

LYONS' HOTEL,

Opp. Railway Depot.
KENTVILLE, N. S.

DANIEL McLEOD. - Prop'r.

CONTINENTAL HOTEL,

100 and 102 Granville St.,
OPPOSITE PROVINCIAL BUILDING.

The nicest place in the City to get a lunch, dinner, or supper. Private Dining Room for Ladies, ysters in every style. Lunches, 12 to 25c.

W. H. MURRAY, Prop.,
Late Halifax Hotel.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

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BEDFORD HOTEL.

THE BEDFORD HOTEL COMPANY, (limited) will open the BEDFORD HOTEL on JULY 1st, under the management of Mr. George Hood, late of the Halifax Club.

The House has been newly furnished, painted, remodelled and improved, and no expense will be spared to make it a

First-Class Family Resort.

The Hotel is beautifully situated at the head of Bedford Basin, ten miles from Halifax, within a few minutes walk of the Railway Station, and will be illuminated by Electricity, and connected by Telephone and Telegraph with the city.

For terms apply at the
Halifax Hotel.

Or to the Manager at Bedford.

THE DAISY FLY KILLER

Is a pretty house ornament.

Will Kill Flies by the Million.

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Thousands being sold every day in United States and England.

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DON'T FAIL TO GET ONE.

W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS,

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Sent to any address on receipt of 30c.

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PROPRIETORS

Laundry Work of Every Description
Promptly Attended to.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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DYES!

Are unequalled for Simplicity of use, Beauty of Color, and the large amount of Goods each Dye will color.

The colors, namely, are supplied:
Yellow, Orange, Eosine (Pink), Bismarck, Scarlet, Green, Dark Green, Light Blue, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Brown, Black, Garnet, Magenta, Slate, Plum, Drab, Purple, Violet, Maroon, Old Gold, Cardinal, Red, Crimson.

The above Dyes are prepared for Dyeing Silk, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, Hair, Paper, Basket Woods, Liquids, and all kinds of Fancy Work. Only 8 cents a Package. Sold by all first-class Druggists and Grocers, and wholesale by the EXCELSIOR DYE CO., C. HARRISON & CO., Cambridge, Kings Co.

Best Route to Boston.

CANADA ATLANTIC LINE.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

Quickest & Most Direct Route. Low Fares.

The Magnificent Clyde Built Steel S. S.

"HALIFAX,"

Is the Largest, Safest, and Best Furnished and Most Comfortable Passenger Steamship ever placed on the route between Canada and the United States.

Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every Wednesday Morning at 10 O'clock, and Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at 3 O'clock.

Passengers by Tue. day evening's train can go on board on arrival without extra charge. Through Tickets to New York and all points West.

Baggage checked through from all stations.

Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents Intercolonial Railway.

CHIPMAN BROTHERS,

General Agents, Halifax

NO TASTE!

NO SMELL!

NO NAUSEA!

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Of Cod Liver Oil,

With Hypophosphites and Pancreatine,

Is largely prescribed by Physicians for

Nervous Prostration, Wasting
and Lung Diseases.

Puttner's Emulsion

Has especially proved efficacious in cases of Weak and Delicate Children, and those who are GROWING FAST. For WOMEN who are debilitated, caused by Nursing, Family Cares, Over-work, or troubles peculiar to their sex. For invalids recovering from sickness it is of the greatest benefit.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION is sold everywhere for 50 CENTS.

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CHEMISTS, Halifax, N. S.

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Are Second to NONE
in the Maritime
Provinces.
Our Type
Our Prices
Our Facilities
Our Specialties
Show Printing
A SPECIALTY.
HALIFAX PRINTING COY.,
Opposite Western Union
Telegraph Office, Halifax

We print by hand,
Print by steam,
Print from type,
Or from blocks—by the team.

Print in black,
Print in white,
Print in colors
Of sombre or bright.

We print for merchants,
And land agents, too;
We print for any
Who have printing to do.

We print for bankers,
Clerks, Auctioneers,
Print for druggists,
For dealers in wares.

We print for drapers,
For grocers, for all,
Who want printing done,
And will come or may call.

We print pamphlets,
And bigger books, too;
In fact there are few things
But what we can do.

We print labels,
Of all colors in use, sirs,
Especially fit for
The many producers.

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With type ever set,
Legal, commercial,
Or houses to let.

Printing done quickly,
Bold, stylish and neat,
By HALIFAX PRINTING COY.,
At 101 Hollis Street

CATERINA TO CAMOENS.

BY MRS. BROWNING.

On the door you will not enter.
I have gazed a long adieu,
Hopes withdrawn her peradventure
Death is near me, and not you.
Come, O lover, close, and cover
These poor eyes you called, I ween,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

When I heard you sing that burden
In my vernal days and bowers,
Other praises disregarding,
I but harkened that of yours.
Only saying, in heart-playing,
Blessed eyes mine eyes have been.
If the sweetest his have seen.

But all changeth. At this vesper,
Cold the sun shines down the door.
If you stood there, would you whisper,
"Love, I love you," as before,
Death pervading now and shading
Eyes you sang of, that yestreen,
As the sweetest ever seen?

Yest! I think, were you beside them,
Near the bed I die upon,—
Though their beauty you denied them,
As you stood there, looking down,
You would truly call them duly,
For the love's sake found therein,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

And if you looked down upon them,
And if they looked up at you,
All the light which has foregone them
Would be gathered back anew!
They would truly be as duly
Love-transformed to beauty's sheen,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

But, ah me! you only see me
In your thoughts of loving man,
Smiling soft, perhaps, and dreamy,
Through the wavings of my fan,
And unweeting go repeating,
In your reverie serene,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

While my spirit leans and reaches
From my body still and pale,
Fain to hear what tender speech
In your love, to help my tale,
O, my poet, come and show
Come of latest love to gleam,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

O my poet, O my prophet,
When you praised their sweetness so,
Did you think, in singing of it,
That it might be near to go?
Had you fancied from their glances,
That the grave would quickly screen
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

No reply: The fountain's warble
In the court-yard sounds alone
As the water to the marble,
So my heart falls with a moan,
From lone sighing to thus dying!
Death forerunneth love to win
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

Will you come? When I'm departed,
When all sweetnesses are hid—
When thy voice, my tender-hearted,
Will not lift up either lid—
Cry, O lover, love is over!
Cry, beneath the cypress green—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

When the angelus is ringing,
Near the convent will you walk,
And recall the choral singing
Which brought angels down our tal
Spirit-shriven I viewed heaven,
Till you smiled—Is earth unclean?
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

When beneath the palace-lattices
You ride slow as you have done,
And you see a face there—that is
Not the old familiar one,
Will you softly murmur softly,
"Here you watched me, noon and e'en,
Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

When the palace ladies sitting
Round your glittern, shall have said,
"Poet, sing those verses written
For the lady who is dead—
Will you tremble, yet dissemble,
Or sing hoarse, with tears between,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen?"

"Sweetest eyes!" How sweet in flowings
The repeated cadence is!
Though you sang a hundred poems,
Still the best one would be this—
I can hear it twist my spirit
And the earth-noise, intervene—
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."

But the priest waits for the praying,
And the choir are on their knees,—
And the soul must pass away in
Strains more solemn high than these:
Miserere for the weary.
Oh, no longer for Catrine,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen."