

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1889.

No. 14.

Vol. IX

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me. H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE ACADIAN.

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

TERMS: \$1.00 Per Annum. (IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4.00

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Notices 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 party writing for the ACADIAN must invariably accompany the communication, although the same may be written over a fictitious signature.

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

Legal Decisions

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POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office hours, 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. Mail made up at 4.50 p. m.

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Express west close at 10.35 a. m.

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Geo. V. RAND, Post Master.

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A. DEW. BARRS, Agent.

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BAPTIST CHURCH.—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday School at 9.30 a. m. Half hour prayer meeting after evening service every Sunday. Prayer meetings on Tuesday and Thursday evenings at 7.30. Seats free; the are welcome. Strangers will be cared for by COLIN W. HOSCOCK, } Ushers A. DEW BARRS }

PREBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Rev. R. D. Ross, Pastor.—Service every Sabbath at 10.30 a. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Sabbath at 7 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. Cranwick Jost, A. M., Pastor; Rev. John W. Turner, Assistant Pastor; Horton and Wolfeville Preaching on Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Class Meeting on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meeting at Wolfville on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.; at Horton on Friday at 7.30 p. m. Strangers welcome at all services.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH.—Services: First Sunday in the month, 11 a. m.; other Sundays, 3 p. m.; the Holy Communion is administered on the first Sunday in the month. For any additional services or alterations in the above see local news. Rector, Rev. Canon Brock, D. D., Residence, Rectory, Kentville. Ushers, H. Prat and Frank A. Dixon, Wolfville.

St. FRANCIS (R. C.).—Rev. T. M. Daly, P. P.—Mass 11.00 a. m. the last Sunday of each month.

Masonic.

St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M., meets at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7.00 o'clock p. m. J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. M. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Witter's Block, at 7.30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T. meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.30 o'clock.

DIRECTORY

OF THE Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

The undermentioned firms will use your right, and we can safely recommend them as our most enterprising business men.

BISHOP, JOHNSON H.—Dealer in Flour, Feed of all kinds, &c.

BORDEN, C. H.—Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, and Gents' Furnishing Goods.

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

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

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

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

DR. PAYZANT & SON, Dentists.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

RAND, G. V.—Drugs and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobaccoist.

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

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

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

J. B. DAVISON, J. P.

STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE,

CONVEYANCER.

INSURANCE AGENT, ETC.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

JOHN W. WALLACE,

BARRISTER-AT-LAW,

NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Also General Agent for Fire and LIFE INSURANCE.

WOLFVILLE N. S.

Watches, Clocks,

and Jewelry

REPAIRED.

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

Small articles SILVERPLATED.

POETRY.

Ingin Summer.

Just about the time when Fall Gits to rattle in the trees, An' the man that knows it all 'Spicious frost in every breeze, When a person tells his tale— Then that blows a meller breeze! Ingin Summer's here again.

Kind an' smoky lookin' blues Spins across the mountain side, An' the heavy mornin' dewa Greets the grass up an' wide. Natur' rally 'spears ez ef She was layin' off a day— Sort o' drothin' in her breast Fore she freezes up to stavey.

Nary jiek o' work I strike Long about this time o' year I'm a sort o' shrewdly like Right when Ingin Summer's here. Wife an' boys kin do the work, But a man with natchel wit, Like I got, kin' foed to shirk, Ef he has a turn for it.

Time when grapes set in to ripe, All I ast off ary man Is a common go'n-cob pipe With terbacker to my han'. On my old head, bald an' gray, 'Pears right like the gilded crown I expect to w'ar some day.

I'm a loungin' round on thrones, Bossin' worlds I'm shore to shore, When I stretch my marner bones, Just outside the cabin door! An' the sunshine seepin' down On my old head, bald an' gray, 'Pears right like the gilded crown I expect to w'ar some day.

STORY.

ABNER'S WAY.

A STORY OF THANKSGIVING TIME.

"I don't care! It is mean for Uncle to be so stingy! There, I've said it if I didn't mean to. And what else is it? We haven't had a regular Thanksgiving since I can remember. Never had anybody, more than Aunt Nancy or Grandma Carr, in all these years; and I did think maybe you would think of such a thing, and wouldn't do it if they did!"

She sat on the cellar stairs, this fearful, indignant maiden—Nannie Holcomb, one Monday morning in November. It was a bright, bracing day, and some rays of sunshine penetrated even the cellar's semi-darkness. One particularly lively sunbeam—its capricious course determined by the fluttering clothes on the dryer outside, went dancing up and down among the bins and barrels as if to inspect their contents, or, more likely, in a kind of sunny ecstasy over the harvest wealth therein displayed. And, in truth, there was good reason for exultation, or as grieving Nancy thought, thanksgiving. There were long bins of potatoes, sound, shapely, sizable; barrels of gold and russet; boxes of beet, showing their ruddy skins through clinging soil, and big, dull-colored turnips. There were great heaps of golden pumpkins shining in the gloom like globes of solidified sunshine, and smaller piles of winter squashes of paler tints and lesser size. There were baskets of late pears in the warmest corner, and boxes with suspicious coverings whence came a fragrance as of grapes. Through the gauzy doors of a swinging cupboard might be seen the golden bulk of the last churning, and by their side, on a long tray, were combs dripping with translucent honey.

"Enough here, anyone would think, to keep Thanksgiving with," went on the girl, "only 'twould be like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out, for I don't believe Uncle Enoos has saved out any turkey; and I should think he might!"

And the girl lost herself in regretful reverie once more. She was a pretty girl, this little Nannie, though the small hands were a trifle red with much household, the soft brown hair blown into tangled waves by the wind as she had gone in and out, and the fair cheeks had gained now, and the brown eyes red with crying. Enos Carr had taken her into his heart and home in her desolate, orphaned babyhood. Very comfortable she had found the latter, all these twenty years, despite its sober quietness. Very pleasant it had been to grow up in it, to assume one by one little housewife cares, as a daughter might, and finally to find herself mistress, with undisputed sway over all things in-door, and not a little influ-

ence in out-door affairs. Yes, the home was certainly clear and pleasant one. She loved it well. And Uncle Enoos's heart—well, seemed to her a good one in its way. He cared for her, of course, in his own staid fashion. She did not think it was in Uncle Enoos to love anyone very enthusiastically, perhaps. And Abner was as like him in most ways as she could be like father. Abner was younger and quicker to comprehend, of course. He had his own ways, quite unlike those of any other whom Nannie had ever seen. He was very thoughtful of her comfort; very careful that she should not overwork. He studied with her, history and literature and botany and mineralogy and music. He read the papers to her, and talked over their contents. He helped her care for her plants, and got her new, rare ones. He brought her dainty trifles, new music and late books, whenever he went to town. Nannie did not like to think what life might be without Abner—he was so good and kind and cousinly, though he wasn't really her cousin, nor a relative at all. He was Uncle Enoos's son by his first wife; she, the niece of the second Mrs Carr.

It was funny, Nannie mused, that Abner didn't think they ought to keep Thanksgiving by having their relatives with them. There were just three or four families who would make such a nice little company. Aunt Nancy and Uncle and Aunt Guyton, with Nell and Frank, and Aunt Kate and Ned. Ned was home this year, which didn't happen always, and he would come of course. Nannie knew he would be glad to, for he had walked home from church with her only the night before, and he had said that the country was lonely, or that their farm was. He hoped it might not be always.

Nannie had not yet decided to consider what he meant, but she would have liked him to come to their house for Thanksgiving. That would make things a little less lonesome for him.

There were steps and voices outside, and Nannie remembered in a panic that the roll-way was open. She would have fled up stairs, but she caught the mention of her name. It was Abner's voice first:

"Good weather for Thanksgiving, isn't it, if it only holds. Father, I don't know but we ought to invite the folks over, and make Thanksgiving ourselves this year. Uncle Joe had us all last year, and it's our turn, and I think Nannie would like it."

"She hasn't said anything about it to me. I thought maybe 'twould make too many chores for her," returned the elder man.

"No, not to me, but I think she'd like it, and I don't believe she'd mind the extra work."

"Might ask her, anyway," said Uncle Enoos. "Well, I'd like to see our folks together again, I believe, what's left, after all, and at my own table. And maybe it is dull for Nannie sometimes, though you seem to do what you can for her, Abner."

What Abner said, Nannie never knew. She took advantage of the clock's striking to run away up stairs. She was not surprised when Uncle Enoos proposed, at noon, a Thanksgiving family party, and she assented very readily, declaring, as Abner had foreseen, that she shouldn't mind the work, especially with Ann Chantry to help during the days that intervened.

She was surprised, however, at Abner's thoughtful kindness for her, used as she was to it. She wondered anew at the ways he found to help her. She set it down once more to "Abner's way." For that "way" included, she had found, a marvellous, protecting tenderness, as unobtrusive as sunshine. It was very good in a busy time, too. And on the strength of it she allowed herself to be persuaded to go with Uncle Enoos next morning to invite their guests. It was a delightful drive, and Uncle Enoos was the best of company. If she had ever thought him cold or distant she forgot it that day. Once only he pained her.

"I suppose it is lonely for young folks here at the farm," he said, "and especially for women-folk. We're so contented, always, Nannie, we haven't thought, or I haven't, that you might be getting lonely. You could go to the city for a good long visit this winter."

Your Aunt Letty would delight to have you with her; and you could go to school then, if you like, or anywhere else."

But Nanny cried out against it. Kind as the words were, they somehow hurt her cruelly. Didn't she belong at the farm? Leaving it or them had not entered her mind. Was not her place there with them? She did not say this, of course, but her heart was sore at the thought.

The friends were easily persuaded to come for Thanksgiving dinner with them at the farm. Ned and his mother lived on another road, and were last to be visited. It was ten o'clock as they drove up the lane.

"I'm terrible thirsty," said Uncle Enoos, as he returned his massive silver watch to his pocket. "If you don't mind sitting in the wagon a few minutes, there's a cold spring over here in the meadow that I'd like to get a drink from, as I used to when I was a boy. We're so near the house you won't be afraid, and you can go in without me if you will."

But Nannie would rather stay in the wagon. They had come by a way that was little travelled, and had stopped on a side of the house that was little used, save that an outer kitchen, which Aunt Kate seemed not yet to have abandoned for warm winter quarters, was on that side. It had no windows looking in that direction, however. It was unfinished, and the loosely fitted boards of its rough walls—it was a "lean-to"—let out the odors of the morning's cooking, and the sound of voices as well. They were distant and undistinguishable at first, but soon a voice that she knew, questioned, with masculine impatience:

"Breakfast ready?"

"As soon as I get the batter and cream. I've kept things hot for you, and I'll have 'em on in a minute. I didn't know just when you'd be down. I knew you'd be tired after yesterday's hunting."

The last words were almost lost in a vanishing diminuendo as the speaker evidently hurried away to milk room and pantry for the missing articles.

"No, not of course!" grumbled the masculine voice again. Was this Ned's way? "You might try to have something decent, seems to me. I ain't here every day."

"There's cold meat and an omelette. I didn't know you'd care." Then even more timidly, "You're not going out to-day, are you?"

"I'm off to town at noon. Shan't be back till the last train comes to-night. What's up now?"

"Nothing, only I wanted you to see Lawyer Pratt about those notes, and we've got to have another deed made out of the south meadow, that your father bought of Jones, you know. They've straightened the road and made changes around. And I thought maybe we could go over to the graveyard."

"Mother! I shan't go there, anyway. The other things can wait. Or maybe you can attend to 'em. I don't see why not."

Nannie did not catch the whole of the mother's complaining protest of rheumatic pains, of work at home, of inability to comprehend and arrange those business matters, and dislike to attempt it, for Uncle Enoos came back just then, and they went around to the side-door and went in. Nannie never had suspected that Ned had not finished his breakfast, but his manner betrayed no embarrassment of interruption. He was as attentive and genial as ever. If she could have but forgotten that just-heard conversation, it would have been a pleasant call. As it was Ned found it hard to account for her sudden coldness, and wondered why, if she cared so little, she took the trouble to invite them at all, or even to accompany Uncle Enoos. But they accepted the invitation notwithstanding.

What a pleasure after that to go back to the farm! to find Abner waiting to welcome them with cheery words, which were no pretences, since with them, Nannie well knew, both thought and deed accorded; to find Abbie Chantry, on whom the neighborhood relied for help in emergencies, there at work already, and the day's work well under-way. Just enough

had been done to materially lighten Nannie's burdens, yet not enough to seem to encroach upon her authority as mistress of affair. It was always so. That, too, was one of Abner's ways. And there came a sudden consciousness of his goodness—of his instinctive divination of her thought and mood and liking, and provision for them all—and of the silent tenderness, which had wrapped her like an atmosphere these many years, of which, because of its very naturalness, she had been unmindful. Whether it was his way toward all womankind, or whether there was in it something kept for her only, Nannie did not try to determine.

The next two days were very happy ones; so cheery, somehow that Nannie wondered if Thanksgiving itself would be any brighter; and she questioned it, after all, the day would not have been pleasanter spent just by their selves—though perhaps they ought to have their relatives—and said as much to Abner, who answered a little surprised:

"I did think so at first, for father's sake. It reminds him so of mother, you know," he said, gently. "It was their wedding day, and she died, too at Thanksgiving time. But I think he was willing to have the folks this year," he concluded more cheerfully.

"Oh, Abner! I never knew it!"

It was all she could say, and he bade her not to mind. But she was hurt and pained and sorry and ashamed all at once. That was the reason, then, why they never kept Thanksgiving with very noisy gladness. And she had thought them hard and close and unfeeling. Could she ever make up for it? She would try, and all her life, if they would let her. Of course she could not say this to Abner—then, there came a time when she would and did, for he asked her something very like it. It was weeks afterward, to be sure, but this Thanksgiving time helped to hasten it; for it was a very cheery Thanksgiving party. All the guests enjoyed it, none more, however, than the three who were not guests, but host and hostess. Perhaps it needed just the presence of strangers to show them how much they were to each other. For it was but a little later, as I said, that it was decided that nothing but death should part these three. Of course the vows to that effect were to be given and taken by only two of the household, but the father seemed somehow a party to the compact. It was his gain and joy too, he said. Perhaps it was because the younger man, despite his proud consciousness of ownership, was so generous in his love. Olive E. Dana, was Abner's Way.—Olive E. Dana.

All About Shortland.

This is the title of a 36-page pamphlet of information, containing answers to all the questions an inquirer would be likely to ask about systems, books, instruction, salaries of stenographers, low to secure positions, etc., etc. It will show what young men have done at home, on farms, and in workshops; how from the humblest beginnings the highest success has been reached by learning this art at piecemeal at study, and while pursuing other occupations. The success of stenographers as compared with the success of young men in any other vocation in life, will be seen to be marvellous and encouraging. The author of this system was himself a farmer's boy and learned the art while following the plow. The information he gives in this pamphlet will be of interest and value to every young man (or young woman either) who must earn his own living. The pamphlet is mailed free to anyone writing for it and mentioning the paper in which this article appears.

Address D. L. SCOTT-BROWNE, 251 West 14th St., New York, N. Y.

Night Air.

An extraordinary fallacy is the dread of night air. What air can we breathe at night but night air? The choice is between pure night air from without and foul air from within. Most people prefer the latter—an unaccountable choice. What will they say if it is proved to be true that fully one half of all diseases we suffer from are occasioned by peo, le sleeping with windows shut? An op window, most nights in the year, can never hurt any one. In great cities night air is often the best and purest to be had in the twenty-four hours. I could better

Dyspepsia

is one of the most prevalent of diseases. Few persons have perfect digestion. One of Ayer's Pills, taken after dinner, or a dose at night before retiring, never fails to give relief in the worst cases, and wonderfully assists the process of nutrition. As a family medicine, Ayer's Pills are unequalled.

James Quinn, 90 Middle St., Hartford, Conn., testifies: "I have used Ayer's Pills for the past thirty years and consider them an invaluable family medicine. I know of no better remedy for liver troubles, and have always found them a prompt cure for dyspepsia."

Frederic C. Greener, of East Dotham, Mass., for several months troubled with indigestion, was cured before he used a box of these Pills.

Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

understand shutting the window in town during the day than during the night, for the sake of the sick. The absence of smoke, the quiet, all tend to make night the best time for airing the patient. One of our highest medical authorities on consumption and climate has told me that the air of London is never so good as after ten o'clock at night. Always air your room then from the outside air if possible. Windows are made to open, doors are made to shut—a truth which seems extremely difficult of apprehension. Every room must be aired from without, every passage from within.—Sanitary World.

Nine Cords of Wood in Ten Hours

By one man may appear to some as an unlikely story; but a machine is now manufactured which has proven such a feat is possible. It can be carried folded on a man's back, saws down trees and runs easy without causing backache. 25,000 now in use and the demand is constantly increasing. Apply to Folding Sawing Machine Co., Chicago, who will send free illustrated catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds who have saved from 4 to 9 cords in a day. A new invention for filing saws accompanies each machine; same can be had separate. With this tool anyone can file a saw better than an expert can without it.

To Our Subscribers.

The SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT which appeared in our columns sometime since, announcing a special arrangement with Dr. B. J. KENDALL, Co., of Knoxville, Tenn., publishers of "A Treatise on the Horse and his Diseases," where our subscribers were enabled to obtain a copy of that valuable work free by sending their address (and enclosing a two-cent stamp for mailing same) is renewed for a limited period. We trust all will avail themselves of the opportunity of obtaining this valuable work. To every lover of the Horse it is indispensable, as it treats in a simple manner all the diseases which afflict this noble animal. Its phenomenal sale throughout the United States and Canada, make it standard authority. Mention this paper when sending for "Treatise." 14-131

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Com-plaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shilo's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by George V. Rand.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

BEST ON EARTH SURPRISE SOAP THE GREAT SELF WASHER TRY IT

Send for the Surprise Soap to be used in the bath. It is a great discovery. It will wash away all dirt and grease. It is the best soap ever made. It is sold by all druggists and dealers in medicine.

The St. Croix Soap Mfg. Co., St. Croix, Wis.

9 Cords in 10 Hours

Run Easy NO BACKACHE

BY ONE MAN. With descriptive catalogue containing testimonials from hundreds of people who have saved from 4 to 9 cords in a day. A new invention for filing saws accompanies each machine; same can be had separate. With this tool anyone can file a saw better than an expert can without it. Address: FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

THE ACADIAN.

WOLFVILLE, N. S., NOV. 22, 1889.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We notice by the Courier that three express agencies have recently been started in Digby. It is a pity that we could not have a better express accommodation in Wolfville. We hope soon to see such an institution started here as it would be a great saving in time and expense.

Our always welcome contemporary, the Dominion Illustrated, seems to be growing more attractive with each succeeding number. Its choice of subjects for illustration ranges over a wide field, but it is always true to its name. In the latest issue, November 16th, some of our latest cities receive attention. St. John, N. B., and its environs are set forth in two fine engravings, and we have a fine view of the Parliament Building, Fredericton.

We congratulate the Halifax papers upon the fairness with which the football match on Saturday last between Acadia and Dalhousie was reported by them. The match resulted in a draw in favor of neither team and was so reported in a fair and impartial manner. This is greatly out of the common, as our city contemporaries all, we are sorry to say, are given to seeing generally in favor of Halifax. We are glad to note this sign of improvement.

We understand that the New Star man was in town a few days ago in the interests of his paper and had considerable to say about us and our business. We do not mind him exaggerating about his own circulation, but we object most decidedly to his telling "whoppers" about ours. It's a poor way, brother, to try to build up your own business by tearing down another's. Besides, you know what is said about "bearing false witness." Better drop it, Jimmy.

The rays of the few street lamps we have is a good argument these dark nights for a better lighting of our streets. This is particularly needed when there happens to be an abundance of mud thrown in as has been the case during the past week. And still our people prefer groping their way along and splashing through the mud to putting their hands in their pockets and paying a trifle towards this great improvement. "What fools these mortals be."

Operations on the water works are being carried on and we understand considerable length of pipe has been already laid. Mr. J. I. Brown has the contract for hauling the pipes. Work is now going on on the reservoir and we understand quite a force of men are employed there. The weather has been most favorable for the work, as in ordinary seasons it would have had to be abandoned before this time. The whole will not be expected to be completed in some time next summer.

We should be glad to have a few short articles from those interested in the progress of our town and county on matters pertaining to the welfare of the same. There must be matters always before the public on which many of our readers have ideas which might be of use if placed before the public. This is the work of a newspaper, and the ACADIAN is always glad to make public the views of its intelligent readers. We are pretty well through with the rush now and will be able to publish a few short letters on matters of general interest every week.

Edison is preparing to unveil new wonders in the world of invention. He says in an interview: "I think it possible that men who are talking through telephones may see each other as well as hear each other's voices. They may see the expressions of countenances, see the other fellow laugh over a good joke, for instance. It can be done only through short distances, say within the limits of a city and its suburbs, I think. I am quite sure it can be done as a matter of scientific accomplishment, but whether it can be made commercially practicable is another thing. I do not know yet, but I shall try to find out."

A large portion of our space again this week is devoted to the report of the directors of the King's County Agricultural Society. Several good communications are being held over on account of lack of room. These will be published next week as the report is concluded in this issue. Though bearing heavily on our space, we are sure our readers who carefully peruse the report will be fully satisfied that better matter could not be given. This is largely an agricultural district, and our readers, whether actively engaged in the cultivation of the soil or not, are interested in anything pertaining to the farm. Besides this, matters are touched on in this record which are full of interest, and data otherwise not to be had is here contained. We are pleased that Dr. Chipman has taken such pains to preserve and publish such a comprehensive record of the year.

The Directors Annual Report' of King's Co. Agl. Society for 1889.

Continued.

CROPS.

Hay.—Our crops, as a whole, are above the average in quality and quantity. The past season was remarkably conducive to the growth of grass and vegetation in general, and the hay crop is fully 25 per cent. above the average in quantity and 50 per cent. better in quality than last year's crop. The barns are full to overflowing and more stacks have been put up on the dike and about the barns than we have seen for a number of years. This means the wintering of more stock, more manure and better crops next year. Our farmers use hay almost exclusively for fodder. Straw is used for bedding, and there is only one silo in our district, that of Mr. F. C. Johnson, Greenwich. Hay is expensive fodder, but the unfailing crop on the dike enables our farmers to feed it profitably. Were the dike better cared for the yield might be nearly doubled. Part of it is badly drained, while a part needs liming, and all of it is injured by close cropping in the fall. After harvesting, hundreds of cattle "are turned on" and roam at will until the 1st of Nov. It has been proved by those that have drained and fenced lots and allowed the aftermath to remain, that the crop can be nearly doubled. Proprietors are beginning to discuss this subject and we should advise shortening the time and lessening the number of cattle as a trial. As the population increases and farms multiply by subdivisions and become covered with orchards "dike" will increase in value and a larger crop will be demanded. Already in Cornwallis "dike" is worth \$250 to \$400 an acre, and the grass land throughout the Province is the most valuable land in it. We again report the figures of the last census. One fourth of the cleared land in N. S. is occupied by the hay crop, and also more than half the land cropped. Grass grown for hay covers upwards of 520,000 acres, yielding about 600,000 tons, worth \$6,000,000. If by any means the crop could be increased half a ton an acre our farmers would be richer by \$2,600,000 annually. It is the most important subject we have to deal with. There are in our district between 3,000 and 4,000 acres of dike land, the most valuable land in the world outside of cities besides the upland annually under grass. There is success or failure for our farmers in their wise or ignorant dealing with this crop.

Oats.—As a fodder crop and fertilizer oats are second only to hay in our district. Last year they were not all harvested before Oct. 15th, this season Sept. 5th found them all in the barn, and the bulk of the crop is now thrashed and in the granary. This crop showed well early in the season, the weather being highly favorable, but the hot, damp weather in August is supposed to have caused the rust and the result was about half a crop of very light oats. This crop is very reliable, it is the first time we have heard of rust or any disease among oats for 16 years at least. Very little wheat is raised, but that is good. Barley more cultivated than formerly for fodder mixed with oats; buckwheat, rye, corn and a little flaxseed are raised for home consumption. In the Yarmouth prize list a new buckwheat is spoken of as follows: New Japanese.—This new buckwheat is entirely distinct from all other varieties. The kernels are twice the size of other sorts, the straw is heavier, it branches more and does not need to be so much as the other kind. Flour from it is equal in quality to that of other buckwheat. It is enormously prolific, ripens earlier than the Silver Hull and yielding two or three times as much. We would recommend a trial of this variety.

Potatoes.—In bygone years the great staple crop in King's, have dwindled down to garden patches and a few acres on each farm. Last year the season was unfavorable and the beetle, rot, and no market discouraged their cultivation. Fewer were planted in '89, but the season was favorable and planting was so early and the plants grew so rapidly and vigorously that the beetles were left behind, and a fine crop of perfectly sound potatoes was gathered, and found a ready market at 30 to 35 cents, and the bulk of the crop is already market. They were shipped in barrels to Havana and Bermuda. From Port Williams and Canning 11,210 barrels were shipped by vessel, worth \$14,140, taking Mr. F. C. Rand's figures, and 5,000 to 6,000 barrels more were carried by the W. & A. R. to Halifax, thence by steamer. Our potatoes were very fine this season. Planting was a fortnight earlier than usual, the season highly favorable for growth, potatoes must have heat, and can stand more drought than any other crop—and the weather very dry at "digging time" and the potatoes turned out as sound as a nut and beautifully smooth and clean, there being an average yield of superior quality. As the potato area declines, more turnips and mangles are planted. The drought in September checked the growth of the former and the crop is scarcely up to the average. Mangles made good growth. We believe if our farmers would plant acres of them instead of quarters and feed them to the stock in winter it would be money in their pockets. Millions of bushels of Swedes and Aberdeen Yellow are raised annually in the "old country" and fed with straw, and English beef is the best in the world. In Dr. Lawson's "Crop Report" for '89 we find "last census gave a total yield

of turnips for the Province of a million bushels, less than a sixth of quantity of potatoes raised—7,378,387 bushels."

That was in '81, we think the proportion has greatly changed in favor of the turnips in eight years. In the "crop report" for the wet season of '88 Dr. Lawson says: "It may be said that every farmer who sowed an adequate breadth of turnips this year, in good time, in land well prepared, will now have an abundance of feed for his stock, and the means of manufacturing winter beef and mutton with profitable results, for we have now a rising market. But, unfortunately, the rule is for our farmers to sow only a small patch, a fraction of an acre, instead of ten, fifteen, fifty or a hundred or five hundred acres as is the custom in cattle feeding counties. It was, no doubt, with special regard to a season like this that the late Dr. Forrester used to hold up the turnip to our people as the golden ball that had made home and wealth for the Scotch farmer and was full of like promise to those of Nova Scotia who had the like ambition to excel and become rich." We must remember, however, that the conditions are not the same in the two counties. Turnips require a rich soil and a great deal of moisture, and those conditions are admirably met in Scotland and England, where the atmosphere is much more humid, and the rain falls more continuous than in N. S. A wet year like '88 insures a good crop, while a drought in September, as in '89, makes a partial failure of it. It seems to us that the mangle fills the bill with our farmers,—give a good start in the spring and it will stand either drought or wet, in fact a sure crop any season. It is quite as valuable for feeding purposes and yields nearly or quite as much per acre. Carrots, beets and parsnips grew well, but are not largely cultivated. Tomatoes were unusually fine this year, ripening early and delicious in flavor, but the supply exceeded the demand, and there was no market for them. Mr. Patterson again made a success of cabbage, selling thousands of fine, solid heads at 10 cents, making at the rate of \$500 per acre. This is a hint for others and cauliflower should do even better.

Cucumbers.—An immense business was done in cucumbers this season. There were fully a hundred acres planted in our district including Gaspeaux. There was no frost early or late to injure the vines, and no pests to destroy, and the yield was simply enormous—in some instances 15 tons to the acre, and ten tons on the average would come within the mark. A cent and a half a pound means \$30 an acre, and 10 tons an acre, \$300. Much less labor than potatoes and little picking, and children and women can do that better than men. The factories in Gaspeaux filled all the hogheads that could be gathered far and near, and then gave it up, and a buyer from Boston came down and shipped by carload. He pronounced our cucumbers the best and firmest stock he ever handled. Mr. Gertridge talks of building tanks and being well prepared for next year's crop.

Small Fruit.—Raspberries and gooseberries were a good crop and the price high for both. A large number of pear and plum trees have been planted in this district within a few years, and will well repay the cost and trouble if properly cared for. Black-knot must be cut off as soon as found and the wound well painted with linseed oil. Most dwarf pear-trees are a fraud, but the Duchess planted below the union be, comes half standard and is reliable, and we cannot miss it planting the Bartlett.

Apples.—Buyers say the crop is much larger than reported, full 20 per cent. above last year's,—orchards in every instance yielding beyond expectations. All sorts of fairs were entertained about the orchards. The warm days of winter would swell the buds and the frost would nip them, etc., etc.; the trees blossomed full and many fell, of those that set many were blighted and fell to the ground, insects preyed on the leaves and fruit, but notwithstanding all these real and imaginary fears, there was a magnificent crop of fine fruit, which has been sold for a very high price, and our growers are happy, and tree planting more blooming than ever. Last season individual growers shipped largely; this season speculators have secured the whole crop in the three counties with few exceptions, Messrs Chase & Rand and Mr. Scarborough, of Montreal, being the principal buyers. These men have made a pretty clean sweep and will ship all the good firm stock, so there is a prospect of an apple famine in our local market, and Halifax and St. John may have to run the figures up to London prices before apples come again. Prices paid ranged from \$2 to \$3 for entire orchards. Chase & Rand secured quite a number of orchards for \$2, and as high as \$3 was paid for orchards giving 400 to 500 barrels of good varieties. Lots of Ribston, Kings and Blenheim and Golden Russets were bought for \$2.50, and other varieties including Jenningtons and Bishop Pippins, etc. for \$2. So many farmers have sold that very few quotations have reached us, but it is true that prices in London are unusually high—16s. to 26s. and 30s. and there is no doubt fruit arriving in good condition will command large figures straight through the season. There is a failure in U. S. and Ontario's crop, the empire states, was entirely destroyed by the spring frost. The Gazette quotes apples in Montreal \$3.25 per barrel in lots. Speculators lost heavily last year, but they will more than make it up this year, and it is right they should, yet farmers can put their apples in the London market as easily

WALLACE, THE TAILOR!

Has the cheapest line of goods in the county; a new lot in to-day. I have marked my goods away down as I am bound to do the trade. Just look at my prices now: SCOTCH PANTINGS at \$4.50, \$5.00, \$5.25, \$5.50, \$6.00! ENGLISH PANTINGS at \$6.00, \$6.50, \$6.75, \$7.00, & 8.00! Fancy Worsted Coatings! The only line of these goods in town; something new. Look at them, they will be sold cheap for cash. Did you see my Fancy Worsted Overcoats! Custom made, at only \$12.00, a rare bargain. Wolfville November 15th, 1889.

Baird's French Ointment.

THIS Ointment has been used with the greatest success in the speedy cure of all eruptions arising from an impure state of the blood or from infection. It relieves and cures ECZEMA, SALT RHETM, ITCH, SOURVY, BOILS, PILES, ULCERS, CHAPPED HANDS and LIPS, INSECT STINGS, &c. In use 50 years. At all dealers. 25 Cents.

For Fall Painting.

A full stock of White Lead Oil & Ready Mixed Paints on hand. WALTER BROWN. Wolfville, Oct. 2d, 1889.

STOVES! STOVES!

We call the attention of intending purchasers to our stock of STOVES! which will be found VERY COMPLETE. We are selling the new "SILVER MOON." In all sizes, and all the old favorites in Cook & Parlor Stoves. AN ASSORTMENT OF BOX STOVES ALSO ON HAND.



Call and see our Stock before purchasing elsewhere. S. R. SLEEP. Agent for the Burrill-Johnson Iron Co., Yarmouth. Wolfville, November 1st, 1889.

DRESS GOODS

Union Meltons in Gray, Brown and Navy! Wool Meltons in Garnet, Navy, Green and Chadrone! Beautiful All-wool Stripes in all the Fashionable Shades! Fine Wool Serges in Cardinal, Navy and Brown!

BURPE WITTE R.

ALL WOOL SCOTCH PLAIDS AND COSTUME CLOTHS! Embroidered Dresses in Newest Designs.

BUT!

The latest thing out this season is the Amazone Cloth, Which is 42 inches wide, very fine wool fabric, and is shown in the following fashionable colors: Black, Chadrone, Mid-Brown, Peacock.

Hard Coal.

For sale, near the College. Apply to Walter Brown, Wolfville, June 3d, 1889. Now in store a good supply best quality Honeybrook Hard Coal. Warranted best in the market. For sale by W. J. HIGGINS, Wolfville, Oct. 6th, 1889.

Building Lots!

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

FIRST PLACE AWARDED

J. W. RYAN'S NEW FALL STOCK

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND CARPETS

Elegance of Style and Rare Good Value. Special Cash Discount on Brussels Carpets. P. S.—Store closes at 6 p. m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Kentville, September 26th, 1889.

Boston Marine Insurance Company

17 State St., BOSTON. 43 Wall Street, NEW YORK. Capital Paid in Cash ONE MILLION DOLLARS. ASSETS OVER TWO MILLION DOLLARS. Net Surplus as to Policy Holders \$1,845,725.48. This is the largest American company doing business on this continent upon the stock plan, taking Marine Risks only, and the business of the Company exceeds that of all other Massachusetts companies combined. Correspondence solicited. THOS. H. LORD, R. B. FULLER, SECRETARY, PRESIDENT.

HARD COAL!

To arrive at Wolfville about Oct. 10th cargo Luckawana Hard Coal per schr. "Moselle." J. W. & W. Y. FULLERTON. Wolfville, Sept. 12th.

ST JOHN AND MINAS BASIN ROUTE.

Steamers of this route will sail as follows during the MONTH OF NOVEMBER:

Leave Hantsport for Parrsboro Village—Monday 4th 7 10 a m; 11th, 12 40 p m; 18th, 5 40 a m; 25th, 11 50 a m. Parrsboro Village for Hantsport—Tuesday 5th, 8 25 a m; 12th, 2 00 p m; 19th 7 00 a m; 26th 1 p m. Wolfville for Parrsboro pier—Monday—4th, 9 00 a m; 11th 2 p m; 18th 8 a m; 25th 1 30 p m. Parrsboro pier for Wolfville—Tuesday 5th, 6 45 a m; 12th 12 15 p m; Tuesday 5 50 a m; 12th 11 20 a m. Windsor for Parrsboro pier calling at Hantsport—Thursday 7th 11 30 a m; Wednesday 13th, 2 30 p m; Thursday 14th 5 00 p m; Thursday 21st 10 30 a m; Wednesday 27th 2 50 p m; Thursday 28th 5 p m. Parrsboro pier for Windsor calling at Hantsport—Friday 8th 11 30 a m; 9 00 a m; Friday 22d, 8 00 a m. Parrsboro pier for Windsor calling at Hantsport—Friday 1st 3 30 p m; Thursday 7th 8 00 a m; Thursday 14th 2 00 p m; Friday 15th 2 00 p m; Thursday 21st 7 00 a m; Thursday 28th 1 40 p m; Friday 29th 2 40 p m.

STEAMER "ACADIA." Will leave Windsor every Wednesday to connect with "HAWAIIAN" at Parrsboro for St. John. Also connect at Parrsboro for Windsor on her return.

STEAMER "HAWAIIAN." Will leave Hantsport for St. John calling at Kingsport and Parrsboro Wednesday 13th 2 00 p m; Wednesday 27th 2 00 p m. Will leave Hantsport for St. John calling at Parrsboro Wednesday 6th 10 00 a m; Wednesday 20th 9 30 a m. Returning will leave St. John every Thursday evening.

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

FARES—Windsor, Hantsport, Kingsport, Maitland and Parrsboro to St. John, \$12.50. Return, \$4.50. Children under 12 years, half price. Three hours added to time of leaving Hantsport and Maitland will give time of leaving Parrsboro for St. John. Boats run on Halifax time.

E. CHURCHILL & SONS. Hantsport, November 1, 1889.

For Coughs and Colds, Catarrh, Influenza, Bronchitis, Asthma, Consumption, Scrophulous and all Wasting Diseases, use

Puttner's Emulsion OF COD LIVER OIL.—WITH—HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME & SODA.

For all diseases of the nervous system, as mental anxiety, general debility, impoverished blood, etc., etc., it is highly recommended by the medical profession.

St. Andrews, N. B., 14th Oct., '89. Messrs Brown Bros. & Co.: Being very much reduced by sickness and almost given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a very short time my health began to improve, and the longer I used it the better my health became. After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last summer performed the hardest summer's work I ever did, having often to go with only one meal a day. I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S EMULSION. EMERY E. MURPHY, Livery Stable Keeper.

COMET THE BEST STOVE IN THE WORLD POLISH MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES. NOTICE! ALL PERSONS having legal demands against the estate of J. Wesley Stewart, late of Horton, in the County of King's, farmer, are requested to render the same, duly attested, within twelve calendar months from the date hereof; and all persons indebted to the said estate are required to make immediate payment to JOHN R. STEWART, Administrator. R. R. DUNCAN, Lower Horton, May 1st, 1889.

