

## BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Within Two Minute Walk of Post Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor

HALIFAX, N. S.

101 ON PARLE FRANCAISE.

**FRAZEE'S**

Closed from Xmas till New Year's.  
Reopens Tuesday, January 3rd, 1893.  
Send for Circular now.

We teach  
Writing,  
Arithmetic,  
Shorthand,  
Typewriting,  
Bookkeeping,  
Correspondence,  
etc. etc.

## BUSINESS COLLEGE,

119 HOLLIS ST., HALIFAX.

## E. Maxwell &amp; Son,

TAILORS.

.....Are making.....

## SEALETTE SACQUES

TO ORDER.

68 GRANVILLE ST.

TELEPHONE 880.

FOR FIFTY YEARS!

MRS. WINSLOW'S  
SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used by Millions of Mothers for their children while Teething for over Fifty Years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.

Twenty-five Cents a Bottle.

## STANFORD

THE TAILOR,

Is showing an extra fine line of Goods suitable for the coming season.

INSPECTION INVITED.



## Old Chum

(CUT PLUG.)

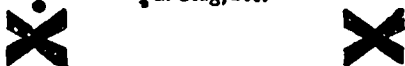
OLD CHUM  
(PLUG.)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb Plug, 10c.  
1/2 lb Plug, 20c.



## SCOTT'S

DANIEL KELIHER

Says that one bottle of SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMATISM entirely cured him of a severe attack of RHEUMATISM in the back. He says: I had such a pain across my

## CURE

back I could not stoop, and had to stop work; but as soon as I applied the SCOTT'S CURE I got instant relief. I would recommend anyone who suffered as I did, to try it.

Carleton, May 1, 1890.

## FOR RHEUMATISM.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

London Rubber Stamp Mfg Co.

Rubber and Metal Stamps,  
Notarial Seals.  
Hectograph Copying Pads,  
Stencil Cutters, &c,  
322 HOLLIS ST., Halifax.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

## CHEBUCTO.

Fair Chebucto, thou art lying,  
Calm as lies a child in dreams,  
On thy lazy couch autumnal;—  
Soft the sunset round thee streams:  
Scarlet woods their royal banners  
Hang, where bright thy bosom gleams.

Thou hast sons are proud to own thee,  
Stranger lip thy praise repeats;  
Honor'd spirits watch about thee,  
Fame hath trodden in thy streets;  
Warrior-wreaths are woven for thee,  
Peace is in thy rural seats.

On thy brow the Rose of Britain  
Blushes 'mid thy wavy hair;  
At thy feet the pearl-cup'd Mayflower  
Still its scented dew shall bear;  
Sunny leaved, thy oaks and maples  
Wave their banners in the air.

Fair Chebucto, throned in beauty,—  
Queensly bride of Acadia!  
Sylvan slopes, enchanting woodlands,  
Jewelled glimpses of silver sea,  
Shine in memory,—still I love thee!  
Still, afar I dream of thee!

Cherryfield, Me.

—PASTOR FELIX.

## SUNSHINE.

Broad sunshine on my neighbor's field,  
But mostly shade on mine,  
Save here and there a fleck of light  
That steals through tree and vine.

The shade, my life, the flecks of light, its joys;  
No wonder that with half-dimmed eyes  
Across my dreary field I gaze, and see  
So little of what most I prize.

A bar of golden splendor falls across the grass;  
Intensified it is by shade  
Of tree and vine, and richer 'tis than that  
Which turns to gold my neighbor's glade.

No more my neighbor's field appears to me  
The most desirable on this  
Broad earth; my own is that, and now for wealth  
Of Ind, the shade I would not miss.

Your friendship is the golden bar of light  
That makes my life seem rich indeed;  
Old friend, so true, may never aught arise  
From me the bar of light to lead.

## IN THE DAYS OF THE POSTBOY.

## HOW OUR GRANDFATHERS GOT THEIR LETTERS.

Perhaps a little chat about the methods and difficulties of conveying letters in bygone days may help you to realize and appreciate the advantages of the present.

We will not go farther back than the latter part of the seventeenth century—about two hundred years ago. And we will imagine ourselves in England.

There were no steamboats and steam-cars to carry travelers to near or distant parts of the country at that time. And as people stayed at home so generally there was not nearly so much letter-writing as now. We go on frequent journeys, and want to let our dear ones know where we are, what we are doing, and how we are faring. Besides, there were not many post-offices outside of the cities and large towns, and it was only to important places in the vicinity of London that the mail was sent as often as once a day, and towns at some distance had their letters and newspapers but once a week. To remote country places, villages, gentlemen's country residences, and farms, especially during the winter, when the public and private roads were very bad, the mails were very uncertain, being often a fortnight and sometimes an entire month apart.

At that time the bags containing the letters were all carried by horsemen, the mail carrier jogging along by night and day at the rate of about five miles an hour—in good weather, and in summer-time; for the highways were usually in a very bad condition, so that fast riding was not possible. The postmen often ran the risk of being stopped and plundered by mounted highwaymen, at that time a terror to travelers by horseback or coach. They seemed to be on a sharp lookout for any valuables in money, paper, or otherwise that might be sent in the post-bags. They rode the fastest and finest horses, were bold and daring; and when the postman found himself in a lonely road or crossing a dark moor late at night, you may be sure he urged his weary horse forward and joyfully welcomed the first ray of light that shone from the lantern swinging to the sign of the roadside inn.

Hounslow Heath, Finchley Common, and Gadshill, in the neighborhood of London, were celebrated haunts of the highwayman, and the secluded roads of Epping Forest, on the route to Cambridge, were often the scenes of plunder in broad daylight. These desperate robbers at last became so dangerous and the peril of their attacks so serious to travellers of all kinds, as well as to the postmen, that the government passed a law making highway robbery an offense punishable by the death of the criminal and the confiscation of all his property. But robberies still occurred.

In 1783, mail-coaches protected by armed guards took the place of postboys. The coaches carried passengers also, and, as these generally carried arms, the mails were better protected; but still daring and oftentimes successful attacks were made upon them.—St. Nicholas.

