

THE ACADIAN

AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

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

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1890.

No. 47.

Vol. IX.

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To-day and To-morrow.

Without all enigmas when I am dead,
All noisy sorrow,
Give me the tender word to-day, instead
Of tears to-morrow.

Come not with flowers to strew about
My breast,
And sigh for me there;
The hawk or crow may haunt the piny
crest,
Lamenting there.

Speak not my name when I have passed
From earth,
In tones of sadness;
At thought of me suppress no sound of
mirth,
No burst of gladness.

Regard me not as altered when removed
To the hereafter;
Think of me still as loving and as loved,
With joy and laughter.

Delay not, thou whom I have wounded
Till thou outlive me
To grant the pardon that I now implore,
But now forgive me.

Pretend not that I merit saintly fame;
Let mercy save me;
Sufficient for my epitaph the name
My mother gave me.

Wrecked.

The winds are singing a death knell
Out on the main to-night;
The sky droops low—and many a bark
That sailed from harbors bright,
Like many a one before,
Shall enter port no more;
And a wreck shall drift to some unknown
shore,
Before to-morrow's light.

The clouds are hanging a death-pall
Over the sea to-day;
The stars are veiled—and the hearts that
sailed
Away from harbors bright,
Shall sob their last for their quiet home
And sobbing sink 'neath the whirling
foam,
Before the morning's light.

The waves are weaving a death-shroud
Out on the main to-night;
Alas! the last prayer whispered there
By lips that never more
Over the ridge of gloom
A star will bloom!
God bless the souls that will meet their
doom
Before the dawn of light.

The breeze is singing a joy song
Over the sea to-day,
The storm is dead—and the waves are red
With the flush of the morning's ray;
And the sleepers sleep, but beyond the
deep,
The eyes that watch for the ships, shall
weep
For the hearts they bore away.

—Father Ryan.

SELECT STORY.

Among the Breakers.

At a pleasant family reunion in New York, the sons and daughters of an old Commodore of the Navy were assembled at the house of a well-known citizen to celebrate a domestic anniversary.

The table had been cleared, cigars lighted, and the veterans, being urged by the young ladies to spin them a sea yarn, related the following story:—

It occurred, he said, soon after I entered the service, now more than forty years ago. We were just about to leave Hampton Roads on a cruise, when the captain's gig dashed alongside, and with the old skipper had come a slight, girlish, fair-haired boy, apparently a mere child, but dressed in the uniform at that time worn by the midshipmen of our navy.

The little fellow had been sent to sea to learn an honorable profession, because his father, since his bankruptcy could not educate his son in a manner becoming his former station. He stood uncertain for a while on the quarter deck, alone, neglected, shushed, until the captain, suddenly recollecting himself, turned round, and introducing him to us, ended by commending Harry Broughton, as I shall call him, to my oversight, as the oldest midshipman on board.

We were soon on intimate terms, and he was so frank, generous and winning in his manners that you could not, for the life of you, escape loving the little fellow. Even the rugged old tars would do anything to please him, and the severity of the first lieutenant himself often relaxed itself when Harry, as we all called him, had offended against some petty rule of discipline. Always the first to start in a gale, never to be found skulking like some of the other youngsters from his watch, and at all times eager to volunteer on any extra duty, he gradually wound himself into the hearts of every one on board, from the landlubbers in the waist to the captain in his after-

cabin. If we went on shore Harry was sure to be one of our company, for he was such a favorite with strangers on account of his youth and beauty that we were always better welcomed if he was along.

We had been out nearly three years, cruising on the Pacific station, when we were ordered home and right glad we all were to hear the news. The long, beautiful moonlight night came and went like the sound of music, and a hundred gallant fellows danced away the evening watches to the lively notes of the violins.

We reached the Philippine Islands, passed the Straits, and at last entered the Bay of Bengal. We were heartily glad of close confinement on ship board, and resolved to run up the bay and visit a few of the chief stations on the coast. It was a glorious day when we first caught sight of Madras; with the sunlight playing full on its walls and minarets, the long, low beach of white sand crowned with the walls of the fort above, and a tremendous surf rolling and thundering in ahead. Every heart beat high with pleasure, and it was not a difficult matter to obtain permission to land. A party of officers, among whom was Harry and myself, resolved to make an excursion into the town.

I should have mentioned that there was no port for vessels within twenty miles of St. George's fort, and as our frigate would be compelled to stretch out and in until our return, we had but little time for our adventure. We had intended, when we started, to leave the boats outside the surf, and to land in flats which are used for passing the breakers, and which, being sewed together and without keels, are admirably fitted to resist the jerking of the surf and cannot without great difficulty be overturned. But when we neared the shore we saw that some of the native boats were at hand, and as we had but little time to lose, we lay upon our oars just outside the breakers, and called a council to determine what to do.

"What say you, Frank," to make a dash and pass it at once? It will be something to talk of, eh?"

I shook my head in disapprobation, as I pointed to the huge billows that raced by us, and curling over a cable's length ahead broke with a noise like thunder on the beach, while the shivering wave broke and foamed in the vortex below.

"Give way, my sea dogs, give way!" shouted the third lieutenant, coming up abreast in gallant style; "shall we dash in, Mr. Tiller?"

"It looks like a venture where one cast is death, and the other a ducking; but what say you, Broughton?"

"O, sir," replied the little fellow, his eyes kindling as he spoke, "they say an English man-of-war's boat passed in a few years ago, and I'm sure we can do it, too. Besides, sir, we can try it with our boat first. It isn't such a high surf, after all, and look there, sir, they're watching us from the fort."

True enough, the officers of the garrison were quizzing us with their glasses.

I still, however, objected, feeling a strange kind of presentiment that some dreadful accident would occur if we ventured in the surf. But the national pride of our men had been touched, and the Lieutenant seeing it, wavered no longer, and shouting the order to "give way," our crew broke into a cheer, and dashed rapidly up to the gigantic breakers.

The aspect of the surf as we approached it was terrible. The enormous billows rolled in, one after another rose like monsters, passed a moment with their white crests combing before they descended, and then hurled their mass of water down into the abyss below with the noise of a mighty cataclysm.

Minutely, all had been careless on board, and jests had been flying plentifully about, but every man now felt that a crisis was at hand, and accordingly the desperate silence prevailed, broken only by the noise of the oars, and the quick orders of the lieutenant.

"Eased out!" shouted Tiller, waving his hand, "hardboard a little more!" and "sling on an enormous wave we were whirled into the heart of the surf, with two gigantic billows madly pursuing us on our quarter. For a moment we thought the crisis passed, but all at

once the wave seemed to lose its impetus, and gliding from beneath us, broached us almost broadside to, while the foremost of our pursuers dashed against us, and heeled us nearly over into the abyss. We were losing all command of the boat, when suddenly a voice from our colleague outside of the surf exclaimed:

"Look out, there's a shark on your quarter!" At the same instant Tiller, perceiving our danger, thundered, "Larboard, hard—case off there, larboard harder, for God's sake, down!" but the poor coxswain, startled by the ill-timed warning from the other boat, and conscious of the terrible situation in which we were, lost for a moment all command of his faculties, and before he could regain them sufficiently to obey the command of his officer, a wave struck us full on our broadside, and in another instant, with a wild cry of horror, we found ourselves struggling in the surf.

When I rose to the surface, I struck out boldly, but I shall never forget the sight that met my eyes. The boat was already broken in pieces, and the fragments tossing about, while the crew were struggling here and there in the breakers. A poor fellow was just ahead of me, buffeting with the waves, his agonized look fixed on a huge shark that lay crouching just without the surf. He screamed for succor, but it was in vain. The current was gradually sweeping him nearer to his terrible enemy. The other boat ventured as near as it could, but it would have been madness to approach nearer. Suddenly he gave a quick, shrill shriek, flung his arms upward and sank. The next instant the blood-red hue of the surface told the fearful cause.

As for myself, I struck desperately for the shore, and being a good swimmer, as long as I could command my faculties, I knew I had some chance of reaching land. I had turned in order to escape the current and find a place where the surf rolled in less frightfully, when I heard a faint cry, and saw little Harry struggling not two tubsoms off. He seemed almost exhausted, and was barely able to keep his head above the water.

"For the love of Heaven!" he cried, "Frank—here!" But as I swam toward him the noble boy exclaimed, "No! save yourself—I'm nearly gone am getting weak—tell mother and Parry I died thinking of them."

"Courage!" I shouted, "I'll be there in a minute—hold on, my brave lad!" and I strained every nerve to reach him, but the current was so powerful that it baffled my efforts. One while the surf would sweep us far apart, and again dash us almost together. I saw, however, that I gradually neared the gallant little fellow.

The crew of the boat outside bent to their oars, determined at all risks to secure us, when suddenly there was a cry, "The shark! the shark!" and the huge monster shot along not twenty yards off between us and our only hope, the boat. My brain reeled as I looked on. The boat was rapidly approaching, but the surf was too wild to suffer it to come near to where we were, and between us the frightful monster was sailing to and fro, waiting for the tide to sweep us out.

"I'm going Frank; I can't stand it any longer. O my poor mother and sister! God forgive me my sins, faintly said the boy.

"Hold on a minute, for Heaven's sake!" I cried, for I was within a yard or two of him.

"Hold on!" thundered the Lieutenant from the boat; "we'll be there if we die for it—give way, lads, for a life, larrah!"

But poor little Harry had held on until nature was completely worn out, and casting a wild look on all around, he faintly ejaculated, "My mother sister—O my God!" and then, with a convulsive jerk of the arms, sank like lead into the waters. The next moment I would have been by his side.

"Give way! Give way! Give way!" roared the Lieutenant, wildly, as he waved on his men.

"For God's sake, come on, quick!" I shouted, as I dived.

But alas! my search was unsuccessful, and when I rose to the surface I was far away from the spot where Harry had disappeared, and hearing

with frightful rapidity, the shark on the edge of the surf. The boat was yet too distant to promise any effective aid. I shall never forget the emotions of that instant. A sickening sensation came over me; my brain reeled, my joints grew weak, and my arms seemed to refuse their duty. The monster was now nearly at my side. I could see his great fins appearing and disappearing, and almost feel the lashing of his huge tail as it beat against the waters. I gave up all my hope of this world and all I loved, and shut my eyes on my terrible enemy as I breathed a silent prayer for mercy to God. A moment that seemed years ensued—a moment of torture more horrible than any I had ever conceived—when a loud sharp cry rang out just behind me, and at the same instant a coil of rope fell beside me as a voice called out in broken English, "Hold on!"

Clutching the cord mechanically, I felt myself drawn in among the breakers, while the enormous monster, perceiving he was going to be disappointed of his prey, struck the waves wildly with his tail, and dashed like lightning after me.

"In with him, hand over hand!" shouted a voice, and I felt myself jerked into one of the boats on the coast. At the same time a thundering cheer rang from the crew outside the surf. Forgetful of everything but my wonderful preservation, I fell on my knees and thanked God that I was alive.

When I looked again I saw that we were ridden in upon the surf, and the shark had sheered out to sea. We were soon landed, and I then learned the manner of my deliverance. Having been seen, a boat had put off to my rescue, and had already taken up several of our crew, when they discovered me struggling against the current. Had I not been engaged in endeavoring to save poor Harry, I would have noticed their approach sooner. As it was, four of our crew were lost.

The poor boy, thank God, was washed ashore, that same afternoon; and there was not a dry eye on the ship when they heard of his untimely end. We buried him near Madras, and so ended our battle with the surf.

What One Nova Scotian Boy Did.

Many years ago a lady and gentleman were conversing on the street of New Glasgow, what was then a little village. The gentleman was the principal merchant and wealthiest magnate in the place and in the County, at that time. The lady was the minister's wife. A boy passed them on his way to school. He was a bright, smart, intelligent fellow, who had only his brains and his hands to help him, for he was not blessed with wealthy parents. Noticing him, the lady remarked on the good qualities of the lad; his regular habits, good behavior, his smartness and progress at school, his desire to learn and get on in life; and suggested that he, namely the wealthy gentleman she was speaking to, might do something to help him on in his studies, and secure his advancement in life generally; for it so happened that the lad was a relative of this gentleman. The reply of the latter was to the effect that when he began life as a boy he began poor enough; in fact he was worse off than this boy whose claims were presented to him; but by industry, perseverance, a strict attention to business, and hard work, he had realized a portion of this world's goods, and he was indebted to no man but himself for his success in life. Let this boy, he said, work out his own success in life, and he will be all the better for it. Sure enough, the young lad did. Smart and studious at school, he soon climbed the ladder, round by round, till he became one of the leading lawyers in Nova Scotia. He represented his native county in the Local Legislature several terms; was Financial Secretary of Nova Scotia in the government before Confederation; represented Pictou in the Dominion House of Commons; was Minister of Justice in Sir John A. Macdonald's cabinet, and then received an appointment of Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, when Sir William Young died. This was the Hon. James McDonald, the young lad whose abilities and humble ambition to excel in his studies were noticed by the lady of one story. This interesting fact was brought to our remembrance the other

day on the occasion of the Chief Justice passing through from attending the funeral of his aged mother. Chief Justice McDonald is only one of the many Nova Scotians who have risen to fame and honor in this Canada of ours. The lessons we learn from the lives of these men are, that there is no royal road to honor as well as to learning in this part of the world; that mental application, a disposition characterized by industry, perseverance, good habits, will, in the course of time, bring its reward. Some of the brightest sons of Nova Scotia have had to fight their way against odds and obstacles of different kinds; but they "got there," all the same. Let every young man blessed with brains and brawn, who reads this, strive to aim high in life. "Deserve success and you shall win it." Don't be contented with remaining a drudge; use your present position as a stepping-stone to something higher. "Be not like dumb, driven cattle; Be a hero in the strife."

Whatever your object in life, as you rise higher and higher in the world, let the chains of your native Province and this Canada of ours generally occupy your first attention. We need all the bright, smart, intelligent and enterprising young men within our borders, to help in one great object, namely, the building up of a national, patriotic sentiment in this country; to detest their talents and their energies towards developing a sound spirit of patriotism, a spirit that will work together in harmony all classes, creeds and races, and bring about those grand results longed for by Prof. Roberts, in his admirable lecture, "On the Threshold." Our country has a destiny in store for it; and if the people in it, of both political creeds, are true to themselves, and not only realize their duty as citizens, but strive to act them out, "there's a good time coming," and "may we live to see the day."—*Colchester Sun.*

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bonbrock, Ind., says: "Each myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold by George V. Rand.

In New York the other day Jay Gould was fined \$500 for not answering to a summons to act as a petit juror. He paid it.

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You ought to find lots of these stamps as well as those of 1d., 3d., 6d., values in old office papers or letters in warehouses, between the dates 1850-1860.

Now is the time to hunt them up. I will buy for cash all old used or cancelled postage or bill stamps. Send on all you have, leaving them on the original envelope preferred. I also have 3 stamps out value, on the entire hunt, for which I give higher prices than anyone. G. HOOPER.

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MORY

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JULY 11, 1890.

One of Hon. Mr Foster's Critics.

The Berwick News is greatly distressed about Hon. George E. Foster, Minister of Finance. It has three counts in its indictment against him. First he has not secured prohibition. That is a consummation devoutly to be wished, indeed. But Mr Foster is not the only man who has failed to secure it. A good many other temperance men have been elected to Parliament, and no one of them has secured prohibition. At one time the Liberals had a good majority in Parliament and were led by so good a man as Alexander Mackenzie, but they did not pass a prohibitory law. If they should again obtain a majority there is no guarantee that we would have any legislation more stringent on the liquor traffic. The Liberal leaders have given no pledges in favor of prohibition. If the whole Liberal party, which, according to some of the Liberal papers, has next thing to a monopoly of all the virtues, temperance included, could not give prohibition, it seems rather hard to blame one man, even a man of Mr Foster's powers, for not securing it. If every man who fails to secure prohibition is to be cast aside a number of Liberal members must be sent into oblivion; indeed it would appear that the whole Liberal party, as it existed some years ago, when in power, must be condemned as unworthy of confidence. This would not please the Berwick News. But the News thinks Mr Foster is "an aider and abettor of the rum interest." But the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance of New Brunswick still has confidence enough in Mr Foster to send him, according to statements of Liberal papers, as its representative to the National Division which is now holding its annual meeting in New Jersey. The News will no doubt be much comforted in its sorrow for Mr Foster's slaughtering of temperance interests to learn that the Sons of Temperance have enough confidence in him to put him up as their representative when they have so many able men among them. The trouble with prohibition is that no one man can obtain it. The News seems to have expected Mr Foster to do that herculean task. That is a compliment to Mr Foster, but it shows great ignorance on the part of the News. Prohibition cannot be obtained and enforced until a good majority of the people want it and are determined to have it. If the papers that seek to appear as champions of the temperance cause by attacking strong temperance men like Mr Foster, merely because of the party affiliations of these men, would give their strength more largely to the promotion of temperance sentiment among the people, the time would be hastened when prohibitory days would be in sight.

The second count against Mr Foster, according to the News, is that he is said to be subject to some social ostracism at Ottawa. But the News assures us that this society from which Mr Foster is excluded is "not over particular as to the moral status of those it takes to its arms," is a "hypocritical pale," &c. If the society is so bad as that it will occur to good-minded people that it is no loss to Mr Foster, or to any other man, to be excluded from it. Surely the friends of temperance do not wish their leading advocates to be found in such disreputable society. The News says Mr Foster's conduct, for which it asserts this society has ostracised him, is honorable. If these statements of the News be accepted, this count in the indictment against the Finance Minister tells strongly in his favor.

But the News has a third point against Mr Foster,—he will "never" be Premier. Well, never is a long time. The News has not lived forever and perhaps does not know all that will ever happen. But ought Mr Foster on this account to be retired to private life, as the News desires? A good many men will not be premiers. Ought all the Liberals who will not attain this high office to be excluded from Parliament? The News will not say so. Mr Blake and Sir Richard and Mr Laurier have been in Parliament longer than Mr Foster; but no one of them has been premier. Would the News have them sent back to oblivion. Perhaps Mr Foster never will be the First Minister of Her Majesty in Canada though he stands a good second now. But it is evident enough from the peculiar kind of criticisms he receives from the Liberal press that for some cause he is a man whose influence is regarded with fear by the party, and that it takes a vast amount of the characteristic criticism to lessen that influence.

The Summer School of Science will open at Parrsboro on the 21st inst. This is the fourth session of this useful institution and the prospects are that there will be a large attendance. The opening address will be given by F. H. Eaton at 7.30 p. m. on the 21st. The school will continue in session for two weeks.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Mr Editor,—That this village of Wolfville and its historical neighborhood is a most salubrious place for two months of summer holidaying will not be disputed by any one who values fresh sweet oxygen and picturesque scenery. But Wolfville might be made a pleasant and more desirable resort.

1. Were the law honestly enforced against the pollution of the river that runs through the beautiful Gaspean valley by unscrupulous saw-dust makers, how wonderfully should the attractions of the entire region be enhanced! How this ruthless destruction of a fair fishing stream has been so long tolerated is to me incomprehensible. Only last week a friend of mine assured me the water was literally black with rotting saw dust. And this is allowed to go on from year to year only because the mill owners are too lazy or greedy to burn their own refuse. Surely lumber cutting must be a public bonanza when it is prosecuted at the cost of such public sacrifice!

2. How much pleasanter might residence in this village be were the people who drive horses to exercise a little more self-restraint—a little more consideration for others. What object can it serve beyond the momentary gratification of the coarsest animal propensity for the vulgar excitement to drive with such impetuosity or even with such fury as to cover pedestrians with clouds of choking dust and seriously to damage the goods in all our stores? A little more caution would raise the drivers' respectability not a little. It is not a little amusing to notice how frequently the same vehicles may be sometimes seen driving with break-neck rapidity from one end of our short Main street to the other, and then back again—where the dust lies thickest. Now, it is a man training a young horse, and now a young lady out for a vigorous airing, and now a double team careering at a pace that indicates "running for the doctor," or very likely it is the doctor himself, driving as if dust in the bronchial tubes were a public blessing or as if two railway accidents had occurred simultaneously—one near the Wil-lows and another at the Tank. Have those drivers seriously decided that this half mile is the very best spot for horse exercise; or are they really pressed by such urgency of business? Or is it within the bounds of possibility they can imagine that people on the side-walks or at the windows can be admiring their horse play? Those energetic people may rest assured that we all would very much prefer a clean, quiet street and clean shop counters to all their misplaced equestrian feats. Why they do not seek some centre of denser population, such as Boston or New York, for these displays of ribbon-holding they like to make is very queer. Such horse-ship in Broadway, for instance, would create quite a sensation and might interest the police and thus bring the ribbon holders into notoriety, if not fame.

3. There are a few (only a few I am happy to say) half-grown lads, whose delight it is, between half past 8 and 10 o'clock in the evening, to loaf and smoke at certain places and to stroll along the streets, hooting, yelling and singing unsavory songs. Have these young rascals any fixed place of residence? If so, might not their parents or guardians oblige the community by restraining their rudeness? Surely no parent can claim the right of letting loose into our peaceful streets hipels to Bray and howl before open doors and windows, and in the very front of bedrooms occupied by have been put in operation perhaps our amateur Fire Brigade might practice on such rowdies until they acquire more civil habits. X. Y. Z.

Horse News.

Miss Lou Brown has sold "Cyclone" to Clarence Dinock, Esq., of Windsor, for \$200. "Cyclone" was sired by "Confidential Charley" and was considered by horsemen to be a fast colt.

D. B. Shaw has a very fine "Confidential Charley" mare. She is coal-black, good style, and can show a three mile clip without training.

Mr Kinsman Palmeter, of Long Island, had as fine a two-year-old colt in Wolfville on Tuesday evening as we have ever seen. It weighed 1230 lbs, and is as perfect in form in every respect as could be wished. It was much admired by horsemen.

The races at the Kentville Driving Park, June 30th, proved satisfactory to the friends of the turf in Wolfville. "Fanny Lambert" made her debut. She won the three minute race in three straight heats and made a record for herself of 2:51 on a slow track. Fanny was bought by Dr Bars when three years old for \$300. Since then she has been used for brood purpose. She is the dam of "Perfection," a two-year-old stallion that J. I. Brown has refused \$500 for. She also is the dam of a Rampart colt which Mr C. R. Bill has entered for the Provincial yearling race to come off this fall. Fanny has been handled by H. C. Lydiard at the Kentville Park for the last three weeks and trotted a trial mile on Monday last in 2:45.

THE NATIONAL SONG.—"My Own Canadian Home" has been set to music by Morley McLaughlin of St. John, and chosen by the military to be sung at the great meeting of riflemen on Surrey Common, England, the accompaniment to be played by the band of the London Scottish Regiment. This piece will be played shortly by all military bands of Canada and so become familiar to the ears of all.

SOME NOTED NOVA SCOTIANS.

Sketch of John McPherson, Poet.

In colonies where man has to clear the forests and with the greatest toil till a niggard soil for his bare subsistence he has not the time to cultivate his mind and follow literary pursuits. The pioneer must follow the plow and leave the pursuance of the rainbow to the inhabitants of older and more advanced lands. Hence, generally speaking, we cannot look for much literary talent in the early history of a colony. Some exceptions have occurred, but the conditions were very different from those of Nova Scotia and go to prove that the mind must grow with the nation. Colonial Greece produced Homer but it is quite probable that the Greeks, who formed those colonies took possession of highly civilized lands, and settled in well built cities, hence suffering no real escape into semi-barbarism and advancing side by side with the mother country. Mexico also in early times produced Mendoza of Spanish dramatists inferior only to De Vega and Calderon, but Mexico was in a state of advanced civilization when settled by the Spaniards.

In the year 1660 was born in Nova Scotia John Crowne, who went early to England and was considered a dramatist great enough to have his dramas brought full in opposition to the mighty genius of Dryden. He is the only exception to the rule just enunciated I have yet seen, and even his works were all written in England. We may deal with him some future time, but we will now pass to a poet, who, though living at a much later period, is known but little better. John McPherson was born on the 4th of February, 1817, in Liverpool, county of Queens, Nova Scotia, where he resided till his seventeenth year. His education consisted of a knowledge of the common branches generally taught in rural districts. As a youth he was distinguished for seriousness, avoidance of rough play and fondness of study and retirement. His favourite authors were Thomas Campbell and Kirke White, for whose poems he was fond of reciting passages.

At the age of seventeen he removed to Brookfield, Queen's county, where he dwelt till the year 1841. During his residence here, on two occasions, he showed a remarkable tendency towards those emotions that fill the truly poetical spirit, being affected to tears on hearing recited under circumstances that heightened the effect, those sweetly pathetic lines of Byron: 'Tis sweet to hear the watch dog's nonest bark, Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home. 'Tis sweet to know there is an eye will mark Our coming and look brighter when we come.

And again was moved to tears when, with a friend gazing over a scene by moonlight, his friend recited Coleridge's Genevieve, beginning: The moonshine stealing o'er the scene Had blended with the lights of eve. After growing up McPherson worked as a clerk in Halifax for a time, made a voyage to the West Indies, and in 1841 was married, taking up the employment of school teaching; which after a time he gave up for carpentering, and on July 26th, 1845, he died. During his whole life nearly he was a confirmed invalid, his illness souring his disposition so that he even quarreled with his wife. She leaving him for a time, his poetry too, often taking the character of the wallings of a sick man, which is a great argument against it ever becoming popular, beyond a certain class of reader. But nevertheless McPherson is a true poet. His love for nature rather the contemplative than the admiring is a genuine love. He sings of nature in its relation to his own feelings rather than with the deep philosophical insight of a Wordsworth or the sublime allegorical vision of a Shelley. As in the poem "Walks in the Woods," he says of the flowers: They smile upon my human face With quiet looks of love, And bless my spirit with the grace Of sweet thoughts from above.

And how musical is the flow, and how fresh the feeling of the following verses: What a blessing comes with the quick fresh breeze, That wakes with the summer morn, To toy with the leaves of the forest trees. And the poor man's smiling corn. It hath soft wings for the youthful cheek, Grown pale o'er the midnight oil, It has whispered hope for the worn and weak, And strength for the man of toil.

How the bard has pictured himself here with his youthful cheek "grown pale over the midnight oil," and his form from long sickness "worn and weak." Then how he rejoices at the return of spring (that season so fatal to youthful bands). Joy in the laughing valleys; Joy in the mountain glen; Wherever nature rallies And springs to life again. McPherson never rises to the sublime, nor is he ever profound. The qualities of his poetry may be summed up in the following: A delicate sensibility to all outward impressions affecting his bodily or mental condition, a pathos when speaking of that condition, and a fine sense of verbal harmony. The two following poems, undoubtedly his finest, are truly beautiful, and express or exemplify his peculiar powers and sympathies:

THE PRIDE OF BEAUTY'S BOWER. She shone beneath Affection's ray, The pride of Beauty's bower, She, like the earliest bloom of May, Acadia's emblem flower, Was as too beautiful to stay Where adverse aspects lower. She lived a soul of gentlest grace

Exalted and refined; Less prized for radiant form and face Than wealth of heart and mind; And memory keeps her faintest trace. In love's own temple shrined.

Though round her last low dwelling here Autumnal leaves are strewn, Still fall upon the dreaming ear Her voice in dulcet tone; But, life without her light is drear, And, oh! the heart is lone!

THE BEAUTIFUL IS FADING. The beautiful is fading, The loved and young must die, The film of death is shading The soft and lustrous eye. Much hast thou to endure thee. In hours of joy or woe, And now, that death is near thee, We mourn to let thee go.

Love—true love well requited, Weeps o'er thy pale sad brow; And friendship, early blighted, Dissolves in sorrow now. But though the fond hearts round thee, Implore thy longer stay; The time of flowers hath found thee In fair and sad decay.

Sweet rose, (we hoped to nourish, With fond parental care,) Shall we not let thee flourish In pure immortal air? Thou canst not now be given To all our tears and sighs; But we rejoice that heaven Is dawning on thine eyes.

In the ma. of the title of the second he wrote with what pathos "Myself Dying." McPherson died at the early age of twenty-eight, and had not therefore reached the maturity of his powers. But Nova Scotia boasts of no truer poet than this rustic singer, singing his native wood notes wild. E. B.

Personal Notes.

Mr and Mrs T. H. A. Pitt, of Bermuda, are visiting Wolfville at the latter's old home.

Mr Fred Harris is home spending his vacation in Wolfville. Mr H. has been engaged in the dry goods business at Woodstock for some years.

Rev. Dr Sawyer, president of Acadia College, conducted the services of the New Baptist church last Sunday. The extended reputation of the learned doctor makes it only necessary for us to say that they were characteristic and powerful addresses.—Trove Guardian.

Dr E. N. Payzant, who has been traveling in Hants county for the past few months, returned home on Friday evening last. He reports a great difference in the appearance of vegetation in King's from that of the valley of the Shubenacadie, where he has lately been.

ST. JOHN AND MINAS BASIN ROUTE.

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

Leave: Hantsport for Parrsboro Village,—Mondays—7th, 2 40 p m; 14th, 8 00 a m; 21st, 1 15 p m; 28th, 7 30 a m. Parrsboro Village for Hantsport,—Tuesdays—1st, 9 20 a m; 8th, 3 50 p m; 15th, 9 15 a m; 22d, 2 10 p m; 29th, 8 00 a m. Wolfville for Parrsboro Pier,—Mondays—7th, 4 30 p m; 14th, 9 30 a m; 21st, 3 00 p m; 28th, 8 30 a m.

Parrsboro Pier for Wolfville, Tuesdays—1st, 7 30 a m; 8th, 2 15 p m; 15th, 7 30 a m; 22d, 12 45 p m; Monday 28th, 5 40 p m. Windsor for Parrsboro Pier, calling at Hantsport—Wednesdays 2d, 11 00 a m; Thursdays 3d, 1 00 p m; Wednesdays 9th, 5 10 a m; Thursdays 16th, 6 50 p m; Thursdays 17th, 11 50 a m; Wednesdays 23d, 4 30 a m; Thursdays 24th, 5 30 p m; Wednesdays 30th, 9 50 a m; Thursdays 31st, 11 40 a m.

Parrsboro Pier for Windsor, calling at Hantsport,—Thursdays 3d, 9 45 a m; Thursdays 10th, 3 45 p m; Friday 11th, 4 30 a m; Thursdays 17th, 8 00 a m; Thursdays 24th, 1 45 p m; Friday 25th, 3 00 p m; Thursdays 31st, 8 30 a m. Parrsboro Pier for Hantsport,—Friday 4th, 10 15 a m; Friday, 18th, 9 15 a m. STEAMER "HIAWATHA" Will leave Hantsport for St John, calling at Kingsport and Parrsboro,—Wednesdays 2d, 10 30 a m; Wednesdays 9th, 5 00 a m; Wednesdays 16th, 9 30 a m; Wednesdays 23d, 4 00 a m; Wednesdays 30th, 9 30 a m. Returning will leave St. John every Thursday evening.

Will call at Spencer's Island going and coming from St. John, weather permitting. Through freight taken from St. John for Parrsboro, Kingsport, Wolfville, Summersville, Hantsport, Arundale and Windsor. Will take freight at St. John for Mail-land on Thursdays 3d, and Thursdays 17th inst.

STEAMER "ACADIA" Will leave Windsor every Wednesday to connect with "HIAWATHA" at Parrsboro for St. John, also connect at Parrsboro for Windsor on her return. FARES—Windsor, Hantsport, Kingsport, and Parrsboro to St. John, \$2 75; return, \$4 50. Children under 12 years half fare.

Three hours added to time of leaving Hantsport will give time of leaving Parrsboro for St. John. Boats run on Halifax time.

E. CHURCHILL & SONS, Hantsport, July 1st, 1890.

EXCELSIOR DYES. 8 Cts.

Are the Cheapest, Are the Best made, And most Economical. ONLY 8 CENTS. At all Druggists' and Grocers'. Every package warranted good and strong and true to name and the best on the market as well as the cheapest. 47

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

For Drains. Walton's 2 inch Draining Tiles at \$10.00 per 1000. Also, American Draining Tools For Sale Low. Walter Brown. Wolfville, May 23d, 1890.

Baird's Quinine & Iron Tonic! THIS preparation is invaluable as a restorative Tonic for all forms of DEBILITY and WEAKNESS, PALLOID, PALPITATION and DYSPEPSIA. It Purifies and Enriches the Blood, thus giving Tone and Vigor to the whole system. Enquire of your Dealer. Price 50 Cents.

We Don't Raise Our Hats! WHY? Because They Are ONE PRICE To All! That Price is Away Down. A Fine Lot of Straws to be sold Low. LADIES', GENTS', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S. COL'D HENRIETTA CLOTHS! IN NILE GREEN, TERRA COTTA, &c. These are Beautiful Goods, and Will be Sold Reasonable! One Case of Yarmouth Tweeds just received to exchange for Wool or Cash. CALDWELL, CHAMBERS, & Co. Wolfville, June 13th, 1890.

Best and Safest. The Ingredients of Which Moodily's Gerwau Bekin's Powker is compounded are reported by the Dominion Government's Analyst as the best and safest for manufacturing Baking Powder. For Sale! A very valuable Farm, situated near Port Williams, containing large orchard, tillage and pasture lands, with an inexhaustible supply of black mud. There are also in connection 20 acres of prime sylvan, 5 acres of meadow and 30 acres of wood-land. It is very pleasantly situated near churches, schools and markets. Must be sold on account of the subscriber's ill health. Further particulars gladly supplied on application. Jas. W. Masters, Church St., Cornwallis. J. L. MASTERS, Wolfville.

The Chute, Hall & Co. Organ! Yarmouth, N. S. BEST IN THE MARKET! Superior Quality. Popular Prices. Terms to Suit the Purchaser. B. O. DAVISON, AGENT. WOLFVILLE, N. S. Call or write for particulars.

BEATS OUR DOCTORS —AND— PIERCE'S INSTITUTION.

LOWER ECONOMY, June 25th, 1890. Mr J. B. Morton, Eridgetown, N. S.: DEAR SIR,—I hereby certify that I was troubled with Chronic Diarrhea for five years, which was brought on by liver and stomach trouble. During that time I had treatment from five doctors and a month's medicine from Pierce's Institution, Buffalo, all of which did me little or no good. Last November I commenced taking Dr Norton's Dock Blood Purifier, at which time I was unable to eat, and all of my food went to water, and had given up to die. I only used two bottles of the medicine and am now well and strong, and would highly recommend it to all who are affected as I was. Yours truly, CHARLES W. McLELLAN.

VOUCHED FOR. Of this case I am personally known to the facts and assure you that your medicine has done a great deal of good to many in this place. R. P. SOLEY, General Merchant, Lower Economy, N. S.

"Golden Eagle" FLOUR. Every barrel warranted. Selling very low. Ask for price. —AT— C. H. WALLACE'S. Will give you 13 cents for 12 lbs. Wolfville, July 4th, 1890.

Losses Paid Over \$5,800,000! —FOR— Life Insurance That Insures. Apply for membership in the Permanent, Progressive, Equitable, Reliable Northwestern Masonic Aid Association of Chicago, Ill. DANIEL J. AVERY, J. A. STODDARD, President, Secretary. J. B. DAVISON, Agent at Wolfville.

"CERES" SUPERPHOSPHATE! (The Complete Fertilizer) —MANUFACTURED AT THE— CHEMICAL FERTILIZER WORKS, HALIFAX, N. S. We offer for the TWELFTH SEASON the above celebrated and reliable brand of Fertilizer— THE OLD STANDARD. Buy no other. Jack & Bel, HALIFAX, N. S.

R. W. EATON Has in stock a very large assortment Stationery, School Books, Bibles, Poems, etc., also a choice lot of Fancy Goods, PICTURE & ROOM MOULDING. His stock of ROOM PAPER, comprising the choicest patterns ever shown here, will be complete next week. His prices are the lowest in the County. Kentville, March 5th, 1888. N. B.—Frames made at short notice and cheap for cash.

Best and Safest. The Ingredients of Which Moodily's Gerwau Bekin's Powker is compounded are reported by the Dominion Government's Analyst as the best and safest for manufacturing Baking Powder.

For Sale! A very valuable Farm, situated near Port Williams, containing large orchard, tillage and pasture lands, with an inexhaustible supply of black mud. There are also in connection 20 acres of prime sylvan, 5 acres of meadow and 30 acres of wood-land. It is very pleasantly situated near churches, schools and markets. Must be sold on account of the subscriber's ill health. Further particulars gladly supplied on application. Jas. W. Masters, Church St., Cornwallis. J. L. MASTERS, Wolfville.

Just Received! —AT THE— Wolfville Drug Store. A fine assortment of Confectionery suitable for the Anniversary Season. ON HAND, the usual assortment of Drugs, Fancy Goods, Essences, Perfumery, &c., &c. SODA WATER! With usual list of flavors, and the celebrated BRUCC BEER and GINER ALE. Give us a call. Geo. V. Rand, Wolfville, May 30th, 1890.

Bathing Drawers!

Tennis Shirts, Cricket Shirts, Black Lustre Coats, Flannel Coats, Seersucker Coats.

A Large Assortment of above Goods Just Opened at

C. H. Borden's, - - Wolfville.

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., JULY 11, 1890.

Local and Provincial.

Have you tried the new drink—Birch Beer—at Rand's?

THE NEW GOVERNOR.—M. B. Daly, ex M. P., of Halifax, has been appointed lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia in place of Hon. A. W. McLellan, deceased.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, WOLFVILLE.—On Sunday, July 13, there will be morning service at eleven and evening service at seven, in St. John's church. Seats free.

Choice Family Flour, Wheat Bran, Germ Meal, Corn Meal, R. PRAT.

PAINLESS EXTRACTION.—Wm A. Payant, dentist, has lately purchased the right to use the well-known Dr Esterbrook method for the Painless Extraction of Teeth. All teeth extracted absolutely without pain or charge.

Wire Fencing, for sale low, by WALTER BROWN.

SHAD.—Our fishermen have been taking shad in quite large numbers this week. Some of the weirs are making good catches and the owners are encouraged to hope that the shad fishing will yet be a profitable industry.

Lime, Bricks, Calcine Plaster and Portland Cement at 43 S. R. SLEEP'S.

CHOICE BUTTER.—We have always on hand Choice Butter, made by the best makers in Kings Co. We can supply our customers with any quantity either Prints, Rolls of Tubs for 20 cents per pound. CALDWELL, CAMBERS & Co.

K. D. C. at G. H. Wallace's.

THE HALIFAX.—The steamship Halifax, on her last trip to and from Boston carried 500 passengers. This steamer is fast becoming well known to the travelling public as her passenger lists prove the popularity of the route and steamer.

IMPROVEMENT.—The street commissioners have put a new stone bridge in the side-walk near the residence of Mr Joseph Jones. The bridge is a great improvement over the one that has been doing service there. The sidewalk is also otherwise improved.

500 Hackmatack Posts, for sale low, WALTER BROWN.

A FLAG.—The pupils of our public school are collecting money to procure a Dominion flag to hoist over the school-house on holidays. A paper is being circulated and when we saw it quite a large amount had been subscribed. The project is a good one and the children should be encouraged.

K. D. C. at G. H. Wallace's.

BUILDING.—Mr E. W. Sawyer is about erecting a fine residence for himself on the property which he recently purchased on School street. It will be an ornament to that part of the town.—Rev. Mr Donovan is getting ready to build his newly acquired property in the eastern part of the town. The foundation is now being got ready.

Johnson's Quick Drying Floor Paints, for sale by WALTER BROWN.

DEATH OF MRS HOWE.—Mrs Howe, widow of the late Hon. Joseph Howe, died at 11 o'clock on Sunday last. Mrs Howe was a daughter of Capt. John McNab and was born in Newfoundland. When quite young she came with her father to McNab's Island where she lived until her marriage in 1828. Mrs Howe was 84 years old.

K. D. C. at G. H. Wallace's.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.—The officers of Wolfville Division for current quarter were regularly installed last Monday evening by Deputy, Burpee Witter, and are as follows:

- M. P.—K. E. Bishop, W. A.—Miss Ella Patriquin, R. S.—C. A. Patriquin, A. H. S.—Miss Bessie Abbott, F. S.—Martin Pick, Tress.—Miss Bertha Sleep, Chap.—Miss Annie Coldwell, Cant.—Miss Greene, A. C.—Edward Blackadder, I. S.—Edward Murphy, O. S.—Walter Wallace, P. W. P.—G. H. Patriquin.

The interest is being well kept up for the summer season and good work is being done by the Division.

Wholesome and invigorating Spa Springs Ginger Ale at R. PRAT'S.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed

Strawberries.

Arriving daily, a liberal supply of the finest strawberries in the market. Large fruit, large measure, honest packing. Leave your orders with us. Satisfaction guaranteed.

TEA!

"Banner Chop" and "Our Special Blend" @ 40c are "intensely pleasing to our patrons." Also, those 3 and 5 lb canisters, the neatest package and best value ever offered here. Our 1lb and 25c brands are marvels of cheapness. We buy from direct importers.

COFFEES!

PURE JAVA @ 40 Cents. STANDARD @ 45 Cents. Ground to order.

Also "Standard Java and Mocha," in 2lb tins, are rich and rare value, sure to please.

OATS. OATS.

1000 BUS. CHOICE HERE NOW. Bring bags.

We have been appointed agents for the celebrated

"ROYAL BELFAST" GINGER ALE and "SPADEAU" MINERAL WATER. Try them.

13 Cents for Eggs.

R. PRAT.

Wolfville, July 4, 1890.

Gaspereau.

This place is still growing. Mr Gertride is again building. This time it is a barn. Mr Robert Davidson is erecting a similar structure on his recently acquired lot—a prophecy of a house by and by.

Mr Jehiel Martin, of the barrel factory reputation, has the frame of a large building already up—indicative of an increasing business. Mr George Davidson has two hands engaged in barrel making. Gaspereau is preparing for a large demand in that line. The apple trees do not at present give so large a promise as when they were in bloom. It is doubtful if the crop be above the average.

The crops are looking well for the season, but cucumbers are not likely to be as good as they were last year.

Not long ago you told your readers of a cat belonging to Mr Jno. Vaughan that was rearing a milk Really said: Much refreshed by our request we repaired to the wharf. By this time the fog had cleared away. We secured some boats and embarked for a sail. We enjoyed ourselves in this way for several hours. When we returned the heavy clouds threatened rain, but it turned out to be little more than a mist.

Our attention was now turned to some amusement in the sporting line, which consisted of 100 yards dashes, high kicking, running high jumping, and perhaps the most exciting was a hotly contested tug of war, which lasted for several minutes without much sign of advantage on either side.

The heat on the programme was a short game of baseball. We now began to think it was supper time. So conducting ourselves accordingly, we soon found ourselves enjoying the contents of the once well filled baskets.

Almost before we realized it, our minds being filled with pleasure, we discovered the hour was late. Reluctantly we prepared our teams and retraced our steps for home, feeling that the day had been a pleasant one and hoping that again it might be our good fortune to spend another day under similar circumstances.

K. D. C. at G. H. Wallace's.

Basket Sociable.

The Free Christian Baptists of Hall's Harbor had a Basket Sociable on the 5th inst. at Race Point, for the purpose of raising funds to repair their meeting house. A short notice having been given, few, except those living near the place, knew of it. The baskets were sold at auction, and the purchaser secured the right of sharing the contents of the basket he bought with the lady who had filled it. The baskets sold for sums ranging from 75 cents to \$3.00 and the whole sum realized was \$68 70.

The Race Point is a piece of much attraction on account of its situation on Minas Channel, where the water is of a bluish tint, and so clear that fish can be seen swimming at a depth of twenty feet. In the distance is Spencer's Island, the Indians' "Glooscap" and Scot's Bay, which is divided into two parts by Cape Split, the one forming a beautiful sheet of water, twenty miles in circuit, and the other the narrow channel leading into Minas Basin. From Cape Split round to Blomidon numerous minerals are to be found, chief among which is the beautiful purple amethyst.

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.

Minard's Liniment for Rheumatism.

To Cure DYSPEPSIA

AND INDIGESTION,

Dress Goods!

I have placed on my counter

25 PIECES!

DRESS GOODS!

Which must be sold at a great sacrifice, some splendid designs.

13c per yard for 10c, 18c per yard for 14c, 20c for 16 cents.

Don't fail to call and examine them as the sale will last but 10 DAYS; after then they will if not sold be placed at regular prices.

O. D. HARRIS,

Glasgow House,

WOOL AND EGGS WANTED IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Wolfville, July 3d, 1890.

75 HATS!

FIFTY CENTS EACH!

RYAN'S.

Black and Brown Fur and Wool Feet. Regular prices from \$1.00 to \$2.50.

SEE THEM AT ONCE! "We live to do good."

Store closes at 6 o'clock, p. m., Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Kentville, June 5th, 1890.

PICTURES FRAMED!

At Away Down Prices. New Lot Moulding Just Received. All Grades. Latest Styles. CAUTION.

Don't order frames from agents, but stop and think. Is it likely that a man will spend time and money going over the county twice and charge nothing extra for it? Bring your pictures to us and we will only charge for the moulding and glass used, and quote you prices that you CAN'T BEAT. We are now framing pictures for about half what it cost three years ago. Call early and take advantage of our prices.

ROCKWELL & CO., Wolfville Bookstore. Wolfville, July 11th, 1890.

NOTICE.

To Our Subscribers.

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

Married.

ANGUS—BEATON.—In the Methodist church, Horton, by the Rev. Cranwick Jost, M. A., on the 2d inst, Mr Frank M. Angus, and Miss Beatrice J. Beaton, both of Wolfville.

or Money Refunded.

FLOUR, MEAL, MIDDINGS, BRAN, &c., Wholesale and Retail, for Cash.

HOWERS, WHEELRAKES, &c. Terms to suit.

FOR SALE OR TO LET: A ten-acre Lot of Land east of J. B. Davison's. Enquire of

Johnson H. Bishop. Wolfville, June 18th, 1889. 3m

DRESSMAKING!

MISS F. E. DAVISON respectfully announces to her friends and the public that she has resumed Dressmaking in Wolfville and for the present taken rooms at Mr Fred. Woodworth's, next door south of the Methodist church. Having practised the system of cutting known as the Magic Scale for several years with perfect success, she feels assured that she will be able to please the most fastidious. Lessons given in cutting and fitting by the Magic Scale system and charts furnished at reasonable terms. Wolfville, May 14th, 1890.

E. C. BISHOP'S GROCERY.

NEARLY OPPOSITE AMERICAN HOUSE.

Don't forget that we have moved back to the old stand, one door west of the Acadian office.

WE WANT TO SEE

1000 OF OUR OLD FRIENDS!

EVERY DAY.

F. J. PORTER, Manager.

Wolfville, June 13th, 1890.

Big Cash Sales For ONE MONTH!

--A T--

Burpee Witter's!

COMMENCING ON—

MONDAY, JULY 7TH,

20 PER CENT DISCOUNT

WILL BE GIVEN ON

READY MADE CLOTHING!

Embracing a large stock of Child's, Boys' Youth's and Men's Summer Suits, and Cloths in Worsteds, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, and 500 Yards of Nova Scotia Cloths.

ALSO!

A discount of 10 per cent. will be given on Dry Goods in every department and Millinery.

Wolfville, July 24, 1890.

WHITE BRONZE MONUMENT Co.

Manufacturers of Monuments, Tablets, Statuary, Church Tablets, Vases, Graves, Trimings, &c., &c. The above are guaranteed not to become moss grown, discolored with age and not to crack with frost. All inscriptions being in raised letters, will remain legible. There is but one grade of metal used, and not containing iron in any form can not rust. Are endorsed by scientists. Sales in Canada last season were over 50 per cent of previous years. In the United States there are six large establishments for the manufacture of the above, in which over 20 large soldiers' monuments were made in 1889, ranging in price from \$1,000 to \$6,000, besides a large number of family monuments and other cemetery work. Prices depend on size and style. For prices and terms apply to the Agent for King's and Annapolis Cos.: Represented in Charlotte C., N. B.; also in King's and Annapolis Cos., N. S., by James V. Cook, Care ROCKWELL & CO., Stationers, Wolfville, N. S.

NOW IS YOUR TIME!

To get full sets of Standard Works at an amazingly low price. These sets are without doubt the

Finest Cheap Editions made, either American or Foreign, and are largely illustrated with superior woodcuts.

- Carlyle's complete works (10 vols) \$7 00
- Thackeray's do (10 vols) 5 00
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- Hudson's complete Shake-speare (6 vols) 5 50
- Scott's Waverley Novels (24 vols) 5 75
- Hume's History of Eng. (6 vols) 2 50

The cash must accompany the order. Books will be delivered at any point in the city free of charge. Address

Knowles' Bookstore, A. M. Hoare, Manager, COR. GEORGE & GRANVILLE STS., 29-41 HALIFAX, N. S.

Dr BARBS

May be consulted professionally at his residence near the Episcopal Church. Wolfville, December 19th, '89.

Money to Loan!

MONEY TO LOAN on mortgage in sums of \$200 and upwards. Apply to

E. Sidney Crawley, Wolfville, June 20th, '90. 1m

DON'T RISK YOUR LIFE

WITH AN OLD HARNESS!

WHEN YOU CAN GET A NEW ONE. At Patriquin's FOR \$15.00.

