

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

Vol. XI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JUNE 24, 1892.

No. 43.

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.

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 payment to the advertiser must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

The Acadian Job Department is constantly receiving new types and material, and will continue to guarantee satisfaction on all work turned out.

Newspapers from all parts of the county, or articles upon the topics of the day are cordially solicited. The editor 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

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 discontinued, but pay on all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until the account is paid, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the Post Office, or removing and leaving them uncollected, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

I took the medicine according to directions and have seen no symptoms of Nervousness.

THE ONLY MEDICINE SOLD WITH A GUARANTEE CONTRACT WITH EACH BOTTLE. TRY A COURSE (6 BOTTLES) AT OUR OWN RISK, IF NOT BENEFITTED RETURN BOTTLES AND GET YOUR MONEY. PAY ONLY FOR THE GOOD YOU RECEIVE. SKODA DISCOVERY CO., Wolfville, N.S.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE

Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 3 P. M. Mail is made up as follows:

For Halifax and Windsor close at 7 A. M. Express west close at 10:30 A. M. Express east close at 4:30 P. M. Kentville close at 7 P. M.

GEO. V. RAND, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed on Saturday at 1 P. M.

G. W. MASON, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. Higgins, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 2:30 P. M.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Cranick, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. and 7 P. M.

UNITED METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. G. H. Jones, Pastor. Services: Sunday, preaching at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 9:30 A. M.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Services every Sunday in the month, when there will be Morning Prayer with Benediction of the Holy Communion at 11 A. M.

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

Masonic.

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

WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8. Of meet every Monday evening in their Hall at 8 o'clock.

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

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the Temperance Hall every Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

THOUSANDS IN REWARDS.

The Great Weekly Competition of The Ladies' Home Magazine.

Who has not seen in the advertisement space the name of the Ladies' Home Magazine? This is a rare opportunity for you to win a valuable prize.

Every week throughout this year a number of prizes will be distributed as follows: One \$100.00 prize, one \$50.00 prize, one \$25.00 prize, one \$10.00 prize, one \$5.00 prize, one \$3.00 prize, one \$2.00 prize, one \$1.00 prize, one 50¢ prize, one 25¢ prize, one 10¢ prize, one 5¢ prize, one 2¢ prize, one 1¢ prize.

The prizes cannot be used except where they appear in the advertisement. The Ladies' Home Magazine is published weekly, and its price is 10¢ per copy.

The prize is not to be awarded until the first of the month following the date when the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not paid for the issue in which the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a subscriber for at least one month before the issue in which the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a resident of Canada at the time the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a legal resident of Canada at the time the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a resident of Canada for at least one year before the issue in which the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a legal resident of Canada for at least one year before the issue in which the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a resident of Canada for at least one year before the issue in which the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a legal resident of Canada for at least one year before the issue in which the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a resident of Canada for at least one year before the issue in which the prize was won.

The prize is not to be awarded to anyone who has not been a legal resident of Canada for at least one year before the issue in which the prize was won.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

SKODA'S DISCOVERY is King of Sarsaparillas.

POETRY.

Bobolinks.

BY J. P. HERBIN.

A flash of gold and jet, then bubbling throats

From meadow-fence and dike fill up the breeze.

List and bethink! These are not reveries

In song, nor passion shaped in silver notes.

The warbler's expectation never floats

Beyond the reach of wing. The melodies

Seek not the past, nor pierce futurity.

These happy spirits wrapped in glory's cost

Hear Nature's gentle calling and reply.

Canst thou such ease, within each feathered thing

There is a life that looks nowhere beyond

To unattended songs and heights of sky?

In each quick moment, eager voice and wing

Find Life's sweet scheme holding breath in bound.

Wolfville, N. S. —Independent.

SELECT STORY.

The Shadow of Nobility.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

HER boy had seemed to droop on the rich Campagna, but here he visibly revived. Without any apparent understanding, there was a measure of satisfaction in the way he turned his head to the whispering breeze, as he played over the terrace on which he lay. It was a turret terrace, about half-way up the slope of the hill, but still under shelter of the headland. From its deep embrasures hung festoons of "red and golden vines," while above them bloomed the gladiolus, myrtle, and cyclamen.

Out beyond these lay "the blue profusion," where heaven came down the earth to meet.

"A soft and purple mist, Like a vaporous amethyst,"

was over sea and land. Lady Noel-thorne had sat for hours bathed in its influence, as in an Isle of dreams.

Then the sunlight began to decline over the hills, and the water-lily beneath them in quivering stretches of crimson and flame. Watching the living glory in wonder and amazement, she broke into a snatch of sacred song with which she had become familiar, as she quickly hid drooped and faded.

"The radiant moon bath passed away, And spent too soon her golden store; The stars drop of departing day, Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn; Its glorious noon how quickly past! Lead us, O Christ, when all is gone, Safe home at last.

O, by Thy soul-inspiring grace, Uplift our hearts to realms on high; Help us to look to that bright place Beyond the sky;

Where light and love, and joy, and peace In undivided empire reign, And thronging angels never cease Their deathless strain;

Where saints are clothed in spotless white, And evening shadows never fall, Where Thou, Eternal Light of Light, Art Lord of all."

A fisherman on the beach below paused to look up, and sees the lady on the terrace above. He does not understand the language in which she sings, but, taking it for granted that it is an evening hymn to the Virgin, in hoarse and more sonorous tones he sends forth over the misty water a strain which his dead daughter had learned. The voices blend for a moment, rise and fall, then become distinct and separate, and float away. Only the harmony of Nature prevents a discord.

"Ave, Sanctissima! 'Tis nightfall on the sea; On our noble ship, On our noble ship,

Watch us while the shadows lie O'er the dim water spread; Hear the heart's lonely sigh— 'Tis thou, bathed!

On your noble ship, The wave must rock our sleep, O'er, Mater, ora! Thou star of the deep."

The lady's song is ended first, and she is listening to that other one with mingled feelings of pity and pleasure. She does not see a ship which has lately floated in the middle of the bay, and is now being towed swiftly to the strand. It shoots into the little creek, the Italian rowers lie on their oars, but one figure leaps ashore. Rapidly he commences an ascent by a zigzag path, reaching a vine-covered platform. Then, as she sees him clearly against the pale grey sky, she starts to her feet, sinking back immediately, as if her trembling limbs refused her support.

The next instant the stranger stands

before her.

"Annis!"

"George!"

There is a long clasp of hands, after which each withdraws a step from the other.

She is agitated, uncertain, but more beautiful than ever. He sees that at a glance, and pretends himself to be calm, and she looks on him with a smile that is almost a laugh.

He is older and sterner, bronzed and bearded. Her observation is so rapid as his has been. She feels a little afraid of him.

"Annis, why are you here?" he says presently. "How and why did you come? I hear from my aunt occasionally, but she never mentioned your leaving England. I wonder I did not hear of it."

"I left England very quietly," she replied, recovering her composure. "You know I was living quietly," and she glanced at her dress. "I was not missed."

"But why did you come here of all places on the earth? Are you alone?"

"You ask so many questions!" she said, trying to smile. "I came here to be alone; to get away from people I knew. I have been at Rome."

He looked fixedly at her. Though very pale, her eyes met his fearlessly and frankly. After that look he felt in some strange, inexplicable way put off from her. A barrier of reserve seemed to fall between them. Then his look went beyond her, and rested on the form of the boy as he lay on a sort of ottoman, under a bright awning composed of flags. An elder woman sat near.

The Countess knew all his mind received in that look. She stood up once more, and led the way to the other end of the terrace; he followed her. Mrs. Morensore took her charge within doors.

"And now, how and why did you come here?" she forced herself to say, as if to ward off further inquiry on his part.

"That is easy to account for," he rejoined. "I have been on a holiday tour, and was returning. I wrote to you from Florence."

"Yes, thank you. I want to answer it."

"I scarcely expected an answer; I looked not for an answer, I was on the opposite shore to-day, and had heard of this place. It was the chosen retreat of one of our days and nights a joy had taken flight. I thought its wild sea-murmurs and soft sunshine might do as much for me."

"Was that why you came?"

"That was why I purposed to come. I hesitated midway, and would have turned back but that I caught a note of song. It came to me on the water, faint, uncertain, but delicious; and wooed me on. Then I heard two voices, very dissimilar. There were two," he added jealously.

"Yes, a fisherman was singing on the beach, and I—I was singing to my boy."

There were tears in her eyes. A mad impulse came upon him to kiss them away, but he restrained himself. He dared not encircle her trembling form with his arm. Presently he spoke again:

"Annis, is your boy delicate?"

"Yes, George."

"Is he always as he was just now?"

"Always."

"I need not ask whether you have had the best advice. Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing but what God can do—in time."

He was not satisfied, but resolved to speak to her again of this matter.

"Have you no one here but your nurse?" he asked.

"And my maid."

"I cannot leave you so, Annis."

"You must," she said firmly. "I am able to take care of myself. I could not allow you to remain."

"Then I will come to-morrow. Annis, I am your brother."

"Yes," she rejoined, hailing the title with a feeling of relief. "Come to-morrow."

The Countess went indoors alone. George Knight descended to the beach, dismissed the Italian rowers, and found a shelter for the night in a vine-covered cottage close to the poet's ruined villa.

Perhaps after all the joy had not quite died out of his life.

Zeno taught his pupils that to know themselves they should study dreams. There is more philosophy in it than we think. George Knight, though he dreamed of a seaside nook over which the wind sighed, and round which the blue sea moaned, with one fair form that lent enchantment to all around, did not gain any fresh insight into the state of his heart. One thing was certain—that the glamour of the present had quite blotted out the angry memory of the past.

CHAPTER XIII.

AND Lady Noelthorne had thought the brief season in Rome so delightful. It was in truth a summer's dream because of the winter's day going before; but that was all.

But what could compare with the present? What need to compare it with anything? "The light that never was on sea or land" was truly glorifying everything at last. The Countess was not forgetting herself now. O no! she was vividly alive to her own existence, her own power, her own delicious joy.

George Knight came early next day. He had been up with the dawn, watching the golden glory coming over the hills, "the bride of the earth and sky," and wondering whether there was another dawn in life for him. Like the new moon, he was tremulous, yet date, and most impatient for the hour when he might climb to his lady's bower on the terrace above.

We have said that he had already in his thoughts forgiven her; resentment died out of his breast. It was as if a great veil had dropped over the past, which he dreaded for a moment to lift, too contented to let it be blotted out of sight for ever.

"Annis, why do you seem so far away from me?" he asked, an hour or two later, as he descended with the Countess to the beach.

She looked up with that rare smile which had become so sweet, her eyes asking the question her lips did not frame.

"In one way only, I mean," he went on. "Here you are beside me; I can look at you and watch you as much as ever I did in my life before. I can take your hand and hold it tight; yet the real Annis, the spirit that dwells in this fair frame is far away still. I am conscious of something that divides our inner lives."

"Perhaps you do not understand me," she suggested.

"Show me the fair writing on your heart," he pleaded. "Show me your real self. Tell me the secret, sweet."

He could not help the term of endearment. It slipped out straight from his heart to hers. She made no comment though she flushed visibly. Then, controlling herself, she answered:

"There are two things filling my soul, in which you have no share."

"Your boy?"

"Yes—Edgar. He used to be the first," she said simply, but it is not so now—thank God it is not so. I quite forgot God, George, until trouble came. Trouble forced me to cry out to Him, and then to seek His face, for He only could help. I felt as if He was turned against me for my wrongdoing, and this was my punishment. I had such a strange teacher then, more innocent and pure-minded than myself—a poor flower-girl. From her I received my first impressions of heaven and truth."

He was interested; nay, more, deeply moved. This man, who was without religion in his soul, who worshipped and saved the creature more than the Creator, had no objection to the woman he loved becoming pious after a fashion. It seemed to be a feeling shared by the majority of his sex, though not avowed, that women in general are by nature more akin to heaven than themselves. Lady Noelthorne might be fervent emotional, pure in thought, and of good report indeed. There George Knight's vision of piety ended.

"What do you call truth?" he asked, as men have asked in all ages.

It cost the Countess something to make a bold confession of her belief, for as yet her faith had not been tested, and her duty to those who knew not the Gospel was not clear. Now, however, a vague sense of what was required awoke in her heart, and under its inspiration she spoke out bravely:

"The truth I first learned from Pothe humble flower-girl, was, that a Saviour was sent into the world to redeem us from sin and endless misery. He opened for us a way into heaven. It was not till afterwards that I could say, 'He loved me and gave Himself for me.'"

Her eyes kindled, her cheek glowed. She looked up, as if "seeing Him Who is invisible." Involuntarily George Knight's gaze followed the direction of hers.

"It is a creed shared by many," he said. "And no doubt, if held in force, and as a truth, it would revolutionize the world in blessing. But how does it affect the lives of its professors?"

It was a homo-thrust, though the speaker little thought of any personal application just then. How did it affect her? How had it affected her? Her withdrawal from worldly pleasures was simply in disgust, and under the influence of an overwrought earthly affection. Again Laura Lumpley's earnest words came back to her. What was she doing with her life?

He motioned her to a seat under shelter of the beating flag. She took it, scarcely noticing him, full only of the thoughts he had awakened in her mind. Her gaze roamed over the deep, which, like "a floor of sapphire," stretched away on either hand, and seemed to shut in—alone—a way from all the world.

So long did she remain thus, that, jealous of her musings and abstraction, he put out his hand and gently touched her arm. Then she spoke a gasp.

"George, it should affect our lives, for it is a grand reality. I have felt it in my soul, as surely as if I saw it acted before my eyes. The Son of God, the Son of the Great Maker of the universe and all the millions of worlds above us, came down to a stable in Bethlehem, to a workshop in a wicked city, to a shameful cross between two thieves, to save every one who simply receives His atonement from the consequence of their evil-doing, and bring them into close relationship to His Father. George, realizing this, should He not have the first love of our hearts, the best service of our days? Should not our minds think of Him, our lips speak for Him?—And mine have been silent!"

She made the confession brokenly, and hung her head in shame. He was awed and solemnized, not knowing what to say. Perhaps even then conscience awoke from its death-like slumber, and "a still, small voice" made itself heard in the unrest of his soul. With it came a fear. Was this fair woman, the love of his youth, a creature once "not too high or good for human nature's daily food," to grow before his very eyes into an angel, and sore away from him into regions where he dared not follow?

There was a tempest created in his breast by those earnest words of faith and hope. The sea-rock hid with its quiet. He would rather have broke away just then to where it broke and roared and scathed and moaned over some sunken reef or bold barrier than that beneath which they found a shelter. He may have felt at the time

THE ACADIAN

WOLFFVILLE, N. S., JUNE 24, 1892.

Spare the Birds.

During the past few years much interest has been taken in the preservation of our native birds and in some localities wars have been declared against the English sparrow on account of its proclivity to drive away our birds of song...

Newspaper Dead Beats.

We would heartily endorse the following published by an exchange under the above heading. We often meet with the same kind of people: Every newspaper published is cursed with an occasional subscriber whose soul seems to be made of the rag end of the material...

Disillusion in Britain.

Mr. Balfour make a statement in the House of Commons the other day which it was generally expected he would make soon after the Whitsuntide holidays. The business of Parliament is to be wound up within the next week or so.

Weston Items.

The storm of the 14th inst. did but little damage here, with the exception of wrecking a new barn belonging to Noble Woodworth and an old barn for J. Sanford.

A party of Americans have lately been visiting the highest peak of the North Mountain, near here, which was a signal station between the Basin of Annapolis and Minas in the early history of the country...

Mrs. Maudie Nichols, of Windermere, is stopping with her mother, Mrs. J. Sanford, while Mr. Nichols is replacing his house which was burned a few weeks ago.

Berwick Notes.

Mrs. A. Stanley Fisher, of East Boston, is visiting friends in this place. Rev. S. E. E. England and A. S. Tuttle, also Mr. H. E. Jefferson, are attending the Methodist Conference at Lunenburg.

Manitoba's Grain Crop.

Government crop bulletin for Manitoba gives the following information, showing the acreage under crops: Wheat.....875,900 Oats.....332,974 Barley.....97,644 Peas.....2,138 Potatoes.....10,003 Rye.....17,498

The human mind is a strange machine, and in some of its vagaries it resembles the machine which the Irishman described as being so ingeniously contrived that a hog being put into one end he came out the other one in the form of sausage...

Thus--so it is said, an undergraduate was asked to name the Minor Prophets and not being able to, he cleared himself by saying he did not wish to make any invidious distinction.

Another College man being called upon to give the parable of the Good Samaritan, did so, well enough, until he came to where the Samaritan took to the inn-keeper.

When I come again I will repay them" to which he added, "This he said knowing that he should see his face no more." This contains a very practical hint to many of those who would like to play the Good Samaritan.

The following was said to have been written by an English girl in answer to some biblical questions: "Abraham was the father of Lot and two wives. One was called Hishmah and the other Agger, he was kept at home and turned together into the desert, where she became a pillar of salt by day and a pillar of fire by night."

Moses were an Egyptian. He lived in a bark made of bullrushes, and he kept a golden calf, and bowed down worshipping brazen snakes, and he ate nothing but whales and mackerel for forty years.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise continues to show the same friendly feeling for Canada that she exhibited when she so graciously held the position of the Chief Lady in Canada.

We agree with an exchange when it says:--"If that man is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where but one grew before, equally so is he who removes an unsightly landmark and replaces it with a more useful and ornamental substitute."

The city of Winnipeg is teaching the more cultured cities of the East a lesson in morals. A couple of gamblers were recently sent to jail for being vagrants, and two leading hotels in which gambling was permitted have been refused licenses.

K. D. C. builds up the system by restoring the stomach to healthy action. Free sample to any address. K. D. C. Co., New Glasgow, N. S.

G. F. Hamilton

---HEADQUARTERS FOR--- Groceries, Crockeryware, Flour, Meal, Feed, &c., &c. HAVING removed to the store lately vacated by Rockwell & Co. I am prepared to serve the good people of Wolfville and vicinity with the Choicest and Newest Goods in the above lines, at fair prices.

G. F. Hamilton

Wolfville, May 28th, 1892.

Wolfville Drugstore.

JUST RECEIVED: A Fresh Supply of Beef, Iron and Wine; Quinine Wine, Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites, Syrup of Figs, Wine of Beech Tree, Creosote, Peppermint, etc.

FORSYTH & BENNETT,

Be to announce to their friends and the public in general that they have recently opened Horse Shoeing & Jobbing in the shop formerly owned by J. I. Brown, in the rear of F. J. Porter's grocery store...

NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that I will be responsible for no debts contracted by any person or persons on my account without my written order.

NEVILLE HOLLAND, Avonport, N. S., June 11th, 1892.

Some Children Growing Too Fast become listless, frugal, without energy, thin and weak. Fortify and build them up by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL AND HYPOPHOSPHITES

Notice of Removal! Dr. BARRON has returned to his old residence adjoining the Episcopal Church.

FOR SALE! A Beautiful Gladstone CARRIAGE! Double Seated--rear one reversible. Trimmed in Leather and finished in Nickel, with Signal Lamp.

FOR SALE! 1 BLACK MARE, five years old, sound and kind and a good driver. Also, 1 Hay Wagon, 1 Horse Cart, 1 Buggy, 1 Sleigh, Harness, &c.

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

Crandall's Clothing Emporium, WINDSOR, N. S.

IS THE PLACE where perfect satisfaction is given or money refunded. Full lines of SCOTCH, ENGLISH and CANADIAN GOODS in stock.

HARDWOOD. Screen Doors!

& Windows, Fence Wire, Paris Green, Oil Stoves. Franklin & Fuller's.

SUITS TO ORDER! ESTATE P. CHRISTIE

Merchant Tailoring Establishment, Webster Street, Kentville, N. S.

Our Summer Stock is now complete in all the leading shades and patterns, which are specially selected for the trade, namely--Broad Cloths, Scotch, Irish and West of England Tweeds!

Trousers in Great Variety. Also the latest shades in Summer Overcoatings. Gents' Fine Suits a Specialty!

Carpets and Blinds.

CARPETS AND BLINDS. CARPETS AND BLINDS. CARPETS AND BLINDS.

CARPETS AND BLINDS. CARPETS AND BLINDS. CARPETS AND BLINDS. CALDWELL! ---HAS OPENED UP HIS--- Spring Stock! ---OF--- CARPETS, ---IN--- Hems, Venetians, Unions, All Wools, Scotch, Tapestry.

Carpets and Blinds. Wolfville, March 22d, 1892.

FOR SALE! D. E. WOODMAN, CARPENTER, BUILDER, --DEALER IN-- All Kind of Lumber!

FOR SALE! A HOUSE AND LOT in Wolfville, house to be ready for occupancy March 1st. Apply to Geo. H. Patriquin.

AMMONIA in BAKING POWDER is a DISEASE producing AGENT. Its volatility is abridged by reaction with the gluten of the flour.

Executors' Notice.

ALL PERSONS having legal claims against the estate of John O. Pines, late of Wolfville, in the County of Kings, Esquire, are requested to tender the same, duly ascertained within twelve months from this date...

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. CHEAP EXCURSIONS

Canadian North West! --FROM ALL POINTS IN THE-- MARITIME PROVINCES, TO LEAVE ON JUNE 13th, 20th, 27th, JULY 13th, 28th, 1892.

For Rates of fare and other information enquire of your nearest Railway Ticket Agent.

Passengers are recommended by the Canadian Pacific Ry. to purchase tickets via ST. JOHN and the SHORT LINE, as Colonist Cars will be in waiting in St. John for their conveyance.

Mail Contract.

SEPARATE SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until noon, on Friday, 29th July, for the conveyance of Her Majesty's Mails, three times per week each way, between Grand Pre and Long Island...

The King of Medicines!

This is to certify that I was sick with liver, stomach and kidney disease, was brought on chronic diarrhoea. Was unable to work the most of the time for five years; that I tried all the Sassa-parilla, and bitter recommended for the disease which did me no good.

LADIES' BAZAR.

ALWAYS IN STOCK--a fine range of colors in China and Sarah Silks, Art Linen, Mole-skin, Felt, &c. Also of the threads used in art needle-work, whether of Silk, Flax, Wool or Cotton; Corals and Tassels to match.

M. A. Woodworth,

Webster S., Kentville, N.S. AMMONIA in BAKING POWDER is a DISEASE producing AGENT.

WOODWORTH'S Baking Powder. Guaranteed to Contain NO AMMONIA.

J. B. DAVISON, J. P. STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, CONVEYANCER, INSURANCE AGENT, ETC. WOLFFVILLE, N.S.

A Tale of Two Buckets.

Two buckets in an ancient well got talking once together. And after sundry wise remarks—no doubt about the weather—

Macaulay as a Boy.

The prince of historians was indeed a prodigy. When 3 years of age he asked a lady who called at his father's house to walk in and he would give her a glass of old spirits.

Can Dyspepsia be Cured.

This is a question often asked by those that suffer from the effects of this disease. The question usually arises after the miserable sufferer has tried nearly all the remedies recommended and has failed to derive any permanent relief from them.

Influence of Mind over Body.

"I am sorry to hear that you are so sick you cannot possibly be in your accustomed place to-morrow morning. Mr. Hyatt," said the minister's wife, condolingly.

An Argument for Gates.

Considering the amount of time that letting down and putting up bars necessitates, the most expensive gate will soon pay for itself, provided the farmer counts his time worth anything.

SKODA'S LITTLE TABLETS, Mild, Safe, Efficient. For Headache, Neuralgia, Migraine, etc. They cure the most obstinate cases.

THE WHITE RIBBON.

"For God and Home and Native Land." Conducted by the Ladies of the W. C. T. U. OFFICERS. President—Mrs W. H. Young.

Kind Words.

People are talking all day long, and will use or abuse the power of speech to the end of time, from the confusion of Babel until now some peoples seem to have nothing else to do.

SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP.

"Soft as Velvet," "Pure as Snow." Most highly medicated soap ever made. Try one cake. It is clean, safe, and healthy.

BE A MAN

All men can't be Apollons of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds.

FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION,

PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anemia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

W. P. KING, Insurance Agent, Truro, N. S. "For years he has been a most successful man, great pain and distress after eating; got so bad, could neither eat nor sleep—consulted several of the best physicians—no medicine from each—only gave temporary relief—then discovered the great value of K. D. C.—took it a short time—result—complete restoration to health."

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Garfield Tea cures sick-headache. It is a lemon pill that is always soothing. Minard's Liment for Rheumatism. It is hard to be a friend to a man who is an enemy to himself.

REMEMBER THE PAIN KILLER

There are people who seem to lose all their religion the minute they can't have their own way. Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is the best, handiest, sweet, cleanest, most economical and satisfactory dye ever invented.

SKODA'S GERMAN SOAP.

"Soft as Velvet," "Pure as Snow." Most highly medicated soap ever made. Try one cake. It is clean, safe, and healthy.

BE A MAN

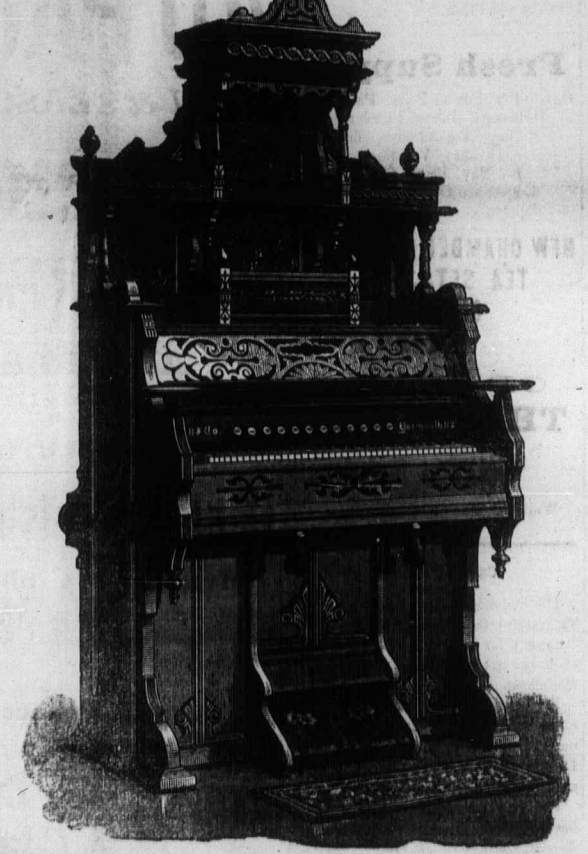
All men can't be Apollons of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds.

FOR THE CURE OF CONSUMPTION,

PARALYSIS, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, Asthma, Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other Skin and Blood Diseases, Rickets, Anemia, Loss of Flesh, Wasting, both in Adults and Children, Nervous Prostration.

W. P. KING, Insurance Agent, Truro, N. S. "For years he has been a most successful man, great pain and distress after eating; got so bad, could neither eat nor sleep—consulted several of the best physicians—no medicine from each—only gave temporary relief—then discovered the great value of K. D. C.—took it a short time—result—complete restoration to health."

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN St. Jacobs Oil A CURE IN EVERY BOTTLE IT CONQUERS RHEUMATISM & NEURALGIA



The Chute, Hall & Co. Organ! Yarmouth, N. S. BEST IN THE MARKET! Superior Quality. Popular Prices. Terms to Suit the Purchaser.

EAGAR'S PHOSPHOLEINE COMET STOVE POLISH THE BEST IN THE WORLD MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES

LADIES' BAZAR. For all kinds of Fancy Needle-work, come to the Bazaar. Commenced work at 10 o'clock in new fabric and styles. Instruction given at a moderate cost.

BE A MAN. All men can't be Apollons of strength and form, but all may have robust health and strong nerves and clear minds.

M. A. Woodworth, Webster St., Kentville, N. S. DENTISTRY I DENTISTRY I Wm. A. Payzant, DENTIST. Now prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain.

THE SHORTEST AND MOST DIRECT ROUTE BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND THE UNITED STATES. THE QUICKEST TIME. 16 TO 17 HOURS BETWEEN YARMOUTH AND BOSTON!

YARMOUTH, BOSTON. (Until further notice.) ONE of these Steamers will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evening.

UNGAR'S STEAMLAUNDRY, 62 & 64 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

Lace Curtains! DYED & CLEANED TO LOOK LIKE NEW WITHOUT THE LEAST INJURY TO MATERIAL. WE ALSO DYE & CLEAN DAMASK, REP, &c. Satisfaction Guaranteed!

COOK'S COTTON ROOT COMPOUND. A recent discovery by an old physician. Succeeds fully used mentally by thousands of ladies.

FOR SALE! A most desirable Farm, on half-mile west of Gasperau corner, one and a half miles south of Acadia College, containing one hundred acres, more or less.

COAL! IN STORE! A FULL SUPPLY OF Springhill Coal and Hard Coal; and to arrive at Kingsport, per schr. Blakes, from New York, a cargo

FERTILIZERS MANUFACTURED AT THE Chemical Fertilizer Works, HALIFAX, N. S. "CERES" SUPERPHOSPHATE. The Complete Fertilizer!

Table with columns: Exp. daily, Acct. daily, Exp. daily. Rows: 0 Halifax, 14 Windsor June, 23 Hantsport, 28 Avonport, 31 Grand Pre, 61 Wolfville, 66 Port Williams, 71 Kentville, 80 Waterville, 82 Berwick, 88 Aylesford, 102 Middleton, 110 Bridgetown, 130 Annapolis Av'y.

Table with columns: Exp. daily, Acct. daily, Exp. daily. Rows: 14 Annapolis, 14 Bridge-town, 28 Middleton, 42 Aylesford, 47 Berwick, 50 Waterville, 50 Kentville, 61 Port Williams, 66 Wolfville, 66 Avonport, 67 Grand Pre, 67 Hantsport, 77 Hantsport, 84 Windsor, 110 Windsor June, 120 Halifax arrive.

Trains of the Canadian Valley Railway leave Kentville at 10:15 a.m. and 3:55 p.m. for Canning and Kingsport. Trains of the Nova Scotia Railway leave Middleton at 2:05 p.m. for Bridgewater and Lunenburg.

Building Lots. Particulars wishing to acquire desirable building lots in Wolfville cannot fail being suited in the block of land adjoining the Presbyterian church, which has recently been laid out into good sized lots and will be sold at reasonable rates.

Seasoned Pine. ON HAND. One hundred thousand feet Seasoned Pine. J. W. & W. Y. FULLERTON. Port Williams, March 22d, 1892.

TO LET. That desirable property known as "THE LINDENS," lately the residence of John O. Pines, Esq., deceased. For particulars and terms inquire the subscriber.

Patents. Scientific American Agency for Patents. Largest circulation of any scientific paper in the world. Scientific American. "RULER HUCO." This favorite station will make the season of 1891 at the stable of the owner, at Greenwich. His weight is about 1500 pounds, and he has won about \$2000 for.