JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

Established 1810.

— UNLIKE ANY OTHER. —

Positively Cures Diphtheria, Croup, Asthma, Bronchitis, Colds, Hoarseness, Hacking Cough, Whooping-Cough, Catarrh, Influenza, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Earache, Nervous Headache, Sciatica, Lame Back, and Soreness in Body or Limbs.

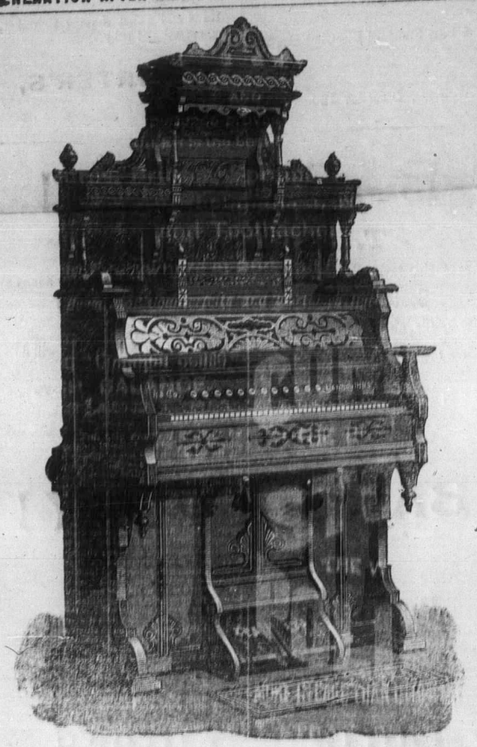
AS MUCH FOR INTERNAL AS FOR EXTERNAL USE.

It is marvellous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it gets quickly, Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps, Chills, Lameness of Muscles or Stiff Joints and Sprains.

ORIGINATED BY AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN.

All who buy or order direct from us, and request it, shall receive a certificate that the money shall be refunded if not abundantly satisfied. Retail price 25 cts., 6 bottles, $1.00. Express prepaid to any part of the United States, or Canada. ☞ Valuable pamphlet sent free. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT



The Chute, Hall & Co. Organ!

Yarmouth, - - N. S.

BEST IN THE MARKET!

Superior Quality. Popular Prices. Terms to Suit the Purchaser.

E. O. DAVISON, - - - AGENT.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

☞ Call or write for particulars.

For Cramps, Chills, Colic, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera-Morbus and all Bowel Complaints,

NO REMEDY EQUALS

PAIN-KILLER

AND

40 Years' Experience proves that PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER is the best Family Remedy for Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Toothache.

Sold Everywhere at 25c. and 50c. a Bottle.

☞ Beware of Counterfeits and worthless Imitations. ☜

BYAM'S

Improved "Common Sense" SASH BALANCE.

LOCKS AND LIFTS.

THE only *practical* substitute for weights invented. The most durable, the cheapest and best device for all *ordinary* windows. Balances when in position are entirely *out of sight*. No rivets, bolts or screws are used in putting it together so that nothing can get out of order or need repairing. No cutting, boring or marring of the sash, as the Balances are let into the jamb. Especially valuable for repairing old buildings as they can be put in at a trifling expense, as easily put in old buildings as new ones. Sash can be removed from frame to a moment for cleaning or repairing broken glass. Can be used where it is *impossible* to use weights or other fixtures. No unsightly cord wearing paint off side of frame. No rattling of sash as pressure against sash prevents it. No rattling of weights or pulleys when Sash is raised or lowered. No sticking of weights in frame. No cords to rust off, wear out and break. No *rubber* rollers to become flattened by standing in one position for some time. No *flimsy* coil spring or *delicate* mechanism to break, wear out or get out of order. Its simplicity of construction and operation is the wonder of all.

Byam's Automatic Sash Locks (self fastening) and Sash Lifts on upper and lower sash are the best and cheapest in the market.

Call and see them in operation at,

Walter Brown's.

Wolfville, Oct. 17th 1889.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewelry REPAIRED!

—BY—

J. F. HERBIN,

Next door to Post Office.

COMET

· THE BEST ·

STOVE

· IN ·

· THE WORLD ·

POLISH

MORE IN CAKE THAN OTHER MAKES.

STRAY LEAVES

—FROM—

"Book of Wonders."

(LESLIE LORING DAVISON.)

With a Preface by Harl Hawes.

Edited by Ben Zeene.

☞ *For Sale at this Office.*

The Generation of To-day.

Our elders loved to tell us
Of days when they were young,
Of all the games they favored,
Of all the songs they've sung,
As if the generation to-day
Was not as good as the one passed away.

They quote the works of fiction
That they were won't to read,
And shake their heads at novels,
On which our brains we feed—
As if the popular books to-day
Were not as good as those passed away.

They tell us how they went courting
In the good old-fashioned way,
And sigh in disapproval
Of notions of to-day,
As if our social etiquette
Had room for some improvements yet.

I wonder if we also
Will talk of bygone days,
And look upon the present
With very little praise—
If we will shake our heads and sigh
For the generation that's gone by.

SQUARING THINGS.

MUCH distressed, Herbert Denison paced up and down the small room that had been the especial sanctum of his brother-in-law, Tom Thorpe, his brows knit in perplexed thought, his fingers nervously rattling his watch-chain. Jessie, his only sister, Tom Thorpe's widow, was sobbing on the sofa.

"Jessie, dear," he said presently, "it is cruel to make you talk, but if I could only get some really clear idea of the business, I might perhaps help you."

Jessie sat up, and tried to still the sobs that the talk about her husband—not yet a month dead—had called forth. She was a woman with fair hair and blue eyes, and young enough still to make her deep widow's mourning doubly pathetic.

"About the house?" she said.

"Yes. You say it is almost paid for?"

"The price was six thousand dollars for the house and grounds. There is a very large orchard and vegetable garden, besides the garden in front. Tom was to pay for it just as he could, but not less than three hundred a year. We were so anxious to have a home of our own, Bert, that we worked very hard for it, and that is the reason I know all about it. I put all my writing-money in, too; not a vast sum, to be sure, but it helped along."

"And you are sure there were five thousand dollars paid to Mr. Paxon?"

"I am positively certain of it."

"And the receipts are lost?"

"Lost! Gone entirely. Bert, I never dared say it, for I can not prove it, but I firmly believe Mr. Paxon stole Tom's receipt book.

"Why?"

"Well, he is a man who is not much respected, and there have been several stories told about him that throw a doubt over his honesty. Still, he keeps clear of the law. Tom took the receipts for the payments on the house in a small red account-book that had nothing else in it. That day—no, I am not going to cry again, dear—that dreadful day, he sent word to Mr. Paxon that he would pay him five hundred dollars. He had sold a lot of wool, and I had two hundred dollars. I know he had it when Mr. Paxon came. Then there was that dreadful hemorrhage, and how could we think of any thing but Tom for the next three days? But, Bert, Mr. Paxon was alone with him when he was taken ill and gave the alarm. There was nothing to prevent his slipping the receipt-book into his pocket, and I believe he did it. It can not be found, and Mr. Paxon would not dare to assert that he has never been paid any thing out rent for the house, if he did not know I can not produce the receipts."

"H'm! Yes, I see! But one can not accuse a man of such a crime as that without some proof."

"I understand that. I think he intended it rather better, if present it was a mistake, or he might have meant to cheat him."

"Was there never any witness to the payments?"

"No. He would come over, or Tom would go to him and pay him whatever we could spare. And think, Bert, how that five thousand dollars would help me now!"

Bert did think of it! He was a young man who had made for himself a home in a Western State, over which he had asked his widowed sister to preside. He had come to her with open hands and heart, to offer a home to her and her two boys, knowing that his brother-in-law had lived upon his salary as a clerk in a wholesale house. But he had found that these two by close economy, by Tom's experiments in sheep-raising, and Jessie's contributions to magazine literature, had nearly secured a home of their own, when a sudden rupture of a blood-vessel had ended life for one, and left the other desolate.

Many long talks the brother and sister had about this cruel wrong pressing upon her, but arriving always at the same conclusion that only the finding of the receipt-book could help her. They were still talking, in the room that Tom had devoted to his wife's literary labors and his own business affairs and dignified by the name of library, when Bert, pointing to the wall, said:

"Where on earth did you ever get that horrid daub, Jessie? What is it?"

"The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," said Jessie, smiling. "It is a daub, Bert, but Tom was fond of it for the sake of his only brother, who painted it. Poor Fred! He imagined himself a great artist, and this picture a masterpiece. But after vainly trying to sell it, he gave it to Tom. It was a dreadful job to get it up, and you see it takes all the space on that side of the room. How we are to get it down is a mystery."

"Do you value it?"

"No! I scarcely knew Fred, who died ten years ago, and the picture is frightful."

"H'm!—I think I see a light!" said Bert, musingly. "Well, dear, as there is nothing to be gained by staying here, how soon will you be ready to go to Scrannville with me?"

"I will begin to pack to-day."

It proved to be a tedious job to gather all the household goods into traveling compass, to start off box after box, to take leave of neighbors, and make preparations for the long journey and new home. But Jessie fairly enjoyed in constant work, and the next week saw all of her packing was finished.

But the day before that appointed for their start Bert went for Mr. Paxon to make one more appeal to his honesty. There was a long, rather stormy interview in the dismantled library, where only the huge painting and two chairs had been left. Bert had left the room under some pretence of questioning his sister, and Mr. Paxon was peeping about in a Paul Pry way that Jessie had told her brother was habitual with him, when he made a discovery. There was an ugly space in a recess, where Tom Thorpe's stationary desk had stood for ten long years against the wall. Scraps of paper and string, torn envelopes, all the debris of packing, were scattered about, but wedged into the top of the mop-board was an envelope, almost concealed, that Mr. Paxon was sure contained an inclosure. Warily he crept up to it, seized it and found it a sealed envelope directed:

"To Jessie, my wife. To be opened only after my death."

He crammed it hastily into his pocket, and when Bert returned took his departure. Something important must be in that paper that had evidently slipped out of the desk when it was moved and escaped observation. But the first care was a startling one. Without another look of honor or honesty, Mr. Paxon broke the inclosure.

"DEAR JESSIE: It has been long known to you, dear, that my life was a precarious one, and you will not be surprised that I have made a little provision for you and the children. Poor Fred left me ten thousand dollars in United States bonds, and, unwilling to trust it to any bank, I have hidden it away in the lower right hand corner of the picture he gave me. The interest will run on until you take the envelope from its hiding place, as no one else will ever move the picture. Forgive me for keeping this one secret from you.

TOM."

No one else! Why, they might tear it down any moment. A cold sweat broke out all over the rascal's body. All his hoarded wealth, the result of scheming, cheating, saving, was as nothing compared with this newly-discovered treasure. Nobody else must find these bonds!

But when he returned to the house he found everything in hurried confusion, and Bert issuing hurried orders.

"I can't talk to you now," he said, as Mr. Paxon came up. "I am obliged to leave on the 7.30 p. m. train from B——, and it is nearly two o'clock now. There is still a wagon-load to go, and the children and Jessie are getting dressed for the carriage at three o'clock."

"But I must speak to you."

"And that confounded picture has to be packed, too!" cried Bert, bustling into the house. "Here, some of you fellows, bring a step-ladder!"

"No! no," cried Mr. Paxon. "I—I came over to see if I couldn't buy that picture."

"Buy it!" Bert cried. "You might as well ask Jessie to sell you one you of her boys! Why, her dear brother-in-law painted it!"

"But it looks so well where it is, and will be so awkward to move!" cried Mr. Paxon, watching with horror Bert's preparations to tear the painting from the wall. "I will give you a good price."

"How much? But I am sure Jessie will never part with it."

"Five hundred dollars!"

"Bah!"

"A thousand!"

"A thousand dollars for such a work of art as this! Why, man alive, if Jessie ever could part with it it ought to bring five times that sum!"

"Five times that sum! Five thousand dollars!" cried Mr. Paxon.

"Certainly!" said Bert, coolly. "But we do not wish to sell it at all. Come hurry up! Take out the top nails very carefully, there."

"I'll give you five thousand for it!" cried Mr. Paxon, desperately, rapidly calculating the ten years' interest on the bonds.

"But we leave here in half an hour. You don't carry five thousand dollars round in your pocket, do you?"

"No, but I carry my check-book. "I'll give you a check!"

"Won't do! I can not stop to cash it."

"I'll run over to the bank with it myself."

"Well, you haven't much time. You get the money, and I'll speak to Jessie while you are gone. I'm not sure she will take it!"

Off darted Mr. Paxon, and Bert hurried the last boxes on the wagon and sent it off just as the carriage drove up. Jessie and the boys were already seated when Mr. Paxton came round the corner, actually carrying the money in his hands.

Very carefully Bert counted it, the crisp notes for five hundred dollars each, that represented the exact sum that Tom had paid the rascally landlord for the house his widow was leaving.

"Correct!" he said, presently. "There is no need of a receipt. You can see the picture through the window. Good-bye!" The carriage whirled off, and Mr. Paxon entered the empty house. The workmen had gone with the wagon, but when he pulled the corner of the canvas, he found it already loosened from the frame. A huge yellow envelope was there, immense red seals, was behind it, and with trembling fingers he tore it open. A long slip of paper was the only inclosure, and half-fainting, the disappointed schemer read:

"This makes our account square."—Anna Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

MEN TO BEWARE OF.

A Chicago Business-man Has Collated Some Important Rules.

Samuel W. King, at the head of one of the largest legal collection concerns in the country, has met and seen every type of man. From his observations he has made the following deductions, had them printed, and hung in his office:

MEN TO BEWARE OF.

Beware of the man who "Swears by all the gods at once," or one at a time, for that matter.

Of the man who slaps you between the shoulders and calls you "old man." No amount of familiarity is any excuse for this.

Of the man who hyphenates his words with "er—a."

Of the man whose first salutation is, "What's the news?"

Of the man who asks you, when he has seen you speak to another, "Who's your friend?"

Of the man who asks you, "Where did you get it?"

Of the man who in leaving says, "See you later."

Of the man who pokes you in the ribs when he is talking.

Of the man who adjusts the lapel of your coat or rubs one sleeve, or both, when he is talking to you.

Of the man who talks to you on your train, or on a street-car, when he never saw you before, unless there is a public crisis. Victor Hugo says that such salutations show public anxiety, and are only excusable when there is public excitement.

Sensible fellow, that Hugo.

Of a man who occupies a whole table in the writing-room of a hotel.

Of the man who can't get out of a chair without kicking it from under him.

Of the man who drops into a drug-store to look up a name in the directory and hangs on to the book as if it were a new novel when he sees three or four others waiting to look up names.

Of the man who stands at the box-office of a theatre when there is a crowd back of him, talking about best seats and other topics.

The woman who will do this is no better. She isn't as good as a man.

Finally—beware of the man who comes but never goes, and of his companion picture, the man who starts to go but doesn't.—Chicago Tribune.

Not a Man at the Funeral.

Mrs. Mary Ann Henderson died Tuesday morning. She had been confined to her bed more than twenty-one years. Not a man besides the clergyman was present at the house to assist in the last sad rites, and the ladies of the community were forced to place the coffin and act as pall-bearers. If it had been some wealthy person the attendance would have been large. The funeral services at the grave were conducted by Dr. Hundley, who took occasion then and afterwards to score the male residents of the community for the neglect of their duties to the dead. The ladies also are very justly indignant.—Milton (Fla.) Clarion.

A practical illustration of the possibilities of newspaper advertising is given by the Taunton *Gazette* in a paragraph, in which it says: "If a man should stand on the green and howl for a week he could not reach so many people with his voice as he can by a 25-cent advertisement in this paper inserted one time."

The man who keeps his son at work has a very natural method of raising the wind. He keeps the heir in action.

Probably the oldest house in the United States is a decaying stone dwelling that stands in Guilford, Conn. It was built in 1640 and is still occupied. In Colonial times it did duty occasionally as a fort and was a place of refuge for settlers when King Philip was on the war path.

In this life we are blamed principally for the things we cannot help and praised for the things for which we are in nowise responsible.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia!

Hope awakens courage. He who can implant courage in the human soul is the best physician.

If you were to take the conceit out of some people the remains would defy identification.

There may be some excuse for murder. There can be none for the abuse of dumb animals.

Lovers are so light-hearted they can read each other's thoughts with the gas turned very low.

Notice is given of application by the Dominion cotton mills company to increase its capital stock to $5,000,000.

Earrings with drops are begining to be seen again but the fancy for any species of this ornament is on the wane.

Cleanse your blood now by taking a bottle of Dr Norton's DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER. tf

Somehow or other the college professor who prefers to stand well seems to be always looking about him for a good chair.

The best and surest dye to color the beard *brown* or *black*, as may be desired, is Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers. It never fails.

When a woman consents to marry a man he forgets everything." That's the reason it is dangerous to give your husband a letter to mail.

The great popularity of Ayer's Pills as a cathartic is due no less to their promptness and efficacy then to their coating of sugar and freedom from any injurious effects. Children take them readily. See Ayer's Almanac for this year, just out.

Growler, when asked what he considered the saddest thing in life, said he was always miserable when he had a big appetite and nothing to eat, and suffered terribly when he had plenty to eat and no appetite.

A Remarkable Case.—Mr Walter Wheeler of the Washington Mills Lawrence, Mass., for two years afflicted with varicose veins, accompanied by a troublesome eruption, was completely cured after taking only eight bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

The meanest man has been found. He lives in Georgia, and borrows his county paper, and when he gets through reading it he rents it to his neighbor at a profit, and then abuses the editor because there is nothing in it.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she became Mrs., she gave them Castoria.

Newspaper man (talking with compositor)—"I always write best when I am full of my subject." Compositor—"Yes! I reckon you do. You must have been full of your subject when you wrote that article on the rum question. Such wretched copy I never saw."

A specific remedy for indigestion or dyspepsia in any form is found in King's Dyspepsia Cure, the only preparation of the kind in the market. Cure guaranteed or money refunded. One dollar a package. Sample package to any address on receipt of three cent stamp. Sole proprietors, King's Dyspepsia Cure Co., New Glasgow, Nova Scotia.

How many people know that the octogenarian poet Tennyson has an elder brother living, who half a century ago was thought to be a greater poet than his brother Alfred? A London publisher announces a new volume of verse by the elder brother, Frederick Tennyson.

ALL OVER THE DOMINION.

Lachlin McNiel, Mabon, C. B.—Rheumatism.

J. D. Boutilier, French Village, N. S.—Diphtheria.

J. F. Cunningham, Cape Island, N. S.—Croup.

Chas Plummer, Yarmouth, N. S.—Loss of Voice.

R. W. Harrison, Glamis, Ont.—Lame Arm.

T. W. Payne, Bathurst, N. B.—Horse.

C. A. Garcon, Rose Blanche, Nfld.—General use.

They testify to the benefits derived from MINARD'S LINIMENT. Write and ask them.

Mr R. Balfour Brown of Yarmouth has recently made additional discoveries of minerals in Digby county. He has found a large quantity of copper shale of fine quality, and a narrow vein of quartz carrying metallic and carbonate of silver. He says there are indications of anthracite in the county, but a proof of its existence can only be obtained by boring.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup," for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers there is no mistake about it. It cures Dysentery and Diarrhœa, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething, is pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for "Mrs WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP," and take no other. 29

W. & A. RAILWAY.

Time Table

1890.—Winter Arrangement.—1890.

	GOING EAST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. Daily.	Exp. Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	Annapolis Le've		6 00	1 00
14	Bridgetown "		6 55	1 37
28	Middleton "		7 55	2 15
42	Aylesford "		9 00	2 45
47	Berwick "		9 25	2 58
50	Waterville "		9 40	3 05
59	Kentville "	6 00	10 55	3 40
64	Port Williams"	6 15	11 10	3 53
66	Wolfville "	6 21	11 30	3 59
69	Grand Pre "	6 31	11 45	4 08
72	Avonport "	6 40	12 00	4 17
77	Hantsport "	6 55	12 20	4 30
84	Windsor "	7 25	1 20	4 55
116	Windsor Junc"	9 05	3 15	6 15
130	Halifax arrive	9 45	4 30	6 50

	GOING WEST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. Daily.	Exp. Daily.
		A. M	A. M.	P. M.
	Halifax--- leave	6 45		3 00
14	Windsor Junc--"	7 23	7 35	3 45
46	Windsor "	8 45	10 00	5 30
53	Hantsport "	9 07	10 30	5 53
58	Avonport "	9 20	10 50	6 08
61	Grand Pre "	9 30	11 05	6 17
64	Wolfville "	9 40	11 30	6 28
66	Port Williams"	9 46	11 45	6 35
71	Kentville "	10 15	12 45	6 50
80	Waterville "	10 35	1 22	
83	Berwick "	10 42	1 37	
88	Aylesford "	10 55	2 00	
102	Middleton "	11 27	3 10	
110	Bridgetown "	12 03	4 05	
130	Annapolis Ar've	12 40	5 00	

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

Trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Lunenburg daily at 7 10 a m, and leave Middleton daily at 2 30 p m.

Steamer "City of Monticello" leaves St John every Monday, Wednesday and Saturday a. m. for Digby and Annapolis; returning, leaves Annapolis same days for Digby and St John.

Steamer "Evangeline" will make daily connection each way between Annapolis and Digby

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Digby daily at 6 00 a. m, and 2 45 p m; and leave Yarmouth daily at 7 45 a. m and 2 30 p. m.

Steamer "New Brunswick" leaves Annapolis for Boston every Tuesday and Friday p m.

Steamer "Yarmouth" leaves Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday evening for Boston.

Steamer "State of Maine" and "Cumland" leave St John every Monday and Thursday a m for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Trains of the Provincial and New England All Rail Line leave St. John for Bangor, Portland and Boston at 6 30 a. m. and 8 45 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

*Tri-weekly between Annapolis and Kentville on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Daily between Kentville and Halifax.

†Daily between Halifax and Kentville. Tri-weekly between Kentville and Annapolis on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays.

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

W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager and Secretary.
K. SUTHERLAND, Resident Manager.
Kentville, Nov. 24th, 1890.

1890. THE 1890.

Yarmouth Steamship Co.

(LIMITED.)

The Shortest and Most Direct Route between Nova Scotia and the United States.

THE QUICKEST TIME.

☞ Only 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston.

The Fast Steal Steamer

"YARMOUTH,"

Will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday evening after arrival of the train of the Western Counties railway.

Returning leaves Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at 10 a. m. every Tuesday and Friday connecting at Yarmouth with train for Halifax and intermediate stations

The "Yarmouth" carries a regular mail to and from Boston and is the fastest steamer plying between Nova Scotia and the United States, fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric Light, Bilge Keels, etc.

The steamer "CITY OF ST JOHN" leaves Pickford & Black's Wharf every Monday evening for Yarmouth and intermediate ports; returning, leaves Yarmouth every Thursday at 7 a m. standard time.

For all other information apply to D. Crumford, Agent at Wolfville, or to

L. E. BAKER, Manager. W. A. CHASE, Sec.-Treas.

Yarmouth, N. S., March 20th, 1890.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

DENTSTRY! DENTISTRY!

Wm. A. Payzant,

DENTIST,

Is now prepared to extract teeth absolutely without pain. Come and try his new method.

—ALSO—

All kinds of dental work done by the latest improved methods.

Office at residence, opposite Acadia Hotel, Station Street.

Wolfville, January 22d, 1890.

Your Support!

—IS SOLICITED FOR—

WOODILL'S

—IT CONTAINS—

No Amonia. Alum. Lime.

GERMAN BAKING POWDER!

Injurious ingredients of which so many of the Baking Powders are now composed.

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, President. J. A. STODDARD, Secretary.

J. B. DAVISON, Agent at Wolfville.

ANY MAN

Who is Weak, Nervous, Debilitated, or in his Folly and Ignorance has Trifled away his Vigor of Body, Mind and Manhood, causing exhausting drains upon the Fountains of Life. Headache, Backache, Dreadful Dreams, Weakness of Memory, Bashfulness in Society, Pimples upon the Face and all the Effects leading to Early Decay, Consumption or Insanity, will find in our specific No. 23 a Positive Cure. It imparts Youthful Vigor restores the Vital Power in old and young, strengthens and invigorates the Brain and Nerves, builds up the muscular system and arouses into action the whole physical energy of the human frame. With our specific No. 23 the most obstinate case can be cured in three months, and recent ones in less than thirty days. Each package contains two weeks treatment. Price $2. Cures Guaranteed. Our specific No. 24 is an infallible Cure for all Private Diseases no matter of how long standing. Sold under our written Guarantee to effect a Cure. Price $2. Toronto Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

LADIES ONLY.

FRENCH REGULATION PILLS.

Far superior to Ergot, Tansy, Pennyroyal or Apiol. Endorsed by the thousands of ladies who use them MONTHLY. Never fail. Relieve pain, INSURE REGULARITY. Pleasant and effectual. Price, $2. Toronto Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

TWENTY DOLLARS CASH!

—GIVEN FOR—

AN OLD USED POSTAGE STAMP.

$20 will be given to any person who will send me, (for the collection I am forming for exhibition purposes), a 12 PENNY STAMP OF CANADA.

Or I will give $5 to $10 for any Old Shilling Stamps of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick.

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 1851–1860.

☞ *Now is the time to hunt them up*

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This new Clyde built steamer is the finest and fastest passenger steamship between Boston and Nova Scotia and is ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

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