

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S. FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1886.

No. 2

## THE ACADIAN.

Published on FRIDAY at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.  
TERMS:  
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(IN ADVANCE.)  
CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

News communications from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The name of the writer for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written in a fictitious signature.

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

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**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.

## 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.

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

**DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Publishers.

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

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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.

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Best prices for all Shipments. Write fully for Quotations.  
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Members of the Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

50 Newly imported Verse & Motto all Chromo Cards, with name and a water pen for 10c. 3 packs, 5 pens for 50c. Agents sample pack, outfit, and illustrated catalogue of Novelties, for \$1.00 in advance. A. W. KINNEY, 35, stamp and this slip. A. W. KINNEY, York cut, N. S.

## Select Poetry.

**THE LEGEND OF THE BELLS.**

Sweet and low a sunlit legend of the bells comes into me,  
From the far-off isle of beauty by the border of the sea;  
Quaint, it is, and aye 'full olden, but its rapture never fades,  
As the sunlight does in joyance at the sound of vesper hymns.

Of the people of the island sitting by the sounding shore  
Tell it to the wandering stranger 'mid their wealth of treasured lore,  
And methinks the air grows sweeter and the heart more wondrous glad  
When they echo long the legend with its story sweet and sad.

Years ago a dark-eyed peasant with a master-magic hand,  
Formed a set of bells whose throbbings thrilled the dwellers of the land,  
More were they to him than kindred, more than joy or earthly pride,  
As their music swelled in gladness o'er the waters far and wide.

But one day the war-cloud lowered and amid the wail of strife  
Forth the bells were gently carried by the solitaires of the isle,  
When the tumult had subsided and fair Peace had dawned again  
He was but a sad, exiled 'mid the haunts and homes of men.

For he weared of the city with the bells no longer there,  
And his longing for their music grew to be his eager prayer;  
Hence thro' countless lands he wandered, trusting ever he should hear  
Once again the rapturous ringing that he held so strangely dear.

'Mid the Moorish courts and castles and the lofty hills of Spain,  
'Mid cathedral old and new, and towers to the heavens leaning,  
'Mid the Swiss-loved Alpine mountains, snowing high like monarchs grand,  
'Mid the dikes of sunken Holland and the song-famed German land.

And at last when lone and dying, sailing slowly down the bay,  
Knowing well the sun just setting ne'er on him again should shine,  
Lo! he heard the bells—'mid the music of the sea,  
Of his bells in gladness ringing forth the vesper of the day.

O'er the vine-decked hill and valleys long the music floated low,  
And in ecstasy exquisite came they to him soft and slow,  
Leaning from the bow to leeward with his ear above the wave,  
Listened to the hymn of shadows as they gave the day a grave.

Friendly voices called him gently, loving hands his forehead prest,  
But they found that he had left them for the realm and joy of rest,  
And the bells had rung his mourning and his requiem low and high,  
As he passed 'mid tones of beauty to the portals of the sky.

**Interesting Story.**  
**A NEWSPAPER FILE.**

It was two days after Aunt Priscilla's funeral, and Sue and I were sitting together by the kitchen fire, which that hush over our spirits still which follows a death and a burial.

All the afternoon we had been busy in getting the house to rights, not meddling with the things which had been hers, and were now ours, but by dint of open windows, sunshine, and furniture dusted and re-arranged, trying to restore to the rooms the familiar look which they had lost during these weeks of anxiety and trouble. A few days more, and we must face a future which was full of terrors. Meanwhile a brief respite in which to think of her who was gone, and of each other, with the clinging fondness of those whose lives, never before parted, were about to separate.

Sue sat on a low stool, her head against the chimney jamb. It was the chimney of Aunt Priscilla's youth; she never would alter it—one of the old-fashioned kind, with pot-hooks, and blazing logs, and a bake-oven at one side. The soot-blackened bricks and faint red glow made a background for my sister's head, with its great twist of fair hair, and lily-like slender throat. Sue is very pretty, prettier than anybody I ever saw. I recollected a picture as I looked at her—a picture of Cinderella sitting in just such an attitude by the chimney-side. She was equally picturesque at that moment; so far as looks go, equally worthy of a prince; but alas! no fairy godmother was likely to emerge from the fireplace for her benefit. Aunt Pris, who in a small way had enacted that part toward us, was gone, and her big rocking-chair, which we had no heart to sit in, swung empty in its accustomed place, type of a like emptiness of which we were conscious in other things, and would feel for a long time

to come.

Neither of us spoke for a while. We were tired and spiritless, and John Slade was coming presently to talk over things, so we saved our words.

Dr Slade—John—was Sue's lover. Their poor little engagement had been formed two years ago. How many years it was likely to last, nobody could guess; but they held onto it bravely, and were content to wait. Pretty soon, as we sat waiting, his step sounded without on the gravel, and with a little tap—courtous but unnecessary, for the door was never locked—he entered, gave Sue a gentle kiss, me another, and sat down between us in aunt's rocking-chair. It was a comfort to see him do that. The house seemed less forlorn at once.

"Well, children, how has the day gone?" he asked.

"Pretty well," replied Sue. "We have been busy, and tired to-night, I think. I'm glad you are come, John dear. We are getting lonely and dismal, Cree and I."

Lucretia is my name; but Sue and Aunt Priscilla always called me "Cree." John adjusted a stick on the embers, and with one daring poke sent a tongue of bright flame upward before he answered. Then he took Sue's hand in his broad palm, and patting it gently, said, "Now let's talk over matters. We ought to decide what we are to do, we three."

That "three" was very comforting to me, but John always is a comfort. He was "made so," Aunt Pris said. And he certainly carries out the purpose of his creation.

Did your aunt leave any will?" he went on.

"Only the usual bequest from between the leaves of the big Bible, where we had found it, a half sheet of note-paper, on which dear aunt had stated, in her own simple form, that she left all she had to be equally divided between her two nieces, Susan and Lucretia Pendexter. Squire Packard's name and Sarah Brackett's, our old washer-woman, were written below as witnesses.

"Very well," said John. "That's good in law, I fancy; or if not, you are the nearest relations, and it's yours anyway. What property did your aunt own besides this house?"

"She had an annuity of two hundred and fifty a year, and fifty dollars more from some turn-pike stock. That's all, except the mortgage and furniture, and there is a mortgage of three hundred dollars on that. Squire Packard holds it. The annuity stops now, doesn't it?"

John looked as though he wanted to whistle, but refrained.

"Your aunt was a clever manager," he said—"a capital manager. She made a little go a great way, didn't she? I don't know any one else who could live so nicely on three hundred a year, with mortgage interest taken out. You have always seemed cozy and comfortable."

"We always have been. But we had the garden, you know, and the cow; that gave us two-thirds of our living. Aunt Sus was a wonderful house-keeper, though. Isn't it a great deal cheaper to feed women than men? She always said so."

"I suppose it is. Men are carnivorous. A diet of tea and vegetables don't suit them very well; they are apt to grumble for something more solid. Well, my dear girls, our summing up isn't very satisfactory. Even without the mortgage, you couldn't live on fifty dollars a year."

"No. And I've been thinking what we could do. So has Cree, though we haven't spoken to each other about it. I might teach a district school, perhaps. And Cree—"

"I could take a place as plain cook. There isn't anything else I can do so well. Plain cooking, with dripping and soap-fat by way of perquisites; and I gave a laugh which was meant to be merry.

"It is hard," said John, with a moody look on his face which was foreign to its usual frank brightness. "How much a little money would sometimes do for people who can't get it, and how little it is worth to other people, who fling it away without a thought of its value! A thousand dollars, now! Any rich man would consider it a mere bagatelle in his

expenses; but if I could command the sum, it would make us three comfortable in life."

"How do you mean? What would you do with a thousand dollars if you had it, John?"

"I'll tell you. Langworthy is going to sell his practice."

"Oh?"

"It is a large practice, for the country, you know. It brings him in six or eight hundred a year—sometimes more. He has a chance to go into partnership with his brother out West somewhere, and he'll sell for a thousand."

"But, John, some people like you better than they do Dr Langworthy."

"Yes, some people do. But the question is, Will they like me better than the other man who buys Dr Langworthy out? If I were that man I should command both practices. It is a chance, don't you see? But a new man coming in has his chance to cut me out."

"I see. What can be done?"

"Nothing," with a rueful laugh. "That's the worst of it. I can only keep on and hope for the best. But it is hard, when with this miserable thousand dollars I could double my chances and make a nice home for you too. Sue darling, don't cry."

She had laid her cheek down on his arm, but she wasn't crying, only looking sadly into the fire.

"If we sold everything—all this which aunt left us—the home, everything—couldn't we get the thousand dollars?" I asked, desperately.

John shook his head. "I couldn't let you do that, Cree, in any case. You'd want your share some day for your own; it mustn't go into buying a practice for me. But, apart from that, houses sell so badly now that this wouldn't realize much over the value of the mortgage at a forced sale. And the furniture, though worth a good deal to keep, would go for nothing at an auction. That plan wouldn't do at all for any one of us."

"Still there is no harm in thinking about it, and seeing what we have, and what it is worth." I urged, loath to give up any ghost of a chance. "We may do that, mayn't we, John?"

"Of course. That is a thing you must do sooner or later. Look over the house, and make a list carefully, and we'll consult and fix on approximate values. Don't hurry about it, though. Next week is time enough and I know you need rest."

"Rest is the very thing I don't need and can't take," I cried, impetuously. "Something to fill up the long days and keep us from thinking and getting blue is what we want. We'll make the list to-morrow, John."

A little more talk and he rose to go.

"Did you stop at the post-office, John?"

"Yes. There was nothing for you."

"Not even the *Intelligencer*?" asked Sue, languidly.

"I forgot to tell you. There has been a great fire in New York, and the *Intelligencer* is burned out. Abernethy brought the news over; it was telegraphed to the junction. They say the building is a total loss, so I suppose there won't be any publication for a while—for some days at least."

"Poor aunt! I how sorry she would be!" sighed Sue. "Aunt took the paper ever since it began, forty-five years ago. She never missed a number. There it is, upstairs—stacks and stacks of it. She was so proud of her file. It's no use at all now, I suppose, is it, John?"

"The ragman will give a penny a pound for it," I suggested; "that's something."

"We'll weigh a lot one of these days, and see what we can realize," said John. "Good night, children."

It was a ghostly task which we set out to do next day. The past itself, the faint, fragmentary past, seems to be wrapped up and inclosed in those bundles of time-worn articles which elderly people encumber their store-rooms and closet shelves. Some air of antiquity exhales as you open them, and, mingling with our modern air, produces an impression half laughable, half sad. Aunt Priscilla had been a born collector. She loved old things because they were old, apart from use or value, and instinct and

principle combined had kept her from ever throwing away anything in her life. Had she been richer, her garret would indeed have proved a mine of treasures for the bric-brac hunter. No tin peddler would have laid eyes on her andirons; her claw-legged tables would have held their place, her Spode and Worcester wares sat undisturbed upon their upper shelf, century in and out. But Aunt Priscilla had no claw-legged table, no bric-brac or old china. Instead we found vast stores of odds and ends—bits of by-gone dresses, rolls of faded chintz, papers yellow with age, pamphlets which no mortal had ever read or would read, old books, coverless or with pages torn away, scraps of rusty iron, egg-ends without heads, and nails without points. The furniture, though neat and unaltered, was of the plainest. Even our unpractised eyes could see its lack of value. Who would want to buy the old-time dimity curtains, with ball fringes sewed along their edges, or the counterpanes, made by Aunt Priscilla's own hands out of the calicoes of her youth? Our list was a very short one. A few chairs and tables, a dozen thin spoons and a small teapot in silver, the huge newspaper heap which I had appraised at a penny the pound—these seemed the only salable things; and we looked comically and grimly into each other's faces as we sat them down.

"I wish it was possible to cat *Intelligencers*," said I.

"They say newspapers make excellent counterpanes," replied Sue—"warmer than blankets."

"Yes, and they say that a teaspoonful of Liebig's Extract gives as much nourishment as ever so much beef," retorted I. "It seemed to me when I tried it, that except for a taste in my mouth as if I had swallowed an old sloop, I shouldn't have known that I had eaten anything at all."

John came as usual in the evening. "Here's enterprise!" he called out as he came in.

"The *Intelligencer*! Behold it, large as life, and looking just as usual, only forty-eight hours after the fire! That's what I call pluck."

"Isn't it?" cried Sue, admiringly, as she drew the paper from its wrapper, and held it to the blaze that she might see the familiar page. Meanwhile I took from my pocket our melancholy little list.

"You were right, John. Sue and I have searched the house over to-day, and this is all there is of any value—the furniture, a little silver and those wretched *Intelligencers*."

I was interrupted by a startled cry. Sue was gazing at the newspaper in her hand with large, dilated eyes. Her cheeks had flushed pink.

"What is it! What's the matter?" both of us cried in a breath.

"Just read this! Oh, John, I don't believe it! Read!"

She thrust the paper in his hand and he read:

**\$1000—THE OFFICE FILE**  
OF OUR PAPER having been destroyed by fire on the evening of the 13th inst., we offer the above price for a complete and perfect set of the *Intelligencer* from its first number, March 4th, 1830, to present date. Any persons able to supply a set as stated will please communicate with the publisher, P. O. Box 2351, New York.

"A thousand dollars! Oh, Sue! oh, John! what a piece of good fortune! Dear aunt—think of her file turning out such a fortune. It is too wonderful to be true. I feel as though it were a dream; and I danced up and down the kitchen floor.

John and Sue were equally excited.

"Only," premised the former, "we must not forget that some one else may have a file of the *Intelligencer*, and get ahead of us."

This wet blanket of a suggestion kept me awake all night. My thoughts kept flying to New York, anticipating the letter which we had written, and John had posted overnight for the early stage. If it should be lost in the mails! When morning came I was too weary and too fidgety to employ myself in any way. But about noon John walked in, comforted in his eyes.

"Why, John, how funny to see you here at this hour. Why do you look so? You have not heard yet; you can't, for the letter is only half way there."

"But I have heard. I got ahead of the letter—drove over to the junction, telegraphed, paid for the answer, and here it is."

"Blessed John! This was the telegram!"

"Send file at once. Check ready to pay your order."  
P. HALLIDAY.

How we cried and laughed and kissed each other! How much that message meant! To John and Sue, the satisfaction of their love, life spent together, the fruition of deferred hopes; to me, the lifting of a heavy weight home, security, the shelter of my sister's wing, the added riches of a brother who was brotherly in every deed. And all this for a thousand dollars! Oh, how much money can do sometimes! And at other times, how little! We had grown somewhat calmer, though. Sue still kept her sweet face hidden on John's shoulder and quivered and sobbed now and then, when I turned emotion into a new channel by seizing a tumbler of water and proposing this toast, "To the memory of the late Samuel F. Morse."

John seized another, and added, "The *Intelligencer*—may it rise like a phoenix from its ashes!"

I leave you to guess if we did not drink this heartily.

**Little Tot.**

The old people had talked it over for a long time. After the boys went to the city to grow up with the noisy place they had Mary left to make the old home bright and joyous. Then the young minister came; when he went away to answer a call from Iowa he took Mary with him. Then the old folks were all alone. A lonely house on the farm where visitors are few and visits far between is indeed a place of desolation. The old gentleman made confidants of the cows and horses, and they turned their great big soft eyes toward him as he trotted them all about his troubles. And the old lady, she told her troubles to the house-log and the chickens. By the lamplight, across the table and upon the porch at twilight they talked about it. They were lonesome and wanted company. The wanted little feet to trample up and down the old stairs and to and fro across the bare, painted floors. Finer flocked the two old heads and wrinkles samed the cheeks; but the old, old hearts wanted the music of a fresh young voice to echo through the rooms whose walls had encompassed no young face for years and years.

And so little Tot was brought home from the orphan asylum.

They laid a little tin plate for her and told her to eat. But Tot couldn't eat. They tucked her up in a pretty white bed and told her to sleep. But Tot couldn't sleep. All night long she lay awake with her great blue eyes wide open watching the moonlight sifting through the curtains and painting wavering, sitting pictures against the wall back of the bed. In the morning Tot's eyes were very heavy and red. She had not slept a wink all night long. The two old people showed their wealth of love upon the little orphan and told her to play and be happy. But Tot didn't play; and Tot wasn't happy. Day after day her face grew more and more thin and white. Her little limbs were scarcely strong enough to drag her small body about. After a few more weeks had passed they buried Tot under the apple-tree in the garden and cried over her grave as though she were of their own flesh and blood, and the old folks are alone once more.

**Mrs. Arrp.**

Bill Arrp gives a bit of domestic life that will be appreciated by other husbands:

The children lose their pocket knives and Mrs Arrp scolds and declares they shall never have another, never! And sure enough she buys another before Saturday night. I wonder where she gets all her money. She always has money. I go to bed first every night and an asleep in two minutes, but she don't come in until away in the night. She is reading a love story in the parlor and my money slips away just as easy. She always did have an idea that it was my business to keep her money, and I reckon it is. She gave me a pair of shoes the other day. She is mighty good to me.

THE ACADIAN

Calendar for August table with days of the week and dates.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 27, 1886

VACATION RAMBLINGS.

With all the beautiful descriptions of vacations in mind what wonder is it that the duties of the office are gladly laid aside as the time arrives for starting off.

Steadily the train moves on, stopping here and there till Wind-or is reached, where we have a breathing-spell of thirty minutes.

The thirty minutes have elapsed and we are again on the road. From here to Windsor Junction the train makes excellent time.

The bridge over the chum in the Gaspereau road near Charles Coldwell is becoming unsafe for heavy loads to cross, and unless repaired very soon we may expect to hear of some accident there.

At last the train arrives, and we are swiftly gliding along the I. C. R. The lakes which lie along the road for quite a distance look very beautiful; not a ripple disturbs their placid surfaces, and as the rays of the sun—now fast sinking in the west—fall across the smooth and glassy surface of the water, a picture of no mean character is presented to our gaze.

In about an hour and a half Brookfield is reached. We are met by our old friend H. H., whose genial smile and hearty welcome make us feel at home at once.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The somewhat notorious John O. Eno, who has been exiled in Canada for the past five years for mismanagement and defalcation when he was president of the Second National Bank, New York, has now got tired of living in Montreal, and is making great efforts to arrange matters so he can return to New York.

Capt. Rawson, of the Royal Engineers, stationed in the Halifax Garrison, has been showing what he can do with submarine mines, in reference to the defence of Halifax Harbor, in case of hostile fleets.

Our two county contemporaries are constantly in a wrangle. Not content to share the fame (?) which they have gained for themselves in the journalistic world during the summer, they have asked the ACADIAN to take a hand with them.

Mr John Dougal, founder of the Montreal Witness, died at Flushing, I. I., on the 19th inst., aged 78 years, leaving behind him the record of a useful life.

The poor old pilgrims, Azram and Kzram, have not come this way as yet. No doubt they are still working towards the east, spending time and strength among the more Christianized (?) towns of Nova Scotia before they turn their eyes thitherward.

The necessity of providing for some protection against fire is becoming more and more apparent every day in this village.

The Celebrated Electric Dyes are the most lasting of all colors. Warranted strictly pure. 10 cents at Druggist and Crocers.

RAMBLING NOTES.

In casting about for some respectable heading for my few notes I fell in with an article entitled "Ramblings of a Rambler," and the word "Rambling" impressed me favorably.

They tell us in their myths of an Eastern king who, after receiving some fairy enchantment, was able to turn to gold everything he touched—the garments, the knobs of the doors, and the trees and flowers in his garden.

But when our magic king retires, and from out their council-chambers the storm-clouds, like fierce warriors, hurl their gloomy shade across our view, then with the swift-winged sea-pigeons and screaming gulls we haste to shelter.

It was out to the island of Scatarie, the most eastern point of land in Nova Scotia, where the Government has built two light-houses, one on either end of the island seven miles apart, a fog-whistle and a life-saving station, with all accoutrements.

And now I've rambled till, like the school-boy in his unbecoming sluttish habit and slouch down to break into rattle walking over the disaster, I also stumble over facts, but instead of weeping I would like to close with the wish that the lives of all your readers might be as the morning star that goes not down amid the dunks of evening, but fades away into the light of heaven.

One of our best exchanges and one which is frequently quoted by the maritime press is the Cape Sable Advertiser, the newest of our country exchanges.

The Digby Courier is one of our brightest and most newsy exchanges.

GOSSIPY ITEMS

GLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

A \$20,000 fire occurred in the village of Albert, Albert Co., N. B., last Friday. The Salvation Army is making it hot for the rum-sellers in Charlottetown, P. E. I. Two of them have been fined so far \$50 each.

A blind pellar named James Brown, of Low Point, C. B., walked over a cliff in the vicinity of Englishtown and was instantly killed.

A new ladies seminary has finally been located at St. Martin's, by the Baptist convention, which held its session in St. John last week.

The Wanders were badly defeated, at cricket, in Montreal, by the West Indian club, last week. They were also defeated by the Montreal club.

A deputation of Indian chiefs are now in Ottawa looking after "better terms." They like Nova Scotia, intend to "secede" if better terms are not allowed.

Stewart Cumberland, the mind reader, after three years' tour around the world, arrived in Halifax, on C. P. R., on Wednesday last. He has travelled around the globe, in British territory.

The wool clip of the Canadian Northwest will come up to 70,000lb of fine grade merino, valued at \$17,500. This new and growing industry will become one of the most important in the Northwest.

The general conference of the Methodist church of Canada opens at Toronto on September 2nd. A large number of clerical and lay delegates from Nova Scotia will be present.

A Montreal despatch of a recent date says, "The Recorder this morning gave a decision in the salvation army case, when he said that as the charge against the prisoners was "screaming" which they had a perfect right to do, he would discharge them; but if they were again brought up for singing in the streets, he would fine them heavily."

ACADIA COLLEGE, ACADEMY AND SEMINARY.—At the meeting of the board of governors of Acadia College, which was held in St. John last Friday, Prof. Tufts presented the financial reports of the Academy and Seminary.

TABLE LINENS & NAPKINS.—Bleached and Unbleached Table Linens with Napkins to match, Colored Table Cloths, Fancy Table Cloths, Crumb Cloths, etc.

MARKET REPORT.—BENTLEY & LAYTON, Produce Commission Merchants, Corner Argyle & Sackville, Sts. (Opposite Mumford's Market.)

Prices Current this day: Apples, per bushel, 75 to 175; Beef in Qrs per lb., 06 to 09; Butter in boxes per lb., 18 to 20; Chickens, per pair, 13 to 17; Ducks, per pair, none; Eggs, per doz fresh, 14 to 16; Green, each, none; Hams smoked, per lb., 10 to 11; Hides, per lb, inspected, 07 to 07 1/2; Lamb, per lb., 06 to 07; Mutton, per lb., 05 to 06; Oats, per bushel, 45 to 46; Pork, per lb., none; Potatoes, per bushel, new, 35 to 45; Peas, each, 30 to 35; Turkey, per lb., 15 to 17; Tomatoes, per bushel, none; Veal, per lb., 05 to 10; Yarn, per lb., none; Carrots, per bushel, none; Turnips, per bushel, none; Parsnips per bushel, none.

Boston Market Report.—FURNISHED BY HATHWAY & CO. Flour: Spring Wheat, Patents \$4 75 @ \$5 00; Choice Extras, 3 75 @ 4 25; Common Extras, 3 20 @ 3 40; Medium Extras, 3 50 @ 3 60; Oat Meal, 4 50 @ 5 25; Corn Meal, 2 20 @ 2 50; Butter per lb., 15 @ 18; Cheese per lb., 05 @ 08; Eggs per doz., 15 @ 25; Onions per bushel, 2 00 @ 2 50; Apples per bushel, 1 25 @ 2 25.

\$2,000.00 WORTH OF NEW AND Seasonable Goods! JUST RECEIVED AT H. S. DODGE'S.

Owing to my Increased Sales during the Summer Months, I have been obliged to purchase the above amount of NEW GOODS. My stock is now complete.

All Old Goods at 20 per cent Discount. H. S. DODGE. Kentville, August 6th, 1886

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS:

WHAT will you want in Dry Goods this season? HERE are you going to purchase? WHY not call and see our stock?

IMPORTANT INFORMATION: We have a large and carefully selected Stock! We are prepared to give you good value for your money! We will trade with you for all kinds of marketable produce!

Please Read this Carefully. DRESS GOODS

in the following fabrics: Jersey Trico, Amure, Chuddas, Taffeta, Bioges, Nun's Cloth, Cashmere, black and colored.

MANTLE CLOTHS: Fancy Cloths for Spring Wraps, beautiful Black Silk Brocade and Ottoman Mantle Cloths.

TWEEDS AND WORSTEDS: Black and Fancy Worsted Coatings, Fancy Tweed Suitings.

LIGHT DRESS GOODS: Lace Bunting, Lace Striped Piques, Muslins and Satteens.

LACE CURTAINS: Splendid assortment of Lace Curtains, Lambrquins, Curtain Net, etc.

CRETONNE AND DAMASK: Twelve beautiful patterns in Cretonne, also Colored Damask.

PRINT AND GINGHAMS: We have one of the finest assortments of Fancy Prints we have ever shown, Fancy Plaid and Checked Gingham.

TABLE LINENS & NAPKINS: Bleached and Unbleached Table Linens with Napkins to match, Colored Table Cloths, Fancy Table Cloths, Crumb Cloths, etc.

GLOVES AND HOSIERY: Beautiful Silk and Taffeta Gloves, Lisle Thread for women and Children.

Caldwell & Murray.

Wolfville, May 14, 1886

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM. A BOON IN LIFE INSURANCE!

The Canada Mutual Aid Association! Incorporated in 1880 and Registered under Dominion Act of 1885.

Insurance for the industrial classes, the people who need it most, within their reach. Insurance from \$1,000 to \$25,000 according to age.

D. W. Moody's Tailor System for DRESS CUTTING. Price of one system with instructions \$5.00, or \$2.00 and one month's work at dress making.

"Confidential Charley"

Will make the season of 1886 in Lunenburg, Kings, and Hants Counties, instead of in New Brunswick as previously advertised. For particulars see posters.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING! MILNE & CHRISTIE, Fashionable Tailors.

have just received direct from England a complete variety of all kinds of Trowsers & Diagonals, etc., which they are prepared to make up in the latest Styles and at the lowest prices.

CUT THIS OUT and return to us with 10c. or 4 3-c stamps, and you'll get by return mail a Golden Box of Goods that will bring you in more money in one month than anything else in America.

1886 SPRING 1886

The subscriber wishes to say to his numerous friends and customers in King's County that he has now completed his Spring Importations of

Hardware, Builders' Material, Lumber, Shingles, Brick, Lime, Calcine Plaster, Portland Cement, Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Varnishes, Nails, Sheathing Paper, also

METALLIC ROOFING PAINT. His stock of Sheet Hardware will be found complete. A fine stock of Table and Pocket Cutlery, brought in the best markets, will be sold low.

The largest variety of Tinware ever shown in the County. Prices are very low. Anything wanted and not found in stock will be made to order in short notice.

Farming Implements: A large variety of Manure Forks, Shovels, Hay and Garden Forks, Scythes,

Bird Cages in variety and prices to suit purchasers. Also the IMPERIAL CREAMER, the best and cheapest in existence a new and reliable pattern.

Wolville, April 24, 1886

Ah There!

Now we can supply you with fine LEADS, OILS, COLORS, VARNISHES, GLASS, &c.

DO NOT Buy cheap paints when you can buy Brandram's Best for the same money.

Remember that I am prepared to carry on PAINTING, GRASSING CALSOMINING, PAPER HANGING, &c., &c.

B. G. BISHOP, (30-4-86-4) Main Street, Wolfville.



C. C. RICHARDS & CO. SOLE PROPRIETORS.

It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the scalp of all Dandruff.

The Dreadful Disease Defied. GENTS—I have used your Minder's Liniment successfully in a severe case of eczema in my family, and I consider it a remedy no household can afford to be without.

Capeland, May 14, 1886. Minder's Liniment is for sale everywhere. PRICE 25 CENTS.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOPPED FEED

The subscriber has opened the store formerly occupied by F. L. BROWN & CO., and intends keeping on hand the above goods, and will endeavor to satisfy both as to quality and price.

Johnson H. Bishop, Wolfville Mar 17, '86 AGENT.

CHOICE

Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal and Feed. Cheap for cash. No 1 and 2 Shad, Smoked Herring, Cod fish and Pollock. Fine stock Self-Sealing Jars, Jelly Cans and a big stock, Plain and Fancy Crockery, China and Glassware, open this week.

R. PRAT'S

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., AUGUST 27, 1886

Local and Provincial.

Mr. Wm. Follett, Sr., brought into our office yesterday a curiosity in the shape of a cluster of six apples on the end of a small limb. A quarter of an inch cut off the end of the limb supported all six of the apples.

EAGLES.—Large numbers of eagles have been seen in this vicinity this year and our sportsmen are vying with each other to get one. Some of them are pretty large.

BRUN.—A fine sheep owned by Albert Mitchell, of Wolfville, was killed by a bear on Friday last. Albert Finch went on the trail and came up with and killed his bear on Sunday morning. The animal weighed upwards of 350 pounds. We understand that Mr. George Spiny has killed three bears already this season.

BARRELS.—J. D. Martin wishes to inform his patrons that apple barrels can be obtained in Wolfville, from Edward Paine who is acting as his agent, in this place.

NEW PRINCIPAL.—Miss Wadsworth, of Boston, a lady very highly recommended, has been appointed principal of Acadia Seminary in place of Miss Graves, who resigned last spring. The departure of Miss Graves was deeply regretted by all, as during her residence in Wolfville she had made many friends. We have no doubt of the continued success of the Seminary under the control of the new principal.

"RAMPART."—Dr. Bowles' "Rampart" filly is now in the hands of Al Sloop, of Truro, the popular horse-trainer. It is Mr. Sloop's intention to take her to New Brunswick, and enter her for all the colts' races; after which he will also enter her at the different fall meetings of the various Nova Scotia tracks. We understand that the Dr. has been offered by an American lover of horse-flesh, quite an amount for his filly.

Having recently imported a "Perfection Sheep Sharpener," I am prepared to sharpen and put in first-class order shears and scissors of every description. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed. J. M. SHAW, 35 Wolfville.

GRAND DEPART.—Your correspondent "Gabriel" in last week's issue gave us a correct account of the improvements in the Lower Horton Methodist church, but forgot to give credit to our local mechanic, Mr. Martin Duncanson, who planned and affected the mechanical attractions in the pulpit and platform. That wonderful sign for Mr. Patterson was built by him in his shop at Grand Pre, where it was lettered by Mr. Bishop. While great credit is due your Wolfville artist, Mr. Bishop, our resident workmen should not be neglected. BELFAST.

Latherine.—The great Washing Compound at R. Prats. 11f.

THEVES.—Canning is at present infested with thieves. Sheffield & Wickwire's store was entered one night last week and upwards of \$50 taken from the safe.

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 10c.

There will be a special meeting of the executive committee of Kings Co. S. S. Association held in the Presbyterian church, Kentville, on Monday, 30th inst, at 2 30 p. m.

Choice Imported and Domestic Cigars at 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10 cents at J. M. SHAW'S 35

Rev. Dr. Welton professor of Toronto Baptist, and who at one time held the same position in Acadia College, was in St. John last week and attended the Convention as a visitor.

FOR SALE.—A new milch cow six years old. Apply to THOS. TIZO, Horton Landing.

NOTICE.—The King's County Annual Sacred Sing will be held at Upper Camp, Cornwallis on Saturday next, Aug. 28th, commencing at 2 o'clock. Singers bring your Dulcimers and attend. The Musical Society will please meet at 7:30 o'clock p. m. Faculty—Messrs Burpee Witter, Henry Fitch and C. E. Lawrence, Ward Brothers—Messrs Joseph Jackson Isaac Jackson and S. Brown.

FINE STOCK OF ORANGES, Lemons, Bananas, Apples, Prunes, Confectionery, etc. at R. PRAT'S 49

MEET.—A very pretty and striking sight was displayed in the heavens last Saturday evening, by the visitation of an exceedingly luminous meteor, which appeared nearly as large as the full moon. About half past eight o'clock or a little after it made itself visible and suddenly shot across the sky, leaving behind it a white, long, bright line, which lit up the whole sky like a bright flash of lightning. The effect was magnificent.

WANTED.—To purchase turkeys, fowls and chickens (dressed). Also wanted at once, 10 pigs, alive, weighing from 150 lbs to 225 lbs. 46-51 SILAS FADEB, Port Williams.

I. O. G. T.—On Saturday evening last the officers of "Acadia" Lodge for the present quarter were installed by Deputy W. C. Johnson as follows:— C. T.—Miss Ida Jones V. T.—Miss Ida Jones Secy.—J. E. Barse F. Secy.—J. L. Franklin Treas.—Mrs J. L. Franklin Chap.—G. P. Raymond Marsh—

J. G.—J. L. Bishop O. G.—Edward Wallace R. H.—Miss S. A. Hamilton L. H.—S. E. Edinborough Assist. Secy.—M. Higgins D. M.—

If you wish to color wool, cottons, silk or feathers, use the new Electric Dyes, Strongest and Best in the world. 10 cents at all dealers.

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Local and Provincial.

WANTED.—Fresh picked full grown tomatoes.—Apply to S. Vaughan, Wolfville.

Dr. Wickwire, of Halifax, a native of this county, has been elected a vice president of the Canadian Medical Association.

One case St. Croix Gingham, fine quality, at 10c per yard at BURPEE WITTER'S 49

PERSONAL.—Mr. Chas. S. Hamilton, a native of this county, and now practising law at New Haven, Conn., is spending a few weeks in Wolfville. He is a son of the late Edward Hamilton, of Grand Pre.

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Owing to the dry season the price of paints have fallen. To arrive in a few days Leads, Oils, Colors, Glass, &c. I sell good lead for \$5.75. Please examine. Make up your orders for glass to keep cold winter out. I can give you fine figures. B. G. BISHOP, 48 Wolfville.

Married. BAKER—HINMAN.—At the Presbyterian church Canada, on the 25th inst., by the Rev. W. Dawson, B. D., Wm. King Baker Esq., of London, England, and Carry L. only daughter of the late Moses Hinman Esq., of Toronto.

RAND—WALLACE.—At Canaan, N. S., Aug. 14th 1886, by Rev. O. C. S. Wallace, of Lawrence, Mass., brother of the bride, Mr. George L. Rand and Miss Bertha M. C. Wallace, both of Canaan.

PLUM BOXES! For sale. Apply to S. VAUGHAN, August 27 Wolfville.

I am prepared to buy PLUMS (boxed) in any quantity, at \$2.50 per bushel. Will pay half cash and half Dry Goods at lowest figures. J. S. DODD, 2 Glasgow House, Wolfville.

NOTICE! Sealed Tenders will be received up to Monday, September 20th, for PAINTING the outside of the Wolfville BAPTIST CHURCH

one coat on steeple above tower—two coats on body of church. Parties tendering to provide staging and ladders—but not stock. The undersigned do not bind themselves to accept the lowest or any tender.

G. H. WALLACE } Trustees JAS S MORSE } A. DEW BARRE } Wolfville, 25th August 1886

NOTICE! Persons desirous of teaching in any of the departments of the Wolfville Public Schools will forward their applications with certificates and testimonials not later than September 30th 1886—no applications considered after that date. A. DEW BARRE, Secretary to Trustees, Wolfville School Section August, 25th, 1886

Pianos and Organs Tuned and repaired promptly and cheaply anywhere in the valley of Kings until Nov. 1st, 1886, by A. C. REDDEN, Tuner and Agent. P. O. address:—Wolfville, N. S. For reference see Tuesday's New Star. Hundreds of valuable testimonials ready. aug 27 nov 1

"OLD ITALIAN SCHOOL OF SINGING." Miss Jennie Hitchens, Vocal Teacher of Acadia Seminary, Wolfville, teaches the celebrated method of "Overtone," as taught by the old Italian Masters; Madame Marchesi, of Paris; Mr Shakespeare, of London, England; and Madame Hall and Mrs L. P. Morrill, of Boston.

Miss Hitchens feels confident of giving satisfaction to all who may intrust their voices to her during the coming school year. (6-8-86)

MISS HITCHENS begs to announce to the young ladies and children of Wolfville that she intends giving a series of entertainments, consisting of Cantatas and choruses, to be given during the Fall and Winter months, and would like to form a large chorus of female voices. Instruction in chorus singing free. Please call at the Seminary, or send name, from September 3d to 12th. August 6th, 1886

J. D. MARTIN wishes to state that he is selling his APPLE BARRELS at the usual low price of 22 cents at the mill, 1 cent extra for delivering. Five per cent discount will be allowed for cash; also

Half Barrels and Tight Barrels. GASPAREAU, King's Co., Nova Scotia.

Bay Mare For Sale. For Sale.—"The Blackadder Mare," bright bay with black points (no white). Weight about 950 lbs. Sound, kind and free from blemishes. An easy keeper. Apply to A. DEW BARRE, Wolfville, July 28, 1886

HOLSTEIN BULL. The subscriber has for service the noted Prize Holstein Bull, Lord of Gasperau which he imported direct from Holland, so as to get the very best milking strain possible. Terms \$5.00 at time of service. Fred Annand, Grand Pre, Jan. 1st, 1886.

BURPEE WITTER BURPEE WITTER BURPEE WITTER

SPRING STOCK SPRING STOCK SPRING STOCK

COMPLETE COMPLETE COMPLETE

Wool Carpets in handsome patterns at Burpee Witter's.

2000 Yards \$1 Croix Gingham, 2000 Yards \$1 Croix Shirtings, 2000 Yards Printed Grey Cottons,

Floor Oil Cloths very cheap at Burpee Witter's.

Nun Veiling in Pale Shades, Silk Gloves in Pale Shades, Summer Hosiery in Pale Shades.

Knickerbocker Suits for Small Boys at Burpee Witter's.

200 Pieces Printed Cambrics, 200 Pieces Black & Cold Dress Goods, 200 Pairs Am. & Can. Corsets.

Burpee Witter's Spring Stock is the most attractive he has ever shown.

Unlaundried Shirts selling at 50c Unlaundried Shirts selling at 65c Unlaundried Shirts selling at 75c

Latest Styles in Men's COLLARS and NECKTIES at Burpee Witter's.

50 Suits Men's Clothing, 50 Suits Youths' Clothing, 50 Suits Boys' Clothing.

Cretonnes in beautiful patterns at Burpee Witter's.

50 Pieces Cottonades & Union Tweeds 50 Pieces Nova Scotia Cloths 50 Pieces Scotch & Canadian Tweeds

Underclothing at BURPEE WITTER'S

Wool, Butter, Eggs, and other marketable produce taken in exchange.

Wolfville, April 30th, 1886

Glasgow House!

WOLFVILLE (Late Glasgow House, Halifax.)

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

We have just opened a fine assortment of Cloths and Tailors' Trimmings. Fifty select patterns in Scotch and Canadian Tweeds at bottom value.

Tweed Suitings, Diagonal Coatings, Black Broadcloths, Fall Overcoatings.

One Case of Print Cottons worth 18 cents selling for 10 cents per yard.

Full Stock Black Cashmeres just opened!

DODD & CORBETT.

"CASH."

J. W. Ryan has this week received a lot of new goods, including Seersuckers, Serim, Bunting Lawn, Lama Cloth and India Linen, Embroideries, Laces, Corsets, Hose and Gloves; and as Cash is what he is after, he can be induced to part with these nice new goods at a very moderate advance on cost. Try him.

MAIN ST., KENTVILLE!

JULY 22, 1886.

Farm Machinery and Implements!

—CONSISTING OF— Toronto Mowers (2 horse), Toronto Mowers (1 horse), Massey Mowers (2 horse), Bullard's Tedder, Sbarpe's Rake (no equal or no sale), Massey Harrows (2 horse), Reapers, Philadelphia Lawn Mower, THRESHERS.—Hebner's Little Giant Threshers (1 or 2 horse), Hebner's Level Tread Powers, Abell's Little Giant Threshers, etc., Chatham Fanning Mills, PLOWS.—Branford Sulky Plows, Ward Sulky Plows, Clipper Sod Plows "Little Hero" One Horse Plows, Syracuse Side Hill Plows 2-Furrow Gang Plows. HARROWS.—"Acme" Pulverizing Harrows, Champion Steel Tooth Harrows, Spring Tooth Cultivating Harrows. CULTIVATORS.—Planet Jr. Double Wheel Hoes, Planet Jr. Single Wheel Horse Hoe and Cultivator combined, Diamond Pot Cultivators. FEED CUTTERS.—The Copper Strip Feed Cutter, The Cyclone Ensilage and Fodder Cutter, The Climax Feed Cutter, The I X L Feed Cutter. SUNDRIES.—Daisy Churns, Lilly Butter Workers, The "Perfection" Lawn and Garden Force Pumps (only two dollars and a half—does the work of a ten-dollar brass pump), DeLerick's Hay Presses, Kemp's Manure Spreaders, Halladay's Wind Mills, Hercules Stump Lifters, Aspinwall Potato Planter; and anything and everything in the way of Farm Implements and utensils, also any piece or part of any of the above Machines or Implements furnished at shortest notice an easy terms and Lowest Prices.

D. MUMFORD. W. & A. Railway Station, June 25, 1886.

Flour! Flour! JUST RECEIVED. Another Car-load of "BUDA" The best flour made in the Dominion. Every Barrel Warranted. For sale low for cash by G. H. WALLACE, Wolfville, June 25, 1886. Cloths purchased elsewhere made up as usual. Suits bought of me cut free of charge. Wolfville, March 12th, 1886 1 yr

William Wallace Merchant Tailor, Has one of the finest stocks of Cloths to select from in the County. WORSTEDS in all Shades and Prices. TWEEDS in Every Variety.

KENTVILLE Jewellery Store!

JAMES McLEOD Head Quarters for fine Quadruple Silver Plated Ware Waltham and Swiss Watches, Gold & Silver Jewelry, Plated Jewelry, CLOCKS AND SPECTACLES.

We are regularly bringing out New Styles, and are showing a very fine line—at prices never before heard of. Everything that appertains to the Jewelry Business is to be found at the Kentville Jewellery Store.

Solid Gold Wedding Rings Keepers and Gem Rings a specialty. For prices, quality and finish they are not equalled by any in the trade.

Kentville, April 23d, 1886

Arrived at Last!

Crockery, Earthenware and Glassware Which we are cutting very low. Our Groceries, which are of first quality and always fresh, are sold at low prices. Choice Molasses at 45c and 50c per gal. Teas, extra, from 25c upwards, Rankin & Moir's Biscuits, Celebrated Western Cheese, Bologna, etc.

ASK FOR WHAT YOU CAN'T SEE AT W. D. PATTERSON'S. Wolfville, May 14th, 1886.

'86.-SPRING!-'86.

Chas. H. Borden

Begs to call attention to his stock of Carriages for the spring trade, in CONCORD and WHITE CHAPEL styles. He is also prepared to build Carriages in any style required, including the VILLAGE CART, at shortest notice, and will guarantee stock and workmanship in everything turned out of his establishment. Wolfville, April 23d, 1886

1886. SEEDS! SEEDS!

GEO. V. RAND has received his supply of Garden and Flower Seeds for this season and customers can be supplied in quantities to suit. They have been procured from reliable sources and can confidently be recommended. Wolfville, April 29th, 1886.

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE CO. DOMINION DEPOSIT \$100,000

HEAD OFFICE, WATERLOO, ONT.

The following example of a Ten Year Endowment Matured and Paid will show the advantage of insuring this Company:

No. 1149. JAMES FOREST, Guelph. \$1000. Age 42. Annual Premium \$52 00

In the following statement the premiums are such as were paid after being reduced by surplus. The right hand column gives the interest compounded at 5 per cent till the day the Policy was paid.

1st year \$52 00 10 yrs compnt \$57 88 2d " 52 00 " " " 59 74 3d " 52 00 " " " 61 60 4th " 52 00 " " " 63 46 5th " 52 00 " " " 65 32 6th " 52 00 " " " 67 18 7th " 52 00 " " " 69 03 8th " 52 00 " " " 70 89 9th " 52 00 " " " 72 74 10th " 52 00 " " " 74 59

Total \$733 33 Interest \$256 90 Premiums \$990 23 Amount of Policy paid \$1,000 00 " of 10th yr's surplus paid 27 57

Total paid to Mr. Forest, \$1,027 57 Premiums pd by Mr. Forest \$733 35 Comp int on same at 5% 256 90 990 25

\$37 32

As an investment Mr. Forest's Policy returned \$733 more than the premiums paid by him, with compound interest at 5% added, in addition to his risk, or assurance of \$1,000, for ten years from age 42 to 52.

Full information at Avonport, N. S. J. B. Newcomb, General Agent for Nova Scotia Avonport, July 6th, 1886

Rev. J. B. HEMMENS, Special Agent.

DR. O. W. NORTON'S BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER!

Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound—FOR RESTORING HEALTH.

Hundreds have been cured by us it for LIVER COMPLAINT, COSTIVENESS, DYSPEPSIA, SALT RHEUM, CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, IMPURE BLOOD, LOSS OF APPETITE, KIDNEY DISEASE.

GENERAL DEBILITY.

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. Weymouth, Sept. 14, 1885.

Dr. Norton: Dear Sir,—For twenty five years I have been afflicted with Salt Rheum, and last Summer my head and part of my body was one fearful sore. My husband employed at different times three doctors, which failed to do me any good. In August 1884 I commenced taking your Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier, and after taking three bottles, an entirely cured, as I have not the least symptoms of it since. The Blood Purifier has also cured Capt Brookes of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Yours truly, Mrs John Grant ARTHUR BLACKBURN, of Newport writes: "For five years I have been afflicted with two Erysipelas Fever Sores on my legs. Have consulted all the doctors far and near. All medicine failed to do me any good until last fall I commenced to take Dr. O. W. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. After taking seven bottles my sores are entirely healed up and I am as well as ever." "February 9th, 1886."

There is no medicine known to the medical fraternity that has cured so many of Liver, Kidney Blood and Nerve Diseases as the medicines that compose Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier.

Sold by most of the dealers in medicine throughout the country, ask by G. V. Rand, Druggist, Wolfville, at \$1.00 per large bottle.

March 12th, '86 26-6-85

Silver Ware.

We have a fine stock of Silver Ware, including Castors, Cake Baskets Butter-Dishes, Pickle Castors, Card Receivers, Knives, Spoons, Forks, Napkin Rings, etc., which we are selling at extremely low prices. These goods are warranted first quality quadruple plate.

Rockwell & Co., MAIN ST., WOLFVILLE

Choice Miscellany.

A Wish.

I turned as I saw them passing, The child and the bent old man; The grand old tottered and tumbled, But the grandson sported and ran.

Jean.

Sweet and dainty as the wise-eyed daisies rimmed against her breast; slender and graceful as the tall nodding grasses that brush against her skirts; sweet and fair and lovely as the June itself—that is Jean.

Big, solemn, blue eyes like a bit of the summer sky above her sunny head; a curved tender mouth where dimples lurk and lovely little smiles creep in and out; soft muslin draperies and a gypsy hat set above the blushes and the dimples—that is Jean.

The country road is grass-grown and deserted. It is a "short cut" to the village beyond the hill, to which a broad, white tumpack sweeps and leaves the shorter road to quiet rest; and the grass is soft across it and the ground sparrow has her nest in the wagon tracks.

The grass is studded with daisies, white and yellow, and sweet williams blossom gaily among the purple thistles. Beyond, in the fields, the corn waves, a dark, green, shimmering sea, over the slope, and out of sight. A clear green sea, broken only now and then by a stately mullen stalk which rears its yellow head above the shining corn and seems to look with an air of possession over the broad fields.

In the shadow of the fence the dew is not yet dried, and glistens bravely as stray sunbeams find their way to it. The birds sing their merriest, and the sun shines its brightest and through it all walks Jean with downcast, happy eyes.

"While you are away, you will not forget—you know that?" her companion says holding closer her warm right hand. "You will not forget, Jean?"

"As if I could, you foolish boy!" she says with a happy laugh. "But you may forget."

"Yes when I forget to live," he says. "Oh, Jean! what would the world be to me without you?"

"A very lovely world still," she says, but she shakes her head and they walk on in silence.

They walk on, down the hill and through the village streets and up the rickety platform where, once a day, a roaring express train stops and brings, for a moment, some of the city's smoke and din to the quiet country.

The station master, in flapping straw hat and patched corduroy trousers, lounges on a truck in the morning sunshine. A good-natured old couple sit close together in startled anticipation of departure, and a blue young fellow, whose satchel hangs by a strap from his shoulder, yawns and opens his dull eyes further to take in more of Jean's fresh loveliness, as she comes forward.

"It is the last time, Jean," her lover whispers. "You will never go away from me again. Think of my sweetheart! The very last 'good-bye' that we need ever say."

The sweet, red blushes chase each other over rose-leaf face and soft white neck, which the linen collar guards so jealously.

"The very last," she repeats softly. "Let me pin this daisy on your coat, Don. Now I you will think of me when it withered and you throw it away. And I will keep, think of you every minute and know that you are thinking of me."

And so they talk and laugh and his fond eyes watched her flower-like face that smiles and blushes under his tender gaze.

come means and subs; thrusts aside the official who would bar his way and who shrinks back from his drawn, desperate face.

A soiled white dress, a crushed gypsy hat and a white upturned face. He takes her in his arms and, with no word, bears her out from the noise and crowd. People make way for him and turn their faces away, and eyes are dim and lips quiver.

Out of the crowd he goes and lays her gently down on the soft grass. "There is blood on her white forehead; he wipes it tenderly away and smoothes back the fair tangled hair. Her limpid hands still hold the flowers that have hardly withered.

He kisses her small, cold hands, her still, white lips and feels her by the old, fond, tender names—and there is no reply.

Holding fast her flowers, with the happy smile that still lingers on her lips Jean has gone swiftly—terribly—out of all possible harm and misery. Her head is heavy on his arm and to his passionate cries there is no answer, and he carries his gray, haggard face in the cool grass and holds her head close to his.

"The last good-bye that we need ever say," he means. "Oh, Jean, my darling, it was! But take me with you—come for me!"

But her lips do not answer or move, though he watches them and warms them with his breath. Then he folds her hands upon her breast and clasps her fingers about the faded daisies, and bows his head, while the shadow that never will be lifted, comes down and takes him in its embrace.

Waiting.

At the cross-roads. Which way? How the sunlight flickers down through the interlacing of leaves and branches, and falls a slant of an up-turned face.

What a world of vicissitudes in the dark eyes. With what an almost clinching firmness lie the kindly hands, one within another.

A slight shifting of position. A restless movement of weary feet. A smooth ead sight.

How gently the breezes fan the broad brow and toy with the silken hair. What a mingling of expressions; hope, fear, joy, despair and wonder, all in one. The way hath been toilsome. Ah, so well may the thorn-pierced feet testify.

Repress hath given the earnest while laughing lips a look akin to pain. Lines lie deeply here, and upon the brow—lines of thought and kindly care.

Ever an immolation of self, upon the altar of another's needs, yet no realization of the depth and extent of the sacrifice. It is, as if it never were, without a shadow of bitterness to mar the exquisite-ness of the halo of beauty. Oh, heart of gold; but the scars remain and the star-gemmed pathway.

Some heart made glad, some head made to rest easier upon its pillow, because of those same clinched hands. A bearer of many burdens, taking no thought of self, but through it all, while in "patience possessing the soul." A great hope lies buried, that some time, somewhere and somehow it shall be.

So long, such a weary waiting, and only at the cross-roads, and now a doubt. Which way?

Do not linger; press on. There is a faint gleam of a full fruit-coming—coming that way, and there the echo of the "Might have been" floats away in whispers of the wind, away down in the valleys.

How sick lies the heart with "Hope deferred." Take courage, it hath not been in vain, oh, tried and true. See! the sun in one conglomerate mass of beauty has risen above the tree tops, and rests so lovingly upon thee. Take heart of this, as bathed in its effulgent glow, drifts down from Heaven, a psalm of praise.

Waiting an effort, a hope fulfilled.

Stop My Paper.

An exchange says: "After you get angry, and make up your mind to stop your paper, to make the editor feel humiliated, just poke your finger in water and then pull it out and look for the hole. Then you know how sadly you have missed. The man who thinks a paper cannot survive without his support, ought to go off and stay awhile. When he comes back he will find out that half his friends didn't know he was gone. The other half didn't care a cent, and the world at large haven't kept any account of his movements whatever. You will find things you cannot indorse in every paper. Even the Bible is rather plain and hits some hard links. If you were to get mad and burn your Bible, the hundreds of presses would still go on printing them; and if you were to stop your paper and call the editor all sorts of ugly names, the paper will still be published. And what is more, you'll sneak around and borrow a copy of it every week from your neighbor. It would be much better to keep your vest pulled down, and your subscription paid a year in advance."

When She Spoke.

She was a sweet-faced, blue-eyed young girl with great waves of golden hair brushed carefully back from a noble-looking forehead of snow white brow. Her ruby lips were full and sweet. Innocence itself was in her great blue eyes. Fair and sweet was she in all the purity and guilelessness of her fresh young womanhood.

Two young men have long been watching her with eager interest. Her glorious beauty has enthralled them.

"What a superb girl!" said one, "Never was lily fairer! How I would love to hear her speak. No sweet bells jangled could be like words she must utter with lips like those and a face like that."

She spoke. A friend came down the aisle, and said carelessly: "A cold day, Miss B—"

The full red lips parted slowly, the beautiful head turned with superb grace, a smile of serene sweetness illuminated the noble features, soft and sweet and low was her artless answer: "Well, I should think to twitter! 'Cold ain't no name for it.'"

Clubbing Offer.

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.

Table with 3 columns: Publication, Regular Price, Clubbing Price. Includes Farmer's Advocate, Toronto Weekly News, Toronto Daily News, etc.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers; there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and 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. 39

THAT TIRED FEELING.—The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are with doors most of the time. The peculiar but common complaint, known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Dr. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists.

Sanspoon lost his strength with his hair. Hundreds of men and women lose their beauty with their hair, and hundreds have saved their hair from falling off, and may have grown a beautiful head of hair by using "Minaid's Liment" it is perfectly clean and always cools and refreshes the fevered head.

One bad meal will do more harm to a consumptive patient than weeks of care. A good Junket made from EAGAR'S WINE OF RENNET, with a cream sauce over it, will supply them with a delicious nutritive and easily digested meal.

It is a dangerous thing to allow the diarrhoea or dysentery to go unchecked and there is no need of it. A small bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liment will cure the most stubborn case that can be produced.

Fever and ague, malarious fever, and typhoid fever all originate in one producing cause and may all be easily prevented by Parson's Purgative Pills. These pills act directly and powerfully upon the blood.

Virtue, like heavey, is to many a garment only to be worn in public. This may be cynical, but it is a sure thing.

Edward Linde, of St. Peter, C.R., writes—"that his Horse was badly torn by a pitchfork. One bottle of 'Minaid's Liment' cured him."

If there is anything noble about revenge it is when we forego the pleasure of exercising it.

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

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GRAND OFFER! By Special Arrangement we are enabled to offer the ACADIAN AND THE DETROIT FREE PRESS 4 MONTHS FOR 40 CENTS.

NOTICE. All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson C. Martin, of Horton, Kings County, deceased are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to said Estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with JAMES B. MARTIN, JOHN L. MARTIN, Admsrs. Wolfville, Oct. 16, 1885.

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES. 12 fast-selling articles, and 12 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c, or nine 3-cent stamps. Package of fast-selling articles to agents for 3c, and this slip.

W. & A Railway. Time Table. 1886—Summer Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 14th June.

GOING EAST. Acem. Acem. Exp. Daily. T.F.S. Daily. A.M. P.M. P.M. 14 Annapolis Leave 5:30 1:30 14 Bridgetown " 6:25 2:08 28 Middleton " 7:25 2:45 42 Aylesford " 8:32 3:18 47 Waterville " 8:55 3:32 59 Kentville " 9:10 3:45 64 Port Williams " 9:00 11:00 4:28 66 Wolfville " 6:10 11:19 4:34 60 Grand Pre " 6:25 11:22 4:33 72 Avonport " 6:40 11:35 4:52 77 Hantsport " 6:58 11:55 5:05 84 Windsor " 7:50 12:45 5:30 110 Windsor June " 10:00 3:15 6:50 130 Halifax arrive 10:45 3:55 7:20

GOING WEST. Exp. Acem. Acem. Daily. W.F.F. Daily. A.M. P.M. P.M. Halifax--leave 7:00 6:00 2:30 14 Windsor Jun-- 7:38 7:05 3:30 46 Windsor " 8:50 10:00 5:35 53 Hantsport " 9:17 10:32 6:30 58 Avonport " 9:30 10:40 6:39 61 Grand Pre " 9:30 11:05 6:33 64 Port Williams " 9:40 11:20 6:46 66 Wolfville " 9:55 11:30 6:55 60 Grand Pre " 10:25 12:20 7:10 71 Kentville " 10:45 12:57 7:17 83 Waterville " 10:55 1:12 7:25 88 Aylesford " 11:05 1:35 7:30 102 Middleton " 11:37 2:45 7:42 130 Bridgetown " 12:13 3:42 7:50 130 Annapolis arrive 12:20 4:35 7:50

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