

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. V. WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 6, 1886. No. 51

THE ACADIAN.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.
TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)
CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00
Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transfer advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.
The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.
News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVISON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions.
1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office—whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.
3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or refusing to have them delivered or not—is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Green Boxes, 7 A. M. to 9 P. M. Mails made up as follows:
For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M.
Express west close at 10:35 A. M.
Express east close at 5:20 P. M.
Kentville close at 7:35 P. M.
Geo. V. Rans, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 12, noon.
A. DEW, BARR. AGENT.

Churches.
PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. R. H. Rose, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.
BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2:30 P. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 P. M.
S. JOHN'S CHURCH, Wolfville.
Divine Worship is held in the above Church as follows:
Sundays, Matins and Sermon at 11 A. M. Evening and Sermon at 7 P. M. Sunday-school commences every 8th day morning at 9:30. Choir practice on Saturday evening at 7:30.
J. O. Ruggles, M. A., Rector.
Robert W. Hingell, (Divinity Student of King's College).
St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 A. M. last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:45 o'clock p. m.
J. B. Davison, Secretary.

Oddfellows.
"OPHELIA" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in O'Connell's Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 or T meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM
IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE
JOB PRINTING
—OF—
Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND PUNCTUALITY.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

DIRECTORY
—OF THE—
Business Firms of WOLFVILLE
The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.
BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carrriages and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.
BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.
BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse-Shoer and Farrier.

CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.
DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.
DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.
GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.
GODFREY, L. P.—Manufacturer of Boots and Shoes.
HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and Jeweller.

HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Dealer. Coal always on hand.
KELLEY, THOMAS—Boot and Shoe Maker. All orders in his line faithfully performed. Repairing neatly done.
MONTYRE, A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.
MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and Repairer.
DATIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage, and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.
PIAT, R.—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.
REIDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.
DOCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

ROOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.
RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.
SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.
SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.
WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.
WITTER, BURFEE—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is still in Wolfville where he is prepared to fill all orders in his line of business.

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

CARDS.
G. W. BOGGS, M. D., C. M.
Graduate of McGill University,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Hamilton's Corner, Canard, Cornwallis.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE N. S.

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

WE SELL
CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. B. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH,
POTATOES, FISH, ETC.
Best prices for all Shipments.
Write fully for Quotations.

HATHEWAY & CO.
General Commission Merchants,
22 Central Wharf—Boston.
Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chrome Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c, 5 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for a 3c stamp and this slip. A. W. KERRY, Vermont, N. B.

Select Poetry.
SING, O HEART, AND BE HAPPY.
Sing, O heart, and be happy!
Sing, O heart, and be glad!
For the world has enough of sorrow
And hearts enough that are sad.
There is always a ready welcome
For the singer and his song,
And the sweet refrain of his singing
Will echo the whole day long.
But the heart that mopes in sadness
Must sit in the dark alone,
For each life however so happy
Has a burden of its own.
Peter Pratt.

Interesting Story.
Our Last May Queen.

I think there never was such a beautiful spot as East Valley, as we used to call it. It was surrounded by softly swelling green hills, and its name ought to have been Flower Valley, for I don't think I have ever seen such a variety of wild flowers in such a small space.

Ferns fringed the banks of the clear creek which ran through the valley; there were tufts of hawthorn bushes, covered in the spring with blossoms like pink snowdrifts, azaleas, and Carolina jasmynes twining up the trees, and hanging their yellow, fragrant lamps through the branches.
Well, I am almost twenty-two years old now, and living in far-off California, but my thoughts this May-day go back to the valley, and what happened there five years ago to-day. We Moorfield children used to call the valley our Public Garden, and as it was not much over a mile from town, we used to have our picnics there, and crowned our May Queens, or took our evening walks with some bonfire friend.

Moorfield was not then a large town, but it was a busy, bustling place, with a railroad and schools and churches, and now I am told it has grown, and has become a city.
There had been hot discussions in Moorfield for a week before May-day, as to who should be chosen May Queen. There were but two competitors: Sydney Ellis and Marian Howell. Sydney was without question the most beautiful girl in Moorfield, and her father the wealthiest man in the place, but Marian was certainly the sweetest and the best.

The two girls had been bosom-friends, and Marian was always finding some excuse for Sydney's ill-temper and haughty, disagreeable ways. She refused for a long time to allow her name to be used in opposition to that of her friend, who had now become her bitter enemy; but I had taken the matter in hand, and I determined she should not withdraw as a candidate. In fact, she was the universal favorite at Moorfield Seminary, and most of the girls in school thought it was time to show Miss Sydney that we were not exactly her slaves.

For what seems now so small an honor, it does not seem possible it could have caused so much controversy and excitement in town as it did during that week. The families of the girls took part in the squabble; the town was split into factions, and the election of President or Governor would not have caused as much ill-feeling or heart-burning as did this choice of a May Queen. As for bribery, I am positively ashamed to say that was used also.

One day, when I was returning from the seminary, Mrs. Ellis (Sydney's mother) called to me. She was a short-sighted, impulsive, weak woman, vain as a peacock of Sydney's beauty. In fact, that seemed to be the only quality she prized in her daughter, for she never attempted to restrain her, or to rebuke her ill-temper or her selfish ways.
Sydney would have been a different girl under different management, for she was generous and warm-hearted in spite of her great faults. Mrs. Ellis had hardly deigned to notice me before, so I was quite surprised at her cordiality that day.

She said she would like to have me ask my mother for the pattern of the apron I had on, which she declared was "perfectly lovely," though I knew it was nothing uncommon. This was followed by an allusion to the "coming

election, and then she said, frankly,—
"Now, Clara, do you think it possible to find a prettier May Queen than my Sydney?"
"No," I answered. "She is beautiful."
"Then why did you put up as a candidate that plain Marian Howell?"
When I heard it, I was perfectly astonished. The fact is, Sydney thought more highly of you than of any girl at the seminary, and was sure you were her friend, and your favoring her opponent has hurt her terribly, though I'm sure Sydney will be elected in spite of everything. Do you know, I've made her the loveliest dress, tulle over white silk, and I heard her say if you do what you can to secure her election,—and you have great influence with the girls,—if she was Queen, you shall be her first maid of honor. And that's not all. She's going to present you with the sweetest dress—white embroidered India lawn—if she is elected."
Now the woman well knew that my parents were not able to give me hand-some dresses, and I'm afraid she knew, too, I was foolishly fond of fine clothes, too fond for my own content. But I saw very clearly the bribe wrapped up in that "sweet embroidered muslin," and was not mean and craven enough to take it.

"I am pledged to Marian, Mrs. Ellis," I said. "It is not at all a question of beauty with us girls, for we all think Sydney is far prettier than Marian; but Marian is the dearest and the sweetest girl at school, and we believe that love should elect a May Queen, and not admiration."
You ought to have seen Mrs. Ellis' face when I said that. She didn't order me out of the house, for I got out too quickly for that; but when I looked at her angry eyes, I thought of the "snaky horrors of Medusa's brow." I had been translating that day. I'm sure she would have turned me into stone if she had had the power.

Well, from this little incident the reader can judge of the intense and determined character of the canvass that was going on in our little town. As for Marian, she begged and pleaded with the girls to let her retire from the contest.
"What does it matter whether I am Queen or not?" she said with tears in her brown eyes. "I know, girls, you all love me. That is all I want. Please do not let me be an apple of discord."
"I'm sorry to say I had a bad temper, and I'm afraid I had it still, though I've learned to control it somewhat; added to this, I was obstinate, and was determined to have my own way."

"Whether you want to be Queen or not," I cried, "it's too late now to draw back! We are all of us astonished at your want of firmness, Marian! It's become a case of principle with us, for it would not be right to allow trickery and bribery to succeed. I for one won't allow it, if I can help it. Why, don't you see it's a choice between insolent, unprincipled vanity and you, my dear,—and everybody knows what you are."

I thought I had placed the matter on high grounds, and tried to make myself believe that I was moved by some arbitrary principle of right, and not a personal feeling of dislike to both Sydney and her mother. People are very much given to slipping these masks of virtue over prejudices.
We departed from the usual custom, and decided that the votes should be polled, and counted early on May Day in the valley, where the throng had already been created and all preparations made. When the result was known, the Queen was to be escorted to her throne, and the coronation ceremonies were then begun. We did this because we had heard Sydney's faction had despaired if their candidate was not elected, none of them would be present. So we determined to ensure their presence at our triumph by keeping up the suspense to the last moment.

I can see East Valley as it looked that morning, with the dew on the grass, the lights and shadows quivering on the green hill-sides, the cloudless sky, and flowers nodding from every vine, and peeping from grass tufts. Yes, I remember now, but I hardly

saw it then. It was more interesting to watch the many anxious, excited, angry faces collected in the peaceful spot. Sydney looked beautiful and smiling, as if she was quite sure that she would soon mount the throne. As for Marian, she looked sad and unhappy.
"Do let me give it up," she said to me in a voice broken by suppressed sobs. "I don't want to be Queen. It's the first time any one ever hated me, and Sydney and her friends look as if they'd like to kill me. I can't bear it! Indeed, indeed, I can't!"
"Maybe you'll not be Queen," I said, roughly. "Mrs. Ellis has mustered every girl that she could coax or bribe to vote for Sydney, and they may outnumber our side. So don't cry out against the crown until you get it. It will probably be a drawn battle."
"Oh, how glad I'll be!" she murmured. "If I had the casting vote, I'd give it to Sydney."
"You haven't the spirit of a mouse!" I said, contemptuously. "After the gross insults you and all of us have received from those girls, and from Sydney's mother, to want to kneel to them! And we girls have taken so much trouble in the matter, too. It's cowardly, yes, and it's ungrateful for you to talk in this manner!" I flung away, angrily, and though she called me back, I would not listen.
I turned once to see the sorrowful little figure, her face as white as a snow-drift and her eyes swollen by tears. For a moment it struck me that she looked ill, but I was so angry at her weakness, as I called it, that I stifled all sympathy and muttered,—
"A beautiful-looking Queen we'll have!"
When the votes were counted, Marian was elected by a majority of four. But that small number was enough for our triumph. We went to her as she sat at the foot of a tree, her head resting against its trunk and her eyes closed.
"Hail, Queen!" I cried, triumphantly. "We have come to escort you to your throne."
She opened her eyes and looked at me with a kind of dazed expression, as if she had been asleep, and then she rose to her feet, trying to smile.
"I'm not very well," she said. "My head feels so heavy I'm quite stupid."
"That's because you've been worrying yourself so," I said. "Come, your friends are all waiting for you." As I took her hand, it felt as cold as ice, but I was too much flushed with victory to give it more than a passing thought. A group of girls surrounded Sydney, who stood near the path down which we walked. As we passed, she gave an insolent laugh and said aloud,—
"What a lovely Queen! Don't you think her royal robe would be improved by a little water? Look at the grass-stains on it!"
To my consternation, Marian drew her hand from me, and walked straight up to Sydney.
"I wish you would take my place," she said, in a sad, eager voice. "I don't want it, and O Sydney, is all this worth our lost friendship? Take it and free me!"
Sydney pushed her extended hand angrily aside. "I don't want your crown, and I don't want your friendship," she cried. "I've no doubt you'll soon learn that some triumphs are more disgraceful than defeats."
Marian grow, if possible paler than before, but she made no answer and walked away. The speeches were made, the Queen crowned, and the programme carried out with great success. The Queen was very pale, and her eyes had a strange look in them, but she exerted herself to do her part gracefully. When all was over, she whispered to me,—
"Clara, let us slip down to the brook alone. I am parched with thirst, and feel as if I could drink the stream dry. Bring a cup with you."
When we reached the brook she drank greedily, and then all at once strong shiverings shook her whole frame.
"I believe I have a chill," she said, sitting on the bank. "Go and tell mamma, so she can get me home; but don't frighten her."

When Mrs. Howell and I returned, we found Marian lying on the ground her head burning, her hands like ice, and muttering incoherent words to herself. No time was lost in getting her home, but the verdict of the physician—"congestive chill"—left us little hope. Everyone who has ever lived at the South knows what a congestive chill is, and how quickly it runs its course.
I don't think Marian ever knew any of us again. When Sydney heard that Marian could not live she hurried to her bedside, convulsed with remorseful weeping. About midnight, Marian said, possibly recognizing her voice,—
"Isn't it beautiful in the valley this morning, Syd? I've had such a bad dream, and I'm so tired! Hold my hand, dear, while I sleep."
They buried her in a little graveyard on one of the green hills that overlook the valley. It was the last May Queen crowned there. I hardly know whose memories of that day are more remorseful, Sydney's or mine. For a year after, at eve, on pleasant days, we often met at her grave, and read the inscription on her tombstone.—"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven,"—and I think we both grew better, for those solemn hours of communion with each other, and recalling the memory of one of the purest and sweetest spirits that ever wore mortal form.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Child's Dream.
There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers, they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them love.

They used to say to one another sometimes: "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their play-mates, the children of men, no more."
There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night, and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother, and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.
Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.
All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the

people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.
But there were many angels who did not go with him, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.
His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:
"Is my brother come?"
And she said, "No."
She was turning hopefully away when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.
From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.
There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.
Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.
Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"
"And he said, 'Not that one, but another!'"
As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.
He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old-servant came to him and said:
"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."
Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"
And he said, "Thy mother!"
A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me! And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.
He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fire-side, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.
Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"
And he said, "No, but his maiden daughter!"
And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can hear the parting from her, God be praised!"—And the star was shining.
Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"
They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"
And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.—*Charles Dickens.*
The man who is always watching some one else needs twice the amount of watching that the other fellow does.

When Mrs. Howell and I returned, we found Marian lying on the ground her head burning, her hands like ice, and muttering incoherent words to herself. No time was lost in getting her home, but the verdict of the physician—"congestive chill"—left us little hope. Everyone who has ever lived at the South knows what a congestive chill is, and how quickly it runs its course.
I don't think Marian ever knew any of us again. When Sydney heard that Marian could not live she hurried to her bedside, convulsed with remorseful weeping. About midnight, Marian said, possibly recognizing her voice,—
"Isn't it beautiful in the valley this morning, Syd? I've had such a bad dream, and I'm so tired! Hold my hand, dear, while I sleep."
They buried her in a little graveyard on one of the green hills that overlook the valley. It was the last May Queen crowned there. I hardly know whose memories of that day are more remorseful, Sydney's or mine. For a year after, at eve, on pleasant days, we often met at her grave, and read the inscription on her tombstone.—"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven,"—and I think we both grew better, for those solemn hours of communion with each other, and recalling the memory of one of the purest and sweetest spirits that ever wore mortal form.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Child's Dream.
There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers, they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them love.

They used to say to one another sometimes: "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their play-mates, the children of men, no more."
There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night, and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother, and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.
Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.
All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the

people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.
But there were many angels who did not go with him, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.
His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:
"Is my brother come?"
And she said, "No."
She was turning hopefully away when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.
From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.
There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.
Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.
Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"
"And he said, 'Not that one, but another!'"
As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.
He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old-servant came to him and said:
"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."
Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"
And he said, "Thy mother!"
A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her children. And he stretched out his arms and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me! And they answered him, "Not yet!"—and the star was shining.
He grew to be a man, whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fire-side, heavy with grief, and with his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.
Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"
And he said, "No, but his maiden daughter!"
And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those, and he said: "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is around my mother's neck, and at her feet is the baby of old time, and I can hear the parting from her, God be praised!"—And the star was shining.
Thus the child came to be an old man, and his once smooth face was wrinkled, and his steps were slow and feeble, and his back was bent. And one night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round, he cried, as he cried so long ago: "I see the star!"
They whispered one another, "He is dying." And he said, "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move towards the star as a child. And O, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me!"
And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.—*Charles Dickens.*
The man who is always watching some one else needs twice the amount of watching that the other fellow does.

When Mrs. Howell and I returned, we found Marian lying on the ground her head burning, her hands like ice, and muttering incoherent words to herself. No time was lost in getting her home, but the verdict of the physician—"congestive chill"—left us little hope. Everyone who has ever lived at the South knows what a congestive chill is, and how quickly it runs its course.
I don't think Marian ever knew any of us again. When Sydney heard that Marian could not live she hurried to her bedside, convulsed with remorseful weeping. About midnight, Marian said, possibly recognizing her voice,—
"Isn't it beautiful in the valley this morning, Syd? I've had such a bad dream, and I'm so tired! Hold my hand, dear, while I sleep."
They buried her in a little graveyard on one of the green hills that overlook the valley. It was the last May Queen crowned there. I hardly know whose memories of that day are more remorseful, Sydney's or mine. For a year after, at eve, on pleasant days, we often met at her grave, and read the inscription on her tombstone.—"Of such are the kingdom of Heaven,"—and I think we both grew better, for those solemn hours of communion with each other, and recalling the memory of one of the purest and sweetest spirits that ever wore mortal form.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Child's Dream.
There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child too, and his constant companion. They wondered at the beauty of flowers, they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the goodness and power of God, who made them love.

They used to say to one another sometimes: "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry. For, said they, the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hill-sides are the children of the water, and the smallest bright specks playing at hide and seek in the sky all night must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their play-mates, the children of men, no more."
There was one clear shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand-in-hand at a window. Whoever saw it first, cried out, "I see the star." And after that they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where. So they grew to be such friends with it that, before lying down in their bed, they always looked out once again to bid it good-night, and when they were turning around to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very young, the sister drooped, and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night, and then the child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" and then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother, and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out all alone, and when there was no face on the bed, and when there was a grave among the graves, not there before, and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.
Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels; and the star, opening, showed him a great world of light, where many more such angels waited to receive them.
All these angels, who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the

people who were carried up into the star; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that lying in his bed he wept for joy.
But there were many angels who did not go with him, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had laid upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.
His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither:
"Is my brother come?"
And she said, "No."
She was turning hopefully away when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" And then she turned her beaming eyes upon him,—and it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down towards him as he saw it through his tears.
From that hour forth, the child looked out upon the star as the home he was to go to when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.
There was a baby born to be a brother to the child, and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched out his tiny form on his bed, and died.
Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels, with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.
Said his sister's angel to the leader: "Is my brother come?"
"And he said, 'Not that one, but another!'"
As the child beheld his brother's angel in her arms, he cried, "Oh, my sister, I am here! Take me!" And she turned and smiled upon him,—and the star was shining.
He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books, when an old-servant came to him and said:
"Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son."
Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel

Calendar for August table with days of the week and dates.

THE ACADIAN WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 6, 1886 SAVINGS BANKS.

Some of our contemporaries are deploring the fact that savings banks are established throughout the Dominion...

A FACT TO CONSIDER.

Every individual person has the power of influencing for good or evil those members of society with whom he may come in contact.

From an examination of the official reports we learn the following facts in connection with these savings banks: that Nova Scotia has \$6,493,272 deposited in them; that the largest amount of which belongs to farmers and laborers; that the most of the depositors have small amounts, there being comparatively a very small number who have over \$1,000 deposited.

HOLSTEINS. We had the pleasure of visiting the stock farm of Mr Fred Annand at Grand Pre a few days since and were much pleased with what we saw.

We were first shown a Berkshire pig, about a year old, which is truly a very handsome one. But the chief attraction of his stock is the herd of Holsteins. At the head of this list stands the "Lord of Gasperen," an animal of which the owner may be justly proud.

four calves, which are quite as good as the others according to their age, and bid fair to take a very prominent place among any competitors. In the whole herd of ten there is not a mean looking animal, and we think it would be exceedingly difficult to find a finer herd of Holsteins.

Mr Annand has some very fine Shropshire sheep, but as they were in a distant pasture we did not see them. We feel like congratulating Mr A. upon the evidences of success that meet him in his enterprise.

GOSSIPY ITEMS

CLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. New Glasgow wants a public park. Abbe Ligst, the distinguished composer, is dead.

The Y. M. C. A. Maritime Convention was in session at Sydney last week. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Clarence Primrose, Pictou; Vice-presidents—R. N. Beckwith, Alex. Matheson, Dr. Morrison, J. D. Seaman, and Geo. Campbell; Secretaries—D. H. Whiston and H. E. Kendall.

Prof. Saunders, who returned recently from the Colonial Exhibition, has written Hon. Mr. Carling, minister of agriculture, urging that an exhibit of this year's fruit crop be sent to the exhibition. This is as it should be, and no doubt King's and Annapolis counties will see that the exhibit they will probably send will be one fitting this great fruit-raising valley.

The balloon Torpelleur which is fitted with a patented steering and propelling apparatus and in which the aeronaut Juggins, Cumberland county, on Sunday last, but only went a short distance when the ways giving away the launch was a failure, and it is thought now it will be impossible to get it off the stocks.

A woman named Mrs John Prill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a terrible mistake a few days ago by mistaking a bottle containing sulphuric acid for one of holy water, which she intended to sprinkle over herself, instead of which she applied the sulphuric acid. After dashing the contents over her head, she suffered great pain, and will probably lose her eyesight, and will also be badly disfigured.

the department of Agriculture, Ottawa, application for a patent process of manufacturing cattle feed from wood. The applicant claims that the nutritive qualities contained in wood can be utilized by subjecting it to the chemical processes which he describes. What next?

The I. C. R. rates on flour have been reduced to 40 cents per barrel from Ontario milling centres.

Last week Matilda Taylor and James Hodgson, of Isaac's Harbor, were drowned by the upsetting of their boat.

The Spanish government have resolved to liberate as soon as possible the remaining 20,000 slaves in Cuba.

Constable Silas Smith, of Moncton, skipped to the States, taking with him in the region of \$1,000 of parish taxes.

Capt. Scott has received instructions and has orders to prevent all American fishing vessels entering the Bay of Chaleur.

The names of 167 women have been added to the St. John electoral lists as qualified to vote at the next civic election.

Edward Hanlan and Charles E. Courtney are to row a scull race at Rockaway Beach in the near future, stakes \$500 to \$1,000 a side.

The English yacht, Galates, which is going to sail in a series of races on this side of the water, arrived at Marblehead, Mass., on Monday last.

A child of John Bell, of Shirley Settlement, N. B., died from the effects of eating Paris Green, which his father was applying to his potatoes.

The reports of destitution and starvation, which have been reported as existing in Newfoundland, are contradicted by the St. John's Herald, Colonus.

C. M. Pyke, the baritone, is a Nova Scotian by birth (a native of this county) and has made a great success through all the principal cities of the United States and Canada.

Mr Townshend, of Amherst, and Wallace Graham, of Halifax, are mentioned as likely aspirants to the vacancy on the Bench caused by the death of Judge Ripley.

George O'Brien, a Nova Scotian, who has a large hearing in Bridgeport, Conn., had it consumed by fire on the 24th ult, and 5000 hens perished. Loss \$10,000; insurance \$5,000.

The latest freak of the lightning was to shave a woman's hair off her head. It occurred in France and strange to relate, the lady, except a shock to her nervous system, was uninjured.

The New York World proposes that a subscription be made in the United States for a Gladstone Testimonial, in recognition of his services to Ireland, and says it will start the list with \$100.

The total casualties resulting from the Socialist outbreak in Amsterdam are 25 killed and 90 wounded. Fifty persons have been arrested including Mrs Espery, President of the Women's Society.

Lady Dufferin, the wife of a former Governor-General, had a narrow escape from serious injury by her pony running away; but a gentleman succeeded in stopping the runaway before any injury was done.

A Port Moody, B. C., despatch of July 29 reports that the first shipment of tea from Japan has arrived. The cars have been loaded and the train started this morning for eastern Canada and the States.

The Methodists in the West Indies are celebrating their centennial. Dr. Cope, with three missionaries, landed at St. John's, Antigua, December 5th, 1786, and established the first Wesleyan mission in the West Indies.

The news of Sir Charles Tupper's return has caused a revival of the rumour that Sir John A. Macdonald is to resign the leadership of the Lib. Conservatives in his favor. Perhaps this will be the case, then again perhaps not.

The Boston Herald places the oarsmen of America as follows: Gaillard first, Hanlan second, Ross (if in fix) third, Turner fourth, McKay fifth, Conley sixth, Hann seventh, Lee eighth, Ten Eyck ninth and Hosmer tenth.

Another riot is reported from Belfast on Sunday last, and the military had to be called out. Before the mob dispersed the military had to fire buckshot in a trougeous time. Many persons were wounded and a small boy killed.

The Halifax Chronicle shows up the career of a polished impostor who is making a tour of the provinces. His name is A. Deleman, hailing from New York, and displays his card as proprietor and manager of "Aubrey Deleman's colossal combination of calistinic wonders."

Two men named Michael McCarthy and Joseph Leahy, were captured in the act of burglarizing Eon & Co.'s warehouse, Halifax, on Sunday evening last, and were taken in charge by Detective Power and City Marshall Cotter. They were sent up to the Supreme Court to await trial.

A German inventor has forwarded to

the department of Agriculture, Ottawa, application for a patent process of manufacturing cattle feed from wood.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Clarence Primrose, Pictou; Vice-presidents—R. N. Beckwith, Alex. Matheson, Dr. Morrison, J. D. Seaman, and Geo. Campbell; Secretaries—D. H. Whiston and H. E. Kendall.

Prof. Saunders, who returned recently from the Colonial Exhibition, has written Hon. Mr. Carling, minister of agriculture, urging that an exhibit of this year's fruit crop be sent to the exhibition.

The balloon Torpelleur which is fitted with a patented steering and propelling apparatus and in which the aeronaut Juggins, Cumberland county, on Sunday last, but only went a short distance when the ways giving away the launch was a failure, and it is thought now it will be impossible to get it off the stocks.

A woman named Mrs John Prill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a terrible mistake a few days ago by mistaking a bottle containing sulphuric acid for one of holy water, which she intended to sprinkle over herself, instead of which she applied the sulphuric acid.

The New York World proposes that a subscription be made in the United States for a Gladstone Testimonial, in recognition of his services to Ireland, and says it will start the list with \$100.

The total casualties resulting from the Socialist outbreak in Amsterdam are 25 killed and 90 wounded. Fifty persons have been arrested including Mrs Espery, President of the Women's Society.

Lady Dufferin, the wife of a former Governor-General, had a narrow escape from serious injury by her pony running away; but a gentleman succeeded in stopping the runaway before any injury was done.

A Port Moody, B. C., despatch of July 29 reports that the first shipment of tea from Japan has arrived. The cars have been loaded and the train started this morning for eastern Canada and the States.

The Methodists in the West Indies are celebrating their centennial. Dr. Cope, with three missionaries, landed at St. John's, Antigua, December 5th, 1786, and established the first Wesleyan mission in the West Indies.

The news of Sir Charles Tupper's return has caused a revival of the rumour that Sir John A. Macdonald is to resign the leadership of the Lib. Conservatives in his favor. Perhaps this will be the case, then again perhaps not.

The Boston Herald places the oarsmen of America as follows: Gaillard first, Hanlan second, Ross (if in fix) third, Turner fourth, McKay fifth, Conley sixth, Hann seventh, Lee eighth, Ten Eyck ninth and Hosmer tenth.

Another riot is reported from Belfast on Sunday last, and the military had to be called out. Before the mob dispersed the military had to fire buckshot in a trougeous time. Many persons were wounded and a small boy killed.

The Halifax Chronicle shows up the career of a polished impostor who is making a tour of the provinces. His name is A. Deleman, hailing from New York, and displays his card as proprietor and manager of "Aubrey Deleman's colossal combination of calistinic wonders."

Two men named Michael McCarthy and Joseph Leahy, were captured in the act of burglarizing Eon & Co.'s warehouse, Halifax, on Sunday evening last, and were taken in charge by Detective Power and City Marshall Cotter. They were sent up to the Supreme Court to await trial.

A German inventor has forwarded to

the department of Agriculture, Ottawa, application for a patent process of manufacturing cattle feed from wood.

The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President—Clarence Primrose, Pictou; Vice-presidents—R. N. Beckwith, Alex. Matheson, Dr. Morrison, J. D. Seaman, and Geo. Campbell; Secretaries—D. H. Whiston and H. E. Kendall.

Prof. Saunders, who returned recently from the Colonial Exhibition, has written Hon. Mr. Carling, minister of agriculture, urging that an exhibit of this year's fruit crop be sent to the exhibition.

The balloon Torpelleur which is fitted with a patented steering and propelling apparatus and in which the aeronaut Juggins, Cumberland county, on Sunday last, but only went a short distance when the ways giving away the launch was a failure, and it is thought now it will be impossible to get it off the stocks.

A woman named Mrs John Prill, of Pittsburgh, Pa., made a terrible mistake a few days ago by mistaking a bottle containing sulphuric acid for one of holy water, which she intended to sprinkle over herself, instead of which she applied the sulphuric acid.

The New York World proposes that a subscription be made in the United States for a Gladstone Testimonial, in recognition of his services to Ireland, and says it will start the list with \$100.

\$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. My stock is now complete.

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? HERE are you going to purchase? BUY 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 Broadie and Ottoman Mantle Cloths.

TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS

Black and Fancy Worsted Coatings, Fancy Tweed Suitings.

LIGHT DRESS GOODS

Lace Bunting, Lace Striped Piques, Muslin and Satteens.

LACE CURTAINS

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

CRETONNE AND DAMASK

Twelve beautiful patterns in Cretonne, also Colored Damask.

PRINT AND GINGHAMS

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

TABLE LINENS & NAPKINS

Bleached and Unbleached Table Linens with Napkins to match, Colored Table Cloths, Fancy Table Cloths, Crumb Cloths, etc.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY

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

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 \$5,000 according to age. \$30,000 paid in 1885 to widows and orphans of members.

Price Current this day: Apples, American, per bbl. 2 00 to 2 50; do Dried, per lb. 05 to 10; Beef in Qrs per lb. 06 to 09.

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

Interesting to all. The following analysis (made by the Dominion Analyst) of three BAKING POWDERS sold in this market should put a stop to the unjust efforts of the Royal to mislead the public into supposing that it is the only pure Powder.

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. For particulars see posters.

Woodill's... Nov 10, 1882—Not adulterated; same as usual, June 4, 1884—Fresh and pure; same composition as usual.

Woodill's... good quality; contains nothing injurious.

Woodill's German Baking Powder has held a reputation for purity and wholesomeness now nearly 30 years.

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

have just received direct from England, a complete variety of all kinds of Tweed Trousers and Dingies, etc., which they are prepared to make up in the latest styles and at the lowest prices. All work guaranteed and finished when promised.

THIS OUT and return to us with one of our 4 3/4 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. Either sex make money fast, 40 City Novelty Co. Yarmouth, N.S.

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, CEMENT, Plaster, Portland Cement, Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Varnishes, Nails, Sheathing Paper, also METALLIC ROOFING PAINT.

His stock of Shelf 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 as very low. Anything wanted and not found in stock will be made to order in short notice. All jobbing in his line will be promptly attended to.

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 CRANK, the best and cheapest in existence.

Wolville, April 2d, 1886

Ah There!

Now we can supply you with 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, GRASSING, GARDENING, PAPER-HANGING, &c., &c.

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

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

VALUABLE INFORMATION. Yarmouth, N. S. May 15, 1886. Having used your Mineral Liment for several years in my stable, I attest to its being the best thing for horse flesh I know of.

Minard's Liment 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, Agent.

NOW IN STOCK

2 tons Wheat Shorts and Middlings, 2 tons Choice Refined Sugar (all grades), Molasses, good 35 cents, choice 45 cents per gallon, Tea, good to choice, Confectionary, (2 cases just opened), China, Glass and Earthenware—the finest stock in the county to select from. New goods constantly arriving. 5 Cases Self-sealing Preserve Jars open this week, at R. PRAT'S, N. B.—Prices to suit the times. R P

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S. AUGUST 6, 1886

Local and Provincial.

THANKS.—Mr. A. K. Bars, will please accept thanks for late St. Louis papers.

OATS.—150 Bus. for sale at BURPEE WITTER'S

Sunday was the hottest day of the season, the mercury rising to 119 in the sun.

FOR SALE.—A new milch cow six years old. Apply to THOS. TUZO, Horton Landing.

One of Nova Scotia's oldest inhabitants living in Berwick, Mrs. James Taylor, aged 105, and she is still endowed with excellent health.

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

Mr. J. L. Bishop, the popular principal of the Wolfville school, has been spending part of his vacation down the Atlantic coast and returned last Saturday.

One case St. Croix Ginghams, fine quality, at 10c per yard at BURPEE WITTER'S.

Rev. Wm. Cross, of Toronto, who is spending a few weeks in this part of the province, occupied the pulpit of the Wolfville Presbyterian church on Sunday afternoon last.

FOR SALE.—A good working horse weighs 1100 lbs. Apply at this office.

CHERRY.—Organizing clubs for this many game is now all the rage. Where do they not bestir themselves and organize a club, or reorganize their old one which once upon a time made good showing for itself?

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 FADEE, Port Williams.

FIRE STICK OF ORANGES, LEMONS, BANANAS, Apples, Prunes, Confectionery, etc. at R. PRAT'S.

SAT. DEATH.—The news reached here this week of the death of Rev. G. F. Curry, of chronic cholera, which occurred at Tutu, Madras Presidency, India. Mr. Curry has been labouring for over ten years in the Canadian Baptist Mission at Tutu. He is well known in this place having spent some months last summer in Wolfville and arrived at his field of labor on his return, July 1885. He leaves a wife and the five children who are stopping at Fredrickton, N. B. Mrs. Curry is a daughter of the late James Armstrong of this place. We sympathize deeply with the bereaved family. No particulars of his death have been yet received.

A full line of Boys' Knickerbocker Hose just opened at BURPEE WITTER'S.

JOURNALISM.—Mr. G. B. Dakin retired from the Windsor Courier with the last issue of that journal. We are sorry to lose friend Dakin from among us and hope to soon hear of him as engaged in newspaper work again. Mr. C. W. Knowles takes charge of the Courier this week and we believe intends continuing the publication under a different name. We await with some curiosity the appearance of the new paper, and judging from Mr. Knowles former work in this line expect a new way paper.

Choice Imported and Domestic Cigar at 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10 cents at J. M. SHAW'S.

A large number of persons from Wolfville, Avonport and Lower Horton assembled in the basement of the Methodist church at the latter place, on Sunday evening last to listen to a discourse by the Rev. Robert Summerville, of New York, a native of this county. The reverend gentleman took for his text the 6th chapter of Romans, 4th verse:— "Therefore we are buried with him by baptism unto death, that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life." It is almost unnecessary to add that Mr. Summerville did ample justice to the text and gave his attentive audience all they expected to receive—a thorough practical sermon delivered in a style well pleasing and with much earnestness.

THAT 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 drug-gist.

Local and Provincial.

The Maritime Y. M. C. A., intend to put a general agent in the field at once, at an expense of \$1,000.

Ice Cream Soda cool and Refreshing at R. PRAT'S.

Mr R. Prat handed into our office on Tuesday a curiosity in the shape of a full-blown apple-blossom.

Rev. C. E. Penco, now stationed at Alma, Albert Co., N. B., is spending a short vacation at his native place Grafton.

I. O. G. T.—P. J. Chisholm Esq, Grand Secretary, is expected to visit Acadia Lodge tomorrow evening. A full attendance is requested.

Acacia Villa Seminary, Horton Landing, has added to its staff of teachers, Geo. B. McGill, professor of agriculture, who will take charge of the natural science classes.

HIGH TIDES.—The tides have been unusually high this week. On Monday night about two rods of the Greenwich dyke was carried away. We are told the dyke at Avonport was also overflowed.

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

ACCIDENT.—On Saturday last, as Mr George Martin, of Saxon St., Cornwallis, was driving a pair of horses attached to a mowing machine, along the street in the direction of his dyke, the ring of the yoke gave way letting the pole fall to the ground. The horses suddenly backed, one of them coming in contact with the scythe, cutting the cords of his legs completely off. The horse bled to death in a short time.—CORRESPONDENT.

Owing to the dry season the price of paints have fallen. To arrive in a few days Leads, Oils, 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.

OBITUARY.—In another column will be found notice of the death of Archibald McLean. Many of our readers in Wolfville and vicinity will remember his visit to Wolfville in the summer of 1883. He started for work as usual Saturday morning, July 24th, and was brought home at noon fatally injured, the effects of falling 27 feet, and died Sunday evening.

Having recently imported a "Perfect-Iron 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.

We would direct attention to the card of Miss Hitchens in another column. The opportunity of having her for a teacher of vocal music will no doubt be very much appreciated by the young people of Wolfville. Before returning to Wolfville Miss Hitchens will study with the popular musical instructress of Boston, Mrs. L. P. Morrill. We copy the following from an exchange which will be read with much interest in this connection:

"The reception last night by Mr and Mrs H. C. Van Hovenberg, at their pleasant home, 310 Lake Street, in honor of their daughter Maggie and her guest and musical instructress, Mrs. L. P. Morrill, of Boston, was a delightful event, and successful in every particular. Nearly a hundred of Eau Claire's best people were present and agreeable social festivities were maintained until a late hour. Mrs. Morrill favored the concert with a couple of solos which were highly appreciated and enthusiastically received, for the elegance and perfection of their rendition. Miss Susie Bullen added to the pleasure of the guests by gracefully executing a piano solo, which elicited high applause. The refreshments served in the dining room were beautiful and elegant, and keenly enjoyed by the guests. Altogether, the reception was one of the most charming of the season. The most complimentary to the ladies in whose honor it was given and creditable in every feature to the esteemed host and hostess.

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

LETTER OF SYMPATHY.

The following has been sent to us for publication. We gladly give it a place: Dear Mr and Mrs Schofield:

It is with feelings of deep sorrow and regret that we, the members of White Rock Division, extend to you and yours our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in your deep bereavement. It has pleased God to separate from your happy friends and our circle of honor, Ida, whom we all loved and cherished. We cannot see why the most promising blossoms should always be taken first, but God's all-wise eye is ever upon us, he knows and doth all things well. Brother, Sister, thy companion has left thee.

All around you, dark as midnight, Hence the clouds of dim despair, But look upward, ever trusting, And behold the light is there. Beloved sister, thou art gone to rest; Thine is an early tomb; But Jesus summoned thee away; Thy Saviour called thee home.

No more with us her tuneful voice, The hymns of praise shall swell; No more her cheerful heart rejoice, When praise the Sabbath bell.

Fred Annand. Grand Pre, Jan. 1st, 1886.

Bereft friends, let the rays of hopes bright sunshine

Penetrate thy weary heart; And with courage strong and mighty In life's contest take thy part.

We have lost a true and trusted friend. Her life was one of honesty and integrity. Always active, ever ready in the work she had to do. May we all remember that time is fast winning us away to that shore of endless day. God grant that we when called to cross that bourne from which no traveller returns may hear that welcome, "Well done thou good and faithful enter thou the joy of thy Father."

MYRA L. BUSHMAN.

In behalf of White Rock Division No 358. White Rock, N. S., August 4th 1886.

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

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.

Married.

McKINNON—GODFREY.—At Yarmouth, N. S., 26th ult., at the residence of the bride's parents, by H. Francis Adams, assisted by Rev. J. Gaez, Wm. C. McKinnon, to Miss Fanny H. Godfrey, of Yarmouth, N. S.

Died.

FIELDING.—At Gasperau, July 30th, of croup, Willie G., eldest son of Fred J. Fielding, aged 3 years and 11 months.

McLEAN.—At Medford, Mass., Sunday July 25th, Archie, eldest son of Malcolm McLean, Esq., at the age of 24 years.

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 alum or phosphate powders. 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. Morrill, 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)

J. D. MARTIN

Wishes to state that he is selling his APPLE BARRELS

at the usual low price of 23 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," bright bay with black points (no white). Weight about 950 lbs. Sound, kind and free from blemishes. An easy keeper. Apply to A. deW. Burns.

Wolfville, July 28, 1886

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

HOLSTEIN BULL.

The subscriber has for service the noted Prize Holstein Bull, Lord O Gasperau, 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 WITTER BURPEE WITTER BURPEE WITTER

SPRING STOCK SPRING STOCK SPRING STOCK

COMPLETE COMPLETE COMPLETE

Wool Carpets in handsome patterns at Burpee Witter's.

2000 Yards St. Croix Ginghams, 2000 Yards St. Croix Shirtings, 2000 Yards Printed Grey Cottons,

Floor Oil Cloths very cheap at Burpee Witter's.

Men's Veiling in Pale Shades, Silk Gloves in Pale Shades, Summer Hosiery in Pale Shades.

Knickerbocker Suits for Small Boys at Burpee Witter's.

200 Pieces Printed Cambrics, 200 Pieces Black & Cold Dress Goods, 200 Pairs Am. & Can. Corsets.

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

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.

Cretomes in beautiful patterns at Burpee Witter's.

50 Pieces Cottonades & Union Tweeds, 50 Pieces Nova Scotia Cloths, 50 Pieces Scotch & Canadian Tweeds

Underclothing at BURPEE WITTER'S

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

Wolfville, April 30th, 1886

Glasgow House! WOLFVILLE (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 Scaresuckers, Serim, 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! CONSISTING OF Toronto Mowers (2 horse), Toronto Mowers (1 horse), Massey Mowers (2 horse), Bullard's Toller, Sharpe's Rake (no equal or no sale), Massey Harrower, Toronto Reaper, Philadelphia Lawn Mower, TANSERS.—Hebner's Little Giant Thrashers (1 or 2 horse), Heebner's Level Tread Fowls, Abell's Little Giant Thrashers, etc., Chatham Fanning Mills, PLOWS.—Branford Sulky Plows, Ward Sulky Plows, Clipper Sod Plows, "Little Hero" One Horse Plows, Syracuse Side Hill Plows 2-Furrow Gang Plows, HARROWS.—"Acme" Pulverizing Harrows, Champion Steel Tooth Harrows, Spring Tooth Cultivating Harrows, CULTIVATORS.—Planet Jr. Double Wheel Hoes, Planet Jr. Single Wheel Horse Hoe and Cultivator combined, Diamond Point Cultivators, FEND 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, Kemp'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! JUST RECEIVED. 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.

William Wallace Merchant Tailor, Has one of the finest stocks of Cloths to select from in the County. WORSTEDS in all Shades and Prices. TWEEDS in Every Variety. Cloths purchased elsewhere made up as usual. Suits bought of me cut free of charge. Wolfville, March 12th, 1886 1 yr

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 equalled 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 in 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 4 columns: Term, Premium, Interest, Total. Rows for 1st prem \$92.04, 2d " 92.04, 3d " 92.04, 4th " 92.04, 5th " 92.04, 6th " 92.04, 7th " 92.04, 8th " 92.04, 9th " 92.04, 10th " 92.04.

Total Premiums \$733.33 Interest \$256.90 Amount of Policy paid \$1,000.00 " of 10th yr's surplus-paid 27.57

Total paid to Mr. Forest, \$1,027.57 Prem's pd by Mr. Forest \$733.35 Comp int on same at 5% 256.90 990.25

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. HEMMONS, 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, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY DISEASE

AND 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, am 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 medicines 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, and by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville, at \$1.00 per large bottle. March 13th, '86 26-6-'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 warranted first quality quadruple plate.

Rockwell & Co., MAIN ST. WOLFVILLE.

Choice Miscellany.

WET WEATHER TALK.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain, It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;

Men generally to all interests— Although they're apt to grumble some—

With some, of course, it's different— I've seen young men that knowed it all

It aggravates the farmers, too— There's too much to do to watch sun,

These here cyclones a-foolin' round— And back'ard crops—and wind and rain—

It ain't no use to grumble and complain, It's just as cheap and easy to rejoice;

LET US SMILE.

A paper called the Golden Rule, has an article on smiles which contains the following:

"The world is suffering for smiling faces. The age is too intense in the business direction, too flippant in the social lines, too sarcastic in its political tendency, too aimless in its religious life, too heartless in its literature.

No paragraph ever contained more truth than the above. A good, healthy smile, one that comes naturally, without being sent for, or coaxed, one that seems to bubble up among the dimples like the water at the bottom of the spring, showing nearly tooth like the jutting pablies thrown up by the water of the spring,

There are some men who are continually and constitutionally devoid of smiles, who would be wise if they should seal, distantly smile, and such men should be compelled to pass two hours a day in the presence of good, single-handed smiles, and learn to be happy.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLAR PRIZE. The American Sunday-school Union offers a premium of One Thousand Dollars for the best book, written for the Society, upon "The Christian Obligations of Property and Labor."

Memory, Strength, and Energy restored to those afflicted with any form of Wasting Disease by EAGAR'S PHOSPHORINE.

brush. A good, old-fashioned, natural, unadorned smile costs nothing, wears out no costly machinery, but rather oils it and makes it run smooth, and it is a medicine that we all like to take, and it leaves no bad taste in the mouth.

BE CAREFUL.

The world has no concern with your troubles, and will not thank you for burdening it with them. Face life with a smile, and misfortunes will avoid you.

If you are worried from overwork, take a rest, read, walk, and try to forget your cares.

The worst enemy careworn men or women can have is themselves. The worst misfortune that can befall them is to surrender themselves to a world of brooding over their cares.

Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throngs the world to-day will disappear as foot-prints on the shore.

Generations of men will appear and disappear as the grass, and the multitude that throngs the world to-day will disappear as foot-prints on the shore.

HOW TO USE PIANOS IN SUMMER. In the hot weather a piano should not be placed in a damp room or left open in a draft of air, for dampness is its most dangerous enemy.

An energetic Editor, who recently had charge of two local papers at Pointers France, has died. He inhaled himself in one of his journals, and subsequently shot himself in a duel.

A merchant writes us: "Minaid's Liniment has saved many from a terrible death here, as diphtheria has been very prevalent and 'Minaid's Liniment' cures it every time when taken internal and external. For Croup and all throat and lungs diseases it is equal to a doctor in the house."

We know of no way that can benefit our readers more than by calling attention to Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is the oldest and most reliable patent medicine in the world.

The girl who makes good bread usually marries a poor man, and yet poor men as a rule grumble at their lot. There is a good deal of perversity in human nature.

If the fountain is pure the stream will be pure also. No flow with the blood. If that be pure the health is established.

"The born poet," truly remarks Miss Cleveland, "has no agency in his song." Indeed no. It is the poor wretch who listens to his song who has awake and means for the choriferous.

than 100,000 words. The MSS. must be submitted to the Committee of Publication on or before November 1, 1887. Each MS. should have a special mark, and the name and address of the author should be sent at the same time in a sealed envelope (not to be opened until after the award) bearing the same mark, and both addressed, pre-paid, to the American Sunday-school Union, 1122 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. The premium is offered in accordance with the terms and conditions of the John C. Green Fund.

CLUBBING OFFER.

Having made special arrangements 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 seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Table with 3 columns: Publication, Regular Price, Clubbing Price. Includes Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Weekly News, Toronto Daily News, Alden's Journal, American Agriculturist, Toronto Weekly Globe, London Free Press, Youth's Companion, Book Worm, Weekly Messenger, Canadian Dairyman, Grip, Family Herald & Weekly Star, Montreal, and Detroit Free Press.

HOME DRINKING.

There is one sort of drinking house no State enactment can touch, and that is a private house with a decanter in its cupboard. Good friends, guard your own doors with totalitism!

There is one sort of drinking house no State enactment can touch, and that is a private house with a decanter in its cupboard.

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.

Nothing is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good and benefit their fellows have little time for murmuring or complaint.

BERRIS HILL, October, 1887.—For several years I was a great sufferer with Neuralgia in my head, so that all my hair came out and left my head entirely bald. I used "Minaid's Liniment" freely on my head which entirely cured my neuralgia, and after using several bottles to my astonishment I found the hair rapidly growing on my head and now I have as good a head of hair as I ever had and would recommend all to use "Minaid's Liniment" who have lost their hair from disease, as the Liniment will positively give you a good crop again.—WM. DANIELS, Jan. 12, 1887.

A merchant writes us: "Minaid's Liniment has saved many from a terrible death here, as diphtheria has been very prevalent and 'Minaid's Liniment' cures it every time when taken internal and external. For Croup and all throat and lungs diseases it is equal to a doctor in the house."

We know of no way that can benefit our readers more than by calling attention to Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. It is the oldest and most reliable patent medicine in the world. Everybody should keep it in the house. It will check diarrhea and dysentery in one hour.

The girl who makes good bread usually marries a poor man, and yet poor men as a rule grumble at their lot. There is a good deal of perversity in human nature.

If the fountain is pure the stream will be pure also. No flow with the blood. If that be pure the health is established.

"The born poet," truly remarks Miss Cleveland, "has no agency in his song." Indeed no. It is the poor wretch who listens to his song who has awake and means for the choriferous.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS. MAKE HENS LAY. CHICKEN CHOLERA.

It is a well-known fact that most of the sore and Gripe Powder sold in this country is worthless; that the same Condition Powder is absolutely pure and very valuable.

THE ACADIAN, HONEST! INDEPENDENT! FEARLESS!

By Special Arrangement we are enabled to offer the ACADIAN AND THE DETROIT FREE PRESS 4 MONTHS FOR 40 CENTS.

This will give the opportunity of getting the two papers on trial at a very small price. The Detroit Free Press is acknowledged to be the Best Dollar Weekly in America.

"THE PEOPLES PAPER"

—IS PUBLISHED AT— W. OLDFVILLE, in King's County, —THE— Educational, Agricultural, Geographical, Political, Literary CENTRE Of the Province of Nova Scotia.

The Annapolis Valley! The Garden of Nova Scotia! The Seat of Acadia College!

The Acadian is not subsidized by any Political party, Corporation, or private individual; and expresses its own views and says what it thinks.

The ACADIAN's columns are open to persons of either Political Party for the discussion of the topics of the day, providing no personalities are entered into.

The ACADIAN will give you all the Local News of the County, and all the important events taking place.

The ACADIAN will give you all the important events occurring throughout the world.

The Acadian is devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance, Politics, Agriculture, Science, and General Information, and is the ONLY Weekly Paper in King's County.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO DAVISON BROTHERS, Editors & Publishers, Wolfville, N. S.

OUR JOB ROOM is complete. Plain and Fancy Job Work of every description done at shortest notice, and satisfaction assured.

J.F. HERBIN, WOLFVILLE, N. S., One door east of Post Office.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery REPAIRED. ENGRAVING Done in Every Style!

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE HOME MAGAZINE

Circulation over 20,000 Copies. The Farmer's Advocate is published on or about the 1st of each month, is handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most profitable, practical and reliable information for dairymen, for farmers, gardeners, or stockmen, of any publication in Canada.

GRAND OFFER! By Special Arrangement we are enabled to offer the ACADIAN AND THE DETROIT FREE PRESS 4 MONTHS FOR 40 CENTS.

This will give the opportunity of getting the two papers on trial at a very small price. The Detroit Free Press is acknowledged to be the Best Dollar Weekly in America.

NOTICE. All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson G. Martin, of Horton, Kings County, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested to the undersigned within three months from date hereof.

NOTICE. All persons having legal demands against the Estate of Sarah Davidson, late of Long Island, in the County of Kings, 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 required to make immediate payment to J. B. DAVISON, Adm'r.

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 sale, and this ad.

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

Table with 4 columns: GOING EAST, Accm. Daily, Accm. T.F.N. Daily, Exp. Daily. Lists stations from Annapolis to Wolfville.

Table with 4 columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accm. M.W.F. Daily, Accm. Daily. Lists stations from Wolfville to Annapolis.

AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST. 100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue. 44TH YEAR. \$1.50 A YEAR.

GOOD HORSE SHOING! J. I. BROWN. CASH 90c CASH.

CARRIAGES & SLEIGHS MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED. At Shortest Notice, and A. B. ROODS, Wolfville, N. S.

C. A. PATRIQUIN HARNESS MAKER. Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses Made to order and kept in stock.

EAGAR'S PHOSPHORINE. For the Cure of Consumption, Pasty, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrophula, Salt Rheum, and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anemia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration, etc.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.

Do you want a splendid hand-drawn book? You can have one of the best of the kind published in the world. It is a beautiful book, and is a valuable acquisition to every library.