

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

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THE ACADIAN.

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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.

Newspaper 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 and Proprietors,
Wolfville, N. S.

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Churches.

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 10:30 A. M. Sabbath School at 11 A. M. Prayer Meetings on Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 9:30 A. M. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Fredk. Higgins, Pastor.—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 7:00 P. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal) Services next Sunday morning at 11 A. M. evening at 7. Canon Brock, L. D., President of King's College, will conduct the services.

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

Masonic.

St. GEORGE LODGE, A. F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7 o'clock P. M.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION S. O. T. meets every Monday evening at their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8:00 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, L. O. G. T., meets every Monday evening in Music Hall at 7:00 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OF—
Every Description
DONE WITH
NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND
PUNCTUALITY.

The ACADIAN will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

West's Pain King excels all other remedies in promptly curing dysentery, diarrhea, cholera, cholera morbus, and all diseases of the stomach and bowels. Price only 25c. All druggists.

DIRECTORY

—OF THE—
Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will see 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.

DISHOP, E. G.—Dealer in Leads, Oils, Color Room Paper, Hardware, Crockery, Glass, Cutlery, Brushes, etc., etc.

DISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Wholesale Dealer in Flour and Feed, Mowers, Rakes, &c., &c. N. B. Potatoes supplied in any quantity, barreled or by the car or vessel load.

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

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

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

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

Owing to the hurry in getting up this Directory, no doubt some names have been left off. Names so omitted will be added from time to time. Persons wishing their names placed on the above list will please call.

CARDS.

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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FOR CHOLERA
CRAMPS AND PAINFUL COLIC
DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY,
CHOLERA MORBUS AND
ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

Watches, Clocks,

and Jewelry

REPAIRED:

—BY—
J. F. HERBIN,
Next door to Post Office.
Small articles SILVERPLATED.

COUGHS, COLDS,
Croup and Consumption
CURED BY
ALLEN'S LUNG BALM
25c, 50c, and \$1.00 per bottle.

Select Poetry.

THE TWO LIVES.

Two babies were born in the self-same town,
On the very same bright day,
They laughed and cried in their mother's arms,
In the very self-same way.

And both seemed pure and innocent,
As falling flakes of snow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two children played in the self-same town,
And the children both were fair,
But one had curls brushed smooth and round,
The other had tangled hair.

The children both grew up apace,
As other children grow,
But one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two maidens wrought in the self-same town,
And one was wedded and loved,
The other saw time's curtain's part,
The world where her sister moved.

And one was smiling, a happy bride,
The other knew care and woe,
For one of them lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

Two women lay dead in the self-same town,
And one had tender care,
The other was left to die alone,
On her pallet so thin and bare.

One had many to mourn her loss,
For the other few tears would flow,
For one had lived in the terraced house,
And one in the street below.

If Jesus, who died for rich and poor,
In wondrous holy love,
Took both the sisters in His arms,
And carried them above;

Then all the difference vanished quite,
For in heaven none would know
Which of them lived in the terraced house,
And which in the street below.

Interesting Story.

ANDRE THERIOT.

It was an old French Chateau on the banks of the Loire; and when it was first built, or conquered, by the ancestors of the Comte de Maupassant, no one knew. But the beautiful domain of Beaujolais had descended to the Maupassants for centuries in one unbroken line.

The present owner Count Guy, was perhaps the wealthiest and proudest of his race, as he was also the last. His only child, Blanche, a little girl about ten years old, was the sole heir of that once numerous and powerful family, and what affection her father had lavished upon her. But, like all the Maupassants, he was old-hearted and haughty, and when his wife, whom he had married from motives of interest, drooped, faded, and died, in the ungenial atmosphere of the old chateau, he gave her scant mourning.

As for the little Countess, she had her governess and her *bonne*, and, being extremely willful, was allowed to do pretty much as she pleased. Her father who spent the greater part of his time in Paris, was quite content, on his visits to the chateau, to see his beautiful little daughter healthy and happy, and the greatest little despot in the household, which was wholly submissive to her wildest whim.

What a life she led that winter! She rebelled against the constant watchfulness of governess and maids, and nothing delighted her more than to run away from them, and pass long hours in wandering alone through the deep forests and broad fields of Beaujolais. Her governess, a good, indolent woman, was in utter despair at these escapades.

"But, mademoiselle, I forbid you to go alone!" she cried. "It is not *commode* for the Countess de Maupassant to wander about alone, like one of the common peasant children."

"Then I wish I was a common peasant child!" the little lady cried stamping her feet angrily. "They have got children to play with them, and I've got nobody but you and *Bonne Marie*; and you are old, old, and you can't jump and run and play. I will go by myself; and if you watch me, or try to follow me, madame, I will go outside the gate and run away to Paris. There now!"

Poor Madame Duloc shook and shivered at this threat. She knew the child would keep her word, and then what would happen? As for punishing her refractory charge as she deserved, that she knew was utterly impossible, and would cost her an easy

and lucrative situation. So she weakly tried to compromise.

"If you would only take Céline, mademoiselle, then you might stay out as long as you please."

"But I am running away from Céline and everybody!" she cried, impatiently. "I hate to be watched, and if you will do it, I will run away. I will go where I choose."

Poor Madame Duloc raised her hands and eyes in despair, but before this will go she knew she was powerless. She did what she could; she exacted a promise from Blanche that she would never go beyond the park gates. Willful and ungovernable as the little Countess was, she had never broken her word, so Madame Duloc was forced to yield the point. She would climb laboriously to the high tower, and watch the child through the fields, and until she was let in the recesses of the forest. But after a time, when Blanche came in regularly, glowing with health and ready to study more sedulously than she had ever done, she ceased her espionage.

The lonely little girl found her life full of interest now. She made friends with the birds and squirrels, and all wild things of the field and forest. She was a warm-hearted, loving little creature, though her best impulses had been repressed by her artificial life, and it was her greatest pleasure to stop and chat with old Theriot, the gardener, and his assistants, who were always busy about the grounds.

One beautiful spring morning, in her wanderings through the spacious gardens, Blanche came to an arch twined with the fragrant *Pivoine* rose, then in full bloom. They were high above her reach, not far there, a foothold on the arch where she could climb. She looked around. No one was in sight but a tall lad, who was weeding one of the beds.

"Here, *garçon*, come and get me some roses."

He came obediently, and gathered her a large cluster.

"You are very tall," she said, "to reach up there. Where do you live, and how old are you?"

"I am sixteen," he said, "and, mademoiselle, I live here. I am Andre Theriot."

"Ah, you are the gardener Theriot's son. I like him," nodding her head gravely. "He is a good man. He lets me pick the nectarines myself. Do you want a rose, Andre?" holding out one, with the air of a young girl, when she drew it back, with a mischievous laugh.

"Come now, I'm going to treat you as madame does me, when she gives me *bonbons*. You must spell 'rose' before you get it."

The lad's handsome face flushed crimson.

"But, *mamselle*," he stammered, "I can't spell. I don't know my letters."

"Don't know your letters, you, a big, strong boy of sixteen! Oh, you must be very lazy! Why don't you learn?"

"But, *mamselle*, my father is too poor to send me to school. I wish I could learn. Ah, *mon Dieu*, if I could only learn to read, I would be too happy!" clasping his hands, with the big tears in his eyes.

"You shall learn to read, Andre!" pity and sympathy were at work in that warm little heart. "I will teach you myself. Meet me to-morrow morning at the summer-house on the lake. I will bring books, and I will teach you."

"You, *mamselle*!" Andre cried, stupefied. If an angel from heaven had offered to teach him, he could not have been more astonished than at this condescension from his beautiful little *chateleine*.

"And why not? Of course I shall not tell Madame Duloc or anybody, for they would make such a fuss. But be in the summer-house to-morrow."

Of course Andre did not fail to obey. He never dreamed of disputing her orders, and the lad was wild to learn. Blanche was an exacting and impatient little teacher, but Andre was so bright and eager that in five months he had almost reached the limit of Blanche's own small acquirements. She had grown extremely fond of the handsome lad, so ready and willing to amuse her; and as for him, he was her abject slave

All distinctions of rank were forgotten in this pleasant companionship so soon to cease.

One morning the count returned unexpectedly from Paris. "Where is Blanche?" he asked Madame Duloc.

"Mademoiselle is out on the grounds," she said, tremulously. "I have sent Céline for her."

"Without you, Madame Duloc!" he said, sternly; "do you tell me my daughter is allowed to wander about alone?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu*, but she will let no one follow her?" the poor governess cried, desperately.

"Since you cannot control the Countess, madame, allow me to tell you, your services are no longer needed at Beaujolais." The Count strode off in search of his daughter in a terrible fury. It did not lessen when, after a half-hour's search, she was not to be found. When near the lake, he heard voices and laughter in the little summer-house.

Pushing open the door, he saw a sight which nearly struck him dumb. Side by side on the bench sat the representative of the Maupassants and a peasant boy. They were bending over the same book, and the golden curls of Blanche mingled with the black hair of her companion.

"Blanche!" cried the Count, in a voice of thunder.

The little girl sprang to her feet, turning pale, but she did not tremble.

"What are you doing here with that boy?"

"I am teaching him to read, papa."

The little girl's tones did not falter, though she was horribly frightened.

"Teaching him to read!" the Count gasped so furious that his voice trembled.

"Back with you to the chateau, you wicked child, and I will settle with you later. But you, you base-born, in-olent peasant, I will lash you like the hound you are!" He raised his riding-whip, but Blanche seized it, and confronted him with a pale face and flashing eyes.

"You shall not strike him, papa!" she cried. "I made him come. He dared not refuse. If you strike anyone, strike me, for I did it."

Andre through his whole life never forgot that picture. The man with his face convulsed by fury, the little girl looking up with her brave eyes, ready and willing to suffer in his stead.

After a minute the Count seemed to recover himself.

"Go away from here, boy," he cried, "for if ever I meet you again I will cut off your ears and tongue! You to out to learn! Bah!"

This was no idle threat at that time in France. The grand Seigneurs had the liberty of mutilating, or even killing their vassals at their own free will, and the boy knew that his father's house was no longer safe for him. But his thirst for knowledge, begun by the lessons of his little mistress, led him to a Jesuit college, where his uncle, a priest, was one of the professors. There he remained for six years, while the thunders of the great Revolution were growling in the distance.

When Andre left college, the guillotine had already cut of many of the greatest and noblest names in France. His education and ability and hatred of aristocracy soon secured him a position of confidence with Petion, one of the Revolutionary leaders.

Andre shuddered at the bloodshed and violence which had turned France into a butcher's shambles, but then he dreamed that the outcome would be liberty.

He had heard that the Chateau of Beaujolais had been burned to the ground, and the Count and his daughter had escaped. Where the Count had gone he knew not, and cared less; but he knew that Blanche had been concealed by old Theriot, his father, who had been loyal to his young mistress in her hour of peril. He had never seen her since that fateful day when they had been surprised by her father, but his gratitude and almost adoration had never lessened. One day, in Petion's office, he overheard a few words which made his heart beat fast.

"So that old man, De Maupassant, is in the last batch of prisoners? They will all 'kiss the *loukou*' at noon to-day."

"Good!" Petion answered; "has the viper any brood?"

"One daughter, as handsome and insolent as an aristocrat can be. She is hiding, they say, with one of her old servants; but that bloodhound Carasso goes in search of her to-morrow. He never fails, Carasso does not, and she will be in La Force before twenty-four hours."

As soon as the visitors left, Andre presented himself before Petion.

"General," he said, "I want a pass to absent myself for several days, and to go where I wish. Give me one, too, at the same time, for my sister."

"Aha, Theriot, of course, my boy!" Something for the good of the State, *hein?* Good patriot that you are! Describe your sister, and let Nicol there draw up the pass."

I have no space to tell of Andre's journey to Beaujolais, and how, in disguise, Blanche escaped with him to the nearest seaport, where he took passage for her in a vessel bound for America. Andre had a cousin settled on the *Teche* in Louisiana, and it was to these humble folk the Countess De Maupassant was going.

"Farewell, mademoiselle," said the young man, as they stood together on the deck of the vessel. "You have money for your present wants, and I will forward more to you. Perhaps, too, I may come and see you."

Blanche raised her face, streaming with tears.

"Come with me now, Andre!" she cried, in her old impetuous manner.

"How can I go alone, alone to a strange land?"

He went. Two years after this, the young Countess married the gardener's son, and their union was a happy one. Their descendants are numerous now on the *Teche*, and you can hear this story more graphically told by them than in this short sketch. In their graves the Countess Blanche and her devoted husband lie side by side, on a green knoll near the silver waters of the *Teche*.—*Youth's Companion*.

Christianity and Infidelity Compared.

Y. DEWITT TALMAGE.

There stands Christianity. There stands Infidelity. Compare what they have done. Compare their resources. There is Christianity, a prayer on her lips, a benediction on her brow, both hands full of help for all who would help; the mother of thousands of colleges, the mother of thousands of asylums for the oppressed; the mother of institutions for the bringing back of the outcast; the mother of thousands of reformatory institutions for the saving of the lost; the mother of innumerable Sabbath-schools, bringing millions of children under a drill to prepare them for respectability and usefulness, to say nothing of the great future. That is Christianity.

Here is infidelity. No prayer on her lips, no benediction on her brow, both hands clenched—what for? To fight Christianity. That is the entire business. The complete mission of infidelity is to fight Christianity. Where are her schools, her colleges, her asylums of mercy? Let me show you down a whole realm of foolscap paper that you may fill all of it with the names of her beneficent institutions, the colleges and the asylums, the institutions of mercy and of learning, founded by infidelity, and supported alone by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, and yet in favor of making the world better. "Oh," you say, "a realm of paper is too much for the names of those institutions." Well, then, I throw you a choir of paper. Fill it all up now. I will wait until you get all the names down. "Oh," you say, "that is too much." Well, then, I will just hand you a sheet of paper. Just fill up the four sides while we are talking of this matter with the names of the merciful institutions founded by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet in favor of humanity. "Oh," you say, "that would be too much room; you wouldn't want so much room as that." Well, then, suppose you count them on your ten fingers. "Oh," you say, "not quite so much as that." Well, then, count them on the fingers of one hand. "Oh,"

you say, "we don't want so much room as that." Suppose, then, you halt and count on one finger the name of any institution founded by infidelity, pronounced against God and the Christian religion, yet tending to make the world better. Not one! Not one!

—Address at Anniversary Virginia Bible Society.

Use for Old Washstands.

The old pine washstand, now tramped away in the garret, but so common a few years ago, the one with the hole in the top for a wash-bowl, bars for towels, and a drawer and shelf below, is a treasure not to be despised. If you want a pretty Queen Anne table, for books or music, remove the back piece and bars, and nail a smooth board over the top to cover the hole.

An ounce of shellac dissolved in a pint of alcohol, with enough lampblack added to make it the desired dark shade, will supply enough varnish to transform the pine table into a fashionable ebony one, as the legs only require to be varnished. Then cover both shelves with dark blue or olive plush or velvetone, which can now be purchased very cheaply, and put a straight valance of the same round the lower shelf. Finish the top one with a worsted chenille fringe, in bright Persian colors, and edge the valance with the same. It will take only about 1½ yards of plush, and three yards of fringe; and your table will be the admiration of all who see it. If it is to stand against the wall, three sides of the lower shelf only need to be trimmed, and the drawer left for use at the back. For a bedroom these tables are pleasing, if simply varnished and covered in the same way with a pretty, cheerful cretonne, edged with a full ruffle of the same. Such a stand is a useful gift for an invalid, when placed by the couch to hold bottles and glass.

AYER'S Sugar-Coated Cathartic PILLS.

If the Liver be clogged, if the bowels are constipated, or if the stomach fails to perform its functions properly, use Ayer's Pills. They are invaluable.

For some years I was a victim to Liver Complaint, in consequence of which I suffered from General Debility and Indigestion. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills restored to perfect health.—W. T. Brightness, Henderson, W. Va.

For years I have relied more upon Ayer's Pills than anything else, to

Regulate

my bowels. These Pills are mild in action, and do their work thoroughly. I have used them with good effect, in cases of Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble, and Dyspepsia.—G. F. Miller, Attleborough, Mass.

Ayer's Pills cured me of Stomach and Liver troubles, from which I had suffered for years. I consider them the best pills made, and would not be without them.—Morris G. Allen, Danvers, N. Y.

I was attacked with Bilious Fever, which was followed by Jaundice, and was so dangerously ill that my friends despaired of my recovery. I commenced taking Ayer's Pills, and soon regained my customary strength and vigor.—John C. Pattison, Lowell, Nebraska.

Last spring I suffered greatly from a troublesome humor on my side. In spite of every effort to cure this eruption, it increased until the flesh became entirely raw. I was troubled at the same time with indigestion, and distressing pains in

The Bowels.

By the advice of a friend I began taking Ayer's Pills. In a short time I was free from pain, my food digested properly, the sores on my body commenced healing, and, in less than one month, I was cured.—Samuel D. White, Atlanta, Ga.

I have long used Ayer's Pills, in my family, and believe them to be the best pills made.—S. C. Darden, Darden, Ala.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUG. 22, 1887

Our Streets

Our readers will remember that in several former issues we have referred to a change which should be made in Main street near "Mud Bridge." At one time a petition was prepared asking the Council to appoint a committee to report on the desired alteration, and had our people taken the interest in the matter that they should the change would have been made. This was, however, allowed to fall through on account of the lack of interest taken, and to-day the street remains as it was. However the opportunity still remains, and all that is needed is a united effort on the part of the ratepayers to carry out the idea that has been suggested. That the straightening of the street at the point mentioned would add much to the appearance and convenience of our town, has never to our knowledge been disputed. With this done, and the hollow filled up, and the avenue of ornamental trees which already exists on either side continued, our Main street would be, we believe, the handsomest in the Province. Those who live to the east of the locality named should be particularly interested in this movement and should use all their influence towards the successful carrying out of the scheme. "Mud Bridge" has for years been a vile blot on the face of our otherwise pretty town, and now that an opportunity offers by which the evil may be done away with and the property adjacent increased in value fully fifty per cent., we hope our people will unanimously join in carrying the work to a successful issue. The property reclaimed and the benefit to the neighborhood would far more than make up for the expense involved. The matter is certainly worth the attention of our Wolfville readers.

The New Building.

The activity in the west end of our village, which has been so apparent for the past few months, has come to a close, and the sound of the carpenter's hammer is heard no more. But as a result there has grown up an imposing edifice which is at once a convenience to the faculty who have caused its erection, and an ornament to the village. Situated in one of the most desirable localities in the neighborhood—on what has been known for years as the cricket field, and formerly as the parade—a large open space lying north of the Acadia institutions, of which this edifice forms a part—on the north side of Main street, and but a short distance south of the Windsor & Annapolis R. R., from which it is readily seen, it has a location which cannot be surpassed in the neighborhood either for beauty of situation or convenience of surroundings. This building, which is at present known as the New Academy Boarding-house, occupies a position in the southwest corner of the lot. Its extreme length from north to south, including towers, is 84 feet, with a width of 45 feet from east to west, including cross-walks. The main body of the building is 70x40 feet and four stories high including the basement. The main entrance is on the east side and opens into a wide corridor leading directly to the centre corridor which runs the entire length of the building. There is also an entrance in the south end into the main corridor. In the first flat four rooms in the south end are reserved for reception rooms and parlor, two on either side of the corridor. There are on this flat nine rooms in all—four on the east side and five on the west—all furnished exactly alike, with the exception of the first flat mentioned, which are furnished in addition:—The basement contains the kitchen, pantry, dining-hall, laundry, vegetable room, coal room, meat and vegetable cellar, tank and heating apparatus. The kitchen, pantry and laundry are furnished with hot and cold water supplied by the most improved methods of heating and plumbing. The dining-hall is very pleasantly situated on the west side of the corridor, and is 37 feet in length by 18 feet in width. It is daisied with pine to the height of about four feet from the floor and stained a cherry-red, and is also every room in the building except the kitchen and some of the storage rooms in basement. The entrance to the dining-room is from the corridor on the first flat and is arranged that there can be no access to it by the boarders until the bell rings for meals at which time the doors are opened and free admittance afforded. The second flat contains ten, and the third eight rooms, all of which are furnished exactly alike and provided with closets and heating apparatus. The wood-work and floor is all stained a cherry red with back-mouldings in walnut. An elevator leads from the basement to the upper story to supply fuel, etc., to the rooms on each flat. The water is supplied from a living spring just to the north-west of the building, and is raised to a tank in the same by means of a force-pump. The drainage is carried away by large pipes to the north and to some distance below the spring from which comes the supply of water. Taken altogether, the building is a most commendable one. The reputation of the

contractors, Messrs Rhodes & Curry, is too well known to require any comment from us, and we congratulate the faculty, and especially the building committee, in being fortunate enough to secure contractors who have been able to give so general satisfaction as has been given in this case; as everyone who has had the privilege of inspecting the building has but one opinion to offer and that is that the whole contract has been thoroughly and faithfully carried out.

School of Science.

THE CONVERSATION.

On account of our going to press Thursday evening, we were unable last week to give a detailed report of the conversation in Assembly Hall. A large number of friends of the School from Wolfville, Kentville, Cornwallis, Lower Horton, and elsewhere, were present, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. Principal McKay presided, and in a short address referred to the scope of the school and the practical and moral results which might be expected to accrue therefrom. The following programme was then announced and was carried out in a manner which reflected the highest credit on all taking part:—

- 1. Duets, "I would that my Love, Mend'am Masses brown and Wallace."
2. Solo, "The Festival am I." Watson Mr Shaw.
3. Solo, "Know'st thou the Land," Mignon Miss Vaughan.
4. Reading, "The Pepper tree's side," Whittier Miss Wallace.
5. Solo, "Since first I met thee," Rubenstein Miss Brown.
6. Reading, "The Polish boy," At Shaw.
7. Piano Solo, "Hungarian Rhapsodie," Liszt Miss Hamilton.

The performers being so well and favourably known in Wolfville, it is unnecessary for us to make any comment, their names being sufficient. At the close of this programme Prof. Caldwell took the platform and announced that an intermission of forty-five minutes would next be had and that the museum and library would be open to the visitors. Also that refreshments would be provided. After this time had been spent very pleasantly and the good things provided by the ladies had been done ample justice to, the meeting was again called to order. The teachers of the school were invited to take seats on the platform, when addresses were made by Dr Sawyer, Inspector Congdon, Dr Jones, Prof. Higgins, Inspector Roscoe, and J. F. L. Parsons, Esq. Dr Hall then in a neat speech moved a vote of thanks to the people of Wolfville for the kindness shown them. This was seconded by Mr A. J. Pineo and unanimously passed, when the meeting was closed by singing the National Anthem.

THE VISIT TO WINDSOR.

On Friday the School visited Windsor. Leaving Wolfville by the noon accommodation, they were met at the railway station at Windsor, by the Warden, Dr Gospe, Hon. Mr Goudge, Professors Kennedy and Roberts of King's College, Drs Moody and Black, Mr C. W. Knowles of the Tribune, and other leading citizens. The School was driven in carriages through the town and suburban localities of interest and out to the celebrated gypsum quarries at Wentworth. Here specimens of selenite, anhydrite, etc., rewarded the researches of the students. Towards evening they were driven back to the college. The splendid collections of the museum were next eagerly scanned, till the bell summoned the party to a sumptuous collection in the dining hall—a pleasant surprise to the party. After all were satisfied with the good things presented, Principal McKay moved a vote of thanks to the College and the town people who had in such an appropriate manner shown their appreciation of this important work so auspiciously carried on by the Science School. The motion was seconded by Prof. Caldwell and enthusiastically passed. Canon Brock replied on behalf of the college and citizens of Windsor. In his eloquent address he most forcibly pointed out the intimate relation which exists between the study of the word and works of God. The party then walked to the station through the college woods, where the train was taken for home, all speaking in the highest praise of the kindness of the people of Windsor.

This ended the first session of the Summer Science School. It was decided to hold the next session in Pictou, and the instructors for next year, with a few exceptions, will be the same as last year. It is the intention to give a certificate to those who complete satisfactorily a given amount of work on these subjects. Following are the names of those who attended the session at Wolfville:—

- Inspector Rowse, Wolfville.
Inspector Congdon, Halifax.
Professor Hall, Truro.
Professor Denon, Halifax.
Principal McLean, Annapolis.
Principal BeLond, Kentville.
Principal Sprague, Liverpool.
Principal Congdon, Dartmouth.
Supervisor McKay, Halifax.
Rev. James Anderson, Musquodoboit.
Principal Burbridge, Halifax.
Miss E. Stewart, Pictou.
Miss J. C. Fullerton, Pictou.
Miss M. Anderson, Musquodoboit.
Miss N. A. Burgess, Windsor.
Miss B. McLatchy, Windsor.
Miss R. Marshall, Yarmouth.
Miss C. Mumford, Hantsport.
Miss H. Rouse, Wolfville.
Miss S. A. Hamilton, Wolfville.
Miss L. J. Benjamin, Wolfville.
Miss F. Evans, Wolfville.
L. A. McKen, Halifax.
W. E. Thompson, Halifax.

- Miss I. M. Creighton, Halifax.
Miss A. J. Mitchell, Halifax.
Miss A. M. Cunningham, Halifax.
Miss I. M. Wiswell, Halifax.
Miss H. L. Flowers, Halifax.
Miss M. Reynolds, Halifax.
J. W. H. King, Hantsport.
D. Dill, Lunenburg.
Miss M. J. McPhee, Gayaboro co.
Miss E. Ellis, Elmisdale.
Miss M. Kirkpatrick, Halifax.
Miss S. A. Hirtle, Lunenburg.
Miss P. Porter, Yarmouth.
O. F. Best, Canoe.
C. E. Williams, Chester.
H. K. Marsters, New York.
Miss Crosby, Yarmouth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Quaestio Horae.

Live questions demand active measures for their solution. There must be life to grapple with life. Inactivity, so characteristic of the Province which we inhabit, is at times not only impolitic but dangerous. At this instant, in this village, there is a call for the exertion of manly energy, and wakefulness and business-like promptitude. For a few moments let me claim the attention of your readers, while I refer to a matter which has been agitating Wolfville's public mind to a small extent for the past two months.

It comes under the general title of Temperance, or Intemperance or Prohibition, or Liquor-selling, or whatever fancy may suggest in these opposing lines of thought and labor. Briefly it is this: By ascertained fact there is now amongst us a would-be permanent resident in the form of a new Beer-shop. I call it by that gentle name in order to prevent a revelation of feeling and hysterical manifestations on the part of "sensitive" inhabitants. There is another name, however, that is often used. So euphonious is it, so strikingly appropriate, and so true to fact, that I cannot forbear its mention. It is Hell-hole. Its arrival cannot be a surprise to the people. In such a lethargic community as this, where liquor-sellers run the slightest risk of fine or imprisonment, where not even a license is necessary to effect the ruin of young men, what wonder if a respectable yet gain-greedy merchant open a bar-room for the benefit of himself and thirty customers? 'Tis only matter of amaze to me that there are not a dozen more such places. In time there will be if the townfolk can sustain the reputation they have earned for positive non-interference in affairs that touch the public well.

However, where is this agency of the Evil One? Rumor says it is situated under the very eaves of the sanctuary, Oh, tell it not in Gath! Rumor states also that \$4000.00 are to be expended during the coming months in beautifying the last-named stately edifice. Amen! But the money had better be invested in marsh-mud and clover-seed. Then the place opposite could be covered over, sealed up, and seeded down, and a life-subsidy conferred upon the present proprietor, on condition of his discontinuance in the trade. This is offered by way of suggestion. As I write it there come memories of a number of young men, trained in our Sabbath-schools, once members of our congregations, who are now where the boys of now will be ere long, unless a movement be inaugurated speedily to crush the growing liquor traffic in this district.

We have four churches, and two or three Temperance Orders; also a Gospel Mission. Almost every resident human being, of adult age, and many a one who has not yet attained that blissful dignity, belongs to one or another of these organizations. Yet all these Christian and moral societies, embodying the real strength, influence, industry, wealth and intellectual ability of our town, stand in awe of a single individual, who grins defiance at their "hobbs skins." There is an affecting stanza, learned in early childhood, which suggests itself as singularly appropriate to the topic at issue. It reads thus:—"Four and twenty tailors went to kill a snail. The best man amongst them dare not touch his tail, like a young Killarney cow; Run, tailors, run, or he'll catch you all! Truly, some poets are gifted with peculiar insight. Wonderful fore-knowledge characterizes this effusion. May we not apply it? Run, oh grave and tottering grand, sire, last relic of a by-gone generation! Run, oh respectable weighty-voiced citizen, in your mid-life prime, and timid strength! Run, oh young man, inspired by the sublime example of your elders! But, have a care, you last-named hero. Youthful impetuosity may cause you to run backwards, on to the very horns of the ferocious snail himself, and then for high, for ho, he's caught you sure, and will rob you, make you lose your senses, and maybe deprive you of your life, for you poor score or so of trembling "tailors" dare not interfere.

Preachers may emphasize, lecturers perspire, gossips gabble, temperance societies debate, cranks croak, and pious people pray, but all that's merely talk. Meantime the beastly business grows and propagates itself. Children coming from school are vilely tempted. Young men, lacking in strength of will, are poisoned. The enemy is steadily establishing its power. If certain revelations should be made even now, there would be a village. One real earnest effort has been put forth to abolish the most recent of our drinking fountains; to the honor of old Wolfville, and Wolfville's Lodge, and most of Wolfville's women, be it said. A deputi on of ladies waited upon the vendor of the cure, but met with a reception which it would not be well to disgrace the gal-

ums of the ACADIAN by detailing. Suffice it that besides much else, this modern Samson did defy the village and the inhabitants thereof to drive him from his den.

As evil thickens round us the necessity for sterner policy becomes imperative. Let me appeal to the common-sense, the judgment, the reason, the intelligence the affections, the sympathies, the interests, the nobler sentiments, the selfish motives, the unselfish desires, the prudence, the higher wisdom, the Christianity of Wolfville's inhabitants to commence a united, whole-souled, high spirited effort for the destruction, not merely of this most recent upstart bar-room, but of the various alcohol-championed, foully-devised, devil-inspired, temptation-encircled liquor agencies now existent in New Scotia's loveliest rural town. Vox TEMPLUM.

August 11, '87.

Special Jubilee Presents To Be Given Away By The GREAT LONDON & CHINA TEA CO. For One Week Only! Commencing Mon, June 20.

6000 Pairs Exquisite Bohemian Vases! Worth from 50c to \$1.50 per pair to be given away with 2lb, 3lb, 4lb and 5lb of TEA. ALSO 10,000 BEAUTIFUL French China Gift Mottos Cups and Saucers! To be given with 2lb Tea at 30c per lb, or 1 1/2 lb at 40c per lb, or 1lb at 50c per lb. GREAT LONDON AND CHINA TEA CO. 191 BARRINGTON ST. HALIFAX.

HIGH AND UNDOUBTED QUALITY Has Been Characteristic Of WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER FOR OVER 30 YEARS April 15th, 1887. JOB PRINTING of every description done at short notice at this office.

TAKE NOTICE.—If your name 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

A Grand Bazaar AND FANCY FAIR, IN AID OF ST. JOSEPH'S CHURCH, Kentville, will be held in the EXHIBITION BUILDING and GROUNDS, on WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, 17th and 18th of August. Extensive preparations are being made by the Committee in charge, who are determined to make it attractive and pleasant for visitors, and in every possible way a grand success.

2 BRASS BANDS 2 Will furnish Music, and a Grand PROMENADE CONCERT will be given on Wednesday Evening, for which they have secured the services of St. Patrick's Band, of Halifax, 30 First Class Performers. The beautiful Exhibition Grounds will be brilliantly illuminated, and there will be a GRAND DISPLAY OF FIREWORKS! Dinner will be served from 11 to 2.30 o'clock. Tea from 4 to 6.30 o'clock. Refreshments, including Temperate Drinks, at all hours. Admission to Grounds and Bazaar, 10c.; Children, 5c.; to Promenade Concert, 2c.; Children, 1c.

Table with 2 columns: Location and Price. Locations include Halifax, Bedford, Windsor Junction, New Brunswick, Windsor, Pictou, Hantsport, Annapolis, Kentville, Yarmouth, Hantsport, Grand Pre, Wolfville, Port Williams, Coldbrook, Cambridge, Waterville, Berwick, Aylesford, Auburn, Kington, Wilton, Middleton, Lawrenceston, Bridgetown, Annapolis.

2 TRIPS! FOR BOSTON VIA "Palace Steamers" OF THE INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO. ANNAPOLIS DIRECT LINE. The favorite side wheel Steamer NEW YORK will leave Annapolis for Boston direct, every TUESDAY and SATURDAY, after the arrival of Express train from Halifax. On Saturday trip the Steamer reserves the right to call at St. John for passengers.

ST. JOHN LINE. The Steamers of this Line will leave St. John at 8 o'clock, a. m., for Boston, via Eastport and Portland, every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, and at 7:30 every SATURDAY NIGHT for BOSTON DIRECT. BAY LINE. Steamer SECRET will leave Annapolis for St. John, every MONDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY. For tickets and further information apply to your nearest ticket agent, or to D. Mumford, Station Agent, Wolfville. R. A. GARDER, Agent, Annapolis. May 6th, 1887.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING! —THAT— Simon's Liniment is what may be called an Every Day Medicine, and does not perform miracles nor cure every disease, but as a remedy for the many complaints which are usually treated by Liniments it is unsurpassed by any other preparation and has well been called "The House-hold Remedy." It affords the Proprietors much pleasure to say they are constantly receiving kind words and good wishes in its favor.

Messrs BROWN, BROS. & CO., Druggists, Halifax, N. S. Gentlemen:—I have been terribly troubled with rheumatic stiffness of the cords of my hands, and for seven years I have not been able to do any needle-work or sewing. I spent a great many dollars in trying to find relief, but without success until six months ago I used a bottle of Simon's Liniment which has acted like magic. My fingers have regained their suppleness, which I despair of ever returning, and now, after applying the contents of two bottles, I can sew for hours without fatigue to my hands. Yours truly, Mrs A. L. ANDERSON. Meadow Cottage Hotel, Cow Bay, C. B.

500,000,000,000. EGGS! EGGS! Five Hundred Thousand Million Dozen wanted this week at 14 Cents, by G. H. Wallace. Wolfville, June 23d, '87.

TAKE NOTICE.—If your name 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

Summer Novelties Dry Goods THIS WEEK AT RYAN'S. P. S.—Special Bargains in all Departments for Cash. MAIN STREET, - KENTVILLE.

Jersey Bull LAND TRANSFER OFFICE, QUEEN BUILDING, HALIFAX. J. M. JONES, Esq., Registrar-in-Chief, Manager. FARM WANTED and FOR SALE. All sizes, 10 to 800 Acres. All prices, \$300 to \$10,000. No charge for registry.

UNDER the same roof the finest stock of Millinery in King's County. The quality of the goods and character of work done is best attested by the fact that ladies come here to buy from the most distant parts of the County. You are cordially invited to visit our Rooms and see the newest and most fashionable goods in the line.

READY-MADE Clothing at prices adapted to all purses. Excellent materials and perfect fits. Our Norfolk Suits are now very POPULAR. We give special attention to Suits for Children.

PRINTS in beautiful and many patterns. A great stock of Gingham in all desirable varieties. OUR Sewing-machines are going fast. Now is the time to buy if you want the best shades.

ELEGANT Dress Goods. The ladies are delighted with them. Newest and most fashionable styles. Finest fabrics in the market. Seventeen varieties of Black Dress GOODS. 300 yards of Scotch and Canadian Tweeds at cost, at post, at cost.

EVERY buyer knows the advantage of selecting goods from a large stock. For this reason we can confidently offer WHITE CUSTOM. Besides the unrivalled display of MILLINERY and extensive stock of Dry Goods already mentioned, we have all the desirable styles in Gents' Furnishings, Boots and Shoes, Corsets, Gloves, Fancy Goods, etc., etc., etc.

White Bronze. YARMOUTH, MAINE, July 15, 1885. Mr THOS. MORRIS.—In answer to your enquiry about my White Bronze Monument, I would say that it stands on the sea shore ten feet above high water mark; it is twenty-five feet high, base four feet. It has been erected over ten years, and is as good now as when placed in position; it has not been affected in the least by either heat or cold; no moss or foreign substances gather on it as do on marble; it is as clear and bright as when new, and (in my opinion) White Bronze is superior to either marble or granite for monumental purposes, and I have no hesitation in recommending it to others. Yours, &c., JOHN P. CARSWELL. Supt. Penobscot Iron Works, Bridgetown, Conn. "This is to certify that during the summer 1868 at the Schonbrunn Palace Gardens, Vienna, Austria, I saw an equestrian statue of Prince Joseph which had been erected 85 years. It was cast of pure zinc, and in appearance was fresh and perfect." A. H. LAANDON. Supt. Penobscot Iron Works, Bridgetown, Conn. You are at liberty to refer any one to me, either personally or by letter, to aid you in refuting the falsehoods circulated by the marble dealers about White Bronze. It dignifies me to think that men should use such means to push their business. After giving the matter careful consideration, I have decided to place my orders for White Bronze Monuments. Simcoe, Ont., June 30th, 1885. W. H. SCHUYLER. For Designs and Prices call on or address F. L. McNeill, W. D. Porter, BERWICK, N. S. June 17th, 1887.

Choice Miscellany.

The Dead Poet's Creed.

My soul dwells in its future life Like some green forest thrice cut down, Whose shoots defy the axman's strife, And skyward spread a greater crown.

While machine-guns my aged head, And bomboms earth supplies my food, The lamps of God their soft light shed, And distant worlds are understood.

See not my soul is but a cloud Resultant of my body's powers; She plumes her wings to fly to God, And will not rest outside his bowers.

The winter's snow is on my brow, But summer suns more brightly glow, And violets, lilies, roses now Seem sweeter than long years ago.

As I approach my earthly end Much plainer can I hear afar Immortal symphonies which blend To welcome me from star to star.

The tomb is not an endless night; It is a thoroughfare—a way, That throes in a soft twilight, And opens in eternal day.

Moved by the love of God, I find That I must work, as did Voltaire, Who loved the world and all mankind; But God is Love! Let none despair!

Our work on earth is just begun; Our moments will later rise; To bathe their summits in the sun And shine in bright, eternal skies.

—Victor Hugo.

Our Homes.

We read a good deal nowadays, about the duty of women to make home attractive to their husbands, and it is said that all the petty annoyances of daily life should be kept from them, and they should find the home in holiday attire, and the meals all ready, when they return from their business avocations.

This is all well enough if it only could be carried out, and when it is practical there is no doubt but a good wife would make it her crowning pleasure to have everything about the house in good order, and herself and the children neatly dressed to receive the father of the family. But is there not another side to the question? And when we speak of duty, is it not also an incumbent upon the husband to make home attractive to the wife?

Yet this is a phase of the question which is not often discussed in the newspapers; and there is a tendency among men in general, to regard home as a place where the mask of politeness, which has been worn all day in their business occupations, can be cast aside, and they can show themselves in the natural man—can exhibit all their natural vices, and not restrain themselves in the least. As the head of the family they think that the ordering of affairs devolves upon them, and there are those who incline to pay little deference to the wishes of the wife, and consult their own convenience and pleasure upon all occasions. Can there be comfort or happiness in the household where this state of affairs exists?

Can the wife honor and love the husband who does not consult her tastes or wishes, even in the smallest matters of the family arrangements? Is she to be condemned if she takes less interest in his comforts and pleasures, and, as herself becomes alienated from such a domestic tyrant? We think the home should be always under the direct control of the wife, and that she should be allowed to order all the details connected with it; but the husband should be willing to give her aid and counsel in its affairs, and not ridicule and tease her concerning matters that seem to him too trifling to be discussed.

Then the homestead should be settled upon her, so that she can feel assured, no matter what reverses of fortune may arise, that the home which has become sanctified to her births and deaths, and the association of years, will be her own. Every woman feels that this is her right, and if the husband can purchase a home, it is as much for his interest as for hers, that the deeds should be made out in her name. Then she can adorn and ornament both the house and grounds with the work of her hands, assured that its comforts and conveniences will belong to the family, and not become the property of others without her full consent; and she would strive more heartily to make the home more attractive as each year passed by; and to have her family appreciate its charms more highly.—The Household.

Contented.

In one of the great cities of the West, which have sprung up into full life in as many years as men take to totter through babyhood, an old gray horse preaches the usual lesson of content to all passers-by.

The street on which it stands is filled with solid rows of massive banks and importing houses, the most valuable property in the city. Niche in between two towering, splendid buildings are two acres of ground, planted in grass, and an old-fashioned garden, with a cowhouse and a plain little dwelling, such as might be built for a few hundred dollars.

It is the property of a poor man, who lives on a moderate salary, earned by his daily labor. A few years ago he bought three acres of this ground for six dollars, and afterward sold enough to build a home for himself and wife upon the rest of the lot. He has been offered half a million for it, and refused.

"I have no children," was his answer, "I have all I want,—a comfortable home, easy work, enough for our daily needs. I do not wish to be rich."

Whatever we may think of his reasons, or the wisdom or folly of his course,

there can be no doubt that he has acquired something beyond all jewels in value—content. If an honest man is the noblest work of God, a contented man is assuredly the rarest.

There is an old story of a quizzical Irish nobleman, who put up a placard on a field. "This meadow shall be given to the man who can prove that he is absolutely satisfied with his lot."

But as soon as the applicant had proved his content with his fortune, the joker asked him, "Then what do you want with my field?"

In actual life the contented men and women are those who are too much occupied with work for others to reflect upon their own wants, or to cultivate their own ambitions. Love fills their brains and busy hands, and they, "having nothing, yet have all."

A Hard Profession.

Old Doctor Johnson once said, addressing a class of medical students, that the study of medicine was a most arduous undertaking; that the most comprehensive mind and the most industrious student could scarcely do more than explore the portals to medical knowledge during the brief time allotted to study before commencing practice, but that throughout his whole life the responsibilities of his profession should rest upon him like a nightmare.

He should explore every avenue of natural knowledge, must become familiar with chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history, but, above all, he must learn the construction of his own frame, the means by which he lives, moves, and has his being. He must understand the nature of all those influences by which health is broken down, and by what means disease, suffering and death may be averted. Dr. Johnson further says that nothing contributes so much to the support of quackery as the present insufficiency of medical knowledge. Men do not, he says, easily abandon hope, but as readily put faith in ignorant pretenders as drowning men catch at straws.

"The good that men do lives after them." During the life time of old Dr. Johnson he invented what is now known as Johnson's Anodyne Liniment, a standard family remedy of surpassing merit. This liniment is both for internal and external use and it is safe to say that no single remedy ever discovered has done so much good as has this one. It is inexpensive, ready at a moment's notice night or day, and may be used with absolute confidence in the thousand and one ailments that afflict humanity. In the cure of severe cramps or pains in the stomach or bowels, dysentery, diarrhoea, acute or chronic, this liniment is a sovereign remedy. In the case of chronic diarrhoea it is certainly worth its weight in gold. It has been known to cure cases of from ten to fifteen years standing after the sufferers had been given up.

Effects of Whiskey.

There are so many in Los Angeles who have undertaken the job to drink all the whiskey manufactured that we shall, in the future as in the past, try to convince them that they cannot carry out the contract. Whiskey will get the best of them in every case, and the more they try how they are liable to succeed. It never throws off any one who tries to make it their friend. It will conquer if it takes the last stitch of clothing and even life itself from their victim. Whiskey looks complacently upon the poor soul that it has in its keeping, and watches with an eagle eye the signs of decay, the loss of wealth, the tottering gait, the decline of strength and manliness, and the forsaking of friends in and toward its victims. And when all these are gone, then comes the last act of whiskey power, and it lays the wretched heart low down beneath the green sod that it once delighted in as its earthly habitation. In every step whiskey does its work to this end, and strange it is that those who accept of it from the saloon-keeper seem blinded to its fatal allegations, little thinking that he is thereby doing more to arouse a genuine temperance feeling among those who reflect upon this atrocity than all the eloquent lectures in the land. By the abuse of their privileges saloon-keepers are doing more for the cause of temperance and prohibition than the temperance people are doing; but they neither see it nor intend.—Los Angeles Cent.

Give Them a Chai!

That is to say your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them. When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well. Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption, or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Bosche's German Syrup which any druggist will sell you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

Heaps of Trouble.

Prohibition at Canton, Dakota, is giving the boys a good deal of trouble. One of them says he had to go round behind a shoe-shop, crawl over a board and under a dry, dive through a back yard, give a signal knock and a hallooing call at a cellar door, and take an ironed path, before he would be permitted to pay fifteen cents for a glass of villainous whiskey. In Orilla one dealer takes his customers into a henhouse, and in another instance the contraband article is kept in the stable. Persons who will go such lengths to gratify their appetite must sacrifice their self-respect.—Orilla Packet.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Hope is the nurse of young desire.

A LOVELY THING IN PERFORMANCE.—"Lothos of the Nile."

What insects do lawn-tennis players resemble?—Grasshoppers.

FOR A THOROUGHLY good Extract of Lemon, try the "Royal."

"Up one side and down the other" the picnic ant.

USE ONLY the best Condition Powder for your live stock. Ask for "Maud S," price 25c.

To fool with a bee calls forth a stinging rebuke.

THE NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR PILLS.—Campbell's Cathartic Compound. Easily taken, and much more effective.

The ice business is a very nice business for this time of year.

FOR TOOTHACHE.—Go buy a bottle of Pain Killer, and find relief in the twinkling of an eye.

Isn't it singular that the produce of the still should make men so dry?

FOR DEEP SEATED COLDS and Coughs, Allen's Lung Balsam cures when all other remedies fail.

Of the 1,868 Baptist pastors in England 1,279 are pledged abstainers.

Thousands of lives saved annually by the use of West's Pain King, the household remedy for chills, colds, flu, summer complaint, dysentery, colic, and cholera. Only 25c. All druggists.

At least eighty-four different languages are regularly spoken in New York.

West's Pain King acts promptly, cures quickly. Never fails to cure bowel complaint, colic, cholera morbus, cholera, costs but 25c., and is always ready. Enquire regarding its merits of any druggist.

The reason "the boy stood on the burning deck" was because it was too hot to sit down.

All leading druggists will gladly inform anyone enquiring as to the wonderful merits of West's Pain King. The standard remedy for flu, dysentery, summer complaint, cholera morbus, cholera, colic, etc., etc.

The strikes of the fathers are visited upon the heads of the mothers and children.

West's Pain King is a purely vegetable, compound for the certain cure of chills, colds, flu, dysentery, diarrhoea, summer complaint, colic, cholera morbus, and cholera infantum. 25c. All druggists.

What this country needs is a new kind of thermometer that won't go up above seventy.

THE HOME COMFORTER for household accidents, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, rheumatism, scalds, swellings, sores, headache, hoarseness, sore throat, use "Minard's Liniment," it is the conqueror of all pains.

There are a score of men in New York who are paid each an annual salary of \$60,000.

Cholera will visit us this summer. Be prepared by securing a supply of West's Pain King, to be kept in your reach. Disinfect your premises, as cleanliness and West's Pain King will carry you safely through. Only 25c. All druggists.

Atlas was the only man that ever lived who didn't want the earth even after it was thrust on him.

Ayer's Hair Vigor is cleanly, agreeable, beneficial, and safe. It is the most elegant and most economical of toilet preparations. By its use ladies can produce an abundant growth of hair, causing it to become natural in color, lustre, and texture.

There is any amount of good reading in the dictionary, but it is distributed in a very tantalizing manner.

Hampden, P. E. I., 31st May 1887. Messrs Brown Brothers & Co., Sirs,—I have used Simon's Liniment, and found it very beneficial, especially for Neuralgia. I have not found anything else of so much benefit, and that will give relief so readily. I also refer you to Mr. Robt. Reid, carriage builder, of Frogmore, who will speak well of it as a cure for Neuralgia. Also, to Mrs. Barrell, who has found it a great relief for Toothache. Yours, &c., EDWIN MCKINNON.

Can a wife who conquers her husband with a broomstick be said to have gained a sweeping victory over him?

It is of the greatest importance that all bowel and stomach complaints should be attended to at once, especially at this season of the year. West's Pain King is prompt, reliable and certain never to fail. Only 25c. All druggists.

Little by little fortunes are accumulated; little by little knowledge is gained; little by little character is achieved.

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To show their interest in the Temperance Reform, and to encourage the people to follow their example, the King and Queen of Sweden have just taken the pledge.

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

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States we are enabled to make a large discount to subscribers. We will send any of the publications named and the Acadian one year for the following "Clubbing Prices," which will be seen in some cases giving two papers for the price of one. Cash must accompany all orders.

Publication Regular Price Clubbing Price

Table listing various publications and their prices, including Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Weekly News, Alden's Juvenile Gem, etc.

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W. & A. Railway. Time Table. 1887—Summer Arrangement—1887. Commencing Monday, 13th June.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Express, Acctm., Exp., Daily, Daily. Lists destinations like Annapolis, Bridgetown, Middleton, etc.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp., Acctm., Exp., Daily, Daily. Lists destinations like Halifax, Windsor, Digby, etc.

Steamer "Forest" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:45 a.m. for Digby and Annapolis. Returning leaves Annapolis every Monday, Thursday and Saturday, p.m. for Digby and St. John. Steamer "Evangelina" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, p.m. for Digby. Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 8:00 p.m. and leave Yarmouth daily at 7:15 a.m. Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, p.m. and St. John every Saturday evening for South West. Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening for Boston. Messrs "Ottie of Maine" and "Cun-berland" leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 8 a.m. for Newport, Portland and Boston. Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for New Brunswick and Boston at 6:40 a.m. and 8:30 p.m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning. Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations. J. F. FENNER, General Manager, Kentville, 10th June 1887.