

**New Victoria Hotel,**  
248 to 252 Prince William St., St. John, N. B.  
**J. L. McCOSKERY, Proprietor.**  
One minute's walk from Steamboat Landing.  
Street cars for and from all Railway Stations and  
Steamboat Landings pass this Hotel every five  
minutes.

**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.  
Oysters in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.50.

**W. H. MURRAY, Prop.,**  
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**BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.**

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

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**ICI ON PARLE FRANCOISE.**

**Fresh Seeds, 1890.**

**Garden, Field, and  
Flower Seeds,**

of every desirable sort, from  
the best growers in Eng-  
land and America.

**Grass Seeds.**

**TIMOTHY, CLOVERS,**

and all other sorts.

**LOW AT WHOLESALE.**

**BROWN & WEBB.**

**James Roue,**

MANUFACTURER OF

**GINGER ALE,  
LEMONADE,  
SODA WATER, &c.**

Also—Agent for the celebrated Wilmot Spa  
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**"SPADEAU."**

For full particulars address P. O. Box 406, or

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**LONDON DRUG STORE,**

147 Hollis Street,

**J. GODFREY SMITH,**

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

Proprietor. Agent for

Laurance's Axis-Cut Pebble Spectacles and  
Eye Glasses.

In Stock, the great cure of Neuralgia  
"Eau Anti-Neuralgique." Chronic cases yield  
to its curative effects.

Also, in Stock, a line of FANCY GOODS.  
Dressing Cases, Toilet Sets, in Plush, Lea-  
ther, &c.

**Tea. Tea. Tea.**

**ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT.**

We have just landed a choice lot of

**TEAS,**

including ORANGE PEKOE,

ASSAM PEKOE, and

SOUCHONG and CONGO.

Our 35c. and 40c. Blends are worth testing.

—ALSO—

LOAF, GRANULATED & MOIST SUGARS

PICKLES SAUCES, TINNED MEAT

AND SOUPS, GREEN PEAS, TOMATOES.

BEANS, ASPARAGUS, &c.

STILTON, GORGONZOLA, GRUYERE AND

PARMESAN CHEESE, MUSHROOMS,

TRUFFLES, &c., AND ENGLISH BISCUITS,

in every variety, by best makers.

**Jas. Scott & Co.**

For Coughs and Colds,

Catarrh, Influenza,

Bronchitis, Asthma,

Consumption, Scrofulous

and all Wasting Diseases,

USE

**PUTTNER'S EMULSION**

of COD LIVER OIL,

WITH

**HYPOPHOSPHITES OF LIME AND SODA.**

For all diseases of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, as  
MENTAL ANXIETY, GENERAL DEBILITY, IM-  
POVERISHED BLOOD, Etc., it is highly recom-  
mended by the Medical Profession.

St. Andrews, N. B., 4th Oct., 1889.

Messrs. BROWN BROS. & Co.

Being very much reduced by sickness and almost  
given up for a dead man, I commenced taking your  
PUTTNER'S EMULSION. After taking it a  
very short time my health began to improve, and  
the longer I used it the better my health became.  
After being laid aside for nearly a year, I last sum-  
mer performed the hardest summer's work I ever  
did, having often to go with only one meal a day.  
I attribute the saving of my life to PUTTNER'S  
EMULSION. EMERY E. MURPHY,  
Livery Stable Keeper.

**Chipman Brothers,**

HALIFAX.

**WHOLESALE HARDWARE,**

**NAILS, IRON, STEEL,**

**PAINT OILS, GLASS, &c.**

AT LOWEST PRICES.

**TOWER'S**

**AMERICAN OIL CLOTHING,**

**HATS, Etc.**

The Subscriber wishes to inform the Trade that  
he has now on hand a FULL and COMPLETE  
STOCK of the above Celebrated Goods. They are  
Superior to any other OIL CLOTHING sold in  
this market, and prices quite as low.

An Inspection of Goods Solicited and Prices  
Furnished to the Trade on Application.

**JOHN P. CHETWYND, Agent,**

HEAD YOUNG AND HART'S WHARF.

**Gentlemen's Furnishing Emporium,**

OPPOSITE HALIFAX CLUB.

**FREEMAN ELLIOT.**

New Importations of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods.

**Spring and Summer Underwear.**

Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Braces, White and  
Fancy Shirts, Boy's and Youths' Tweed  
Suits, Children's Sailor Suits, Serge Kilt  
Suits. My Stock will be found the Largest  
best and Assorted in the city.

## A SONG OF SPRING.

God's love has broken winter's chain,  
The earth is paradise again.  
A smile of sun, a kiss of show'rs  
Star nature's firmament with flowers.  
After this waiting, what relief  
To scent the spring; the robin thief  
Chirps champion on the holly bough,  
Let's sing! the winter's over now,  
And lovers lead beloved ones home.  
The snowdrop's come.

Have you forgotten? Love, last year  
Our springtime smiled without a tear!  
That night when we went out and kist  
The roses folded up in mist!  
That day you pulled the branches down  
And made for me a leafy crown!  
To you, sweet heart, when the sun had set  
I gave closed daisies, Margaret!  
'Tis spring again! Love's hour has come.  
The snowdrop's home.

Have you not felt as yet? You will,  
That wild reaction, and the thrill  
Of nature's resurrection day,  
That comes as prelude to our May!  
The May we've sworn to love, whose birth  
Sends carols round the weary earth.  
I have forgiven all; can you,  
Who sent me winter thyme and rue,  
Forget love's birthday? Spring is home.  
The snowdrop's come.

Let's turn the year's sad leaf; forget  
It's tear-stained pages, Margaret,  
The chequered chronicle of time  
That died in sorrow, born in rhyme,  
Love's epitaph! 'twas I alone  
Carved on a monument of stone.  
"Look around! Eternity means love,  
There's no decay! In eaves above  
The swallows gather winging home.  
The snowdrop's come."

CLEMENT SCOTT, in English Illustrated Magazine.

## THE HORSES OF THE PAMPAS.

It would indeed be as impossible to measure the Pampas horse by the standard of an English horse as to measure a Gaucho by the standard of an ordinary city man. Each man and each animal must be estimated according to the work he is required to do. Putting aside cart-horses and those employed in heavy draught, almost every horse in England, except the cab-horse, is an object of luxury. He has a man to look after him, is fed on regular hay, is never called on to endure much fatigue, carry much weight, still less to resist the inclemency of the weather. He is valued for his speed, for his docility, or merely for his pecuniary value in the market. In the Pampas none of these things is of prime importance. We do not require great speed from our horses, we care nothing as to their docility, and their pecuniary value is small. What we do look for is endurance, easy paces, sobriety, and power of withstanding hunger and thirst. A horse that will carry a heavy man seventy miles is a good horse, one that can do ninety miles with the same weight is a better horse, and if he can repeat the performance two or three days in succession, he is the best, no matter if he be piebald, skewbald, one-eyed, cow-houghed, oyster-footed, or has as many blemishes as Petruchio's own mantang. Talking with some Gauchos, seated on the gravel, one starlit night, before a fire of bones and dried thistles, the conversation fell as usual upon horses. After much of the respective merits of English and Argentine horses, after many of the legends as closely trenching on the supernatural as is befitting the dignity horsemen in all countries, an ancient, shrivelled Gaucho turned to me with, "How often do you feed your horses, Don Roberto, in England? Every day?" Thereupon, on being answered, he said, with the mingled sensitiveness and fatuity of the mixed race of Spanish and Indian, "God knows, the Argentine is a good horse, the second day without food or water, and if not He, then the devil, for he is very old." In all countries the intelligent are aware that you can't estimate a horse's goodness by his stature. The average stature of the Pampas horses is about 14½ hands—what we should call a pony in England. In his case, however, his length of loin, his lean neck, and relatively immense stride show that it is no pony we have to deal with, but a horse, of low stature if you will, but one that wants a man to ride him.

Intelligent and fiery eyes, clean legs, round feet and well-set sloping shoulders, long pasterns and silky manes and tails, form the best points of the Pampas horse. His defects are generally slack loins and heavy head, not the "coarse" head of the underbred horse of Europe, but one curiously developed that may or may not be, as Darwin says it is, the result of having to exert more mental effort than the horse of civilization. Of his color, variable is he; brown, black, bay, chestnut, piebald and gray, making a kaleidoscopic picture, as on the dusty plains, or through the green monte (wood) a herd of them flash past, with waving tails and manes, pursued by Gauchos as wild and fiery-eyed as they. As on the steppes of Russia, the plains of Queensland and Arabia, the trot is unknown. To cross a Pampa loaded with the necessities of desert life, without a path to follow, it would be a useless pace. The slow gallop and the jog trot, the Paso Castellano of the Spaniards, the Rhakan of the Turks, is the usual pace. The pacer of the North American, the ambler of the Middle Ages, is in little esteem upon the Pampas. You spur him, he does not bound; he is a bad swimmer. As the Gaucho says, "he is useless for the lazo though perhaps he may do for an Englishman to ride." *Manso como para un Ingles* (tame enough for an Englishman to ride) is a saying in the Argentine provinces.

Where did these horses come from, from where their special powers of