

# THE ACADIAN

## AND BERWICK TIMES.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

VIII

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO. N. S., FRIDAY, AUGUST 17, 1898.

No. 1

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"Castoria" is well adapted to children that  
 suffer from  
 Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,  
 Four stomach, Diarrhoea, Teething,  
 Whooping Cough, and all ailments of  
 Without injurious medication.  
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### THE ACADIAN

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

TERMS:  
 \$1.00 Per Annum.

(IN ADVANCE)

**CUBS of five in advance \$4.00**

Local advertising at ten cents per line  
 every insertion, unless by special ar-  
 rangement for standing notices.

Advertisements for the Acadian  
 will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
 of work turned out.

The Acadian Job Department is con-  
 stantly receiving new type and material,  
 will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
 of work turned out.

Any communications from all parts  
 of the county, or articles upon the topics  
 of the day are cordially solicited.

The early writing for the Acadian  
 will be gratefully acknowledged, and  
 although the space is limited, it will  
 be published if possible.

Special communications to  
 DAVIDSON BROS.,  
 Editors & Proprietors,  
 Wolfville, N. S.

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### DIRECTORY

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BROWN, J. I.—Practical Horse Shoe  
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 nishings.

WILSON, JAS.—Tobacco Maker, is  
 still in Wolfville where he is prepared  
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**STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE,**  
**CONVEYANCER,**  
**INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.**

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
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**Cathartic**  
**Compound**

It cures Constipation, Bilious Disorders,  
 and all ailments of the Bowels.  
 It is a safe and reliable medicine,  
 and will be found in every household.  
 Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

### Short Story,

**WILLIAM BROWN, NOT MARTYR.**

The sky is dark, although it is midday;  
 but for the warm open space of Eastwood town  
 Red, leaping flames about the faggots play.  
 Waiting for William Brown.

Only a boy, a "heretic," though a boy,  
 brought to his home while all the  
 heavens are dim,  
 Brought here to die with courage—nay,  
 with joy!

Good people, pray for him.  
 Gold is the sky, and all these faces add  
 a gleam of light, save where the faggots  
 burn.

And the boy says—he is but twelve years  
 old—  
 "Good people, pray for me." "Old"

There stands a man with children of his  
 own  
 There stands a mother, her babe is at  
 her breast;

Brothers and sisters stand about the town—  
 These all hear his request—  
 The father turns his sorrowful head away,  
 The mother tighter holds her infant fair,  
 Brothers and sisters laugh as if in play,  
 But no one prays a prayer.

Yet one voice responds, while darkness  
 down  
 The murky heavens as if it were not  
 day,  
 "I'll pray no more for thee, boy William  
 Brown,  
 Than for a dog I'd pray."

Then the boy William Brown lifts up his  
 eyes,  
 From pitiless men, from fires of agony,  
 And says, before dark faces and dark  
 skies,  
 "Son of God, slip on me!"

At once the sun shines through the thick,  
 black clouds,  
 Fall on the face of William Brown, whose  
 sight  
 is faint to look away, not from the crowd  
 but from the dazzling light.

The sky is rent, the brightness of God's  
 Throne  
 Pierces the darkness with a sudden joy!  
 Ye need not pray—the need of prayer is  
 gone  
 For him, the martyr boy.

### Interesting Story.

**The Cannon's Mouth.**

They said it was a forest march.  
 First, some soldiers on horseback went  
 tearing by with a terrible clatter, leav-  
 ing a cloud of dust behind them, then it  
 was all quiet for an hour. I heard a  
 tramping, and looking up to the crest  
 of rising ground to the north,  
 saw the road packed with soldiers on  
 foot. They came quickly up, and I  
 rarely had time to see what they looked  
 like before they were in front of me.  
 They didn't march like soldiers I had  
 seen in the city on a gala day, when I  
 was a little girl; they hurried along,  
 each man walking as he liked. I  
 wondered how they could go so fast,  
 they were loaded down so. They  
 carried great heavy knapsacks and  
 blankets, and tin pans and canteens,  
 besides their muskets. They looked  
 more as if they were going to set up  
 house-keeping than to war.

While I was leaning on the window-  
 sill looking out and watching them, I  
 saw a young officer ride into the yard,  
 just as if he belonged to the place—or,  
 rather, as if the place belonged to him  
 and back towards the barn. Two  
 soldiers rode close behind him, and  
 they got down off their horses and  
 went into the barn. I thought at once  
 they were after our horses. My pony  
 was there, and I made up my mind  
 they shouldn't take him without walk-  
 ing over my dead body. I ran down  
 stairs and out to the barn. If I had  
 been making a forced march myself I  
 couldn't have gone faster. Before I  
 got there they had two horses out and  
 were harnessing them to the farm  
 wagon. I marched straight up to the  
 officer and asked him what he was  
 doing.

He was a trifle startled at seeing a  
 girl standing before him, looking as if  
 she intended to make resistance.

"We're 'pressing' all the horses and  
 wagons we find along the road," he  
 said.

"What do you mean by 'pressing'  
 them?"

"We're 'pressing' them into the  
 service."

"What for?"

"To carry the men's knapsacks.  
 They can march faster."

"Do you think it makes it any more  
 respectable to call it 'pressing'?"

The officer's face was flushed. I  
 thought it was because he was ashamed  
 of his work; but I soon noticed that  
 he was in a burning fever.

"You shan't take my pony, anyway."  
 I cried, going to a man who was lead-  
 ing him out of the barn, and asking

the halter.

"Never mind that 'horse," said the  
 officer, "it's only a pony. Take it  
 back to the stable."

The man obeyed at once. They  
 harnessed the two horses to the wagon,  
 and led the pony into the road. As  
 the soldiers marched past it they threw  
 their knapsacks into the wagon, and it  
 was soon loaded, and one of the negroes  
 drove it away.

Just then an officer came along with  
 a number of other officers and a train  
 of horsemen following him. I noticed  
 that he had stars on his shoulders and  
 wore a straight sword instead of a  
 crooked one like the rest.

"Captain," he said, looking at the  
 officer who had taken our horses and  
 wagon, "you'd better not try to go any  
 farther."

"I can go on, general. It's only  
 intermittent."

The general cut him short with;  
 "Stop where you are." He spoke so  
 sharp that I thought he was going to  
 bite the captain's head off. I wished  
 the captain had the courage to answer  
 him, but he hadn't. The general and  
 those who were with him rode on, leav-  
 ing the sick man sitting on his horse look-  
 ing after them, to take care of himself  
 as best he could. I noticed he wore  
 the same ornament on his cap as those  
 about the general—a wreath—and I  
 concluded he was one of them.

There was an interval in the passing  
 regiments, and no one was near but  
 the captain and me.

"What are you going to do?" I  
 asked him.

"I was sitting on the fence, with my  
 feet dangling. It wasn't a very grace-  
 ful position, but I was only a country  
 girl then, and I didn't know any better.

"I don't know," he said, wearily;  
 "If I suppose I must ride back to N—  
 There's a long-gaited horse."

If he hadn't been a Yankee and a  
 robber, or a "presser," which in the  
 same thing, I'd have asked him to come  
 into the house at once, he looked so  
 sick.

"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I  
 said, "to take horses that don't belong  
 to you?"

He did look ashamed. "It isn't a  
 pleasant business," he said. "You had  
 better get that pony of yours out of the  
 way; there'll be more troops along  
 here-by-and-by."

When he said this his voice sound-  
 ed so pleasant, and he looked so sick  
 that I made up my mind to ask him  
 in. But I couldn't bring myself to  
 speak kindly to him. I couldn't forget  
 he was a Yankee soldier.

"Come into the house," I said sharply.

He looked at me out of his melan-  
 choly, feverish eyes.

"No, I thank you. I'll ride back  
 to N—," and he turned his horse's  
 head to ride away.

I called to him to stop. He obeyed  
 me and I went out into the road and  
 took hold of his bridle.

"What do you mean by that?" he  
 asked in surprise.

"I am going to 'press' your horse."

"What for?"

"To keep for the safe return of  
 those you've taken."

He looked at me sort of dazed. He  
 put his hand to his head, and didn't  
 seem to know what to do. I led his  
 horse up to the veranda. He dis-  
 mounted and walked feebly up the  
 steps and sat down on a bench, while I  
 took his horse round to the barn.

Well, the captain was put to bed.  
 He had typhoid fever, and a very bad  
 case it was. Occasionally, when troops  
 would come into the neighborhood, I  
 would mount my pony, and ride over  
 to their camp to ask to have a surgeon  
 come and see him. Between the sur-  
 geon and my nursing we got him  
 through the crisis. I nursed him for  
 six weeks. Then he became convales-  
 cent, and it was very nice to have  
 him sitting up in an arm-chair on the  
 veranda looking so pale and handsome.

I used to sit by him with my work  
 and he seemed so gentle and so paci-  
 ent—not at all like he appeared to  
 me when I first saw him riding back  
 to the farm to 'pre' the horses—that  
 I began to feel sorry he wasn't one of  
 our men instead of being nothing but a  
 detestable Yankee.

One day while I was sitting on the  
 veranda beside him, he said;  
 "Miss Molly, are you still holding

my horse as a hostage?"

"Yes. Ours haven't come back  
 yet."

"Don't you think you could let me  
 take him when I get well, if I should  
 promise to go and find your horses and  
 have them returned?"

"I'll say about that when you get  
 well."

He had been talking already about  
 going on to join the army, but I didn't  
 think him well enough, and didn't  
 mean to let him go. He couldn't very  
 well go without his horse, so I wouldn't  
 let him have it.

"What hostage do you require in  
 token of my appreciation of your kind-  
 ness since I've been sick?" he asked.

"You haven't anything to leave,  
 Besides, I've done very little," I'm  
 sure."

"He thought a moment. Then he  
 said, somewhat sadly:

"Yes; there's one thing I can leave  
 —only one. I'll leave that with you."

I couldn't think of one thing he  
 had except his revolver, and I was sure  
 he wouldn't leave that. It wasn't ap-  
 propriate. I waited for him to tell  
 me, but he said nothing about it then.

At last he was well enough to go.  
 At least he thought so; I didn't. He  
 was still as weak as a kitten, but I saw  
 how anxious he was, and I didn't op-  
 pose him any longer. So one pleasant  
 morning when the air was soft and the  
 roads were dry, I told one of the col-  
 ored boys to bring the captain's horse  
 round from the barn.

The captain stood on the veranda  
 ready to mount and ride away. His  
 blankets and rubber poncho were strap-  
 ped behind the saddle; just as he had  
 left them, and his horse was so anxious  
 to be off that the boy could hardly  
 hold him. The captain took my hand  
 in his to say good-bye, and looked  
 us straight in the eyes. I lowered  
 them to his spurs.

"You're a good girl," he said. "I'll  
 not forget your kindness."

"Oh, I would have done the same  
 for anyone."

"Anyone?"

"Anyone."

Then I asked myself: "What did I  
 want to say that for?"

"I leave you the hostage I spoke  
 of," he said, "but it is a very poor  
 return for so much kindness—a mere  
 bagatelle."

I could have bitten my tongue off.  
 He was going to make a return—to  
 pay for what I had done for him.

"You will find it," he added, "if  
 you have the shrewdness to guess  
 where it is."

With that he gave my hand a pres-  
 sure, and looked long and steadily into  
 my eyes. Then he mounted his horse  
 and drove away without once looking  
 back.

As soon as he had gone I commence-  
 ed to think what he could mean about  
 leaving a hostage. I was sure he  
 wouldn't offer anything very valuable.  
 He must know I wouldn't like that;  
 but I thought he might have some little  
 trinket for me to remember him by. I  
 ransacked the room he had occupied,  
 looking into bureau drawers, into closets,  
 any place the ingenuity of man  
 could find to hide anything. I even  
 looked behind the pictures hanging on  
 the wall. Then I went all over the  
 house from attic to cellar. Not a thing  
 could I find. Then I recalled his  
 words: "If you are shrewd enough to  
 guess where it is," and went all over  
 my search again. At last I gave it  
 up. "A pretty way to treat me," I  
 grumbled, "after taking care of him so  
 long!" I vowed that if ever I should  
 see him again he should tell me where  
 he had really left any thing and  
 what it was.

News came of terrible fighting at the  
 front. Stragglers, broken-down horses,  
 wagons, ambulances, from which now  
 and then a ghastly face would look out,  
 kept going by day after day for several  
 days. The yard, the barn, the kitchen,  
 were full of men. The first day  
 they drank all the water in the well.

Then regiments marched by almost as  
 fast as when they were making their  
 forced march South. They passed on  
 by the house, but stopped on the crest  
 of the hill up the road. There they  
 began to dig with spades and shovels,  
 and the next morning when I looked  
 out there was a long line of forts, and  
 the Yankee flags flying above them,

and great heavens! the black mouths

of cannon frowning directly down at  
 us.

While I was looking I heard some-  
 thing rattle far down the road. It  
 sounded like emptying a barrel of stones  
 into another barrel. Then another  
 rattle, mingled with a constant dull  
 booming. All the morning the sounds  
 went on, till at last I could  
 distinctly hear the loud reports of can-  
 non and of muskets fired at each other.

I noticed a great stir in the forts  
 above. Horsemen were galloping back  
 and forth; new guns were every mo-  
 ment thrusting out their ugly mouths,  
 and men were marching and counter-  
 marching. I could hear their officers  
 shouting gibberish at them, which they  
 must have been Indian or Chinese to  
 understand. Then more soldiers pass-  
 ed of the house from the South, tired,  
 dusty, grimed, some of them running,  
 some wounded and tottering along  
 slowly. All passed in a steady stream  
 behind the forts.

Suddenly a horseman dashed up to  
 the house—he was all dust and dirt,  
 and his face was covered with foam.  
 He threw himself from the saddle and  
 came up onto the veranda.

"Good gracious! the captain."  
 "Come away from here at once," he  
 said; "our men are retreating; we  
 are going to make a stand behind the  
 works. You are directly in range.  
 He quick! the fire is liable to stop on  
 any moment."

Then there was a scramble to snatch  
 a few things. One took a lamp, an-  
 other a pitcher, another a photograph  
 album. It seemed as if everybody  
 took the most useless article to be  
 found. All except me were hurrying  
 down the walk to the gate; I stayed  
 behind. The captain tried to make  
 me hurry. He was stamping up and  
 down on the veranda and through the  
 hall, almost crazy at my delay.

"Come, be quick!" he said, as  
 sharp as if he were the general him-  
 self.

"Captain"—I said, hesitating.  
 "What is it?" he asked, impatiently.

"The hostage?"

"What hostage?"

"That you left when you went  
 away; I couldn't find it. Must we  
 leave it?"

He looked at me a moment as if he  
 thought I had lost my senses; then he  
 burst into a laugh.

"I never could stand to be laughed  
 at, and just then it was particularly  
 obnoxious. I made up my mind that  
 he should tell me what I had hunted  
 for, and tell me there and then.

"Never mind that," he said, seeing  
 that I was irritated. "Save yourself  
 and it will be in no especial dan-  
 ger."

"I'll not leave it, whatever it is," I  
 said, resolutely.

"Come! come! this will be a battle-  
 field in a few minutes."

"I won't stir a step till you tell me  
 what I want to know."

"Nonsense!" he said, severely.  
 The more severe his tone, the more  
 resolute I became. I stood stock-till.

"For Heaven's sake!" he urged,  
 becoming really frightened; "the gun-  
 ners are standing with the lanyards  
 in their hands ready to fire."

"Let them fire!" I flung my  
 arms.

A volley sounded a short dis-  
 tance down the line of forts to the west.  
 The captain tried to seize my writ-  
 ing.

"Do come!" he pleaded.  
 "Tell me what was the hostage?" I  
 said, stubbornly.

"Here?"

"Here?"

"No, no; this is not a fit place to  
 tell you that. For the love of Heaven,  
 do come away!"

I vowed I would conquer him or die  
 on the field.

"You shall either tell me or I will  
 stay here till the battle is over."

He looked at the frowning forts anx-  
 iously, then he came at me.  
 "You must know?"

"Yes?"

"Now?"

**THE ACADIAN.**  
WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUG. 17, 1888.

**The College Jubilee.**

The approaching commemoration of the fifth anniversary of the founding of Acadia College will be an event of marked interest to our village, to the College and to its large and ever-widening constituency. Preparations for its proper celebration have been in progress for some months and we may expect from the reputation of the speakers on this occasion and the nature of the subjects to be discussed that contributions of a permanent educational value and of more than provincial interest will be given to the world. In addition to those who have prepared formal addresses other gentlemen of eminence in educational and literary pursuits both from Canada and the United States will, we learn, be given an opportunity of addressing the gatherings and contributing their varied wisdom and experience to the general benefit.

The friends of the College have certainly reason to congratulate themselves upon the educational results of the half-century since 1838. In spite of the weakness of its founders, the smallness of its constitutions, the open and concealed opposition of those who did not wish well to the enterprise, Acadia College has made steady progress in all the lines of material prosperity. Starting without buildings or endowment, with but two professors and half a score of students, she has reached out gradually in all directions; adding to her endowment, her buildings, her students and faculty, till now her equipment in these particulars is for a provincial college more than respectable. With a professional covering all the recognized branches of an ordinary arts course, with over one hundred students in the main an exceedingly worthy class, with buildings well adapted to their purposes and an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars, Acadia enters the second half-century of her existence with prospects of continued growth and enlarged usefulness.

The friends of Acadia may be pardoned for pointing with some degree of pride to the record of her graduates. Whether through native mental endowment or superior training it is a fact that the alumni of this institution compare favorably with those of older and richer universities. They have won for themselves an enviable reputation both in this country and in the neighboring Union for thoroughness and mental strength. Acadia College is widely known through her graduates who are filling important positions in the professions and in other departments of intellectual activity. The College has thus established an unquestionable reputation and can present such strong claims for patronage and support that its friends can confidently appeal for these to a discerning public.

**Sons of Temperance.**

The Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of Nova Scotia held its summer session in Sydney, C. B., on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, Mr. P. Monaghan, G. W. P., presiding. The attendance was very good. Among those present were P. Monaghan, Rev. R. A. Temple, J. E. Butler, Theo. Offen, Miss Temple, W. Foster, J. McCrowe, W. T. Horton, T. Tozer, and others, of Halifax; Bowman Corning, of Yarmouth; F. W. Curry, of Lower Horton; T. Marshall, of New Glasgow; P. Floyd, of Antigonish. The business was important and the reports showed the order to be in excellent condition—a larger number of members having been admitted during the quarter ending June 30th than was ever known for the same time in any previous year. Four sittings were held and much interest was taken in the proceedings.

A public meeting was held in Temperance Hall on Thursday evening, Mr. Morley presided. Rev. Mr. Coffin read an address to Grand Worthy Patriarch Monaghan. During the reading of the address two gentlemen stepped to the front and handed to Mr. Monaghan handsome silver ice-pickets. Mr. G. W. P. acknowledged the compliment in a few well-chosen remarks. Mr. A. B. Gates, of Boston, a member of the Grand Division of Massachusetts, was the next speaker. W. Foster acquitted himself with good judgment in a brief speech. N. F. Gates spoke briefly. John E. Butler made a brief speech, which made a very good impression. He referred to the long intimacy between himself and the G. W. P. (they were schoolmates), and he felt honored at that officer being treated as he was on that evening. A. G. McLean, of Sydney, was called upon and his duty was to present on behalf of the order in Cape Breton a congratulatory address to Rev. R. Alder Temple on his elevation to the office of Most Worthy Patriarch of North America. The address was presented in a very pleasing manner, and although not prepared, Mr. Temple replied in terms which made the occasion more impressive.

**The Scott Act.**

The Rev. Mr. Keeler, of Toronto, gave an interesting address on "The Failure of the Scott Act" in the Baptist vestry on Tuesday evening. The vestry was well filled and the audience listened attentively to the very interesting programme which was presented. The Rev. lecturer is an eloquent speaker and presents his views with force and earnestness. He maintains that the Act, notwithstanding its defects, has proved of great value as a restrictive measure, and is one of the great stepping-stones to prohibition. By making the sale of liquor illegal, it becomes disreputable, and few people of any self-respect will engage in the traffic. His lecture occupied over an hour, and is well worth hearing by all interested in the temperance cause. The evening was made still further agreeable by the excellent singing of Prof. F. H. Morgan, a blind singer, and his little daughter, Fairy. The latter possesses an unusually powerful and sweet voice for one so young. We wish Mr. Keeler every success in the prosecution of his work and hope his most sanguine hopes in reference to the temperance reform may be realized.

**Our Boys.**

The following from the Halifax Critic meets the case perfectly:  
An one travelling through our Maritime Provinces of late years cannot fail to notice the small proportion of adolescent youth resident therein. Both young men and young women leave the country about as soon as they are able to think and act for themselves. Why is this? No one will venture to say that these Provinces by the sea cannot support their people. Our untold resources are enormous, while those known and more or less developed are abundantly sufficient to maintain ten times the population that we now have.

It is an indisputable fact that nearly all our active industries are to-day in the hands of foreigners. Our coal mines, our gold mines, our iron deposits, our forests, are mainly held by Americans, while our boys and girls go to "the States" to "better their condition." Practically speaking it is of little importance whether their hopes are or are not realized. Our civilization may not be their own, but their education and their habits are. A Nova Scotian, of all classes, generally succeeds in what they put their hands to; but what we contend is, that the conscientious energy they display abroad would be far better devoted to the building up of their own country. These are facts which it becomes our leaders of public opinion to recognize and act upon. Of course the spirit of unrest, and the desire to "see the world," which are incidental to youth, influence many of our people to go abroad. But this only measurably accounts for the movement that goes on daily under our eyes.

**United States Unhappy.**

Canada is becoming more and more a cause of uneasiness to some of the public men of the United States. In the Senate, the other day, resolutions for the purpose of obtaining information as to the operation of railway lines controlled in Canada, which are diverting commerce, originating in the United States, from American to Canadian lines, were adopted. The mover, Mr. Cullum, made a long speech to show how, by the aid of subsidies granted by the British and Canadian governments to railroads and steamships, Canadian lines are obtaining the control of commerce and, especially, of transportation of tea—42 per cent. of the tea business being now carried on through Canada. A long debate ensued, but the resolution was finally adopted.

**Municipal Council.**

A special meeting of the Municipal Council was held in the Court House, Kentville, on Tuesday last to appoint assessors and a board of revision and appeal, under chapter 2, of 1888. All the councillors were present. The assessors appointed are as follow:—  
Ward 1, D. M. Dickie, John West, Daniel Hurdley,  
2, R. Owen Dickie, J. C. Neely,  
3, J. L. Bill, Wm. E. Newcomb,  
4, Thomas T. Gray, A. R. Clarke,  
5, Norman T. Lewis, D. Berreau,  
6, Cornwallis, B. H. Hisey,  
7, Horton, W. J. Wallace, James S. Ward,  
8, Isaac N. Caldwell, Robt. Schofield,  
9, Jas. T. Manning, Geo. Harvey,  
10, Robert Burns, C. M. Vaughan,  
11, Wm. West, Levi Gates, John Bishop,  
12, Wm. Wilson, Richard Gaul,  
13, A. K. Patterson, Jos. H. Eaton,  
14, Leonard Vanbuskirk, James E. Dodge.  
15, Burton Sweet, Rich. Marshall,  
Board of Revision and Appeal—T. H. Parker, J. L. Gertridge, Stephen Taylor.

**NOTICE!**

I beg to inform the public that I have sold out the stock and goodwill of the business of Augustus Brown to Mr. Walker Brown, who will continue in the old stand.  
Thanking my late customers for their patronage, I would bespeak for my successor a continuance of their custom.  
F. B. BROWN,  
Trustee for Estate Aug. Brown.

**1883. 1888.**  
**MUSIC!**  
**PIANOS**  
From \$200 to \$350.  
**PARLOR ORGANS**  
2 full Sets of Reeds, \$75.00 to \$150.00  
**Chapel Organs,**  
4 Sets of Reeds, \$100.00 to \$400.00  
**The Baby Organ,**  
For Children, price only \$50.00.  
Cabinet Roller Organs from \$7.00 to \$15.00 with music free.  
**BAND INSTRUMENTS**  
From \$10, \$20, \$30 and upwards.  
Special prices of name to Bands. Address—**John S. Jones & Co.,** Music Warehouse, Halifax, N. S.  
April 13th, 1888

**Wallace, the Tailor.**

My Spring Stock is now complete. These goods have been personally selected for custom-trade. All Wool Worsted Suits \$15 and upwards. Sarcoted Pants from \$4 upwards; Tweed Suits from \$10 upwards. Tweed Pants from \$3 upwards. You will find it to your advantage to give me a call before purchasing.  
Your Obedt Servant,  
W. WALLACE.  
P. S.—I will be pleased to make up goods purchased elsewhere as usual.  
Wolfville, March 16th, 1888

**H. S. DODGE'S**  
**QUERIES.**

**H. S. DODGE ASKS QUESTIONS!**  
**QUIZZICALLY NOT QUERULOUSLY!**

Do you trade with H. S. Dodge?  
If not, why not?  
Does any merchant make such low prices?  
Does any merchant sell such low goods?  
Is any merchant so obliging?  
Has any merchant so complete a stock?  
Don't you want to get the most for your money?  
Have you ever given H. S. Dodge a trial?  
If not, why not?  
H. S. DODGE, waits your answer.  
5 Cornwallis Street, Kentville, N. S.  
July 13th, 1888.

**NOTICE.**

The office of Registrar of Deeds is removed to the Court House at Kentville, and will remain there until the new office, now in course of erection in the vicinity, shall be completed.  
F. B. BROWN,  
Registrar of Deeds for King's Co.  
Kentville, June 18th, '88

**ASSIGNEE'S SALE!**

**THE ENTIRE STOCK OF DRY GOODS, Groceries, Boots & Shoes, HARDWARE, ETC.,**

F. L. Strong & Co., SOMERSET.  
To be closed out. Parties looking for bargains will find plenty of them here. By order of  
JOHN A. JOHNSON, Assignee.  
Somerset, June 20th, '88

**1 CASE FLEECY COTTONS,**  
**1 Case Flannels in Plain and Twilled—Gray, Scarlet, White and Navy.**  
**YARMOUTH CLOTH & YARN.**  
WANTED—GOOD TABLE-BUTTER.

**FOR SALE!**

**PLUM & PEAR BOXES,** by S. Vaughan. Wolfville, August 2d '8

**Village House,** WOLFVILLE.

Mrs D. H. NEWCOMB, having moved from BLOMIDON to the above house, is prepared to provide for permanent and transient boarders by the day or week.  
Wolfville, July 1st, '88

**Vocal Music.**

MISS M. G. BROWN will be prepared to give lessons in Vocal Music, after 1st June.  
Wolfville, May 15th, '88

**"INDUCEMENTS!"**

We want your trade and in order to secure it we are placing our goods at unusually low figures.  
LADIES' ALL-WOOL DRESS GOODS from 20c per yard upward. Screenings, Swiss Checks, Gingham, Prints, Shirtings, etc.; a choice range down fine.

**CLOTHING!**

Cut and quality equal to tailors make, and prices lower than ever. Clothing never before so low; do not fail to see it; All-Wool Scotch Tweed Suits at a Bargain.

**Wanted.**

Live, Energetic Men to Sell Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Rose Bushes and Shrubs.  
Salary and Expenses Paid.  
State age and name references to former reply. Address S. T. CANNON & Co., Attention this paper, August 1st.

**Wanted.**

Live, Energetic Men to Sell Fruit Trees, Small Fruits, Rose Bushes and Shrubs.  
Salary and Expenses Paid.  
State age and name references to former reply. Address S. T. CANNON & Co., Attention this paper, August 1st.

**TO LET!**

The Corner Store occupied by Johnson H. Bishop. Frost-proof Cellar. Possession given 1st June. Apply to  
WALTER BROWN,  
Wolfville, 1st May, '88

**Jersev Bull**

The subscriber offers for service the Thoroughbred Jersey Bull,  
"EUREKA"  
(148)  
Sire, "Victor Hugo" (445); Dam, "Dairy Queen" (165).  
Terms—\$2.00 at time of service, by the season.  
G. H. PATRIQUIN,  
Wolfville, March 28, '88

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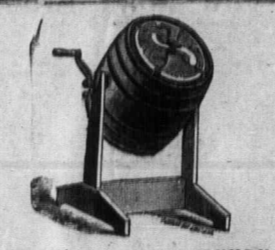
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G. H. PATRIQUIN,  
Wolfville, March 28, '88

**L. J. DONALDSON,**  
BREEDER OF PURE BRED  
**LIGHT BRAHMAS & WYANDOTTES.**  
Stock for sale at all times.  
PORT WILLIAMS, N. S.



**THE "DAISY" CHURN.**

People buy the "Daisy" Churn because it makes a superior quality of butter and fully 1/3 per cent. more of it than any other churn in the world. And because it saves half the labor and is perfect in material and workmanship and is so easily cleaned. And because it is so simple and durable. And because it is warranted to give perfect satisfaction.  
Over 80,000 sold in the United States last year. Try one and see for yourself. For sale by  
D. MUMFORD,  
Wolfville N. S., July 12th.



**1883. 1888.**  
**MUSIC!**  
**PIANOS**  
From \$200 to \$350.  
**PARLOR ORGANS**  
2 full Sets of Reeds, \$75.00 to \$150.00  
**Chapel Organs,**  
4 Sets of Reeds, \$100.00 to \$400.00  
**The Baby Organ,**  
For Children, price only \$50.00.  
Cabinet Roller Organs from \$7.00 to \$15.00 with music free.  
**BAND INSTRUMENTS**  
From \$10, \$20, \$30 and upwards.  
Special prices of name to Bands. Address—**John S. Jones & Co.,** Music Warehouse, Halifax, N. S.  
April 13th, 1888

**REMOVAL.**

Miss Taylor, Dress Maker,  
Has removed her rooms to Mr D. Minard's, Chipman Hall, where she will be pleased to attend to the wants of her customers as formerly.  
Wolfville, June 11th, 1888.

### JUBILEE

Supplies arriving daily.

New Oranges and Lemons, Bananas, Tomatoes, Blueberries, Raspberries.

Fresh Biscuits, Confectionery, Dates Figs, Nuts, Raisins, Syrups, Canned Goods, etc.

Poison and Sticky Fly-paper, Insect Powder and Guns, now in.

Fine Stock Crockery and Glassware, Gem Jars, etc., selling low, at

**R. Prat's.**

August 15, 1888.

### THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUG. 17, 1888

#### Local and Provincial.

COMING TO HALIFAX.—Sir John and Lady Macdonald are to be in Halifax next week, the guests of T. E. Kenney, M. P.

FOR SPORTSMEN.—The season for moose shooting commences Sep. 15th; for beavers, hares, etc., Nov. 1st; for partridge and grouse Sept. 15th, and for woodcock, snipe or teal, Aug. 20th.

HAY.—Owing to so much dull weather of late the haymaking has proceeded slowly and considerable hay has been spoiled in consequence. However a large quantity has been harvested in good condition.

POLITICAL.—Sir Adams G. Archibald was elected in Colchester on Wednesday by a vote of from 500 to 600 votes.—Hon. John Haggart, Postmaster-General, has been elected by acclamation in South Sanark.

GOOD PAPER.—The Yarmouth Herald was 54 years old on Thursday last week. It is today one of the best papers in the Maritime Provinces and is enjoying the prosperity to which its long and honorable career entitles it.

B. G. Bishop sells Greenhead lime at \$1.50 per cask.

BIG OATS.—Mr. J. W. Caldwell, brought into our office on Tuesday a sample of oats from his garden which shows a wonderful growth, having reached the height of 6 feet 4 inches. We doubt if this can be beaten—even by a farmer.

BAPTIST.—The pulpit of the Baptist church was occupied on Sunday evening last by Rev. Wm Newcomb, of Thomaston, Me, who is paying a visit to his old home. Mr Newcomb preached an excellent sermon to a large and attentive audience.

GOING AWAY.—We are sorry to learn that our townsmen, Fred Brown, Esq., is finding it necessary to remove to Kentville in order to look after his duties as registrar. Mr Brown has long been a resident of Wolfville and general regret will be felt at his departure.

IMPROVEMENT.—We are glad to note that our suggestion regarding having the grass clipped out of the gutters has been followed out. The grass has been neatly trimmed which adds considerably to the appearance of the streets. We trust that other improvements will be made during the coming week.

5 cases Gem Jars just in, at B. G. Bishop's very low.

GOOD WORK.—Messrs Churchill's steamers are doing good work this season. The traffic by these boats is increasing rapidly and will continue to do so as the public have every confidence in them and their owners and managers. A large number of excursion have taken place which with their regular work keeps the boats very busy.

PICNIC.—Wolfville Division, S. of T., held its annual picnic on Wednesday of this week at the "Look off". The company, numbering about fifty, left here at about ten o'clock and after spending a delightful day returned "in the glazing" well pleased with the day's enjoyment and satisfied that the "Look off" is one of the finest places in the county for a pleasant picnic.

WANTED—1000 Doz. Eggs per week, highest prices paid cash or trade at  
—S.L. E. C. Bishop's

BUSINESS CHANGE.—As will be seen from a notice in another column Mr Walter Brown has bought the hardware business carried on under the name of Messrs Brown. We wish our townsmen every success in his business career. His business is one of the largest and most widely known in the county and we have no doubt that the new proprietor will meet with the success which merits it.

BARBER NOTICE.—If your razor is taken to J. M. Slaw's Barber, and he will put it in first-class order for the small sum of 15c. 10

Baseball.—H. H. Welton, M. D., son of Dr. Welton, and well known in the county, died suddenly in New York on Monday of this week. Mr Welton graduated at Acadia in 1881 and after a successful career in medicine began a successful one in Brooklyn, N. Y., about a year ago. In Wolfville he was a general practitioner and the sad news of his death was very generally regret among his warm friends here and elsewhere.

### Have U Seen

Our Ladies' Dongola Kid Button Boot

Hand-made for \$4.00.

Unrivalled for STRENGTH, Unexcelled for FINENESS, Unequaled for SOFTNESS, Unparalleled for DURABILITY, Unsurpassed for Brilliance of FINISH.

We will warrant every pair.

**C. H. Borden.**

Agent for "Gilt Edge" Dressing.

#### Local and Provincial.

AT THE HUB.—Rev. Mr Hutchinson and Miss Smith are said to be living on Shawmut Avenue, Boston.

NEW DEPARTURE.—The ladies college at Sackville will in future have a course of study of short-hand and type-writing.

ANOTHER COMBINATION BUSTED.—From this date C. H. Borden will weigh hay for 10 cents a load whether it weighs 5c or 7c.

GRAIN.—Reports all around place the crop of grain as good. Oats are looking very well and the crop will be far above that of last year.

PERSONAL.—Mr W. R. Campbell, secretary of the W. & A. Ry. Co., of London, is now in Kentville for a few days in the interest of road.

THAT COMBINATION.—Having caused the hay scale combine to "bust" I am now weighing hay, etc., as low as the lowest.  
R. PRAT.

LUMBER.—Mr S. P. Benjamin is now preparing to ship lumber to the Argentine Republic. The first cargo will be shipped at Port Williams for Buenos Ayres at \$13.00.

A big stock of Stone Butter Cakes at B. G. Bishop's.

NEW STATION.—A new station house is nearly completed at Falmouth. It is much larger than the old one, and being so early needed will be duly appreciated by the Falmouth people.—Tribune.

FISHING.—Messrs J. F. Herbin and A. E. Sleep spent a few days fishing at the Forks River last week and met with good success. They returned on Saturday afternoon with nine dozens of good fish, having had a very pleasant trip.

TOURISTS.—The steamer Yarmouth arrived in Yarmouth at 4 o'clock, a. m., on Wednesday with a large number of summer tourists. The remarkably quick passages made by this steamer is making her very popular. The Yarmouth route is without doubt ahead of any other route.

RECTOR.—At a meeting of the parish of Horton on Tuesday the Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., late president of King's College, was unanimously chosen to succeed Rev. J. O. Ruggles as rector of the parish. We congratulate the parish on their good fortune in securing such an able rector to fill the vacancy.

JUST IN.—Roofing Paint, Carriage Paints, leads, glass, etc. for sale low at B. G. Bishop's.

MINING.—J. L. Smith and others, of Amherst, have just completed the sale of what is known as the Lasson mine, located near Macca, Cumberland, on the Intercolonial Railway. Messrs George H. Patterson and J. M. Green-shields, are among the purchasers, and the price is said to be in the neighborhood of \$50,000.

TICKET.—Last fall a number of tickets from the Grand Lottery in connection with the new Catholic Church in Wolfville, were sold in Kentville by Mrs M. Burke. One of these, No. 2845, held by Mrs John Pratt, has drawn a prize, a handsome set of silver eaters, valued at about \$100.00, and is now in the possession of the owner.—Hants Journal.

SACRED CONCERT.—On Monday evening next a grand sacred concert is to be given in the basement of the Methodist church at Lower Horton. A choice programme of vocal and instrumental music has been provided; and such musical talent as has been secured under the capable direction of Mrs Clements' splendid treat may be expected. For full particulars we would direct attention to the posters.

The revised edition of the Jubilee programme is to go to B. G. Bishop's, and see those beautiful American lamps just in. Daily arrive, beautiful toilet-ware, crates of crockery, glass and earthenware, etc. These goods offered very low.

BASEBALL.—The baseball match on Friday last between the first nine of the Wolfville Baseball Club and the Canada team resulted in a victory for the latter. The playing was not so good as in the former match although some good playing was done by both teams.—The Wolfville Juniors played a return match at Kentville on Saturday when the latter came off victorious. A return game is to be played on Saturday here. The Kentville ground is not very suitable for the game.

#### BERWICK TIMES.

NEWS, NOTES, JOTTINGS, ETC.

Rev. D. O. Parker is our representative in Berwick, and is prepared to take orders for job printing and advertising. We are constantly adding to our plant, and will give prompt attention to all work. Get our prices.

Berwick is full of visitors enjoying the luxuries of rest, friendship and business.

Inadvertently we omitted to credit the article on "Camp-meeting" last week as a contribution.

CHRIST CHURCH (Anglican).—Divine service next Sunday at 11 a. m. All seats free. REV. M. C. WARD, Incumbent.

Mr F. A. Clark has purchased the old station and moved it into his mill premises and will fit it up for an office and shop.

Mr Paiker has a fine show of furniture in his new warehouse. He represents this paper in Berwick and takes subscriptions for it and orders for advertisements and job printing.

Rev. D. Freeman and wife have been visiting their friends in Berwick. Mr Freeman preached here on the Sabbath morning and Mr C. B. Corey, late of Amherst, in the evening.

BAPTIST APPOINTMENTS.—Preaching at Berwick at 11 a. m. At Somerset at 4 p. m. Prayer meetings on Sabbath and Tuesday evenings at Berwick. All strangers provided with seats.  
E. O. READ, Pastor.

Through Berwick, Somerset and Weston, the old Virginia pole fences have about all disappeared along the highway, and beautiful trees are growing up in their stead, and many of the fields are cultivated quite up to the road tracks. This innovation upon the old time-honored custom relieves the proprietors of heavy taxes, prevents the snows of winter drifting, and contributes much to the appearance of the luxuriantly growing fields.

Weston is a live farming district between Berwick and Aylesford on the road west of Somerset, noted for its thrifty farms, neat houses, large barns and well-cultivated fields. The Weston cheese, everywhere known for its superiority, is manufactured here under the direction of C. E. Sandford, Esq., and the factory in this season running a very prosperous business. With very commendable enterprise this settlement has erected a spacious, neat and commodious hall, seated with chairs and sofas, furnished with organ and grandly lighted for evening meetings. Very few of our large villages have so fine a hall and yet in view of the advantages of such a building there can be no better investment.

On Tuesday evening, Mrs Marion R. Baxter, of Michigan, U. S., lectured in this hall to a very intelligent and appreciative audience. Her eloquent address captivated the hearts of all. On the platform was the genial presence of Miss Stirling, of the Orphan's Home, who had come several miles expressly to hear this distinguished lecturer. This benevolent woman opened the meeting with prayer, and such an inimitable prayer, so appropriate, so simple and childlike, and yet so grand and inspiring, we have seldom heard, and while it went up to heaven and brought heaven down to earth, its soft, sweet, holy accents thrilled through every heart. The evening was quite unfavorable and Miss Stirling being somewhat indisposed had to leave before the lecture was closed. As she left the platform the whole meeting rose to their feet and gave her a hearty good cheer as she retired. In the audience was also Mrs Wm Skinner, eighty-four years old, apparently as hearty and hale as the young girls in their teens. Pungent and prosperity to Weston. In next issue we will notice the lecture of Wednesday evening in Berwick.

Mr C. W. Bishop wishes to inform the people of Wolfville and vicinity that he is prepared to do painting, paper-hanging, and kalsomining in a first-class manner for all who may favor him with their orders.  
52 2 mos

#### Married.

PICK-SMITH.—At White Rock, July 31st, by Rev. M. P. Freeman, Mr Jacob W. Pick and Miss Bertha R. Smith, both of that place.

#### Died.

REDDEN.—At Black River, Aug 7th, Charlotte, beloved wife of Mr James Redden, aged 61 years.  
ATWELL.—At Black River, Aug 10th, Bishop Atwell, aged 83 years.  
BARKER.—At Georgetown, N. B., on Wednesday, 8th inst., Romeo, aged 2 years and three months, daughter of Dr. I. W. N. and Lillie Barker, formerly of Somerset, Cornwallis.

# LOOK OUT! YES!

For Sweeping Bargains at Glasgow House next week, as I intend clearing out the remainder of my Summer Stock at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES, if nothing more than first cost THEY MUST BE SOLD to make room for FALL GOODS.

Yours Resp,

**O. D. HARRIS,**

Glasgow House, Wolfville.

Wolfville, July 26th, 1888.

N. B.—My store will be closed until further notice at 7 o'clock Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings.

## Blow Ye The Trumpet, Blow!

I do not blow when I say that I carry the best and cheapest assortment of Stone Butter Cakes, Preserve Cakes, Jam Jars, Jugs, Flower Pots, etc., etc., in town.

I do not blow when I say that I carry the best stock of Leads, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, Mixed Paints, Putty, Glass, etc., etc., in town.

I do not blow when I say that I do carry a complete stock of Builders' Hardware, Lime, etc., etc., at lowest prices. Get Quotations.

I do not blow when I say that my stock of Woodenware, Tinware, Crockery, and Glass is the best assorted and lowest in price in town.

I do not blow when I say that my stock of Brushes, Brooms, Cutlery and Fishing Tackle is the best assortment in town and low.

I do not blow when I say that my stock of Roller Blinds is the finest in the county. Call and examine.

#### IN CONCLUSION.

I only blow when I say that my clerk and I are the nicest young men to trade with in Wolfville.

**MORAL:--Go to B. G. BISHOP'S. WOLFVILLE.**

999 Main Street.

## Caldwell & Murray

Call attention to their Splendid Stock of

### Window Shade Material

—I N—

FANCY LINEN LANCASTER CLOTH,

Which will be cut to fit any window and put on the

PATENT SPRING ROLLERS.

Lace Curtains, Lace Curtains,

In White, Cream and Fancy Colors.

Plain and Fancy Scrim.

We make a Specialty of

HOUSE FURNISHINGS.

COUNTERPANES,

COUNTERPANES.

Splendid Job Lot of Towels, 10 per cent. less than regular prices, Genuine Bargains.

We want Money, Wool, Oats, Eggs, or anything in the shape of Trade.

**CALDWELL & MURRAY,**

Our store will be closed on the evenings of Monday, Wednesday and Thursday, each week, at 7 o'clock, commencing Wednesday, August 1st.

Wolfville, N. S., July 26th, 1888

A. E. CALKIN has left his old stand and has moved into his New Establishment one door west from his former place of business. He invites the public to call and see his new quarters and his unusually large stock of Boots, Shoes, Clothing and Tweeds. By keeping the largest and best assortment in the county he wishes to retain his old customers and make many new friends. He would draw special attention to his newly imported line of Suitings which will be made up by an experienced tailor to the satisfaction of the purchaser.

**A. E. CALKIN, CLOTHIER.**

Kentville, N. S., July 5th, 1888

### Dandruff, Baldness, Thin or Grey Hair.

Everyone knows how disagreeable it looks to see Dandruff falling from the head to the shoulders of either lady or gentleman. The head may be washed ever so often but it will not clean out this evil. The best way to get rid of the affliction is by the application of Simson's Liment, say three times a week, just before retiring at night, first washing the head thoroughly with warm water and castile soap. It will cost you but 25 cents to give it a trial, and who but could take pride in a fine glossy head of hair without any appearance of Dandruff. Mr E. Renault, agent of Crown Linds, St. Thomas, Quebec, writes, "I have used Simson's Liment as a hair invigorator and can certify to its wonderful effect for the growth of hair and cleansing of the scalp. I feel assured it will in nearly every case prevent the hair from coming out."

SEE DIRECTIONS ON EACH WRAPPER.

**Brown Brothers & Co.,** Proprietors, Halifax, N. S.

July 27th, 1888

### Excelsior Package Dyes.

Are unequalled for simplicity of use, Beauty of Color, and large amount of Goods each Dye will color.

These colors are supplied, namely: Yellow, Orange, Electric (Pink), Bismarck, Scarlet, Green, Dark Green, Light Blue, Garnet, Magenta, Slate, Plum, Drah, Purple, Violet, Maroon, Old Gold, Cardinal, Red, Crimson.

The above Dyes are prepared for Silk, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, Hair, Paper, Book-binding, Wood, Liquids, and all kinds of Fancy Work. Only 8 cents a package.

Sold by all first-class Druggists and Grocers, and Wholesale by G. W. WOODWORTH, 51

Sole Agent for Kings Co, Kentville, N. S.

### St. John & Minas Basin Route.

STEAMERS OF THIS ROUTE Will sail as follows during the Month of AUGUST

Leave Hantsport for Parrsboro Village —Monday 6, 9 15 a m; Monday 13, 2 45 p m; Monday 20, 9 00 a m; Monday 27, 2 10 p m;

Parrsboro Village for Hantsport—Tuesday 7, 9 45 a m; Tuesday 14, 4 10 p m; Tuesday 21, 10 15 a m; Tuesday 28, 3 25 p m.

Wolfville for Parrsboro Pier calling at Kingsport—Monday 6, 10 30 a m; Monday 13, 4 50 p m; Monday 20, 10 40 a m; Monday 27, 4 00 p m.

Parrsboro Pier for Wolfville calling at Kingsport—Tuesday 7, 8 50 a m; Tuesday 14, 3 30 p m; Tuesday 21, 8 40 a m; Tuesday 28, 2 00 p m.

Wolfville for P. Pier calling at Hantsport and Kingsport—Wednesday 1, 6 30 a m; Wednesday 8, 1 00 p m; Wednesday 22, 1 30 a m.

Wolfville for P. Pier calling at Hantsport—Thursday 2, 7 50 a m; Thursday 9, 1 20 p m; Thursday 16, 5 40 a m; Thursday 23, 1 30 p m; Thursday 30, 5 00 a m.

P. Pier for Wolfville calling at Kingsport and Hantsport—Friday 3, 10 a m; Friday 10, 10 40 a m; Friday 17, 10 50 a m.

P. Pier for Windsor calling at Hantsport—Thursday 24, 4 50 a m; Thursday 31, 10 00 a m; Thursday 7, 5 10 a m; Thursday 14, 10 a m; Thursday 21, 10 40 a m; Thursday 28, 4 10 a m.

Steamer "HIAWATHA" Will leave Hantsport for St. John, calling at Kingsport and Parrsboro Pier, Wednesday 13th, 5 30 a m and Wednesday 20th, 5 00 a m. Leave Maitland for St. John, calling at Parrsboro Pier, Wednesday 1st, 5 15 a m; Wednesday 8th, 11 20 a m; Wednesday 15th, 11 50 a m. Estimating will leave St. John every Thursday evening.

Will call at Spencer's Island going and coming from St. John, weather permitting. Through freight taken from St. John for Parrsboro, Kingsport, Wolfville, Summersville, Hantsport, Avoncroft and Windsor.

Steamer "ACADIA" will leave Windsor every Wednesday to connect with Hiawatha at Parrsboro for St. John, also connect at Parrsboro for Windsor on her return.

FARES.—Windsor, Hantsport, Kingsport, Maitland and Parrsboro Pier for St. John, \$2.75; Return, \$4.50. Children under 12 years, all prices.

Three hours added to time of leaving Hantsport or Maitland will give time of leaving Parrsboro for St. John. Boats run on Halifax time.

E. CHURCHILL & SONS.

Hantsport, August 1st, 1888

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