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IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER

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American Hotel, Shubenacadie,
THOS. COX, - Proprietor.

Boarding and Livery Stables in connection. Stages leave daily for Gay's River, Musquodoboit, Sheet Harbour, and Maitland, on arrival of Train from Halifax.

LYONS' HOTEL,
KENTVILLE, N. S.

(Directly Opposite Railway Station.)
Extensive improvements have just been completed in this house, which is conducted on first class principles, and will be found outside of the Queen or Halifax Hotels, equal to any in the Province. Good Sample Rooms and Livery Stables in connection. Also, Billiard Rooms.

D. McLEOD, Proprietor,
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BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.
Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

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101 ON PARIE FRANCAISE

IF we expect to prosper we must be honest with each other.

YOU want full value for your money, no matter what you buy.

LIKE us, you wish to have the greatest success possible.

WHAT annoyance & ill luck are caused by inferior goods.

IS there any doubt in your mind about ours?

GOOD results always follow their use.

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SPECTACLES & EYE GLASSES

FROM

W. H. BANNISTER,

(Graduate Optician.)

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HALIFAX, N. S.

THINGS YOU WANT NOW.

REFRIGERATORS,
OIL STOVES,
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
WIRE WINDOW SCREENS,
FILTERS, HAMMOCKS,
LAWN MOWERS,
CARPET SWEEPERS,
CUTLERY, &c, &c.

Cragg Bros. & Co.

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Have them all, and thousands of other things besides, which they are selling at a SHADE UNDER THE MARKET.

HOUSEHOLD MEDICINE.

By GEORGE BLACK, M. B., Edinburgh, new edition with 600 illustrations, \$3.25 at T. C. ALLEN & CO'S.

LINCOLN STAMP ALBUMS.

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Lays of Canada and Other Poems, by Rev. Duncan Anderson, M. A.

PRICE \$1.50

For sale by

T. C. ALLEN & CO.

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Catch's Cough and Rheumatic Remedy.

Rose Dentifrice to Preserve the Teeth.

Instant Headache Cure.

Tar and Wild Cherry for Coughs & Colds.

Iron and Quinine Wine Tonic.

Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla with Iodides.

This last preparation has held the continued approval of the best physicians, and it is expressly put up to meet the popular need for a Blood Purifier without being related to the many secret nostrums and quack medicines of the day, of unknown composition and generally of little medicinal value. It is an excellent Skin and Blood Remedy. The above preparations are prepared by and sold at the LONDON DRUG STORE, 117 Hollis Street, J. LOUFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, Proprietor, Agent for Laurence's Axis-cut Pebble Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Mirrors, Magnifying Glasses. Night Dispensary on the Premises. Telephone Call 163.

Nova Scotia Dye Works,
9 BLOWERS ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

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Dyer and Cleanser.

Gentlemen's Garments Cleansed, Steamed & Pressed at Lowest Prices.

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3 and 17 June, 7 and 21 October,
1 and 15 July, 4 and 18 November,
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3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.
Capital Prize worth \$15,000.

TICKET, - - - \$1.00

11 TICKETS FOR - - \$10.00

ASK FOR CIRCULARS "A31"

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	500	1,000 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
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 00

S. E. LEFEBVRE Manager,

81 St. James St., Montreal Canada.

GRAY ROCKS AND GRAYER SEA.

Gray rocks and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart a name
My lips shall speak no more.

The high and lonely hills
Endure the darkening year
And in my heart endure
A memory and a tear.

Across the tide a sail
That tosses and is gone—
And in my heart the kiss
That longing dreams upon.

Gray rocks and grayer sea,
And surf along the shore—
And in my heart the face
That I shall see no more.

—Charles G. D. Roberts, in Century.

IN ABSENCE.

My love is far away from me to-night,
Oh spirits of sweet peace, kind destinies,
Watch over her, and breathe upon her eyes;
Keep near to her in every hurt's despoil,
That no rude care or noisome dream affright.
So let her rest, so let her sink to sleep,
As little clouds that breast the sunset steep
Merge and melt out into the golden light.

My love is far away, and I am grown
A very child, oppressed with formless glooms,
Some shadowy sadness with a name unknown
Haunts the chill twilight, and these silent rooms
Seem with vague fears and dim regrets astir,
Lonesome and strange and empty without her.

—Archibald Lampman, in Scribner.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

MRS. SLICK INDIGNANT.

"Yes," said Mrs. Slick, "I felt just like aspeakin' out in meetin', but I was a stranger in those parts and I had to swallow my feelin's and listen to all he had to say about us blue noses."

Was he a Nova Scotian? well, yes, I reckon he was, but he didn't do neither himself or the province much good.

Tell you all about it? well, yes. You see I was astopping with some of Sam's connections up in Newton, near to Boston, and one hot Sunday we went to meetin' as usual, when a stranger stepped out to preach. I can't remember all he said, because I got mad and was a bit flustered, but I'll never forget some of his talk. It made me boil, and no mistake. Says he, 'Good people, I am agoin' to ask your aid in my mission down to Nova Scotia. The people down there are so poor that they seldom can buy a piece of fresh meat, and for the most part they eat salt fish and potatoes. In my congregation there is only one man that makes two hundred dollars a year, and I have told them that I would come up here and ask you good people to pay off a debt of six hundred dollars that stands agin our meetin' house.' He said a lot more about the wretched poverty of our people, and worked on the folks' sympathy until some of them began to cry and look sad-like. There was I, a blue nose, right up among Sam's relations, and I had to sit quiet while that man made the people believe that this was a starvation land, and that we wanted help like the heathens. Just think what notions of us those folks must have got.

After meetin' was out I walked straight up the isle and says, 'Parson, I don't doubt but you meant right, but why don't you keep your beggin' sermons to home. I don't know you and don't want to, but I'd like to know where you come from.'

'Madam,' says he, a bit taken aback, 'my station is near to Yarmouth, and I want to pay off that debt.' 'That's all right,' says I, 'but what do you suppose the kind folks of Yarmouth would have said to a sermon like that bein' preached up here? Go home and tell them that they live on fish and potatoes, and that no one can make more than two hundred dollars a year, and I reckon they'll run you out of town before sunset.' Then I left him, because I was agettin' mad, and I was afeared I'd say somethin' wicked.

You don't believe he was a Nova Scotian? Well, I don't know as to that, but I reckon he'll think twice afore repeatin' his slanders about blue nose poverty in Newton."

B. C. —

The morning sun wrestled with the dark clouds of night, and one after another overthrew them quickly. Then, as if having given the world a taste of his quality, he showed himself above the tall hills with all the calm dignity of a conqueror. He looked over the forest beneath him, shot his beams here and there between two trees, and flung a large shaft of light into the cave in the cliff which overhangs Elk's Pool. The troglodyte awoke at the first call of the sun. He stirred heavily upon his bed of boughs, and gave a kick to his sleeping partner. "Morning," he said. He did not mean "Good morning," nor any fancy of later invention. He merely announced a fact—that it was time for his female to be up and stirring. The other, tired out with a long day's work, lay yet a while longer, while her shaggy partner rubbed his eyes and realised that his day's work had begun. Then he took notice again of the drowsy figure by his side. "Boast!" he said simply, and pointed to the sunlight flooding the entrance of the cave. And the female arose and went. At the mouth of the cave

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