ACUTE NERVOUS EXHAUSTION

All Treatments Proved Useless Until He Tried "FRUIT-A-TIVES".

MR. JAS. S. DELGATY.

R.R. No. 4, Gilbert Plains, Man.

"In the year 1910, I had *Nervous Prostration* in its worst form; was reduced in weight from 170 pounds to 115 pounds.

The doctors had no hope of my recovery, and every medicine I tried proved useless until *a friend induced me to take "Fruit-a-tives"*.

I began to mend almost at once; and after using this fruit medicine for 3 or 4 months, I was back to my normal state of health.

I never had such good health for twenty years as I have enjoyed the past six years. We are never without a box of 'Fruit-a-tives' in the house".

JAS. S. DELGATY.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

White Ribbon News.

Woman's Christian Temperance Union first organized in 1874.

AIM.—The protection of the home, the abolition of the liquor traffic and the triumph of Christ's Golden Rule in custom and in law.

MOTTO—For God and Home and Native Land.

BADGE—A knot of White Ribbon.

WATCHWORD—Agitate, educate, organize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

1st Vice President—Mrs. Irene Fitch.
2nd Vice President—Mrs G. Miller.
3rd Vice President—Mrs. Armitage.
Recording Secy—Mrs. W. O. Taylor
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. Ernest Redden.
Treasurer—Mrs. H. Pineo.

SUPERINTENDENTS.

Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
Lumbermen—Mrs. J. Kempton.
Temperance in Sabbath-schools—Mr. Edson Graham.
Evangelistic—Mrs. Purves Smith.
Press—Mrs. M. J. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Dr. McKenna.
Loyal Temperance Legion—Miss Esam.
Red Cross Work—Mrs. J. Vaughn.

The Duke of Devonshire is the first representative to follow the splendid example of his noble King and prohibited the use of wines and spirits at Rideau Hall. Would that his example mey be followed by others in the high places of Cenadian life.

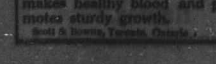
From the 'War Cry': Walk out streets and see the clear-eyed, bright and intelligent faces of our men folk; go into our homes and see our father return from work on time and with his wages intact, walking straight, his children running to meet him without fear. Note, too, how trim and neat the house and full of produce is the garden—father has time now, to attend to the needs of the home. There were many upon whom Drink had no hold, but, alas! there were many others whose life, health and happiness it was ruthlessly destroying. Thank God for release from this dire slavery!

Success of Prohibition.

Toronto 'Globe' says: 'In twelve months the confirmed drinking habits of generations have been broken down, and the Province, it is generally admitted, has undergone a social and moral transformation. We have not yet attained the millenium, but the Ontario Temperance Act has cleared away one of the greatest barriers to social progress. From all parts come paens of praise for the new era of sobriety which was entered upon on Sept. 16th, 1916. Not one has publicly suggested that the people should go back to the old conditions. Even those who were actively opposed to Prohibition have been converted.'

About Alcohol.

The present movement for prohibition is making it clear that moderate drinking is a fallacy. Alcohol is always a narcotic. It paralyzes the brake on the heart-beat. The judgment is made incapable of detecting the camouflage. It has been scientifically shown that the typesetter who takes one glass of beer is, to that extent, one glass of beer drunk. . . The men and women who advocate moderation are responsible for much heavy drinking. The stamp of approval in the drawing room makes alcohol a desirable commodity among the working class. Alcohol consumes 5 1-2 per cent. of the total food values of the United States and 13 per cent of our breadstuffs. It conscripts incl. transportation—the [illegible] of the bottle,—and [illegible] power. If prohibition is good for wartime, it is better for peace, for that is a longer time. There is then time to establish for the nation the good habits formed in time of war.—Dr. Irving Fisher, Yale University, President American Economic University.



IF YOUR CHILDREN ARE DELICATE OR FRAIL

under-size or under-weight

remember—*Scott's Emulsion* is nature's grandest growing-food; it strengthens their bones, makes healthy blood and promotes sturdy growth.

Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ontario.

Re-Making Mesopotamia.

EUPHRATES VALLEY PRODUCE GREATER HARVEST SINCE DAYS OF NEBUCHADNEZZAR.

The irrigation engineer has followed the army along the valley of the Euphrates, and as a result Mesopotamia will probably yield a greater harvest this year than it has produced since the days of Nebuchadnezzar. Nearly a hundred canals which had fallen into disuse have been dug out, and as a result three hundred thousand acres have been brought under cultivation. This will not only mean prosperity to a country long largely waste; but it will reduce the tonnage required for foodstuff on the line of communication by thousands of tons.

The greatest surprise of all came, however, when, for the first time, electric lights were turned on in the streets of the city. Some of the natives declared that nothing less than the Jinn could produce such brilliant light. Others asserted that it was male and female, the latter being the lights of the city, while the males were kept in the pockets of the Englishmen.

A system of education has also been inaugurated in this city of Bagdad by the British, and the children are all busily studying, where before they had never had a chance to get even a little education excepting at the mission schools.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH POWDER 25c.

is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops dropping's in the throat and permanently cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. 25c. a box; blower free. Accept no substitutes. All dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

One Explanation.

Very often, indignation is expressed because some writer or orator uses the word 'England' when he means 'Great Britain' or 'Great Britain and Ireland. Scotchmen or Irishmen have keenly resented this sort of thing. One explanation appears to lie in the desire of writers and orators for graceful expression. Shakespeare is an old offender, for instance. Campbell wrote 'Ye Mariners of England,' rather than 'Ye Mariners of Great Britain and Ireland,' whom he meant to praise. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in his eloquent perorations, almost invariably says 'England.' The single word, England, fits into the fabric of platform declamation, poetry or other graceful writing, much more effectively than the strictly correct but unwieldy cognomen, 'Great Britain and Ireland.'—Montreal Star.

MINARD'S LINIMENT is the only Liniment asked for at my store and the only one we keep for sale

All the people use it.

HARLIN FULTON.

Pleasant Bay, C. B.

An Aged Choir.

An aged choir composed of half a dozen grandfathers and at least one great grandfather, without any assistance, sang the whole music of the service at Witham Parish church Essex, England, recently. It was not a case of the 'big manly voices turning again to childish treble.' They sang so well that all, none more than themselves, were delighted. The great grandfather, Mr. William Beardwell is a great old chorister, and several of the grandfathers have been in choir for over fifty years. They were heartily congratulated on their success in 'carrying on' while the boys are away fighting.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

A "German Peace."

The much talked of 'German peace' was aptly illustrated in a recent cartoon.

The Kaiser, his arms and pockets full of the belongings of his victim and with gun levelled asks, 'Is this everything?'

The victim replies 'You have everything.'

'Then at peace we are' declares the gentle Hun.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

With rounding lips and an air of great importance, the small boy of a Sunday school in Belfast imparted the happy fact to his teacher. 'The devil's dead,' he said.

'What makes you think that?' said the teacher.

'Dad said so,' explained the small boy. 'I was standing in the street with him yesterday when a funeral passed, and when dad saw it he said: 'Poor devil, he's dead.'

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

Save Food

In a time needing food economy many people are not getting all the nourishment they might from their food.

It is not how much you eat, but how much you assimilate, that does you good.

The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food, for you need less.

5-16A

Thanksgiving Surprises

By Miss Hortense Yates

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Miss Hortense Yates,

"Raynor College, Raynortown.

"Have at last sold business to great advantage. Have sublet apartment here to Colin Dare, and will spend the winter in travel. Will spend Thanksgiving with you at Raynor. Love from father."

This was the telegram that Mr. Yates wrote a week before Thanksgiving. "I just couldn't boil it down to ten words, mamma," he said to his wife as he read it. "But the time's come when we can be a little lavish, now we've retired."

"Hortense certainly will be surprised poor girl," answered Mrs. Yates. "She couldn't afford to come home for the short holidays. Something in her letters sounds as if she thought you had been feeling hard times—that's why she didn't spend the money. When she learns what a wonderful disposal you have made of your business, won't she be surprised?"

"She'd be more surprised if she didn't get the telegram."

"You don't mean, papa, that you'd just go out and surprise her? Well, what a wonderful idea!"

"Mr. Henry Yates, 701 West Ninety-ninth street, New York city: Have earned a little money tutoring, and have decided to come home Thanksgiving. Love. Hortense."

Hortense struck her pencil through a word here and there to get her telegram down to ten words, and then paused, with the pencil in mid-air.

"They would be a lot more surprised if I didn't send the telegram," she reflected. "What a wonderful idea!"

As an aid in effecting a perfect surprise, Hortense rejoiced that she had in her possession a latch key for the small city apartment, where her mother and father had made their home since four years before she first flitted off to college. She arrived at three o'clock the afternoon before Thanksgiving, and, suitcase in hand, passed quickly by elevator attendants to her parents' apartment on the second floor. It was not surprising to her that no one was home. Wednesday was her mother's club afternoon, and she sometimes remained out all afternoon, and then met her husband downtown for dinner. Hortense hoped this was to be the case this afternoon, for then she would have more time for perfecting the plans that she had in mind.

Hortense found her little chintz-trimmed bedroom in immaculate attire, and, having quickly slipped on a comfortable house dress, rolled up her sleeves and donned an apron, she hurried out to the kitchen.

Down on her knees before the ice box, she opened the door and sniffed and peered curiously into its interior.

"Poor old mummy," she said to herself, as she beheld a meager broiling chicken, a few apples and onions and a small measure of potatoes. "Times have been hard with dad, and she didn't even have a turkey."

Hortense recalled that her mother had written, some time before, saying that they "expected to have a quiet little dinner together on Thanksgiving," but she thought that her hearty young mother and father had planned to feast off a single squablike broiler brought tears to Hortense's deep blue eyes.

She counted her money carefully, folded her return-trip ticket and a few new dollar bills into a little purse that she put, for safe-keeping and beyond the temptation of green grocer or butcher, in a little pocket beneath the folds of her bodice, and then counted out $5 besides. "That'll get some sort of spread," she said, "if I go to the inexpensive places and make good bargains." She found an empty market basket, and having put her coat and hat on, slipped her arm into the basket and sailed forth.

It was as Hortense supposed. Her mother and father did not return for dinner, and she worked interruptedly on at cranberry sauce and a small pumpkin pie till long after dark. The feast was not to be a large one, but Hortense was a deliberate sort of cook, and so busy was she with culinary preparations that she did not take time to sit down or even to enter the living rooms of the apartment or her father's and mother's bedroom, if she had, she would have seen objects that would have disturbed the serenity of her plans. As she had replaced the broiler with a turkey for the Thanksgiving dinner, she satisfied her own appetite—now well developed, after all her many activities—on half of the broiler, and another tear stole into her eye as she reflected that this small bird had been intended to stay the Thanksgiving ardor of her parents.

When the living-room clock struck ten Hortense concluded that her mother and father had determined to stay downtown to the theater as had been their custom before. "Poor dears," she murmured. "It is probably only a cheap movie show." Worn by her travel and her exertions she determined to go to bed, but first she wrote a little note which, without taking the trouble to turn on the light in her parents' bedroom, she pinned to a pincushion on the bureau there. It said:

"Guess what has happened. If you can't guess then look in the kitchen refrigerator and if that doesn't tell you, peep into the little bedroom and see who's there."

This was the note that Colin Dare, old bachelor friend of the Yates', found on the pincushion when he returned to his room at eleven after an especially trying evening spent with a client in his law offices. The handwriting was unfamiliar to him and there was nothing for him to do but to follow the instructions of the note. He looked at the beautifully filled larder and, still in doubt, peeped into the little bedroom that, for aught he knew, had not been touched since the original tenants of the apartment had left a week before. He softly opened just enough of the door to see Hortense's tumbled curls on the pillow and then withdrew as silently as he had approached, perplexed with what was an extremely difficult question to solve. It was Hortense—those curls could be no one's else—and the chances were that she would be in high dudgeon when she awoke to learn that he had allowed her to remain there all night.

So sure was he that he ought not to allow her to sleep peacefully on that, he tried to imagine his best method of procedure in waking her. But this seemed so much more difficult than the task of simply letting her sleep that he faltered and retired to his own room. He intended to stay awake all night so that he might be prepared to relieve her distress when she discovered that her parents were not in the apartment. But toward daylight he fell asleep in his dressing room gown on the lounge in his bedroom and slept so soundly that only the tempting aroma of coffee and browned muffins, wafted from the kitchen window through the court into his own bedroom, waked him.

It was a perfectly shaven, serene-looking, calm-eyed young lawyer who presented himself at the kitchen door a half hour later, and was all but caught in the embrace of the very much agitated Hortense, not from the oven and the muffins.

"Oh, I thought you were father," she gasped, and then leaned back, limp and confused, against the kitchen cupboard.

The only thing to do was to eat breakfast, and after that the only thing to do seemed to be to spend Thanksgiving day together and feast upon the good things that Hortense had prepared. There were meanwhile many explanations and much discussion of what should be done next. Colin Dare, though he recalled Hortense as a very disdainful little girl, whom, four years ago, he was in good way of being in love with if she had permitted it, regarded her now as a sort of Thanksgiving angel, the personification of bounty and good cooking. He had hoped to keep house with a Jap chef, but four within a week had proved either thieves or fools, so he had despaired. The broiler, he explained, was left from the order of the one that had left the previous morning.

"Once, you know, a girl would have thought her reputation had been compromised just because she had accidentally stayed in the same apartment with a man all night," Colin told Hortense. "I am glad you didn't look on it in that light."

Hortense assured him that she was far too up-to-date for such foolishness. "Still," she said, "mother is a little old-fashioned. Of course, I'll take a train back tonight and I'll tell her just what happened. I wonder what a girl would have done when mother was young when she found herself in just this situation."

"She would have felt that she had to accept the man in the question as her husband whether she wanted to or not," pronounced Colin with lawyer-like conclusion. "That is why I'm glad you are a girl of today. If you should ever consent to be my wife I want to know it is because you care for me."

By eight that night Hortense and Colin were on their way to meet Hortense's parents in Raynortown where they had been wired to await Hortense. Somehow in that Thanksgiving afternoon Colin had wooed and won the disdainful little girl he had once almost loved and they felt that the Thanksgiving surprises were not complete till they had both together craved the parental blessing.

Too Much to Endure.

"I saw Reggie yesterday," said one chorus girl to a second row girl when they met on Broadway, "and he's all broken up over your turning him down." "I don't care," came the nasal reply. "He can do it if he wants to. I don't going into no matrimonial venture with an alienation enemy, or whatever you call it. I warned Reggie that I'd put the skids to him because he was afraid to enlist, so to win me over he gives me a mesh bag. And what do you suppose I find printed on the inside of the clasp? German silver. Can you beat it?"

Temperance in Diet.

Abstemiousness in diet is one of the very soundest of the means that are recommended for youth preservation and longevity. Extreme temperance in diet as a means to long life was widely proclaimed some centuries ago by an Italian philosopher who claimed to have lived on one egg and a little wine each day. As meats and wine were then considered the sole sources of strength, the gentleman doubtless thought it unnecessary to tell us how much bread and vegetables he ate. But despite this evident omission his principle was sound.—Physical Culture.

'Stop and Rest" Inn.

AN EXCLUSIVE RESORT for Motorists, House and Week-End Parties. . . .

Evening Functions and After-Theatre Suppers arranged. Afternoon Teas.

W. G. STACKHOUSE,

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

PHONE 101

COAL! COAL COAL!

Carefully Screened and Promptly Delivered.

Springhill, Albion Nut and Old Sydney.

GIVE US A TRIAL.

Burgess & Co.

EVANGELINE'S LAND TO HAVE A SHRINE

A giant of the orchard in full bloom. The fisherman doing his bit. Memorial Park, Grand Pre, N.S.

A new Mecca is beckoning to devotees of art and religion. Its name is Nova Scotia. Already the artists have made their pilgrimage and returned with charming pictures of Evangeline's Land. A collection of sixty paintings, the work of six New York men, known as the Nova Scotia Group, were exhibited recently in New York and elicited much praise.

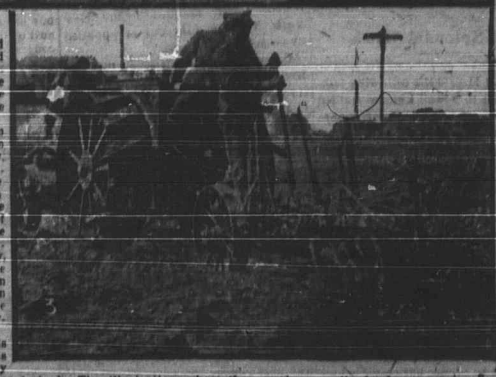
The pioneers of Nova Scotia have blazed a trail over which a brush and palette laden army will follow in seasons to come. They will come to paint the gentle beauty of apple-blossoms when the great Annapolis Valley is covered with a fragrant pink and white veil. They will come in cherry time to paint the rich red fruit and the happy people enjoying the Cherry Festival, a time honored custom. They will come in autumn to transfer to canvas the mad riot of brilliant coloring with which Nature paints the woods and hillsides and when the orchards groan beneath their heavy burdened boughs of ripened apples. They will come at all seasons to picture the quaint fisherfolk and their quainter surroundings.

The Dominion Atlantic Railway that swings you around a half-circle from Halifax to Yarmouth, takes you through a Land of Romance, the Land of Evangeline. At the little station of Grand Pre you will find a wide meadow which is soon to be transformed into a shrine. Here previous to 1775, stood the Roman Catholic Church of St. Charles, the church of the Acadians. To-day a massive stone cross marks the site of the old burying ground that surrounded the church and nearby is Evangeline's Well, with its long sweep.

The French Acadians have always cherished a reverence for this spot and now through the generosity of the Dominion Atlantic Railway Company they may call it their own. The railway company has purchased this meadow and will make it into an old-fashioned garden surrounded with a rustic fence and has deeded a portion of the ground to the Societe L'Assomption, composed of French Acadians, of whom the Rev. C. V. Landry of Butoche, N.B., is President. The only consideration for this transfer is the promise of the Societe to erect a chapel. This they are eager to do and plans are now under consideration.

With the dedication of the new shrine, large numbers of French Acadians from Quebec, Montreal and Upper Canadian points, will make pilgrimages to Grand Pre similar to those made yearly to Ste. Anne de Beaupre. Their numbers will be swelled by many others who cherish a fondness for the gentle Evangeline and who will be eager to visit the scene of her story and to walk under the ancient willows that still guard this storied spot.

City Renders Practical Help in Greater Production



IT is not often that the residents of a city have an opportunity of seeing farming operations on a large scale carried on right at their own doors. Even in Western Canada, where hundreds of thousands of acres of virgin land are being turned over and cultivated in order to raise increased crops of wheat and other food grains to supply the needs of the Allies, the spectacle witnessed by the citizens of Calgary, Alberta, recently was an unusual one. Not far from the centre of the city—about a mile from the city hall to be more exact—two hundred acres of vacant land were to be put under the plow. The use of the land had been granted to the city of Calgary through the courtesy of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, the owners.

But how was such a tract of land to be plowed when all available machinery was being used to the utmost capacity in the country; when the demand for all kinds of machinery is so great that it cannot be delivered to the farmers fast enough. That was the question asked by many of the city fathers. The implement companies came to the rescue. A day was set when the work should be begun. Telephone and telegraph wires were put into operation. And by the date set seventeen tractors and the requisite plows and other implements were got together. One large tractor relied sixty miles over the country in order to participate in the event.

Seldom has such an array of farm machinery been concentrated on an area of two hundred acres. Never, perhaps, has such an area been broken and cultivated in shorter time. Although there was no competition all engaged were animated by the good they were doing in the cause of greater production. Furthermore, the machinery was wanted in the country, and it must not tarry in the city. Unfortunately rain prevented the work being completed in one day, an achievement which, if it had been accomplished, would no doubt have constituted a record not easily surpassed.

A crop of oats, potatoes and flax is now grown on the land and it is hoped that this will add considerably to the production now so earnestly desired. The illustrations show the workers on the land.

Port Williams Fruit Co.

LIMITED

FLOUR!

on hand.

Bran and Middlings,

due to arrive.

SLAG!

Buy now before the advance. A car is expected shortly.

FERTILIZER!

We have a limited supply suitable for renewing strawberry plantations or fall use in the orchard, for sale at reasonable prices.

Arsenate of Lime

For use on Potatoes.

Open Wednesday mornings or by appointment.

Port Williams, N. S.

A wise girl goes to a neighboring town to study music when the matrimonial field at home is overworked.

Children Cry

FOR FLETCHER'S

CASTORIA

HUTCHINSON'S

Livery and Automobile Service

WOLFVILLE, N. S.

Teams or Autos always ready for a drive through the Evangeline Land.

Teams at all trains and boats.

Weddings carefully attended to by Auto or team.

Give us a call. Telephone 58.

T. E. HUTCHINSON, - Proprietor

WALL PAPERS!

Our Spring Stock of Wall Papers is Now Complete!

We also have the sample books of all the big manufacturers. Call and we will be glad to have you see what we have to offer.

Woodman's Furniture Store

WOLFVILLE

Advertise in "The Acadian.

Always Had Headaches

Liver Was Torpid and Bilious Spells Brought Sick Headaches —Lost Much Time, But is Now Completely Cured.

Here is convincing evidence that however much you may suffer from liver trouble and consequent biliousness there is cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Overeating is the most common cause of sluggish liver action. You lose your appetite, have distressing bilious spells, usually accompanied by headache and vomiting, the bowels become irregular, constipation and looseness alternating, digestion is upset and you get irritable and downhearted.

No treatment so quickly awakens the action of the liver and bowels as Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. For this reason this medicine is wonderfully popular and has enormous sales.

Mr. Charles R. Tait, Newtown, N.B., writes; "I was nearly always troubled with headaches, and would often have to stop work for a day or two. I lost many a night's sleep every month with bilious sick headaches, and although I tried doctors' medicines, and also many other patent medicines, it was without success. When I had these headaches I would vomit, and could keep nothing on my stomach.

"I purchased a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills from G. M. Fairweather, druggist, of Sussex, N.B., and after taking one box I was so much relieved that I continued to take them until I am now completely cured. My advice to anyone suffering from sick headaches is to try Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and be completely cured."

Mr. A. S. Mace, J.P., endorses the above statement, and says: "This is to certify that I am personally acquainted with Charles R. Tait, and believe his statement in every way to be true and correct."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Substitutes will only disappoint. Insist on getting what you ask for.

Professional Cards

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A. J. McKenna, D. D. S.

Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College

Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.

Telephone No. 43.

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A.B., M.D. (Harvard)

Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles, Telephone 23.

Office Hours—8-1 a.m., 1-3, 7-9 p.m.

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F. J. PORTER

Licensed Auctioneer for towns of Kentville and Wolfville, N. S.

E. B. SHAW

Repairing of Boots and Shoes of all Kinds

Has resumed business at the old stand in his new building.

Orders Solicited and Carefully Executed.

COAL!

Acadia Lump, Albion Nut, Springhill, Inverness

A. M. WHEATON

Even If War Is On You Must Have Clothes

And we are well prepared to serve you in this line.

Our work in

MEN'S CLOTHING OF ALL KINDS

is winning us a reputation. We use the best materials, employ the best workmanship and our styles are always right.

We guarantee every garment and shall be pleased to show goods and quote prices.

A. E. Regan, Wolfville

McCallum, L'td

The largest dealers in Improved Farm Properties in Canada.

Halifax, N. S., Canada.

Are now offering the property of the Wolfville Fruit Land Improvement Co. Ninety acres of Orchards fully improved in whole or part. Price exceptionally low. 20

C. A. Porter, Local Agent.

OFFICES: WOLFVILLE AND KENTVILLE

NOW IS THE TIME!

To Get Your Furniture Upholstered.

Carpenter work is slack at present, and I am prepared to do Upholstery of all kinds of Furniture also Carriage and Sleigh Seats, will also repair Furniture of all kinds.

I have had a large experience in this work and can guarantee satisfaction.

J. C. Bishop, - Wolfville.