

THE ACADIAN

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS.

DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE

Vol. VI.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1886.

No. 3

THE ACADIAN.

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Local advertising at ten cents per line for every insertion, unless by special arrangement for standing notices.

Rates for standing advertisements will be made known on application to the office, and payment on transient advertising must be guaranteed by some responsible party prior to its insertion.

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

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

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

Legal Decisions.

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PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.

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Churches.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. R. B. Ross, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 10.30 p. m. Sabbath School at 11 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Wednesday at 7.30 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 7.30 p. m. Prayer Meetings on Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. and Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Wilson, Pastor—Service every Sabbath at 11.00 a. m. and 7.00 p. m. Sabbath School at 9.30 a. m. Prayer Meeting on Thursday at 7.30 p. m.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, (Episcopal)—Rev. J. G. Ringles, Rector—Service every Sunday at 3 p. m. Sunday School at 10 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.
J. B. DAVISON, Secretary.

Oddfellows.

"ORPHANS" LODGE, I. O. O. F., meets in Oddfellows' Hall, on Tuesday of each week, at 8 o'clock p. m.

Temperance.

WOLFVILLE DIVISION of T. meets every Monday evening in their Hall, Wither's Block, at 8 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. G. T., meets every Saturday evening in Music Hall at 7.50 o'clock.

OUR JOB ROOM

IS SUPPLIED WITH

THE LATEST STYLES OF TYPE

JOB PRINTING

—OF—

Every Description

DONE WITH

NEATNESS, CHEAPNESS, AND

PUNCTUALITY.

The **ACADIAN** will be sent to any part of Canada or the United States for \$1.00 in advance. We make no extra charge for United States subscriptions when paid in advance.

DIRECTORY

Business Firms of WOLFVILLE

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

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

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

BISHOP, B. G.—Painter, and Dealer in Paints and Painter's Supplies.

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

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

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

DAVISON BROS.—Printers and Publishers.

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

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

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

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

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

MONTYRE A.—Boot and Shoe Maker.

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

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

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

REDDEN, A. C. CO.—Dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing Machines.

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

WOOD, A. B.—Manufacturer of all styles of light and heavy Carriages and Sleighs. Painting and Repairing a specialty.

RAND, G. V.—Drugs, and Fancy Goods.

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

SHAW, J. M.—Barber and Tobacco Dealer.

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

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

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

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

CARDS.

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

JOHN W. WALLACE,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.
Also General Agent for FIRE and LIFE INSURANCE.
WOLFVILLE N. S.

J. WESTON
Merchant Tailor,
WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Money to Loan!
The subscriber has money in hand for investment on first-class real estate security. Good farm properties in Horton and Cornwallis preferred.
Wolfville, Oct. 9, A. D. 1885.
E. SIDNEY CRAWLEY.

Carriages & Sleighs
MADE, PAINTED, and REPAIRED
At Shortest Notice, at
A. B. ROOD'S.
Wolfville, N. S.

D. W. Moody's Tailor System for DRESS CUTTING.
Price of one system with instructions \$5.00, or \$2.00 and one month's work at dress making. For particulars apply to
E. Knowles,
Wolfville, April 21st

Select Poetry.

WEE?

I cannot tell why God should send into
My life
The bitter sweet;
Nor do I know why toir and strife,
My hopes defeat.

I know not why this weary aching
My heart should feel;
I only know, in dreams or waking,
Life seems too real.

I cannot tell why fond affection
Should sooth grow cold,
Or why the friends we love and cherish
Are quickly told.

I only know some hearts are trusting
And fail to find
The love which knows no change or
Trusting—
Pure gold, refined.

Ah, weary heart, wherever hidden,
In age or youth,
Sad March comes to each unbidden;
But God is truth.

We know not why His wisdom sendeth
Each sorrow down;
But patience, prayerful, calm endurance
Will win a crown.

Trusting henceforth His love and mercy
Our hearts will cry,
Dear Father, send us hope and strength—
Thou knowest why.

Interesting Story.

A NIGHT IN AN INDIAN CANOE.

—A STORY OF ACADIA.

"Read that again, Andrew Bourgo, and read it in French," said one of a group of a hardy-looking, excited men, gathered around a large willow-tree in the front yard of a wayside inn, in the dreary Acadian village of Mines Nova Scotia, in the year 1744.

This village was on the road that led from Port Royal to Halifax, and about five miles distant from the older French Acadian settlement of Grand Pre. The man addressed, equipped for a journey, stood in the doorway of the inn.

He was the Notary of Mines, and a man of importance in the country. Hitting the bride of his horse to a post of the low, shed-like stoop that fronted the inn, he walked directly up to the old tree and read in a strong, military tone of voice and in good French, the Royal Proclamation,—for such it was,—and then, without request or a word of comment, re-read in equally good English:

"We do hereby promise, with the advice and consent of His Majesty's Council, a reward of One Hundred Pounds for every male Indian above the age of sixteen; for a scalp of such male Indian, Eighty Pounds; for every Indian woman or child, dead or alive, Fifty Pounds; God save the King."

When he had ceased reading, the men talked earnestly among themselves, but no one noticed the Notary, and he walked back to the inn.

As he stepped upon the stoop, he was met by several young girls, who had been attracted from their homes near by to read the notice on the tree, and one of them immediately addressed him with,—

"Grandire, will our people kill the Indians for the reward?"

"Why not, daughter?" asked the Notary.

"Because it is cruel, and the Indians are our friends," said the maiden.

"Madrine, said the Notary, with a tinge of sadness in his voice, "you are a child, and do not understand that many things are cruel which must of necessity be done. These red rascals are themselves cruel and not trustworthy. It was only last Saturday night that they killed several people at Port Royal."

"Grandire," persisted the maiden, "the people they killed were English. I do not like the English, and they do not like us. They are hard masters; they take cruel ways. They rid themselves of human beings as they would of wolves. Our people had better trust themselves to the friendship of the Indians than the English."

"Prut, daughter! You do not talk wisely," said the Notary. The English have good reason to revenge themselves on these savages, and we Acadians may as well take a hand in the hunt, especially when so much money can be gained by obeying the King's proclamation. Many a house in Grand Pre and Mines will be furnished with the price of scalps before the snow flies. Your own goodly-built little farmhouse, Madrine, may be furnished for your wedding-day much sooner than you expect by a lucky catch or steady shot. Baptiste Doucet is a brave lad,

and has the best long-range musket in the country."

The blood came to the cheeks of the maiden, and her lips curled, as she said, "It is not brave to kill women and children, and to go into my house, nor to him, if one shilling paid for such murders helped to furnish it, or went into his pocket."

Away down in his heart the old Notary evidently liked the spirit evinced by his granddaughter, for he said not a word in reply to this indignant protest, but stooped and kissed the cheek that had crimsoned at the mention of her lover's name, and mounting his horse, was soon out of sight on the long, dangerous road that led to Port Royal. Few men at that time could have made this journey in safety.

But this man was both trusted and feared, and thus sheltered, he rode fearlessly into the dark forest and the coming night.

Madrine Bourgo left her companions and walked rapidly and alone to her home. She was mistress of her father's house. Her mother had been dead some years. Her father had not married again, and she was the only child.

It was near sunset; the weather was raw and chilly, and she built a fire of dry logs on the broad fireplace, and as its mellow blaze curled around the logs and roared up the wide chimney, she stopped her work and gazed intently into it. The ruddy light fell full upon her form and face, and the last hot words spoken at the inn repeated themselves in every lineament.

As she stood with her bare, brown arms on the top of a straight-backed kitchen chair, and the mellow light of the fire flushing her sharp-lined, expressive face, she was beautiful,—this Acadian maiden of eighteen years,—but it was not the beauty of culture.

It was the beauty of the shapely, clean-limbed forest tree, and the curling, foaming mountain stream. Hers was a wild beauty, and there was reason for it.

When but five years old she had been captured by the Micmac Indians, and had lived with them till she was fifteen. And now her thoughts were of that free life and wild people, and the crackling camp-fire that she had unconsciously built was a medium of communication with that past existence.

But her reverie was short, for her father soon came into the house with Baptiste Doucet, her betrothed husband. Receiving them with her accustomed greetings, she set about her household duties, and the supper was soon ready. At the table neither of them spoke of the proclamation on the tree. Madrine was surprised at this, and during the evening tried to get some opportunity to speak with Baptiste alone, for she wanted to tell him of the talk with her grandfather. But the men seemed more than usually occupied with business affairs, and Baptiste went away much earlier than was his custom on such visits, and Madrine and her father separated for the night without a word upon the subject.

Alone in her neat little sleeping-room, she thought long and earnestly of the erely to be practised upon the people who had been to her like her own for so many years, and she decided to tell her feelings freely to Baptiste on the morrow.

Early in the morning her father was up and preparing for a journey, telling Madrine he was going to Port Royal on business that would keep him from home three days. Madrine asked no questions, for her father often had business away from home. Nor was she surprised when he took from his place on the deer-horns over the door the long-barrelled French musket, and drawing out the partridge charge, loaded it with a bullet, and filled the great powder-horn with powder and a leather pouch with bullets; for this was the season for shooting moose and deer, and she knew there were twenty miles of unbroken forest on his purposed journey.

These preparations completed, Jean Bourgo bade his daughter be mindful of the house and herself, and kissing her, mounted his strong horse and rode rapidly away, Madrine watching him till he passed out of sight beyond the willow-trees that lined the roadway.

Expecting Baptiste would be in during the forenoon, and thus cheered from her father's absence, she went about her work. But noon came, and no sign of Baptiste. Alarmed at this, she inquired of a neighbor passing, and learned that a party of horsemen from Port Royal had gone through the village early in the morning, and that her father and Baptiste had joined them. It was at this place and with people she had lived the last three years of her Indian life, and she thought that they were to be killed like wolves for a reward, and by her own father and betrothed husband, was hard to endure.

With a sad, indignant heart she shut herself in the house, and sat down by the flax-wheel in front of the window that faced the Basin of Minas—a broad bay into which the high tides of the Bay of Fundy flow with great rapidity. The house was near the shore, and directly across to the northward the Indian village of Chincotou stood, twenty miles distant by water, but by land a two-days' journey.

She sat long at the window looking out on the blue waters of the Basin, and across it to the Indian village. The tide was flowing majestically over the broad flats, and creeping noiselessly up the perpendicular banks of its more rugged shores. It was now three o'clock. All day the sun had shone with the brightness of summer, and over the surface of the water there rose an invisible mist, through which, in the clear, dry autumnal atmosphere, the opposite shore of the Basin and the blue bluff of Blomidon appeared much nearer than they really were.

Madrine's practised eye saw the high lands of the Indian village, and the blue smoke curling up from the wig-wag fires. How far away it was she did not know, but as she looked long upon it, and thought of what another day would bring upon the unsuspecting inhabitants, she knew that it never had seemed half so near as now. A shadow came over her face, as she rose from the window, and a look of determination in her eyes.

Had she formed a purpose?

If she had, it found no expression in words.

There was a little sheltered cove on the margin of the shore near the house, and under a rough shed lay a small bark canoe that had been bought of the Indians by her father, and Madrine had been allowed to indulge in this occupation and pastime of the wild, free life of her childhood. She was an expert paddler, and was often seen on the waters of the beautiful Gaspeaux or far out on the blue Basin.

Hastily walking to this cove, and turning over the canoe, she carefully examined the seams on the bottom and sides, rubbed the whole surface of the bottom with a piece of tallow, and leaving it in that position, returned to the house. She was alone and unquestioned, and no one knew why she did this. Nor did any one know why the cows were milked and the farm-stock fed and housed an hour earlier than usual. Nor why she raked the fire, as was the custom for the night, just at sunset, let down the white curtain to the only window in her little bedroom, and walked slowly down to the shore where the canoe lay.

The tide was at the flood, and much higher than usual. This Madrine knew to be the sign of an approaching storm, and she knew too that the ebbing of the tide would be swifter on account of it. Seizing the canoe as if it were a play-boat, she launched it at once, and seating herself on the ash crossbar, paddled leisurely out on the placid water, that now lapped the land far above its highest mark, and lay lazily in the bed of the wide, wooded embowment of the Basin, waiting the mysterious impulse that presently should set it flowing like a broad river out into the ocean beyond.

To observers from the land, the little canoe and its occupant were as lifeless of purpose as the waiting water. Far out from the shore she floated regardless of the deepening shadows that fell along the high headlands, and darkened the little bays, and crept slowly out over the broad water. Darker and darker, till the venture-

some craft could no longer be seen from the shore, and the mysterious impulse had been communicated to the water, and it was slowly moving, like a great glacier, onward to the sea.

Then the paddle turned the bow of the canoe in the direction of the tide, and the paddler looked at the shadowy land behind her, unwound from her head a silk scarf and tied it tightly about her loins, fixed her face upon the high hills of the opposite shore, laid down the paddle she had been using, and taking a broader-bladed one from its rack behind her, plied it with strong, steady strokes.

On over the tide and with the tide the lithesome thing sped, like a thing of life. Two hours of unslack speed, and the moon rose, large and red, like the morning sun. Laying down the paddle, Madrine looked at the broad highway of rosy, shimmering light it threw along the water, and back upon the dim outline of the land she had left, now dotted with lights from farmhouse windows, listened to the echo of the roar of the distant surf, and felt the presage of the coming storm. Then taking the paddle she had laid aside for the larger one at the commencement, she propelled the little craft over the dim water till under the shadow of Blomidon she rested again.

The moon had been shadowed by gray belts of mist near the horizon, and now hid itself behind a heavy bank of black clouds. Darkness settled over the water. Beyond the cliff and in the channel the distant roar of the troubled sea was preluding the coming storm. Over the bow of the canoe appeared white-crested billows and roaring, seething water, caused by the tide from down the Basin and the tide from up the Basin meeting, like the sides of a wedge, and forming into one current, that rushed out by the rugged rocks of Blomidon, foaming and eddying like a mighty river escaping from a cataract.

To be Continued.

Making Sweet Songs.

Who has not been awakened from his sleep in the early morning hours by some party of home-going revellers singing, "Way down upon the Swanee River"? The melodious music which invades the half-roused, seems like a dream, and the dreamer does not resist it. He closes his eyes again to listen—motionless. He has heard the old song many times before; he can anticipate every word and note; there is no novelty in it for him, but he is not provoked at being awakened. He listens dreamily, and lets the music bring to him thoughts of home—not the home of his manhood, made happy by wife and children, but the dream home of his childhood, where mother was.

The old song never grows old. Everybody sings it and everybody loves to hear it sung. No matter at what time or place its music rises, there will be found a respectful audience. Not even the street gamin will cry, "Cheese it!" He instinctively respects the song of home without knowing why.

There stood in the city of Pittsburg, forty years ago, a cottage at No. 31 Pearl Street. It was a cozy home, with vine-covered windows and broad hearthstone. It was the home of Charles P. Shiras and his mother, familiarly known to her friends as "Aunt Becky Shiras." Charles Shiras had two particular friends of his own age, Stephen Foster and John Hull. These men had been companions from boyhood, and death alone broke off their friendship.

Shiras was a literary genius. He was well-educated, brilliant, and possessed of a fertile, active mind. He was ambitious and animated by the noblest purposes. For some years and at the time of his death, he was connected with the *Pittsburg Commercial Journal*. All his literary work was full of merit, and many of his productions gained wide attention. He published two small volumes of poems, the best known of which are *Dollars and Dimes*, *Redemption of Labor*, and *The Iron City*. These he considered his best works, but he strangely refused to acknowledge the authorship of the beautiful songs which would have given his name, with that of Foster, world-wide fame. He erred in his judgment of the effect they would produce, and

in his ambition for higher flight, considered them childish and foolish.

Foster was a musician and composer. His soul was full of the poetry of sound. He had a fine effeminate face, and his nature was as soft and yielding as a maiden's. He was a dreamer, often sad and melancholy; and every bar of his simple, beautiful music is marked with the characteristics of his nature. He found close sympathy in the fine poetic mind of Shiras, and both found sympathy and encouragement in the more rugged and aggressive nature of their mutual friend Hull.

Hull was a mechanic; working for his daily bread from his earliest boyhood. Unlike his friends, he had no education, but the circumstances of his life gave him strong good sense and clear judgment. He was a lover of the beautiful, and he found much to admire in his friends Shiras and Foster. He had a musical voice, and Foster, who could not sing, taught him music. He had a retentive memory, and from Shiras he learned much literature. He became the critic of the production of both his friends, and his judgment of a poem or song was to them all-sufficient.

And so a beautiful friendship existed between these three in boyhood, in youth, and until their early manhood, when Shiras died.

They were together all their leisure time, and "many happy hours they squandered" in Aunt Becky Shiras's little back parlor. It was here that Shiras, in his resting moments, wrote those beautiful songs to please his friend, Foster; it was here that Foster composed music for them to please himself and his friend Hull; and it was here that Hull sang for them for the pleasure of all.

The first song they published was *Uncle Ned*. Foster sold it to a Pittsburg house for \$100. With this money, he purchased a small piano and placed it in Aunt Becky Shiras's little parlor. And on this little piano was afterwards played music which has gone around the world. *Old Uncle Ned* made its appearance about the year 1850, and immediately became popular. Within three years later Shiras and Foster together produced *Old Folks at Home*; *Sarahannah*, *Don't You Cry*; *Gentle Annie*; *Hard Times Come Again No More*; *My Old Kentucky Home*; *Mama's in the Coll*; *Cold Ground*; *Old Dog Tray*; *Willie*; *We Have Missed You*; *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming*; and others fully as popular.

It is certain that Shiras wrote the lines of nearly all these songs, except *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming*. Foster was willing and anxious to share their authorship with his friend Shiras; but the latter often laughingly told Foster that he was welcome to all the reputation he would get from their publication.

Poor Shiras died when he was twenty years old, before he dreamed that the songs which he had written in an idle fancy, as a mere pastime, would live in every home in the Christian world. Mrs. Jane Swishelm wrote his obituary. He left a young wife and a girl baby. This baby is now a buxom mother of babies. She is the wife of Capt. J. H. Morris, of Pittsburg.

Foster lived some years after the death of his friend. He went to New York city, where he died in 1864. He was widely known and very popular. His funeral was attended largely by the literary, theatrical and musical classes. A chorus of voices sang over his grave, *Come Where My Love Lies Dreaming*.

Aunt Becky Shiras who so often scolded "the boys" for staying up late at night, and making so much noise in her back parlor, has passed away. And so has John Hull, who first started good Aunt Becky with the rattling rhythm of *Old Uncle Ned*, and nothing but her with the melody of *Massa's in the Cold*, *Cold Ground*.

All are dead. But their music will live as long as there are homes. It has been said of John Howard Payne that Christians and Mohammedans alike wept over his distant grave; that the whole world did him honor, and that his countrymen built to his memory a monument simply because he had written one song of home. But sweet Home, a heart sings of Home, *When Heaven*, *And shall the memory of him who wrote the one so more revered than the other? All honor to the gentle heroes who made it possible to weep in song of home—Payne, Shiras, and Foster.*

THE ACADIAN

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

THE ACADIAN

WOLFVILLE, N. S., SEPT. 3, 1886

VACATION RAMBLINGS

Monday morning we proceeded to Acadia Iron Mines. This place is entirely different from what we had anticipated.

This is evidently not an aesthetic place as a great amount of smoke is constantly arising from the Coke Ovens.

We have often heard of the London-derry Iron Works, but we had no idea of their magnitude till we personally visited them.

The further the work is prosecuted the more abundant the ore appears. This ore is conveyed to the place of smelting by train.

The Cape Breton farmers this year have succeeded in having a good average crop of grain, while the oat and barley crop are excellent.

The following are the officers of the Maritime Baptist Association for the ensuing year: Arthur Simpson, P. E. I., president; Wm. Vaughan, St. Martin's, A. P. Sland, Windsor, vice-presidents;

To be Continued.

EDITORIAL NOTES

The Sea-serpent has again been reported off the coast and a reward offered for its capture.

Printers as a general rule can't be beat. A boot-black a few weeks ago jumped from the East River bridge and made himself all at once famous in dime shows.

The recent challenge of the owner of the British yacht Galatea to an ocean race to be commenced ten days after the International race, has found no takers on this side the water.

For the past few weeks we have had to record a succession of heavy storms, doing much damage both at sea and on land.

Some years ago a cheese factory was built at Lower Horton and successfully operated for a time; but owing to some difficulty it was closed down and the building and plant was sold and taken away.

As yet we have heard nothing about a fire company being started. In our last issue we endeavored to show that the expense of organizing and equipping a company would be small, and that the direct advantage to all those owning consumable property would be great.

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GOSSIPY ITEMS

CLEANED FROM VARIOUS SOURCES. Diphtheria is prevalent in Lunenburg.

Springhill is agitating for incorporation.

Mr Gladstone, has gone to Germany on a three weeks' vacation.

Another valuable gold lead has been discovered at Chester Basin.

A total eclipse of the sun took place last Sunday. We did not see it!

Forest fires are raging in New Brunswick and are causing much damage.

England defeated the American team at polo in Newport, R. I. last week.

Mrs James Taylor, of Berwick, celebrated her 16th birthday on Wednesday last.

Duncan Campbell, author of a History of Nova Scotia, died at his residence in Halifax last week.

The Halifax street railway is rapidly nearing completion. It will be quite a boon to the travelling public.

Windsor is going to have a fire alarm. With this, and her excellent water service, insurance risks will become quite cheap.

Editor Cutting, who has been under arrest by the Mexican authorities, after a month's imprisonment has been released.

The Woodville Sugar Refinery, Dartmouth, is at present under financial difficulties, but it is thought it will only be temporarily.

The Irish lacrosse team have not been very successful on this side of the Atlantic. They were badly beaten by the Ottawa team recently.

So far the Nova Scotia Contingent at the Rideau Rifle Range, Ottawa, are doing well, and so far have taken off some of the first prizes.

The British corvette Diamond took possession, in the name of the crown, of the Kermadec islands, in the South Pacific ocean, on the first of August.

The Allan steamer Nova Scotian while coming up Halifax Harbor on Saturday morning, ran into the schooner Bertha and succeeded in injuring the schooner a good deal, and in fact was very nearly cutting her in two.

The Scott Act prosecutor in Prince County, P. E. I., is making it warm for the liquor dealers. By the noise made about the streets late on last Saturday night King's county prosecuting officers had better be on the job.

Every province in the Dominion is represented at the Dominion Rifle Association matches which commenced in Ottawa on Monday last. A strong team from Nova Scotia are there, and no doubt will show up in their usual good manner.

Rev. James C. Beecher, of Coscob, Conn., brother of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, committed suicide one day last week by shooting himself with a rifle. He had been suffering with a severe mental trouble for a number of years.

The Marine Trade Bulletin gives currency to a rumor that the Canadian Pacific railway is negotiating for the purchase of the works of the Steel Company of Canada at Londonderry, the idea being to manufacture its own rails, wheels, etc. This is good news, if true.

The brigade goes into camp at Abershot on the 7th inst. It will consist this year of the 6th Col. Starratt, the 7th Col. Parker and part of the 78th from Truro and Windsor. Capt. Ryan's troop of King's cavalry will also go into camp. The 75th were to be at Abershot, but have obtained permission to drill at headquarters.

Since Graham made the successful attempt to go through the whirlpool rapids, any quantity of cranks have turned up, and will do likewise. A Boston expoliceman, with a cork vest on made a successful attempt and was taken out of the water unconscious. He says he would not try it again for any money, let alone the \$1000 he got for doing it.

The returns to the candidates for grade "B" license at the recent teacher's examination in Halifax have been sent out. There were fourteen applicants for that license, and not one of them has been successful in obtaining it! Thirteen of the number, however, proved themselves sufficiently proficient to receive "C" and the other was awarded "D." Nine of the recipients of grade "C" previously held that license.

Owing to ill health, Rev. T. Watson Smith has been compelled to relinquish the editorship of the Wesleyan. Rev. John McMurtry at present ably fills his place. It is rumored that at the meeting of the General Conference, now in session in Toronto, a move will be made to have the Wesleyan moved to St. John, N. B., and be printed there, and that Rev. Mr. Lathern, D. D., will be asked to take the editorship of the same.

THE RIVER ST. JOHN, N. B.

Continued.

The morning which I had chosen for a visit to Fredericton broke bright and clear, and at 8.30, a. m., I found myself at Indiantown, about two miles from the city, the landing place of the river steamers.

The David Weston, the finest steamer on the river, lay here at her moorings. Her engines were moving restlessly as if impatient to be off. At 9 a. m. the captain is at his place on the hurricane deck.

Windsor is going to have a fire alarm. With this, and her excellent water service, insurance risks will become quite cheap.

The British corvette Diamond took possession, in the name of the crown, of the Kermadec islands, in the South Pacific ocean, on the first of August.

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

Owing to my Increased Sales during the Summer Months, I have been obliged to purchase the above amount of NEW GOODS. My stock is now complete. All Old Goods at 20 per cent Discount.

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

IMPORTANT INFORMATION: WE have a large and carefully selected Stock! WE will trade with you for all kinds of marketable produce!

Please Read this Carefully. Beautiful Stock of DRESS GOODS in the following fabrics: Jersey Trico, Amure, Chuddas, Taffeta, Bigges, Nun's Cloth, Cashmere, black and colored.

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

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

LIGHT DRESS GOODS Lace Bunting, Lace Striped Piques, Muslin and Satens.

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

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

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

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

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

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM. A BOON IN LIFE INSURANCE! The Canada Mutual Aid Association!

MISS HITCHENS begs to announce to the young ladies and children of Wolfville that she intends giving a series of entertainments, consisting of Cantatas and choruses.

NOTICE. James Kerr would inform the people of Wolfville and vicinity that he has opened a shop over J. M. Shaw's Barber Shop, where he is prepared to make and repair BOOTS and SHOES of every description.

A FACT WORTH KNOWING!

MILNE & CHRISTIE, Fashionable Tailors, have just received direct from England a complete variety of all kinds of Tread Trouserings & Diagonals, etc.

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

1886 SPRING 1886

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

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

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

Farming Implements: A large variety of Manure Forks, Shovels, Hay and Garden Forks, Scythes, Bird Cages in variety and prices to suit purchasers.

S. R. SLEEP. Wolfville, April 2d, 1886

B. G. B. Better Go to Bishop's - FOR YOUR - LEADS, OILS, GLASS, VARNISHES, -&c.,

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

B. C. BISHOP, (30-4-86-14) Main Street, Wolfville.

WOLFVILLE REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM, GOUT, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, BRUISES, SCALDS, BURNS, SCORCHINGS, CONSTRUCTION OF THE MUSCLES

C. C. RICHARDS & CO. SOLE PROPRIETORS. It is an invaluable Hair Renewer and cleans the scalp of all Dandruff.

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

Mape Island, May 14, 1886. C. C. RICHARDS & CO. PRICE 25 CENTS.

FLOUR, CORN MEAL, BRAN, SHORTS, CHOPPED FEED The subscriber has opened the store formerly occupied by F. L. BROWN & CO., and intends keeping on hand the above goods, and will endeavor to satisfy—both as to quality and price.

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

"Confidential Charley" Will make the season of 1886 in Lunenburg, Kings, and Hants Counties, instead of in New Brunswick as previously advertised. For particulars see posters. J. I. BROWN, Owner. Wolfville, N. S., May 21, 1886

CHOICE Flour, Cornmeal, Oatmeal and Feed. Cheap for cash.

R. PRAT'S THE ACADIAN WOLFFVILLE, N. S., SEPT 3, 1886

Local and Provincial. The ships of the past week have been unusually high.

Mr. E. D. Bishop has in his garden a corn-stalk twelve and a half feet in height.

The Somerset Cornet Band tea meeting will take place on the 28th inst. An enjoyable time may be expected.

The semi-annual meeting of the proprietors of the Grand Pre dyke will be held at Borden's Hall, Grand Pre, beginning at 3 o'clock, p.m.

The Seminary and Academy opened on Wednesday. Large numbers of students have been arriving every train, and Wolfville begins to put on a more busy appearance already.

Personal.—Rev. M. B. Shaw is spending a few weeks at his old home at Berwick. Mr. Shaw is very pleasantly settled in charge of the Baptist church at Cow Bay, Cape Breton.

The foreign contingent of the Salvation Army arrived in Halifax last Monday. It is expected a part of the same will be in attendance at Kentville, with the Army there next Sunday.

The Rev. D. W. Johnson, of Horton, filed Rev. Mr. Rogers' appointments in Windsor on Sunday last. His sermons were thoughtful and earnest, and retained the close attention of the congregation.—Hants Journal.

"CHERRY RIPP."—Mr. John Harris, of the American House, headed us on Monday a beautiful crop of fine ripe cherries, being part of the second crop of one of his trees. Such enterprises on the part of our fruit trees ought to be encouraged.

Two loads named Randolph and Tucker, aged 11 and 15, respectively, were the parties who broke into Sheffield & Wickwire's store, Canning, recently. They were taken to Kentville jail to await their trial at the next sitting of the Superior Court.

ATTENDED BURIAL.—Some persons who tried to get into the railway office at Elphinstone on last Monday night. They broke their way into the building and tried to force the entrance, but failed to get it open, and left after disfiguring the door to considerable extent.

Halifax Items. With the thermometer for several days of last week running up into the 'nineties it has been just a little too hot to be comfortable; but the weather is now much cooler and we are happy.

Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, so well known in the religious world, preached to a packed audience on Sabbath evening in St. John's, Presbyterian church, Brunswick St. Although 77 years of age, he is still vigorous and hearty.

At Richmond the Presbyterian congregation conduct an open-air meeting in Malabar Park between 7 and 7.30 p.m. Sabbath evenings. The Railway men's evangelistic meeting, held every Sunday at 4 p.m., is of great interest.

Grand Pre Items. "G. P. Items" stirred up quite a little breeze down here. The wind seemed to come from the East mostly. It's a good thing, Mr. Editor, to be able to "raise the wind" these dull, hard times, and we shall try to give your readers a few more "Items."

Those 'six school m'ams' have returned to their several homes, or schools. We understand they were delighted with their visit, and with one item in your paper, which they cut out and carefully placed in their six portfolios, and carried away with them as a treasured memento of their six days in Grand Pre.

The Dominion Election comes off next summer, and there is a report that our M. P., has arrived at Halifax. Now that the Report light is cast upon there is nothing to do, perhaps he will stay awhile. If we make haste we might interview him before he leaves for the North-west again.

We can't lose sight of that sign, you see. We know it was built to attract notice and we are bound to do our duty by it. It was built here because we have a skilled mechanic who is equal to a big contract like that, and probably because the houses are not so thick here.

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

Notice.—To purchase turkeys, fowls and chickens (dressed). Also wanted at once, 100 lbs. alive, weighing from 150 lbs to 225 lbs. BILAL FAHER, Port Williams

Notice.—Persons desirous of teaching in any of the departments of the Wolfville Public Schools will forward their applications with certificates and testimonials not later than September 30th 1886—no applications considered after that date.

Notice.—There is a good deal of talk about that bear that was shot on the mountain. Some persons are trying to get the bounty from Pinch for Miles who fired into the dead or dying bear the next morning after

Pinch dropped it. Pinch dropped the bear with the first shot through the shoulder and spine. It was not killed outright, but never got on its feet again. Pinch cut the nose off and drew the bounty, and we think it will bother any one to get it from him by law.

The Grand Pre Dyke will be cleared of grain this week. Avery* Bowser and C. T. Patterson have their machines at work thrashing already. We never saw a greater health of grain sown on the dyke and the crop was never better, either in quantity or quality.

The orchards here promise an unusually large yield of fine, highly colored apples. The trees in many orchards are laden to the ground, some limbs breaking with the weight of fruit.

Our Division is pretty lively notwithstanding the dog-days. We are to have a lecture from P.G.W.P. Thomas Hutchings next Friday evening in the basement of the Methodist church.

Knickerbocker Suits for Small Boys at Burpee Witt'er's.

200 Pieces Black & Gold Dress Goods, 200 Pairs Am. & Can. Corsets.

Unlaundered Shirts selling at 60c, Unlaundered Shirts selling at 65c, Unlaundered Shirts selling at 75c

60 Suits Men's Clothing, 60 Suits Youth's Clothing, 60 Suits Boys' Clothing.

60 Pieces Cottonades & Union Tweeds, 60 Pieces Nova Scotia Cloths, 60 Pieces Scotch & Canadian Tweeds

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

Notice.—Persons desirous of teaching in any of the departments of the Wolfville Public Schools will forward their applications with certificates and testimonials not later than September 30th 1886—no applications considered after that date.

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

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

DODD & CORBETT.

RYAN'S. FULL STOCK of Dry Goods, Clothing, and Carpets is now complete and will be found on inspection the Best Value yet offered by him, and that is saying a good deal.

OLD ITALIAN SCHOOL OF SINGING. Miss Jennie Hitchens, Vocal Teacher of Acacia Seminary, Wolfville, teaches the celebrated method of "Overtone," as taught by the old Italian Masters.

Plum Boxes! For sale. Apply to S. VAUGHAN, August 27

Silver Ware. We have a fine stock of Silver Ware including Castors, Cake Baskets Butter Dishes, Pickle Castors, Card Receivers

Flour! Flour! JUST RECEIVED. Another Car-load of "BUDA" The best flour made in the Dominion.

William Wallace Merchant Tailor. Has one of the finest stocks of Cloths to select from in the County.

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

Arrived at Last! Crockery, Earthenware and Glassware Which we are cutting very low. Our Groceries, which are of first quality and always fresh, are sold at low prices.

W. D. PATTERSON'S. Wolfville, May 14th, 1886

'86.-SPRING!-'86. Chas. H. Borden Begs to call attention to his stock of Carriages for the spring trade, in CONCORD and WHITE CHAPEL styles.

SEEDS! SEEDS! GEO. V. RAND has received his supply of Garden and Flower Seeds for this season and customers can be supplied in quantities to suit.

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

The following example of a Ten Year Endowment Maturod and Paid will show the advantage of insuring this Company; No. 1149. JAMES FOREST, Guelph. \$1000. Age 42. Annual Premium \$2.04

J. B. Newcomb, General Agent for Nova Scotia Avonport, July 6th, 1886

BURDOCK BLOOD PURIFIER! Purely Vegetable! A Valuable Compound FOR RESTORING HEALTH

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

Pianos and Organs Tuned and Repaired properly and promptly anywhere in the valley of King's until Nov. 1st, 1886, by A. C. REDDEN, Tuner and Agent.

W. D. PATTERSON'S. Wolfville, May 14th, 1886

Choice Miscellany.

The Beach.

Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering sand...

Retribution.

It is not the waters of a mighty river bursting its banks and sweeping swiftly...

Clubbing Offer.

Having made special arrangements with the publishers of a number of the leading periodicals of Canada and the United States...

Farmer's Advocate \$1.00 \$1.75 Toronto Weekly News 1.00 1.50 Toronto Daily News 4.00 4.90...

The Misanthrope.

He lived like a hermit, crab-like in his gilded shell of a mansion, and said he was a misanthrope.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth?

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT. MAKE HENS LAY CHICKEN CHOLERA. PARSONS' PURGATIVE PILLS.

WE SELL. CORDWOOD, SPILING, BARK, R. R. TIES, LUMBER, LATHS, CANNED LOBSTERS, MACKEREL, FROZEN FISH, POTATOES, FISH, ETC.

THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY. Do you want a splendid, handsomely bound story book?

MISREPRESENTATION. STATE BOARD OF HEALTH OF NEW YORK, ALBANY, Feb. 11.

THE ACADIAN, HONEST! INDEPENDENT! FEARLESS! "THE PEOPLES PAPER!"

—IS PUBLISHED AT— WOLFVILLE, in King's County, THE Educational, Agricultural, Geographical, Political, Literary CENTRE Of the Province of Nova Scotia.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Retribution. A sleeping jester is aroused by a thunderous rapping on the heavy door.

A key turns in the lock—strong arms pull him into the corridor and out into the summer's midnight.

The branches of a tree shut out the sight of Heaven as the victim looks up.

Retribution takes her place at the foot of the tree to watch the night out alone.

Harmony in the Home Circle. "The world was said—the garden was a wild; The man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled."

A wise man once said: "Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness is not properly drawn out of them till they have been a short time in hot water."

I consider that the great secret of affection between husband and wife is to constantly exercise uniform respect; to hear and forbear with each other's faults and follies; to strictly observe all kind and polite attentions; to habitually restrain from rising each other's ire by vehement or sarcastic language.

I presume there are very few men who have not at some time or other spoken unkind words to their wives!

"My God, boys, you must not drink that," he said, as he lifted the six-year-old from behind the bench.

"We're playin' s'loon, paps, an' I was sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow.

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Everybody should know that Mianard's Liniment will effectively cure Bronchitis, Inflammation, Sore Throat, Sore Lungs, Bleeding at the Lungs, Chronic Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping Cough and Lamé Stomach.

War, famine and pestilence all combined do not produce the evil consequences to a nation which results from impure blood in our veins.

In olden times they were called white sepulchers. Sam Jones modernized it by calling them galvanized Christ, ana.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER Absolutely Pure.

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

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

RESOLVED, That the advertisement of the Royal Baking Powder Co., (or whoever was responsible for its publication) in advertising the Board's action, through its analyst, in support of their Powder and unanimously adopted the following resolution:—

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

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

American Agriculturist. 100 Columns and 100 Engravings in each issue. 44TH YEAR. \$150 A YEAR.

NOTICE. All Persons having Legal Demands against the Estate of Anderson C. Martin, of Horton, Kings County, deceased...

BOX OF GOLDEN NOVELTIES. 12 fast-selling articles, and 12 12 magic water pens, all by return of mail for 25c.

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

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

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

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

Steamer "Secret" leaves St John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7:45 a.m.

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

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis every Tuesday at 2 p.m.

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

WALTER KILB. The books are splendidly bound and are the product of the best known authors...

BUDS & BLOSSOMS. FRIENDLY GREETINGS. A forty page, illustrated, monthly magazine, edited by J. P. AVARY, Halifax, N.S.

GEO. V. RAND, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY AND SOAPS, BRUSHES, SPECTACLES, JEWELRY, ETC., ETC.

HOLSTEIN BULL. The subscriber has for service the noted Prize Holstein Bull, Lord of Gaperen, which he imported direct from Holland...

J. I. BROWN. CASH 90c CASH. J. I. Brown took the premium on his Horse Shoes at the Dominion & Commercial Exhibition at St. John, N. B., in 1883.

J.F. HERBIN, WOLFVILLE, N. S. One door east of Post Office. Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery REPAIRED!

C A PATRIQUIN HARNESS MAKER. Carriage, Cart, and Team Harness. Made to order and kept in stock.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE HOME MAGAZINE. Circulation over 20,000 Copies.

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE HOME MAGAZINE. The Farmer's Advocate is published on or about the 1st of each month...

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE HOME MAGAZINE. \$1.00 PER ANNUM \$1.00. Address: FARMER'S ADVOCATE, 360 Richmond London, Ont.