

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. VIII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1889.

No. 49.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that it is recommended by the most eminent medical authorities to be used in all cases of Colic, Constipation, Worms, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Indigestion, and all the ailments of Infants and Children. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and its use is recommended by the most eminent medical authorities.

THE ACADIAN.

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

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CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement.

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The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on 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 communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

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Express west closed at 10:35 a. m.

Express east closed at 4:50 p. m.

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11:30 v. Bank, Post Master.

PEOPLES BANK OF HALIFAX.

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

A. W. BARRS, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7:30. Seats free. All are welcome. Strangers will be cordially received.

COLE W. BOSCOCK, Ushers

Presbyterian Church—Rev. B. B. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. D. W. Johnson and G. F. Day, Pastors. Services every Sabbath at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m. and 3 p. m.; other Sundays, 3 p. m.; the Holy Communion administered on the first Sunday in each month. The sittings in this church are free. For any additional services or alterations to the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D. Residence, Rice Bay, Kentville. Wardens, R. Pratt and Frank A. Dixon, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.)—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11:00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

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

J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

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

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7:30 o'clock.

JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

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' Furnishing Goods.

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

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

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

CALDWELL & MURRAY—Dry Goods, Boots & Shoes, Furniture, etc.

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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

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

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

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED

BY

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED

POETRY.

Vapor and Blue.

Domed with the azure of heaven,
Floored with a pavement of pearl,
Clothed all about with their brightness
Soft as the eyes of a girl.

Girt with a magical girdle,
Rimmed with a vapor of rest—
These are the inland waters,
These are the lakes of the West.

Voices of slumberous music,
Spirits of mist and of flame,
Mould memories left here
By gods who long ago came,

And, vanishing, left but an echo
In silence of moon-dim caves,
Where, hazy wrap, the August night
slumbers,
Or the wild heart of October raves.

Here, where the jewels of nature
Are set in the light of God's smile,
Far from the world's wild throbbing,
I will stay me and rest me awhile,
And store in my heart old music,
Mouldies gathered and sung
By the genies of love and of beauty
When the heart of the world was young.

—William Wilford Campbell, in the Century.

STORY.

A Mysterious Sound.

Two children—a boy about 10 years old and a girl somewhat younger—were playing hide-and-seek among broken pillars and heaps of fallen stones down in the dark cellars of a ruined house in the Hindoo fort of Fatighar, in Northern India.

It was a gloomy place—black, lonesome, dreary—and just the spot where you might expect a wild cat or a poisonous snake to pop out upon you at any moment; but Harry and Nellie did not seem to mind it a bit, and went scampering and laughing through the dim archways and dark, ghostly vaults as merry as if they had been in a kindergarten.

It was certainly a very strange place to choose for a playground, and it was stranger still that they should be playing and laughing at all, with the shadow of death deepening day by day over themselves, their fathers and the whole garrison of the fort.

War was raging throughout the entire district, and all around Fatighar lay encamped a great host of fierce Hindoo warriors (more than twenty times as many as the handful of brave men who held the fortress), rowing never to leave the place till they had taken it and killed every living thing within its walls.

Three times had the besiegers made a furious attack on the fort, but each time they had been beaten off with heavy loss and did not seem inclined to try it again.

But all day long—and sometimes all night, too—they kept banging away at the wall with their cannon and muskets, till no one could look over the battlements for fear of being shot dead, and the sick and wounded men of the garrison were quite worn out with the ceaseless din.

Worse still, food was beginning to run short; and they would soon be forced to surrender or be all starved to death, unless some one came to the rescue; and there seemed to be little hope of that, for it would have taken a large army, as well as a brave one, to cut through the forests of white turbans and colored robes and dark, fierce faces and glittering weapons that hemmed in the doomed fortress on every side.

"And we've helped to defend the fort, too," said Harry to Nellie, as they paused to rest, after running themselves quite out of breath. "I heard Capt. Markham say so myself, while I was helping mamma to scrape lint for those soldiers that were wounded last night."

"And I tore up a whole lot of rags for bandages," cried Nellie, proudly; "and I'm going to tear up a lot more this afternoon. I do wish, though, they'd give over fighting. I'm so tired of those guns banging all night long, and it's so horrid seeing the poor soldiers brought in all out and bleeding. There's poor Sergt. Bennett, who made all the pretty boys for me, has got such a terrible place all along one side of his head, when a bullet hurt him the other day; and it's so sore that he can't sleep a bit."

"Never mind," answered Harry, assuming quite a fatherly air, in virtue of his being six months the older of

the two; "just you wait two or three days more, and when you'll see Gen. Rose and his men come up from the other side of the river and send all those black fellows flying."

"But I heard papa say yesterday," objected Nellie, with a rather grave look on her round, rosy little face, "that Gen. Rose has only a few hundred men with him just now; and surely they can't fight a whole army at once?"

"Can't they?" cried Harry, disdainfully. "Didn't Lord Clive thrash sixty thousand of them at Plassey with only three thousand men of his own? And didn't the Duke of Wellington send the rajah's whole army scampering with only two regiments? Just you wait and see, that's all. I say, let's have another game. You go hide and I'll hunt for you."

Away went Nellie instantly, right into the gloomiest and loneliest part of the ruins, even upon discovering some place where even Harry himself would not be able to find her.

Fearlessly she picked her way in almost total darkness through one black and dismal vault after another—for the roughest soldier in the garrison was not braver than her little golden haired Nellie—and at length she came to a spot where two great masses of masonry had fallen in such a way as to lean against each other, forming a kind of low arch very much like the mouth of a cavern.

"Harry will never find me here," said she to herself, triumphantly, as she crept into the hole; and, finding it not large enough to let her stand upright, she lay right down upon the ground, and remained as quiet as a mouse, eubucking inwardly to think how puzzled Harry would be when he came to look for her.

But scarcely had her ear touched the earth when she became aware of a strange, dull sound deep down below her, like the measured beat of oars or the noise which would be made by some one thumping hard against a padded door.

What could it be? It was certainly not Harry, and there was no one else down there except herself; but the sound could not be merely her fancy—she was quite sure that she did hear it, and, what was more, it seemed to be growing louder and coming nearer.

Then, for the first time, little Nellie began to feel frightened. Even in the course of her short life she had seen in the East Indian jungles so many tigers and crocodiles and huge snakes and other terrible creatures that it seemed quite natural to her that some unknown and fearful monster should have its underground den beneath the fort and should now be at work to dig its way out and devour them all.

Nellie scrambled heading out her hiding place, never heeding how sorely her poor little arms and face were bruised by the rough stones, and darted out of the vault in such haste as to almost knock down Harry, who she encountered just at the entrance.

"Oh, Harry," she panted, "there's a monster living here under the ground, and it's trying to claw its way out and eat us!"

The boy looked puzzled, as well he might, and at first seemed more inclined to laugh than to be scared. But he became serious enough when Nellie took him back to the spot and they both heard the mysterious noise plainer than ever.

"I'll tell you what," said he, with an air of decision, "I'll just go straight to papa and tell him about this. If there's anything wrong he ought to be told at once, for he's commandant of the fort, you know."

And away they both flew to the old colonel's quarters as fast as their feet could carry them.

The commandant, who had quite enough to think of just then, for he was just in the very midst of an inspection of the falling provisions and a calculation how long they would be made to last, frowned slightly at the intrusion of the children, and was going to order them out again. But the instant he heard Harry's first mention of the mysterious sound, the colonel's bold, weather-beaten face changed visibly and looked so grave that Nellie felt quite convinced that there really was an underground monster beneath the fort, which was trying to get out

and eat them all up; and she was more certain of it than ever when she heard the old colonel making Harry describe as exactly as possible the precise spot where the strange noise had been heard.

"Have you told any one else about this, my boy?" asked he, after hearing all that there was to be told.

"No; I thought I had better report direct to you, as commandant of the garrison," replied Harry, doing his best to speak in military fashion.

"Quite right," said his father, with a grim smile. "I'm very glad you did. Now, I'll tell you what to do. Take Nellie with you and go and help your mother to make bandages for our wounded men, and mind you don't say a word about this to her or any one else till I give you leave."

Away went the two children, still rather puzzled, but feeling quite sure that "it would all come right somehow," for they both had unbounded confidence in Harry's father, whom they secretly believed to be the greatest soldier alive.

It was drawing toward evening when the colonel came back, pale and weary, and with a broad bandage across his forehead, but looking very well satisfied for all that.

"You've served us all, my little sentinels!" cried he, laying one broad, brown hand on Harry's shoulder and stroking little Nellie's golden curls with the other. "Those Hindoo rascals were trying to dig a mine under the fort and blow us all up together, but we've stopped their little game for once, and I don't think they'll have time to try it again."

He was right, for on the very next day the enemy broke up their camp and retreated, and they had hardly disappeared on one side when the bayonets of Gen. Rose's soldiers came glittering over the crest of a low ridge on the other.—David Kerr in Golden Days.

Vagaries of Etiquette.

In Sweden, if you address the poorest person on the street, you must lift your hat. The same courtesy is insisted upon if you pass a lady on the stairway. To enter a reading room or a bank with one's hat on is regarded as a bad breach of manners. To place your hand on the arm of a lady in Italy, is a grave and objectionable familiarity. "Never touch the person, it is sacred," is one of their proverbs.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and depart.

Ladies seldom rise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish lady's hand. For him to give a lady (even his wife) his arm when out walking is looked upon as a decided violation of propriety.

In Persia, among the aristocracy, a visitor sends notice an hour or two before calling, and gives a day's notice if the visit is to be one of great importance. He is met by servants before he reaches the house, and other considerations are shown him according to relative rank. The left, and not the right, is considered the position of honor.

No Turk will enter a sitting room with dirty shoes, with goshes over them. The latter, which received all the dirt and dust, are left outside the door. The Turk never washes in dirty water. Water is poured over his hands, so that when polluted it runs away.

In Syria the people never take off their caps or turbans, when entering a house or visiting a friend, but they always leave their shoes at the door. There are no mats or carpets outside, and the floors inside are covered with expensive rugs, kept very clean in the Moslem houses, and used to kneel upon while saying prayers.

In China grief is associated with a white dress, in Ethiopia with brown, in Turkey with violet, in Egypt with yellow.

Etiquette requires, in Chinese conversation, that each should compliment the other and depreciate himself and all his belongings. It is affirmed that

the following is not an exaggeration: "Where is your magnificent palace?"

"My contemptible hut is at Luchan."

"How many are your illustrious children?" "My vile worthless brats are five." How is the health of your distinguished spouse?" "My mean, good-for-nothing old woman is well."

The salutations of a people to some extent indicate their national character.

"May God strengthen your morning," brings to the fore-ground the Arab's faith and destiny. The oriental "May thy shadow never grow less," shows the honor placed in obesity.

The French, "How do you carry yourself?" indicates the regard for forms. The German's habit of generalizing is seen in "How goes it?" and the Englishman's practical mind in "How are you?"

CATARH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, HAY FEVER.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and catarrhal tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. N. B.—For catarrhal discharges peculiar to females (whites) this remedy is a specific. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent on receipt of ten cents by A. H. Dixon & Sox, 303 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—Scientific American.

Sufferers from catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Two Men.

Two men, one a total abstainer, another a drinker, each spent \$100 in two months. The first pays his \$100 for furniture and the other for liquor. The first receives actual value and his home shows the result of his purchase. The second loses his money, receives in return that which makes him a brute and a loafer. Out of the \$100 spent for furniture, enough goes to employ 12 men for one day at \$2 each. Out of the \$100 spent for liquor, enough goes to labor to hire one man for one day. Suppose all the saloons were closed, the \$85,000,000 now spent for liquor in Pennsylvania would be spent for furniture, boots and shoes, carpets, hardware, etc. They would employ twelve men where but one is employed now. The 12 men would spend for other necessities twelve times as much as the one man. Taxation would immediately commence to be reduced, for crime and pauperism would decrease.—People.

Jenny Lind's Grave.

From a private letter received a few days ago from an American in London we get the following: "One day I strolled into Malvern Cemetery. I was anxious to see the grave of Jenny Lind. A large granite cross of simple design marks the last resting place of the glorious songstress. This cross rises from a plain granite block. On this is the following inscription: 'In loving memory of Jenny Lind, the wife of Otto Goldschmidt. Born at Stockholm, Oct. 6, 1820; died at Winds Point, Malvern, Nov. 2, 1887.' There is no other word than these. Some loving hands had lain upon the grave the day of my visit a laurel wreath intertwined with violets and daffodils. It is a calm resting place that the diva lies in—a lovely spot nestling at the foot of the Malvern hills."—Ex.

St. George.

The renowned St. George of England, patron of arms and of the garter, has his historical antecedent in the infamous George of Cappadocia, who arose from the obscurity of a fuller's shop to the chair of Athanasius. His tyranny won for him a merited death of violence, which, invested with evidences of divine agency and with circumstances of preternatural origin, a benighted and superstitious age blindly adorned with a fervor which in time canonized the tyrant's memory as a saint. Further information on this topic may be gleaned from Gibbon's Rome, vol. II, p. 451.

All scaly and skin diseases, dandruff, falling of the hair, gray or fading hair, may be cured by using that nature's true remedy, Hall's Hair Renewer.

"A Dry Cough"

Is dangerous as well as troublesome. It renders the patient liable to the rupture of a blood vessel or to other serious injury of throat and lungs. To allay bronchial irritation and give immediate relief, the best medicine is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

"I was recently troubled with a dry cough, which seemed to be caused by an irritation in the throat. My physician prescribed for me, but no relief was obtained. A little over a week ago, my attention being called to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, I concluded to try it, and purchased a bottle. After taking this medicine only one day, I could see a change for the better, and, by the time I had used it a week, my cough had entirely disappeared."—H. W. Denny, Franklin square, Worcester, Mass.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral leads all other medicines as a safe, sure, and speedy cure of throat and lung troubles. W. H. Hall & Co., Druggists, Carson, Iowa.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5.

A Georgia farmer prevents his cows from jumping a fence by cutting off their lower eyelashes, making them think the fence is three times as high as it really is. If you cut the upper lashes, a reverse delusion will result, he says.

The largest ferryboat in the world is the *Solano*, used in carrying trains across the straits of Carquinez, Cal., between Benicia and Port Costa. It is 460 feet long, and has a capacity of forty-eight freight cars and two locomotives.

At a recent examination of volunteers for one-year service in the army at Munster, Austria, the remarkable spectacle was seen of twenty-two young monks of the Franciscan order present themselves. They all passed the examination in each branch required.

An Englishman has produced a piece of mechanism containing 400 figures, representing horses, cannon, artillery, infantry, and a band of fifty-two men, each with an instrument. A tiny windmill turned by the current from burning candles furnishes the power to move all the figures automatically.

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THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JULY 26, 1889.

How to Attract Summer Visitors.

Strangers visiting this valley invariably express surprise that our people do not put forth greater effort to attract the attention of those who are able to leave the crowded cities during the summer months for the pleasant country and cool beaches. The number of those who participate in this most pleasant and profitable indulgence is every year increasing and will no doubt continue to do so. Among other places which tourists wish to visit the historic "LAND OF EVANGELINE" stands supreme and every season we have numbers to visit us who have travelled hundreds of miles to see for themselves the beautiful scenes depicted in Longfellow's wonderful poem. Those who visit us once do not appear to be satisfied with a single visit, and we have yet to meet one who has not expressed a wish to return. Our beautiful scenery, pleasant drives, delightful beaches and other attractions, as well as the historic associations of the place are enticements which few can resist. We have many points of interest where these tourists would be glad to spend a few weeks in the summer if suitable accommodation could be had. OUR OWN BEAUTIFUL TOWN possesses many attractions, and is a favorite resort. In years gone by Wolfville has been thronged with these summer visitors, but of late years the number has greatly fallen off. Why is this? Has not our town the same attractions as of old? Has the tourist found a more pleasant and beautiful resort? We think not. The reason is plain; other places have presented their claims and have gone to large expense to secure these visitors and as our people have failed to do this they have departed from us like the summer birds for more congenial climes. Not that we have not the natural beauties but that the artificial attractions are lacking. This is not a new subject to our readers; we have referred to it before, and have tried to present the advantages to be secured by a different source of action. We believe a summer hotel in Wolfville, capable of accommodating a large number of guests properly, with suitable grounds and conveniences, would be one of the best paying investments our capitalists could take stock in. The hotels we have already are pleasant resorts and are generally well filled, but they were not intended as homes for tourists and can only in a measure provide the accommodation asked. What tourists want is a home where all the conveniences to which they are accustomed can be had. In another issue we will state where we have seen a most suitable site for such a resort.

Another place which perhaps is not equalled in these Lower Provinces as a summer resort is LONG ISLAND. Year by year it is becoming better known and being received into greater favor. Long Island is beautifully situated, being bounded on the north by Minas Basin, a most beautiful sheet of water—with its adjacent bays and rivers and backed by lofty old Blomidon and beautiful stretches of country; on the south by the celebrated Grand Pre dike, containing about 2,000 acres of the most valuable and fertile land in the Province; and on the east and west by the Avon and Cornwallis rivers. This island, which is some two and one half miles in extent, has one of the most beautiful beaches it has been our privilege to see and presents every facility for boating and bathing. With such artificial attractions as bathing-houses, boats, &c., we doubt if a more enticing place could be found. The beach is smooth and hard and the prospect is indeed beautiful. What, with the beautiful beach on one side and the HISTORIC GRAND PRE on the other, what more in the way of natural beauties could be asked? If a commodious hotel were on this island, fitted up with the improvements of the time, with good teams and pleasantly laid out grounds—in connection with the other attractions to which we have referred—there is no doubt but that Long Island would very soon become one of the most popular summer resorts to be found in the Province. Lying as it does in close proximity to Grand Pre and Gaspareau, which have world-wide popularity, as being the home of Longfellow's Evangeline, it would draw visitors from all directions.

Now just a word concerning how these attractions and improvements could be brought about. The inhabitants of Long Island are all well-to-do; perhaps no place could be found in the Province where so much wealth is represented in proportion to the number of inhabitants as here. A JOINT STOCK COMPANY could be formed and

the stock all taken by the farmers in the immediate vicinity without putting them to any inconvenience. They could then control it all themselves and reap all the benefits. We hope some of the hints laid down in this article may receive the attention of our capitalists and all interested in the welfare of our county. Some day we believe these enterprises will be brought into existence whether by our own capital or by foreign money. Let those who have the capital bestir themselves or they may regret at some future day their allowing such an opportunity to pass to others.

Vacation Jottings.

ACADIA MINES, July 22.—Last Saturday I visited the police office at Acadia Mines and had an opportunity of seeing how they administered justice here. The police office and lock-up are in the same building. From the outside the building has rather a sombre appearance, but the apartments inside are cozy and cheerful. Every comfort is extended and no pains are spared to make visitors contented and at home. I was surprised at this; I was surprised at the sympathy and feeling evinced; and I thought: If I had a friend of mine that was drunk and disorderly I wouldn't ask for more than to have him lodged here. It would be heaping coals of fire on his head. Not but that inconvenience is often caused—as was the case this day—in the event of a stranger being detained over night when he expected to be home the night before in time to do the milking; but on the whole the hand of the law here is lenient.

My visit here, it must be remembered, was from perfectly uninterested motives. I was an uninterested party. I don't want to be misunderstood in this respect. Some low-minded person might think it was otherwise, but when it's remembered that it's a newspaper man that's writing all this suspicion will be dispersed, all thoughts to the contrary put to route. This is an advantage a newspaper man has over ordinary individuals. Nobody questions his moral strength or standing. Ministers and editors have peculiar prerogatives.

I had a cordial invitation from the town clerk, Mr G. H. Lawrence, to attend, so I went. Several young men—one hardly more than a boy, being but in his teens—had been arrested the day before, confined in the lock-up over night, and were awaiting trial. I could not but feel a pity for these naturally noble young men who had become victims to strong drink. If I could ever be indifferent on the temperance question—the fault of so very many—I could not in attending this court. Men coming from a distance to have a good time—to take a rest from work and to enjoy themselves, thinking to feel strong, or when it was over for the tussel with life—to be ensnared by drink and instead of enjoying themselves and receiving strength which true enjoyment always brings, weakened physically, morally and socially—how could it help awakening pity? To look upon these men, now realizing their folly and looking as foolish to themselves as they appeared to others on the preceding day—how could one without feeling an interest in the temperance movement which aims to eradicate this evil?

But the magistrate said that such an occurrence was no more than was naturally expected. A day like the twelfth of July—the occasion of an "Orange walk"—hilarity was looked for. People were expected to indulge more freely than on an ordinary day, and it was a surprise to him that the number imprisoned was not larger. And to take a stroll through the town and to see the "Strangers' Homes" on nearly every corner, it might be looked for. But such should not be the case. A prominent man in Acadia Mines, speaking from purely uninterested motives only, as a citizen having the welfare of his town at heart, told me that absolute prohibition would be the greatest boon that could come to Acadia Mines. And he was not alone in the opinion; every business man of the place could not but think the same. If the money spent in this town for liquor in a single year were invested in business enterprises or expended in home comforts, the town would experience such an advance as it never has for years.

But, of course, on a day like the "twelfth of July," hilarity would be expected, and the magistrate took this into consideration. All of them but one having spent their money, they were released with the understanding that they should send the amount of their fine—one dollar—during the week. Kind, wasn't it? Yet, after all, was it kindness? Might not they have less fear of the lock-up on their next visit to the town and indulge in greater hilarity? I was surprised that among the number none were natives of the town, as I noticed on the preceding day several citizens of Acadia Mines who might be said to be in an anabaptist state. The magistrate also noted the fact, adding "not but that the constable had performed his duty." This, I notice, is the case in most towns and it should not be so. Acadia Mines is naturally a drinking town. But I was surprised not to find more drinking done. A manufacturing town of its size, it is unusually sober and industrious. The people are warm-hearted, loyal and progressive. The temperance sentiment is growing here and bids fair to prohibit this great evil in a not distant future. H. S. D.

Minardi's Liniment cure Garnet in Cows.

"Book of Wonders."

(L. L. DAVISON.)

NO. 12. One evening in the winter of '87-'88—that winter in which the author of the "Book of Wonders," when the day's work in the office was over and the quiet evening had come, his pile of papers before him and pen in hand, used to write away till bedtime on some sketch or poem or story—one evening, coming in out of the crisp, frosty air, seeing him writing thus, I said: "Well, Les what are you at work on now?" For the effort was somewhat lengthy as the great pile of written paper at his right showed. "Oh," said he, "a little story I've been working at. You can read it if you like." I picked up the manuscript and began to read it. It was entitled "Afar," and was a narrative of two boys who were compelled to shift for themselves, the scenes of the story being laid in the great Northwest. The story was told by one of the boys. It was late that night when I put the manuscript away, half read, and sorry that the hour was so late, for the story was interesting. The next evening when I was talking to him about it, telling him how I liked it, he said: "It doesn't suit me altogether somehow. I've written it in too much of a hurry. I guess I'll finish it up as soon as I can and commence another one and take pains. And he did, and in a few nights he had it completed and I had it read. I liked the story and wanted him to go over it again and fix it up for publication, but he declared it was not worth it. "But," he said, "I'm thinking out a story now which I'm going to do my best on and if you think it's worth it will have it published." Alas! The story was begun, but never finished. The unfinished manuscript is within the pages of the "Book of Wonders," and it is as follows:

THE HOME ROOF.

CHAPTER I.—"ASLEEP." Slowly the long, dreary day passes and now it is even. The birds have ceased their twittering in the orchard as the sun's last rays gleam over the western hills, and homeward is the course of the ploughman,—from the distant fields the ploughman,—from the verdant pastures the milkmaid.

The evening shadows deepen, and the old farm-house, half hidden by majestic elms, looks like some grim prison, alone there in the darkness. At last the sound of wheels is heard coming down the street, and a carriage turns up at the old farm-house. A light gleams from the thick green foliage of the elms, and the old house puts on a still more sombre look.

"John, is that you?" The speaker was a thin, pale woman laying on a bed, and but one look would suffice to tell the story that life for her was soon over.

"Yes, my dear,—come at last. So Lib is gone?"

"Yes, the old man came shortly after you left and said she couldn't stay any longer—had done without her long enough."

"Humph," muttered the old farmer, half aloud, as he busied himself about finding something to satisfy his hunger which had had nothing to check it since early morn.

His little bite over again he sits down by the bed of his wife.

"How have you been since I left you?" he asked her in tones gentle and pathetic, for the form of the old man's face, which was wrinkled with trouble and hardness.

"Better," was the simple low answer, but the weak tone in which it was uttered seemed rather to sadden his spirits than cheer them.

This was all that was written. We cannot help regretting that the story was not finished. If the opening paragraphs are an index, "The Home Roof" would probably have been his best work. Being but sixteen years of age when the most of the articles in the "Book of Wonders" were written, it is not possible—nay, probable—that, had the author lived, his career as a litterateur would have been a bright one.

The Plug Hat Society.

There has been a Plug Hat Society formed, which has struck terror to the country. A well known man from Boston called at this place a few days ago to take orders for black silk hats, on conditions that if he did not sell one dozen or more that he would not deliver any, as it would shoot the hat, halo hat, &c. He had a smooth way of talking and his eye fairly mesmerized the young gentlemen of this place, and as a result he sold twenty-seven hats in this town, a smaller place than Wolfville. They were delivered a week ago, and a tall hat procession took place last Monday evening at 7 o'clock, headed by a brass band of 24 instruments. At the head of the hat society were two gentlemen, ages nineteen and twenty-one years; height, 6 feet 4 inches, 6 feet 5 inches, and such sorry looking chaps you never saw. I judged that they had the bean polg fever in the worst form, for they looked pale around the gills and felt very much out of place. In the rear they came two and two, their height gradually diminishing until the last. As there were twenty-seven the last three marched together, their height being a little less than five feet each. Two hats would be sufficient for the three. Two young ladies were out for a walk when the procession went by, and seeing their lovers in the society both fainted on the sidewalk, and one of them has not fairly

recovered yet. A young lady of one of the first families in the place, seeing her intended husband there, has skipped the country and cannot be found high or low; her parents are nearly wild with grief. Since Tuesday last there has not been a plug hat seen. The dry goods and clothing dealers have placed their stock in their cellars for fear of serious results from the sale of them. Cyclones will destroy life and property, lightning will kill some, but I hope I may never see the back of my neck if this does not lay over them all, for I know it is the worst calamity that has ever struck the state of Maine.

Very respectfully yours, BLUR NOSE. Cornish, Me., July 18, '89. Early Closing. We, the merchants of Wolfville, agree to close our places of business Thursday evening of each week at six o'clock, to begin with August the first:— Caldwell, Chambers & Co. G. H. Wallace & Co. O. D. Harris Rockwell & Co. F. J. Porter Burpee Witter C. A. Patquin Walter Brown S. R. Sleep per. L. S. A. Hamilton J. S. Morse Johnson H. Bishop J. M. Shaw Rupert Prat J. F. Herbin Mrs. Weston.

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

NOTICE!

—THE— PRIZE LIST! —OF— THE EXHIBITION! —FOR—

Kings, Hants & Annapolis Counties, —TO BE HELD— At Kentville

This Autumn, beginning on the 24th day of September next, has been issued. Twenty-five copies have been sent to each county councillor for distribution, accompanied by entry papers. A limited number of lists and papers will also be at the disposal of committeemen, and efforts will be made to have them placed at convenient centres in the county for distribution. They may be got at all times from the secretary C. F. Rockwell, Kentville, July 25th, 1889. 2 in

Dike For Sale.

One Lot, 2½ acres, on Grand Pre; One Lot, 1½ acres, on Wickwire. Both of good quality and easy of access. For further particulars apply to J. S. Dodd, Wolfville. 1 m o.

AUCTION!

REAL ESTATE SALE. TO BE SOLD at Public Auction on the premises, on Thursday, August 1st, A. D. 1889, at 3 o'clock, p. m., the following Real Estate:—

All that certain tract or parcel of land situate at Medford, in Cornwallis, known as the A. N. Metier place, containing seven acres (more or less) of splendid land with large two-story dwelling house, barn and other outbuildings. There is plenty of excellent water, and post office, school house, etc., near by. For beauty of situation this property cannot be excelled. Situate by the shore of the Minas Basin, with a delightful sea-air and extensive and lovely view, within one mile of Kingsport railway station, and in a fine neighborhood—it forms a most desirable situation. The above premises are under lease until Sep. 1st, 1889, at which time possession will be given. TERMS.—Ten per cent. down at sale, balance on delivery of deed, or part of balance can remain on mortgage if desired. By order of Rector and Wardens of the Parish of Horton. HENRY LOVETT, Auctioneer. Cornwallis, July 18th, 1889.

Building Lots!

For sale, near the College. Apply to Walter Brown, Wolfville, June 3d, 1889. tf

WOLFVILLE Meat & Provision Market.

The subscriber having opened a general Meat and Provision Market in Wolfville would respectfully solicit patronage. Fresh Meats of Every Description Always On Hand. All kinds Fresh Fish every Friday. Close at 6 o'clock every evening except Tuesdays and Saturdays. W. R. KAYE, Wolfville, June 14th, 1889. 3 mos

In connection with all others in Wolfville, will be closed every THURSDAY EVENING, at 6 o'clock, beginning August 1st. WALTER BROWN. Wolfville, July 24th, 1889.

DURING THE SUMMER SEASON MANY PEOPLE become Debilitated, accompanied with feelings of LASSITUDE, LOSS OF APPETITE and INDIGESTION. The benefit to be derived from the use of BAIRD'S QUININE AND IRON TONIC is almost magical. Ask your Dealer. Price 50 Cents.

ST. JOHN AND MINAS BASIN ROUTE. Steamers of this route will sail as follows during the MONTH OF JULY: Leave Hantsport for Parrsboro Village—Monday—1st, 12 10 p m; 8th, 5 20 a m; 15th, 12 30 p m; 22d, 5 20 a m; 29th, 11 a m. Parrsboro Village for Hantsport—Tuesday—2d, 1 35 p m; 9th, 7 00 a m; 16th, 1 50 p m; 23d, 6 45 a m; 30th, 12 15 p m. Wolfville for Parrsboro pier—Monday—1st, 1 30 p m; 8th, 7 30 a m; 15th, 2 00 p m; 22d, 7 20 a m; 29th, 12 30 p m. Parrsboro pier for Wolfville—Tuesday—2d, 11 50 a m; 9th, 5 30 a m; 16th, 12 15 p m; 23d, 5 10 a m; 30th, 10 30 a m. Windsor for Parrsboro pier, calling at Hantsport and Kingsport—Wednesday 10th, 9 a m; Thursday 18th, 5 45 a m. Windsor for Parrsboro pier, calling at Hantsport—Wednesday 3d, 3 00 p m; Thursday 4th, 4 50 p m; Thursday 11th, 10 50 a m; Wednesday 17th, 3 20 p m; Thursday 18th, 5 00 p m; Thursday 25th, 10 00 a m; Wednesday 31st, 1 40 a m. Parrsboro pier for Windsor, calling at Kingsport and Hantsport—Friday 12, 8 25 a m; 26th, 7 30 a m. Parrsboro for Windsor, calling at Hantsport—Thursday 4th, 1 25 p m; Friday 5th, 2 15 p m; Thursday 11th, 3 25 a m; Thursday 18th, 1 40 p m; Friday 19th, 2 30 p m; Thursday 25th, 4 45 a m.

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. STEAMER "HIAWATHA." Will leave Hantsport for St. John, calling at Kingsport and Parrsboro Wednesday 3d, 2 30 p m; Wednesday 17th, 2 30 p m; Wednesday 31st, 1 20 p m. Will leave Mattland Wednesday 10th, 8 45 a m; Wednesday 24th, 8 30 a m. Returning, 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, Avonville, and Windsor. FARES.—Windsor, Hantsport, Kingsport, Mattland and Parrsboro to St. John, \$2.75 Return, \$4.60. Children under 12 years, half price. Three hours added to time of leaving Hantsport or Mattland will give time for leaving Parrsboro for St. John. Boats run on Halifax time. E. CHURCHILL & SONS, Hantsport, July 1, 1889.

ALL KINDS of Plain and Fancy PRINTING done at short notice at this office. A Large Stock of Bill Heads, Letter Heads, Note Heads, Statements, Shipping Cards, Shipping Tags, Business Cards, Visiting Cards, Envelopes, &c., &c. always on hand.

OUR STORE! In connection with all others in Wolfville, WILL BE CLOSED every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock, Beginning Aug. 1st! G. H. WALLACE, Wolfville, July 24th, '87.

Spring Millinery! New Goods Have Arrived and Are Arriving. Commencing Monday, April 15th, I will have the largest and most beautiful assortment of MIINERY GOODS! ever shown in Wolfville, comprising HATS, BONNETS, FEATHERS, FLOWERS, RIBBONS, LACES, and everything usually found in a first-class millinery establishment. S. A. HAMILTON. Wolfville, April 12th, 1889.

Dressmaking!

Miss Taylor, Dress Maker, Has removed her rooms to the residence of Mr J. L. Murphy, where she will be pleased to attend to the wants of her customers as formerly. Wolfville, Sept. 6th 1888.

NOTICE!

ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of J. Wesley Stewart, late of Horton, in the County of Kings, farmer, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to JOHN R. STEWART, Admrs. R. R. DUNCAN, Lower Horton, May 1st, 1889. tf

ADVERTISE!

In "The Acadian."

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.

FOR BOSTON FROM ANNAPOLIS. DIRECT. Until further notice the Favorite Side-wheel Steamer "NEW BRUNSWICK," having been thoroughly overhauled, will leave Annapolis for Boston Tuesday and Friday after the arrival of the Halifax Express. Fare from all W. & A. K. Stations is one dollar less than by any other route. ST. JOHN LINE! One of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7 45, Eastern Standard time. All ticket agents sell by these popular lines. D. MUMFORD, Agent, Wolfville. W. H. KILBY, R. A. CARDER, Commercial Wharf, Annapolis, Boston.

Boston Direct!

every TUESDAY and FRIDAY after the arrival of the Halifax Express. Fare from all W. & A. K. Stations is one dollar less than by any other route. ST. JOHN LINE! One of the Palace Steamers of this line will leave St. John for Boston via Eastport and Portland, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 7 45, Eastern Standard time. All ticket agents sell by these popular lines. D. MUMFORD, Agent, Wolfville. W. H. KILBY, R. A. CARDER, Commercial Wharf, Annapolis, Boston.

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F. H. W. PICKLES, President. WM. AINLEY, Secretary-Treas.

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AT 6 O'CLOCK, BEGINNING AUGUST 1ST.

C. H. BORDEN, - WOLFVILLE.

OUR STORE!

In connection with all others in Wolfville,

Will Be Closed.

EVERY

THURSDAY EVENING

AT 6 O'CLOCK, BEGINNING

AUGUST 1st!

O. D. Harris, Glasgow House.

Opposite People's Bank, - Wolfville.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & Co. CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & Co.

Our Store, in connection with all others in Wolfville,

WILL BE CLOSED!

EVERY

Thursday Evening,

AT 6 O'CLOCK!

BEGINNING AUGUST 1ST.

CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & Co. CALDWELL, CHAMBERS & Co.

Wolfville, N. S., July 24th, 1889.

BISHOP'S GROCERY.

Our Store, in connection with all others in Wolfville, will be

CLOSED!

every Thursday evening at 6 o'clock, beginning August 1st.

F. J. PORTER, Manager.

Wolfville, July 24th, 1889.

CARPETS!

The largest stock in the Annapolis Valley, and lowest prices at.

RYAN'S!

Main Street, - - - Kentville.

P. S. Special Cash Discount for One Month.

May 1st, 1889.

Photo. Studio.

--Lewis Rice, of Windsor,--

Branch Gallery at Wolfville

April 1st, and remain one week of each month commencing first Monday in the month.

August 5th to 10th; September 2d to 7th; October 7th to 12th.

NEW ROOMS PATRIQUIN BUILDING, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Halifax Summer Carnival.

British Military and Naval Operations

GIGANTIC SCALE.

1889. AUGUST 5 TO 10 1889.

The Bombardment of Halifax by Her Majesty's Fleet of Warships and the Defence of Actual Warfare.

The Review of British Soldiers, Men-of-War and Local Militia, will be on a scale equal to anything of the kind to be witnessed in European Countries.

The Professional and Amateur Regattas and Athletic Sports will have competitors from all parts of the country.

The Military Tournament presents Naval Exhibitions to be seen in only one other place in the world--at the Royal Agricultural Hall, London, Eng., once a year.

The Firemen's Tournament will be participated in by fire laddies from all over the country. The contests are open to all.

The Parade of Boston Old Fellows in Uniform, with their own music, will be a unique feature of the Carnival.

The Torchlight Parade of Firemen, Trades, Manufactures, Societies, Sporting Clubs, etc., will be the most extensive affair of the kind ever witnessed in Canada.

The Band Tournament will be taken part in by Musical organizations, visiting and local.

The Illumination of the Harbor, Ships of War, Mercantile, Marine and Surrounding Country, with the procession of Brilliantly Lighted Boats, will be of vast extent and unequalled grandeur.

Promenade Concerts in the Illuminated Public Gardens, with music by Military Bands and Elaborate Pyrotechnic Displays, will be prominent attractions among evening amusements.

The Chinese Lantern Bicycle Parade, by local and foreign wheelmen, will be a striking novelty.

The Three-Days' Walking Match will be contested by champion American, English and Canadian professional pedestrians.

Among the other features of Carnival Week are Horse Races, Base Ball Tournament, Cricket, Aquatic Concerts, Harbor Excursions and Yacht Races.

For programme and full information, address W. C. BISHOP, Secretary, Halifax, N. S.

No Taste! No Smell! No Nausea!

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites and Pancreatic.

Is largely prescribed by physicians for PROSTRATION, WASTING and LUNG DISEASES.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION!

Has especially proved efficacious in cases of weak and delicate children and those who are growing fast.

For women who are debilitated, caused by nursing, family cares, over work or troubles peculiar to their sex.

For invalids recovering from sickness it is of the greatest benefit.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION is sold everywhere for 50 cents.

Brown Brothers & Co., Chemists, Halifax, N. S.

G. M. DONALDSON,

-FASHIONABLE-

Artistic Tailor,

Calkin's Block, Kentville.

A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

DISCOVERY.

MARVELOUS MEMORY

By Genuine System of Memory Training.

Four books learned in one reading.

Every child and adult greatly benefited.

For particulars apply to Dr. Wm. A. Ham-

mond, 217 St. John Street, Halifax, N. S.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JULY 26, 1889.

Local and Provincial.

Now is the time to subscribe for the ACADIAN! If you are getting it now have it sent to a relative or friend.

MOVED.—Prof. Wortman has removed to the place recently vacated by Rev. G. F. Day.

THE SCIENCE SCHOOL.—We are promised a full report of the Science School meeting for these columns.

Paris Green at S. R. SLEEP'S.

News.—We would like to receive news from all parts of the County. Can't you let us know what is occurring in your neighborhood?

Best Lines, \$1.50 per Cask. R. PRAT.

OX INJURED.—An ox belonging to Mr. J. L. Gertridgy, of Gasperac, was badly injured on the dike one day last week.

Minard's Liniment Lumberman's Friend.

Big Pea.—Master Emerson Franklin brought into our office the other day a pea pod containing ten large sized peas.

Try Shredded Codfish. Choice Table Butter, 18 cts. R. PRAT.

THE PRIZE LIST.—We have received the prize list for the exhibition which is to be held in Kentville this autumn.

Wire Fencing, plain and barbed, and posts at WALTER BROWN'S.

FISHING.—The shad fishing in Minas Basin, so far, has been a failure again this year.

Top hogs (nearly new) for sale low R. PRAT.

HOOP-BLACKS.—This week, for the first time in the history of the town, two hoop-blacks were on our streets plying their professions.

A full line of Brushes of all kinds at WALTER BROWN'S.

THE ACADIAN.—The Acadian made two trips on Monday. Her regular trip to Paris was made in the morning, and returning in the evening she took a large number of the pupils and teachers of the Summer Science School to Paris where the school is now in session.

Fresh Shad at Porter's every day during the season. "Globe" Preserve Jar.

EARLY CLOSING.—By notices in other places in this paper it will be seen that the merchants of Wolfville have unanimously decided in future to close their respective places of business one evening in each week (Thursday) at 6 o'clock.

Peas, Corn, Tomatoes, Blueberries, Cans, Mince Meat, 15 cents. R. PRAT.

THE INTERNATIONAL S. S. Co.—The only side-wheel steamers running from Nova Scotia to Boston are the International S. S. Co.'s, from Annapolis and Digby, every Tuesday and Friday afternoon.

That our streets would look much better if the grass and weeds were clipped.

That the building boom is to continue.

That our people are awakening to the necessity of united effort; and

That our town will "boom" if that course is pursued.

That the clerks like the idea of one evening off each week.

That private picnics are very fashionable just now.

That a moon-light steamboat excursion is to be held soon.

That it is very pleasant on the beaches just now.

That some very pretty residences will be added to Wolfville this season.

That we haven't heard anything about a fire-company lately.

W. A. Payzant, dentist, has just returned from dental college and is prepared to do finer work than ever.

Johnson's Decorators' Pure White lead; warranted equal to any lead in the market at WALTER BROWN'S.

Go to Payzant's for Dentistry.

BORN.

DIXON.—At Wolfville, on the 24th, the wife of Frank A. Dixon, of a son.

Grand Pre.

A. Borden, our genial station agent, is quite ill. He has been station agent here for twenty years and we miss him at his post as he was always there with his pleasing manner and cheering words.

The sad news reached us on Tuesday of the death of Albert Harris, formerly of Grand Pre. Mr Harris died in Melrose, Mass., of heart disease after a short illness, he leaves a wife and four children, the youngest being under three years.

Paris Green at S. R. SLEEP'S. News.—We would like to receive news from all parts of the County. Can't you let us know what is occurring in your neighborhood?

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North Dakota Crops.

Last summer I wrote a few letters to the ACADIAN, in which I gave some account of the advantages and difficulties of North Dakota as a farming country, and sought to show that the opportunities in Nova Scotia were greatly to be preferred to the opportunities in that territory.

The long drought and hot winds have played havoc with a great many fields that gave promise of big yields, and many fields will have to be ploughed under.

On the other hand we have had a few showers, and the crops that are left are picking up considerably.

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