant route between above points, combining safety, comfort and speed.

Regular mail carried on steamer. Tickets sold to all points in Canada, via Canadian Pacific or Central Vermont and Boston and Albany Rys, and to New York via Fall River Line, Stoneing Lines, New England and Boston and Albany Rys.

For all other information apply to Dominion Atlantic, Intercolonial, Central, and Coast By agents, or to W. A. CHASE, L. E. BAKER, Secretary and Treas. Manager Yarmouth, June 25th, 1897.

DOMINION ATLANTIC RAILWAY.

"LAND OF EVANGELINE" ROUTE.

On and after Mon., July 3rd, 1897, the Steamship and train service of this Railway will be as follows:

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE WOLFVILLE. (Sunday excepted.)

Express from Kentville..... 5.30, a.m. Express "Halifax"..... 5.50, a.m. "Flying Bluebonnet" from H..... 10.53 a.m. Express from Yarmouth..... 11.10 a.m. "Flying Bluebonnet" from Y..... 12.55 p.m. Express from Halifax..... 6.00 p.m. Accom. "Richmond"..... 11.40, a.m. Accom. "Annapolis"..... 11.30, a.m.

TRAINS WILL LEAVE WOLFVILLE. (Sunday excepted.)

Express for Halifax..... 5.30, a.m. Express "Yarmouth"..... 5.50, a.m. "Flying Bluebonnet" for Y..... 10.53 a.m. Express to Halifax..... 6.00 p.m. Express for Kentville..... 6.02 p.m. Accom. "Annapolis"..... 11.50, a.m. Accom. "Halifax"..... 11.40, a.m. Royal Mail S. S. Prince George & Prince Arthur.

2400 gross tonnage, 7000 horse power. Toston Service.

By far the finest and fastest passenger plying out of Boston, leaves Yarmouth arriving in Boston early next morning. Returning, leaves Long Wharf, Boston, N.S.

DAILY (Sunday excepted) immediately on arrival of Express Train DAILY, (Saturday excepted) at 4.00 p. m. Unequaled cuisine and Express Trains.

Steamship Prince Edward, 1420 gross tonnage, 3200 horse power. St. John and Boston. DIRECT SERVICE.

Leaves St. John, Mon., 5.30 p. m.; Thurs. 5.30 p. m. Leaves Boston, Sat. 4.00 p. m.; Wed. 11.00 a. m. Royal Mail steamship Prince Rupert, 1200 gross tonnage, 3000 horse power. St. John and Digby. DAILY SERVICE.

Leaves St. John, 7.00 a. m., arrives in Digby 9.30 a. m.; leave Digby 2.00 p. m., arrive St. John 4.30 p. m. S. S. Evangeline makes daily trips between Kentville and Yarmouth.

Best First Class Car run each way daily on "Flying Bluebonnet" Express trains between Halifax and Yarmouth.

Trains and Steamers are run on Eastern Standard time.

P. GIFFKINS, Superintendent. R. S. CAMPBELL, Secretary. Kentville, N. S.

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