

# THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1886.

No. 4

## THE ACADIAN.

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WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices. Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and particular attention will be given to the insertion of notices by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Printers are constantly receiving new type and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Special 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 in a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
THE ACADIAN,  
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the Post Office, whether directed to his name or another's or whether he has subscribed or not, is responsible for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper delivered, he must pay up all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

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**BAPTIST CHURCH**—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor.—Services every Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:00 P. M. Sabbath School at 1:30 P. M. Prayer Meeting on Tuesday at 7:30 P. M. and Thursday at 7:30 P. M.

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**St. JOHN'S CHURCH**, (Episcopal)—Rev. J. D. Buggles, Pastor.—Services every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. Sunday School at 11 A. M.

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

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**St. GEORGE'S LODGE, F. & A. M.**, meet at their Hall on the second Friday of each month at 7:00 o'clock P. M.

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**"ORPHEUS" LODGE, I. O. O. F.**, meet in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock P. M.

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### OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH  
THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

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Every Description

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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 sent 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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**BISHOP, B. G.**—Painter, and dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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

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

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

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

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

**PRATT, R.**—Fine Groceries, Crockery, Glassware, and Fancy Goods.

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

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

### CARDS.

**G. W. BOBBS, M. D., C. M.**  
Graduate of McGill University,  
**PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.**  
Hamilton's Corner, Canard, Cornwallis.

**JOHN W. WALLACE,**  
**BARRISTER-AT-LAW,**  
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Wolfville, Oct 9, A. D. 1885.

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Wolfville, April 21st

## Silent Poetry.

### "ROCK OF AGES"

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Thoughtlessly the maiden sung;  
Fell the words unobscuredly,  
From her girlish, gleeful tongue;  
Sang as little children sing;  
Sang as sing the birds in June;  
Fell the words like light leaves down,  
On the current of the time,  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."  
"Let me hide myself in thee,"  
Felt her soul so need to hide;  
Sweet the song as song could be,  
And she had no thought beside;  
All the words unobscuredly,  
Fell from lips untouched by care,  
Dreaming not that they might be,  
On some other lips a prayer.  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
'Twas a woman sung them now,  
Fleeting and prayerfully;  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Rose the song as storm-tossed bird  
Beats with weary wings the air,  
Fy'ry note with sorrow stirred—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Fy'ry syllable a prayer—  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Lips grown aged sang the hymn,  
Trustingly and tenderly,  
Voice grown weak, and eyes grown dim,  
"Let me hide myself in thee,"  
Trembling thro' the voice and low,  
Fell the sweet strain peacefully,  
Like a river in its flow;  
Bung as only they can sing  
Who life's thorny path have pressed;  
Sung as only they can sing  
Who behold the promised rest,  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee."  
"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,"  
Sung above a coffin lid;  
Underneath, all restfully,  
All life's joys and sorrows laid,  
Never more, Oh! storm-tossed soul,  
Never more from wind or tide,  
Never more from billows roll,  
With thou nest thyself to hide,  
Could the sighless, sunken eyes,  
Closed beneath the soft grey hair,  
Could the mute and stiffened lips  
Move again in pleading prayer,  
Still, ay, still the words would be,  
"Let me hide myself in thee."

### Interesting Story.

#### A NIGHT IN AN INDIAN CANOE.

A STORY OF ACADIA.

CONCLUDED.

Madrine saw this raging torrent, and knew from old associations its dangerous character. But to-day she had not thought of it, and as she now looked across its crested waves, the land she had been working so hard to gain seemed in the darkness farther away than when she gazed on it through the deceptive mist of the bright autumn afternoon, and formed the rash purpose of reaching it in her frail canoe.

This and the darkness and fatigue dispirited her, and yielding to sudden despair, she sank into the bottom of the canoe, and allowed it to drift with the tide.

Presently the moon rose so far above the bank of cloud as to throw its light full upon the high top of Blomidon; while the sides of the mountain, and the water looked darker in contrast. Cloud-capped and misty, the bluff had towered above her, and beyond her sight; and now, as the silver light bathed it, making it appear to rise almost to the sky, Madrine sought to explain the mysterious phenomenon. Suddenly her ear caught the recollection that this mountain peak of Blomidon, now so flushed with strange light, was the supposed dwelling-place of the great Good Father of the Miames, revered and feared by the Indians.

Her despairing helplessness, the wonderful light on the sacred mountain, and the faith of her childhood united to produce the spirituality of the untaught; and springing to her feet at the risk of upsetting the tottering canoe, she loosened her long black hair, and throwing it in wild confusion over her shoulders, stretched her hands imploringly out toward the beautiful light, and cried to God to rescue her from peril, and send her safely across the flaming current.

Just then the moon rose above the cloud, and threw its undiminished light full upon the water and the surrounding land; at the same time the light on the mountain top disappeared, and seemed to fall upon the hills of the Indian village on the opposite shore. Inspired by this omen, refreshed by the short rest, and strengthened, perhaps, by faith in the efficacy of the pious prayer she had uttered, she seized again the broad-bladed paddle

an hour before relinquished for want of strength to wield, and drew it through the water with the skill of an Indian brave.

The encampment by some quarter of a mile distant, and primeval forest intervened. Madrine knew that many paths led to it from different directions, and fearfully entering the dense woods, she instinctively threaded a right way to the smoking village. With the lithe, stealthy tread of the Indian she made her way to the tall wigwam of the chief. He had been kind to her in childhood, and his daughter had been her play-mate.

Not stopping to utter the salutation, she lifted the dried deer-skin that covered the doorway, pushed aside the spruce boughs as she entered, and sat down on a mat at the feet of the chief. Several young braves were clustered about the fire that burned in the centre of the camp, telling of their exploits in the grand hunt they were just returned from. Madrine had glided in and past them so quickly that they did not see her till she sat among them. The chief, who was seated upon a pile of deer-skins, on the side of the camp farthest removed from the door, immediately recognized her, and in tokens she well knew, bade her a kindly welcome.

Hurriedly she told them of the proclamation on the tree, and of the party of men from Port Royal on their way to surprise and kill them, and urged them to flee to some place of safety where they could not be found.

As she talked, dark shadows came over the faces of the braves, and the old chief laid down his pipe of peace he had been smoking, and taking an arrow from the quiver behind him, placed it on the fire, and watched it burn, and said to Madrine—

"You are a brave girl. You shall stay with us, and we will kill all those pale-faced cowards who come to scalp women and possess for money."

Madrine was terrified. She had not intended to let them know that her father and lover were of the party, but now she must tell them.

Pleadingly she laid her trembling hands on the feet of the chief, and told him that her father was with these men, how she loved him, and of his probable death if they had any encounter; told him of a brave young man who would be her husband when the next moon had hung three evenings in the sky, and that he was with the party, that they were not cowards, but brave and good; that she could not stay with them, but must go back to her home before the morning light returned, and her father must never know that she had warned them.

The shadow on the faces of the braves darkened into a scowl, and the chief made no sign, but looked stern and stony into the fire. Alarmed at this, she spoke of the wonderful light on the top of Blomidon, when all over the land and water it was dark, how she prayed, how the moon came out from the black clouds, and shone brightly over the water, how the light left the mountain and rested on the trees over the encampment, how her strength came back to her, and how the canoe had sped like an arrow over the dangerous waters.

Now she saw that the scowl had left the faces of the braves and the stony look of the chief was gone, and quiet light came into his eyes as he watched the fire till the arrow was burned to ashes, then rising to his feet, he laid his great copper-colored hands gently on her head, and gravely said—

"Brave daughter of the pale-faced cowards, you shall go to your father and your husband. The Great Spirit wills it. And Pedoungtigh's braves will spare the white-faced wolves because you ask it."

Then turning to the women, he bade them welcome the maiden and give her food, and silently strode out into the night followed by his silent braves.

The women of the chief's family were warm in their welcome, but Madrine was frightened at her situation, despite the kindness shown her, and she wondered where the chief had gone, and what he would do. It seemed a long time when he returned, alone, and motioned her to go with him. With an Indian farewell to the women, she

stepped out into the dark forest, and silently followed the stealthy strong steps of her guide, whose eagle features seemed to mingle with the tops of the trees.

By a shorter path than she had come, they reached the water, but not at the cove where she had landed. Her canoe was not there, but a large strong one sat on the beach, with a pair of deer-horns fixed to the bow, and deer-skins spread in the bottom.

Madrine had seen this canoe before, and knew it belonged to the chief, and was used only on great occasions. She had been told that the horns on the bow were taken from the leader of a herd of deer that appeared suddenly on the top of Blomidon, at a time when long famine had wasted the people, and many of the deer were killed for food, and the horns were sacred. Two men stood near the canoe. They were not of the braves she saw at the camp, but she knew them. They were mighty hunters and warriors, and wore eagle feathers like the chiefs. As she came near them, each in his turn laid his hand on the flowing hair, and said—

"You are welcome, brave child of the pale face."

Madrine asked the chief for her canoe.

"Not to-night," he said, "a mighty storm coming. Some time it will come to you," and lifting her like a child, placed her in the strong canoe the men had handed into the water, and bade her sit low on the deer-skin, and keep very still. The men took their places, one seat each end, signed to the chief, and struck the strong paddles into the water, and the canoe sprang out over the dark surface with the speed of a startled deer, leaving a long line of white-fringed, eddying holes behind it.

On with steady speed went the canoe till the shadow of Blomidon fell upon it, then the intrepid men drew in their paddles, and lifted their bronzed faces supplicatingly to the sacred peak and rested. Then again, with the energy of engines of steel, they plied the strong paddles.

The rapid tide and hurrying wind were with them, and the canoe rushed like a terrified thing for the distant shore. But the driving storm behind was more terrible in its speed, and the dark green, foam-crested billows rolled and surged on after it like angry pursuers.

An hour and more of this speed and the canoe trembled, and she saw a broad belt of foam on either side, and the men paused and looked back, then bent to their work with the energy of such men in a struggle for life. The tough ash paddles bent like wands, and the canoe leaped out of the belt of foam, and shot ahead of the storm with the speed of an arrow, and the land was almost reached when again the canoe trembled, and the belt of foam was far ahead and wide. The waves had won the race, and the storm was upon them. Still the iron-nerved men drew the paddles through the seething water with unabated strength, and soon in the gray morning light they could see the shore, now white with the surf of the waves that had outsped them.

The Indians could not possibly return till the storm was over. But Madrine, knowing the price set upon their lives, and fearing the possible early return of the men, dared not offer them shelter. So with a few hasty words of farewell she hurried through the morning gloom and storm to the house near by, the brave men carrying the canoe up the shore where the woods lined the water, and where they could remain with safety till the outgoing tide of the next night. Entering the house, Madrine found a bright bed of coals under the naked ashes, and soon had a glowing fire. Tired and utterly exhausted, she laid down on the broad wooden settee in front of the fire, and slept soundly for several hours.

The evening of the next day her father returned. He did not speak to her of where he had been. But Baptiste told her of her long fruitless journey, how they had found the encampment deserted, not even a fur or any value left, to pay them for all their trouble. Many were the conjectures as to how the Indians could have known of the intended attack, but no one suspected Madrine. The storm

and high tides had destroyed and carried off much property, and this accounted for the loss of her canoe.

The old moon quickly wore away, and all else was forgotten in the preparations for the coming wedding. All the village was interested in it, each one from his own stores, according to the usual custom, giving a portion, to provide the household with food for a twelvemonth. No one thought of the Indians, and great was the surprise on the day of the wedding, as the gay procession wound its way from the Parish church to the new house on the hill, to see on the steps in front of the door, Madrine's canoe, filled with valuable furs and useful ornamental articles of bark and wicker-work, with only the Miamae taken on the bow, to show from whence it came.

Why the Indians should, at such a time, send presents of such value, and how they could have found the missing canoe and known of the wedding, no one could tell but Madrine, and she kept silent.

Years after, when peace was concluded with the Indians, and the old friendly relations renewed between them and the Acadians, standing at the father's door one evening, with the blue waters of the Basin before her, her husband beside her, and her father within the porch, she told it; all the years that had intervened, and the long silence she had kept about it, making it seem almost as much wonder to herself as to the two men, who for the first time knew why the encampment had been found empty, and why the canoe had been sent as a wedding gift.—G. D. McL., in *Youth's Companion*.

### Disenchanted.

"And there's nobody here to meet me after all!" said Felix Courtenay, pulling discontentedly at his silky beard. Presently, however, the noise of wheels was heard, and what Mr Courtenay thought a curious little turn-out drove up. In it there sat a girl wrapped in a gray cloak with a scarlet ribboned hat tied securely under her chin.

"Oh, there you are," she cried, and without a word he got up by her side.

By the waning twilight Mr Courtenay could see that his fair charioter was a rosy country girl, with large, long-lashed eyes, masses of black, wavy hair, and a dimple in her chin.

"Are you expecting me at the farm?"

"Oh yes," said Lottie Blossom, for that was her name, carefully guiding her donkey past the beeting edge of a precipice, "your room is quite ready though. We whitewashed it yesterday morning, and Barbara will have the carpet down to-day."

"Barbara?"

"She is my sister, and the prettiest in the family. She is almost engaged to an elegant Londoner, and the strangest part of it is that she don't care for the man a bit."

"No!"

"Not a bit," repeated Lottie. "Barbara says her city beau is old and wrinkled and has grey hairs in his moustache."

"Dreadful!" remarked Mr Courtenay, rather chagrined.

"Isn't it?" chimed in Lottie.

"Thought of course, as she says, the older he is the sooner he will leave her a rich widow." "Don't you think" she added suddenly, "that the kitten would be quieter if you would take the basket in your lap?"

And then she began to chat about other things—the distant glow of the iron foundry against the sky, the song of a far distant cuckoo in the glen, the name of the huge picturesque crags which stood like sentinels along the road.

"I suppose," she said presently, the children are coming up in the next train?"

"What children?" said Mr Courtenay, with a start.

"Why, yours, the four little ones," said Lottie.

"I think," said Mr Courtenay, after a few minutes' puzzled meditation, "that you are under a false impression. You are, perhaps, taking me for—"

"Aren't you Mr Rodney Halston, mamma's cousin, from Yorkshire?" she asked, turning abruptly toward him.

"Not at all," said our hero. "My

name is Courtenay—Felix Courtenay."

Lottie gave a little shriek and nearly dropped the reins.

"Then," she cried, "you are Barbara's lover!"

"Unfortunately, yes," he answered, with something of bitterness in his tone. "Or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say that I was."

"Oh!" cried Lottie, checking her steed within sight of the heavy lights of the farmhouse. "What have I done! It's just what mamma and Barbara are always telling me—my horrid, hateful tongue has run away with me! I thought you were our cousin, and that you would like to know all the news of the family, and now—"

"Stop, my child," said Mr Courtenay, sincerely touched by her genuine and evident grief. "There is no occasion for all this trouble. We will keep our own secret, you and I. I am not engaged to Barbara, and probably never shall be. But you and I shall always—mind always—be friends."

The two went into the house together.

The sitting-room was empty, but the fair Barbara screamed from an adjoining apartment:

"Lottie! Lottie! turn Ned's head around quick! Drive to the station as fast as ever you can. That tiresome old Courtenay has telegraphed that he will be up by the 5 o'clock train, and not a soul there to—"

"Hush! Barbara," said Lottie, with a composure that astonished herself. "He has come already. He is here."

Barbara hurried in, forgetful of her curl paper and general dishevelment.

"Oh, Mr Courtenay, what a very very delightful surprise this is!"

"Yes," he said, carelessly. "I was going on up to Sky Top mountain and thought I would stop here on the way. I hope you are pretty well."

And he was gone the next morning, almost before daylight, thanking Providence for his lucky escape.

Miss Barbara Blossom never knew why his admiration had grown so suddenly cold. And little Lottie kept her own counsel.

"But I never, never will chatter so foolishly to a stranger again," she inwardly vowed.

And a few years afterward, when she became Felix Courtenay's wife, she became more reserved about herself and her husband than ever.

### Bill Arp at Home.

The love of home is not an art nor an accomplishment. It does not come from early training or education. It is the instinct of humanity. It is the gift of God. It is a pure emotion and brings joy and comfort to the humble and the great. "Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home." No wonder that the simple song of John Howard Payne endeared him to the world. The world felt its touching, tender truth and wept a sympathetic tear. It is the want of a home that makes tramps and vagabonds and desperate men. Sometimes I think that the nation could well afford to give to every father and mother a home. Besides the love of those who are dear to us there is something in the locality that affects us—something in the familiar scenes, the trees, the fields, the branches, the running spring, or the generous well. We love the trees and vines that have borne us fruit or given us shade; the open fireplace that gives us welcome on a winter night; the bed that gives us rest and sleep, and the ever glowing prospect of the distant hills and mountains that seem as if reaching up to God. Even the birds and beasts are conscious of this love of home. "The lowing herd winds slowly over the sea," as they seek their accustomed place. The faithful, loving dog will travel miles and leagues to reach it, and the cat cannot be easily weaned from the chimney corner. Man has made use of this never-failing, never ceasing love of the carrier pigeon, and it commands our respect and admiration when we see it released from its unwilling prison in a distant land and watch it ascend and circle and take its bearings, and then with swift and tireless wing make for its home by the nearest line.—*Atlanta Constitution*.

After all, it is the best child gets the

Calendar for September table with columns for days of the week and dates.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., SEPT. 10, 1886

VACATION RAMBLINGS

Continued.

As we watched the rollers attending to their work so sharply and with so much dexterity we were reminded of the expression, "Strike while the iron's hot!" This is evidently a motto of iron workers, as much depends upon prompt action while the iron is hot.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Windsor Tribune finds fault with the government in not having their deputy issuers of marriage licences keeping a supply of licences on hand.

Recent reports from England state that the apple crop there will likely be the smallest for many years, and in some orchards virtually a total failure.

Prospects for shipments from Canada and the United States may be considered unusually good, as all supplies must be drawn from these parts after the close of the present month.

The potato crop of the Annapolis valley is one on which the farmers look as that which, in most years, brings to them their ready money.

The Municipal Elections take place this year, on the third Tuesday in November. At the last session of the Local Legislature an Act was passed disqualifying a number of persons from holding the office of Councillor.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF

Soul of my soul, flesh of my flesh, so soon, Ere those sweet lips could form the in-

A heart maternal, and brought forth so pure Affection and so holy. Rest my babe, I cannot call thee back to agony.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL PICNICS

These events, which are so eagerly looked forward to by the children, and we doubt not too, sometimes, by those of older growth, were all the rage last week.

The Baptist school held here about two o'clock and drove to Gasperau via Scott's Corner.

The Methodist school of Lower Horton, held its picnic at Long Island. The attendance was large and children and grown people alike appeared to enjoy themselves immensely.

On Friday the Presbyterians took the field and, as usual, made a big success of it. They left here a little after ten in the morning.

Another Acadian Speaks. I have noticed in your valuable and well-conducted paper for the last few issues your Grand Pre notes, and said notes are well put up and quite interesting to us poor Frenchmen who live in the land of Evangeline.

From the above it will be seen that all Dominion officials are disqualified from sitting at the council-board—for what reason it is difficult to comprehend.

Feed Flour \$3.75, Family Flour (good to choice) \$5.00, \$5.25 and \$5.50 per barrel, at R. Pratt's.

GOSSIPY ITEMS

CLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. Begun money is in circulation in Cape Breton.

Apples are selling in St. John, N. B., for 50c to \$1.50 per barrel.

A Mrs Harris, 104 years of age died at East Point P. E. I., a few days ago.

There are now upwards of 4,000 men employed on the Intercolonial railway.

A heavy rain-storm in Scotland this week has done much damage to the crops.

Stephens county, Texas, is in a state of starvation owing to the failure of the crops.

The heavy rains of the latter part of last week in P. E. Island, have done much damage to the oat grain.

New Brunswick and P. E. Island exhibitions at the Bangor Fair have secured quite a number of prizes.

The Windsor Foundry Co. sent an exhibit of their manufactures to the Industrial Exhibition, now open at Toronto.

An Antigonish schoolmaster was arrested in Halifax last week for theft, and sent to prison for six months.

A report was in circulation that Sir Charles Dilke was in Canada, but the report was untrue as he is still in France.

George Anderson, senior member of Anderson, Billing & Co., wholesale dry goods merchants, Halifax, died last week in England.

Hanlan defeated Courtney very easily in a sculling match rowed on Jamaica Bay last week for \$2500.

Only two of the contingent which left this province to take part in the Dominion rifle matches in Ottawa, which were held last week, succeeded in qualifying themselves for places on the Wimbledon team in 1887.

The site for the Dominion model farm is selected at two miles distant from Ottawa city, near the crossing of the Rideau river by the St. Lawrence and Ottawa railway.

The 63d Halifax Rifles are in attendance at Aldershot, with besides the 79th, Colonel Starratt; the 72d, Colonel Parker; part of the 78th, Truro and Windsor; and Captain Ryan's troop of King's county cavalry.

It is estimated that in the recent hail-storm in St. Mary's, Kent Co., N. B., the destruction done was equivalent to 250 barrels flour, and from 3,000 to 4,000 bushels of oats.

At the lawn tennis tournament held at Fredericton, N. B., last week, Halifax and St. John, N. B., shared honors among the gentlemen players, although a Fredericton young lady carried off the palm by long odds among the fair sex.

The International sculling race, which took place in England on the Thames last week, created a world-wide interest, as all the scullers, with the exception, perhaps, of Hanlan, had had really made a mark in sculling, took part.

The great Washington Compound at R. Pratt's. Choice Imported and Domestic Cigars at 3, 4, 5, 7, 8 and 10 cents at J. M. Shaw's.

A full line of Boys' Knickerbocker Hose just opened at BURKE WRITER'S. One case St. Croix Gingham, fine quality, at 10c per yard at BURKE WRITER'S.

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

WANTED.—To purchase turkeys, fowls and chickens (dressed). Also wanted at once, 100 pigs, alive, weighing from 150 lbs to 225 lbs. 45-51 SHAW FADEN, Port Williams.

Having recently imported a "Perfection Shear 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.

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

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.

Owing to the dry season the price of paints have fallen. To arrive in a few days Lead, 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, Wolfville.

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

\$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? WHERE 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.

Beautiful Stock of DRESS GOODS

in the following fabrics: Jersey Trico, Amure, Chuddas, Taffeta, Bigoes, 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, Lambrequins, Curtain Net, etc.

GRETONNE 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.

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 \$3,000 according to age. \$30,000 paid in 1885 to widows and orphans of members. Cost of each member \$14 only in 1885. Head office 87 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

William Rennie Esq., President, W. P. Page Esq., Secretary, Rev. Wm. Cross, General Agent for Maritime Provinces; Thomas Tuzo Esq., Agent for King's, Annapolis & Digby Co's. Local agents wanted, apply to THOMAS TUZO, Esq., 30-7-8 Horton Landing P. O., N. S.

PLUM BOXES!

For sale. Apply to S. VAUGHAN, August 27 Wolfville.

"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. J. I. BROWN, Owner. Wolfville, N. S., May 21, 1886

NOTICE.

James Kerr would inform the people of Wolfville and vicinity that he has opened a shop over J. M. Shaw's Barber Shop, where he is prepared to make and repair BOOTS and SHOES of every description, neatly and promptly. Satisfaction guaranteed. Give him a call. Wolfville, Dec. 3d, 1885. J. D. MARTIN

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.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING!

MILNE & CHRISTIE, Fashionable Tailors,

have just received direct from England a complete variety of all kinds of Tweed Trousers and Diagonals, etc., which they are prepared to make up in the latest Styles and at the lowest prices. All work guaranteed and finished when promised. Webster Street, Kentville.

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. Either six make money fast, 40 City Novelty Co. Yarmouth, N. S.

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 PINT. His stock of Shelf Hardware will be found complete. A fine stock of Table and Pocket Cutlery, bought in the best markets, will be sold low.

The largest variety of Tinware ever shown in the County. Prices as very low. Anything wanted and not found in stock will be made to order in short notice. All jobbing in his line will be promptly attended to.

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 Clearers, the best and cheapest in existence a new and reliable pattern. Also the celebrated AMERICAN CHURN in three sizes. Agent for Frost & Wood's celebrated PLOWS. Window and Picture Glass of all sizes, Hay and Clover Seed.

S. R. SLEEP.

Wolfville, April 2d, 1886

B. G. B.

Better—Go—to Bishop's.—FOR YOUR—LEADS, OILS, COLORS, VARNISHES, GLASS, &c.

English Stock a Specialty. We sell a good LEAD for \$5.75. Makes up Orders for Glass!

PAINTING, GRAINING, CALSOMING, PAPER-HANGING, &c., as usual.

We Are Bound To Act On The Square!

B. C. BISHOP,

(30-4-36-14) Main Street, Wolfville.

FOR MEN

FOR MEN AND BOYS. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. YARMOUTH, N. S.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

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

The Dreadful Disease Defied

GENTLE—I have used your Minkard's Liniment successfully in a severe case of cramp in my family, and I consider it a remedy no household can afford to be without. J. F. BUNNINGHAM. Cape Island, May 14, 1886

Minkard'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. Terms cash or equivalent.

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. Fruit Syrups, Pure Lime Juice. Fresh Confectionery and Biscuits, a fine assortment in stock and to arrive.

R. PRAT'S.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., SEPT 10, 1886

Local and Provincial.

THE WEATHER.—This week has been remarkably warm for the time of year.

HORSE STOLEN.—James Moody, of Buckley's Corner, has had a valuable chestnut horse stolen from his premises.

GOOD SPORT.—Two of our citizens went shooting one day this week. They didn't bring home any game but we heard that one of them fired at a squirrel.

K. C. T. A.—The Annual meeting of the King's County Temperance Alliance will be held on Monday next in Jackson's Hall Cold Brook, at 1 o'clock P. M.

THANKS.—We desire to thank the Queen's printer for Nova Scotia crop report, just issued in pamphlet form. Also Queen's printer for Canada, for Statutes of Canada, 1886.

THE PULPIT.—Rev Mr Dawson, of Canada, is expected to occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian church next Sabbath, in the absence of Rev. Mr Ross who preaches at Richmond. Mr A. McN Patterson, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist church last Sabbath morning.

MORE PICTURES.—The Sabbath-school of Gasperan, held their annual picnic at that place on Tuesday last. We understand that a large number were present and that a very enjoyable time was spent. "Maple Leaf" Division of Greenwick, held a picnic to-morrow, at Coldbrook.

PERSONAL.—Mr W. F. Piers arrived in Wolfville last week on his annual visit. It seems like old times to have him among us.—Mr Charles Woodman and lady are spending a few weeks in Wolfville. Both are natives of this place, and no doubt enjoy visiting the scenes of early days.

SAD NEWS.—News was received this week that the laque Montan, from Aspinwall for Progress, was stranded at Campney with nine of the crew, including the Captain, dead. The *Montan* was owned by the Messrs Churchill, of Hantsport, and was commanded by Captain Fred Davison, of the same place.

A SPICY LITTLE TEMPERANCE PAPER.—We have received a copy of the *Temperance Herald*, a very neatly gotten up little paper, published in Toronto, in advocacy of total prohibition. Among other temperance news it reports that the Dominion Alliance will call a convention in Toronto on Sept 14th and 15th. Hon. Neil Dow will be present.

NOT AS IT SHOULD BE.—The Albert N. B. *Maple Leaf* is a newsy and well-arranged paper, and has a large circulation which the editor prides himself on, but evidently friend Wood and the *Observer* do not pull together. What a pity, we down in this County have no less than three live papers, the editors of which just love one another, and that is as it should be.

TEMPERANCE.—Mr Thos. Hutchings, F. G. W. P., and Grand Division lecturer, has been lecturing in this vicinity during the past week. He spoke here on Monday evening. The hall we regret to say, was poorly filled, but the lecture was well worth hearing. A collection amounting to \$300 was taken up at the close in aid of the "Agency Fund." He also spoke at Lower Horton, Gasperan, Greenwick, and White Rock.

SALVATION ARMY.—Rev. George P. Day preached an excellent sermon last Sunday evening in the Methodist church Lower Horton. At the conclusion of his sermon he alluded to the Salvation Army, and especially to the foreign contingent who have been visiting the several encampments of the Army in Nova Scotia during the past two weeks. His remarks concerning the Army, and the good they are doing both in this Province as well as elsewhere, was a pleasant contrast to the reports which have appeared about the Army from time to time in the *Western Chronicle*. The Salvation Army has come to Kentville to stay, no matter what the editor of the *Western Chronicle* has to say to the contrary.

HORTON ACADEMY.—The work at the Academy has begun in right good earnest and the prospects are bright for a successful year. Some changes have been made in the staff which has added considerably to its strength. Professor Tufts and Mr. E. W. Sawyer still continue and we doubt if two more capable teachers could be procured. Mr C. H. Day, one of Acadia's graduates last year, takes the place of Mr E. D. Webber as teacher of Mathematics—Mr Webber being obliged to resign on account of ill-health. Two new teachers have been added—Mr Harry Blaw, in Education, and Mr Isaac Crom-

by, in English. Both are well qualified for the position. There are 60 pupils at present enrolled, being the largest number in the history of the institution.

A SOCIAL MEETING AT THE TRACK.—A lively time was enjoyed by some of the horsemen of our county on the track, on Saturday afternoon. Messrs Rand with their standard bred stallion "Prince Lambert," Mr J. L. Neary with his black gelding, Mr David McCree with his fast trotting mare "Lady Bashaw," and J. I. Brown with "Confidential Charley." Neary and Brown were the first to start the fun, when Mr Delancy Sheffield joined with "Lady Bashaw." The horses were speeded over the track, showing some fine trotting. "Bashaw" lead but was passed by "Charley" at the close. "Prince Lambert" trotted a half in good shape between the heats. "Charley" and "Lady Bashaw" were then got in position. After scoring a few times, the word go was given, "Charley" getting a bad send off and acting badly for 200 yards; he then went to work trotting very fast, passed "Bashaw" at the wire on the first half, and finished up the mile winning by fifty yards in 2:47. Charley has had no training and has only been out of his stables a few times, as his owner is busy building a shop and does not have time to attend to him.

Grand Pre Items.—Our latest distinguished visitor,—Jack Frost! He arrived Friday night, and Saturday morning there was enough of him to be scraped up in the hand from a bridge-plank on Long Island. Isn't it an unusually early visit?—Sept. 3d. Those postponed picnics came off last week. The Methodists had theirs Thursday, on Long Island. Mr Robert Palmer had prepared a long table and set down comfortably and dined *a la mode*. A glance down that table was a sight worth seeing. On it were heaped, by the fair hands of those who know so well how to make life a joy and picnics a pleasure, all the delicacies of the season,—chicken, meats, and vegetables; golden bread and butter, snowy rolls, puffy tarts, sugar-crowned cakes and other cakes, and, of course, the inevitable pie, in great variety; these, with the aroma of steaming tea and coffee, and fruit and flowers to add the needed touch of beauty and refinement to the grosser wants of man, were enough to tempt an epicure and satisfy the most aesthetic soul among us. Something like a hundred and fifty men and women, lads and lassies, and children were seated at once and doing their best to make the good things disappear; but strive they ever so well, still there was enough and to spare. Everything was delicious, but we particularly enjoyed a piece of coconut pie and railroad cake given us by a charming widow who has her eye on a drug business in Wolfville, and a piece of cake with snow-white stiff in it given us by a young lady who said she made it herself and could recommend it; and we do so right here, mend her, and we do so right here. How much more we ate is a secret, but we tried to follow the example of the minister and doctor; so we didn't get very far astray physically or morally at that picnic. You missed a good time, Mr Editor. It was a joyous occasion all around that table for some time. At dinner we were joined by picnicers from New Minas. Some boys went in for a battle, some more stripped off shoes and stockings, rolled up trousers, and tried to jump over the waves as they rolled in. There were shouting and splashing and fun for all. Two little blue-nose Yankee toddlers were the most amusing. They were only knee high to a goose, but their mother stripped their feet, took a reef in their clothes, and let them paddle. The west one sat down and the mother buried her feet and legs in the sand regardless of white dress and embroidery. It was the nicest kind of mud-pie for the little ones. We believe it was fashionable at some of the American watering-places this summer for the bathers, when tired of the water, to scoop out a hollow in the sand and bury themselves all but their heads, and lie there and look sentimental or aesthetic. It couldn't be called billing and cooing, but there might be some resemblance to turtle-doves. After a little, some kind friends brought a dory and a sail-board around, and then there was a scramble into the dory to row out and load the boat. The doctor and minister with some youngsters and one of our most substantial men to row them, formed one party, and there was much unseemly mirth on land because the professionals grabbed the galleys with both hands and held on for dear life. It's all very well for people safe on land to laugh, but when one is in a pitching, tossing dory with one in tinctively gale, some thing and holds on. There was some good fun and pleasant sailing "out into the deep," and then we drove home well content with warty of pleasure. The island is a capital place for a picnic. Go at high water, and engage Mr Faulkner's boat. She is clean and a good sailer, and the charges are very reasonable. There is no pleasant trip than a sail in that boat from the island across to Blomidon. Mr Faulkner will take a party, and his charge makes the expense to each one very little. Miss Dottie Stewart and a party of American ladies went across this day of pleasure. The *Free Press* is famous the world over as the most original, pleasant and entertaining of American newspapers. Its humorous character sketches and witty sayings are universally copied.

"Harpers Monthly" for August says "C. B. Lewis (M Quad) is perhaps the most unique and genuine humorist this country has produced. \* \* \* He is naturally and spontaneously funny, \* \* \* is of universal repute, as is witnessed by the wide popularity of the *Detroit Free Press*. As a family paper, the *Free Press* cannot be excelled. The *Acadian* speaks for itself. It is a necessity to every resident in this section who would keep himself posted on local affairs. Subscriptions under this offer will be accepted only a limited length of time. SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!

Send order to THE ACADIAN, Wolfville, N. S.

Always willing to do his duty. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr Bishop one afternoon in Greenfield schoolhouse and agreed with his sentiments exactly. He is patriotic. There were two more picnics on Saturday—the Episcopal Sunday school on the island and one from Wallbrook to Oak Island. We saw Miss Lou Brown driving a tandem with three young ladies in a T Cart, and she handled her team in good style. P. G. W. P. Thos. Hutchings delivered a stirring temperance lecture to a good audience in the basement of the church. His subject was "The Possibilities of the Hour." He contrasted the actual state of affairs with the possibilities, and in eloquent earnest words urged all to "level up their conduct to correspond with their words." Rev. D. W. Johnson occupied the chair and remarks were made by A. McN. Patterson, F. G. Curry and Prof. McGill. A collection of \$2.45 was taken up in aid of the Agency Fund. The Grand Division lecturers, Bros. Hutchings and Lewis, are doing a grand work for the cause of temperance. The committee are appealing for funds to keep them in the field, and we hope every friend of temperance will contribute their mite to enable them to continue their good work.

The Foundry and Machine Shop at Horton Landing has been sold by the proprietor to Mr Fred Mitchell. While moving it to its place at Wallbrook last Thursday, it was thrown over the bank near the bridge and badly wrecked. Mr Mitchell will lose all except the lumber. No insurance. Dyke Meeting was held on Saturday. We believe the proprietors have all survived. Commissioner Leander Palmer, was "honorably dismissed." It was decided to turn on as usual, and cattle are going on lively. They will stay on till November, and gnaw the grass down to the roots and punch up the oat land nicely. Scientific farming doesn't pay here. Dr Chipm an drove his Hartford filly, four years old last July, across the dyke the other morning from gate to gate in six minutes. It is called two miles. She has never been timed, and did this without being pushed hard enough to break her gait. She weighs 1,150 lbs, and is a fine, stylish mare, sound and kind, and not afraid of the train. We cannot help referring again to Mrs Duncan's flowers. Hundreds of those "Asters," quilled and plain, are simply perfection in form and of a great variety of beautiful, delicate tints. Some are pure white, others pink, lilac, lavender, light and dark purple, and variegated. The cockscombs are the largest and finest we ever saw; their beautiful, large crests look so rich and velvety, like push or chenille, in crimson, old-gold and pale olive. There are also some rose plants in the garden raised from seeds brought from California by S. D. McDonald. We wish all lovers of flowers could see that bed of asters. Miss Ida Jones is teaching Music and French at Acacia Villa. We rejoice over the fact that not a drop of liquor is now sold in Grand Pre, and the man who gave it up voluntarily has our sincere thanks. Can you not stop the traffic in Wolfville? Your temperance people should be vigilant. We hear it on good authority that liquor is billed to Grand Pre and carried up the Dyke Road to Wolfville. Inspector Parker should be at work, and temperance people should help him by sending information. The Kings Co. Branch of the Dominion Alliance meets next week and we shall stir matters up a little. GABRIEL.

Died.—At Wolfville, on Saturday, Sep. 4th, Fred, infant son of Capt. D. F. and Mary E. Faulkner, aged three months and 23 days.

CENTS 40 CENTS WILL DO IT! DO WHAT? FOR 4 MOS. On receipt of above amount we will send THE ACADIAN AND THE Detroit Free Press To any address for Four Months on trial Two Papers For The Price of One!

The regular price of this paper for Three Months is 25c, yet we offer it to you for Four Months, with the *Free Press* thrown in, for 40c. Can you ask for anything better than this? The *Detroit Free Press* is famous the world over as the most original, pleasant and entertaining of American newspapers. Its humorous character sketches and witty sayings are universally copied. "Harpers Monthly" for August says "C. B. Lewis (M Quad) is perhaps the most unique and genuine humorist this country has produced. \* \* \* He is naturally and spontaneously funny, \* \* \* is of universal repute, as is witnessed by the wide popularity of the *Detroit Free Press*. As a family paper, the *Free Press* cannot be excelled. The *Acadian* speaks for itself. It is a necessity to every resident in this section who would keep himself posted on local affairs. Subscriptions under this offer will be accepted only a limited length of time. SUBSCRIBE AT ONCE!

Send order to THE ACADIAN, Wolfville, N. S.

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 St Croix Ginghams, 2000 Yards St 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.

Knicknocker Suits for Small Boys at Burpee Witter's.

200 Pieces Printed Cambries, 200 Pieces Black & Col'd 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

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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

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Glasgow House! WOLFVILLE (Late Glasgow House, Halifax.) NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

We have just opened a fine assortment of C'oths and Tailor's Trimmings. Fifty select patterns in Scotch and Canadian Tweeds at bottom value. Tweed Sultings, 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 & CORBET'S. 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

2000 Yards St Croix Ginghams, 2000 Yards St 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.

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

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

Wolfville, April 30th, 1886

Wolfville, April 30th, 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 \$24.04

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 prem \$24.04 10 yrs compnt \$37.88 2d " 24.04 " " " 30.74 3d " 24.04 " " " 24.04 4th " 24.04 " " " 31.94 5th " 24.04 " " " 24.04 6th " 24.04 " " " 24.04 7th " 24.04 " " " 24.04 8th " 24.04 " " " 24.04 9th " 24.04 " " " 24.04 10th " 24.04 " " " 24.04

Total \$733.33 Interest \$256.00 From Amount of Policy paid \$1,000.00 " of 10th yr's surplus paid 27.57

Total paid to Mr Forest, \$1,027.57 Prem's 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 \$37.32 more than all 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. HEMMEON, Special Agent.

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

Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound

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, PILES

READ THE FOLLOWING TESTIMONIALS. WORTH \$500.—Last April I was very low with constipation, piles, liver disease and general debility. Have been sick 2 years. Had to take the strongest medicines to move my bowels; was all the time getting worse. I am now taking the fourth bottle of Dr Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier and am entirely cured of piles and constipation and my health is recovering fast. I consider these four bottles worth more than \$500 to me. So says EDW. HALL, Esq., of Lawrence town, Annapolis County, N. S.

New GERMANY, Feb 26th, 1886. J. B. NORTON, Dear Sir,—In reply to your card of the 15th, I wish to inform you I have two bottles yet on hand, and have to say one bottle did me more good than a cartload of Warmers Safe Cure. It has acted like a charm with me and my family. I think you should be encouraged, as in my opinion it is the best in the market. Send along some more, and there is no doubt as soon as the people find out the value of it, there will be a large sale. Anyone who is suffering with Liver or Kidney Complaint it will cure at once. I cannot speak too highly of it. Yours, etc. E. MORGAN.

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

For sale by Druggists and dealers in general throughout the Province. And all orders may be sent to J. B. NORTON, BRIDGETOWN, September 1st, '86 26-6-'85

Pianos and Organs Tuned and Repaired properly and promptly anywhere in the valley of King's 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

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. BARRS, Secretary to Trustees, Wolfville School Section August, 25th, 1886

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

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.

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. Cloths purchased elsewhere made up as usual. Suits bought of me cut free of charge. Wolfville, March 12th, 1886 177

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 Gum Rings a specialty. For prices, quality and finish they are not equalled by any in the trade. Kentville, April 23d, 1886

NOTICE!

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, 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 JAS S MORSE A deW BARRS Trustees Wolfville, 25th August 1886

Choice Miscellany.

September.

Thou art leaving hence thy roses Glad summer fare thee well!

Mrs Hemans.

The Story of a Hyacinth.

An unfortunate flower was this poor little hyacinth.

Mother Nature had fallen to nurse this tiny floral waif, and so it was not a pretty flower, but a pale, pink blossom that had forced its feeble way, after many struggles, up through the hard, stone-covered earth, and it stood there in the field all alone.

Not so much as a dandelion had it welcome, and in all the field about only the weeds grew—

A gentle summer breeze came floating by, bringing upon its wings, a leaf, a simple withered rose leaf that had fallen from its parent stalk in the garden not far away.

The wind hastened in its flight, and by some curious accident the withered leaf fluttered to the ground and fell upon the sickly flower.

The little pink hyacinth sighed heavily and bent its neck as it bore the heavy burden, but uttered no complaint.

Hope came to the lonely flower and it murmured softly: "Who knows? Perhaps if I bear this leaf awhile some of the fragrance of the rose may be mine."

Then there came another breeze and another leaf, but not from the rose. "I come from that pure, white hyacinth standing in the corner of the garden," whispered the leaf, and the pale, pink flower whispered in reply:

"Ah! that is better. With your own beauty and the shade from the withered rose leaf who knows but I may develop into a lovelier and a brighter flower?"

And the winds brought many dead leaves and brought also white threads from over the way where the milkweed had burst its pods, and the hyacinth laughed and said:

"I am not alone—Even the milkweeds love me. They too, send their tokens to me, and I can bear their light filaments that would destroy the beauty of the proud flowers in the garden."

And still the wind brought dead leaves and the poor little hyacinth withered under the weight of its burden.

The leaves murmured to the passing winds: "Oh, it is nothing. The morning sun will revive her. She was always pale and sickly, and every morning she has revived—of course not as pretty and as fragrant as a hyacinth should be, but as beautiful as when she first blossomed."

And the night came and darkness covered the field and the garden wherein each pretty flower closed its bright eyes with hopes that the warm morning sun of the morrow would bring a new flush of pink to the cheeks of the withered flower.

But in the night another leaf fell upon the hyacinth. A little leaf, but its weight was too much for the little pink blossom. In their midnight dreams the garden flowers heard a strange noise come from the field, and when they shook the dew from their fragile bodies and emerged into the bright sunshine of another day they bowed their heads in grief and mingled their tears with the dew upon the ground.

Over in the field the poor little hyacinth was lying cold and prostrate with the dead leaves of the other plants all about her. And the flowers said: "Oh, it is sad indeed. Who will bear our dead leaves now? The morning winds sighed as they chased each other across the field and the milkweeds nodded to each other, and the daisies mourned. Nature's children each and every one sang silent songs of pity for the poor, pink flower that had borne her burden bravely to the end.

And the sun kissed the cold and faded leaves with love and tenderness, and the grand old world continued moving as before.

God pity those who bear their burdens to the grave.

By the Western Window.

She sits in the summer twilight listening to the foot-falls as they pass her door, watching, waiting, as if somebody were coming to her, but nobody is expected—

no husband, no son, no father, no brother will come to her to-night, and she says sadly to herself, "Nobody to come any more." Once the house was filled with merry voices, singing, laughing, chatting. Little ones ran to the gate to welcome mamma; papa, too, gladder than any when she came after a short absence.

But little ones soon grew up, and made more noise and joy in the house by their frolicsome happiness. The goings and the comings to and from distant schools, the visits and the visitors, caused pleasant and healthful excitements in the house circle, and the eager expectations of "somebody coming home" made hands and feet fly in busy preparation, and shouts of joy went up when the carriage wheels were heard that brought sister or brother to the loved old home. But nobody comes tonight, "nobody to come any more!"

Carriage-wheels have been so many away who have never returned. Father is gone and the children are gone—home, we know but still the heart sings the sad refrain, "Nobody to come any more!"

The mother can talk with God now. No interjections, no questionings from busy prattlers, no presenting duties to draw her away, no searching the house for mother, no exclaiming in thoughts from the world and its cares, nothing now to separate her from God, and she talks with God everywhere. She lifts up her soul to him. Once, when this great cloud of loneliness threatened to cast an

impenetrable shadow over her life, there came with the still small voice of the Spirit such a revelation of God's great love to her, of the blessedness of being his child and having a home in the corner of his house, or sitting at his feet and grasping his hand, of looking up in his face, of being hid in this pavilion from all ill forever, then was the cloud lifted and the angel of his presence cast a halo of light over her lonely pathway. But at times the shadows came back, and sad and sorrowful feelings prevail when "no body comes any more."

In the place Jesus has gone to prepare, they are waiting, waiting for her, gazing from the windows, peeping out at the door, straining every nerve to catch the sound of chariot-wheels in the distance, so while nobody comes somebody is waiting, waiting for her.

"Oh, then what rapturous greetings On Canaan's happy shore, What knitting severed friendships up Where partings are no more!"

"The eyes with joy shall sparkle That brimmed with tears of late, Orphans no longer fatherless, No widows desolate."

—Christina Tiddell.

The First Glass.

In one of our colleges, several years ago, was a young man possessed of fine mind, excellent attainments, and pleasing manners—the life of the social circle and the favorite of all.

He was not only a pleasant but a safe companion, for he was free from the vices with which some young men who frequent college halls are familiar. The insubstantial cup had never passed his lips.

But there came a time when the snare of the tempter was thrown around him, and he had not the power to break away.

At an evening party wine formed a part of the entertainment, and the sparkling cup was offered him by a gay young lady, surely he could not refuse to drink just one glass with her? There could be no harm in that.

Thus the young lady pleaded, and thus the man reasoned. He had never tasted wine, but when once the cup passed his lips, a thirst was created which clamored for indulgence. That first glass, pressed to his lips by a young, thoughtless lady, and accepted through fear of appearing singular, was the beginning of a downward course. His studious habits were abandoned. He sought the company of revellers; rapidly, madly, he rushed to ruin, and in a few short months was laid in a drunkard's grave.

So young, so gifted! Another victim laid on the altar of intemperance—his fall many fond hopes were blighted and hearts almost crushed.

His companions in college laid to heart the lessons taught by his fearful fall. Standing around his grave, they made a solemn pledge never to offer it to others, or in any way to encourage its use.

Some of this number still live, zealous advocates of the cause of temperance.

And the young lady through whose enticing words the first glass passed his lips, can she meet at the judgment the soul of her victim? She knew not what she did, or hand and tongue would have palsied as she held before him the sparkling cup; but it is never safe to trifle with a deadly poison.

Young lady, as you value the souls of those whom you may influence, shun the social glass. Let no one be influenced by your example to take the first step in the downward way.—A National Temperance Society Leaflet.

Heroic.

In the great square in The Hague, Holland, called the Plein, is the statue of William the Silent, erected in 1848, "by the grateful people to the father of their fatherland."

He was a King who lived for his people, his country, and his God, and his death has been compared to that of Lincoln. The assassin was a man named Balthazar Gerard who falsely represented himself to be a French Protestant, exiled for his religion.

Philip II. had offered twenty-five thousand crowns of gold to any one who would murder the Prince, and the friends of the latter had begged him to take measures for self-protection, but his answer always was,—

"My years are in the hands of God." The Prince took Balthazar into his service, and at the time he was murdered he was living at the convent of St Agatha at Delft, a building which is still standing.

June 10, 1584, William was descending the staircase to dinner with his daughter, Louise de Coligny, on his arm, when Balthazar met them with his passport in his hand, which he asked the Prince to sign.

He was commanded to return later. At dinner the princess inquired who that young man was who had spoken to them, added that his expression was the most terrible she had ever seen. The assassin was at that time in waiting in a dark corner for his victim.

At his fatal hour the King left the table, and approached the staircase, where the assassin fired.

The King staggered. He knew that he was mortally wounded, but the purpose of his life became the thought of his death. He had but a minute to speak, and his thought rose sublime in prayer, "God have mercy upon my poor people."

They were The Silent's last words. The years have answered the prayer.

Survival of the Fittest.

For some time past the question of purity in baking powder has formed quite a feature of newspaper discussions

and eminent doctors of philosophy have given opinions as to the ingredients which compose many of the articles sold under that name. The investigations have narrowed down to the limit which awards the Royal Baking Powder the palm of purity, and several of the most distinguished scientists have testified to their conviction that no extraneous or deleterious matter enters into its composition.

The Royal Baking Powder Company have achieved a world-wide reputation for the success which has marked their preparation of cream of tartar for baking purposes. It is indisputably shown that they have eliminated all elements of tartaric acid, alum or other impurities, and present to the public a healthful and chemically pure article. Such widely known chemists as Henry Morton, E. G. Love, H. A. Mott, Wm. McMurtrie and others have verified its superiority over other manufactures, and testified, through practical experience, to its excellence.

It is well for families to observe the fact that it costs more to manufacture the Royal Baking Powder than any other, but it is, as shown by chemical analysis, the one "absolutely pure" baking powder made.

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 Diarrhea, 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 surgeons 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.

We say to those who are sceptical as to the hair-producing qualities of "Minard's Liniment" that in every case where the hair has fallen by disease, and by using 6 bottles of "Minard's Liniment" on the head will not produce a good growth of hair, or where one bottle will not remove dandruff and stop the hair from falling out we will furnish the Liniment free.

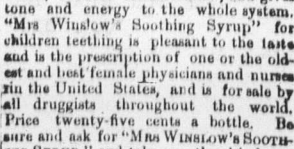
THAT TIRED FEELING.—The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, but common complaint, known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Dr. Norton's Burdock Blood Purifier. Sold by all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

A gentleman in a neighboring town who had suffered two years with chronic diarrhoea and was so reduced that he could not walk, was cured and restored to sound health by Johnson's Anodyne Liniment. This Liniment is worth its weight in gold.

The blighting effects of impure blood are sad to behold in those we meet day by day. This ought not and need not be so. Parson's Purgative Pills make new rich blood; take one a night for twelve weeks will change the blood in the entire system.

CONTRACTION OF THE MUSCLES.—"I had the muscles of my hand so contracted that I could not use it for 2 years. I used Minard's Liniment and now have the use of my hand as well as ever."—Mrs. RACHAL SAUNDERS, Dalhousie.

Man is the only animal known to naturalists that is fool enough to drink when not thirsty.



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 alums or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 105 Wall St. N. Y. (13-11-85)

LOVELL'S GAZETTEER AND HISTORY OF THE Dominion of Canada, IN NINE VOLUMES, ROYAL SVO.

To be commenced whenever a sufficient number of subscribers is obtained to cover cost of publication. Subscription to the Nine Volumes \$15.00, to the Province of Ontario or Quebec \$12.00, to New Brunswick or Nova Scotia \$11.00, to Manitoba or British Columbia \$9.50, to Prince Edward Island or Northwest Territories \$9.50. Each Province to have a Map.

Please send for Prospectus. JOHN LOVELL, Manager and Publisher. MONTREAL, 4th August, 1886.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL USE. MOST WONDERFUL FAMILY REMEDY EVER KNOWN.

THE ACADIAN, HONEST! INDEPENDENT! FEARLESS!

"THE PEOPLES PAPER!"

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Educational, Agricultural, Geographical, Political, Literary

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The Annapolis Valley! The Garden of Nova Scotia! The Seat of Acadia College!

The Acadian is not subsidized by any Political party, Corporation, or private individual; and expresses its own views and says what it thinks.

THE ACADIAN'S columns are open to persons of either Political Party for the discussion of the topics of the day, providing no personalities are entered into.

THE ACADIAN will give you all the Local News of the County, and all the important events taking place.

THE ACADIAN will give you all the important events occurring throughout the world.

The Acadian is devoted to Literature, Education, Temperance, Politics, Agriculture, Science, and General Information, and is the ONLY Weekly Paper in King's County.

ALL COMMUNICATIONS SHOULD BE ADDRESSED TO DAVISON BROTHERS, Editors & Publishers, Wolfville, N. S.

OUR JOB ROOM

is complete. Plain and Fancy Job Work of every description done at shortest notice, and satisfaction assured.

F. INNES, General Manager. Kenville, 12th June, 1886.

WE SELL GOLDWOOD, SPILING, PARK, R. R. TIL LUMBER, LATHES, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC. HATHEWAY & CO., General Commission Merchants, 22 Central Wharf - Boston.

MISREPRESENTATION. STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, ALBANY, Feb. 11. The Board considered the proceeding of the Royal Baking Powder Co. (or whoever was responsible for its publication) in advertising the Board's action, through its analyst, in support of their Powder and unanimously adopted the following resolution:—

RESOLVED, That the advertisement of the Royal Baking Powder Co., quoting the State Board of Health of New York as recommending through one of its Analysts, its purity, etc, is a misrepresentation.

True copy from minutes of State Board of Health of New York, Feb'y 11th, 1885. Signed LEWIS BALCH, Secretary.

Albany, June 30th, 1886.

American Agriculturist.

100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue.

44TH YEAR. \$1.50 A YEAR. Send three 2-cent stamps for Sample copy (English or German) and Premium list in the World. Address—

Publishers American Agriculturist, 751 Broadway, New York.

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 to the undersigned within three months from date hereof. And all persons indebted to the said estate are requested to settle their accounts immediately with

JAMES B. MARTIN, Admr JOHN L. MARTIN, Admr 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.

A. W. Kinney, Yarmouth, N. S.

W. & A Railway.

Time Table 1886—Summer Arrangement—1886. Commencing Monday, 14th June.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Accm. Daily, Accm. M.W.F., Exp. Daily, P.M. Daily.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. Daily, Accm. M.W.F., Accm. Daily.

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time. One hour added will give Halifax time.

Steamer "Secret" leaves St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:15 a.m. for Digby and Annapolis, returning leaves Annapolis every Monday, Thursday and Saturday, p.m. for Digby and St. John.

Steamer Evangeline leaves Annapolis every Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday p.m. for Digby.

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday at 3 p.m. and Boston every Saturday at 8 p.m. for Boston direct.

Steamers "Alpha" and "Dominion" leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evenings for Boston.

Steamer "State of Maine" and "Cambridge" leave St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 8:00 a.m. for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England A.V. Rail Lines leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6:40 a.m. and 8:30 p.m., daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

Through Tickets by the various routes on sale at all Stations.

F. INNES, General Manager Kenville, 12th June, 1886.

GOOD HORSE SHOEING!

J. I. BROWN FOR CASH 90c CASH

J. I. Brown took the premium on his Horse Shoes at the Dominion & Central Exhibition at St. John, N. B., in 1883.

J.F. HERBIN, WOLFVILLE, N. S.

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C A PATRIQUIN HARNESS MAKER.

Carriage, Cart, and Team Harnesses Made to order and kept in stock. ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO. None but first-class workmen employed and all work guaranteed. Opposite People's Bank, Wolfville. THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE HOME MAGAZINE. Circulation over 20,000 Copies.

The Farmer's Advocate is published on or about the 1st of each month, is handsomely illustrated with original engravings, and furnishes the most profitable, practical and reliable information for dairymen, for farmers, gardeners, or stockmen, of any publication in Canada. \$1.00 PER ANNUM \$1.00 Address—FARMER'S ADVOCATE, 360 Richmond London, Ont.

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BUDS & BLOSSOMS

RIENDLY GREETINGS is a forty page, illustrated, monthly magazine, edited by J. F. AVARY, Halifax, N. S.

Price 75 cents per year if prepaid. Its columns are devoted to Temperance, Missionary Intelligence, Household Hints, Short Stories and Illustrations, making 28 pages of reading, suitable and profitable for young and old, with an average of 12 illustrations in each number, this will give 40 pages monthly for 75 cents a year, and will, therefore, be one of the cheapest sold. Specimen copies sent for two 3-cent stamps.

A GOLD PIECE

will be given if you get 25 subscribers. "Buds and Blossoms" is endorsed by Christians and ministers of all denominations. One writes: "The cover has been a comfort and blessing to me. Every page is calculated to bring one nearer to the Lord." "We wish you ever-increasing success as you deserve." "To see B & B is to want and to love." "It should be in every house. 9-4-85

GEO. V. RAND,

IMPORTER AND DEALER IN DRUGS MEDICINES CHEMICALS FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY AND SOAP, BRUSHES, SPECTACLES, JEWELLERY, ETC. ETC. Main Street, Wolfville, N. S.

HOLSTEIN BULL.

The subscriber has for service the noted Prize Holstein Bull, Lord of Gasperow 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.

GOOD HORSE SHOEING!

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