

THE ACADIAN

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THE SOLDIER.

One dreary, dreary afternoon toward the end of June, having nothing particular to do, I sauntered in the direction of the Chelsea College gardens. This shady little nook holds the home of one of our old soldiers.

There they sat in solemn rows of fours and fives, on the wooden benches in the cool green shade, dropping away the long, unbroken afternoon, while they watched the children at play on the grass before them.

A great longing came over me to have something of their lives.

If I could roam across one alone, I thought, there might be a chance of it. So, with a lingering, backward look at the old fellows, I walked on until I came to a more secluded part of the garden, where the pensioners cultivated little plots of ground and sold flowers and ferns to the nurses and children of the proceeds of which enabled them to buy tobacco and rum and other small luxuries.

It had been intensely hot, but now a refreshing breeze was tossing the lilac and laburnum trees, and in the cool of the day the old men were alight at work, watering, weeding and raking away, while they smoked and changed opinions as to their respective nurseries.

Crossing the gravel path, I came upon a bed composed entirely of mignonette. Its fragrance was delightful, and I paused a moment to enjoy the scent.

The little garden excited my curiosity, and I looked with interest at the gardener. His face was thin and lined with an expression of settled melancholy on it, but there was something in the large, dark eyes and sensitive mouth that took my fancy.

"Here is an opportunity," I thought. "He looks like a nice, approachable old man and, I dare say, would be glad to have a chat."

At that moment as if by some sudden transposition of mind, he glanced up and fixed his speaking orbs on me.

"What lovely mignonette!" I exclaimed by way of opening fire.

"He smiled, but it was such a sad smile I wished he hadn't. It somehow made me feel sick and sorry."

"Let me cut you some, madam," he said gravely. "I will in a moment, if you can wait."

"Oh, please, I should like nothing better!" I answered, smiling myself and to king on contentedly, while my eyes turned to work with a long pair of rusty scissors.

His face interested me strangely, none the less when I noticed that the Victoria cross adorned his breast. How could I get him to talk?

"May I ask why you cultivate only one flower?" I inquired, with sudden inspiration.

He looked at me again in that intense way of his for at least a minute without speaking then said irrelevantly:

"You have a good, kind face, lady, and—"

"Thank you for saying so," I rejoined, somewhat tamely, feeling half-dazed and wondering what was coming next.

"You asked me just now why I only grew one flower. I will tell you if you care to listen."

"Yes," I replied eagerly; "I am all attention."

"It happened so long ago, yet it seems only like yesterday. Mignonette, Mignonette!" he half-murmured to himself.

I searched rapidly to remind him of my presence.

"Lad, did you ever love anyone very dearly?" he asked abruptly.

"Have I?" I returned somewhat taken aback by this unexpected question.

"Well, yes, I have been fond of some people I have met at different times of my life," was my discreet answer.

"Those two were the only ones I cared for in this world—Mignonette and Ralph Stanley."

"Who was Mignonette?" I queried gently, for the old man's face was full of emotion when he spoke her name.

"I always called her Mignonette and so did he," he continued, without heeding me; "she came with me to the front. She was never without a slip of this—"

He pointed to the flowers in my lap—

her little gown. She had a passion for mignonette. That is why we called her Mignonette, and she was as sweet as the flower itself, with her bluebell eyes and nut brown hair."

"Who was the other?" I ventured to ask after a pause.

"Again he seemed to forget my existence as he sighed and said sadly:

"To think that I ever passed it and they were such a happy pair too! She could not help loving him, the social, handsome lad. Men and officers alike adored him."

"He loved with you, then?"

"Yes, but I was only in the ranks, while he held a commission."

"Yet you were friends?"

"Friend—ye that we were; from our schoolboy days we were chums. When Ralph was sent to the Crimea war, I threw everything to the winds, enlisted in his regiment and went, too, and we fought in many a fierce battle together. But one thought kept us through all—Ralph Mignonette, the vicar's daughter. Ah, what happy old times they were at the vicarage!"

Mignonette was an only child; her father, our coach, Ralph's and mine. What merry little tea parties we had—just we four, the scent of mignonette everywhere. The garden, the windows and the rooms of the old house were full of it—mignonette, all mignonette!"

My glance wandered to the flowers blooming at my feet as I tried to picture the little scene put before me.

"And Ralph loved Mignonette as well as I," he pursued, "though neither of us knew the other's secret. Well, those happy days came to an end. Young Stanley left us to study for the army, while I remained to stagnate in my father's office in town."

"How I envied Ralph's luck! Not that I grudged him any good thing, but my lot in life did seem hard in comparison to his. As the time passed my restlessness and discontent increased. Despite my attachment to Mignonette, my monotonous existence was so hateful to me. So, when the war broke out and Ralph was ordered abroad, I made up my mind to go, too, in the ranks of the same regiment."

He was an opportunity not to be lost of leading a more glorious life—to fight for my country, my people and for the love of old England."

"How I dreamed of the home coming after the work was done! Death had no place in my mind. How I anticipated the meeting with Mignonette with the love light that I—poor fool—imagined she felt for me shining in her soft blue eyes. I thought I would pour out my heart and tell her I had come back to claim her, never to part any more. As, if I had known that she cared for Ralph I should have been spared many a headache in after years."

The old soldier gazed abstractedly at his mignonette and doubtless I did over again that memorable campaign, while I wondered if the cross on his breast had anything to do with his history. He answered my glance.

"I am coming to that now, lady. One bitter November night, or rather morning, we woke to find the enemy bearing down on us in overwhelming numbers before our camp was a fire. The men, however, soon roused and fought as soldiers to shoulder amid the roar and din of cannon, which maddened alike men and beast. After a while I became conscious only of one thing—a figure a few yards ahead of me fighting for dear life. I can see the light on his face now! It was a figure, shining with dauntless courage that I had not before the onslaught of the Russians. I believe, at that moment, Ralph lived in every fibre of my being. He glared in a light—no one more. He was surrounded and cut off from the rest of us by six or seven of the enemy double his size. Suddenly he staggered and fell. Then I found myself struggling and crushing through mud until I reached the stricken figure. There he lay so white and still, with his bare young face upturned to the leaden sky. My arms went instinctively round him, and as I turned and faced the lot of them—perhaps it was fancy—but a change

seemed to come into their eyes, glittering eyes as they involuntarily fell back a pace or two. It was only for a moment. They again pressed forward, and so doubt the pair of us would have been quickly cut to pieces but for an unexpected situation created just then by the arrival of the British dragoons. With their aid the Russians were completely routed, and in the confusion of their retreat and as I managed to carry Ralph safely back to camp."

"And you escaped unscathed?"

"No, unluckily, lady, I received some very bad cuts on my head and back, which brought about my discharge from the army as being unfit for active service. When I had somewhat recovered, Ralph told me that Mignonette had promised to become his wife, and six months later they were married."

"Did Mignonette ever know that you cared for her?" I asked rather haughtily.

"Yes; many years after, when they came to see me here, I think, as they carried away some of my mignonette, they both guessed it for the first time."

A bell near by changed not the tea hour as he finished speaking, so, with a close clasp of the hand my old man and I parted.

His Case of Fright.

"Very few grow up people know what fright really means, except, perhaps in dreams," said the quietest man in the group that had been spinning yarns in the hotel corridor.

"When I speak of fright," he continued, "I don't mean alarm in any of its ordinary senses—I mean that sort of brute panic that robs a man of speech, thought and volition; that turns him sick and cold; that leaves such a deep and indelible scar on his whole nervous organism that the very memory of it, years afterward, will make him quail and shudder. It is impossible, in my opinion, for mere danger to produce that feeling, even in the rankest coward, for you must bear in mind it is not fear that I am endeavoring to describe but something entirely different, something again which personal courage furnishes no immunity what.

ever. When a man is afraid, his instinct is to run away, to escape; when he is frightened, he has no such impulse—he simply suffers. I never had but one experience of that kind in my life, and the circumstances of the case were very commonplace. I'll tell you about it in as few words as possible.

"In 1889 I was holding a job as proof reader in a big printing establishment in Chicago. The building then occupied by the concern was a rambling old barracks of a place, and the little enclosure where I worked was in the extreme rear of the upper floor, which was used as a composing room. Next to my cubby hole was another and considerably larger enclosure, where a religious weekly was set up on special contract. That second room had a sinister reputation, for the sufficiently starting reason that it had been the scene of two suicides. A former collector for the firm, who was short in his accounts, had gone there to blow his brains out, and later on, a poor old printer, broken down and despondent, had cut his throat in front of the cracked locking class which hung over the sink. All that happened before my time but the memory of it abided, and it seemed to invest the place with a peculiar air of gloom.

"I have gone into these details to give you an idea of the lay of the premises, and now I'll get to the point. One night in the fall of the year, I had an unusual lot of proofs to read and I decided to go back, after a late supper, and finish them up before going to bed. When I reached the building on my return from the restaurant, everybody had gone, and the place was as black and still as a cave, but I let myself in by a side door and groped my way up stairs, tumbling in my pocket for a match. To my annoyance I didn't have a single one, but I remembered there was a boxful on a table in the office of the religious weekly, and, knowing the composing room pretty thoroughly, I started without hesitation for my den.

"The sky was stormy and overcast that night, and inside the building it was perfectly dark, so dark that I could not see my hand before my face—

Nevertheless I reached the proof-room without any mishap and had just opened the door of the adjoining inclosure to get the matches when the thought of the two suicides flashed through my brain and sent an icy shiver down my spine. For a moment I had an impulse to back out and beat a retreat, and, while I put that aside, I won't deny that I was considerably unnerved. The loneliness of the place, the pitch darkness, the whispering noises one can always hear in a big empty building at night and the memory of that ghastly story of self murder, all made my heart beat like a drum, and it required every particle of resolution I possessed to enable me to take a step forward.

"I moved slowly and cautiously, with my right arm extended to ward off obstacles, and had advanced perhaps a dozen paces when my slatted hand was laid flatly upon a human face. I could feel the nose and eye sockets against my fingers, and a stubble of beard picked my palm. Now, gentlemen, this may seem like nothing as I tell it here; with the incandescent ablaze and people passing to and fro, but in that black, deserted roomery it was the incarnation of horror. I realized then and there, for the first time in my life, the real meaning of the word fright. If I had actually seen a ghost, it would have shaken me less but that face against my hand in the dark—ah, I will never forget it, never, as long as I live!"

"I recoiled, and as I did so my fingers touched the matchbox. By pure instinct I snatched out a dozen matches and struck them on the table. A gas jet was half a foot away, and in an instant I had it lit. Then I understood the situation, and you will smile, no doubt, when I explain. A printer, whom I knew very well and who was the set of the office, was standing beside one of the cases in a drunken daze. He had been on a spree, and when the office was closed he was lying asleep, unnoticed, behind a pile of paper. My steps on the stairs had aroused him, and he staggered to his feet and stood there, silent and stupid, until I blundered against him in the dark.

"That's the story, and, as I said before, it seems like nothing to tell, yet the bare thought of it has brought the sweat to my forehead."

Fine Art in Murder.

"So they located him in St. Louis, and they hanged him in Chicago inside of a year, all because of half a broken cuff button in the dead man's pocket. It was a little thing, but some such little thing is always there to tell the tale. Murder will out." And the police inspector stretched his feet on the opposite seat of the smoking compartment and leaned back with the air of a man who has thoroughly demonstrated his proposition.

"Yes, murder will out—maybe," he replied the mining engineer as he adjusted the stem end of a cigar into an amber holder for a new lease of smoke.

"There is nothing that strikes me as more palpably moonshine than that same quotation. Of course some murders come out, and it is only those that do come out that stand any chance of being identified as murders. Take a practical view of it. If a really crafty man wants to commit murder do you suppose he is going to knock his game on the head with a club or shoot him up a whole lot on the public highway? Talk about De Quincey's Murder as a Fine Art! I never could see any art in it. All of his murders were without any character to them except buckets of blood. Why, I knew an engineer of an electric plant down in South America who could have given De Quincey points and who put his man out of the way so that the coroner didn't think it worth while to hold an inquest.

"You see, they had put in an electric light plant in Caracas along with an ice machine and some artesian wells so the town was feeling pretty metropolitan. The company had to take all his help down there from the States, but when the plant was up and running they sent the most of them back or drafted them off on other jobs, so that about all they kept were a few line-men and the engineer and his assistant. These two engineers were thrown to-

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quart, etc. at the same table and quite naturally in three months were ready to kill each other on sight.

"The assistant taught the chief poker and the chief developed rapidly, and pretty soon put his instructor into the hole for three months wages. It was summer. The weather was muggy as the inside of a Turkish bath. They hated each other and had nobody else to talk to. They played cards in self-defense after work was over, and snarled over every jack pot. The weather was in their nerves until they felt as though yellow fever with a furlough attached would be an undisguised blessing.

"The assistant couldn't see any way of winning himself out of the hole, and he made up his mind to get even and quit or kill the chief. So one night when the other had thrown out some slur about people that played for paper because it was easy paid the assistant made the chief a proposition to play him one cold hand double or quits. The chief had something like a full house at a four flush, and then the other made up his mind to kill him and put an end to it all.

"It was before the days of direct connected dynamo, and the plant was fixed with an old Westinghouse horizontal engine and a belt connected double brush dynamo set at the other end of the room far enough off to give the belt a good away on the pulleys. He told me he often sat smoking and figuring just how he could get rid of the chief. He was prejudiced against poison, because he didn't think it could be worked without leaving a clue. He thought sometimes of tripping the old man into the fly wheel when the plant was running, but there might be some hitch about that, as the fireman were always just inside the boiler room, and besides the chief didn't drink, and engineers don't stumble into their machines when sober. Finally he hit what he thought was a good plan.

"The old man, who wasn't any older than his assistant, always oiled round just at midnight. When the chief looked at the clock and started after his oil can, the assistant went to the closet and took out a good sized wad of waste and dipped it in the water bucket. Then

he walked up close to the driving wheel of the engine. Naturally the driving wheel was bigger than the pulley wheel of the dynamo, so the belt ran on a down grade to the small pulley, passing right along side the brass oil cup on the main journal.

"When the chief lifted the cap of the oil cup, the assistant called to the dogs in the fire room to lead him a match. That was merely to drop a witness on hand. Then to dropped his wad of wet waste on the running belt and walked toward the fire room door. The wad of waste struck where it was dropped and was carried down like a flash by the belt. It fetched up slap between the oil cup and the brushes and grounded 2,000 volts of alternating current right through the chief's hand.

"The lights blinked just as the dogs showed up in the doorway, and, thus calling the assistant's attention to what had happened, he reached over and yanked the belt off the driver at the imminent risk of loosing his own arm. The engine raced a bit, but he shut her down before any harm was done, and then they struck a light and went to the assistance of the chief. But it was too late. He died without ever recovering consciousness.

"The fireman who didn't know the difference between oil and water in a piece of waste, told marvelous tales about the assistant's quick action in shutting down the plant, and the direct one of the company gave him the chief's vacant berth along with a raise of wages and a beautiful letter complimenting him on his courage and promptitude in the emergency.

"He worked a dredge engine for me afterward down on the coast, and when he was about passing out with chagrin fever he told me the story to ease his mind. For practical purposes I don't think that murder ever came out."

A CARD.

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

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

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY 18, 1900

We Should be Represented.

If rumors are to be relied upon this county will be compelled to get along in the future without the services in the legislature of one of its present M. P. P's. If not a case of going up higher it will at least be an experience for our provincial legislator of being summoned to a more comfortable and profitable seat—even though it be a backless office chair instead of an upholstered cathedra. Be this as it may, however, the retirement of the gentleman to private life as reported will mean a vacancy to be filled, and a little consideration over his successor, on the part of the people of the county, will perhaps not be out of place. In this connection there are two things which we have the temerity to offer by way of advice to the electors, and the first is this: Neither party should allow a ring of three or four to control the caucus and nominate the party's candidate. Every elector should be just as particular about the kind of a man who is named as the party's nominee as he is about getting his party's nominee elected to parliament. Again, the party of the county should be to that some one is elected who can fairly represent the constituency. If representation by constituency for the local legislature is not a mistake it certainly is at least a prerequisite that the two M. L. A's should live at different ends of the county. In a great many cases an arrangement like this is always made, and our experience in this county at any rate has proved the wisdom of such an arrangement. Almost anyone will admit that in the past the eastern end of the county has practically not been represented at all. It would therefore be only just if the liberals of this county in their search for a second candidate for the local house should select one from this part of the county, and we think there would be considerable wisdom—even from a party standpoint—in doing so. The excuse can scarcely be made that there are no available persons in sight from this quarter for that are a number who are eligible. What, for instance, would be the matter with running our esteemed townsmen, Mr. I. B. Oakes, for provincial honors? A man of leisure and culture of unquestionable integrity and proved business ability, and an ardent and long liberal, he would be a credit as a candidate for his party in any constituency. At any rate eastern county liberals should see to it that their interests are not ignored in the next party caucus.

Trucking Through the College Grounds and the Closing of the Foot-path.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly permit me on behalf of the executive committee of the Board of Governors, to say a word to the public through your valuable paper on the above subjects. It is doubtless well known that the College grounds, wagon-ways and foot-paths included, are private property. By common understanding, however, the roadways have always been freely open to the public, and there is no desire to cancel this understanding, save in one particular. Of late it has become a frequent thing for heavy trucking to be done through the College grounds, greatly to the detriment of the roads in front of the building. The executive have decided to appeal to the public to abstain altogether from this use of the roads, and the request will not be deemed unreasonable, since the Main street and University avenue furnish an equally good route. It has been decided further to close a section of one of the foot-paths, viz: that one which starts from Dr. Sawyer's premises, and runs across the face of the college hill in a north-westerly direction. The face of the hill being soft, and the path making a water-course in the heavy rains, the hill becomes from time to time badly disfigured. That section of the path, therefore, extending from Dr. Sawyer's premises to the main road in front of the college will be closed, and pedestrians are requested to let the roadway also as foot-path. Notice will be put up indicating the route that is closed and the public are respectfully requested to have careful regard to the wish expressed.

On behalf of the Executive, T. TROTTER.

Anniversary Programme.

Programme of Anniversary Exercises at Wolfville, June 3rd to 6th.—Sunday, June 3rd, 11 a. m.—Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, D. D. LL. D., of Philadelphia. 7 p. m.—Address before college Y. M. C. A., by Dr. Tupper. Monday, June 4th, 7.30 p. m.—Lecture before the Senate of the University by Dr. Tupper. Tuesday, June 5th, 10.30 a. m.—Class Exercises by Graduating Class. 2.30 p. m.—Closing exercises of Horton Academy. Usual exercises with address by Rev. D. H. Simpson. 7.30 p. m.—Closing exercises of Acadia Seminary. Usual exercises with address by Mrs. Chas. Archibald of Halifax, vice-president of the Woman's National Council. Wednesday, June 6th, 10.15 a. m.—Closing exercises of the college.

What about Carpets, Oil Cloths, Rugs, Mats and Mattings? If you wish to see the largest and best stock in the town at county and prices that are lower than the lowest—call at O. D. Harris' Glasgow House. Carpets made and laid on your floor. Repairs prepared.

On Tile Draining.

BY G. THOMSON, WOLFVILLE.

DEAR ACADIAN.—From many parts of our own province and from New Brunswick, also, applications have come to me for information about under-draining farming lands. This expressed desire on the part of many farmers to make a step towards high farming I am glad to note, and will be pleased to make public through your journal any information I have acquired on the subject. I promise these remarks by stating that in the last ten years I have laid out for and supervised the laying of over 20,000 tiles, and have during that time made many improvements in the method of under-draining so that any knowledge I have acquired is from experience in practical work.

Later on I may discuss the great benefit farmers can derive from under-draining their lands, but at present I propose simply to confine my remarks to the best way to drain land, and further to limit these remarks to dyked lands where almost entirely I have worked. I shall not dwell upon the primitive drain formed by three poles covered with brush, which at best is only a temporary expedient; or stone drains, which, if properly constructed, will do good work and may be useful where stones are plenty but will not pay to haul from a distance. In this locality some farmers favor box drains made of wood and nailed together. It is widely asserted that boxes so made of wood and laid in dyked lands will last in good working condition for very many years. Believing this statement, I at first laid several of these wooden drains but found that in the course of four years many of the covering boards had become completely rotten. This will always occur where there is not a continuous flow of water. I have, therefore, concluded that will burn carbon tiles is the best material for under-draining dyked lands. The first principle in draining with tiles is to lay them in a perfectly uniform grade or if possible increasing grade near the outlet and at the outlet have a drop of a few inches. Water moving down a uniform grade will carry the muddy particles it holds in suspension to the outlet, but if the grade should become flatter sediment will become deposited and the tile choked. I have found this happens in drains laid before I adopted the use of the grade board.

Great care must always be taken to keep the tiles closely butted one to the other and in direct line. Another important feature to be remembered by the owner of tile drains, is the free discharge at the outlet. These outlets should be seen to late in the fall, after cattle are taken off the dyke, and left in good order for the winter, and again in the spring.

Our dyked lands present a very nearly level surface, with many creeks winding through them. Into these creeks the water from the higher lands may be discharged from tile drains. Frequently, owing to the long stretches of nearly level land and the small depression of the creeks, but little fall can be given. In such cases a levelling instrument called a "Dumpy level" is required. By its use a true level line is given above the ditch to be opened, and by ascertaining the difference in level from the top of the ditch (or upper end) and the bottom of the creek the possible fall can be calculated and by then measuring the length of the ditch, the obtainable fall per hundred feet ascertained. Suppose, for example, the proposed ditch is 600 feet in length to the creek. I fix the tripod of the level at a point about 30 feet to one side of the line of the ditch and about midway from either end. With my back to the sun, where possible, so that the sunlight may fall on the figures on the measuring staff, an assistant raises this staff on the upper end of the ditch. Suppose the level shown is three feet. The staff is next raised at the creek bottom. Suppose this shows 9 feet, the difference is 6 feet. Allow 2 ft. 6 in. for depth of ditch and 6 inches above creek bottom. This 3 feet deducted from 6 feet leaves 3 feet available for fall in 600 feet or 6 inches per 100 feet. I have often found that 3 inches per 100 feet is as much fall as could be got, and that tiles laid in this grade worked satisfactorily. The next instrument to be used is the grade board. I am aware of the use of boring-rods and other methods of finding the grade, but the grade-board now to be described is by far the best, in my opinion. To make one, take a piece of seasoned pine and a half inch plank about five inches wide and eight feet in length. As this length is one-twelfth part of a hundred feet I find it convenient for calculation. When the two edges are parallel and a carpenter's spirit level is secured to the upper edge about midway from both ends and the bulb is in the middle both edges will be level, place off the lower edge so that one end will be half an inch narrower than the other. Now keep the bulb in the centre on the upper edge and the lower edge will give half an inch grade in the length of the board, or multiplied by 12 will give 6 inches in the hundred feet. It is well always to paint the wide end so that the workman will be sure to keep that end down hill.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

Died.
LYMAN.—At the Horton Farm, Farm May 11th, Mary Lyman.
HARDAGE.—At Grand Pre, May 11th, J. Norman Hardage, aged 80 years.
HOWLEY.—At Avonport, May 12th, Addie E., daughter of Freeman Hanly, aged 27 years.
BOWLEY.—At Aylesford, May 12th, Samuel Bowley, aged 69 years.
HARDAGE.—At Grand Pre, May 16th, Margaret, wife of the late Norman Hardage, aged 80 years.

Later Spraying.

BY G. THOMSON, WOLFVILLE.

In a former article we considered the matter of the early spraying of orchards, more especially for the bud moth and the bark louse, because they must be dealt with very early in the season in order to be treated effectually, but every other pest which we have to contend with requires equally prompt action at just the proper time if it is to be successfully combated. It is time, therefore, that growers had their preparations completed for the campaign against the caterpillar, the canker worm and the "black spot," and that campaign, if not already begun, should begin immediately. The caterpillars are reported to have hatched already in sheltered localities, and where they are troublesome no time should be lost but the trees should be sprayed immediately with Paris Green or some other insecticide.

For the treatment of the three pests named above, as well as the leaf-blight of plums, and many other such diseases, a combination of Bordeaux mixture with Paris Green will, perhaps, be most satisfactory for the majority of the orchardists of the province. For the benefit of those who have not previously prepared Bordeaux mixture a few directions may be useful. The usual formula given is:
4 lbs copper sulphate
4 lbs lime
40 gal. water

To which 4 oz. of Paris Green are added for destroying insects, and as a rule this is satisfactory. But a safer and more satisfactory way will prove, if ferrocyanide test to determine when enough lime has been added. Let us suppose that the farmer has determined to spray his orchard the coming season (and if he hasn't so determined he should do so immediately). He should first procure several casks that will hold water. This does not of necessity mean costly oil barrels, but the better quality they can be without too great expense the more satisfactory they will prove. In one of these casks dissolve a quantity of copper sulphate at the rate of 1 lb to 1 gal of water; then when used 1 gallon of the solution means a pound of copper sulphate. Of course the amount of copper sulphate required will depend on the size of the orchard to be sprayed. Place the copper sulphate in a bag and suspend in the upper part of the water and it will soon dissolve. Next secure some fresh lime, shake carefully in another cask and use the pole to stir it to prevent the air from coming in contact with it. The "stock solution" are now ready and if kept in this way will not deteriorate in the least. And for the potassium ferrocyanide test above referred to, buy 5c. worth of this chemical at the drug store, dissolve in a pint of water and put in a bottle. When it is desired to prepare a cask of Bordeaux mixture, measure out 4 gallons of the copper sulphate solution and add water to make it almost a half barrel. In another cask, or tub, take out a quantity of slaked lime (perhaps two quarts) and add water till it is a very thin white wash. Then pour these two solutions together. It is now necessary to test the solution to see if sufficient lime has been added. To do this take out a small quantity of it in a saucer and add a few drops of the test solution. If any color appears the mixture is not ready. It is now necessary to test the solution to see if sufficient lime has been added. To do this take out a small quantity of it in a saucer and add a few drops of the test solution. If any color appears the mixture is not ready.

These directions have been made thus explicit for the benefit of those who have never before prepared Bordeaux mixture and who may desire to have each step explained. Once familiar with the process it is as simple as running a mowing machine, and not at all dangerous. Bordeaux should be prepared fresh for each application, for when lime is added to copper sulphate solution the mixture begins to deteriorate after 48 hours.

A good general rule for applications is to spray once just as the leaves are expanded; once just after the blossoms fall and a third time in ten days or two weeks. But let me say in closing that no one who grows himself can decide just when sprayings should be made, for all depends on what pests are most troublesome in that particular orchard. If his apples are wormy at the core it means that the codling moth is abundant, and his great care should then be to spray his orchard thoroughly with Paris Green within a week after the blossoms fall. If the black spot is troublesome, then he should give most attention to the use of copper sulphate, making one application before the buds have begun to swell, using 1 lb to 10 gal. of water; and spraying once just before the blossoms open, and two or three times after they fall, with Bordeaux mixture. When it is the canker worm and the caterpillar are the chief offenders, he should spray thoroughly with Paris Green or some other insecticide, making the first application just as the leaves are expanding. But whatever may be his enemy he should spray thoroughly and in good season and as a result he will do his share to keep Nova Scotia where she belongs, in the front rank of apple producing countries in the world; and what is, perhaps, even more to the point, it will mean money in his own pocket and in that of his neighbor.

F. C. SEARS.

School of Horticulture, Wolfville, N. S.

Lord Roberts THE PRIDE OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

We are pleased to be able to announce to our readers that we are a stamping arrangement with a large publishing firm for a hand-colored picture of the great general, Lord Roberts, the pride of Tommy Atkins, and of the name of the British belongs. The picture will be an exact reproduction of the original painting by a famous artist. Every subscriber to THE ACADIAN will have an opportunity to secure a copy of this picture and our readers will do well to wait until they see a sample before securing an inferior picture at greater cost. A further announcement will shortly be made. We might say, as a guarantee that the picture will be all that it claims to be, that the publishers of the picture are the Family Herald and Weekly Star, of Montreal, who are noted for the excellence of their pictures.

MONEY TO LEND ON MORTGAGE.—Apply to E. S. Crawley, Solicitor, Wolfville, N. S.

Many June Weddings.

BY G. THOMSON, WOLFVILLE.

It is on the cards that there are to be many weddings this June. The correct and most appropriate present is a Piano, but such an article to insure lasting pleasure and service must be good. To make sure of getting the best article at its proper value, call early to make selection, or write to

W. H. JOHNSON CO., LTD.

157 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

AND ST. JOHN, N. B.

Agents for "Obitaking," "Newcombe," "Mason & Ritch" and "B-I-I" Pianos, "Mason & Hamlin" and "B-I-I" Organs.

Letter from the Front.

The following extract from a letter received from Private Horace Jones, by his family here will be read with much interest by his friends in Wolfville:

Bloomsfontein, April 1st, 1900.

DEAR — I expect you think that it is about time you were receiving another letter from me. I sent a scribble from Paaderberg which perhaps you never got, as I had nothing but a bad lead-pencil to write it with. I was all through the fighting at Paaderberg when Cronje surrendered. I was under fire then three days and I tell you the way the bullets came was awful at times, especially on Tuesday, when our troops had over a thousand killed and wounded. On Tuesday the Boers threw a Viets Maxim quick firing gun on the Canadians. This gun fires a one pound shot which bursts when it strikes. They did not do much damage to us but the noise of the thing was very unpleasant to say the least. I suppose of course that you hear all about the fighting we have been having so I will not tell you any more of an old story.

I have stood the marching very well and have never yet fallen out of the ranks as the greater part of the regiment has. Our marches have been often very long and hard on account of the great heat. One night we did 23 miles. Several days we have done more than 20. Roberts is noted for his rapid marching and I guess he wants to keep up his record. During all our marching we were on short rations sometimes getting only two biscuits instead of six—a full ration. We would often scarcely get enough tea or coffee to tone up the water. However we always got our full ration of meat, I don't want to complain and must say that there have been many untruths written home, and affairs are not as black as sometimes painted. When we are marching we get up at three and pack our blankets and great coats in the wagons. We have breakfast at four, which, if the march is long, is always very early. We carry half the cooked meat in our canteens, also biscuits, which we eat for a lunch. We always take with us a quart of water, which I tell you is little enough.

We have been in Bloomsfontein now over two weeks. The town has only about 10,000 inhabitants, mostly English. When we first reached here everything was very dear; bread being two shillings per loaf. However prices are coming down a good bit now. I am not with the regiment at present. Last Friday the Boers advanced down the railway driving in the advance brigades of our troops. They captured two batteries and cut to pieces a lot of our cavalry. They also cut off our water supply so there is no water in the pipes, but there are fine wells here. When the news of the Boers' advance reached us our regiment was at once ordered to go up the line. Not over 500 were able to go, on account of so many being sick, and from the fact that many had no boots or clothes. I was one of the latter, my boots being completely worn out and my shirt was no new one on hand.

Stan's company has gone and I bet his feet will be sore as his boots are nothing to be proud of. His trousers (too) are slightly unbuttoned. By the way, the other night Stan brought his blanket and we slept together, just like old times. About 40 of our Co. had to be left here and these were soon joined by many who could not stand the march and came back, so that to-day, not more than 24 hours after the regiment left, there are 140 of us here.

Have you rec'd my Queen's choice chocolate yet and what do you think of it?

W. J. BALCOM

has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell all kinds of Real and Personal Property at a moderate rate.

How is Bert Burgess flourishing? I bet his address cannot write to him. How is Stanley Gillin? I expect he will be surprised to hear that I have not had the matches and sleeping out in the open air better than any of the big stout ones.

Will I must say good-bye. Perhaps the next time I write will be from Ectoria. With love, HORACE.

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24th OF MAY Celebration

AT Wolfville.

The citizens of Wolfville have decided to hold a celebration here on the 24th, and have arranged a programme as follows:
Base Ball Match at 9 a. m.
Rose Root Race at 11 a. m.
Parade at 1 p. m.
"Races and Sports at Race track" after Parade.
Band Concert and Fire Works in the evening.

NOTICE.

The following committees have in hand the respective branches:
Parade—Mr G. L. Starr.
Races and Sports—Messrs. F. J. Porter and Geo. Ellis.

Collection of Funds—A. J. Woodman, F. P. Bookwell, S. Gillmore.
Students and Citizens of the Town and surrounding country are cordially invited to take part in the demonstration, and are asked to send in their entries to the respective committees.

Anything that can be done in the way of light and order, etc., will add much to the general effect.
For further details see posters.

UNION BANK OF HALIFAX.

Capital Authorized, \$1,500,000.
Capital Paid Up, \$600,000.
Reserve, \$328,610.

DIRECTORS:
Wm Robertson, President; Wm. Roche, Vice-Pres.; Hon. Robt. Bond, J. H. Symons, E. G. C. Blackadar, Z. G. Wm. Twining, Esq., Geo. Mitchell, Esq., M. P.

HEAD OFFICE, HALIFAX, N. S., E. L. Thorne, General Manager
Collections Solicited. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

Savings Bank Department.
Interest at the rate of 3 1/2 per cent.

AGENTS:
Annapolis, N. S., E. W. Arnold, Manager
Bridgetown, N. S., N. B. Burrows
Barrington Passage, N. S., C. B. Robertson
Charlottetown, N. S., Sub. to Barrington Passage
Dartmouth, N. S., F. J. Robertson
Gloucester, N. S., J. W. Ryan
Granville Ferry, E. D. Arnold, Acting
Kentville, N. S., G. H. Gray, Acting
Lawrencetown, N. S., N. B. Burrows
Liverpool, N. S., E. R. Malin
New Glasgow, N. S., E. C. Wright
St. John's, N. S., W. W. Montgomery
St. Peter's, N. S., G. H. Gray, Acting
Windsor, N. S., H. W. Roblin, Acting
Wolfville, N. S., J. D. Leavitt

CORRESPONDENTS—London and Westminster Bank, London, Eng. Bank of Toronto and Branches, Upper Canada. Bank of New Brunswick, St. John, N. B. National Bank of Commerce, New York. Merchants' National Bank, Boston.

PARRSBORO SPORTS

Grand Excursion
By Steamer, Wolfville to Parrsboro, leaving Wolfville at 7 o'clock a. m., local time.

CHEAP RATE.
Come over and see a good day's sport. Two Good Horse Races, 1/2 Mile and 2 Mile Bicycle Race, for Gold and Silver Medals. Sack and Foot Race for Medals. Sack and Grand Bicycle Parade at 1.15 p. m. Prizes for the Handsomest and also the most comical dress.

Bring your wheels. Parrsboro is a picturesque town. Brodrik's Summer Hotel and many places of interest. Fare from Wolfville to Parrsboro and return \$1.00. Free admittance to sports. Steamer leaves Parrsboro to return at close of sports.

M. D. WALSH, W. J. BALCOM, Secretary, Manager.

G. W. NEWCOMBE, Manager of Excursion.
Tickets now on Sale.

House to Let at Long Island.
Part or all of a comfortable residence, by month or summer. Favorable for summer outing. Good accommodation. Apply to

MRS. SIMON PALMETER, Grand Pre.

W. J. BALCOM

has secured an Auctioneer's license and is prepared to sell all kinds of Real and Personal Property at a moderate rate.

How is Bert Burgess flourishing? I bet his address cannot write to him. How is Stanley Gillin? I expect he will be surprised to hear that I have not had the matches and sleeping out in the open air better than any of the big stout ones.

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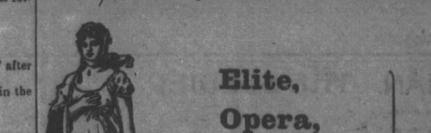
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Queen Quality Ladies' AMERICAN FINE SHOES

In Button, Lace and Oxfords.

Elite, Opera, Cornell, Mannish, Princess.

STYLES.



The "Queen Quality" is so well known and advertised (see Magazines) that it is hardly necessary to state that it combines all that is best in Style, Fit, Durability and Finish.

Sold Only at N. M. SINCLAIR'S, PEOPLE'S SHOE STORE.

HEAD OFFICE, HALIFAX, N. S., E. L. Thorne, General Manager

Collections Solicited. Bills of Exchange bought and sold. Highest rate allowed for money on special deposit.

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A. E. McMANUS, Fine Tailoring.

Cor. Sackville and Hollis Streets, Halifax, N. S.

We have made a lot of PHOTOS this Spring. We are ready to make more OF ALL SORTS OF PEOPLE.

Come right in while your spring clothes are new and fit well.

W. W. ROBSON, Photographer. NEXT TO ELECTRIC LIGHT STATION.

THREE GOOD THINGS.

HIGH GRADE. That's what our Canned Goods are. Our Corn, Peas, Beans and Tomatoes are the "Cannada" Brand.

COMFORT SOAP POINTERS. 2 ozs. heavier than most others, which makes a case weigh 200 ozs. more than others. Just think of it. Just as good in quality and at prices that defy competition. Get our price on a case.

"SALADA" TEA. Is a pure Ceylon machine-rolled Tea. Cleanest, and Best Flavored Tea on the market. 30c., 40c. and 50c.

H. W. DAVISON.

NOW IN STOCK AND MUST BE SOLD BEFORE JUNE 4

100 tons Swift's Lowell Animal Fertilizer. Bone Fertilizers. Ground Bone. Animal Fertilizers. Complete manure for all crops. One mixed car Flour, Feed and Seed Banner Oats. 1200 bush Oats to arrive by Schooner "Gravelly" on the 23rd inst. Timothy, Clover and Garden Seeds now in.

Our prices are right either for spot cash or on good notes.

F. J. PORTER.

"Earncliffe Gardens."

Fruit Trees for planting in the Spring of 1900. Grow here and imported from Ontario.

Apple Trees, 1st Class, price \$22.00 per hundred.
Pear Trees, Standard, price \$27.50 per hundred.
Pear Trees, Dwarf, price \$22.50 per hundred.
Japan Plums, price \$35 per hundred.

A rebate of \$1 per hundred allowed on trees delivered at the Garden. On lots of 500 a further rebate will be allowed. Letter orders invited.

W. C. ARCHIBALD, Wolfville.

Known as the Best.

POPULAR MEN'S FINE

\$3.50

made by the Sister Shoe Co., of the best values sold in Canada and by the most experienced.

If you want a cheaper line carry them at all prices, \$2.00.

Known as the Best.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., MAY 18, 1900

Local and Provincial.

(One to Wolfville on the 24th.)

There will be no meeting of the W. T. U. on Thursday next. Further announcement will be made next week.

We are glad to report that our townsmen, Mr. F. A. Dixon, has been honored again being elected one of the governors of Kings College.

Miss Grace Patridge, who during the few months has been conducting a physical culture at Wolfville, will give an exhibition in the hall, that town, on Tuesday evening of next week.

Celebrated Christy's Hair, for men, at B. Harris', Glasgow House, Acorn.

Wolfville people were treated to a fine and happy music by two street bands, on Tuesday. The violinist quite a small boy, but evidently an expert on his instrument. The music was of exceptionally good quality and most made.

Our literary column this week records the death of two of the oldest residents of Grand Pre—Mr and Mrs. Norman Hardage. They were both 81 years of age, 60 of which they had lived in married life. Only five days parted them in death.

Book Paper, satin finished, at 4c per lb. at Wolfville Book Store.

Acacia Villa School, Hortonville, Tuesday exercises take place on Tuesday night. Public oral examinations of the classes will be held during the day and a musical and literary entertainment in the Assembly Hall at 8 o'clock, p. m. on Wednesday in the evening 15c and 10c.

Known as the Best. The Best Known.

POPULAR PRICES FOR MEN'S FINE SHOES, \$3.50 and \$5.00.



Made by the Slater Shoe Co., renowned by all shoe men...

If you want a cheaper line in Chocolate, Tan or Black...

C. H. BORDEN

Wolfville Agency Bell and Slater Shoes.

Known as the Best. The Best Known.

THE ACADIAN.

Wolfville to Celebrate.

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Local and Provincial.

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We are glad to report that our townsman, Mr. F. A. Dixon, has been honored again being elected one of the governors of Kings College.

Miss Grace Patrician, who during the few months has been conducting a course in physical culture at Acadia, with a view to give an exhibition in the hall, that town, on Tuesday evening of next week.

Oldest Christy's Hat, for men, at H. Harris, Glasgow House, Acadia.

Wolfville people were treated to an and harp music by two street musicians, on Tuesday. The violinist quite a small boy, but evidently not his instrument thoroughly.

Our obituary column this week records the death of two of the oldest residents of Grand Pre—Mr. and Mrs. Norman Hardwood. They were both 80 years of age, 60 of which they had lived together in married life.

Room Paper, satin finished, at 4c per roll at WOLFVILLE BOOK STORE.

Acadia Villa School, Hortonville, closing exercises take place on Tuesday, next. Public oral examinations of the classes will be held during the day.

The ship Stacie Durrell is undergoing repairs at the slip at Kingsport. It is estimated that from seven to eight thousand dollars will be expended upon the ship.

To Rest.—Flat 6 rooms on corner opposite Baptist church. A. V. PINCO.

The lecture in the vestry of the Methodist church on Monday evening by J. G. Angwin was fairly well attended and much enjoyed.

Gray Nerve—one of the best nerves known, 75c per bottle. DRUGS.

The report that was current when we went to press last week, with regard to damage to the schooner Onville was glad to say, very much exaggerated.

Mr. William Oliver wishes through the Acadia to express his thanks in kind words for expressions of sympathy and help in his recent bereavement.

THE BIRTHDAY OF OUR GRACIOUS QUEEN TO BE APPROPRIATELY OBSERVED IN THIS TOWN.

In a recent issue we stated that arrangements were being made to celebrate the 24th in an appropriate manner in Wolfville. Heretofore our people have been content to allow other towns to furnish displays of loyalty of this kind.

WOOL taken in exchange for goods and on account at C. H. Borden's, the Wolfville Shoe, Hat, Clothing, Men's Furniture and Trunk Store.

The late Mrs. Dodge. In our obituary column last week we record the death at Bellows Falls, Vermont, of Mrs. Dodge, wife of the Rev. Caleb R. B. Dodge, pastor of the Baptist church at that place.

In the home, in the community, or in the church, whose work always lay very near her heart, she always manifested the same bright and happy spirit.

May 24th. Store open until 12 o'clock. Bargains for those hours only, that cannot be repeated next day.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmerson Hiley are leaving Weston for Mr. Hiley's home near Billtown. Mrs. Hiley has always lived here and Mr. Hiley the past five years.

Mr. R. B. Palmer has bought the farm formerly owned and occupied by the late William Kinman, and later by his son, the late Parker Kinman.

Mr. R. B. Palmer is visiting his sister, Mrs. Shaw, at Mrs. E. V. Sanford's. Mrs. Shaw has been in poor health the last month, caused by contracting a cold while waiting the delayed train in the Berwick station on the 12th of April on her way to Windsor.

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Buy Your Seeds From R. E. Harris, Wolfville, N. S.

Also Barley, Peas, Pigeon Peas, Field Peas, Cow Corn and a full line of Vegetable and Flower Garden Seeds.

DENTISTRY. Dr. A. J. McKenna, Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College. Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville. Telephone No. 43.

Dr. H. Lawrence, DENTIST, Wolfville, N. S. Office in Vaughn building. Telephone No. 20.

MILLINERY. Mme. Andrews, Pattern Bonnets & Hats AND MILLINERY NOVELTIES. FEATHERS DYED AND CURLED. MILLINERY PARLOR, MAIN STREET, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Personal Mention. Contributions to this department will be gladly received. Mr. R. E. Burgess returned on Friday last from a trip to Montreal and Boston.

Mr. G. J. C. White and family left on Wednesday morning for Halifax, Columbia where they will join Rev. Mr. White who left here some weeks ago for that province.

The Best Spring Medicine, Rasal Sarsaparilla, only 50c. per bottle. DRUGSTORE.

College Items. A magnificent flag-staff is being erected on the college grounds, under the direction of the Executive Committee of the college.

The examinations of the Senior class are in progress this week, and on Monday next the finals for all the classes begin.

The W. G. & E. Shirts and Collars and Cuffs; also, the newest Neck Ties, Kid Gloves, etc. O. D. Harris, Glasgow House.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmerson Hiley are leaving Weston for Mr. Hiley's home near Billtown. Mrs. Hiley has always lived here and Mr. Hiley the past five years.

Mr. R. B. Palmer has bought the farm formerly owned and occupied by the late William Kinman, and later by his son, the late Parker Kinman.

Mr. R. B. Palmer is visiting his sister, Mrs. Shaw, at Mrs. E. V. Sanford's. Mrs. Shaw has been in poor health the last month, caused by contracting a cold while waiting the delayed train in the Berwick station on the 12th of April on her way to Windsor.

Mr. R. B. Palmer has bought the farm formerly owned and occupied by the late William Kinman, and later by his son, the late Parker Kinman.

LADIES' Shirt Waists.

THE LATEST AMERICAN STYLES

DRESS SKIRTS In Crepon, Figured and Plain, Lustre, Serge, Pique and Ducks. See the Khaki Duck Skirts.

WHITE-WEAR In Night Dresses, Drawers, Corset Covers, Undervests in Cotton, Lisle, Silk and Woolen.

ALL NEW GOODS. PRICES LOW.

O. D. HARRIS, GLASGOW HOUSE,

SAVE YOUR EYES. If Your Eyes Trouble You or Your Sight is Failing. EXAMINATION FREE!

Full Line of Optical Goods. HERBIN'S JEWELRY STORE. Sterling Silver and Silver Plate. Solid Gold Rings, from 80c. up. Full Line of Jewelry.

McLaughlin's Carriages. If in need of a Carriage we can suit you in STYLE, QUALITY AND PRICE.

A. J. WOODMAN. The Prince Royal For Hard or Soft Coal.

Most Popular Stove in the Market. A Full Line of all kinds of Stoves. CALL AND GET PRICES.

L. W. SLEEP. My New Stock - OF -

Wolfville Drug Store. SEASONABLE. Moth Balls, Camphor Gum, Carpet and Cloth Powder, Insect Powder, Bed Bug Exterminator.

SEEDS. New Stock. Fresh and Reliable. BICYCLES. Stearns and Crescent. The VERY BEST.

Flo. M. Harris. Store to Let. The Store at present occupied by Mr. F. J. Porter. Possession early in June. Also, the Cottage adjoining the Episcopal Church. Possession at once. Apply to DR. BAUSS.

ROOM - PAPER! Spring Stock Now Complete. The Largest Assortment. The LOWEST PRICES. Call and See Samples.

BICYCLES. MASSEY-HARRIS, CLEVELAND AND WELLAND VALE. The three Leading Wheels. Prices from \$35.00 upwards. Be sure and see these lines before purchasing.

ROCKWELL & CO. Wolfville Book Store.

BOY'S CLOTHING. We have an overstock of Boy's Clothing on hand and to clear this out we will allow

A Discount of 10 Per Cent. Boy's Strong Serviceable Suits from \$1.00 up. Boy's Sailor Suits from \$1.00 up. Washing Gaiter Suits from 75c. up.

Wool. We will take any quantity of good washed wool in exchange for Dry Goods or Clothing, allowing the discount on clothing.

J.D. Chambers Ladies', Misses' and Children's UNDERWEAR IN VARIETY.

OUR LADIES' VESTS at 10c., 12c. and 15c. each ARE EXTRA VALUE.

W. J. POWER, 137 Barrington St., Halifax.

NOW is the time to Buy RUGS! Great reduction in Prices for the next 30 days.

Some Lines 25 p. c. Discount. Also 10 p. c. Discount for cash on HARNESSES. A full stock of Collars, Robot, Oil, Curry Combs, etc., always on hand, at WM. REGAN'S WOLFVILLE.

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