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 marvelous how many different complaints it will cure. Its strong point lies in the fact that it acts quickly. Healing all Cuts, Burns and Bruises like Magic. Relieving all manner of Cramps, Colds, Lameness of Muscles or Stiff Joints and Strains.

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.

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. ☜

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.

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 in 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 or 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

SOLD AT 25 CTS PER GALLON BY DRUGGISTS

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. L. MONTREAL & ST JOHN

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 Karl Harloe,

Edited by Ben Zeene.

☞ For Sale at this Office.

HAND TO HAND.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.

[Copyrighted.]

smile in it," backing to the door. "What I have here, sir," touching his forehead, "was meant for mankind, not to barter for fame or money. By the way, have you seen that last little thing of mine in the Westminster?"

"No, nor nobody else," savagely.

"Ah," you don't take the quarterlies? I'll send it to you. I'll send it to you. Good morning, Mr. McMurray, good morning."

"Keep that liar and braggart out of the office, Mr. Stinger," said McMurray in his coldest, civilest tones; for when other men would have raged, his sense of duty kept him quietest. He smoothed his face before going back into office. Young John Proctor was there, the clergyman to whom McMurray's church, through his influence, had just given a call. He had just come from the depot after two years' absence in the west, and McMurray was striving to do him honor in his hard, ungenial way. Proctor had been a sort of ward of his, and it was whispered about in the office that McMurray would be glad to have him now for a son-in-law. This church was his idol, and to see his only child the wife of one of its ministers was, in his opinion, to inclose her in the pearly gates of salvation while yet alive. "The office" felt as if the delicate, bright haired little heiress would be thrown away on Proctor. "These penniless preachers know how to feather their nests," Stinger had said but a few minutes before.

Mr. McMurray could not forget Standish when he went back to his office. "Lazy old Bohemian!" he growled. "If you want the most disreputable vices, Mr. Proctor, always look for them in an old man who lives by his wits."

"Who was it?"

"Standish—the major. You know him."

"What! There?" Proctor dashed out into the office without his hat, and down the stairs, shouting, "Hillo, major!" leaving McMurray astonished behind him. He took up his pen and began to write severely. The carnal flesh was stronger in the young man than he had thought. Withrow, out of curiosity, lounged down the stairs and found them at the door looking anxiously up and down the street.

"Ah, Mr. Withrow! do you remember me? John Proctor," wringing his hand in a hearty fashion which he used to have when a boy. "I'm looking for a friend of mine, Maj. Standish."

"Yes? Maj. Munchausen, we call him in the office."

"He is a friend of mine," coolly. "The office does not know him as well as I do, probably."

Withrow felt himself rebuffed, but only for a minute. "The old fellow has a cockloft over a ware house somewhere, where he cooks for himself. How he lives, God knows. He has nothing now but the odd jobs we give him here in the office. He's had nothing from us for two weeks."

"Is he alone? There was a little girl, or woman, rather?" Proctor hesitated. The story of the old major and Madeline was something which he could not drag out before this fellow.

"Niece or something? She lives in some country town now, I believe, and colors photographs. A great artist, the major says. She's a dull girl, I fancy. Women without means have to scratch hard for a living now-days."

Mr. Proctor did not care to enter into the woman question. He stood whistling under his breath, with some queer ideas in his clerical head, which Mr. Withrow would have hardly thought befitted it. They grew out of the remembrance of those Saturday afternoons when, for year after year, he used to escape from boarding school and repair to that same cockloft over the warehouse, there to feel himself a Gypsy or a Crusoe for a few glorious hours. What a vagabond, uncertain life it was! the poverty, the shifts, the fun, the inextinguishable jollity and tender love under it all! What a prince the major was! Madeline made of him—saving all week to compass the Saturday's roast chicken and gooseberry tart! Proctor had never known father or mother; his ideas of love or a home were all drawn from poor Standish and his crazy menage. So strong was this boyish instinct in him just now that he actually stood breathless when anybody resembling the major came in sight. If the old man should not recognize him, or should meet him with the formal deference of other respectable people, why, then, good-by to that old boyhood, so horribly dear and disreputable!

Now the major was in a restaurant a few doors down the street. "Try an advertisement in The Camera, Sam," he said to the bookkeeper. "I swear it will pay you like—like"— His talk halted; the ideas seemed to stagger through his brain.

"I believe you've had a drop too much, Standish," said Sam.

"No; I've had to stop drinking. You can't get a glass of champagne fit for a gentleman in this accursed town. But about the advertisement?" (The Camera paid him a small percentage on this sort of business, and a few cents now would buy him his dinner.)

"No."

The major leaned on the glass counter for a moment. It was two days since he had tasted food. The steam of savory dishes below was too much for him. A collapsed stomach in a powerful frame like his is a deadly drag upon a man's pluck. He looked at Sam. The fellow would give him his dinner if he asked it, he knew.

He gathered himself up with an effort. "I'd steal, but I can't beg," he said, silently. He nodded affably to Sam, and filliped to the parrot as he went out. His high featured, usually florid face, had turned cold and blue under the mustache and whiskers, but he carried himself jauntily.

John Proctor saw him as soon as he stepped on the street. There was the identical broadcloth suit cut twenty years ago, and the vast expanse of shirt bosom, frayed in the plaits, but immaculately white. The major was a property of the town, well known as the city clock. With his bushy white mane, his imposing shoulders, his lofty bow, he radiated and filled the pavement from wall to curb. Proctor thought the old man would be glad to see him, but he certainly had not expected the strange effect which the sight of him produced. Standish stopped as though he had been struck a blow, holding him off at arm's length. His pomposity seemed to suddenly drop from him.

"Why, Jack! Jack!" he stammered, "I did not look to see you. I beg your pardon, Mr. Proctor. I forget"— drawing back, yet still holding the young man's coat sleeve with what would have been very like a caress in a woman.

"Forgot! You forget old friends, I think."

"Prince Hal has changed his state," said the major, smiling, with an effort to be himself. "It is time he shook off old Falstaff.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!
So surfeit swelled, so old and so profane!

touching his big breast with a bitter laugh.

"You did not use to affect the cynic."

"No. It is the sight of you that reminds me of what I had better forget."

Proctor was ashamed, as one man always is of emotion in another. "You had always an unreasonable liking for me, vicious young dog that I was!" he said, lightly. "You're in the old place, I suppose? I'll come round at dusk. We'll broil a steak together, hey, major? My hand has not lost its cunning."

The old man looked down at him steadily with an inexplicable brightness in his keen eyes. "I did not think you would go so far as that, my boy," he said quietly.

Mr. McMurray's carriage drew up at the door at that moment. It was plain but rich, the horse thoroughbred. An innocent looking, delicate little blonde, dressed with Quaker like plainness, looked out and blushed crimson at the sight of John. At that the blood mounted also into the fellow's tell tale face, and he went down to the carriage, leaning on the door to speak to her.

"A handsome pair, major," whispered Withrow, who was still loitering near.

Standish nodded. "She looks like a good religious woman. McMurray would raise his daughter cleaner than other girls."

"She's worth a cool half million; that's the way in which I'd think you would look at her."

"So I do, Mr. Withrow. Proctor is lucky, very lucky. Talents and education and religion, and now a good wife with money. The boy could not ask for more."

There was something in the old man's unusual quiet, and the look which he fastened on Proctor, that roused Withrow's curiosity.

"There used to be some connection between you and the young man, wasn't there? He was under your guardianship when he was a boy, I think I've heard?"

"Not at all, sir," eagerly, "not at all. It was a mere business transaction. I held certain moneys for the lad's use from his father, and paid his bills; that was all. I placed him under Mr. McMurray's care when he was entered here first at school. McMurray has the entrance to the best society, and is religious; those were the two things I looked at. Why, the boy's blood is of the best. His father was one of the old blue bloods of Virginia. He would never have trusted his son to the guardianship of an old scallawag like Dan Standish." The major was himself again, his rolling voice and theatrical gestures keeping time and apparently enjoying each other thoroughly.

"Oh, that's it! You were not one of the blue bloods then?"

"My father was a butcher, sir. I've lived by my wits; and an infernally poor capital they are for any man. I'll say that. I've dined with dukes and ragpickers in my day, Mr. Withrow. But the smell of the slaughter house followed me. A man is nothing without family here in Philadelphia." And again his eyes rested on Proctor, with the anxious thoughtfulness so strangely at variance with his ordinary stagey manner.

Withrow clapped his hand to one pocket, then to the other. "By the way! Where the deuce— Oh, here it is. Come this way, major," drawing him into the doorway, and opening a New York paper. "Here in the Personals. 'Richard Standish.' You see! No relation of yours, eh?"

The major had the paper up before his face. He took out his cracked eyeglasses and adjusted them on his nose; took them down and wiped them leisurely; read the card once, a second time. "No; I don't know the man."

"From Virginia, you see," said Withrow, putting the paper in his pocket again; "and came here about the same time you say you did. But your name's Dan. Certainly. It looks like a trick of the police to get hold of a criminal to me."

"So it does to me."

"Going, eh! Proctor's busy," with a significant wink. "He has no need of old fellows like us, now."

"No." The major stood a moment watching John's eager gestures, and the bright, blushing face bent over him. "No; he has no more need of me," he said quietly, and turned away with a bow as he passed the carriage, though neither of them saw him.

Mr. McMurray, with the young clergyman again in his office, safely trapped, could not let him go without a word or two of rebuke. "Should you accept it" (they were talking of the call), "you must be careful, my dear sir, to avoid even the appearance of evil. You are young and impulsive, fond of your friends. The dignity of your position would render improper many associates whom you knew as a boy, unless, indeed, you approach them officially, administering the Word as the hope of salvation. This Maj. Standish now, for example"—

"I am very uncertain about accepting this church at all," broke out Jack. "There is a place in the west that suits my ways better. But I could not marry on their salary. It's the merest pittance. I could barely live on it."

Mr. McMurray paused, and answered with deliberation: "In the matter of marriage, must you consult that point of salary at all, Mr. Proctor? The wife you may select may—will, in all probability—be independent. A woman ought to feel herself honored in being called to share the spiritual work of a Christian minister, and should rejoice if she can bear her part in his temporal burdens."

"I'll never be supported by a rich wife," said John, bluntly. "I'll be frank with you, Mr. McMurray. There is a woman whom I have loved long and faithfully. I will marry her, if I can. If she has money, well and good; but I must be the provider in my own household."

"It is a natural feeling, and a manly one," said McMurray, not ill pleased.

"We differ, too, in this matter of associates," obstinately resumed Jack. "I have never felt that my 'cloth,' as the vulgar phrase has it, placed me one whit apart from other men. When I measure myself with a prince of ruffian in the dock by his courage or good sense or faithfulness to his friend, I touch a brotherhood between us stronger than any church bond. We get our naked hands together. You understand? And oftener then it is he who gives the Word to me than I to him," he added, under his breath.

Mr. McMurray checked the angry rebuke on his lips. All young men were flighty nowadays, and given to this visionary talk. He remembered John Proctor's brilliant reputation in the church, the crowds that pressed to hear him as he went from city to city. If Clara were his wife, no woman in the church would hold higher rank. "I cannot understand," he said, gently, "what bearing this has on your intimacy with Maj. Standish, particularly"—raising his voice when Proctor would have spoken—"when I have every reason to believe the police are on his track as a long escaped criminal."

John's face burned as though he himself had been accused. "What proof have you of this?" he said, rising.

"There is a New York detective here to identify him now," in a mysterious whisper. "I could learn no more from him than that Standish is living under an assumed name. But I fear the worst, Mr. Proctor, the very worst."

"Bah!" muttered John to himself. "Where is this fellow? I'll go to him at once," putting on his cap.

McMurray rose and put out his hand. It was high time that he became the mouthpiece of the church and Clara. "Mr. Proctor, I beg that you will not espouse this disreputable old man's cause so vehemently. His name is a public by-word of infamy among newspaper men. A vapering boaster and liar."

"Newspaper men know but one side of the fellow," retorted John, hotly. "I could tell you tales of him, of his unselfishness and his noble charity, that would put the lives of many of our professors to shame. Besides, he was kind to me when I was a boy. I'll not turn by back on him now."

McMurray's sallow cheek began to burn. "Then I regret to say, Mr. Proctor, that you must make your choice between the church and your very boyish impulse. A clergyman who makes an associate of so doubtful a character is hardly suited to our society. As for his good traits, I know nothing. I do not know that the righteousness of the carnal flesh is filthy rags."

"And I know that courage and self-sacrifice are proofs of as good mettle in poor old Standish as in a church member, and come as direct from the Master of both. I must judge for myself in these matters."

"Assuredly. But if your judgment in points so essential differs so widely from ours, I must beg leave, as chairman of the committee, to withdraw the call. Do not be rash, my dear sir," changing his voice and laying his hand on John's shoulder. "There!

Continued Next Week.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

Why wouldn't a tailor make a good legislator? He's interested in a good many measures.

An "elastic steel horse collar" is a recent invention attracting the attention of British farmers.

Recent returns to the department of agriculture show a revival of interest in sheep husbandry.

People who never think of anybody but themselves are always little, no matter how big they feel.

Jay Gould has been notified that he must pay a fine of $.60 for not answering a summons to appear as a juror.

It cost $25,000,000 to govern London with a population of 5,700,000, and it costs $28,000,000 to govern New York with a population of 1,500,000.

A fact that all men with gray and many shaded whiskers should know, that Buckingham's Dye always colors an even brown or black at will.

At least half a dozen Nova Scotia vessels will sail from various provincial ports for British Columbia this fall to engage in the fur sealing of the Pacific.

The consciousness of having a remedy at hand for croup, pneumonia, sore throat and sudden colds, is very consoling to a parent. With a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, one feels, in such cases, a sense of security nothing else can give.

Mr O'Rafferty.—And what did yer brother think was the rale cause of his death?" Mr Duffy.—"Me brother niver knew the rale cause of his death, as no inquest was hild on him."

"One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." Diseases common to the race compel the search for a common remedy. It is found in Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the reputation of which is world-wide, having largely superseded every other blood medicine in use.

The length of telegraph lines in the whole world at the end of 1889, it is said, had reached a total of 1,680,900 miles, a length sufficient to go round the equator almost 70 times.

MOTHERS, READ THIS.—If you are suffering from weakness caused from overwork, nursing, etc., Puttner's Emulsion is what is required to build you up and give tone to your system. If your child is delicate or your daughter who is growing into womanhood, complains of being tired, give them Puttner's Emulsion, depend upon it, that is what they need.

A young lady out West four years ago sowed the seed from one head of barley. The product was saved and the three succeeding years, and this season the yield was 1,600 bushels,

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.

There is no prison in Iceland, and such things as locks, bolts or bars are unknown. The history of the nation, extending over 1,000 years, records but two thefts, and no policemen exist on the island.

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 had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Oldboy—Young man, don't try to fly too high at first. Always begin at the bottom and work up.

Flippant Youth.—That's all right, if you want to climb a ladder; but what if you want to dig a well?

C. C. RICHARDS & Co.

Gents.—I took a severe cold, which settled in my throat and lungs and caused me to entirely lose my voice. For six weeks I suffered great pain. My wife advised me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT and the effect was magical; for after only three doses and an outward application, my voice returned and I was able to speak in the Army that night, a privilege I had been unable to enjoy for six weeks.

Yarmouth. CHARLES PLUMMER.

Mr W. Jackson, of Bridgewater, has been offered $100,000 by an English syndicate for the right to manufacture Minard's Liniment in the United States. The right is held in Canada by Messrs C. C. Richards & Co., of Yarmouth. Mr Nelson refused the offer.

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.

W. & A. RAILWAY.

Time Table

1890.—Summer Arrangement.—1890.

	GOING EAST.	Exp. Daily.	Accm. Daily.	Exp. Daily.
		A. M.	A. M.	P. M.
	Annapolis Le've		6 00	1 10
14	Bridgetown "		7 00	1 47
28	Middleton "		8 00	2 23
42	Aylesford "		9 07	2 55
47	Berwick "		9 30	3 08
50	Waterville "		9 45	3 15
59	Kentville "	5 40	11 10	3 50
64	Port Williams "	5 55	11 30	4 03
66	Wolfville "	6 01	11 40	4 09
69	Grand Pre "	6 11	11 55	4 18
72	Avonport "	6 20	12 10	4 27
77	Hantsport "	6 35	12 30	4 40
84	Windsor "	7 03	1 30	5 55
116	Windsor Junc"	8 45	4 00	6 25
130	Halifax arrive	9 25	4 50	7 00

	GOING WEST	Exp. Daily	Accm. Daily.	Exp. Daily.
		A. M	A. M.	P. M.
	Halifax--- leave	6 30		3 15
14	Windsor Junc-- "	7 30	9 40	4 00
46	Windsor "	8 52	11 00	5 40
53	Hantsport "	9 14	11 32	6 03
58	Avonport "	9 27	11 50	6 18
61	Grand Pre "	9 36	12 10	6 27
64	Wolfville "	9 46	12 25	6 38
66	Port Williams"	9 52	12 40	6 45
71	Kentville "	10 20	1 40	7 00
80	Waterville "	10 40	2 15	
83	Berwick "	10 47	2 30	
88	Aylesford "	11 00	2 55	
102	Middleton "	11 32	4 00	
116	Bridgetown "	12 08	5 05	
130	Annapolis Ar've	12 45	6 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 00 a m, and leave Middleton daily at 2 25 p m.

Steamer "City of Monticello" leaves St John every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday 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.

Steamers "State of Maine" and "Cumberland" leave St John every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday 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 15 a. m. and 8 45 p. m. daily, except Saturday evening and Sunday morning.

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

W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager and Secretary.
K. SUTHERLAND, Resident Manager.
Kentville, June 5th, 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. Mumford, Agent at Wolfville, or to

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

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

DENTISTRY! 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.

Auctioneer.

The subscriber having been urgently solicited to offer his services as a general auctioneer, takes this method of informing those in need of such service that will be at their command.

E. D. BISHOP

Wolfville, April 18th, 1889.

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

Your Support!

—IS SOLICITED FOR—

WOODILL'S GERMAN BAKING POWDER!

—IT CONTAINS—

No Amonia. Alum. Lime.

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 Tried 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 $5. Toronto Medicine Co., Toronto, Ont.

LADIES ONLY.

FRENCH REGULATION PILLS.

far superior to Ergot, Tansy, Pennyroyal or Apiide. 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 1850-1866.

☞ *Now is the time to hunt them up.*

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Puttner's Emulsion

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