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Goods called for and delivered free of extra charge. TELEPHONE 653.

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Fresh and Salted Beef, Vegetables,
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Carrying United States and Canadian Mails. The fastest and most luxurious steamers on the Atlantic Coast. Summer service commencing JUNE 28.

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Every TUESDAY and THURSDAY, at 8 a.m., and SATURDAY at 10 p.m.
Returning leave Savannah Pier, Boston, every TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY at noon.Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on Intercolonial Railway.
For further particulars, apply to

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WATERPROOF CAPE COATS.

NEW STOCK, NEW PATTERNS:

Fancy Checked Tweed Waterproof Cape Coats, 52 to 58 inches long.

Black Cashmere Cape Coats, Black "Winchesters".

Boys' and Youths' Black Cape Waterproof Coats.

BEST ENGLISH MAKES.

JUST OPENED AT

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Opposite Halifax Club.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
LOTTERY.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892

1 and 20 January	6 and 20 July
2 and 17 February	7 and 17 August
3 and 16 March	8 and 21 September
4 and 20 April	9 and 19 October
5 and 18 May	10 and 16 November
6 and 17 June	11 and 21 December

3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.
Capital Prize worth \$15,000.TICKETS, - - - - \$1.00
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List of Prizes.

1 Prize worth 15,000	\$15,000 00
1 " " 5,000	5,000 00
1 " " 2,500	2,500 00
1 " " 1,250	1,250 00
2 Prizes " 600	1,200 00
5 " " 250	1,250 00
25 " " 50	1,250 00
100 " " 25	2,500 00
200 " " 15	3,000 00
500 " " 10	5,000 00
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 " " 25	2,500 00
100 " " 15	1,500 00
100 " " 10	1,000 00
999 " " 5	4,995 00
999 " " 5	4,995 00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740 000
S. E. LEFEVRE, Manager,
81 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

NOT TOO LATE.

Have we not all, amid life's petty strife,
Some pure ideal of a nobler life,
That once seemed "well"? We have, and yet
We lost it in this daily jar and fret,
And now live idle in a vague regret,
But still our place is kept, and it will wait
Ready for us to fill it, soon or late.
No star is ever lost we once have seen,
We always may be what we might have been.

JUNE

What doth the bee in the clover,
Dotted the meadow-land over,
So softly croon?

Love is the word
Everywhere heard
In June, June, June.

What says the breeze to the flowers?
What laps the vine to the bowers,
'Neath the fair moon?

Love is the word
Everywhere heard
In June, June, June.

What is the butterfly singing
While through the garden close winging?
List to the tune!

Love is the word
Everywhere heard
In June, June, June.

What sing the lads to the lasses?
What sings the sun to the grasses
When it is noon?

Love is the word
Everywhere heard
In June, June, June.

- John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Week

NIAGARA FALLS, AND THAT SORT OF THING.

It was a glorious June morning, for a thunder-storm the night before had cleared the air, and as I set forth from the city of Toronto at seven o'clock, in the good steamer *Cibola* of the Niagara River Navigation Company, never was there fairer prospect for pleasant weather. A bridal party enlivened the scene on the wharf as the passengers were coming on board, and a plentiful besprinkling of rice on the upper deck made it quite impossible for the happy couple to conceal themselves from general observation. These things will happen, and as a matter of fact they are the life of a healthy community.

The surface of lake Ontario was sparkling in the morning sunshine, and a brisk breeze was blowing, as the *Cibola* plowed her way through the water, she threw to either side beautiful showers of spray in which a rainbow could be seen now and again, which added the finishing touch to the beauty of the scene.

The steamer *Cibola*, with her sister the *Chicora*, ply four times daily between Toronto and Niagara-on-the-Lake, and Lewiston on the American side. During the warm weather they are crowded all the time, but on the occasion of my excursion the number of passengers was not uncomfortably large. Captain McGiffon, the genial commander of the *Cibola*, is a great favorite with the travelling public, and I found him a jolly good fellow. He showed me over the handsome and comfortable Clyde-built steamer with pardonable pride, and then beguiled the way with conversation for some time. It takes but two hours to cross from Toronto to Niagara-on-the-Lake, and we soon found the first part of the journey drawing to a close. Before we reached my destination, however, the captain managed to raise a laugh among some of the passengers. A lady returning from California had in her possession a strange looking object which she was regarding with some solicitude. The captain remarked that that was a strange sort of bird, and on looking around I saw on the lady's hand a disagreeable looking toad. My curiosity was aroused and I asked permission to inspect it more closely. The owner of the reptile proved to be most affable and she informed me that it was a Californian horned toad, which she was bringing home as a pet. Having gained the information I sought, I returned to the captain's side, whereupon he begged to be excused for a few minutes. Returning a little later, he carried in his hand a bird cage covered entirely with paper. This, he explained, contained a "Canadian canary" and I could look at it. Lifting the paper cautiously I saw with surprise that the cage imprisoned an exceedingly pretty black kitten, and I surmised that the aforesaid canary must be inside said kitten. But no; this exhibition was merely to offset the counter attractions of the horned toad, and the ruse was very successful. The laugh went round, and "Canada forever" was the cry.

The traveller who for the first time goes to the Falls may expect to be puzzled and harrassed by the confusion of names with which he will meet. Niagara-on-the-Lake is simply called Niagara by many people, and it is half-an-hour's rail journey from the Falls. Clifton is only Clifton on the Michigan Central railroad, the Grand Trunk calls it Niagara Falls, and Niagara Falls on the Michigan Central is Clifton on the Grand Trunk. The difficulty does not end here, for Drummondville, a little above the Falls, is called Niagara Falls village in distinction to Niagara Falls town, which, as I just said, rejoices in the two other names Clifton and Niagara Falls. The post office address of Drummondville is Niagara Falls south, and altogether from this peculiar state of affairs one would think the fool killer had not visited those parts for many years. Why on earth those people cannot select and stick to one good name for each place, it is hard to say. They should be compelled to do it, and thus save tourists a great deal of worry trying to find out which place they are at. One thing is certain, there is no mistake when one is really at the Falls; there they are, thereabouts they have been and probably will be, in all their grandeur and beauty for thou-