BEAR RIVER, N.

the Xmas Holidays, embrac-ing the following well-selected lines:

SLIPPERS, OVERBOOTS, RUBBERS AND LARIGANS, GROCERIES AND CONFECTIONERY CANNED GOODS, ES-SENCES, EX-TRACTS, AND PATENT MEDICINES, large

stock of LAMPS, GLASS. EARTHEN, STONE, TIN-WARE, HARDWARE, CUTLERY, AND A SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF XMAS NOVELTIES William Hart,

·EXT: OF • ·WILD · RAWBERRY CURES HOLERA OLIC-and-RAMPS

AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

W. D. SHEEHAN The American Tailor.

They always fit close to the neck, an The shoulders never wrinkle, and always

Tooth Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line, Vasileres, full lines, Paine's Celery Compound, Riege's Food for infants, Lactated Food, Chloride Lime, Diamond and Electric Dyes, Insect Powders, Washing and Baking Soda, Copperas, Senna, Alum, Indigo, Nutmegs, Aniline Dyes, Puffs, Toilet Powder, Soap, Perfumeries, Lime Juice, Mack's Magnetic Medicines, Kendall's Spavin Cure, Burdock Blood Bitters, Standard Piano and Organ Instruction Books, Sheet Music and Blank Music Paper and Books.

L. R. MORSE, M. D.

The YARMOUTH carries a regular mail to and from Boston, and is the fastest Steamer mail to and from Boston, and is the fastest Steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States. Fitted with Triple Expansion English, Bilge Keels, etc.

The Steamer "City of St. John" leaves against the estate of the late OLDHAM WHITMAN, of Bridgetown, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date, and all parties indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

EDMUND BENT,

EXHAUSTED VITALITY.

THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, THE SCIENCE OF LIFE,
the great medical work
of the age on Manhood,
Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline,
Errors of Youth, and the
untold miseries consequent
thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo.,
125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full
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fidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man Office, No. 4, Bulfinch St.

The Schooner I. S. CESNER,

Will make weekly trips between this port and St. John during the season, calling along the river.

Freights handled carefully. LIME ALWAYS ON HAND.

Apply on board, or to

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Halifax, N. S. -ALL KINDS OF-



POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

BRIDGETOWN, N. S., VOL. 17.

INSPECTION

is Invited of our Terms and Prices for all Description of Work in

HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES AND Also, Curbing, Posts, Steps, Etc.

HEADSTONES, Etc.

Drysdale & Hoyt Bros.,



THE UNITED STATES.

OPPOSITE RINK,

LAWRENCETOWN

(ESTABLISHED 1880.) THE CELEBRATED

FORCE PUMP. with Hose attached if required.

it can be obtained."

She had somewhat of reward, the sweetest, highest reward that can fall to mortal lot. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try PUTINER'S EMULSION. I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated. I added several pounds to my weight in a short time and began to recover strength. This process continues until life, which had been a misery to me, became once more a pleasure. Since then PUTINER'S EMULSION has been my only medicine. \* \* \* \* As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the Lungs and Throat, and I am certain that for any form of Wasting Diseases nothing superior can be obtained." \* \* \* \* One day, while she thus sighed for change, Shirley got a letter. It said:

"My wife is dead. May I come?

"Dumorary."

Sackville, N. S., Aug. 1889.

Brown Bros. & Co.,

NOTICE.

I am also selling the Celebrated Raymond

VEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1889.

SHIRLEY CARSTONE By ELIZA ARCHARD.

She taught them to reverence nothing merely because it is old.

She taught them to look into the heart of things, and ask: Are courage, will, intel-lectual power, the strength to achieve, qualities that belong only to men!

She pointed out to them that the personal feelings and emotions of man or woman count for very little in the destiny of the race.

Greater than man's nature or woman's naGreater than man's nature underlying all, holding "Now that is interesting." all in its grasp. She showed them how absurd anatomical and physiological supersti-tions concerning woman's mind and body have been taught by medical men through hoary centuries. They stand only because no woman contradicts them.

individual happiness or unhappiness is a piti-fully small thing. That the road to wise content was to lose sight of their own emotions on controlling his emotions, walked once and sorrows in the culture of the mind, in acress the room and back. Then he stopped road human interests. Then suffering will and remarked merely: no longer be the lot of woman. bade them, flinging away as far as may be their personal hopes, fears and disappointments, to keep step with the grand music of the onward cycles of time.

She told them to see to it that they did not "Inave written him," con "He will be here to-morrow."

The young man meditated. kindly and condescendingly: "Cn the whole, I think I'm the whole, I think I

lie like clods to be trodden under foot, or shoved out of the way, but that themselves be up and working for the progress of womankind towards the light-womankind, cams to say that it was the one desire of her the laggard half of the human race. For, hears to see Shirley. Faithful as always, greater than passion and gratified petty ambition, yea, greater than love even, greater Shirley went. It was a gray, chilly after-

freer and stronger, even through disappointment, sickness and weariness, brings a moment nearer the good time which is surely coming for the sex. The woman's day is at hand. It will be a brighter, happier day than the nearer here we have we disabled. The strong organization more than ap-

ike a trumpet ring. From that day on there was for them no more despair, no more looking backward. Like her they set their faces pieces." her and blessing her for all she had been to been Shirley who looked after the rest.

and I am certain that for Wast-ing Diseases nothing superior to self and ceased to think of her own sorrows and disappointments. So she found at last, in a measure, happiness for herself.

She had somewhat of reward, the sweetest, highest reward that can fall to mortal lot.

"My wire is dead. May I comer "Dumoray."

Once more, past youth as she was, her heart gave a wild bound. She covered her face with her hands, as had been her wont in her childhood when powerfully excited. Then she laughed at herself in scorn, then she was vexed at her folly. After all, was it still only the same uncontrolled passionate spirit of years of hard discipline? She shook her head impatiently, saying to

"Shirley Carstone, you are an idiot."

Be sure the gray twilight is full of sweet thoughts for her that night. The forlorn wings would be free to fly at last. Was the light coming even to her? Were peace, joy, love to be hers too, even after all these years? It seemed too good to be true. But there was his letter. It was true. Yet even in that moment the supreme dream of her life flitted across her happifled vision. The poem, the poem! She would indeed write it now. The toiling for others, the weary occupation at tasks she disliked—that was over at last, at last! Nothing would come between her and

rief that not all his long years of profes-ional training could control. The Presby-erian minister was there. He was very aged now, and trembling and shadow like. He was her faithful friend. For twenty years they

CHAPTER XXIV.

tnew your father?" a to leave his name unrevealed. Since my seestry is not what I thought it, let it go, hall never seek to trace it out. It mightn't a pleasant, you know."

woman's life, these came to her, and they poured out all their hearts to her, and besought her to tell them what they might do.

As she grew older, and her vision gradually took in all the round horizon of experience, many things were clear to her that had been dark before. It became clear to her that, limited only by the moral laws, freedom of will is the greatest good for humanity, man and woman alike.

She taught them to revergee nothing which in your country sets itself up in the place of ladyhood and gentlemanhood. If my father was merely one of these vulgar rich, then don't mention his name. But if

> my father?"
> "He is a man you have seen." "You asked me once if I knew him. I said I had met him. I did not tell you he was one

he is what you say! Tell me, Shirley, who

"Robert, you are happy indeed. It is own fathers. I always said it. If we could, we'd all be happier and better looking. But if you had the choosing of both your father woman contradicts them.

Out of the strength drawn from the bitter cup she herself had drained, though they knew it not, she was able to tell them that the be proud of. Robert, your father is Philip in the beautiful the production of the producti

At this the young man, who prided himself "You don't tell me! "I have written him," continued Shirley.

The young man meditated. Then he said, kindy and condescendingly: "On the whole, I think I'll acknowledge him." Miss Simpkins was very ill. A messenger

souls, she bade them never lose sight of re- out of the cold and darkness into the warmth N. H. PHINNEY, Manager. Every striving of the individual to become was dead. Her last look had been turned to

> the ages have yet disclosed. She told them to be sure of that. She told them of her own unalterable faith that thus the centuries to come would develop a strong and splendid race of women, fit mates for the kings among in a chill. She sighed and said:
> "I am cold and tired, I am all gone

> > curred to nobody that Shirley was seriously ill, and needed looking after. It had always In the afternoon, Philip Dumoray came with none to come between!

When he came, Shirley lay languidly across by the fire, upon one of the low the strangeness of his sudden arrival. He ifted Shirley in his arms without a word, and held her in a mighty embrace. Only death could take her from him aow? But of that hour of meeting, no

After a time she slipped softly from his grasp and lay back again upon her mother's low couch. Her hand was clasped in his, a smile of gladness hovered about her eyes and The door opened, and Robert Dumoray came and stood beside them. Shirley turned from one to the other with the sweet, bright ook in her face. She had never looked so

beautiful, both of them thought.
"You have seen Robert," she said to the She undid her fingers from the master's clasp, and took Robert's hand and laid it softly where hers had been. So they stood clasp, and took Robert's hand and laid it softly where hers had been. So they stood with clasped hands, father and son. Shirley laid her own hot, quivering hand upon their two, her eyes turned upward to their faces, still with the look of ineffable love and joy. Her face was the face of an angel.

Then her eyes closed, her fingers slipped away and fell across her breast, her breath came in quick gasps. Both men, father and son, sprang toward her. An unearthly fear compressed the master's heart.

"Good God!" said he, "she is fil."

She opened her eyes and smiled faintly back at him. Then she rallied and came to herself again. She lay there, with her cheek against his hand, and the look of a great, sweet content in her face. Indeed, it was the face of one who had not an earthly wish left to be gratified.

Linwood villagers placed on the poet girl's head when she was 16.

There are signs of late though that the lost inspiration is returning. There are faint yet clear hints that into the new life which was given her from the grave itself will come dreams and visions sweeter, grander than any the old time knew. When these are fully revealed the poem will be written.

Then too, where she so nearly failed through her heroic unselfishness, others will win.

Even now it is not as though Shirley had never lived. Her thoughts are working in many brains, her strong, ringing words are shaping many a destiny. Yet again there will be brave women who succeed. The new revealation will be. The kingly woman of Shirley's fancy, strong and shining and free, the bringer of good tidings, the herald of the perfect day to the race, will yet be realized on earth. Doubt it not.

two had been brave comrades in good works. His wavering fingers stroked the shining hair as it lay loose across the pillow, they rested in benediction upon her dying head. Unconsciously be murmured the bless-



"'The king whom you love and serve make you as your father, and bring you where he is in peace.' Amen!"
Shirley seemed to be thinking of something else. She spoke presently, but only those nearest her heard what she was saying. She was looking at Philip Dumoray. He listened

tired, Mr. Morrison?"

"She thinks you are Mr. Morrison," said Harry in a choking voice. "She had a teacher of that name once, long ago, and she was very much attached to him. Let her think so, Mr. Dumoray. It pleases her."

But he, the man who stood there with breaking heart, watching with an awful fear lest his last, fairest earthly hope drift away from him out upon the ocean of eternity—he knew better.

knew better.

Her eyes turned once more to the sinking sun. Her lips moved again, but those about her heard no sound. The master bent lower, if haply he might catch a word. She seemed to be repeating something. He listened with tense ear. He heard her murmur a fragment of verse. He knew afterward that it was from her unfinished poem, the last two lines she had written.

Her last earthly thought seemed to be for the poem which was not written.

the poem which was not written.

That faint, fluttering breath, was it indee ing angel his face in the pillows beside her face. One oot as she mighty sob broke from him as if his heart, passing was bursting. He lifted his head and said

"Would God I had died for thee!" Whatever might have been, was it never to be! Whatever she had borne so long in silence, of disappointed hope, of heartache, of pain and weariness, of sacrifice, yea, of mar-tyrdom, was it over now?

CHAPTER XXV. ADDENDUM. After all Shirley did not die.

The beautiful spirit touched the border, yea, even looked through the portal into the beyond. But the love and outstretched, linging arms of hundreds of praying so crought it back to earth again. Shirley came back as one from the de richest bloom, she was married to Philip Dumoray. A long journey followed. They

alled to isles of far southern seas, to lands of fully informed of the same.—Selected. it is always morning.
Shirley has not yet quite recovered. The oreak down of her strength was too com-plete. And the poem is not yet written. She speaks of it sometimes, and then the mas-

She speaks of it sometimes, and then the master says:

"Shirley, dear, your life is a poem. You or any other could have written none greater than that."

The master will pass into history as one of the great men of his day. He stands among men a knight without fear and without reproach. Wise through suffering, tolerant to all weakness but his own, strong as a lion, yet gentle and chivalrous and kindly to all mankind, tender and helpful to the weak, to women and to children—who is there like him?

In Robert Dumoray's house you will see a look of unfathomable melancholy lingering in the eyes. They draw you with a strange, re-sistless magnetism, these dark gray eyes; they follow you and look into yours, whichever way you turn, like those of a portrait by the old Venetian. They haunt you forever. You would say it is an ideal head if you did not know.

know.

It is the portrait of Shirley, the one Alice painted. Above the picture hangs a wreath of silver laurel leaves. It is the crown the Linwood villagers placed on the poet girl's head when she was 16.

WARBLE WORKS

Harry Morgan

Harry Morgan

The face here, ward by Thomas Dean, as twice before, the thought of print in mater would take in the purpose of the print the material printing of the printing of t scared to fly, even if there had not been two babies to pack up from the retreat. But there was nothing of the stern law-upholder about the good old Chancellor just then. O dear, no! He had been ruminating on the sadness of those gentle darlings inability to reach the bell that would (no doubt) announce their presence to (probably) their expectant relatives in the kitchen of that vacant house, and that was why the great Lord Chancellor felt it his duty to volunteer as bell-ringer for those wicked little impathat Sabbath afternoon. Yes, and what do you think? Lord Hatherley, the then do you think? Lord Hatherley, the then

NO. 24.

Not a great while ago, a party of half ozen Harvard students were in the bar ber's shop in this city, and after having been beautified and adorned tonsorially ne of the number was struck with an idea t was communicated to his companions The proposition was nothing less than t purchase the barber's pole, which was done and a receipt taken. Then the young me

ar, however, when they were overhauled Hello, there! what are you doing with

sallied forth with their striped and parti

olored acquisition. They had not gone

That's our business. Your business, ch? Well. I'll make i

nine. Come along with me!'
They were marched straight to the near est station, and stood up in line before the What's the trouble, officer? asked the

Stealing a barber's pole. The officer felt quite proud of his capture nd related with particularity all the cir-

to order them to be locked up for the night, when one of the students produced a paper and suggested that perhaps the captain name is woman,' and a host of others. Washington Irving gives, 'The Almighty might like to look at that. The captain ooked at it. Then, turning to the policenan, he said, 'Officer, you may return to your beat.' A moment later the students night have been seen filing out of the station with their tonsorial standard held I'll tell you no fibs,'

roudly aloft. hey were again brought to a halt by an vanted to know where they were going with that pole. He was informed that presented to the House of Representatives, ured them that he would make it his busiess, which he did, by escorting them to he self-same station they had just quitted, 'What's the trouble, officer?'

'These .ellows have stole a barber's pole,

'Very well; you may return to your

pened and again entered a policeman, six

oung men and a barber's pole. were the students and their barberons and 'The end must justify the means,' are property brought by as many different olicemen into that station, and had not an We are indebted to Colley Cibber for the officer been specially sent out to warn all agreeable intelligence that 'Richard is him-Johnson tells us of 'a good hater,' and erfere with six young men and a barber's ole, it is more than likely that that pole Mackintosh, 1791, the phrase often attriand its bearers would have been brought into that station as many times that night terly inactivity.'

as there were patrolmen in the district. People who wondered what was the ause of the hilarious laughter which proeeded from the usually grave and quiet station, on the night in question, are now

MYSTERIOUS STRANGERS CARRY OFF TREAS URES FROM A CONNECTICUT GRAVEYARD. deep gullies in the old roads in the vicinity moon-struck madness.' of Lordship's farm in this township and a found, there has been great excitement over indeed. what is supposed to be a clew to Capt. wealth of the bold buccaneer have been re- staff of life." versation. The story that the old Johnson tance lends enchantment to the view.' vault in the Episcopal burying ground near the village was made the receptacle of vast treasures on the return of Kidd from one

Are Your Hens Healthy. of his expeditions seemed to be the most

The Old Doctors

Drew blood, modern doctors cleanse it; tives. It is now well known that most but to impurity, of the Blood; and is is equally well attested that no blood medicine is so efficacions as Ayer's

"One of my children had a large sore break out on the leg. We applied simple remedies, for a while, thinking the sore would shortly heal. But it grew worse. We sought medical advice, and were told that an alterative medicine was necessary. Ayer's Sarsaparilla being

Recommended

above all others, we used it with mar-velous results. The sore healed and health and strength rapidly returned." —J. J. Armstrong, Weimar, Texas. "I find Ayer's Sarsaparilla to be an admirable remedy for the cure of blood diseases. I prescribe it, and it does the work every time." — E. L. Pater, M. D., Manhattan, Kansas.

"We have sold Ayer's Sarsaparilla here for over thirty years and always recommend it when asked to name the best blood-purifier."—W. T. McLean, Druggist, Augusta, Ohio.

"Ayer's medicines continue to be the standard remedies in spite of all competition."—T. W. Richmond, Bear Lake, Mich.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

Familiar Sayings, and Who First Said and pithy, are used without the least idea from whose pen or mouth they first originated. Probably the words of Shakespere furnish us with more of these familiar maxims than any other writer, for to him we owe, 'All is not gold that glitters, 'Make a virtue of necessity,' 'Screw up your courage to the sticking place,' (not umstances of his arrest. The captain point), 'They laugh that win,' 'This is the ooked upon the offenders and was about short and long of it, 'Comparisons are odious,' 'As merry as the day is long,' 'A Daniel come to judgment,' 'Frailty, thy

> dollar. Thomas Morgan queried long ago-'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' while Goldsmith answers, 'Ask me no questions and

Charles Pickney gives 'millions for de nce but not one cent for tribute.' 'First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his fellow-citizens' (not countrymen), appeared in the resolutions in December, 1720, prepared by General

century, gives us, 'Better late than never,' Look ere you leap,' and 'The stone that is rolling can gather no moss.' 'All cry and no wool" is found in But

tler's 'Hudibras.' Dryden says- 'None but the brave 'derve the fair,' ' Men are but children of a

'When Greek joins Greek then was the

tug of war,' Nathaniel Lee, 1692. 'Of two evils I have chosen the least, from Matthew Prior.

buted to John Randolph, 'Wise and mas-'Variety is the very spice of life,' and Not much the worse for wear,' Cowper.

'Man proposes, but God disposes,'Thomas A. Kempis. Christopher Marlowe gave forth the invitation so often repeated by his brothers in a less public way, 'Love me little, love

me long. Edward Coke was of the opinion that 'a owe 'The Paradise of Fools,' 'A wilderness Ever since the recent heavy rains worked of sweets,' and 'Moping melancholy and

Edward Young tells us, 'Death loves a number of gold coins of ancient date were shining mark,' and 'A fool at forty is a fool

Kidd's buried treasures. Searching parties parties have been organized and all the old stories relative to the hiding place of the wealth of the bold buccaneer have been revived and have become the topic of concast their shadows before, and 'Tis discast their shadows before the shad

Are Your Hens Healthy.

Are Your Hens Healthy.

Owing to extreme heat, moisture, and other causes, there has been much duliness which have taken place there for a few nights back strengthen the belief of the majority of the villagers that a search is being carried on, if really the treasure has not been found and carried away.

A few nights ago a cab was seen to drive up to the gateway of the cemetery about midnight, and two men left it and went into the yard. They returned in about an hour and drove away. No importance was attached to this incident, but when the same thing was repeated the following might, and it becamp-krown, the town was all excitement. Kuptore of body snatching and of the discovery of the treasure and its removal by night were flying thick and fast. The cemetery was carefully searched, the old vault being the thing of particular interest. Nothing was discovered to verify the suspicions, and it was determined to form a vigilance committee and lie in wait to solve the mystery.

The next night found twenty-five waiting the mysterious cab and its occupants to appear. At about the same hour up it drove, and two men entered the cemetery and were lost to view among the trees.

Not a man among the twenty-five waiting the mysterious cab and its occupants to appear. At about the same hour up it drove, and two men entered the cent. The office of the centerity with the combetry, will ped up his horse, and disappeared in the darkness.

The next night from treed the cab. The driver, who all this time had sat upon the box as motionless as the marble post at the brows and disappeared in the darkness.

A search through the cemetery failed to show any signs of the visit. The rusty fastenings of the old Johnson vallewer in the same position as they able been for over 200 years.

The risk statistics and the most and the same position as they able been for over 200 years. probable, and the strange performances Owing to extreme heat, moisture, and

There is a strong belief among the older new postal cards soon to be issued will vary NEW STYLES OF POSTAL CARDS. -The inhabitants that the treasure has actually in size. There will be three sizes when the contracts are finally taken up—one a fine, delicate card for ladies use, much smaller than that now in circulation and of much finer quality. Finely calendered paper will be substituted for the old buff blotting good fitting pair of trousers.' Farmer Stubblefield (from Wayback Junction)—
'They feel all right in the seat, Bub; but, seems to me, they don't fit very snug under the arms.'—Life.

will be substituted for the old but but be a substituted for the same size as the one now in use will be introduced that can be used for business purposes, and will be large enough to allow a billhead to be printed thereon, besides the other matter.—Washington Cor. Boston Journal-

A Line From Gladstone.

My little son aged two, was seized with diarrheea, followed by piles, two doses of Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry gave relief and half the bottle completed a cure. Mrs. J. A. McIntyre, Gladstone, Mar. This medicine is a specific for all summer compliants of children or adults.

On the Surface.

On the Surface.

Skin diseases appear on the surface and are often humiliating to the sufferer from them. From two to three bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters will cure salt rheum, crysipelas, shingles, tetter, nettle rash, eczema, boils, pimples, or blotches at the same time restoring the general health.

TILLENDER Y. HATS & CAPS

TIN WARE, ETC. EXTRA CASH DISCOUNT ON ALL Eggs for Goods or Cash.

W. W. SAUNDERS

DRY GOODS

DR. FOWLERS nolera Morbus

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS

Some of the reasons why my coats are the BEST and MOST STYLISH CUT: They always fit into the waist with a

improve on your actual build. The quickest time only 17 hours between Every garment is made on the premises under my own supervision, by first GENTLEMEN who have found difficulty in "YARMOUTH," being properly fitted by their tailors will do well to call on me and I will guarante

WILL leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evenings, after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Railway. Returning, will leave Lewis's Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m., every FOR SALE at the DRUG STORE Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Yar-mouth with train for Halifax and Intermed-CASTORIA, best Spirits Nitre, Sulphuric Acid, Enos Fruit Salt, Plasters, Teaberry, Tooth Powder, Pierce's Medicines, full line, The YARMOUTH carries a regular mail to

L. R. MORSE, M D. Setember, 1888.

GEO. H. DIXON. Bridgetown, May 27th, 1889.

RUBBER STAMP with your name in Visiting Cards, and INDIAN INK to mark Linen, only 25 cts. (stamps.) Book of 2000 styles free with each order. Agents Wanted. Sewing Machine Big Pay. THALMAN MFG CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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Rubber Bucket Chain .Pump,

TNER'S EMULSION to all tions of the Throat and Lungs.

BETWEEN NOVA SCOTIA AND

Sackville, N. S., Aug. 1889.

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