

# The Week's Doings.

\$1.00 per Annum in Advance;  
Single Copies 2 cents.

"How to the Time, Let the Chips fall where they May."

J. E. HIGNEY,  
Editor & Proprietor.

VOL. I.

ACADIA MINES, N. S., FRIDAY, MARCH 19 1886.

NO. 49

Rev. Mr. Talmage on Homes.  
THE BROOKLYN DIVINE'S BREVING DISCOURSE—THE HOLLOWED FAMILY ALTAR.

"Go home to thy friends and tell them how great things the Lord hath done for thee," Mark v. 19, was the text selected by Rev. Dr. Talmage on Sunday morning last. "There are a great many people looking for a wide field of usefulness," said Mr. Talmage. "They admire Luther at the Diet of Worms and wish they could have some such occasion on which to display their prowess. They admire Paul making Felix tremble and they wish they could on some such occasion preach righteousness, all they want is an opportunity. Now, says Christ in my text and says Paul in other parts of the Bible, I will show you a sphere where you can illustrate all that is good and grand and glorious in Christian character, and that is the domestic circle. If one is faithful in small sphere he would not be faithful in a resounding sphere. If Peter will not help the cripple at his gate he will never be able at the Pentecost to preach three thousand souls into the kingdom. If I will not take the trouble to instruct in the way of salvation the Philippian jailer he will never make Felix tremble. He who is faithful in a small sphere will not be faithful in a great one. The fact is, you and I are placed in a sphere where we can gradually serve God, and instead of being bothered about some sphere that we may gain after a while, we had better be absorbed in the one question, Lord, what wilt Thou have me now and here to do? Our thoughts are this morning revolving around one word of the text; and that word is 'home.'"

### WHAT IS HOME?

"If you should ask ten different men what home is they would give you ten different answers. Home to one man is love at the hearth, to another man it is the workshop, to another it is the place of work, devotion at the altar. Peace, honoring like wings, joy clapping its hands for laughter. Life's a tranquil lake; piloted on the ripples sleep the shadows. Ask another man what home is, and he will tell you it is want looking out of the window, cheerless fire grate, knesing hunger in an empty bread tray, the damp air shivering with curses, no Bible on the shelf, children, thieves and murderers in embryo, obscene songs their lullaby. No wave of Sabbath influence rolling over the doorsill. Shadows of infernal walls, furnace for forging chains, fuel for an unending funeral pile. Awful word. It is spelled with curses; it is spelled with weeps; it is spelled with woe; it is spelled with the death agony of despair. The word 'home' in one case meaning everything that is bright, and in another case everything that is terrific. As God may help me this morning, I want to speak to you about 'Home' as a test of character, home as a refuge, home as a political safeguard, home as a school, and home as a type of Heaven. Yes, my friends,

### HOME IS A TEST OF OUR CHARACTERS;

our disposition in public may indicate costume, while in private it is in dishabille. As an actor may be very different on the stage from what they are behind the curtain, so our private life may be very different from our public life. Private life is often public life turned wrong side out. You sometimes find a merchant who in business circles is kind and affable and suave and obliging all day long, damning

back his petulance and irritability, but at nightfall, when he comes home, pours forth with a flow and freshness. Reputation is only the shadow of character, and a small house makes a long shadow. There are those who seem so kind and amiable and gentle in public, yet their private life is most detestable. The reason that men do not display their bad temper in public is for fear of being knocked down. They do not display their bad temper for the same reason they dare not let a note go to protest—it does not pay; for the same reason they do not want a man in their company to sell stock too cheap—it depreciates the stock.

### STOCKS IN PUBLIC.

As at sundown sometimes the wind rises, so after a very staid day there may be a tempestuous night. Many a man in public has been a philanthropist, while in private life he has been a Nero with respect to his sinners and his piety at home. If we are plausible abroad and mean in the domestic circle we are making a fraudulent and one issue as a bank statement much to blame as a bank statement for or five hundred thousand bills in circulation but no specie in the vaults. If we have grand public and none of the Christian spirit at home, then our good name in the world is made up of springs from the sappy, stagnant self-interest. What we are in our home is our genuine character. That is the character we have everywhere; whether we demonstrate it or not. I speak to you of a stormy sea. With shattered masts and torn sails and bulk at sea we put into the harbor of home. That is the dry dock where we get repairs. The candle to the poor man is the light-house, by which he gets into the harbor. Children go out to meet their father, as outside the Narrows pilots take the hand of where heavy life is unladen. Ah, about what we have done without being charged with self-advulation. That is the place where we can express affection without being thought silly."

### Ill-Mannered Guests.

In the matter of hours for meals, for rising and retiring, conform without hesitation or comment to those of the hospitable household. It is underbred and selfish to keep breakfast waiting, because you have overslept yourself, or dinner or tea, while you have prolonged a drive or walk unseasonably. If a meal is well cooked, it is injured by standing beyond the proper time of serving, and if our hosts' time is worth anything you are dishonest when you waste it.

It is quite as selfish in want of tactful regard for others' feelings, to less glaringly inconvenient, to present yourself below stairs long before the stated breakfast hour. You may not like to sit in your bed-chamber; the parlors may be in perfect order for your occupancy or the library tempt you to snatch a quiet hour for reading, but she is an exceptionally even-tempered hostess who does not flush unnecessarily at finding that you came down by the time the servants opened the house, and have made yourself at home in the living room ever since. The inference is that your sleeping room was uncomfortable, or that she is indolently unmindful of your breakfastless state. I have an anguished recollection of a long visit paid to my family

by an accomplished gentleman whose every intention was purely humane, yet who descended to the parlor each morning at an hour so barbarously early that he had to light the gas to see the piano-keys on which he strummed until breakfast was ready. There is a saving consolation in the knowledge that, if he is distinguishing himself in the heavenly mansions as a player upon instruments, there is another with a teething baby and a headache in the room overhead.

### Mind Food.

Have something for the mind to feed upon—something to look forward to and live for besides the daily round of labor or the counting of profit and loss. If we have no other talent for writing splendid works on political economy, social science, or the general creating a good literary poem, the next best thing is to possess a good story.

every little while coming to Mrs. E. H. Leland.

### Newspaper Beats.

We like to hear a man refuse to take his home paper and then sponge on his neighbor to read it. We like to hear a man complain when asked to subscribe for his home paper, that he takes more papers than he can read, and then go around and borrow his neighbors', or that until he gets all the news from it, this is patronizing home industry. We like to hear a man run down his home paper as not worth taking, and every now and then beg the editor for a favor in editorial life; this is personified cheek. We like to see business men neglect to advertise in their home paper, and then try to get a share of the trade the newspaper brings into the town, this encourages the newspaper man. We like to see all this; it looks economical, thrifty, progressive and—cheeky.

### Be Honest.

Boys and young men sometimes start out in life with the idea that one's success depends on sharpness and chicanery. They imagine if a man is always able to get the "best of the bargain," no matter by what deceit and meanness he carries his point that his prosperity cannot be founded on cunning and dishonesty. Enduring prosperity is assured. The tricky and deceitful man is sure to fall a victim sooner or later to the influences which are forever working against him. His house is built upon sand and the foundation will be certain to give way. *Monetary Times.*

The London *Lancet* thinks that the animosity with which men of opposite political views regard each other is out of all proportion to their individual interest in the questions on which they differ; and that there are reasons for thinking that "the mental disturbance set up by political excitement may be a specified disease." "Election fever" and "politicomania" are at present current terms in the English medical press. Beer and brandy in England, and whiskey in this country, are the causes of a good deal of this "election fever," though there is much truth in the views of the *Lancet*.

## Spring, Spring!

1886!

# Falconer AND Durning,

FURNACE STREET,

ARE NOW RECEIVING  
SPRING GOODS

Full Announcement Next Week!





Local and Provincial.

Mr. J. P. McDONALD has just received from New York his Spring and Summer Fashion Plates for 1888.

Rev. D. W. C. DIMOCK will occupy the pulpit in the Baptist Church next Sunday morning and evening at the usual hour.

SHIERS took our minister service during the rebellion are put down to the number of 16,801, at a value of \$15,082.

The Mayor of Halifax has called a meeting to consider the advisability of having a summer carnival. We may safely predict that there will be no carnival.

The TROUPE GUARDIAN now comes twice a week. This is a new departure. We wish our contemporary success in the new venture. It is a step toward a daily paper.

A. S. FERGUSON, Esq., has our thanks for Vol. IV, of Bencia, that a Y. M. C. A. has been recently formed in that place, of which Mr. Ferguson is Secretary.

The STREET CAR strike at Toronto is not only giving the roads a chance to exhibit themselves, but is impeding business. The relation of labor to capital must soon undergo some change.

We have to record the death of Robert Putnam, Esq., of Fort Becher, which took place on Monday. Mr. Putnam was one of the largest and most successful farmers of this county, and was also noted for his business qualities than his integrity and piety.

SAYS THE SUNDAY WOLF: A newspaper and a newspaper editor that people don't talk about, and sometimes abuse, are rather poor conversationalists.

HALIFAX SCHOOL FOR THE BLIND.—We have just received the 15th report of the Board of Managers of this Institution. It was founded in accordance with a bequest by the late Wm. Murdoch, who left it \$25,000 N. S. Currency.

Card of Thanks.—In behalf of the Acadia Mines Brass Band we respectfully tender our sincere thanks to the many kind friends who gave us such valuable assistance and support towards making our concert a grand success.

James Thomas, M. L. Squires, J. W. Morrison.

The Spirit of the Religious Press

Message and Visitor, (Baptist.)

The editor in his third article on Church Work points out that it is to look after the members who stray away, and how much better this should be done than by leaving all to office bearers.

Deaths

At Acadia Mines, March 24th, Mary Jane, daughter of Joseph Stevens, aged 8 years.

At Acadia Mines, March 22nd, Bertha, daughter of John Hill, aged 2 years.

Dr. H. CLAY, SURGEON DENTIST.

Being compelled to leave work on account of severe attack of Cholera, I was advised by a friend to try R. C. R. Siphon's Certain Cure, and after three bottles, was completely cured.

G. R. SMITH, Importer and Dealer in DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, HATS, CAPS, Etc., Etc.

READY MADE CUSTOM CLOTHING 100 SUITS.

G. W. COX & CO. Are showing a very Fine Stock of NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

CHOICE GROCERIES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! DRESS-MAKING ON THE PREMISES.

Church Guardian (Episcopal.)

The editor thinks that tracts and other denominational literature might be more largely circulated.

Other denominations are strong in this respect. They are full of it. Sunday School teachers should adhere to literature, decided and outspokenly Church. These are to be found in Diocesan Depositories.

Deaths

At Acadia Mines, March 24th, Mary Jane, daughter of Joseph Stevens, aged 8 years.

At Acadia Mines, March 22nd, Bertha, daughter of John Hill, aged 2 years.

Dr. H. CLAY, SURGEON DENTIST.

Being compelled to leave work on account of severe attack of Cholera, I was advised by a friend to try R. C. R. Siphon's Certain Cure, and after three bottles, was completely cured.

G. R. SMITH, Importer and Dealer in DRY GOODS, BOOTS, SHOES, SLIPPERS, HATS, CAPS, Etc., Etc.

READY MADE CUSTOM CLOTHING 100 SUITS.

G. W. COX & CO. Are showing a very Fine Stock of NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

CHOICE GROCERIES.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED! DRESS-MAKING ON THE PREMISES.

ACADIA MINES TIN SHOP! STOVES! STOVES!

COOK STOVES, From \$6.00 upwards. ROOM " " \$3.00. STOVE-PIPE, Wholesale and Retail.

S. H. SMITH, Smith Street, Acadia Mines.

NOW YOU WILL SEE!!



MESSEURS, FEPPARD & McDONALD.

At the "ACADIAN DRUG STORE," OPPOSITE THE BLAST FURNACE, ARE the Sole Agents for the sale of the above CELEBRATED PEBBLE and other SPECTACLES and EYE GLASSES in this vicinity.

Dear Sir,—Since the introduction of your GLASSES into this Province, I have had many opportunities of judging of their excellent quality.

The NEW DRY GOODS STORE!! CALEDONIA HOUSE.

TROUP & CO., COMMERCIAL ST., TRURO!

Genuine Bargains in all Departments.

Quick Sales and Small Profits.

A Popular Milliner on the Premises.

CHARLES FISHER & SONS, MANUFACTURERS OF

WOODEN PIPING of Various Sizes for conveying water from Springs, Brooks or Rivers, to Houses, Barns, Mills or Factories, &c.

G. R. SMITH'S TENDERS.

Will be received up to the 30th day of March, 1886, by the Overseers of the Poor, for the furnishing of Staple Supplies for the six months ending 30th day of September, 1886.

G. W. COX & CO.

NEW FALL & WINTER GOODS.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

ROMANCE OF A BLACK VEIL.

BY BERTHA M. CLAY.

(Continued.) CHAPTER XXI.

But I did not tell him that my chief occupation was thinking about him. For by this time I had learned to love my cousin with a love that was my doom. And it was but natural. My heart yearned for love, and had as yet had no object on which to lavish its affection. Was it wonderful that, having longed all my life for kind words and caresses, I should value his? He was kind when everyone else was unkind; he had welcomed me when everyone else had wished me away; he had been most loving when every one else hated me. Moreover, he was not tall, fair, and handsome, with the light of truth shining from his blue eyes? It was no wonder that I loved him. The fever of love is terrible in its violence, and I think no one ever had it worse than I. I think of myself even now with a passion of pitiful tears. I wonder the three keen women with whom I lived did not find my secret out.

There seems to me about a great love something pathetic, something pitiful, it makes or mars a life so entirely. To me, who know so little of life or the world, it seemed that the one thing to be done was to keep my secret, even at the price of my life. During that brief sweet summer, while shut up from all the world, I learned my lesson.

I marvel now that Lance did not read my secret sooner. I marvel too at my own self-control. When he spoke to me, all my pulses thrilled. I never thought of any one or anything else then. My old school friends, my dead father, my living mother, were all the time forgotten. There seemed to me only two places in the world where he was and where he was not. I waited sometimes two or three hours in the grounds to see him pass by, rewarded if he raised his hat and bent his head to salute me; and I was happy enough if, at the close of a long day spent in thinking of him, he asked me to read to him, or sing to him. That was my delight. I had a talent for music; and people said I had a beautiful voice—low, clear, and sweet as the chiming of bells. I sang to him the grand old Boston melodies, where the heroes were to me pictures of himself; or the sweet old English ballads that have in them the true ring of passion; or love-laden Italian melodies. But he would sit and listen to me, not dreaming that it was of him and to him that I sang. More than once I saw the tears in his bonny blue eyes, but he did not dream of a love that was deep enough and true enough to be the light of a man's life.

CHAPTER XXII.

It was a fine warm evening, and Yaton had a very pleasant look in its autumn garb. The flowers and leaves showed every shade of coloring—indeed the picture was almost dazzling with the variety of crimson and, brown, of green and gold. On this evening all our guests were expected, and on the morrow the shooting would begin. Stately Gladys and fair Daisy retired early to dress. At the last moment Daisy sent for me. "If she did not like me, she had great faith in my judgment and taste."

"Come and advise me, Laurie," she said. "Which of these two dresses will suit me best?"

"One was a fair white silk with soft clouds of fine white lace and trimmings of pale-blue hyacinths; the other was of pale-blue, with white flounces."

"I want to look my best," she said, "since the Marquis is coming."

"I should wear the white, with the blue hyacinths," I told her.

"I will take your advice," she said.

"She was so happy just then to

try me with her customary hauteur and indifference, too delighted at the thought of seeing the Marquis again.

Daisy Ullswater looked very beautiful in her fifty-like dress with blue hyacinths in her bright golden hair, a delicate flush on her dainty face, a string of pearls round her fair neck.

"Laurie," she said anxiously, "do you not think I should make an ideal Marchioness?"

"Yes," I replied, and was glad to be able to do so, since it pleased her.

I may mention here that, when we all assembled in the drawing-room before dinner, I found Lady Ullswater looking magnificent in purple velvet and point d'Alencon, while Gladys wore a dress of pale amber covered with fine blue lace, and no ornaments save two magnificent Marchal Niel roses—a dress that suited her brunette beauty to perfection.

I was thinking bitterly that no one had thought of my dress, or how I should look, or cared about me, when my maid brought me a little note and a superb bouquet.

"Oh, when did Lance ever forget me, or was anything but kind and thoughtful?"

"My dear Laurie," the note ran—"I have it by me now, yellow with age and worn with kisses—I send you these flowers for to-night. You must wear no jewelry, no ribbons, nothing to mar their beauty or your own."

The flowers were pomegranate blossoms.

"Oh, my lady," cried my maid, "these, with your black lace dress, will be superb!"

This dress was a favorite of mine. It was made of the finest Spanish lace, and was of most beautiful design. I was always delighted with the effect of it. My arms and neck shown marbled white through it, and the crimson pomegranate blossoms lay like glowing rubies in my hair.

As I passed along the grand corridor, on my way to the drawing-room, a footman met me. Lord St. Asaph would be much obliged if I would go to the library for five minutes, he said; he would not detain me.

I went at once and found Lance, with a smile, waiting for me.

"Do forgive me, Laurie," he said, "for sending for you. I wanted so much to see you just for a few minutes alone. Come in, dear."

He took my hand, and drew me in, then closed the door. He looked at me for some moments in silence, holding me at arm's length.

"A dream of beautiful coloring," he said—"a perfect picture! I wanted to see how you looked, Laurie. My sisters are positively resentful."

"Are you pleased with me?" I asked.

"Pleased? I am dazzled! I drove twenty miles to get those pomegranate blossoms for you, Laurie."

He rearranged the lovely blooms. He had never been so kind, so loving to me before.

"I did not forget you, Laurie," he said, "I knew my sisters were coming out in style, and I wondered what you would wear. You will outshine them. What a superb dress this is! What exquisite lace! And these blossoms, how well they suit you. Mine was a happy thought."

His eyes seemed to transfuse me. My heart beat fast, and I could feel a hot flush burning my face. If he should see—if he should guess!

"Laurie," he said gently, "I rode, as I have told you, twenty miles for those pomegranate blossoms. I ought not to tell you, but I want a reward."

"A reward?" I said. "Why, you have everything in the world you can want, Laurie?"

can you say so, Laurie? I am your cousin, and affection between cousins is only proper; and I am your brother by adoption. Besides—"

"Then she stopped abruptly. Ah me, I must not let him see! I must hide the gladness shining in my eyes; I must calm the quick beating of my heart, hide the passionate flush rising to my face. He must not see it, or he would know how clearly I loved him."

"Not unless you like, Laurie," he said gently, noticing my hesitation.

I longed to tell him that was not the reason, I did like, and I was vexed you?"

"Oh no?" I answered. "It is not that."

"Not that?" he repeated. What then, Laurie? You are shy, and I must take the initiative? Gladly, dear!"

He raised my burning face to his own. For one half moment he gazed curiously at the drooping eyes and flushed face; then he kissed my lips.

I dared not wait to speak to him. That was the second kiss he had given me, and it had awakened my girl's soul to the glowing passionate life of womanhood, never more to return to the innocence of childhood.

I hastened through the corridor, my face burning, my heart beating with delight. Just before I reached the drawing-room door, I met stately Gladys in her dress of pale amber. She stopped suddenly.

"What have you been doing, Laurie?" she asked, looking at me with surprise.

"Nothing," I answered, growing more deeply crimson and trying to pass.

But Gladys barred my way.

"You must wait a few seconds, at least, Laurie," she said. "You cannot go into the drawing-room with a face like that. You look quite dazed. What have you been doing?"

"Have you never felt dazed by anything, Gladys?" I asked.

"No, not as you appear to be." Even as she spoke, we heard the footsteps of Lance behind us.

"Lance," cried Miss Ullswater, "appeal to you! Does not Laurie look dazed?"

"Ah, if she had known how, when he came up to look it me, my frame trembled! I turned my head away, but he should guess what had dazed me."

"She will not let you see her," Gladys laughed. "She appears as though she were intoxicated by a draught of happiness too great to be borne. What has she been doing?"

"Impossible to say," replied my cousin. "We shall be late. Stand out of the way, Gladys."

Father reluctantly glances obeyed.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I had a strange impression as I entered the room, that I had been the subject of discussion.

I went at once to Lady Ullswater. Many curious eyes followed me. I was the late Earl's daughter, the heroine of a secret romance; and I could see that every one was more or less interested. Lady Ullswater, looking very stately, was sitting in her favorite lounging-chair, talking to a lady by her side. Her face darkened as I drew near to her. She knew that she must introduce me to the guests, yet I could see that she disliked doing so.

Lady Goodwood, to whom I was slightly known, greeted me kindly. Something was said about Gladys and Daisy.

"It is like having three daughters, Lady Ullswater," her ladyship observed.

osity. He was tall and slender, with narrow shoulders. His face was weak, but handsome, clear like blue and with eyes of turquoise tache. Later on I found that he looked upon the whole creation as intended to meet the requirements of the Marquis of Rutland. He seemed pleased to be with Daisy; who devoted herself to him.

My introduction to the Marquis was of the briefest. He looked at me through his eyeglasses, bowed, murmured something that sounded like "pleasure," then subsided. Daisy was coldness itself; evidently she did not intend me to see much of the Marquis.

Colonel Trentham was a very different man. He was tall, dark, and erect, with a fine patrician face; but there was something I did not like in his eyes. He had more to say to me than the Marquis. I felt at once that he liked me.

There were several other guests present—Sir Colin Gregor, a great friend of Lance's, Mr. Manners, Captain Phillips, Lady Mary Neelham, and Miss Cole. I saw and heard them as one sees and hears in a dream. The young Earl's fair head towered above the others, and my eyes followed him.

Stately Gladys showed no desire to attract the Colonel. She received his attentions much as a queen might receive the homage of a subject. With some little distress, I soon found that the Colonel's gaze was most frequently fixed upon me.

In proceeding to the dining-room, Lance escorted Lady Mary. The Marquis took Daisy; the Colonel looked at me and offered his arm to Miss Cole; Captain Phillips took Miss Cole; and I fell to the lot of Mr. Manners, whom I soon learned to like very much, because I found he was fond of Lance.

Lady Ullswater followed with Sir Colin, who was a fine, gentle, handsome Scotchman, not ill inclined toward the late Earl's casettes of her ladyship. The whole dinner was spoiled to me from that time forth, when I sat with Mr. Manners in close attendance upon me. I could not see Lance. I could talk of him, though, and Mr. Manners must have been flattered by the close attention I paid to his words.

We were to all appearance a merry, genial, happy party, although behind some of the chairs stood a very gaunt scullion. A faint premonition of evil, with regard to Colonel Trentham seized me. I said to myself, that first time I met him, that he was a man who loved money; and I was not far wrong.

Mr. Manners told me story after story of Lance, and they all went to prove that my estimate of him was right.

"He will be a great man some day," said Mr. Manners, with an air of confidence.

I moved aside, so that I could see the face that I loved hitherto for its beauty. Yes, he was right; there were visible the promise of power and the light of genius.

Lord St. Asaph can never be a commonplace man," said my companion. "He is original in everything—in his ideas, conversation, thoughts. He will strike out a line for himself some day."

In the after years his words proved true, and Lancelot Earl of St. Asaph held the balance of power in Europe in his own capable hands; but that came when the tragedy of my life was ended.

I suddenly found my companion's eyes fixed on me with curious earnestness.

"You have had a strange episode in your life, have you not, Lady Dundas?" he asked.

"Yes," I answered; and I liked him all the better that he spoke to me openly on the matter, as so few did, for I always had an intense hatred of mystery. If my father had chosen to make a mystery of his marriage and of my existence, there was the reason why I should imitate him; and I liked Mr. Manners because he spoke quite openly of a subject which every one else seemed to avoid.

(To be Continued.)

TRURO Marble, Firestone

GRANITE WORKS. COR. PRINCE & WADDEL STS.

Why do you spend your money for cheap marble to mark your Graves, that will last a few years, when you can get a good STONE at a fair price at the subscribers.

A. J. WALKER, Truro, Nov. 30th, 1885.

F. H. JOHNSON & CO. Carriage Builders & Undertakers.

ADDIS MITES & SPRING HILL, N. S.

CARRIAGES and SLEIGHS made to Order. SADDLES and COFFERS in stock, and finished at the shortest possible notice. Undertaking attended to at all hours. Especial attention to orders from a distance. Burial Robes, Head Linings, Ladies, Flats, and other Collar requisites. REPAIRS TO BIRDS.

Also, For Sale—Oak Plank Bins, Spikes, Hubs and Wheels, Carriage and Furniture Varnish, Japan Dye, Gold Leaf, Camel Hair Brushes. Sleighs and Pungs will be sold at a low figure to clear Stock.

WE SELL Potatoes, Spillings

Berk, R. R. Ties, Lumber, Laths, Hay Eggs, &c., &c.

Write fully for Quotations: HATHWAY & CO., General Commission Merchants,

222 Central Wharf, BOSTON.

Members of Board of Trade, Corn and Mechanic's Exchanges.

Chapman & Archibald

WHOLESALE, &c.

DEPT. OF BOOTS (KENT'S OLD STAND), PRINCE ST., TRURO, N. S.

SEE HERE!

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY BY BUYING YOUR

BOOTS & SHOES

AT FORMAN'S.

The Best Assortment in Town!

ALSO, BARGAINS IN COLORED FLANNELS, GREY FLANNELS, From 20c. up, 8 POUND BED COMFORTS, FLEECY COTTON,

UNDER CLOTHING, CARDIGAN JACKETS, HOSIERY, &c., &c., &c.

JAS. FORMAN.

THE HALIFAX WEEKLY HERALD!

ENLARGED TO EIGHT PAGES!

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR:

The Weekly Herald will be sent, postage prepaid, to all parts of Canada, Newfoundland, Great Britain, and the United States, from the date of order to end of December, 1886, for

ONE DOLLAR In Advance.

A special feature in connection with the Weekly Herald is the full and correct Shipping Reports, prepared from telegraphic and special sources by an efficient shipping editor.

During 1886, interesting statistics by the most popular authors of the age will be published. Also Market Reports, corrected weekly; and an epitome of the entire news of the week from all corners of the globe. The Weekly Herald, circulating in all parts of the Maritime Provinces, affords a first-class medium for advertisers. Advertisements inserted at low Rates. Quotations furnished on application.

Address: WEEKLY HERALD 28 and 60 Granville Street, HALIFAX, N. S.