CONSTANT PAIN AFTER EATING

The Tortures of Dyspepsia Corrected by "Fruit-a-tives"

ST. MARTIN'S, N.B.

"For two years, I suffered tortures from *Severe Dyspepsia*. I had constant pains after eating; pains down the sides and back; and horrible bitter stuff often came up in my mouth.

I tried doctors, but they did not help me. But as soon as I started taking '*Fruit-a-tives*', I began to improve and this medicine, made of fruit juices, relieved me when everything else failed."

MRS. HUDSON MARSHBANK.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size 25c. At all dealers or sent postpaid 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, or anize.

OFFICERS OF WOLFVILLE UNION.

President—Mrs. B. O. Davidson.
1st Vice President—Mrs. G. W. Miller
2nd Vice President—Mrs. McKenna
Recording Sec'y—Mrs. Ernest Redden
Cor. Secretary—Mrs. W. O. Taylor
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SUPERINTENDENTS.

Evangelistic—Mrs. George Bishop
Parlor Meetings—Mrs. Young
Labrador Work—Mrs. Fielding.
Red Cross and Lumbermen—Mrs. J. W. Vaughn.
Press and Willard Hall—Mrs. M. P. Freeman.
White Ribbon Bulletin—Mrs. Hutchinson.
Temperance in Sabbath-scohols—Mr. C. A. Patriquin.

Let us not therefore judge one another any more, but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling block or a occasion to fall in his brother's way.—RM. 14: 31.

Business meeting of the W. C. T. U. the last Friday of every month.

In The Work.

It pleased all lovers of Sunday observance to read the following, which appeared in the Lord's Day Advocate:

'The W. C. T. U. throughout the Dominion has shown great interest recently in promoting Sabbath Observance. Many applications for literature have been received and supplies forwarded accordingly. These leaflets are used both for distribution and discussion of various practical problems at the meetings of the organization. We are much gratified to have their co-operation in this regard.'

May our unions keep on with the good work, then we need not be afraid of our Sundays being desecrated or pass away, if the W. C. T. U takes hold of this problem. It is getting to be one of our Canadian problems, as there is an element springing up who would turn the Lord's Day into a day of sport, baseball, etc

The war is said to have caused Canada to find her soul. Let us then set Sunday aside as a day to minister to our soul, not to earthly pursuits. May God have dominion from sea to sea, and may we train our children to put aside their selfish pleasures for one day out of seven, and they will arise in years to come and call us blessed for not allowing them to do things which their maturer years will condemn.

A Voice From The Wilderness.

In giving its readers the professional career of Ben Lily, the American Magazine for March presents a unique and most enthrilling narrative, especially for our boys. Lily, like Roosevelt, is a hunter of big game. He differs, however, from the famous statesman in this, that whilst with Roosevelt hunting was an incident, with Lily it is his life. He is a professional hunter. 'He kills lions for a living.' Read the story if you have not seen it before. If you have, read it again.

'Should you stop for an evening at one of the delightful cabins or stock ranches in the Blue River region of the Arizona White Mountains, it is a safe estimate that you would not be there an hour before mention is made of Old Ben Lily, killer of lions. To men up there the feats of this remarkable hunter are more engrossing than any news. Everyone knows him The cow men swear by him.

'Lily is perhaps the most successful professional hunter in the world. Each year he saves the mountain stockowners thousands of dollars by ridding the forest ranges of lions and bears, the most destructive of predatory beasts.

'It is estimated that a full-grown mountain lion will kill from two to three cattle a week, thus running up an annual damage of approximately five thousand dollars. During the past four years, in the Apache Forest Reserve alone, Lily has tracked to death one hundred and fifty-four lions, with forty-six feats picked up on the side. He well earns the big check sent him each month by the United States Biological Institute

'Lily began to hunt and trail through the canebrakes of Louisiana at an age when the average kid trots to school with his hair parted in the middle and his pants buckled above the knee. Years later he took Theodore Roosevelt on a bear hunt through this same country. His great patched leather boots have trekked the jungles of Africa, the wildest ranges of Old Mexico, the blue peaks of the Yukon, and the most remote corners of Canada, Oregon, and Colorado. His reputation stretches farther than the rail roads, and cattlemen bid constantly for his services.

'The alarming activities of a giant silver-tip bear, called 'Club-foot,' which defied skilled hunters, traps, pits and poison for five years in the mountains of the Blue County, brought Lily to Arizona. Cowmen expressed doubt of anything short of indigestion ever getting the animal, but said they were behind him with a real bounty if he played in luck. After Lily had killed 'Club foot' his company for a night was considered a single honor by any outfit on the Blue River.'

And this is a man who has a message about Sunday. He doesn't speak, He is the message. John the Baptist was a prophet from the wilderness. Lily is a modern John the Baptist, only he does not speak. In this respect he is unlike John. He is like him in that his life speaks. Here is the man and his message.

'Lily is sixty-five and hard as nails. He hunts on foot with dogs, in all weather, summer and winter. Even in the coldest months he never carries blankets Sportsmen who try to follow the trail with him generally give up in disgust after the first day. He sets too strenuous a pace Sunday is his one period of rest, and he observes it Rigorously.'—R.

PILES Do not suffer another day with Itching, Bleeding, or Protruding Piles. No surgical operation required. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and is certainly curing most cases. 60c. a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp to pay postage

Ephum Johnson was up before Judge Shimmerplate on a cruelty to animals charge

'Deed Ah wasn't abusing dat mule judge,' the old man demurred

'Did you no strike it repeatedly with a club?'

'Yassah'

'And you do not know that you can accomplish more with animals by speaking to them?'

'Yassah; but this critter am different He am so deef he can't hear me when Ah speaks to him in de usual way, so Ah has to communicate wid him in de sign language.'

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children
In Use For Over 30 Years
Always bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

Avoiding Trouble.—'Now boss, I'se ready to go anywhere dey wants to send me,' said a dusky citizen in a Southern City on registration day, after performing his patriotic duty 'Boss, jes' anywhere. But I ask jes' one thing, and dat is, don't put me in no cavalry?'

'Why do you draw the line on the cavalry?' asked the registrar.

'It's jes' lik dis. When I'se told to retreat, I don't want to be bothered with no hoss.'—Everybody's Magazine.

Used For Shaving.

Many men are troubled, more particularly in the cold weather, with a sort of roughness of the skin or eczema caused by shaving. The application of Dr. Chase's Ointment after the shave soon cures the trouble and by using it after each shave you keep the skin soft and prevent irritation and soreness. Because of its antiseptic qualities this ointment prevents and cures Barber's Itch.

Merrily We Roll Along.—A man entered a drug-store very hurriedly and asked for doz. two grain quinine pills.

'Do you want them put in a box sir?' asked the chemist, as he was counting them out.

'Oh, no, certainly not,' replied the customer, 'I was thinking of rolling them home!'—Tit Bits.

I fell from a building and received what the doctor called a very bad sprained ankle, and told me I must not walk on it for three weeks. I got MINARD'S LINIMENT and in six days I was out to work again. I think it the best Liniment made.

ARCHIE G. LAUNDRY
Edmonton.

Would Save Expense.—'Well, doctor, if I got to die, I die content My life insurance is ten t'ousand dollars.'

'I think, with the aid of stimulants I can keep you alive for a week longer!'

'Dond' do it, dector. Der bremium comes due tomorrow.'—Boston Transcript.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Herdly—Eager Shopper: 'Where are the demonstrations today?'

Salesman: 'No demonstrations on Thursday.'

Eager Shopper: 'Not even a special sale?'

Salesman: 'Special sale in bathtubs—but no demonstrations.'

HEALTHFUL ADVICE
During the aftermath of influenza or any other prostrating illness, the logical tonic is
SCOTT'S EMULSION
which enriches the blood and strengthens the whole body, via nourishment. *If you would renew your strength—try Scott's.*
Scott & Bowne, Toronto, Ont. 19-1

Modern Appliances In New Telegraph Work Rooms

Employers of the present day have found that to provide rest, recreation and hygiene, besides being the neighborly duty of the business owner or manager to those of his fellowmen and women whose time and energy he purchases, is in the highest degree profitable. "Kicking" on the part of an employee arises, as often as not, from ill-health which can be avoided by proper working conditions. The picture shows the women's rest room in the new quarters of the C.P.R. Telegraphs on Main street, near Portage avenue, Winnipeg

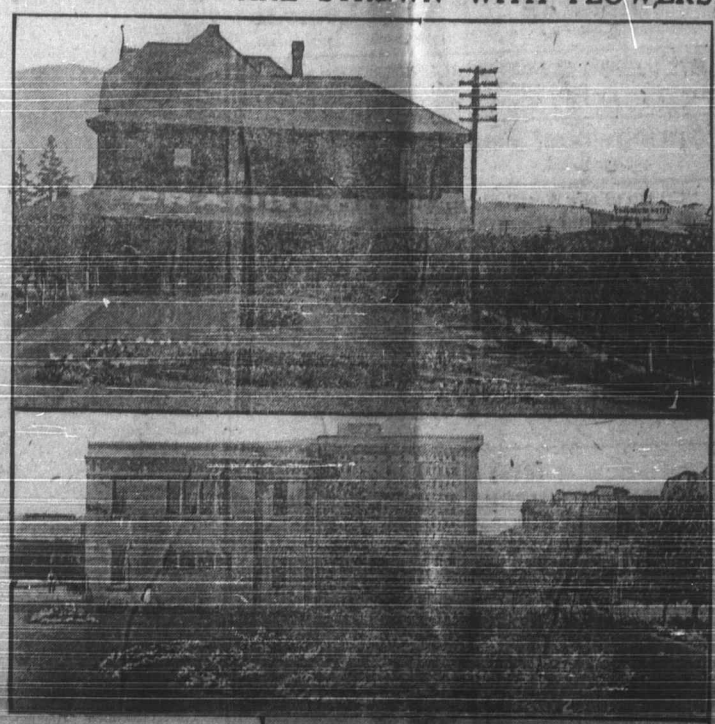
Looking closely at the apparatus on the tables, in the third picture, one will see, side by side, two machines—one with a keyboard like that of a typewriter, the other with a little type-bearing disc touching a platen. These two machines are the two halves, as it were, of one of the most wonderful contrivances in existence—the automatic printer. Messages tapped off, letter by letter, on the keyboard of the first machine, are written out, by impulses which travel thousands of miles over the wire, on telegraph blanks slipped under the type-disc of the second machine. That is to say, the keyboard machine in the picture may be operating a type-disc machine in Montreal; and the type-disc machine in the picture may be printing a message that is being tapped off on a keyboard machine in Calgary.

The operating room, on the second floor of the new home of the C.P.R. Telegraphs, is 132 feet deep and 28 feet wide. Immense windows in two tiers, the lower of clear glass and the upper opaque, flood the apartment with light by day; and by night a system of indirect lighting gives ample illumination without glare. At the back of the room can be seen the main distributing rack for the different wires.

The employees' comfort and health has been the main consideration. Healthy operators means good service.

(1) C. P. R. Operators' Huge New Work-Room at Winnipeg.
(2) Girl Telegraphers During the Hour Off.
(3) "The Automatic Printer" is Almost Human.

ROADS THAT ARE STREWN WITH FLOWERS



There are many who believe that all big corporations and industrial concerns only look to the material side of things and work machine-like for the production of wealth, regardless of the winter's snow and unheeding of the summer's bloom. This is often an erroneous idea, for it is generally realized that man does not altogether live by offices and pens and papers and engines and other accoutrements of labor—he requires trees and shrubs and flowers and the loveliness of nature.

The Canadian Pacific Railway has always paid considerable attention to the development of garden plots along its lines. It is just thirty years ago since a C.P.R. employee raised a few varieties of flower seeds in his own garden, and distributed them amongst his friends in the service of the company, with the object of promoting flower gardening at the various station plots of the railway. A vast advance has been made since then; and now the company possesses a Floral Department with headquarters at Windsor street Station, Montreal, and a Floral Committee which embraces members from the Eastern and Western lines. It is under the guidance of this department that the various station plots and other properties of the company are cleared up and beautified. Thousands of packages of flower seeds, bulbs, trees, and shrubs and large quantities of grass seeds and fertilizers have been distributed during the last few years to station agents, section foremen, caretakers of round houses, and all employees living on the property of the company. Travellers on the line observe the happy results achieved. The cultivation work is done in all cases by the employees themselves, who in most cases acquired the art of amateur gardening by taking their lessons from leaflets issued by the Floral Department. The best material is always provided. Amongst the varieties of trees supplied are: Maple, birch, beech, poplar and catalpa. Some of the shrubs are weigelia, barberries, laurel, lilac, deutzia and sumac. Perennials distributed are: Oriental poppies, iris, phlox, veronica, gaillardia, lark spur, columbine, sweet william, and pinks. Bedding plants used include: geraniums, coleus, cannas, pansies, asters, verbenas, petunias, and castor oil plants. Standard seed packets sent out contain: Nasturtiums, alyssum, mignonette, sweet peas, phlox and kochia. Ferns and house plants are given to the larger stations. The establishment and maintenance of the gardens and selection of the seeds, bulbs, and plants are supervised by Mr. B. M. Winnegar, forester of the company.

The encouraging influence of flower growing on the C.P.R. during the last thirty years has in a large measure assisted in the inauguration of floral societies all over the country. There are hundreds of C.P.R. officials connected with these societies, and most of them received their first lesson in flower culture at the C.P.R. flower beds. Flowers have improved the railway stations, and inspired by the beauty of the stations, residents of the towns have planted flowers and improved the appearances of their homes. In every division of the C.P.R. prizes are given every year for the best displays, and many of these amateur railway gardeners have tried their products with success against all comers at the big Canadian and American flower exhibitions.

(1) Cranbrook Station, B.C. (2) Flowers Beautify the C.P.R. at Calgary, (3) Guelph Junction, Ont.

Brad Merrell, Guardian

By HERBERT H. GOODWIN

(Copyright.)

There was vituperation loud and deep on Turkey Creek. The owner of the ranch, himself temporarily brought low by a refractory cayuse, was expecting a visitor from the East—his niece—and Brad Merrell had been told off to act as her guide, if not philosopher and friend.

Brad was the steadiest man on the ranch. This fact was enough for his employer. He was also the worst woman-hater. This fact made it too much for Brad.

"Why couldn't it hev been Paper-Collar Joe?" he demanded collectively and fiercely of the men, as they loitered outside the bunkhouse. "He'd hev been like a high-stepper with a new harness on. He'd sooner talk soft to a woman than rope the liveliest steer that ever bellered. But me! I won't hev nothin' to do with her. I'll take my time in the mornin'. I'll light out overnight—I'll burn down the whole ranch!"

"Now, Brad," wheedled Tom Mason, affectionately known as Old Soft Soap, by reason of his peacemaking proclivities—"now, Brad, jest stop an' think. Ye've yer own nice little place up on Turkey creek, where ye kin look after it handy, an' all plans made fer the summer. Whut would ye do with the rest of the season of ye take yer time now? Yer place is rented, it's too late to get taken on anywhere else, an' ye'd only lope around an' spend yer wad. This tenderfoot gal 'll only stay a few weeks, an' it'll be a rest fer ye—"

"Rest!" bellowed Brad. "Rest! He'll wreck every nerve in my carcass. She'll be one of two kinds; she'll either squeal every time she sees a lizard, an' be afraid of her own shadow, or she'll carry a blamed tin box fer bugs an' things. She'll either gush around about me bein' 'so picturesque,' or she'll be shocked at my language an' my pipe, an' try to reform me. Rest! A woman'll let a man rest only when she's been buried an' has a granite monument over her!"

Old Soft Soap prevailed, however, in the end. Next morning Brad started for the railroad, as a lamb begins its journey to the shambles, yet with a most unlamblike mien and accoutrement, for his pistol-belt and dirk, his leathern "chaps" and rakish sombrero, proclaimed him a "bad man," indeed.

The Overland Limited was late, and the engine seemed to puff and whistle its disgust at being stopped at the little station that raised itself above the surrounding sea of grass. With much complaining and creaking it halted for a moment, and then its rattling links clinked slowly up the line.

Brad looked for a mass of furbelows and a Saratoga trunk, but the platform was vacant except for an ample female, standing beside a bulging carpet-bag, a heap of boxes and bundles, and a shrouded bird cage.

"She ain't come," muttered Brad his skies brightening.

The ample figure bore down upon him like a ship under sail. It was surmounted by a pleasant face of florid complexion, beneath a broad hat and a veil of grass green.

"Can you tell me if Turkey Creek ranch is anywhere near here?" she asked.

"Yes, ma'am," answered Brad, awkwardly pulling at his hatbrim; "it's only about twenty-five miles over east. Was ye wantin' to go there?"

"That's what I came for," she replied promptly. "I'm Orphelia Gordon, an' I've come to visit my uncle, John Taylor."

"Ye're Orph—Miss Gordon!" exclaimed Brad. "Why, I thought—" he checked himself suddenly.

"Yes, I s'pose you did think I was a young girl," she retorted. "No harm done. I was once, an' if I ain't so good-looking as I was then, I know a heap more. If you've come for me, don't let's lose any time, but help me get my baggage loaded, an' we'll be startin'."

The cage cover fell apart, and a brilliant red and green head appeared. It cocked itself impertinently on one side, one beady eye looked Brad over from head to foot, and a high-pitched, energetic voice ejaculated:

"You be blamed!"

For the first time the bewildered look on the man's face relaxed, and a grin spread over his bronzed features. The woman's floridity deepened, and finally she, too, laughed.

"I'm ashamed of Polly's language. Old Doctor Henderson told me once that it was as bad for me, a professor, to keep a profane parrot as if I was profane myself; but I might've had a husband that swore, and the minister wouldn't have wanted me to get a divorce for that. Besides, this bird is more knowin' and less troublesome than any man I ever saw."

"I don't mind him swearin' at me," said Brad, recollecting his ferocious armament. "I reckon I ain't much of a picture."

She turned, and for the first time scrutinized her companion.

"Land!" she said reassuringly, "You're all right for a cowboy, away out on the frontier this way. You look like a man, any way, and not like some of them perfumed little counter-jumpers back in Harmon Center."

Brad straightened his slouching shoulders and walked across after the last piece of luggage with a swagger that set his spurs jingling. Just as he stooped to pick it up Miss Gordon checked him sharply.

"Leave that basket alone! That's Jeremy Taylor, and he's the touchiest Maltese that ever spit. It hurts his feelin's enough to be shut up that way, and if a stranger handled him he'd have a fit. I'll hold him in my lap as we drive. No, you needn't help me. I've been gettin' in and out over wheels alone all my life, and this buckboard is low. I'm glad that you don't use overhead check-reins on your horses. I belong to the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and I'm sorry to see you wear spurs."

They were trotting swiftly over the prairie, and Brad had recovered his faculties sufficiently to give brief answers to Miss Gordon's running fire of questions and observations. Suddenly the man involuntarily checked the mustangs that he drove, and gave vent to a smothered exclamation. He looked in perplexed alarm at Miss Gordon.

"What's the matter? Sick?" she queried.

He pointed to a horseman some distance in front of them.

"Bill Jukes," he answered briefly. "He's promised to shoot me at sight, and he's likely drunk enough not to know whether you're a man or woman. You drive an' I'll get out an' meet him on foot. I'll come back after ye soon, or else—Sykes, a mile north of the station, will bring ye over to Turkey Creek."

As he proffered the reins, Brad already had his revolver out of his belt. She gave an indignant sniff.

"It's likely I'll drive off and leave you to be shot! Give me them reins, and you look to your guns. We'll drive by Mr. Jukes at a pretty good pace, and if you should happen to hurt him—may the Lord have mercy on him!"

Shaking off Brad's restraining touch, and deaf to his expostulations, she put the whip to the ponies, and the buckboard lurched forward on the deeply-cut trail. Jukes was bearing down upon them, his face inflamed with drunken rage. Two or three shots whistled past them. Miss Gordon held the reins tightly and ducked her head. Brad fired repeatedly as they passed, and just beyond them Jukes reeled heavily from the saddle. With an effort the woman brought the team to a standstill.

"I'm glad I fastened Polly's cage on good and tight!" was the first exclamation. Then, noticing a broken check-rein: "I'll get a piece of twine out of my pocket to tie up that strap. Why, your sleeve's all bloody. I do believe that nasty wretch hit you!"

"Jest my arm, I guess, Miss Gordon," replied the man, a little uncertainly; "but I hope—that is, I'm afeerd I've done for Jukes!"

They looked back. The outlaw lay motionless by the trail, his bridle rein still over his nerveless arm.

II.

As the rays of the setting sun slanted level across the prairie, a strange procession stopped at Turkey Creek ranch. Miss Gordon still drove, superintended by Jeremy Taylor, who thrust his head through a hole in the lid of his basket and glared balefully at the universe in general. Beside her sat Brad, pale under his tan, with his right arm swung from his neck. At the tail of their chariot, so to speak, was tied the horse of Bill Jukes, and fastened in the saddle, plentifully bandaged and besmeared with blood, was the man himself. His manner was drooping in the extreme, while from an opening in the cage cover Polly bestowed an unbroken succession of choice epithets upon the captive.

Miss Gordon, of them all, was unruffled, and she explained with a cheerfulness that was almost airy:

"Jukes rode down on us, shootin' and swearin' dreadful, and Mr. Merrell had to defend us, of course, so I took the lines. Then we couldn't go off and leave the man layin' there, maybe to die, so we went back, and I bandaged him up, and we brought him along. You can do what you want to with him. I don't reckon he feels very spruce, seein' that he was shot through the lung, an' that Polly's been swearin' at him every step of the way. Mr. Merrell, here, got a bullet in his arm, and has bled consid'able, though it's only a flesh wound."

The gods on Olympus may have been surprised to see Minerva spring full-panoplied from the brain of Jove, but that was the merest ghost of an emotion compared with what the men of Turkey Creek ranch felt when this splendid apparition in dusty black cashmere dawned upon them, with her nonchalant tale of duelry, leading as captive one of the deadliest outlaws of the country. For a minute there were murmurs of exclamations and glances of amazement; and then, as Miss Gordon, bearing Jeremy Taylor, clambered to the ground, Paper Collar Joe, the Chesterfield of the ranch, gracefully advanced.

"Allow me to assist ye, madam!" he began sweetly, but the visitor waved him back.

"Don't you touch Jeremy Taylor, my good young man!" she warned. "I reckon he's had all his nerves will stand for one while."

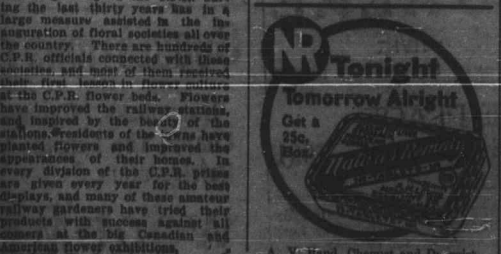
And Brad, being tenderly helped over the wheel, drawled shakily, with a flourish of his hand:

"No use, Joe. It was too good a chance to last, as I jest finagled it Miss Gordon's going to come up Turkey creek, to my place, an' live with me—the future Mrs. Merrell, gents!"

Polly craned his head around the back of the seat and ejaculated fiercely: "You be blamed!" while Miss Gordon's face flushed a deeper red as she bridled and exclaimed:

"Oh, pshaw! Ain't you ashamed of yourself, Brad?"

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



A. V. Rand, Chemist and Druggist.

Public Notice!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Robert Shaw, late of Avonport, merchant, deceased, are requested to render the same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to:

L. E. SHAW } Administrators
F. E. COX }
Avonport, May 30, 1919.

Charles Hogan, C. E.
Provincial Land Surveyor
Surveys, Plans, Levelling & Estimates.
Church Street,
Greenwich, Kings Co., N. S.
Long distance telephone, Wolfville exchange

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

WHEN USING WILSON'S FLY PADS
READ DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY AND FOLLOW THEM EXACTLY
Far more effective than Sticky Fly Catchers. Clean to handle. Sold by Druggists and Grocers everywhere.

Professional Cards

DENTISTRY.

A. J. McKenna, D. D. S.
Graduate of Philadelphia Dental College. Office in McKenna Block, Wolfville.
Telephone No. 43.

M. R. ELLIOTT
A. B., M. D. (Harvard)
Office at residence of late Dr. Bowles
Telephone 23.
Hours—8-10 a. m., 1-3, 7-9 p. m.

D. S. HART,
Consulting Accountant and Auditor.
Wolfville and Halifax.

R. W. TUFTS
INVESTMENTS
INSURANCE
REAL ESTATE
Office: Main St. opposite Baptist church.

DR. J. T. HOTCHKIS
Veterinary Surgeon
WEBSTER ST. KENTVILLE.
Phone 10

PUBLIC NOTICE!

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Avard J. Woodman, late of Wolfville, merchant and undertaker, deceased, are requested to renderthe same duly attested within twelve months from the date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to:

SELINA WOODMAN, Administratrix.
OTTA FOSHAY, Administrator.
Wolfville, October 5, 1919

Administrator's Notice.

All persons having legal demands against the estate of Annie W. Bishop, late of Lawrencetown, in the county of Annapolis, Widow, deceased, are requested to render the same, duly attested, to the undersigned, within three months of the date thereof; and all persons indebted to the said Estate, are required to make immediate payment to the undersigned.

MURIEL B. BLAUVELDT,
ROBERT B. BLAUVELDT,
Administrators.
Administration granted June 9, 1919.
Dated at Lawrencetown, June 13, 1919

OTHER FARMS FOR SALE.

At Church St., Cornwallis
Upper Canard
Hortonville
Annie M. Stuart,
Broker.
Grand Pre, April 8th, 1919.

FRUIT FARM for SALE

Situated between Kentville and Wolfville; about 55 acres, 18 acres planted with choicest varieties of Apples, Pears, Plums, and Peaches. Apples, largely Cox's Orange, bring top prices in the Kingston market. House, prettily situated, contains four living-rooms, seven bed-rooms, bath-room, large pantry, &c. Large verendahs.

An immediate purchaser would get this year's Fruit crop, which promises to be a large one.

For further particulars apply to
C. C. BROWN,
Greenwich, Kings Co.