

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. IX.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1890.

No. 51.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

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

THE CHEMIST COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

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.

Notices for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

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.

Newspapers and periodicals from all parts of the world are kept on hand for sale at the lowest prices.

Address all communications to DAVIDSON 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 not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay up all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for a prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

OFFICE HOURS, 8 A. M. to 3 P. M. Mails are made up as follows: For Halifax and Windsor close at 6.50 a. m. Express west close at 10.35 a. m. Express east close at 4.50 p. m. Kentville close at 7.25 p. m. Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on Saturday at 12 noon. G. W. MUNRO, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; all are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W. ROSCOE, {Treasurer
A. W. BARRS

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 10.30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m. and Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranston Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Hutton and Wolfville, Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Class Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.; at Horton on Friday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all services.

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

ST. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. E.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

ST. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock p. m. J. D. Chambers, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8 of their Hall every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 8.00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—**Business Firms of WOLFVILLE**

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

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kind, &c.

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

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

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

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

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & CO.—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, &c.

DAVISON, J. B.—Justice of the Peace, Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent, Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York.

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

HAMILTON, MISS S. A.—Milliner and dealer in fashionable millinery goods.

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

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

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

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

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

DATRIQUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of all kinds of Carriage and Team Harness. Opposite People's Bank.

ROCKWELL & CO.—Book sellers, Stationers, Picture Framers, and dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and dealer in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tinware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Flows.

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and Retail Grocer.

WITTER, BURPEE.—Importer and dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery, Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Furnishings.

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

Garfield Tea.

Harried from the house, he enquired right and left among the attendants at the door; and finally, by a gift of money, so refreshed the memory of one that he said he had seen the young lady drive off in a private carriage before the concert was over, "with a gentleman as might be her father, and they went to the Evans House."

To the Evans House followed the enamored artist, only to be disappointed. The servant whom he fed liberally assured him that no such young lady was stopping there. Some wild impulse, for which he could scarcely account, led the artist to examine the hotel register. He looked for the name of "May Cleveland"—it was the name of his earliest love—and it was not there.

Meanwhile the fair object of his search was speeding from the city as fast as the midnight train could carry her towards Boston. Although the hour was so late she was wakeful, and clasped her hands over her eyes, as

she rested her head on the pillow, in a vain attempt to shut out from mind and memory the picture of a haunting face.

"He did not recognize me," she thought, with a sigh. "And yet I knew him in spite of the change—in spite of the added height, the altered face, the dark mustache—I know him at the moment when his eyes met mine as we entered the door."

And then she looked at the memory of the words he had uttered. "Lena!" she called softly.

The second occupant of the section stirred on her narrow couch, and answered drowsily,—"What is it, Mary?"

"Are you asleep?"

"What a question! No, not now," replied Lena, stifling a groan. "What troubles you, my May? You generally drop asleep the instant your pretty head touches the pillow."

POETRY.

Death.

We sit like children tired out with play,
The broken toys and baubles thrown aside,
Our lovely garlands withered, scattered wide,
Our white robes tarnished, torn, in disarray;
And as the noontide fades to twilight
We shrink aghast, for strange shadows glide
Before the drooping eyes—fain would we hide
From coming dark, and stretch vague hands, and pray.

Then comes a balm, bright angel, wondrous fair,
Slow smiling, lily-crowded—to her still breast
She gathers us, and we forget all care
And pain, her hand soft on our eyelids prest,
Shading God's light, white shining wings
Upbear Earth's weary children to the perfect rest.

Memory.

The path from me to you that led,
Untrodden long, with grass is grown,
Mute carpet that his legs spread
Before the Prince Oblivion
When he goes visiting the dead.

And who are they but who forget?
You, who my coming could surmise
Ere any hint of me as yet
Warned other ears and other eyes;
See the path blurred without regret.

But when I trace its windings sweet
With added steps, at every spot
That feeds the memory in my feet,
Each grass-blade turns forget-me-not.
Where murmuring bees your name repeat.

SELECT STORY.

His Guardian Angel.

"Fair as a lily, graceful as a gazelle!
Who is she? I would give a hundred dollars if I might but paint that face!"

The words were spoken hurriedly, and somewhat too loudly for the time and place. Many bystanders heard them, and looked at the speaker, the lady, then at each other and smiled.

But the lady herself—a young, slight girl, with large blue eyes, pale golden hair, and a face like a picture of a saint, so fair and pure it seemed—held on her way, leaning on her escort's arm, without a change of expression, or even a startled, sidelong glance to show that the artist's impetuous wish had reached her ear.

Calmly she sat in her box at the concert that evening, with her blue eyes fixed upon the stage. Many an opera glass was turned upon her from below, and in a secluded corner of the stalls sat Gustave Livingston, the artist, gazing at her with his heart and soul in his large, dark, passionate eyes.

"Who is she?" he whispered eagerly to his friend.

"I do not know. The face is a new one," was the low reply.

"A new one! It looks as if it were but just created—as if those eyes had never looked upon a sinful world! I raved the artist. "Years ago I knew a boy in the country, I knew a child with a face almost as pure and sweet. She died, as earthly angels always do. Yet, had she lived, she would have been like that girl. Poor little May!"

Leaning his head upon his hand the artist lost himself in a dream of his boyhood's love. When he looked up again the concert was drawing to a close and the box was empty—the divinity had gone!

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"What a question! No, not now," replied Lena, stifling a groan. "What troubles you, my May? You generally drop asleep the instant your pretty head touches the pillow."

"But not to-night, Lena, I cannot sleep. I've been thinking of all you have told me about—"

"About Gustave Livingston?" asked Lena, flushing the sentence.

"Hush! Speak lower. There are so many people near. Yes, I am troubled—deeply troubled by what you say of him."

"It is true, Mary."

"Who told you?"

"My brother, in the first instance. He knows him well—is often in his rooms—and regrets his intemperance more than any of the rest of his friends, I think."

"Does your brother think—does he consider him entirely past reform?"

asked Mary, with a trembling voice. Hearing it and the suppressed sob that followed the question, Lena Danks, who was a kind-hearted little city belle, came out of her nest and sat down beside her friend.

"Dear May, if your brother has often said that if Livingston had a reason—a motive—for reforming, his reform would be a settled thing," she said.

"What motive?"

"I explain myself bunglingly, I fear. James meant that if Livingston could be induced to fall in love, the lady might work his reformation easily if she chose to do so."

"He loves no one, then at present?"

"No one, May. James says that he believes him to be faithful to the memory of a child who died years ago. It is an odd thing to say of such a man but James declares that Livingston really loved that child and that he loves her now."

"If that is true he may yet be saved," said Mary, drying her eyes.

"What do you mean, dear?"

"I mean that I am that child, Lena."

"You! But the child died!" exclaimed Lena in surprise.

"No. My cousin, Mary Cleveland died, and he must have seen the notice of her death, or heard of it, and supposed it to be mine. Just before her illness my Uncle Warburton came to my country home, and finding me a poor and friendless orphan, adopted me as his own daughter, and gave me his name."

"And was it in that little country town that you knew Gustave Livingston as a boy?" enquired Miss Danks.

"Yes. He had been sent to the house of some old family servant for his health, and he remained there for two years while his parents were in Europe. Oh, Lena, he was the noblest, kindest, most generous-hearted boy! If you will only help me now to save him!"

"I!" exclaimed Lena.

"You," replied May, caressing and kissing her. "Oh, don't refuse me! Dear papa is stern and unforgiving about such things. He would think that Gustave Livingston wasn't worth saving because of this one fault. It is in vain to hope for help from him. But if you will only assist me, dear, good Lena, I have such a plan."

"Indeed!" said Lena, laughing. "So I am to be bribed with a kiss—well, let me hear your plan for the benefit of Gustave—I mean Mr Livingston—and we will see what can be done."

"I shall need your brother's aid, too, but that you must secure. And both of you must promise to keep my secret from every one," concluded May, earnestly.

Then, leaning her cheek against Lena's, in the silence of the midnight, she whispered her innocent plot for the redemption of a bumax soul.

Lena Danks' stay in Boston was but a short one, and on her return to New York it was noticed by her escort that she carried in her own hands, and for the whole distance, a small ebony box mounted with silver lock and key. A jewel box, as he supposed.

On the evening of her arrival at her home in Avenue, after the family greetings were over, Lena sought a private interview with her brother, and after a long explanation left the ebony box in his care.

"May is a trump, Lena, and you are another," was the young man's somewhat undignified exclamation. "Livingston is well worth saving, and the little box shall be in his possession to-morrow night before he sleeps."

"Secretly, James, remember," said Lena. "He must not know from whom the gift comes till he has shown himself worthy of it."

"Trust me for that," replied her brother. "If there were more women like you and May, women ready to use their influence over a man in this fashion, we should be a great deal better than we are, my dear."

So James Danks carried off the prize to his own room.

The next evening a party of gay friends met, as they were often in the habit of meeting, at the artist's rooms. Wine flowed freely, and the pictures on the walls could scarcely be seen for the clouds of smoke that rose from a dozen cigars. When the revel was at its height, James Danks rose from his chair and held out his hand to the host.

"Good-by, Livingston."

"What are you going so soon?" said the artist, surprised.

"Yes, going for good and all, my boy," was the reply.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," said Danks, seriously, "that there is a time for all things, and the time for reflection has now come to me. We are all on the downward track, boys—you know that as well as I. An angel has warned me and I am going to stop now while I am able. Follow my example if you have any regard for yourselves, or for the mothers, sisters and wives at home who love you. Good-by, boys—Good-by, Gustave, I shall never join you here again."

He left the room. They all sat gazing at each other in silence. His words had struck home to every heart as he had intended them to do. One after another of the now quiet party stole away with some excuse. In half an hour after James Danks had closed the door behind him the artist sat alone by his fireside, leaning his head upon his hand and gazing sadly into the coals.

"The wives, the mothers, the sisters at home who love you," he muttered to himself. "They did well to obey the call I would have obeyed it, too, but who lives now to care for me? My mother and little Mary are now in their graves, sisters I have none—wife I shall not have! Ah, what does it matter? A short life and a merry one for me, and no one will save a tear over its ending. I'll have another glass of wine. What is this?"

In reaching up to the mantel-shelf for the glass he had left there, his hand struck against the little ebony chest, which stood in the place of honor, directly under a little water color sketch made from memory of his long lost child, May. The silver key was in the silver lock.

The artist turned it wondering how the beautiful toy came there without his knowledge. His surprise increased when the lid flew back, displaying a beautiful drinking-cup of gold, elaborately chased, and enriched with rubies beneath the curving brim.

"What a beautiful thing!" exclaimed the artist, lifting the cup from its bed of rose-colored velvet. "Who can have sent me such a gift? Did those fellows bring it secretly with them to-night, I wonder? Any way, it is a perfect gem; I'll fill it to the brim with champagne, and see if I can drive those melancholy thoughts away."

Approaching the table he lifted the flask. Something flashed at that

moment at the bottom of the cup. Turning it towards the light, he saw a picture framed in gems, and, bending nearer, the large blue eyes of the lovely stranger at the concert looking up at him from the depths of the goblet with an earnest, appealing gaze.

He dropped the cup in surprise. Snatching the ebony case from the chimney-piece, he searched it eagerly for some clue to the mysterious gift.

Half hidden in the velvet lining he found a morsel of paper; drawing it forth and holding it to the light, he read:—

"Not dead, but hoping and praying for you ever."

"May! May alive! Alive and remembering me!" he exclaimed. And then, as the full significance of the gift flashed across his mind, the crimson flushed to his temples, and sinking on his knees he laid his head down beside the magic goblet and burst into tears.

These who called at his rooms the next week found them closed. At last it was rumored about that he had sailed for Europe, and a few more days proved the rumor to be true. A year passed by, and at the annual exhibition of the academy of painters, a picture made its appearance which took the world of fashion completely by storm. Every paper noticed it; every person spoke of it; and so numerous and so approving were the comments, that pretty Lena Danks, who in general cared not at all for pictures of any kind, asked her brother to take her to the gallery to see this wonder on a certain day.

James, like a kind brother, consented, but with an odd twinkle in his eye which Lena could not quite understand. When that evening's train from Boston brought Mr Warburton and his adopted daughter, May, for a visit of some weeks, James' eyes seemed to twinkle more brightly than ever; and of his own accord he invited Miss May to join their party on the following day.

May accepted the invitation with a suppressed sigh, hearing which, James smiled so broadly that Lena speedily hunted him into a corner, and demanded a share of his secret, whatever it might be.

But James proved obdurate. She would know all, he said, at the gallery, where the name of the successful artist was to be proclaimed on the following day.

Lena reflected a moment.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, and her eyes began to dance in their turn.

But not one word said the little traitress to her friend May. Only she took care that their visit to the gallery, should be paid at a very early hour, before the fashionable world had scarcely risen from bed.

Rarely as it was, however, no gentleman stood before the famous picture, gazing intently at the beautiful, golden haired guardian angel, who, with white, waving wings, sat forward over the shoulder of a dark-browed man, walking headlessly on a flower strewn deck towards a fearful gulf, and drew forth his unwilling hand a golden cup, overflowing with wine.

Lena gave one swift glance at the angel in the picture, and at the solitary gazer. Then she touched her brother's arm, and while Mr W went unsuspectingly forward, the two vanished into an inner room, where a portrait gallery had been recently improvised.

Hearing the light step behind him, the artist turned away, with a crimsoning brow, from the contemplation of his own picture. But, with his first glance at the face of the new-comer, he paused.

May, unheeding him in her haste to see the picture, lifted her eyes to the canvas. She stood rooted to the spot in her amazement, her heart throbbing, her color rising, and, at last, her blue eyes filling with tears.

"O Lena!" she exclaimed, in an agitated tone. "It must be his picture! No one else could have painted it! He is saved!"

"Yes, thanks to you, sweet angel, under God, he is saved!" replied a deep voice.

She turned, and met the dark eyes of the artist gazing at her in worship.

"May—my little May—will you take the life you rescued?" he asked. With a noble courage she laid her

hand in his. And now no home is happier than that of the famous painter where his sweet "guardian angel" smiles upon his walls, and dwells enshrined within his loving heart.

Don't read! Don't think! Don't believe! Now, are you better? You women who think that patent medicines are a humbug, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription the biggest humbug of the whole (because it's best known of all)—does your lack-of-faith cure come?

It is very easy to "don't" in this world. Suspicion always comes more easily than confidence. But doubt—little faith—makes us think that our "Prescription" is better than your "don't believe." We're both honest. Let us come together. You try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If it doesn't do as represented, you get your money again.

Where proofs are easy, can you afford to doubt?

Little but active—are Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Best Liver Pills made; gently, yet thorough. They regulate and invigorate the liver, stomach and bowels.

While in Mexico on my last journey says a writer in a Boston paper, I had my breath taken away when I saw the most magnificently constructed railroad in the world. I refer to the Mexican Gulf road, where the ties are made of the finest mahogany and the bridges built of marble. The waste seems criminal, but the builders are actuated by motives of economy as they have the mahogany and marble along the track side. The road hasn't really cost much to construct, but if the materials were appraised in this country's standard of prices the total would amount up into millions.

There are seven or eight negroes in Texas, most of them ex-slaves, who are worth about half a million dollars apiece. One of them owns a tract of a month toward the support of the widow of his former owner, who has fallen into poverty. A rich negro in Memphis, who was formerly a slave, but now has one of the finest houses in the city, is making the grand tour of Europe with his family. And the "nigger problem" is discussed still unsolved.

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AMHERST

Boots and Shoes!

New stock just opened. Lowest prices, at

C. H. Borden's, - - Wolfville.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUG. 8, 1890.

Local and Provincial.

WOLFVILLE BOY HEARD FROM.—The People's Bank has established an agency at Mahone Bay, with Mr E. A. Brown, of this place, as agent.

Tickets for the Acadia Lodge, I. O. G. T., Excursion to be had from Chas. S. Fitch, J. L. Franklin and J. E. Heales.

Excursion.—Acadia Lodge intends holding an excursion to Parrsboro by steamer Acadia on Monday next, when it is expected a good time will be had.

The Orange Phosphate, the finest drink in town, at Rand's Drugstore; 5 cents.

Buildings.—Mr Geo. Trenholm, of Grand Pre, is building a fine new house on his property at that place.—Captain E. Harris is preparing to erect a house on his property at the lower part of Wolfville.

C. V. R.—Six more new freight cars for the C. V. R. arrived on Saturday's eastern freight. About the last of this month the passenger cars will be on hand when the road will probably be opened for traffic.—Western Chronicle.

New Furniture.—We have opened this week several new styles in Bedroom Suits which are exceptional good value, also Fancy Walnut Tables, Rockers and Easy Chairs.

Selling Out.—We regret that ill-health is compelling Miss Hamilton to close her millinery business in this town. In to-day's issue will be found her card. Miss Hamilton is looking for a purchaser for her entire business and we should think it would be a good chance for the right person.

Dry and Hot.—Warm and dry weather is still the order and vegetation is suffering for want of rain. Meanwhile the hay-making is steadily going on and many of the farmers are finished or finishing. There was never a better season for securing the crop in good condition.

Photos.—Mr Rice has been showing a case of very fine photos at his door this week, including pictures of some of our finest residences. Mr Rice is doing some very pretty landscape photos of different parts of our county. We were recently shown a fine cabinet of Wolfville taken from the river.

Attention Needed.—Our attention has been called to the fact that the sidewalks in the eastern part of the town require a little attention. As the people of Wolfville pride themselves on the usual good condition of their streets, we hope the places out of order will at once be repaired by the commissioners.

Ice and Fruit Syrups and Royal Balfast (Ginger Ale, Wholesome, Delicious and very popular at 5¢) R. PRAT.

Journalistic.—We notice that Mr Elihu Woodworth, formerly of the Sackville Post, has recently purchased the Parrsboro Leader. Mr Woodworth is a native of this county and ranks high as a journalist. Under his management we expect to see the Leader greatly improved and become a power in the land.

Wire Fencing, for sale low, by WALTER BROWN.

The Swimming Tournament.—The swimming tournament on Tuesday last was another success. Quite a large number of spectators assembled to witness the different feats of swimming and all appeared pleased. In fancy swimming a greater variety was given than at the first tournament. There is some talk of another being given in a few weeks. Our boys are getting to be expert swimmers.

Excursion to Blomidon.—Some gentlemen in this town are arranging for a grand steamboat excursion to Blomidon the 26th of this month. Excursions to Parrsboro have been common for some years but our people do not often have an opportunity of visiting the historic Blomidon and will no doubt be anxious to take advantage of the chance now offered. The management promises to leave nothing undone to make the excursion a pleasant one and we predict a good time.

Lime, Bricks, Calcine Plaster and Portland Cement at 43 S. R. SLEEP'S.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed To Cure DYSPEPSIA

BANANAS.

A few bunches (choice) to arrive to-day. Will sell @ 3c each, 30c doz.

Fine Water Melons, Cucumbers, Lemons, Dates, Figs, Cultivated Raspberries, &c.

Pure Fruit Syrups, Montserrat Lime Juice, Salad Oil, Fly Paper, Insect Powder and Guns just received.

Preserve Jars!

7 Gross "Gem" Jars, Jelly Tumblers and Jam Pots for sale low.

CLASSWARE!

A few packages American Glassware just opened. Handsome Table Sets, 50c. Also bargains in Preserve Dishes, Water Pitchers, Butter Dishes, &c.

HAMS! HAMS!

2 Bbls Sugar Cured, assorted sizes, just received.

R. PRAT.

Eggs Wanted at 15 Cents.

Wolfville, August 8, 1890.

N. B.—We sell "Royal Belfast Ginger Ale," the finest summer drink in quantities to suit. R. P.

Fanny Griffin.

[Written in memory of an absent pupil who has gone to dwell with God.] I have often thought of Fanny since she passed away. Since they laid her down to slumber, One sad dreary day; Laid her down with fair hands folded On her puerile breast. Bright eyes, underneath the ice-lids, Shut in dreamless rest!

Rosebuds round her now are blowing In the bright sunshine. Brilliant as the memory-blossom, In this heart of mine; Summer suns will pale the petals Of the rosebuds red; Love's leaves ne'er will fade or shatter, O'er her angel head.

Now I fancy that I hear her Low, sweet voice again, And she softly answers,—"present!" When I call her name; Can it be that she has left us, Dearest Fanny, gone? Yes! but I have now a pupil In the angel throng. B. J. McN. Greenwich, Aug. 4th, 1890.

Birch Beer still has its admirers, in spite of Phosphate and Royal Belfast Ginger Ale. They are all on draught at the Drugstore.

The "Book of Wonders." The little work entitled "Stray Leaves from 'Book of Wonders'" is being very well received by the public and many pleasant and gratifying things have been said and written concerning it. The Dominion Illustrated, published at Montreal, and which ranks perhaps first among literary productions of this Canada of ours has this to say of the "Book of Wonders" in its last issue:—"Stray Leaves from the 'Book of Wonders'" with a preface by Earl Harlow, edited by Ben Zeens, is so full of cleverness and goodness, so pleasant to read and yet so sad to contemplate, that it demands more than the passing tribute of either tear or smile. To it as to many other postponed, but not forgotten tasks, we shall return again. Meanwhile we may say that it is published by Davison Brothers, Wolfville, N. S.

Show Case, 6x2 1/2 ft., for sale. A Bargain. R. PRAT.

ACCIDENT.—Captain Geo. C. Graham, of Grand Pre, met with a serious accident a few days ago while raking hay with a horse-rake. The horse he was using was a young one and after raking for a little time Mr Graham thought he would give him a rest. While in the act of taking the bits out of his mouth he took fright at the rake and plunged forward, throwing Mr Graham down and injuring him quite severely. We are pleased to learn that the Captain is now recovering.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.—On Friday 8th, Tuesday 12th and Friday 15th issue excursion tickets, Annapolis to Boston, five dollars (\$5) Digby to Boston four fifty (\$4.50) good to return up to September first. This is a good chance to attend the Grand Army Demonstration. Commencing August 16th to September 18th, inclusive, steamer State of Maine will leave St John for Boston every Saturday evening after arrival of steamer City of Monticello from Annapolis and Digby, and makes no intermediate landings and is due in Boston at three o'clock next afternoon. Jins.

Johnson's Quick Drying Floor Paints, for sale by WALTER BROWN.

St John Exhibition.—The arrangements for Canada's International Fair, to be held at St John, from September 24th to October 4th, are making good progress. With the large additions that have been made to the grounds and buildings, much more accommodation is afforded than has ever before been afforded in the Maritime Provinces, but from the large number of entries, now coming in, it is evident even the increased space will be filled to overflow. The Exhibition proper promises to be unusually attractive, but with the array of special attractions that are being arranged for the public will be well repaid for a visit to St John during the Fair. We would advise our readers to write to Ira Cornwall, secretary of the Exhibition Association, for prize lists and other information.

Choice Family Flour, Wheat Bran Germ Meal, Corn Meal, R. PRAT.

And INDIGESTION,

Dress Goods!

I have placed on my counter

25 PIECES!

DRESS GOODS!

Which must be sold at a great sacrifice, some splendid designs.

13c per yard for 10c, 18c per yard for 14c, 20c for 16 cents.

Don't fail to call and examine them as the sale will last but 10 DAYS; after then they will if not sold be placed at regular prices.

O. D. HARRIS, Glasgow House,

WOOL AND EGGS WANTED IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS. Wolfville, July 3d, 1890.

50 DOZEN!

Ladies' Jersey-Knit Lisle Thread! Summer Under Vests! ONLY 25 CENTS EACH. (About one-half value.)

RYAN'S

P. S.—As these goods cannot be duplicated this season we will not sell more than two pairs to any one customer. The greatest good to the greatest number.

Store closes at 6 o'clock, p. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Kentville, July 25th, 1890.

PICTURES FRAMED!

At Away Down Prices. New Lot Moulding Just Received. All Grades. Latest Styles. CAUTION. Don't order frames from agents, but stop and think. Is it likely that a man will spend time and money going over the county twice and charge nothing extra for it? Bring your pictures to us and we will only charge for the moulding for glass used, and quote you prices that you can't beat. We are now framing pictures for about half what it cost three years ago. Call early and take advantage of our prices.

ROCKWELL & CO. Wolfville Bookstore. Wolfville, July 11th, 1890.

EXCELSIOR DYES. 8 Cts.

Are the Cheapest, Are the Best made, And most Economical. ONLY 8 CENTS. At all Druggists and Grocers'. Every package warranted good and strong and true to name and the best on the market as well as the cheapest. 47

NOTICE! I will not be responsible for any bills contracted by anyone from this date except those of my mother. W. TEMPLE PIERS. Wolfville, March 26th, 1890. 6m

THE QUEBEC FIRE ASSURANCE CO. (established 1818), insures all descriptions of property against Fire and "Lightning." Dwellings insured for three years at "two years rates." J. T. TWILING & SON, 81 General Agents, Halifax, N. S.

Died. WASSON.—At East Boston, Mass., on Saturday, July 26, 1890, Margaret Rankin, beloved wife of George Wasson, formerly of Wolfville, N. S.

or Money Refunded.

E. C. BISHOP'S GROCERY.

NEARLY OPPOSITE AMERICAN HOUSE. Don't forget that we have moved back to the old stand, one door west of the Acadian office.

WE WANT TO SEE 1000 OF OUR OLD FRIENDS! EVERY DAY. F. J. PORTER, Manager. Wolfville, June 13th, 1890.

Big Cash Sales For ONE MONTH!

---A T--- Burpee Witter's!

---COMMENCING ON--- MONDAY, JULY 7TH,

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT

WILL BE GIVEN ON READY MADE CLOTHING!

Embracing a large stock of Child's, Boys' Youth's and Men's Summer Suits, and Cloths in Worsteds, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, and 500 Yards of Nova Scotia Cloths.

ALSO!

A discount of 10 per cent. will be given on Dry Goods in every department and Millinery.

Wolfville, July 2d, 1890.

WHITE BRONZE MONUMENT CO. ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO.

Manufacturers of Monuments! Headstones! Church Tablets, Vases, Grave Trimmings, &c., &c. The above are guaranteed not to become moss-grown, discolored with age and not to crack with frost. All inscriptions being in raised letters, will remain legible. There is but one grade of metal used, and not containing iron in any form can not rust. Are endorsed by scientists.

Sales in Canada last season were over 50 per cent of previous years. In the United States there are six large establishments for the manufacture of the above, in which over 20 large soldiers' monuments were made in 1889, ranging in price from \$1,000 to \$6,000, besides a large number of family monuments and other cemetery work. Prices depend on size and style. For prices and terms apply to the Agent for King's and Annapolis Cos.

Represented in Charlotte Co., N. B., also in King's and Annapolis Cos., N. S., by James V. Cook, Care ROCKWELL & CO, Stationers, Wolfville, N. S.

"Golden Eagle" FLOUR.

Every barrel warranted. Selling very low. Ask for price. G. H. WALLACE'S. Will give you 13 cents for eggs. Wolfville, July 4th, 1890.

Losses Paid Over \$5,800,000 FOR Life Insurance That Insures. Apply for membership in the Permanent, Progressive, Equitable, Reliable Northwestern Masonic Aid Association of Chicago, Ill. DANIEL J. AVERY, J. A. STODDARD, President. Secretary, J. B. DAVISON, Agent at Wolfville.

TO LET.

TWO NEW HOUSES, now about ready for occupation; one of seven and one of eight rooms beside basement. Situated on Main street, Wolfville. For further particulars apply to J. S. DODD, WOLFVILLE.

FOR SALE! A good cow, grade Ayrshire, can be recommended as a good milker, to calve next week. J. W. BARRS, Wolfville, 25th July, 1890. 2i

DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE WITH AN OLD HARNES! WHEN YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE At Patriquin's FOR \$15.00.

Parsons' Pills

These pills were a wonderful discovery. Unlike any others, they take their effect...

Make New Rich Blood!

For Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cholera - Morbus and all Bowel Complaints, NO REMEDY EQUALS

PAIN-KILLER

49 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.

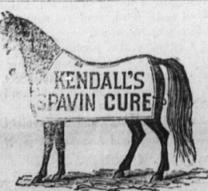
Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle. Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations.



The Chute, Hall & Co. Organ!

Yarmouth, N. S. BEST IN THE MARKET! Superior Quality. Popular Prices. Terms to Suit the Purchaser.

E. O. DAVISON, Sole Agent. WOLFVILLE, N. S. Call or write for particulars.



KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

The Most Successful Remedy ever discovered, and it is certain in its effect and does not blister. Read proof below.

DR. H. J. KENDALL CO. OFFICE OF CHARLES A. BRYDEN, BUREAU OF CLEVELAND BAY AND TROUTING BIRD HOUSE, BLOWOOD, ILL., NOV. 30, 1898.

DR. H. J. KENDALL CO. Dear Sir: I have always purchased your Kendall's Spavin Cure by the half dozen bottles...

DR. H. J. KENDALL CO. Dear Sir: I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured several horses that had this disease...

DR. H. J. KENDALL CO. Dear Sir: I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured several horses that had this disease...

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DR. H. J. KENDALL CO. Dear Sir: I have used your Kendall's Spavin Cure. I have cured several horses that had this disease...

WINDSOR STEAM LAUNDRY.

Having recently made changes and improvements in our business we are now better prepared than ever to execute all kinds of laundry work.

WINDSOR STEAM LAUNDRY CO. J. H. BISHOP, Agent in Wolfville.

Trunk leaves Wolfville on Tuesday's freight; returns on Saturday's express. May 24, 1899. 3mo

COMET STOVE POLISH

THE BEST IN THE WORLD. MORE IN CASE THAN OTHER MAKES.

WAS IT A MURDER?

Horrible Experience of a Famous English Surgeon.

Why Sir George McDonald Once Upon a Time Gave Up the Practice of His Profession for Five Years—Dissecting a Living Man.

When the Duke of Sutherland was on his way to Florida last fall he had with him a medical gentleman who, besides his general knowledge of medicine, was a first-class raconteur.

He amused the Duke's party with many anecdotes of English celebrities, says the Atlanta Constitution. One day he told the following story to explain why Sir George McDonald, the celebrated surgeon, had given up the practice of his profession for five years just when five years' practice was most valuable to him.

"When Sir George McDonald," he said, "began his medical career the fates seemed to smile on him. From the time he entered Edinburgh University he was recognized as a man of genius, and the great eminence to which he has raised himself was foretold by his professors and his fellow students.

He knew that a few years after he graduated a professor's chair would be waiting for him, and in the still more distant future were visions of wealth and honor ineluctable. Suddenly it was reported through Edinburgh that McDonald, the promising young surgeon, was suffering from nervous prostration.

News followed that he had thrown aside his brilliant career and would practice the profession no more. The news was true. One night McDonald received a visit from an enthusiastic surgeon, and when next seen he was evidently born down by some great secret grief, and the mention of a surgical operation seemed to fill him with horror.

He went abroad and for five years he remained a wanderer without occupation. Then he was persuaded to return to Edinburgh and resume his profession. "One afternoon as Dr. McDonald was leaving the lecture hall of the university he was approached by a well known purveyor of secrets and told by him that he had a patient who died before of what was supposed to be heart disease, but for a certain consideration the body might be obtained.

After a few minutes' conversation McDonald walked on and the purveyor hurried off to attend to his ghoulish business. "That night, just as the moon was rising over the top of the Edinburgh houses, an apparently empty carriage with two men in the seat, drove up to Dr. McDonald's house.

After a careful look about one of the men gave a low whistle, and almost immediately a heart disease which had been in the chest of McDonald brought his instruments and glasses, his little basins and sponges, and laid them out in order by the side of the corpse. The subject died of heart disease, and so the heart was the part to be examined. Just as the knife touched the man's breast Dr. McDonald sprang back with a shriek. Was it possible that the corpse had quivered? No; it was only the passing draft which had made the heart move. The last time he had seen the man he had seen him in a state of health. There was no pulse, every thing proved the man was dead beyond peradventure. Then he proceeded with his dissection. Slowly and carefully he removed the outer skin. Then two ribs and a part of the breast bone were taken out and laid aside. At last the diseased heart, which had been the cause of death, was revealed. All this had taken time and the doctor was hungry. He put his instruments aside and from a closet produced a cart, which had been the cause of death, and which he ate, throwing occasional glances at the body on the table. When he finished he resumed his work. The heart to be properly examined must be removed, and this he proceeded to do. He found the great organ of life and was about to take it from the body when he changed to look up. Then slowly and as if every movement was being watched, he straightened himself. The hair on his head began to rise and his eyes were riveted on the face of the subject. The last time he had seen that face the eyes were closed, and it was the expressionless face of the dead; now all was changed. The eyes were open and were glaring at him. He was staring at the body on the table rose slowly to a sitting posture, and the perfect stillness of the body seemed broken by a single, unmeaning word, "murderer!" With his eyes glued to the mutilated form Dr. McDonald staggered back until he felt the wall behind him and could retreat no further. For full two hours those eyes gazed at the doctor, and the man seemed to respond with that awful accusation. In that time he realized that the man never had been dead, and he knew and felt every event of that horrible night. Then the mutilated body fell back. Shrieking shriek filled the house. The sleeping family, awakened by this deafening noise, rushed down. They found Dr. McDonald just outside his office door, with his arms stretched out, bearing the passage. "Don't go in! Don't go in!" he shrieked, and then fell insensible. Before daylight the same two men backed their wagon against the doctor's window, and the bundle, wrapped in a sheet, was passed out to them, but Dr. McDonald was deliciously upstairs.

"ANTIOCEAN HEROINE. She Conquered Mutiny on Shipboard and Saved Her Husband. On the river Bryant, a little stream which divides the States of Connecticut and New York, in the village of Port Chester, in a pretty cottage, resides a little woman of unassuming manners, whose deed of heroism, says the New York Press, will live as long as stories of the sea are read and deeds of prowess cited for the emulation of others. A January 3, 1888, a little after midnight, and on the coast near St. Helena, was the good American ship Frank N. Thayer, commanded by Captain Robert K. Clark. Soon after the midnight watch was changed the captain was roused from a sound sleep by hearing his name called in a tone of alarm. Peering that all was not right with his ship he hurried up the companion-way in his night-clothes. As he had appeared above the companion-way he received a number of blows in the face, neck and head, but he managed to see that his assailants were two Manila Indians, members of his crew. He fell to the floor beneath, where the Indians followed him and plunged their knives into his side, leaving him for dead. The carpenter, the bookmaker and mate were killed. The balance of the crew were

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diptheria. Small-pox is raging in Egypt and large numbers are dying daily.

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cts. Sold by George V. Rand.

Now is the time of year when every one should learn to swim. SHILOH'S COUGH AND Consumption Cure is sold by us as a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Geo. V. Rand.

A Boston woman has invented a shoe sewing machine and sold the patent for \$50,000. THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

The Cumberland coal company is clearing sixty acres of wilderness land near the north slope, Springfield. CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

Bishop Courtney publishes an appeal to his people for aid to the wives and children of their brethren on strike at Springfield. SLEEPLESS NIGHT, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the Remedy for you. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

Five valuable horses were captured in a stable a few days ago at the Chignecto shipway. The stable caught fire from wood fires. WILL YOU SUFFER WITH Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is the Remedy for you. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

Terminal City, on the Strait of Canso, says an exchange is booming. There is said to be about 160 men employed laying out streets, etc., at said place. CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents, Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

Canso merchants are reaping a bonanza this year. It is estimated that the fishing fleet has already led \$100,000 there this season for bait and ice. SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for constipation, Loss of Appetite, Bloating, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. V. Rand.

A girl named Beauchamp, who had been kept in Quebec insane asylum for eight years, has been released, it being proved that she was never insane. A specific remedy for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure, the only preparation of pure medicine, and is guaranteed to cure or money refunded. One dollar a package. Sample package to any address on receipt of three cent stamp. Sole proprietors, King's Dyspepsia Cure Co., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

A man of sixty years of age is walking from Halifax to British Columbia. It is probable that he will know more about the country than if he had gone by train. MOTHERS, READ THIS—If you are suffering from weakness caused by overwork, nursing, etc., Putner's Emulsion is what is required to build you up and give you a new system. If your child is delicate or your daughter who is growing into womanhood, complains of being tired, give them Putner's Emulsion, depend upon it, that is what they need.

The house in Quebec where the body of General Montgomery was laid out in 1776 has just been pulled down by the proprietor, who intends erecting a fine residence on the site.

When Baby was sick, you gave her Castoria, When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria, When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria, When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

An Authority's Prophecy. Jackson Schultze says: "It may be safely predicted that in the near future America will furnish the whole world with leather for the common people."

Improved "Common Sense" SASH BALANCE. LOOKS AND LIFTS.

The only practical substitute for weights in the most durable, the cheapest and best device for all purposes. That is, it is a balance, and its position is entirely out of sight. No cutting, boring or marring of the sash, as in the case of other devices. It is a simple, reliable and accurate device, and is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the world. It is the only one of its kind in the world.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gents.—I have used your MINARD'S LINIMENT in my family for some years and believe it the best medicine in the market as it does all it is recommended to do. DANIEL KIRKSTAD. Canaan Forks, N. B.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a very severe rheumatism by using MINARD'S LINIMENT.

P. T. Barnum celebrated his eightieth birthday recently. He is now engaged in writing his autobiography, and not only writes every page of the copy but insists upon looking over every proof two or three times. His fortune is estimated at \$1,000,000.

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

Walter Brown's. WOLFVILLE, OCT. 17th 1899.

MARVELLOUS SOFT WHITE BEAUTIFIER OF THE FACE AND HANDS. CLEAR THE SKIN. COMPLEXION. SOFTEN THE SKIN. SOFTEN THE SKIN. SOFTEN THE SKIN.

Walter Brown's. WOLFVILLE, OCT. 17th 1899.

W. & A. RAILWAY.

Time Table 1899.—Summer Arrangement.—1899.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Exp. Daily, Acctm. Daily, Exp. Daily. Stations: Annapolis, Bridgetown, Middleton, Aylesford, Berwick, Waterville, Kentville, Port Williams, Wolfville, Grand Pre, Yarmouth, Hantsport, Windsor, Walsby, Halifax.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Acctm. Daily, Exp. Daily. Stations: Halifax, Walsby, Windsor, Hantsport, Yarmouth, Grand Pre, Wolfville, Port Williams, Kentville, Waterville, Berwick, Aylesford, Middleton, Bridgetown, Annapolis.

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

Trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Lunenburg daily at 7:00 a. m. and leave Middleton daily at 2:25 p. m.

Steamer "City of Montreal" leaves St John every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday a. m. for Digby and Annapolis; returning, leaves Annapolis same days for Digby and St. John.

Steamer "Yarmouth" will make daily connection each way between Annapolis and Digby.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 6:00 a. m. and 2:45 p. m.; and leave Yarmouth daily at 7:45 a. m. and 2:30 p. m.

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis for Boston every Tuesday and Friday p. m.

Steamer "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St John every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday a. m. for Eastport Port land and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6:15 a. m. and 8:45 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations.

W. K. CAMPBELL, General Manager and Secretary. K. SUTHERLAND, Resident Manager. Kentville, June 5th, 1899.

Yarmouth Steamship Co. (LIMITED)

The Shortest and Most Direct Route between Nova Scotia and the United States. THE QUICKEST TIME. Only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston. The Fast Steel Steamer

"YARMOUTH," Will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening after arrival of the train of the Western Counties railway.

Returning leaves Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m. every Tuesday and Friday connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and intermediate stations.

The "Yarmouth" carries a regular mail to and from Boston and is the fastest steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States, fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Light, Bilge Keels, etc.

The steamer "CITY OF ST JOHN" leaves Pickford & Black's Wharf every Monday evening for Yarmouth and intermediate ports; returning, leaves Yarmouth every Thursday at 7 a. m. standard time.

For all other information apply to D. Mumford, Agent at Wolfville, or to L. E. BAKER, W. A. CHASE, Manager. Sec. Treas. Yarmouth, N. S., March 26th, 1899.

DENTISTRY! DENTISTRY! Wm. A. Payzant, DENTIST. Is now prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. Come and try his new method.

All kinds of dental work done by the latest improved methods. Office at residence, opposite Acadia Hotel, Station Street, Wolfville, January 22d, 1899.

Auctioneer. The subscriber having been urgently solicited to offer his services as a general auctioneer, takes this method of informing those in need of such service that he will be at their command.

E. D. BISHOP, Wolfville, April 18th, 1899. JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

International S. S. Co.

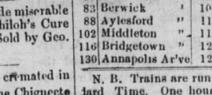
For Boston Direct. From Annapolis and Digby.

Commencing Tuesday, May 6th, the Favorite Side Wheel

S. S. New Brunswick, leaving on Thursday, May 11th, and returning on Monday, May 15th, directly after the arrival of the express train from Halifax.

For Boston Direct! Returning leaving Commercial Wharf Boston, every MONDAY and THURSDAY morning, for Digby and Annapolis direct. Fare from W. & A. R. Y. points One Dollar Less than by any other route.

For further information and tickets apply to all ticket agents. D. MUMFORD, Agent, Wolfville.



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