Poetry.

After a While.

After a while is a beautiful day,—
The storm will be ended, and brighter the sun;
The weariness over, the task will be done;
Some sweet thing is coming to every one,
After a while.

After a while is a prosperous day;
Then we shall have all the wisdom we need;
Our earnest endeavors shall always succeed;
Till every ideal expand to a need,
After a while.

After a while is a halcyon day,
When the love we have lavished our bosoms shall bless;
Then shall be true every hand that we press,
The hearts we confide in, the lips we caress,
After a while.

After a while 'tis a merciful day,
Filled with comfort and free from all fear
And thrilled with all love. Ah! if only 'twas clear,
What the day of the month and the month of the year,
After a while.

After a while. 'Tis a far away time;
For now, while impatiently counting, I see
'Tis not in the calendar open to me,
So it must be in God's, in the life that's to be,
After a while.

—*Marie R. Butler.*

God's Mercy.

There's a wideness in God's mercy
Like the wideness of the sea;
There's a kindness in His justice
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earth's failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

F. W. Faber.

"If only the pity and love untold,
Were scattered abroad in coins of gold,
There would not be in the whole round earth,
One hungry heart or one desolate hearth.
And oh! if all the kind words unsaid
Would blossom and flower and spread and shed
Their sweetness around on the common air
The breath of heaven would be everywhere."

Select Literature.

Bachelor Barclay.

When we were first married we bought a little cottage in the midst of a pretty garden—a cottage that had just four rooms and a garret in all, but we wanted no more.

"Once the property of the late Miss Nancy Free," the real estate dealer said in his circular.

Jack bought the house and we moved in. The place had been very carefully kept clean by the agent, and I began to arrange and rearrange, to tie ribbon bows on chairs, to loop fresh muslin curtains at the window panes, to fill the old china vases with flowers, thinking of Jack the while, as a bride would be apt to do; when, looking out of the window, I saw a quaint old figure coming up the road—that of a man very old in years, and who had not changed his garb with the fashions of the times.

His hat had a bell crown and a rolling rim, his collar and coat and neckerchief were of the sort we see in our grandfathers' portraits. I had had him pointed out to me as "Bachelor Barclay," and been told that he was rich and of a good old family, and had once been disappointed in love.

I hid myself behind the curtain and watched him curiously as he came on, wondering if he were once a handsome young fellow like my Jack, and if he had loved someone as Jack loved me, and how it was that youth could turn to age, and golden locks to gray and why it need be; when, to my surprise he paused at the gate of my garden and entered. Perhaps his old-fashioned politeness led him to call upon the "strangers," after the good old custom so rapidly dying out.

A moment more my little maid brought me his card, and, with a glance at the mirror, I hurried down to meet him. Close at hand Bachelor Barclay was older than he seemed from an upper window, and frailer, but his face had a sweet impression still.

"Pardon my intrusion, madam," he said. "I saw the house open for the first time in years, and could not restrain myself from approaching the door. I knew it well in bygone days, when Miss Nancy Free and her mother lived here. I came here often then. I was a very intimate friend. I wanted to see the dear old rooms once again. Miss Free was eighty when she died; I am eighty-five. But we were very young people when we first met—twenty-one and twenty-six. You think me an eccentric old creature, no doubt; but I want to see the house once before I die, for old times' sake."

"Come in, sir," I said. "I shall be happy to show you every corner of it. I think I understand"——

"As young people understand such things," he said. "Happily they cannot quite know how the old feel, not quite."

He held his quaint old hat in his hand as he spoke, and gave me a sad smile that drew his face into a hundred tiny crows-feet, and as I motioned the way he followed me into our little parlor and sat down.

"Nothing altered," he said. "This is old Mrs. Free's furniture, that had been her grandmother's in Revolutionary days. They say it is the fad of the times to buy it up, or have imitations of it. The brass andirons, the shovel and the tongs, and carved chairs, the escritoire,—I remember them all. This is a Turkish carpet—there are hardly any of them now. Yes, Mrs. Free sat here, and Nancy played the guitar, and I sang—you would not think that I sang—or, I remember, she worked at her tambour frame while I read aloud from the poets."

"Once," he said, "Miss Nancy sat for a miniature to a painter then well known. It was a speaking likeness. Does it by chance remain in the house?"

"I think it does," I said. "The heir, a nephew, a rich man, who lives in New Orleans, wrote orders that the house should be sold with all its belongings, and I think the miniature you mean is here."

I went to the escritoire, and drew from one of the drawers the likeness of a lady, painted on ivory, and set in a narrow gold frame. I doubt if it really resembled any living being.

It was a beautiful doll, all pink and white, with blue eyes, little brown curls penciled on her forehead, and a white frill about the neck; but as I put it into the hands of Bahelor Barclay he gazed upon it with rapture.

"Miss Nancy's very self," said he, "as she appeared at twenty-two. There are no such women now." He paused, and with a low bow, added, "With the exception of the fair lady in whose presence I now stand."

I bowed. I hope I did it properly. It seemed the only thing to do under the circumstances. After this I begged the old gentleman to visit any portion of the house the grounds he pleased, and when he went away presented him with Miss Nancy's miniature, for which he kissed my hand, standing at a long distance and touching my fingers as though they were sacred relics.

We talked him over at tea time, Jack and I, and made up our minds that he had once been a suitor of Miss Nancy's. It was not a difficult matter to guess it, and from that day he called frequently. He made me his confidant at last.

He had adored Miss Nancy, he told me, and she returned his affection and they had become engaged to each other with the consent of the mother, and all went merry as a marriage bell, until, in some manner, he offended the object of his adoration.

I judge he made her jealous, having been in his day a beau of the first water, and much admired by the ladies; but he was too modest to say so outright. But, at all events, she would not forgive him. She refused him the miniature which had been painted for him, she took back her lock of hair and sent him back his letters, and in all sorts of ways wrecked vengeance upon him for his evil doing.

At last her mother died. That great sorrow, it seemed to him, must bow her pride, and she must more than ever need a comforter, a consoler, a protector. Allowing time for the first burst of grief, he wrote to her, asking her to reply, whatever her *fiat* might be, begging her to forgive him and once more promise to be his wife.

"She never answered me," he said. "She never gave me one word in reply."

It was on the tip of my tongue to say that she had been very vindictive, but I saw that that would not do. Miss Nancy was sainted in his memory, and could be suspected of no wrong.

"I erred beyond forgiveness," sweet angel," he said; "I erred beyond forgiveness," and Bachelor Barclay could not be moved from this opinion by the whisper of an angel.

* * * *

"Auntie!" cried my little nephew; "there's something in the crow's nest."

I was sitting in the garden, and the voice sounded above my head. I looked up with a start. In the road outside arose a tall pole, and from time immemorial a great crow's nest had crowned it. How little Billy had managed to reach its apex I cannot say, but there he was, and, speechless with horror, I could only implore him, in dumb show, to descend. He answered me with a laugh, flung something to the ground, and came sliding down after it. "You naughty boy!" I cried, as I caught him in my arms.

"It's not a bit like a nest, auntie," he said. "It's all ugly and muddy. There were some feathers in it, black, and there was a dead bird, and there was that cap—a queer cap. I never saw such a funny thing."

He picked from the grass the object he had cast down. It looked like a crushed leather box, and had been melted by the sun and soaked by the rains until it was shapeless: but it certainly proved to be a queer, old-fashioned cap, with a peak, and lined with oiled silk, and as Billy tossed it about and turned it inside out, a square white package dropped from some secret spot beneath this lining, which had kept it from destruction adown the years.

Long years they must have been, for the letter had been written before the days when envelopes were used. It was curiously folded and sealed with a large seal, on which which was the letter "F" and was addressed in a delicate, running hand to "Alwyn Barclay, Esq., The Oakes," etc. In fact, it had evidently been intended for the old gentleman we called Bachelor Barclay, and to him I at once dispatched it with a note of explanation.

His answer was a request that I and my husband would do him the honor of calling, as he was ill, and there was much to explain. And of course we went. Bachelor Barclay, bolstered up with pillows, lay upon a lounge, pale as yellow wax, his eyes shining under his grey brows.

"Dear friends, you have told me that the letter you sent me was in the lining of 'an old leather cap in the crow's nest," he said. "I remember seeing the cap thrown away. Miss Free's little negro servant Cato wore it. A carpenter who was mending the barn had snatched it and flung it in the air. Apparently it never came down again. It was searched for, and I watched the search from the window, but never dreamed that it was in the nest. The cap was old. Cato had a new one, and that was the end of it. But now I remember that in that oiled silk lining the boy put any letters with which he was sent to the post office, in order to keep them clean. I think it was made with a sort of pocket on purpose, and in this lining this letter had started on its way to me when a rude jest ended my hopes of happiness for life. Cato forgot or never told the fact of its being undelivered.

"The letter, dear friend, was an answer to my prayer for Miss Nancy Free's pardon—a beautiful, forgiving, angelic reply. Had I received it I should have flown to her. She would have been my bride. These lonely years would have been gladsome. I might not have been the last leaf on a withered branch.

"It was fated not to be. I trust she did not suffer also. I—I fear that is possible. How discourteous she must have deemed me! I never dreamed she had written. I"——

He paused. Tears filled his eyes.

"I am sorry"—I began.

"Don't say you are sorry you found it!" Bachelor Barclay cried. "If I was foolish enough to faint when the truth burst upon me, I still rejoice. Up there I think she waits for me—there, where the truth is manifest without words, and I thank you—oh, so much!"

We stayed with him a little longer, and he talked to us of Nancy and old times. When I left him he kissed my hand. He died that night, and the letter and Miss Nancy's miniature reposed upon his bosom.

Fruit in Illness

An exchange recalls the Scandinavian tradition that when the gods felt themselves to be growing feeble and infirm they resorted to the apple for renewing their powers of mind and body, and German analysts say that the apple contains a larger percentage of phosphorus than any other fruit or vegetable. Phosphorus is admirably adapted for renewing the essential nervous matter of the brain and spinal cord. The acids of the apple are of great use in eliminating from the body all noxious matters which tend to make the brain heavy and dull and to bring about jaundice and similiar troubles. Unwittingly we take apple sauce with roast pork, roast goose and similiar dishes, as a medicine as well as a relish. Many of our common fruits, says a high medical authority, are among our best remedial agents. Oranges, figs, tamarinds, prunes, dates and plums are laxatives; cranberries, blackberries, pears and wild cherries are astringents; grapes, peaches, strawberries, wortleberries and black currants are diuretics; gooseberries, red and white currants and melons are refrigerants, and lemons, limes and apples are refrigerants and stomachic sedatives. Taken in the early morning an orange acts very decidely as a laxative, sometimes amounting to a purgative. Figs split open form an excellent poultice for boils and small abcesses. Strawberries and lemons are useful in removing tartar from the teeth. Apples correct nausea and are useful in seasickness. Barberries are good for fever patients in the form of a drink.

Bordering on Consumption.

When a cold is neglected it frequently develops a condition bordering on consumption. No other remedy will so quickly relieve and cure cases of this dangerous kind as Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, because no other remedy possesses such perfect curative powers as does this prince of pectoral remedies.

—An insurance agent wrote out papers recently for a party who was one of the fourteen children, all living. His father and mother were both living, between eighty and ninety years of age, and his four grand parents at their death averaged one hundred years each. It is needless to say he passed. He was a Nova Scotian.

—Are you troubled with "gnawing" sensation, "goneness," load at stomach? Take K. D. C.—the King of Dyspepsia Cures. It is guaranteed to cure you.

—Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.

Generous Mr. Rockfeller.

HE GAVE A MILLION DOLLARS TO THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

John D. Rockefeller of the Standard Oil company, who is at present enjoying the winter sports of Montreal, is one of the richest men in the world. He counts his fortune by the tens of millions. He made it all himself out of coal oil speculations. Unlike Jay Gould, Mr. Rockfeller believed in giving, and is generous in proportion to his great wealth.

One million dollars is quite a sum of money. It takes ten thousand one hundred dollar bills to make up that amount. Therefore, President Harper of the new Chicago university was greatly elated on Christmas morning on opening his mail to find a brief note informing him that Mr. Rockfeller had presented the university with $1,000,000 in gold bonds, bearing 5 per cent. interest, payable semi-annually. It was one of Mr. Rockfeller's Christmas gifts. The interest on the million dollars is to be devoted to the payment of instructors.

This makes a total of $3,600,000 that Mr. Rockfeller has given to the university in the last three years. His first gift was $600,000 in cash, made Jan. 1, 1890. In September, 1890, he gave $1,000,000 in cash, Feb. 22, 1892, $1,000,000 in gold bonds, and then comes the present Christmas gift.

A Petrefied Man.

A petrified man was found in a cave in the foothills of Guadaloupe mountains 15 miles west of Eddy, New Mexico, Nov. 24th. It was brought in and is now on exhibition. It is 5 feet 10 inches high, well proportioned and was a fine specimen of manhood. It is difficult to determine whether it is the remains of a white man or an Indian. There are no distinct imprints of sandals or moccasins on the feet, but the hair is in the moderns style. It has an Indian nose but no high cheek bones. The body was found in a large chamber with limestone walls, about 500 feet from the entrance to the cave. There is another evidence that the cave has been inhabited. The body had been placed in the cave by other hands after death, as it lay on its back with hands across the breast. No fragments of clothing or implements of war were found. The cave is three to five miles long, has over a hundred chambers, and some wonderful forms of stalactite petrifications and vegetable matter. The question has been raised if the discovery is not another Cardiff giant scheme, but all who examine it, believe it to be a genuine petrification.

War Well Waged.

What greater enemy of mankind than disease, and what nobler work than to fight against this death dealing enemy of humanity. The most successful way against disease is being steadily carried on by Burdock Blood Bitters for dyspepsia, constipation, bad blood, biliousness, etc., cannot resist its powers.

—Toronto has now an evening newspaper—the *Sun*—an avowell advocate of annexation. In its salutatory it says: Of course, none but constitutional agitation will be resorted to or countenanced by the *Sun*. We advocate the political union of Canada and the United States on fair and honorable terms, and as the act of two free self governing peoples, but we do not advocate such union, nor would we consent to it, without the consent of Her Majesty and the Parliament of Great Britain.

—Pink Pills for Pale People are the only Scientific and Rational, and therefore the only Perfect Remedy ever discovered for the cure of diseases depending upon a depraved and watery state of the blood. As they supply in a condensed form, the substances actually needed to enrich the blood and restore the nerves, they remove the cause and so cure the disease. All dealers or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50. Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brookville, Ont.

—*Boston Post*: It is disappointment no less than disease that has brought Mr. Blaine to death's door. For years the presidency has been held out before him as the the prize of his endeavor, only to be snatched away from his grasp as he put out his hand to seize it. Struggle and crisis and failure have succeeded each other with terrible regularity; the mental and nervous exhaustion have undoubtedly aggravated the physical disease, and now, with his ambition unrealized, the world slips away. There is a lesson in this for the eager politicans of the younger generation.

—"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Artic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

CANADIAN EGGS FOR ENGLAND.—The Dominion line steamer Vancouver, which arrived from Portland at Halifax Friday night, had, besides a large quantity of other cargo, 46,000 dozens of eggs on board for Liverpool, making over half a million of the fruit in all. They are the manufacture of the Canadian hen, and were brought to Portland from Canada by the grand Trunk, making six carloads. They are valued at $9,160.

King of Liniments.

Among the numerous Liniments, Pain Killers, etc. on the market, there must be one that is better than all the others. That one is EAST INDIA LINIMENT, as is proved by the testimony of all that have ever used it. Hundreds as good as the following:—

"I have used Seavey's East India Liniment in my family for more than a year, and have found it to be an excellent medicine, far superior to the other liniments, pain-killers, etc., that I have tried. It is, beyond doubt, what you claim it to be—'the King of all the Liniments.' I always keep a bottle in the house."

SAMPSON DRELL, Berwick.

Try one bottle, and if not satisfactory, go back and get your money.

Minard's Liniment cures Garget in Cows.

DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE

IS NOT a Purgative Medicine. They are a BLOOD BUILDER, and RECONSTRUCTOR, as they supply a condensed nourishment needed to enrich the blood, curing diseases coming from Impure and Watery blood, or from Humors in the blood, and also to build up the blood and restore when broken down by overwork, worry, disease, or any unnatural indiscretion. They have a SPECIFIC ACTION on the SPECIAL SYSTEM of MEN and WOMEN, restoring LOST VIGOR, correcting all IRREGULARITIES and SUPPRESSIONS.

EVERY MAN who finds his mental faculties fail or failing, or his physical energy flagging should take these PILLS. They restore lost energies, both physical and mental.

EVERY YOUNG MAN should take them. Any impression or depression, mental disease, or any other cure all suppressions which inevitably lead to premature old age.

YOUNG WOMEN should take these PILLS. They will cure the results of youthful indiscretion, and strengthen the system.

YOUNG WOMEN should take them. They will make them regular. These PILLS will make them regular.

For sale by all druggists, or will be sent upon receipt of price (50c. per box), by addressing

THE DR. WILLIAMS' MED. CO. *Brockville, Ont.*

TO MY CUSTOMERS.

You have helped to sustain the NO CREDIT SYSTEM during the past year; and in token of my friendship and gratitude, and also to promote future trade on the same principle, I propose to make

Every Customer

A Christmas Present, who purchases goods at my store between now and Holidays,—the value of the present to be determined by the amount purchased.

My stock of CHRISTMAS GOODS is complete and comprises all kinds of

FANCY GOODS

in Crockery, Plush Goods, Books, etc., etc.

Please call and see for yourselves.

WANTED—Beans, Turkeys, Chicks, Geese, Eggs, Butter, Dried Apples, Oats.

MRS. WOODBURY,
KINGSTON VILLAGE.

THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

(HEAD OF QUEEN STREET,)

BRIDGETOWN, NOVA SCOTIA,

STILL maintains the high reputation enjoyed under the management of its late proprietor, and patrons to the house may rely on finding it first-class in all its appointments, and charges most reasonable.

Good Sample Rooms. Teams convey passengers to and from depot free of charge.

G. LANGLEY, Proprietor.
Bridgetown, Oct. 22nd, 1890. 29

A GREAT CHANGE TO BUY FURNITURE

The subscriber acting as agent for Messrs. Runciman, Randolph, and Shaw, now offers the public

Extra Value

in all the Furniture to be found in the Warerooms. It embraces Parlor and Bedroom Suites and a General Assortment of Household Articles usually found requisite for the Trade.

Among the special bargains may be found

Parlor Suites, in plush, from $40 to $75.00
Ash Bedroom Setts, from $10 to $40.00
Walnut Setts, with Develle Glass Mirrors, complete, $65.00
Antique Oak Dining-room setts, $45 to $80
Side Boards, from $18 to $30.00

UNDERTAKING.

As has been the custom of the subscriber for years past, he begs to state that he is now in a better position than ever before, to give his personal attention to the Undertaking business, and is able to furnish all kinds of Coffins, Caskets and Trimmings.

J. B. REED, *Agent.*

September 7th, 1891. 23tf

Co-Partnership Notice.

The subscribers having purchased the Custom Tailoring business lately carried on by A. J. MORRISON, would respectfully inform their numerous friends and the public in general that they will still carry on the same in the store under Masonic Hall.

In addition to the above they will carry and have now on hand full lines of

Gents' Furnishings

which will be still further supplemented with a large and varied stock of

Boots and Shoes.

LAWRENCE D. SHAFNER.
WILLIAM C. BATH.

☞ As we have made an arrangement securing us the services of Mr. FRANK SCOTT for an indefinite period, patrons may rest assured that all work will be of the most satisfactory nature, and that perfect fitting garments can be obtained.

SHAFNER & BATH.

Bridgetown, Dec. 13th, 1892. 37

To Whom it May Concern.

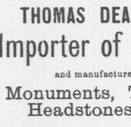
Notice is hereby given the public that the Custom Tailoring business hitherto conducted in Bridgetown by the subscriber, has been disposed of to Messers. Shafner & Bath, and that they have taken possession of the stock, goodwill, etc.

In retiring from this field of operation, I must sincerely thank a generous public for the liberal patronage bestowed, and would respectfully solicit the same for my successors.

A. J. MORRISON.

Bridgetown, Dec. 13th, 1892. 37

BRIDGETOWN



MARBLE WORKS

THOMAS DEARNESS

Importer of Marble

and manufacturer of

Monuments, Tablets, Headstones, &c.

Also Mountains in Red Granite, Gray Granite, and Freestone.

Granville St., Bridgetown, N. S.

N. B.—Having purchased the Stock and Trade from Mr. O. Whitman, parties ordering anything in the above line can rely on having their orders filled at short notice. T. D.

Bridgetown, March 19th, 89.

WE ARE PREPARED TO DO

JOB WORK

IN ALL THE LATEST STYLES.

We have increased facilities for turning out

FINE WORK

—such as—

NOTE HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
MEMO. HEADS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
VISITING CARDS.

POSTERS,
DODGERS,
PROGRAMMES,
CIRCULARS,
PAMPHLETS,
TICKETS,
ENVELOPES,
ETC., ETC.

Choice Lines of

WEDDING STATIONERY

always on hand.

Estimates Furnished, Satisfaction Guaranteed.

Orders from any part of the Country will receive prompt attention.

Address,

"MONITOR" OFFICE,
Bridgetown, N. S.

CALL AND SEE US!

I HAVE OPENED,

in the store recently occupied by A. D. CAMERON,

The Finest Assortment of Goods

ever placed upon the market.

A New, Choice and Carfully-selected

Stock of GROCERIES.

An Excellent Line of

CANNED GOODS.

A Splendid Display of

CROCKERYWARE,

in all the latest designs, and a fine selection of GLASSWARE that will suit the taste of the most fastidious.

Confectionery and Xmas Novelties.

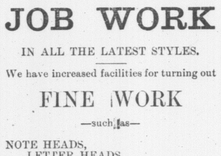
My Goods have been obtained from the most reliable houses in Canada, and are warranted to be fresh and first-class in every particular.

Motto: Quick Sales and Small Profits.

Inspection invited. Satisfaction guaranteed

BURPEE E. CHUTE.

December 1st, 1891. 35 1y



UNDERTAKING.

Messrs. ROOP & SHAW
MIDDLETON, N. S.

Beg to announce to the public that they intend carrying on the Undertaking Business at Middleton, and have now in stock a varied and comprehensive line of

Caskets, Coffins, Trimmings,
AND ALL OTHER FURNISHINGS.

Parties requiring their services can rest assured of prompt and satisfactory attention, at most reasonable charges.

ROOP & SHAW.

Middleton, June 19th, 1891. 11 tf

IMPERIAL

Fire Insurance Company,

OF LONDON, ENGLAND,

ESTABLISHED 1803.

CAPITAL, £1,200,000.
ASSETS, £1,031,015.

AGENTS:

EDW. RUGGLES, at Bridgetown, N. S.
T. A. PEARSON, at South Farmington, N.S.
J. M. OWEN, at Annapolis, N. S.

Windsor & Annapolis R'w'y Time Table.

COMMENCING THURSDAY, JAN. 5th, 1893, *and until further notice.*

Miles.	GOING WEST.	Express Daily.	Accommodation Daily. (a)	Express Daily.
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
0	Halifax—depart	6 45	....	3 00
1	Richmond	....	6 15	3 03
4	Rockingham	6 54	6 24	3 12
9	Bedford	7 05	6 39	3 24
11	Rocky Lake	....	*	*
	Windsor Junc. ar	7 17	9 55	3 40
14	Windsor Junc. dp	....	7 30	3 45
17	Beaver Bank	*7 25	7 40	3 55
27	Mount Uniacke-a	7 50	8 15	4 25
	Mount Uniacke-d	....	8 25	*
34	Stillwater	8 07	*	*
37	Ellershouse	8 17	8 55	4 50
40	Newport	8 25	9 10	5 00
43	Three Mile Plains	*	*	*
46	Windsor—ar	8 38	9 30	5 15
	Windsor—dp	8 40	9 55	5 20
48	Falmouth	8 47	*10 05	5 27
50	Shaws Bog Siding	*	*	*
51	Mount Denson	....	10 20	*
53	Hantsport	9 02	10 25	5 43
58	Avonport	*9 15	*10 45	*5 58
60	Horton Landing	*9 21	*10 55	*6 04
61	Grand Pre	9 24	11 00	6 07
	Wolfville—ar	9 35	11 15	6 18
64	Wolfville—dp	....	11 25	....
66	Port Williams	9 41	11 40	6 25
	KENTVILLE—ar	9 55	11 55	6 40
71	KENTVILLE—dp	10 10	12 25	....
76	Coldbrook	10 20	*12 40	....
78	Cambridge	*10 25	*12 50	....
80	Waterville	10 30	1 05	....
83	Berwick	10 37	1 22	....
88	Aylesford	10 50	1 45	....
90	Auburn	*	*1 55	....
95	Kingston	11 05	2 15	....
98	Wilmot	11 12	2 20	....
	Middleton—ar	....	2 45	....
102	Middleton—dp	11 22	2 55	....
108	Lawrencetown	11 37	3 15	....
111	Paradise	*11 45	3 30	....
116	Bridgetown	11 58	3 50	....
120	Tupperville	*	*	....
124	Roundhill	12 17	4 20	....
130	ANNAPOLIS — ar	12 35	4 45	....
		P. M.	P. M.	

(a) Daily between Halifax and Kentville, tri-weekly between Kentville and Annapolis,—Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

Miles.	GOING EAST.	Express Daily.	Accommodation Daily. (a)	Express Daily.
		A.M.	A.M.	P.M.
0	ANNAPOLIS—dp	....	6 10	12 45
6	Roundhill	....	6 35	1 03
10	Tupperville	....	*	*
14	Bridgetown	....	7 05	1 22
19	Paradise	....	7 25	*1 35
22	Lawrencetown	....	7 40	1 43
28	Middleton—ar	....	8 00	1 58
	Middleton—dp	....	8 05	2 05
32	Wilmot	....	8 20	2 08
35	Kingston	....	8 37	2 15
40	Auburn	....	8 57	*
42	Aylesford	....	9 10	2 30
47	Berwick	....	9 40	2 43
50	Waterville	....	9 55	2 56
53	Cambridge	....	11 00	*3 25
54	Coldbrook	....	10 20	*3 06
59	KENTVILLE—ar	....	10 35	3 10
	KENTVILLE—dp	....	11 00	3 25
64	Port Williams	6 13	11 15	3 38
66	Wolfville—ar	6 20	11 25	3 44
	Wolfville—dp	....	11 50	....
69	Grand Pre	6 30	11 45	3 53
70	Horton Landing	*6 33	*11 50	*3 56
73	Avonport	*6 39	*12 00	*4 02
77	Hantsport	6 52	12 20	4 15
79	Mount Denson	*	*	....
80	Shaws Bog Siding	....	....	....
82	Falmouth	7 07	12 40	4 30
84	WINDSOR—ar	7 15	12 50	4 40
	WINDSOR—dp	7 20	1 20	4 43
87	Three Mile Plains	*	*	*
90	Newport	7 40	1 40	5 00
93	Ellershouse	7 50	1 55	5 07
96	Stillwater	8 07	*	*
103	Mt. Uniacke, ar	8 25	2 35	5 30
	Mt. Uniacke, dp	....	*	*
113	Beaver Bank	8 50	3 05	5 53
	Windsor Junc. ar	9 00	3 15	6 00
116	Windsor Junc. dp	....	3 40	....
119	Rocky Lake	....	*	....
121	Bedford	9 15	3 58	6 12
126	Rockingham	9 29	4 12	6 21
129	Richmond	9 37	4 27	....
130	HALIFAX—ar	9 40	4 30	6 30

(b) Tri-weekly between Annapolis and Kentville,—Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Daily between Kentville and Halifax.

N. B.—Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time, one hour added will give Halifax time. Trains run daily, Sunday excepted. * Indicates that trains stop only when signalled, or when there are passengers to set down. Full-faced figures show where trains cross or pass.

Trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch leave Kentville daily at 10.40 a.m. and 3.40 p. m., and on Saturdays an extra trip is made to connect with the Evening Express from Halifax, leaving Kentville at 6.50 p.m., for Canning and Kingsport.

Trains of the Nova Scotia Central Railway leave Middleton at 2.05 p.m., for Bridgewater and Lunenburg.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Annapolis daily at 12.55 p.m., and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6.00 a.m., leave Yarmouth daily at 8.10 a.m., and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1.45 p.m.

Steamers of the Yarmouth Steamship Line leave Yarmouth every Wednesday and Saturday p.m. for Boston.

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

Steamers of the International Line leave St. John every Thursday a.m., for Eastport, Portland and Boston.

Steamer "Winthrop" leaves St. John every alternate Friday at 10.00 a.m. for Eastport, Bar Harbor and New York.

Trains of the Canadian Pacific Railway leave St. John at 6.25 a.m. daily, Sunday excepted, and at 8.30 p.m. daily for Bangor, Portland and Boston, and for Montreal at 10.40 p.m. daily, (Saturday excepted).

Through tickets by the various routes on sale at all stations.

W. R. CAMPBELL,
General Manager and Secretary.

K. SUTHERLAND,
Resident Manager.

BAY OF FUNDY S. S. COMP'Y

(LIMITED)

January and February Sailings.

A Steamer of this line will leave St. John every WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY morning at 7.30, local time, for Digby and Annapolis, returning same days; sailing from Annapolis upon arrival of the morning Express from Halifax, calling at Digby, and due in St. John at 7 p.m.

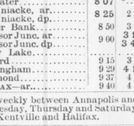
Connections made at St. John with all outgoing trains, and with the International Line Steamers for Eastport, Portland, and Boston.

HOWARD D. TROOP,
President, St. John, N. B.

Jan. 1st, 93.

YARMOUTH S.S. CO.

(LIMITED.)

1892.  1892.

The Shortest and Best Route between

Nova Scotia and United States.

THE QUICKEST TIME. 15 to 17 hours between Yarmouth and Boston. Steel steamer

"BOSTON"

after Oct. 22th, will leave Yarmouth for Boston every Wednesday, and Saturday evenings after arrival of train of W. C. Railway. Returning, will leave Lewis' wharf, Boston, at 12, noon, every Tuesday, and Friday mornings, making close connections at Yarmouth with W. C. Railway and coach lines for all parts of Nova Scotia. These are the fastest steamers plying between Nova Scotia and the United States, and form the most pleasant route between above points, combining safety, comfort and speed. Regular mail carried on both steamers. Tickets sold to all points in Canada, and to New York via Fall River line and New York and New England Railway.

For all other information apply to W. C.; W. & A., and N. S Central Railway agents, or to

L. E. BAKER,
Pres. and Managing Director.

W. A. CHASE, Sect. and Treas.

Yarmouth, Oct. 16th, 1892.

CARRIAGES

CONSISTING OF

Phaetons, Jump Seats,
OPEN AND TOP BUGGIES,
Democrats and Delivery Wagons,

ON THE CELEBRATED

DUPLEX GEAR,

at prices that are WAY DOWN.

REPAIRING and PAINTING. All work Warranted.

W. C. FEINDEL, MIDDLETON.

Potter's Liniment

IS SOLD AT

W. W. CHESLEY'S.

SEND TO THIS OFFICE FOR CARDS TAGS, BILL-HEADS, ETC.

PARSON'S PILLS

Make New, Rich Blood!

These pills were a wonderful discovery. No others like them in the world. Will positively cure or relieve all manner of disease. The proprietor says a single box is worth ten times the cost of one box, so you get out about them, and you will always be thankful. One pill a dose. They expel all impurities from the blood. Delicate women find great benefit from using them. Illustrated pamphlet free. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cts. in stamps; five boxes $1.00. DR. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., 30 Custom House St., Boston, Mass.

Nova Scotia Wins.

A Tiverton Miracle.

Twenty-five years of intense suffering which baffled the combined skill and treatment of six of the best doctors in this province completely cured by

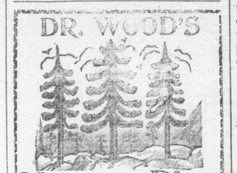
DOCK BLOOD PURIFIER,

THE KING OF REMEDIES.

From Ross C. C. Handspiker, Esq., of Tiverton, N.S.:—

"I have been afflicted with fearful running sores on my legs for 25 years. Have employed at different times, six of the best doctors I could get. But all of their skill and treatment did me no good, and I was left sometimes unable to walk. Last year my legs became so bad after an attack of la grippe that I never expected to walk again. In this condition I concluded to try Dock Blood Purifier, and before the first bottle was half gone I felt a great change. I continued on to use the medicine, and applied to the sores Norton's Healing Balm. Before I had finished the third bottle my sores were all healed up and my health better than for years, and would highly recommend Dr. Norton's Dock Blood Purifier to all afflicted with sores of any kind.

DR. WOOD'S



Norway Pine Syrup.

Rich in the lung-healing virtues of the Pine combined with the soothing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

A PERFECT CURE FOR

COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup.

PRICE 25C. AND 50C. PER BOTTLE.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

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SANTA CLAUS HAS ARRIVED AT

Central Book Store

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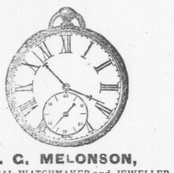
SPLENDID VARIETY OF GOODS

suitable for old as well as young. Description fails. Call and examine.

Bridgetown, December, 1892



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PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER and JEWELLER

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REPAIRS punctually and thoroughly attended to, and satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

I have constantly on hand complete lines of Watches, Clocks and Jewelry.

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CARRIAGE SHOP

—AND—

REPAIR ROOMS.

Corner Queen and Water Sts.

THE subscriber is prepared to furnish the public with all kinds of Car