

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1887.

No. 9

THE ACADIAN.
Published on FRIDAY at the office
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO. N. S.
TERMS:
\$1.00 Per Annum.
(IN ADVANCE.)
CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00
Local advertising at ten cents per line
for every insertion, unless by special
arrangement for standing notices.
Rates for standing advertisements will
be made known on application to the
office, and payment on transient advertising
must be guaranteed by some responsible
party prior to its insertion.
The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-
stantly receiving new type and material,
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction
as all work turned out.
New 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 communi-
cation, although the name may be written
in a fictitious signature.
Address all communications to
DAVIDSON BROS.,
Editors & Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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.
BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes,
Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnish-
ing Goods.
BORDEN, CHARLES H.—Carriages
and Sleighs Built, Repaired, and Painted.
BISHOP, B. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils,
Colors, Room Paper, Hardware, Crock-
ery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.
BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Wholesale
Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers,
Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied
in any quantity, barreled or by the car
or vessel load.
BLACKADDER, W. C.—Cabinet Maker
and Repairer.
BROWN, J. I.—Practical House Shoer
and Farrier.
CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry
Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.
DAVISON, J. T.—Justice of the Peace,
Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.
DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Pub-
lishers.
DR PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.
GILMORE, G. H.—Insurance Agent,
Agent of Mutual Reserve Fund Life
Association, of New York.
GOLDFINGER, L. P.—Manufacturer of
Boots and Shoes.
HARRIS, O. D.—General Dry Goods
Clothing and Gents' Furnishings.
HERBIN, J. F.—Watch Maker and
Jeweller.
HIGGINS, W. J.—General Coal Deal-
er. Coal always on hand.
KELLEY, THOMAS.—Boots and Shoe
Maker. All orders in his line faith-
fully performed. Repairing neatly done.
MCCLELLAN, A.—Boots and Shoe Mak-
er.
MURPHY, J. L.—Cabinet Maker and
Repairer.
PATROUIN, C. A.—Manufacturer of
all kinds of Carriage, and Team
Harness. Opposite People's Bank.
REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in
Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.
ROCKWELL & CO.—Book-sellers,
Stationers, Picture Framers, and
Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing
Machines.
RYAN, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy
Goods.
SLEEP, S. R.—Importer and Dealer
in General Hardware, Stoves, and Tin-
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows.
KHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobac-
conist.
WALLACE, G. H.—Wholesale and
Retail Grocer.
WITTER, BURKE.—Importer and
dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,
Ready-made Clothing, and Gents' Fur-
nishings.
WILSON, JAS.—Harness Maker, is
still in Wolfville where he is prepared to
fill all orders in his line of business.

Legal Decisions.
1. Any person who takes a paper regu-
larly from the Post Office—whether directed
to his name or another's or whether
he has subscribed or not—is responsible
for its payment.
2. If a person orders his paper discon-
tinued 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 read-
ing to take newspapers and periodicals
from the Post Office, or removing and
having them recalled for *in prima facie*
evidence of intentional fraud.

PORT OFFICE, WOLFVILLE
Office Hours, 8 a. m. to 5 p. m. Mail
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 5:10 p. m.
Kentville close at 7:15 p. m.
Geo. V. Ross, Post Master.
PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.
Open from 9 a. m. to 2 p. m. Closed on
Saturdays at 12 noon.
A. S. W. BARRS, Agent.
Churches.
METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. R. B.
Figgis, Pastor. Services every Sabbath
at 10:30 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30
a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7:30
p. m. and Thursday at 7:30 p. m.
EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. T. M. Del-
phy, Pastor. Services every Sabbath
at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School
at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday
at 7:30 p. m.
St. JOHN'S CHURCH. (Episcopal)
Services every Sunday morning at 11 a. m.
on Tuesday at 7:00 p. m. The Pres-
ident of King's College, will conduct the
service.
St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Del-
phy, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of
each month.

Masonic.
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,
meets their Hall on the second Friday
of each month at 7 o'clock p. m.
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.
Temperance.
WOLFVILLE DIVISION B of T meets
every Monday evening in their Hall,
Waller's Block, at 7 o'clock.
ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets
every Wednesday evening in Music Hall
at 7:30 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM
IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE
JOB PRINTING
—OF—
Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.
Want the World's Wonder or Family Lin-
iment is a remedy that no well-regulated
household should be without, as it is in-
valuable for rheumatism, it is in-
valuable for sprains, cuts, bruises, burns,
scalds, and all diseases requiring external
application, 25c. and 50c. per bottle.
All druggists.
THE QUESTION OF THE HOUR.—Where
can I get a good Flavoring Extract? Ask
for the "Royal." They are the very
best.

Perry Davis' Pain-Killer
FOR CHOLERA
CRAMPS AND PAINTERS COLIC
DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY
CHOLERA MORBUS AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS
Watches, Clocks,
and Jewelry
REPAIRED!
—BY—
J. F. HERBIN,
Next door to Post Office.
Small articles SILVERPLATED
COUGHS, COLDS,
Croup and Consumption
CURED BY
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
25c. 50c. and \$1.00 per bottle.

Select Poetry,
OCTOBER FLOWERS.
Ye flaming flowers, of brown October's
blooming—
With deeper blooming than is born of
Spring,
Beneath your oriflammes and scarlet
glowering
I see the shadows of Decay's dark wings.
Your gorgeous tints are only premonitions
Of fading force in soil and sunlit air;
And, conscious these, with yet unspent
volitions,
They deck the earth with beauty passing
fair.
As the last wave upon the beach breaks
loudest,
As dying day puts her best bravery on,
While yet the earth in your array is
proudest—
Through the gay masks I mark the
summer gone.

TO-DAY.
O soul, why sittest thou so long
Beside a dead past, making moan?
Why wring thy pallid hands and cry
"Too late!" Is not to-day thine own?
The harvest fields of life are here,
No wealth of ripened grain thou hast,
The careless hands were folded close
Until the sowing-time was past.
But glean among another's sheaves,
And starve not for thine early sin;
A hired hand within his fields
Another's harvest gather in.
Too late, indeed, for thee to build
The structure of thy visions sweet;
Yet through helpful hands, mayst strive
Another's labors to complete.
Too late! Thy myrtle branches lie
All withered by the noon-tide's heat;
Yet thou the nettles mayst destroy
Which grow within another's gate.
The golden sun of hope fulfilled
Is hidden from thy sight away;
Yet light serene and fair still lies
Upon the pathway of to-day.

Interesting Story.
MISSING.
BY MARY CECIL HAY.
CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

"It ought to be Lawrence," said Theo, glancing at the card. "No, I don't know him, but clergymen often come to mother about subscriptions. He is a general. Perhaps some one mother helps is sick. I will go. I wonder if I have given in my purse to give in mother's name?" She counted her money, and the Franklin looked on smiling, glad that this little interruption had occurred to break the heavy half-hour after Captain Leslie's departure, though she was in her heart well aware that only to him had there been any anguish in the farewell. She would order tea against Theo's return, and they would have it eaten together, and Theo would be sure to have something amusing to tell her, and should not be allowed to think of the parting tonight with her old friend, or the other parting awaiting her.
With a sigh at the thought of her own share in this, the German lady lay back in her easy-chair and tried not to think, whilst she waited for Theo. Henry brought in the tray and laid an elaborate supper tea, more slowly even than was his wont.
"Then Mr Hurst has not returned?" observed Miss Wedeker, noticing the butler's unexpected presence.
"No, Ma'amelle. Nor has James come home. Miss Theo sent him to the City, feeling anxious."
"Oh."
The table was laid, the lamps lighted, and the blinds drawn between the bright homely scene and the June twilight fading in the park; but a long hour had passed before the Franklin heard the step she listened for, and rose gladly to take her place at the table.
"You have been long, dear. I have grudged every minute given to a stranger, while I!"—The words were strangled by a quick, gasping breath.
"Theo, my child, what is it?"
"What—is it?" the girl echoed, in a slow, scared whisper, her eyes wandering over the Franklin's face as if she could not see it.
"My dear!" the governess cried passionately longing to kiss and embrace the girl, yet literally afraid to do so while she stood so still, with her fingers closed on something that she held, and her eyes so dark and unnatural in the white cold face. "My dear, don't look so terrified. Has anything happened?"

"Yes," the girl said, still in that strange whisper; "father is dead."
"Dead!"
"Hush! That is not it. Don't say it. Father has—shot himself. Do you understand? Do I say the words? They are around me—in flames. But I don't know whether I've—heard them—or say them. I only—think all the time—red."
"My darling, Theo!"
"It was"—the girl's clear, slow whisper was terrible to hear—"in church. He shot himself—in church—this afternoon."
"Impossible!" cried the Franklin, with sudden energy. "It is some ghastly mistake."
"I—thought so," the girl said, with panting breath; the misery growing and deepening in her wide, dry eyes; "but I—was wrong. It is—true. It was—my father."
"Oh, my dear, is that proved to you?"
"Yes." So, solemnly, the slow single word fell on the silence.
"How dare that stranger bring you the tidings this way—unexpected?" cried Miss Wedeker, angry with herself because she had not been able to spare the child.
"He was very kind," Theo said. "He would not write. He is waiting to see you and he will come to-morrow."
"I will go, but it is cruel to you, my child. And how did he know where to come?"
"Father's address was with his name—it always was—in his hat, and it is here." She glanced down upon her hands, still tightly clasping something, and Miss Wedeker saw that she held her father's gloves.
"And that was all, dear?" she asked, gently touching the closed fingers.
"Had he not papers with him?"
"No," said Theo, catching her breath hurriedly. "No papers—as if he knew. No watch—or purse—or—oh, Franklin! he—he had—prepared."
"And had forgotten that his name was in his hat and gloves. I see Theo, my poor darling, do not stand so. Sit down, love."
"James has come—from the City," the girl went on, her slight form shivering as she spoke, though otherwise quite motionless, "and one of the clerks. I know they fear—ruin, but they do not dream of—this."
"I am going now, dear," interrupted the governess, with a wild effort to throw off the horror of the truth. "I dare say this clergyman is all wrong."
"He is a stranger here, Franklin. Perhaps he will stay," the girl said, shaming the elder lady by her thought for others in such a time. "He was—very kind; but I—I cannot see him again. He tried—to comfort me. He was a stranger in that church to-day, for it was the vicar's funeral. He lives—in another village. I forget. He would not write. That was kind. He said he feared such a sorrow for a wife, so suddenly and awfully widowed—widowed! Oh, mother!"
The utterance of the mother's name snapped the brace, unmastered tension of self-restraint, and with that piteous cry the girl fell forward, knowing nothing more; though tightly she held the gloves within both hands.

CHAPTER V.
"YOUR OWN SON."
Mrs Burtie, sitting next afternoon in her drawing-room in Onslow Square, glanced up with an astonishment too spontaneous to be concealed—as who would have wished to conceal—when her servant announced "Miss Hurst."
"It is several years," she said, languidly, offering her fingers to Theo, "since you favored me with a visit. To what do I owe this?"
"To a great sorrow," the girl answered, absently. She had looked slowly round the two pretty rooms, as if they were strange to her, though often as a child she had chafed in the threshold here, hating the pretty satin chairs with their lace plushes and bows, because they always stood in the same spots; and wishing one of the plates upon the wall would fall, that there might be some. But she had not looked into the old lady's pale, set face, nor even glanced at Angel Sullivan, who, sitting apart a little,

was manufacturing a duplicate of the lace on the sofa.
"Sit down."
Mrs Burtie's stern, hard voice broke the minute's silence abruptly, but Theo did not obey until Angel came and, with a kiss, dove her down upon the sofa.
"How did you come here?" inquired her grandmother, gazing fixedly through her glasses at the girl in this new aspect, pale and shivering, with a little of the old spirit in her manner as of the old prettiness and brightness in her black dress.
"In a cab."
"And is it waiting for you?"
"Yes."
"Then don't forget that you will have to pay for every minute you keep it. Why did you come alone?"
"Miss Wedeker was very kind; she offered to come, but one of us ought to be at home, and I wished to speak to you—alone."
"An unusual honor."
"No," the girl said, gently, "I used to come. It was you who stopped me. That makes it more painful now, but—who else have I?"
"Well?" queried Mrs Burtie, ignoring the piteous question.
"I simply sent you word," Theo said, glancing at the closed blinds, "that my father was dead. I am come myself to tell you how he died."
"No need," was the cold answer. "Franklin Wedeker has written to me. She seemed to think it would be cruel to let you tell, though I think the misery and disgrace are ghastly mine."
"Then you know we are ruined?" the girl asked, drawing a long breath, and pushing the hair from her white, suffering face.
"I know it; I had guessed it before."
"Guessed? Oh, is it possible, yet had not warned my father?"
"Much he would have heeded my warning. Years ago I prognosticated his ruin, but he never heeded me."
"You never helped in any way," said Theo, controlling her voice by a great effort. "I know that you have never given him—and that he never asked for—a single shilling from his father's wealth. Even when?"
"There, don't speak of that. He offended me on my second marriage, and since that time I have not cared to speak either to him or for him."
"But you will help my mother?"
"What claim has she upon me, pray?" inquired the old lady, coldly meeting the sad eyes which sleeplessness had made so wide and feverish.
"She has never asserted any, but I must plead for her as she would never plead for herself—though she would for me. She is your son's widow, and I am your son's child. Will you help us in our need—before she knows the soreness of that need? Will you help us to go away from here? I know you do not care for us, but even if we were nothing to you, you might from your abundance give the little that I ask. Just to begin our life—humbly—elsewhere. She does not know all this—misery. And I dare not tell her until I have—some hope for her. May I tell you what I—beg? The kind clergyman who came to—tell us, has been with Franklin this morning very patiently, and he is very sorry for us. He told her—perhaps she has been saying I would teach and earn all I could for mother—that he wanted his two little girls taught, by a lady who would live in his village and play the organ in his church, and that there was a cottage vacant, and we should have it, and he should wait for the rent, if we would bring furniture and what was necessary to make it—home. Oh, how thankfully I accepted! And I thought you would—perhaps—lend me the money; only lend it, I will repay it—saving from what I earn. Will you do it? Will you?—with strong self-control—"let me have a few pounds? Franklin says one hundred will do, but I say less will. Only for a time. My father would have thought so little of giving that, and you—"
"I know both my own affairs and his," was the cold, clear interruption; "I wish no childish information. Why don't you go home and choose what furniture you need from the quantity you have?"
"From that!" cried the girl, with

such a strange, new ring in her voice, that Angel Sullivan turned aside to hide her shaking lips and fingers.
"Would I touch what my father left, when it belongs to—those to whom he owes—Oh, cannot you understand?"
"Are there bailiffs in your house, then?" asked Mrs Burtie, icily; but one glance into the girl's flashing eyes made her turn her own question coolly aside. "You have made numberless friends, all of you, by your extravagance, surely they will help you now."
"Is there one whom I could ask, if you refuse?" inquired Theo, pressing her lips upon her teeth to still them. "If we have no claim on you, on whom can we have it? All you possess might have been my father's. Oh, give us just that trifle that I ask. No, not give, only lend. If you think less will do, give me less. You will know. I only want just to make a home for mother—away from here; away in the quiet country—the only home that we can ever have again; and I can work, and I will save and pay you every farthing."
"You are well trained to save, I expect," was the chill remark. "Your father was one to save. Don't interrupt. From what he has left you, surely you can take what you want for the house you speak of. It would scarcely be missed, and the rest will only go to men who are as much to blame as he was, and helped him in fraud."
"Oh, hush," the girl cried, tortured beyond bearing, rising with her hand before her eyes; and as she rose, Angel Sullivan rose too and left the room.
"I will 'hush' effectually," was the stern reply. "I have advised you, and you ignore my advice. I have nothing more to say."
"Will you forgive me for my impatience?" the girl said, dropping her hand, and pleading humbly once again; because it was for her mother, and she could supplicate for her as she had never, never dreamed of doing; "and you will help me for—my mother's sake?"
"It was ill-timed of your mother to send you to me to-day."
"She sent me!" Theo cried, her eyes brilliant in their flash of anger. "She would never—but," she added, correcting herself sorrowfully and proudly, "you know that was not true. She does not know what—what anguish is—yet. I must tell her, but I hoped to tell her where we could go, she and I, and be at rest. She must not come to this home again; I hoped you would help me that there should be another."
"All you wish lies in your power," Mrs Burtie observed, looking from the window while she spoke, as if she felt the interview had been "quite long enough. Your conscientious scruples are exaggerated."
So fully aware was she of the girl's grave, wondering look into her face, that presently she turned to meet it, and then uncomfortably, and almost nervously, she laughed. "How ridiculously unlike your father's family you are, child!"
But Theo, who had heard the laugh, heard nothing more. As if the sound stabb'd her, she had turned and left the room, groping her way down-stairs, forgetting everything but what she had to tell her mother. She had forgotten that a cab was waiting for her; she had forgotten Angel Sullivan's very existence, and was looking dazedly before her, as she came down the last step, when some one, with a gentle, close caress, drew her into a gloomy, darkened room, and closed the door.

"Theo, dear," cried Angel, in clear, loving tones, "did you think I would let you go without kissing me? Kiss me, dear, again and again. It will do us both good. There! Now let me look at you. My poor, pale little girl, you must try to sleep to-night, and you must eat. I couldn't rest up there. I could have broken all the Venetian glass and China wares that the room held, however rare. And I could have roared aloud for my own home, though we have no China; but the tea things, and nothing Venetian but the blinds. Oh, Theo, smile, my dear, just once. You will have that cottage, and you will be so much

much happier than I can be, though I do try to do my duty, Theo, as I said. Listen, dear." Angel was on her knees beside her cousin, and as she chatted on she tried to rouse her, now and then kissing her, now and then hastily wiping a tear from her own eyes, she was gently pressing a little parcel into Theo's hand: "Never in all my life was I so glad of anything as that I have this money, dear. Never! But I've spent so much. I've spent two pounds and fourteen shillings, Theo, and I hate myself for breaking into it. It was so stupid, and so unnecessary. I never wanted it. Never. Oh, my dear, you know that very well. I hate it. It has been a misery to me for three whole days. I could never have spent it myself. It isn't worth having now, though, because I've spent so much of it. I can't think why I did. What did I want with anything that cost two pounds and fourteen shillings? I should have been happier without it."
"Angel!" faltered Theo, trying to follow clearly all this kind, sweet nonsense. "I could not. You don't think I could—take you?"
"If you don't," said Angel, very sternly, "I shall turn every note to atoms, and shall know you never cared for me—we who were children together, and have loved each other! I will turn every note if you don't take them—now. Why, Theo, my dear, you may pay me back. It is no gift; only a loan. I lead you what I don't want, and some day when I am really wanting it—needing it—in you will come, and bring it me. And think how much it will be worth to me just then. Oh, twice as much as now! It is nothing to me now. No more than it would be to Aunt Burtie. No more at all."

The First Sign
Of falling health, whether in the form of Night Sweats and Nervousness, or in a sense of General Weakness and Loss of Appetite, should suggest the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This preparation is most effective for giving tone and strength to the enfeebled system, promoting the digestion and assimilation of food, restoring the nervous forces to their normal condition, and for purifying, enriching, and vitalizing the blood.
Failing Health.
Ten years ago my health began to fail. I was troubled with a distressing Cough, Night Sweats, Weakness, and Nervousness. I tried various remedies prescribed by different physicians, but became so weak that I could not go up stairs without stopping to rest. My friends recommended me to try Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which I did, and I am now as healthy and strong as ever.—Mrs. E. L. Williams, Alexandria, Miss.
I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for Scrofula, and know, if it is taken faithfully, that it will thoroughly eradicate this terrible disease. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, as well as an alternative, and must say that I honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine ever compounded.—W. F. Fowler, D. D. S., M. D., Greenville, Tenn.
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It would be impossible for me to describe what I suffered from Indigestion and Headache up to the time I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I was under the care of various physicians and tried a great many kinds of medicines, but never obtained more than temporary relief. After taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla for a short time, my headache disappeared, and my stomach performed its duties more perfectly. To-day my health is completely restored.—Mary Harley, Springfield, Mass.
I have been greatly benefited by the prompt use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It tones and invigorates the system, regulates the action of the digestive and assimilative organs, and vitalizes the blood. It is, without doubt, the most reliable blood purifier yet discovered.—H. D. Johnson, 283 Atlantic Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla,
Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price 25c. six bottles, \$5.

BEST ON EARTH
SURPRISE SOAP
THE GREAT SELF-WASHER TRY IT
A marvel of efficiency and economy. Quality never varies. The purest and best for all household purposes, washing and cleaning without injury to hands or fabric. No boiling, scrubbing, or harsh rubbing necessary. The saving of hot water pays for the soap. Makes white goods whiter, clothes softer, and saves colored fabrics from fading, staining, and discoloration. Washes the hair, cleans the scalp, and restores the hair to its natural beauty. Washes the face, and restores the complexion to its natural beauty. Washes the hands, and restores the hands to their natural beauty. Washes the feet, and restores the feet to their natural beauty. Washes the body, and restores the body to its natural beauty. Washes the soul, and restores the soul to its natural beauty. Washes the heart, and restores the heart to its natural beauty. Washes the mind, and restores the mind to its natural beauty. Washes the spirit, and restores the spirit to its natural beauty. 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THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., OCT. 14, 1887

The Press Slighted.

At the recent exhibition held in Windsor the representatives of the press who attended complained bitterly of the absence of all the facilities and courtesies usually provided for and extended to them.

A Grand Life Ended.

By the death of the Hon. J. B. Finch, of Illinois, which occurred suddenly in Boston, on Monday the 3d inst, the temperance cause in general and Good Templary in particular loses one of its ablest advocates.

Mr Finch was born in Chenango, New York, in the year 1852 and from early youth has been engaged in temperance work, having been selected as lecturer of the Grand Division of New York at the early age of fourteen years.

Dr S. H. King, of Nebraska, has written of him as follows:—"John B. Finch is undoubtedly the ablest temperance scholar in America. A thorough anatomist and physiologist as well as political economist, he brings the whole range of literature to his assistance, and was to the man who opposes him on the platform."

By provision of constitution the office of R. W. G. T. devolves upon the R. W. G. Cr. W. W. Turnbull of Glasgow, Scotland, and not on the Rev. George Gladstone, as stated by the Halifax Herald.

Let there be Light.

At the risk of being called a crank, a hobbyist, or other pleasant names, we must again call the attention of our readers to the great need of our streets being lighted in some way. Dark nights are again the order, and it is often difficult for even those acquainted with the neighborhood to find their way—especially on Sunday evenings when the stores are not lighted.

In this matter of lighting our streets we feel that there is much need of agitation, and we appeal to our business men and those who are interested in the welfare and prosperity of our town to use their efforts towards accomplishing this much-to-be-desired end. It is not our intention now to recommend the manner in which our streets could be lighted. Much has been written and much said on the subject. In our humble opinion a few oil-lamps placed at reasonable distances apart would be all that would be required for the present.

PURNER'S EMULATOR.—Highly endorsed by the Medical Profession for its wonderful curative effects produced in cases of Pulmonary Consumption, Chronic Cough, Bronchial and Throat Affections, Asthma, Scrofula, and Wasting Diseases of Women and Children. In cases of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, as Mental Anxiety, General Debility, Loss of Vigor, Want of Energy, Languid Appetite, Paralysis, and the many diseases due to insufficient supply of NERVOUS FORCE.

Something to Begin On.

A QUASI-RELIGIOUS DISQUISITION.

The above quoted phrase is taken from a discourse lately preached by a dignitary of the church in more than one Nova Scotia parish. As it has since been published either at the request of the preacher or without remonstrance, it is public property and might fitly be subjected to public criticism, if it was thought deserving of such treatment.

The phrase had its origin on this wise. The subject of the sermon was "Infant Baptism, as understood by the Church of England." I have no disposition to charge the preacher with an intention to mislead, but the language employed is highly misleading and in two ways. First, the "Church of England" does not as a body understand Infant Baptism as described by the preacher; a very considerable section of it earnestly protests against such a representation.

The exact words of the preacher, as reported in different newspapers, were these—"Christian parents—in the grace given in baptism you have something to begin on in seeking to train your children to the right way."

There are two "Offices" in the Prayer Book, one for the "Public" the other for the "Private Baptism," so called, "of infants." The first does not prescribe expressly the age for the observance of the rite, but the understanding on all hands is that it shall take place as soon after the birth of the child as practicable.

In the "Office" for the Private Baptism of Infants we learn that "the people" are to be "admonished that they defer not the Baptism of their children longer than the first or second Sunday after the birth, or other holy day falling between, unless upon a great and reasonable cause, to be approved by the curate."

In the "Office" for the Public Baptism of Infants it is directed that "the child shall be dipped in the water" of the font "discreetly or warily," that is "if the priest be certified that the child may well endure it."

In the "Office" for the Private Baptism of Infants there is no other alternative—"the minister shall pour water" upon the child. But, as with the Scriptures, which are habitually interpreted on the principle that black is white, so here the words dipping and pouring are made to mean sprinkling or even less.

In passing from the town our attention is drawn to a tree under which the saintly Whitefield preached, and as we pursue our journey west we see in the Presbyterian church of the parish of Warwick the place of most of Whitefield's ministrations. There is nothing of further historic interest to attract us on the road, but all must admire the scenery which for some two or three miles is composed of a background of cedar-covered hills with well-kept gardens, planting land fringed with palms, tamarinds and other tropical trees, and the harbor standing out in bold relief.

The Gibb's Hill Lighthouse, which is our next stopping place, is on the highest elevation in Bermuda. The total height of the lighthouse is 134 feet, and it stands at an elevation of 362 feet above high water. The light is a revolving dioptric lens of the first order with mirrors, with one centre lamp of three concentric wicks, and is among the largest and most powerful in the world.

In the case of the "Private Baptism of Infants," the rite is very short, only long enough to secure the salvation of the recipient; if the child should not die the observance omitted will be after

wards supplied; or as the Prayer Book has it—"If the child who is after this sort baptized do afterwards live, it shall be brought to the church," when the service shall be completed.

One of the parts omitted was what related to "godfathers" and "godmothers," or as they are also termed "sponsors" or "sureties."

In the case of a male child there are two godfathers and one godmother; in the case of a female child, two godmothers and one godfather.

Before the infant is by a fiction "dipped in the water," these sponsors are required to promise for him and "in his name"—or, as it is otherwise expressed in the "Office" by an unheard-of use of language—"the child! faithfully promises by them!! that he will renounce the Devil and all his works and constantly believe God's Holy Word!!!"

One cannot but ask how these surities propose to bring about these results? They could not promise as much for themselves; and if they did, they have no security that they would perform it.

While all the streets of this town are well kept, that of Cedar Avenue is the most inviting, being as its name indicates an avenue of cedars.

As at St George, so in Hamilton, an able and active corporation manages—under the presidency of a mayor—the affairs of the town with much competency. Formerly this town could boast of the silk industry, but that has fallen into disuse, and the only factory that gives Bermudians any claim to a place in the list of industries is one that is used for the manufacture of ice.

In Ireland land has on it, in addition to the tastily built cottages of the workmen, the Naval Hospital, Sailors' Home, Naval Superintendent's house, and the Commissioner's house, the latter being quite an extensive mansion.

It is divided longitudinally into eight water-tight compartments and transversely into six water-tight compartments, so that it contains, irrespective of engine rooms, pump, wells &c., forty-eight distinct water-tight compartments, by means of which the position of the water required for working the dock can be regulated.

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top, 14 ft; height from gallery to the centre of the light, 11 ft; from centre of light to top of the vane, 17 ft; total as above, 134 ft. The light is open for inspection every day but Sundays and holidays and must be reached one hour before sunset to see the lantern.

From Wreck Hill and Cedar Hill at the west of Somerset Parish we have a continuation of the fine views that are to be gained only from such elevations.

This brings us to the ferry that connects with Boaz Island. Boaz and Ireland Islands are exclusively Government property, the former owned by the military and the latter by the naval authorities.

The dock is secured in position by three iron girders each 112 ft long, fitted so as to rise and fall with the dock. The dimensions of the dock (which have already been given) are as follows:—Length over all, 381 ft; length between caissons, 330 ft; breadth over all, 124 ft; breadth inside walls, 84 ft; depth, 75 ft; total weight, 3240 tons.

It is divided longitudinally into eight water-tight compartments and transversely into six water-tight compartments, so that it contains, irrespective of engine rooms, pump, wells &c., forty-eight distinct water-tight compartments, by means of which the position of the water required for working the dock can be regulated.

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Caldwell & Murray,

FALL GOODS.

35 CASES 35

Complete Assortment

In stock in a few days.

We call your special attention to the goods enumerated on the opposite side which we think are special value.

The greater part of our staples are imported direct from the manufacturers.

CALDWELL & MURRAY.

Wolfville, September 20th, 1887

GREY COTTONS GIBSON'S and HALIFAX MILLS (SEVEN GRADES). Fancy and Plain Winceys, Meltons, Grey and Fancy Flannels, Sheetings, Tickings, Towelings, Black and Col'd Velveteens, Flashes, St. Croix Shirting, Prints English and Canadian Tweed and Worsteds.

Mantle Cloths, In CURTAINS, BROCADES, OTTOMANS, SEALTTES, and FANCY MIXED.

OVERCOATINGS in great variety.

Nova Scotia Cloths & Yarns, Scotch, Saxony, Andalusian and Berlin in all shades.

Handsome Street Jerseys, Paletots, Ready Made Suits for men and boys, Handsome Overcoats

GREAT DISPLYING OF UNDERCLOTHING!

FURNITURE ROOM, Full assortment of Parlor, Drawing Room and Kitchen Furniture.

Handsome Carpets and Matting.

BOOTS & SHOES. 18 Cases of the celebrated Amherst Boots & Shoes, Women's Walking Boots, French Kid, (Common Sense) etc. Men's Long Boots, 4 styles.

Rubber Knee Boots, Felt Boots, etc. CALDWELL & MURRAY.

WOLFVILLE.

Grand Opening

FALL AND WINTER MILLINERY

Burpee Witter's.

BRILLIANT DISPLAY! LATEST STYLES! LOW PRICES! ORDERS PROMPTLY EXECUTED

New Dress Goods, New Mantle Cloths, New Jackets and Ulsters.

SIX CASES American Rubbers

JUST OPENED.

Wanted, 200 lbs. Good TABLE BUTTER every week.

BURPEE WITTER.

Wolfville, Oct. 14th 1887

A HORSE!

That is not blanketted cats more to keep warm than one that is. A splendid stock of BLANKETS of every description at

C. A. PATRIQUIN'S, where you can buy GOAT ROBES, RUBBER LAPS-SPREADS and all requisites for horses and harness, AWAY DOWN! Wolfville, Oct 14th, 1887

NOTICE!

Persons wanting DENTISTRY should call on W. A. PATRIQUIN who will be home every day except Wednesday. Every Wednesday he will be at Mr Robert W. Davidson's store, Gasperau ready and willing to wait on patients in Dentistry. Low prices. Work warranted. All kinds of Dentistry done.

W. A. Patriquin, Wolfville, July 26th, '87

NOTICE!

P. CHRISTIE, TAILOR, begs to inform his numerous friends and customers that he has on hand a choice lot of Diagonals, Tweeds and Pantings in great variety and at prices To Suit Every One. These goods he is prepared to make up in the latest style and a perfect fit guaranteed, and all work finished when promised. Special Discount given to Clergymen and Students. Don't forget the place—over J. R. Blanchard's Dry Goods Store. Kentville, Feb. 16, 1887



INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

ANNAPOLIS DIRECT LINE. The favorite side wheel Steamer NEW YORK will leave Annapolis for Boston direct, every THURSDAY after the arrival of Express train from Halifax. ST. JOHN LINE. The Steamers of this Line will leave St. John at 8 o'clock, a. m., for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY.

Steamer SECRET will leave Annapolis and Digby for St. John, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY. For tickets and further information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or to D. Mumford, Station Agent, Wolfville. K. A. CALDER, Agent, Annapolis. May 6th, 1887.

ST. JOHN PACKET.

THE SCHOONER "H. K. RICHARDS," (CAPT. R. MAGRANAHAN), Will run as a packet during the remainder of the season between St. John and Wolfville, Direct. Freight and Passengers at low rates.

Order your goods by the "H. K. Richards." For freight or passage apply to J. WILLARD SMITH, St. John, N. B. or R. PART, Wolfville, or to the Captain on board.

Kentville Jewelry Store!

(Opposite the Porter House.) JAMES MCLEOD. No Connection with Travelling Mountbans.

Cheap Sale of Gold and Silver Watches and Swiss Watches Fine American and English Jewelry.

Largest stock of Quadruple Silver Plated Ware in the Province.

300 SOLID GOLD Wedding and Gem Rings to select from. Kentville, August 26

THE Yarmouth Steamship Co.

(LIMITED). The Shortest and best Route Between Nova Scotia and Boston.

The New Steam Yarmouth will leave Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY EVENING, after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Railway. Returning, will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, 10 a. m., every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and intermediate stations.

The YARMOUTH is the fastest steamer ever plying between Nova Scotia and the United States, being fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Lights, Steam Expansion Engines, Electric Lights, Steam Steering Gear, Bilge Keels, etc., etc. For tickets and all other information apply to the Station Master, Wolfville, or to any Ticket Agent on Windsor and Annapolis and Western Counties Railways. W. A. Chase, L. E. BAKER, Secy-Treas. Presdt and Manager. Yarmouth, N. S., Aug 18. 6 ms

Choice Miscellany.

To Tell the Age of a Horse.

To tell the age of any horse, inspect the lower jaw of course; The six front teeth the tale will tell, And every doubt and fear dispel.

Two middle "nipers" you behold Before the colt is two weeks old, Before eight weeks two more will come; Eight months the "corners" cut the gum.

The outside gloves will disappear From middle two in just one year, In two years, from the second pair; In three the corners, too, are bare.

At two the middle "nipers" drop, At three the second pair can't stop, When four years old the third pair goes, At five a new full set he shows.

The deep black spots will pass from view At six years from the middle two; At seven years from the second pair; At eight the spot each "corner" clears.

From middle "nipers" upper jaw At nine the black spots will withdraw; The second pair at ten are white; Eleven finds the corners light.

As time goes on, the horsemen know, The oval teeth three-sided grow; They longer get, project before, Till twenty, when we know no more.

His Unknown Friend.

Mrs Willis was a kind-hearted woman, who lived in a college town. It was the habit of friends of members of the graduation class to present to them on Commencement Day, flowers, books, or other little gifts, expressive of their affection and good wishes. Mrs Willis had observed that while some of the more popular ladies were loaded with tokens of friendship, others were unnoticed.

On the next Commencement Day, therefore, she made up a bunch of flowers, and attached to it a card conveying a kindly message. This she sent to the usher, with a request that he should give it to any one of the students who happened to be neglected. A shy, awkward lad received it, and took it with evident surprise and pleasure.

The incident soon passed from her mind. Ten years later, however, she visited an inland city, and there became acquainted with a young physician, who had already attained a high standing among his brother practitioners.

One day just before returning home, she noticed in his office a faded bunch of flowers under glass.

"That has a story which I should like to tell you before you go," he said. "I began life as a poor farm-boy. I had no family. I saved money enough to go to school, and afterwards to college. "But I lived during three years in dire poverty. I wore the coarsest clothes, I rented a room and cooked my own food, which was so scanty that I used to stagger as I walked up to recitation. My poverty made me dread to meet even my fellow-students.

"Young people need approbation and affection. An occasional word of sympathy would have strengthened me like wine. No such word came. There were days when all my struggles seemed useless to me, for—

"When at last I stood on the platform, and received the diploma earned by four years of work and privation, I looked over the mass of faces and thought, 'Not one of them is turned to me with a kind look.' All the other men had their families and friends. There was nobody to give me a good wish at my entrance into the world. I was tired, and my heart was sick and bitter.

"But just before we left the platform, that bunch of flowers was handed to me. A card was tied to it, on which was written, 'From a friend who hopes that your life may always bring you, as to-day, the reward for honest endeavor.' "The doctor's voice grew husky.

"Why, madam, those words saved me! I had a friend! Somebody had approved me, cared for me! Never were roses as sweet as those! I vowed I would not disappoint my friend; that I would work as I had never done before. I have tried to do it; I have many dear friends now, but not one of them has given me such help as came to me through those faded roses."

Mrs Willis thanked him for his story with the tears in her eyes, and bade him farewell.

The little seed which she had carelessly planted had given back to her that rich flower and fruit. Every seed that we plant brings forth its fruit and flower, either in this life or in the life to come.

The Woman's Crusade.

I do not know what you may think of the woman's crusade, but let me say as a woman who stood inside of it, that the womanhood of this nation never laid such a tribute to the feet of its manhood as they did in the woman's crusade. If you want to find out what a boy is worth, go and ask his mother. By the time she goes into the jaws of death to give him birth, and then puts into him his days of love and her nights of care, and he stands before her strong, and clean, and tall at twenty-one, she can tell you what he is worth, from the crown of his head to the soles of his feet; and when the legalized drap shop takes hold of him, and tears him down, fibre by fibre, and puts oaths on the lips that she used to kiss, and crushes out his mother's hopes, it is no wonder she makes outcry. If you want to know what a home is worth, go and ask a loving woman who has kept herself as pure as God's lilies from her marriage day, when, with a great shine in her eyes, she puts herself over into the hands of one man, for better or for worse, for richer or for poorer, until life's end. And

when the dram shop with its fearful curse crosses the threshold of the home they built together, and takes down her strong tower of hope, stone by stone, and degrades the father of her children, it is no wonder that woman makes outcry.

What was the woman's crusade? It was a smothered sob breaking into a cry; it was a midnight prayer coming abroad at noonday. You men sometimes say to us as we stand in places like this, "Home is your kingdom." We do not dispute it. We know it better than you know it. But it was our kingdom that was outraged. You say to us, standing lal-lal-lal and defenceless before this vampire of our civilization, "You do not need the ballot; we defend you by love and by law." Do you? When for eighty-five years by well-defined hence legislation motherhood has been uncrowned and her children slain, and you made no protest against it. You have talked about it in religious meetings; you have prayed about it in prayer meetings; but when it came to the sweep of empire in the ballot-box and in political organizations, you have made no protest. Oh, men, I do not believe a civilization is worth much that cannot protect its women and its babes. And, grand as you are and strong as you are, you will never be able to protect your women and your children, and the dram shop at the same time. Oh, in shame, in very shame, either get up and strike down the enemy of the home and of widowhood and of childhood, or else put the ballot into the hands of your women for their own protection.—Mrs M. T. Lathrop.

How to Make Money.

The following statistics, gathered from reliable sources, are both interesting and instructive, and may be turned into money, so to speak, by farmers and poultry raisers. The number of fowl has greatly increased in the United States during the last five years, but this increase has been larger in the New England and Middle States than in any other. Twenty-seven States report over one million each, Seventeen States report over two millions each, Thirteen States report over three millions each, while the States of Illinois, Iowa, New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania report over five millions each. In eighteen of the States the annual average product of eggs per hen is as follows:

Table with 3 columns: State, Doz. Me., Doz. Do., Doz. N.Y.

It will be noticed that the average number of eggs laid per hen per year ranges from three dozen to over seven dozen, and that those States which reported the largest number of hens did not make the most money because, as the figures show, they only got an average of four to five dozen eggs per hen per year, while the New England States showed an average of from six to over seven.

The question arises then why do hens in the New England States average more than seven dozen eggs per year per hen, while in Louisiana they only average three dozen? The reason must be found in the fact that in the New England States, Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay is almost universally used, while in the West and South it is not used much. Louisiana has not gone behind, but the Northern States have gone ahead. There is no doubt at all but what the extensive use of Sheridan's Powder to make hens lay, and for the improvement of poultry, has boosted the poultry industry more than all other influences put together. The poultry industry of this country now amounts to between five and six hundred millions of dollars annually and the profits are said to be enormous. One man in Mass., near Boston has made twenty thousand dollars a year for the last five years, and many more have made from five hundred to a thousand dollars, while thousands of women, children and invalids, have made a comfortable living. All who want to know just how to make money, keeping and tending poultry should send to I. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House St., Boston, for a copy of the Poultry Raising Guide, Price 25cts.

A Picture of Life.

Individual life, in all its forms, also appears in the Bible. This book has been found fault with because its heroes and saints were not perfect; because Abraham and Peter lied, and Samuel killed his enemy in cold blood, and Elijah sacrificed the prophets of Baal, and the apostles quarrelled and were unable to work together. But that is life—good men have their faults; often grave ones. The Bible gives no picture of perfect men, save in a single, spotless example. It shows us the world as it is—shadows darkening its brightest scenes, sunbeams illumining the blackest. The life of lovely, womanly fidelity appears in Ruth, who was not an Israelite, but a Moabite. Roman centurion comes forward as a type of faith; a woman of Phoenicia as an example of confiding hope; Belshazzar as "rates" of some far-off Syrian tribe is given a high place in the goodly fellowship of the prophets; Melchizedek, a Bedouin sheik and priest, is revered by Abraham, the friend of God. Thus the Bible, like Jesus, gives among publicans and sinners, and honors goodness wherever it finds it.—Rev. James Freeman Clark.

More Hair.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co., Omaha.—The top of my head was bald for several years. I used Minard's Lintment, and now have as good a growth of hair as I ever had. It is a positive hair restorer, makes the hair soft and glossy, and will not stain the finest fabric.

Beware of Colored and Mineral Poisons.

West's Liver Pills are purely vegetable. Always reliable and effective. All druggists.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

A crown jewel—the bump of consistency. A crown jewel—Safe to keep and to use in every household.

WE FIND the best Condition Powders are "Maud S."

The rural pedagogue is not infrequently a strapping fellow.

THERE ARE MANY Cough Mixtures, but only one Allen's Lung Balsam; try it.

When an aeronaut smokes in his balloon he takes an aerolite.

IN HABITUAL CONSTIPATION, Campbell's Cathartic Compound is used with great success.

The monarch of Greece has a fat situation as a matter of course.

A TRUSTY FRIEND.—Perry David's Pain Killer. Safe to keep and to use in every household.

The coal ring is a chestnut. Let us hope that some day it may be stove in.

THE PERFUME we consider to be at once the most delicate and most enduring—"Lotus of the Nile."

The becheur may lead a life full of joy, but you can't convince any old maid of it.

West's Liver Pills, a never failing remedy for all liver and stomach diseases. Purely vegetable. All druggists.

There is always danger of death when a doctor writes a prescription in a dead language.

John Mader, Mahone Bay, informs us that he was cured of a very severe attack of Rheumatism by using Minard's Lintment internally and externally.

When Fogg saw a train on the dress of an old lady, he remarked that it was behind time.

West's Liver Pills, the world's best remedy for liver complaint, sick headache, indigestion, dyspepsia. Purely vegetable, sugar-coated, 50 pills 25c. All druggists.

Don't blame the miserly capitalist for thinking constantly of his money-bags—they're full of interest.

Consumptives, do not despair. There is hope. Try West's Cough Syrup. It will always cure in any stage. Procure a dollar bottle of your druggist and be cured.

A man may be able to paint a town red from end to end, and yet possess none of the cardinal virtues.

Thousands of testimonials and an increasing demand attest the popularity of West's Cough Syrup, the popular remedy for all throat and lung diseases. Try a 25c. bottle. All druggists.

Better a dinner of herbs, with or without love, than a stalled railroad train ten miles from the eating station.

West's Cough Syrup, pleasant to take and always gives satisfaction. Do not be put off with any other, but insist upon having West's Cough Syrup, genuine wrapped only in blue, three sizes. All druggists.

A chemist announces that wood can be made very palatable. All right Mr. Chemist, but please don't give it away to our landlady.

West's World's Wonder, the magic cure for Rheumatism, neuralgia, cuts, burns, bruises, wounds, and all diseases requiring an external remedy. 25c. and 50c. All druggists.

After all the man who shows you your weakness is your friend. He does not become your enemy until he takes advantage of it.

The man who borrows \$5 from you, and neglects it is often thought to have a poor memory when, in fact, the man is poor, and not the memory.

Wonderful is the effect of West's World's Wonder, or Family Lintment in rheumatism, sprains, cuts, bruises, burns, scalds, and all diseases requiring external application. It stands without a rival. 25c. and 50c. per bottle. All druggists.

New England apparently has solved the puzzling question, "What shall we do with our girls?" They are used there to supply murder mysteries.

My dear friends—I am preparing to come and make you a long visit. May drop in any day, though I can't tell when. Yours truly, John Frost.

"How did you begin life?" asked the young man of the great "I didn't begin it," truthfully replied the great man. "It was here when I got here.

A fine head of hair is an indispensable element of beauty. Ayer's Hair Vigor maintains youthful freshness and luxuriance, restores to faded and gray hair its original color, prevents baldness, removes dandruff, and cures scalp diseases. It gives perfect satisfaction.

News comes from Paris that the bustle is to be much reduced in size. Thus does Fashion's decree cast a stumbling-block in the way of female smugglers.

Any man who will paint an "ice cream soda" sign in four-foot letters on his sidewalk, ought to get six months at the North Pole without an overcoat.

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Don't

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself. The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstruction and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

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

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PARSONS' PILLS Make New Rich Blood! White Bronze. YARMOUTH, MAINE, July 15, 1885. Ma TROS, MORRIS.—In answer to your enquiry about my White Bronze Monument, I would say that it stands on the sea shore ten feet above high water mark, it is twenty-five feet high, base four feet. It has been erected over ten years, and is as good now as when placed in position; it has not been effected in the least by either heat or cold; no moss or foreign substances gather on it as do on marble; it is as clear and bright as when new, and (in my opinion) White Bronze is superior to either marble or granite for monumental purposes, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to others.

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

THE GREAT LONDON & CHINA TEA CO., IMPORTERS AND DEALERS IN TEAS, COFFEES, AND SUGARS. 191 Barrington St. Halifax.

Price List of Teas. ENGLISH BREAKFAST—25c, 30c, 35c, 40c, 50c, Best 50c. OOLONG—30c, 40c, 50c, Best 60c. FORMOSA—50c, 60c, Best 60c. GUNPOWDER—40c, 50c, 60c, Best 70c. YOUNG HYSON—30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, Best 70c. SCENTED ORANGE PEKOE—60c, Best 70c. BASKET FIRED JAPAN—40c, 50c, Best 60c. UNCOLORED JAPAN—40c, 50c, Best 60c.

LAND TRANSFER OFFICE. QUEEN BUILDING, HALIFAX. J. M. JOHNS, Registrar-at-Law, Manager. FARMERS WANTED AND FOR SALE. All sizes, 10 to 800 Acres. All prices, \$300 to \$10,000. No charge for registry.

MY STOCK —CONSISTS OF— Flour, Corn Meal, Bran, Shorts Chopped Feed, Salt, Molasses, CIDER OR FISH BARRELS, Mowers, Wheel Raks, &c. All of which are first class and will be sold low for cash.

WANTED! In exchange for the above, good sound ROSE, PROLIFIC, CHILIS and BURBANK POTATOES, also a few cords WOOD.

Johnson H. Bishop, Wolfville, Oct. 1, '86 AGENT.

BUDS & BLOSSOMS FRIENDLY GREETINGS a forty page, illustrated, monthly magazine, edited by J. F. AVERY, Halifax, N.S. Price 75 cents per year if prepaid. Its columns are devoted to Temperance, Missionary Intelligence, Household Hints, Short Stories and Illustrations, making 25 pages of reading, suitable and profitable for young and old, with an average of 12 illustrations in each number, this will give 40 pages monthly for 75 cents a year, and will, therefore, be one of the cheapest sold. Specimen copies sent for two 3c stamps.

WE SELL COLDWOOD, SEILING, BARK, R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATH, CANE, NED LOSTREIS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATGES, ETC. Best prices for all shipments. Write fully for Quotations. HATHWAY & CO., General Commission Merchants, 22 Central Wharf — Boston. Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

American Agriculturist. 100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue. 44TH YEAR. \$1.50 A YEAR. Send three 2-cent stamps for Sample copy (English or German) and Premium list of the Oldest and Best Agricultural Journal in the World. Address: Publishers American Agriculturist, 751 Broadway, New York

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT CURES PAINS, External and Internal RELIEVES Swellings, Contractions of the Joints, Sprains, Strains, HEALS Bruises, Scalds, Burns, Cuts, Cracks and Scratches. Best Stable Remedy in the World! CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Home Sore, Sore Throat, Croup, Diphtheria and Kindred Affections. Large Bottle!

Powerful Remedy! MOST ECONOMICAL! AS IT COSTS BUT 25 CENTS! Beware of Imitations, of which there are several in the market. The genuine only prepared by and bearing the name of C. C. Richards & Co., Yarmouth, N. S. TESTIMONIAL. C. C. RICHARDS & Co.—I had the muscle of my hand contracted that I could not use it for two years. I used Minard's Liniment and now my hand is as well as ever. Yours, Mrs Rachel Saunders, Dalhousie, Lun. Co.

The Ontario Mutual LIFE ASSURANCE COY. HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT. DOMINION DEPOSIT \$100,000

The Ontario guarantees in plain figures on its policies under the Company's seal, definite values either in cash or paid up assurance; thereby enabling a member to know the value of his policy at any time, and withdraw without loss in case of necessity. Examine its popular plans and rates before ensuring your life elsewhere. General Agent for Nova Scotia J. B. Newcomb, Avonport, N. S. Local Agent for Halifax, A. L. CAMERON Local Agent for Windsor, JESSE P. SMITH

FRUIT TREES FOR SALE! I have a fine lot of Fruit Trees from one to four years old, of my own growing, and grafting. I do not carry "Lops" to sell for me and can supply good stock at low prices. Isaac Shaw, Riverside Nurseries, Berwick, N. S. W. & A. Railway. Time Table 1887—Summer Arrangement—1887. Commencing Monday, 13th June.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Express, Acvm, Exp. Daily, Daily, Daily.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Acvm, Exp. Daily, Daily, Daily.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Exp. Acvm, Exp. Daily, Daily, Daily.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 2.30 p. m. and leave Yarmouth daily at 7.15 a. m. Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, p. m., and St. John every Saturday evening for Boston direct. Steamer "Yar.outh" leaves Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston. Steamer "State of Maine" and "Cam. berland" leave St. John every Monday Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a. m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston. Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6.40 a. m. and 8.30 p. m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning. Through tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations. P. INNES, General Manager Kenville, 10th June 1887.