

# THE ACADIAN

## AND KING'S CO. TIMES.

HONEST, INDEPENDENT, FEARLESS--DEVOTED TO LOCAL AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE.

Vol. XII.

WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S., FRIDAY, MAY 19, 1893.

No. 39.

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### THE ACADIAN.

Published on Friday at the office  
WOLFVILLE, KING'S CO., N. S.

TERMS:  
\$1.00 Per Annum.  
(IN ADVANCE.)

CLUBS of five in advance \$4 00.

Local advertising at ten cents per line  
for every insertion, unless by special ar-  
rangement for standing notices.

Editor for standing advertisements will  
be made known on application to the  
office, and payment of the advertisement  
must be guaranteed by some responsible  
party prior to its insertion.

The ACADIAN JOB DEPARTMENT is con-  
stantly receiving new type and material,  
and will continue to guarantee satisfaction  
on all work turned out.

Newspaper communications from all parts  
of the county, or articles upon the topics  
of the day are cordially solicited. The  
editors of the party writing for the ACADIAN  
must invariably accompany the com-  
munications, although the same may be written  
over a fictitious signature.

Address all communications to  
DAVISON BROS.,  
Editors & Proprietors,  
Wolfville, N. S.

Legal Decisions

1. Any person who takes a paper regu-  
larly from the Post Office—whether di-  
rected to his name or another's or whether  
he has subscribed or not—is responsible  
for the payment.

2. If a person orders his paper discon-  
tinued, he must pay up all arrears, or  
the publisher may continue to send it until  
payment is made, and collect the whole  
amount, whether the paper is taken from  
the office or not.

3. The courts have decided that refus-  
ing to take newspapers and periodicals  
from the Post Office, or removing and  
leaving them unclaimed for *prima facie*  
evidence of intentional fraud.

POST OFFICE, WOLFVILLE  
Office Hours, 8 A. M. to 8 P. M. Mails  
made up as follows:—  
For Halifax and Wladior close at 7 10  
A. M.  
Express west close at 10 30 A. M.  
Express east close at 4 25 P. M.  
Kentville close at 7 00 P. M.  
Geo. V. RANS, Post Master.

PEOPLE'S BANK OF HALIFAX.  
Open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Closed  
on Saturday at 1 P. M.

G. W. MORSE, Agent.

Churches.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. T. A. Higgins,  
Pastor.—Services: Sunday, preaching at 11  
A. M. and 7 P. M.; Sunday School at 2 30 P. M.  
Half hour prayer meeting after evening  
service every Sunday. Prayer meeting on  
Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 30.  
Sats. free; all are welcome. Strangers  
will be cared for.

COLLS W. BOSCOB, { Ushers  
A. DEW BASS }

St. ANDREW'S (PRESBYTERIAN).  
Service every Sabbath at 3 P. M. Sab-  
bath School at 2 P. M. Evangelistic and  
Testimony Meeting at 7 P. M. Bible Read-  
ing Wednesday at 7 30 P. M. Strangers  
always welcome.

CHALMERS (LOWEN HORTON).  
Service every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and  
7 P. M. Sabbath School at 10 A. M. Praise  
and Prayer Meeting Tuesday at 7 30 P. M.  
Strangers always welcome.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Oskar  
Grønsted, B. A., Pastor. Services on the  
Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Sabbath  
School at 12 o'clock noon. Prayer  
Meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 30.  
All the seats are free and strangers wel-  
comed at all the services.—At Greenwood,  
preaching at 3 P. M. on the Sabbath, and  
prayer meeting at 7 30 P. M. on Thursdays.  
Prayer meeting at 7 30 P. M. on Thursdays.  
Strangers always welcome.

St. JOHN'S CHURCH—Service every  
Sunday at 3 P. M. except on the first Sun-  
day in the month, when the service will be  
at 11 A. M., with a celebration of the Holy  
Communion.

REV. ISAAC BROCK, D. D.,  
Rector of Horton.  
Canon of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax.  
Frank A. Dixon, & Wardens.  
Robert W. Storis, & Wardens.

Masonic.  
St. GEORGE'S LODGE, A. F. & A. M.,  
meets at their Hall on the second Friday  
of each month at 7 1/2 o'clock P. M.  
J. W. Caldwell, Secretary.

TEMPERANCE.  
WOLFVILLE DIVISION 8, OF T. meets  
every Monday evening in their Hall  
at 7 30 o'clock.

ACADIA LODGE, I. O. O. T., meets  
every Saturday evening in Temperance  
Hall at 7 30 o'clock.

CRYSTAL Band of Hope meets in the  
Temperance Hall every Saturday after-  
noon at 3 o'clock.

APPLE TREES FOR SALE.  
For the Fall and next Spring trade,  
at the

Weston Nurseries!  
KING'S COUNTY, N. S.

Orders solicited and satisfaction  
guaranteed.

ISAAC SHAW,  
PROPRIETOR.  
Ripens Tablets cure bad breath.  
Ripens Tablets cure throat ulcers.

### IT IS ALL THAT IS CLAIMED FOR IT!

Women of all ages, and in all con-  
ditions, will find just the help they  
need in Skoda's Discovery.



Mrs. SARAH E. BLETCHER,  
Bangor, Me.  
Mrs. Sarah E. Bletcher, of No. 9,  
Grove Street, Bangor, Me., says:  
"For quite a number of years, I  
have been a great sufferer from se-  
vere pains in my back and side, and  
the last three years, have been much  
reduced and run down, hardly able to  
do any work. At my age, 66 years, I  
never expected to be any better. I  
have taken only two bottles of  
**SKODA'S DISCOVERY**  
with  
**Skoda's Little Tablets.**  
My Back Ache is all gone, my Ap-  
petite has returned, I have gained much  
in flesh, and I feel like a new person.  
I cannot praise these Remedies too  
much."

**SKODA DISCOVERY CO., WOLFVILLE, N. S.**

### DIRECTORY

—OF THE—  
**Business Firms of  
WOLFVILLE**

The unmentioned firms will use  
your right, and we can safely recommend  
them as our most enterprising business  
men.

**BORDEN, CHARLES H.**—Carriage  
and Sleighs Built, Repaired and Painted

**CALDWELL, J. W.**—Dry Goods, Boots  
& Shoes, Furniture, &c.

**DAVISON, J. E.**—Justice of the Peace,  
Conveyancer, Fire Insurance Agent.

**DAVISON BROS.**—Printers and Pub-  
lishers.

**DR. PAYZANT & SON,** Dentists.

**DUNCANSON BROTHERS.**—Dealers  
in Meats of all kinds and Feed.

**GODFREY, L. P.**—Manufacturer of  
Boots and Shoes.

**HARRIS, O. D.**—General Dry Goods  
Clothing and Gent's Furnishings.

**HERBIN, J. F.**—Watch Maker and  
Jeweller.

**HIGGINS, W. J.**—General Coal Deal-  
er. Coal always on hand.

**KELLEY, THOMAS.**—Boot and Shoe  
Maker. All orders in his line faith-  
fully performed. Repairing neatly done.

**MURPHY, J. L.**—Cabinet Maker and  
Repairer.

**ROCKWELL & CO.**—Book-sellers,  
Stationers, Picture Framers, and  
dealers in Pianos, Organs, and Sewing  
Machines.

**DAND, G. V.**—Drugs, and Fancy  
Goods.

**QULEEP, S. R.**—Importer and Dealer  
in General Hardware, Stores, and Tin-  
ware. Agents for Frost & Wood's Plows

**SHAW, J. M.**—Barber and Tobac-  
conist.

**WALLACE, G. H.**—Wholesale and  
Retail Grocer.

**WITTER, BURPEE.**—Importer and  
Dealer in Dry Goods, Millinery,  
Ready-made Clothing, and Gent's Fur-  
nishings.

**SHIRTS,  
COLLARS,  
CUFFS.**

And all kinds of Laundry Work done  
to look like new. Also all kinds of  
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear

**Dyed and Cleaned.**

Satisfaction Guaranteed!  
IN ALL CASES

For prices and further particu-  
lars apply to our agents,  
**ROCKWELL & CO.,**  
WOLFVILLE BOOKSTORE.

**UNGAR'S STEAM LAUNDRY,**  
62 & 64 GRANVILLE ST.,  
Halifax, N. S.

**FOR SALE.**  
A DESIRABLE HOUSE AND  
LOT, IN WOLFVILLE, Apply to  
**Geo. H. Patriquin,**  
Wolfville, Nov. 25th, 1892. [Jan 22

### POETRY.

One at a Time.

Oh, hurries and hurries and worries!  
Oh, scoldings and scoldings and swears!  
Oh, jumbings and tumbings and grum-  
blings!  
Oh, tempers and tantrums and tears!  
Would you cheat them, or meet them,  
and beat them,  
As merry as linnetts at prime?  
Then grasp, I implore you, the duties  
before you  
One, one at a time.  
"One sack at a time," says the porter,  
"I'll carry each sack in the track;  
Though all in a heap might seem shorter,  
Alack for the crack in my back!"  
"Now, one at a time," says the wrestler;  
"To shrink were a shame and a crime.  
Make ready and nerve you; I'm ready  
to serve you—  
But one at a time."  
Then gaze not far out on the distance;  
Look down at the land where you  
stand;  
Begin with a cheery persistence  
The duty that's next to your hand.  
One stone at a time rose the steplie  
That shines in the sunlight sublime,  
And tasks are surmounted and conquests  
are counted  
One, one at a time.

### SELECT STORY.

The Suspended Judgment.

They were casting votes for life or  
death.

The day had been warm for spring,  
even in that southern latitude, and the  
grateful coolness of the coming night  
was unconsciously welcomed by both  
men and horses as they halted where  
the trail left the open mesa and dis-  
embled the little divide.

The animals had been gathered in,  
lead by head, and all the bridles were  
held by one of the party; the prisoner,  
still handcuffed, had been allowed to  
dismount, and now stood silent, look-  
ing down the rolling plain toward the  
set, watched by a single guard.

The others, seven in number, in a  
group half a dozen rods away, were  
casting votes.

The leader of the posse, christened  
fifty years ago in some quaint English  
village John Robinson, but far better  
known in his New Mexican home as  
"Sheriff Jack," held the ballot box, a  
worn sacker.

"Now, gentlemen, let us understand  
this question, so that no trouble arise  
hereafter," said he, glancing about at  
his companions. "We have, at the  
call of our city, made a successful ef-  
fort to capture James Brownell, other-  
wise known as Red Jim, who today  
stands indicted for more than half the  
crimes that have been committed in  
Osage County during the past five  
years. Time was, and not so far in  
the past either, as several of you can  
bear me witness, when such a capture  
meant a prompt trial and swift shrift  
for the prisoner; but customs have  
changed. Our duty, it seems to me, is  
to return to Mesa City with Brownell,  
and submit him to the disposition of  
the regularly organized authorities.  
The road, however, is long, our horses  
tired and the man desperate, and some  
of you believe it better to conclude the  
matter here and at once, all things  
being seemingly convenient," and he  
paused, his eye unconsciously turned  
toward the single stout pine that  
with sturdy, outstretched limbs stood  
near. "In order, therefore, as it were  
to poll the jury on the question of what  
to do with our prisoner, I have propos-  
ed the casting of ballots. Draw up,  
gentlemen, and make your wills known:  
a pistol cartridge means Judge Lynch,  
a Winchester, the court at home, and  
the majority shall rule. Prepare your  
ballots."

There was a certain grim humor  
about both the speaker and his address,  
but the others did not notice it. They  
busied themselves in selecting, each ac-  
cording to his choice, the required  
cartridge, and then, with all the solemn  
decorum of a New England school  
meeting, one by one they advanced  
and dropped the leaden messengers of  
their desires into the hat.

There was no discussion, no seeking  
to influence each other, and when  
Sheriff Jack had passed his sacker to  
the two who watched the prisoner and  
held the horses, with the same  
official dignity he declared the polls  
closed, and turning the cartridges out  
upon the ground, separated them, large  
and small, into two tiny piles, counting  
them as he did so.

A man's life hung in the balance,  
but no sign of excitement showed itself  
upon the bronzed faces of the posse,

nor was there an expression of satisfac-  
tion or disappointment when, rising  
the Sheriff said:

"Boot and saddle! We ride home!  
The verdict is five for town law to four  
against it—and, much good may it do  
him," he added, with a half-regretful  
fing of his head toward the silent pris-  
oner, who had watched all these pro-  
ceedings, even to the final announce-  
ment, with the stoicism of an Indian.  
The vote had meant death to him  
within an hour or days of opportunity;  
yet not a shadow had crossed his har-  
dened face. Now, at a sign from his  
guard, he mounted the horse led to  
him, placed himself in the centre of the  
little cavalcade, and at a brisk trot all  
proceeded northward through the rap-  
idly deepening gloaming of the evening.  
Two months later Mesa City lay  
scorched and browned beneath the  
blaze of a July sun.

The wide streets, flanked by rows of  
painfully new brick stores and wooden  
dwelling, the court house, city hall,  
graded school and churches, the di-  
amond shaped plaza, boasting a dry-  
urned Niobe, and even the discouraged  
trees that had been planted near the  
doors of the tempting saloons were one  
and all white beneath the alkali dust,  
and quivered and shivered in the  
burning glare like the unstable city of  
a mirage.

Few inhabitants ventured forth,  
for the heat was unusual, even for New  
Mexico, and while it lasted work was  
halted. But in one building there had  
gathered quite a concourse, notwith-  
standing the temperature, and Judge  
Gary looked from the bench across a  
crowded room as the crier arose and  
with sonorous voice announced the  
opening of the court for the trial of  
criminal cases.

There were a few minor cases, all  
occupying some two or three hours,  
when the attention of the court and the  
audience became fixed by the final cause  
upon the day calendar. Under the  
escort of Sheriff Jack, still ironed and  
a trifle paler than when last seen, James  
Brownell was led into the room and  
took his place in the prisoner's dock.  
The murmur of low conversation, the  
occasional squeak of a pen, the shuffling  
of feet, all ceased as the clerk arose to  
read the indictments.

Violation of the liquor laws, viola-  
tion of the gambling laws, horse steal-  
ing, robbery, burglary, and, last of all,  
murder. One by one the black record  
was spread before the Court, the result  
of a series of years of iniquities, the  
work of half a dozen Grand Jurors, and  
now, for the first time, the much-  
indicted man was in the hands of the  
law to answer its repeated summons.  
Judge Gary looked toward Brownell.

"How does the prisoner plead?"

"Not guilty to every count in every  
indictment," replied his attorney, one  
of the younger lawyers in the city;  
"and we demand a separate trial upon  
each charge."

A murmur of disapproval ran  
through the room. Was this notorious  
desperado to escape through the very  
technicalities and delays of the laws he  
had set at defiance?

"Then it becomes the right of the  
District Attorney to move whichever  
of the indictments he may choose," re-  
plied the Judge. "Mr. Arnold, what is  
the desire on the part of the people?"

The gray haired prosecutor for the  
county arose, and in a deliberate and  
dignified manner announced that he  
would elect to try under the principal  
indictment.

"The greater might be said in this  
case, Your Honor, to include the less.  
Should the prisoner be convicted of  
murder, it will relieve both him and  
the commonwealth from the witness  
and expense of trials for the lesser  
crimes; should he be acquitted I shall  
move an immediate trial under the in-  
dictment for burglary."

The crowd breathed more easily.  
Brownell was not to escape after all.  
"Old Arnold'll do him," whispered  
one listener to another; "the evidence  
is a dead sure thing. He's bound to  
hang," and the Sheriff's posse thought  
so, or they'd never 'brought him in!"

The preliminaries were soon over, the  
jury drawn and agreed to, the case  
opened, and the trial began.

Witness after witness was sworn in  
rapid succession, and the dark story of  
the crime with which Brownell was  
charged—a street robbery, resulting in the

death of one of the rioters—was retold  
in all its hideousness. The crowd  
listened with eager ears, untiring for  
hours, though the heat seemed to grow  
with the day; the lawyers bent more  
closely over their notes; the Judge  
forgot to lean back in his chair, and  
even the prisoner, resting with manacled  
hands upon the rail of the criminal's  
box wherein he sat, showed by the  
gloom that gathered upon his brutal  
face and the dull, angry glow in his  
eye that he appreciated the desperate  
strait in which he stood.

When the prosecution had rested,  
the attorney for Brownell bent toward  
him and whispered earnestly in his ear.  
The man shook his head. Again the  
lawyer addressed him, urging some  
plan of defense newly thought, with a  
gesture indicative of irritation, young  
Stewart rose, and turned to address  
the jury.

He told them of his client's early  
life, the lack of good influences, the  
hard paths for childish feet, the tempta-  
tions of youth, the struggles and  
failures of manhood. He told them of  
the fight for mere existence against  
fate and fortune, with no one to lend a  
helping hand or breathe a heartening  
word, of the frowning face of virtue  
and the tempting one of vice, of aspira-  
tions smothered, efforts unavailing,  
good intentions trodden under foot,  
and, at last, of hopeless, friendless, de-  
spairing wickedness. He warned them  
against circumstantial evidence only;  
he spoke of the inherent right of self  
defense; he prayed their pity and the  
benefit of the smallest cloud that might  
cast a shadow of doubt; he opened and  
closed the case without a witness and  
sat down.

Mr. Arnold summed up for the peo-  
ple—calmly, logically, convincingly;  
and when as he closed the level rays of  
the western sun shot through the dusty  
windows and lit the waiting faces of  
the Court and jury with their glory of  
crimson and gold, the prisoner, un-  
touched in the falling shadow where he  
sat, seemed, to the breathless audience,  
rest beneath the gloom of a certain  
punishment, desperate and without re-  
prieve.

In a few words the Court charged  
the jury so clearly, so fairly, that even  
Brownell raised his athen face from the  
rail whereon he had bowed it, once  
more to study, with gleaming eyes, the  
countenances of the arbiters of his fate.

As the twelve left the room there  
entered a child—a wee thing—in white  
who wandered slowly in from the door  
behind the bar, looked solemnly about  
as if in search of some lost friend, until  
her gaze fell upon Judge Gary. Then  
the little face brightened, and, with a  
shout of "Grandpa!" she struggled  
through the chairs, assisted by the law-  
yers, and claimed a seat at his side,  
where, for a few moments, she whis-  
pered softly to the old man as he wait-  
ed for the hour of adjournment.

"Grandpa, it's going to rain, an'  
mamma wants 'oo to come home! Zey's  
a big cloud over zat way, an' it's awful  
black!" and, with round eyes of won-  
der, she pointed directly toward the  
south.

"But, pet," said the Judge, "grand-  
pa's busy now. Who said that you  
could come here?"

"No one; only mamma's 'fraid, an'  
I knowed she wanted 'oo an' it's a big  
cloud, an' it whirrs and whirrs, an' it  
scared me, too!"

As the Judge was about to reply, a  
slight commotion attracted his atten-  
tion. A moment later the jury filed  
into their box, and the foreman rose  
and faced the Court.

A bank fell upon the room as the  
clerk called the roll; then in a voice  
that shook a little, he said:  
"Have the jury agreed upon their  
verdict?"

"We have," replied the foreman,  
simply.

"How do they find?"

"Guilty, as charged in the indict-  
ment."

A sound that might have been a sigh  
ran through the listeners. The judge  
rose and faced the prisoner. In the  
silence that reigned, the voice of the  
distant wind, roaring afar off, fell upon  
the waiting ears, and the last gleam of  
sunlight faded from the wall.

Solemnly the district attorney moved  
that sentence now be passed upon the  
prisoner.

"Brownell, stand up. Have you  
braves ye and curses ye, one and all!

anything to say why the sentence of  
this court should not be passed upon  
you?"

The prisoner had noted the return  
of the jury, and listened to their verdict  
as one in a dream—as a man stunned  
by a thunderbolt watches the destruc-  
tion of his home, wrought by the same  
messenger from heaven, dazed and  
unmoved. As the sound of the judge's  
voice bled upon his dull ears, he turned  
his head slowly and looked at him  
wonderingly.

"Have ye anything to say?"

The man gathered his feet beneath  
him and, with an effort, rose. For a  
long moment he gazed about him—at  
the jury in the box, the judge on the  
bench and the dense and waiting crowd  
behind him. Then an ugly smile  
spread across his face and a fierce light  
burned in his heavy eyes













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WOLFVILLE, N. S. DEGS to inform the people of Wolfville and King's County generally that he is still doing business at his old stand and will be pleased to receive their patronage.

SQUIRE TAPLEY SPEAKS. The ex-Police Magistrate of Old Portland City.

On Wednesday last Manager Rosel of the Hawker Medicine Co. invited a Sun reporter to join him in a call on Squire Tapley and ascertain if this statement were true.

C. C. RICHARDS & Co. Gentlemen,--The top of my head was bald for several years. I used MINARD'S LINIMENT, and now have as good a growth of hair as I ever had.

USE SKODA'S DISCOVERY, the Great Blood, and Nerve Remedy.

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A LINCOLN COUNTY MIRACLE. The Terrible Experience of a Well-to-do Farmer.

Mr Ezra Merritt Suffers Untold Agony--Told by a Physician that only Death could End his Sufferings--How He Secured his Release from Pain--Anxious that others should benefit by his Experience.

How often we hear the expression "Hills are green far away" as a term of disparagement. So it may be with many of our readers when they hear of anything occurring at a distance from home bordering on the wonderful.

Returning to Smithville the editor again called upon Mr Eastman and was informed by that gentleman that his sales of Pink Pills were something enormous.

De Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom.

Dr Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr Williams' Medicine Company from either of the following addresses.

K. D. C. offers you an opportunity to enjoy your meals without after suffering. Try K. D. C. Free Sample. K. D. C. Company, Ltd., New Glasgow, N. S., Canada, or 127, State St., Boston, Mass.

THE WHITE RIBBON. "For God and Home and Native Land."

President--Mrs J. E. Tufts. Vice-Pre. at large--Mrs D. F. Higgins. Vice-Presidents--Mrs Gronlund, Mrs Morrison, Miss Evans.

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Scrap for Odd Moments

Garfield Tea cures sick-headache. By the time a man's daughters get old enough to help him, they make up their minds to help some other man.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c. It's funny how some men acquire a reputation for laziness while others get credit for being fond of fishing.

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BAKING POWDERS.

Bulletin N. 10. Cream of Tartar Powders. Woodill's German, Victoria, Cream of Tartar Powders containing AMMONIA.

ROYAL PRINCESS. There is no such official in existence as the Government Analyst of Ontario.

MILK. My delivery wagon calls twice daily, delivering milk to my patrons at 4 cents per imperial quart.

LADIES' BAZAR. Ladies interested in Needlework will find a Full Line of Art Goods at the Bazar.

The King of Remedies. Dock Blood Purifier. Victory after victory is the record of Dock Blood Purifier, which never fails to do good.

Chemical Fertilizer Works HALIFAX, N. S. "CERES" Superphosphate! (The Complete Fertilizer).

Nasal Balm. SOOTHING, CLEANSING, HEALING. Instant Relief, Permanent Cure, Failure Impossible.

Wanted. That property formerly known as the Johnson place, now owned by the estate of John O. Pinc.

JOHN W. WALLACE, BARRISTER-AT-LAW, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC.

Scientific American Agency for PATENTS. CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS, DESIGN PATENTS, COPYRIGHTS, ETC.

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W. & A. RAILWAY.

Table with columns: GOING WEST, Exp. daily, Accom., Exp. daily. Rows: Halifax, Windsor, Hantsport, Avonport, Grand Pre, Wolfville, Port Williams, Kentville, Waterville, Berwick, Aylesford, Middleton, Bridgetown, Annapolis Ar'.

Table with columns: GOING EAST, Exp. daily, Accom., Exp. daily. Rows: Annapolis Ar', Middleton, Aylesford, Berwick, Waterville, Port Williams, Grand Pre, Wolfville, Hantsport, Avonport, Windsor, Halifax.

N. B. Trains are run on Eastern Star Digby Time. One hour added will give Halifax time. Trains run daily, Sunday excepted.

Trains of the Cornwallis Valley Branch leave Kentville at 10:40 a. m. and 3:40 p. m., and on Saturdays an extra train is made to connect with the evening express from Halifax, leaving Kentville at 6:20 p. m. for Canning and Kingsport.

Trains of the Western Counties Railway leave Annapolis daily at 12:25 p. m. and on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6:00 a. m. Leave Yarmouth daily at 10 a. m. and on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 1:45 p. m.

W. R. CAMPBELL, General Manager and Secretary, K. SUTHELLAND, Resident Manager.

Skoda's Discovery! Hear what the people say that have used Skoda's Discovery.

The Kind that Cures. SOMETHING NEW! Bensdorp's Royal Dutch COCOA AND CHOCOLATE.

ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE. Highest price for Eggs. G. H. WALLACE, Wolfville, August 15th, 1890.

WANTED--Wide awake workers everywhere for "SHEPP'S" PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE WORLD! the greatest book on earth; costing \$100,000; cash or installments; mammoth illustrated circular and terms free; daily output over 1500 volumes. Agents will succeed. Mr. Thos. J. Martin, Centerville, Tex., dealer \$711 in 9 days; Miss Rose Adams, Wooster, O., \$23 in 40 minutes; Rev. J. Howard Madison, Lyons, N. Y., \$101 in 7 hours; a bonanza; magnificent outfit only \$1. Books on credit, freight paid. Address Globe Bible Publishing Co., 723 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa., or 358 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

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