

LEITH HOUSE.

Established 1818.

KELLEY & GLASSEY,

SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. McLEOD & Co.

Wine and Spirit Merchants,**HALIFAX, N. S.****MACKINTOSH & McINNIS,****BUILDERS, LUMBER DEALERS ETC.,**

MACKINTOSH & McINNIS' WHARF,

LOWER WATER STREET, HALIFAX, N. S.

Keep constantly on hand all kinds of

LUMBER, TIMBER, LATHS, SHINGLES, &cWhich they will sell low for Cash. **CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR WOOD & BRICK BUILDINGS****THOMAS REARDON,**

IMPORTER OF AND DEALER IN

PAINTS, OILS,**VARNISHES, WHITE LEADS,****GLASS,****WALL PAPERS & DECORATIONS****PICTURE AND ROOM MOULDINGS,****WINDOW SHADES,****Winsor & Newton's ARTISTS' MATERIALS**

A New and Large Assortment of

Photogravures, Artotypes, Steel Engravings

Chromos, Oil Paintings, &c.

SIGN WRITING, GLASS EMBOSING,
PICTURE FRAMING, &c.**40 to 44 BARRINGTON ST.****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-
PROVED 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**BRICKS!****THE MIRAMICHI STEAM BRICK WORKS,**Being now fitted up with new and improved
machinery, will manufacture over 2,500,000
bricks this season. They are warranted
hard and well proportioned. Good Shipping
facilities. Send for prices to

G. A. & H. S. FLETT.

NELSON, N. B.

Shortest and Best Route to Boston.**AND**
All Points in the United States.**"S.S. HALIFAX,"**S. ROWLAND HILL, Commander, sails from
Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every Wednesday
Morning at 8 o'clock, a.m., and from
Lewis' Wharf, Boston, every
Saturday at noon.This New Steel Clyde Built Steamer is the
finest and Fastest Passenger Steamship
between Boston and Nova Scotia, and is
ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.**S.S. "CARROLL,"**CAPT. GEO. H. BROWN, sails from Halifax
every SATURDAY at 4 o'clock, p.m., and
from Lewis' Wharf, Boston; every
WEDNESDAY at noon.This Steamer is well known in the Boston
trade, and has been thoroughly overhauled
and repainted for the summer traffic.Passengers arriving Tuesday and Friday
Evenings can go directly on board steamers
without extra charge.Through Tickets for sale and Baggage
checked through from all Stations on the
Intercolonial Railway, at the Offices of the
Steamers in Halifax, and at 34 Atlantic
Avenue, Boston.**THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
LOTTERY.**AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE.
For public purposes, such as Educational Estab-
lishment and Large Hall for the St. John
Baptist Society of Montreal.**MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1890.**From the Month of July.
July 9, August 13, September 10, October 3,
November 12, December 10.**FIFTH MONTHLY DRAWING NOV. 12, '90.****3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.
Capital Prize worth \$15,000.****TICKET, - - - \$1.00
11 TICKETS FOR - - \$10.00**

ASK FOR CIRCULARS

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
250	" " 15.....	3,750 00
500	" " 10.....	5,000 00
100	" " 5.....	500 00
100	" " 3.....	300 00
100	" " 2.....	200 00
100	" " 1.....	100 00
999	" " 50 cents.....	4,995 00
999	" " 25 cents.....	2,497 50

3134 Prizes worth.....\$52,740 00
S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.**BEYOND THE GOLDEN GATES OF SONG.**Beyond the Golden Gates of Song
Who treads with reverent feet shall find
The dreams and visions cherished long.
The loftier longings unresigned.The sacred memories that wake
Our lives to noble yearnings still.
The quiet love no years can break
Nor any earthly hour fulfill.And many a dear and distant hour
When gladness flooded land and sea,
And many a word whose tender power
Yet stirs our souls to victory.And so to win our lives release
From out the world a tumultuous throng:
We pass, with lips that sue for peace,
Beyond the Golden Gates of Song.

J. Elizabeth Gilmoyre Roberts.

CHORIAMBS—PLAINT OF THE NURSE IN THE "MEDEA."Vain, ah! vain was your art, vainer your toil, maladroit bands of yore,
Who wove lyrics to please, means to thrill, hearts that were glad before;
Who found strains that could charm men in their mirth—musical fantasies
That could heighten our joys, gladden our feasts, brighten our revelries.But no tones of the harp, notes of the pipe, never a tuneful lay,
Not a song of your songs, maladroit bands, ever availed to stay
The sad footsteps of Care, urged by the Gods, turning our light to gloom.
Bringing chill to the soul, withering hope, pregnant with Dread and Doom.Yet if Music would hush Sorrow to sleep, this were a boon to all
Kinder far than to weave measures to grace revel or banquet hall.
Fast beat hearts in the full flush of the feast, fragrant with wine and flow'rs,
Wanting never a sweet chord on the lute swifter to speed the hours.
—F. Blake Crofton, in *The Week*.**A PLEA FOR THE FAIRY TALES.**Lately, it appears, attempts have been made to drive the fairy tale out
of the nursery. Fathers and mothers, with grateful memories of what the
fairy tale was to them in their own childhood, are now assured that legends
and the like are but the creations of unbridled imaginations, and that they
arouse in the minds of children false ideas of real life, besides awaking long-
ings for the unattainable, which can only end in bitter disappointment.
But as yet, says George Elber, in *Ueber Land und Meer*, very few parents
indeed, however willing they may be, are competent to combine amusement
with instruction.We live in an age which has painted on its sign-post "Knowledge is
power," and parents very naturally look more anxiously to the education of
their children, so that there is danger of the education of the heart and of
the Gemut (soul, disposition), especially of the girls, being sacrificed to the
power of fact. In no nation, however, is it more beautifully developed
than in the German, whose language has created the words *gemüthlich* and
gemüthvoll (kindly disposed, full of good feeling, emotional,) and it would be
a great crime were we to harm it or to kill it by a surfeit of knowledge
founded on facts alone.A pedagogue who would banish fairy tales would, if he were consistent,
also condemn religion or anything else that could exercise any influence on
the hearts and dispositions of children; for even religion is not of this
world, having little to do with fact, and faith, its foundation, ceasing where
knowledge begins. The legend, too, the pious sister of the fairy tale, and
the angels, the children's friends who guard their beds by night, all be-
long as little to the kingdom of fact as the good fairy or the helpful dwarfs.
All men are agreed that life is hard, yet instead of trying to make it happier,
there are those who would make it still harder for the young by taking from
them the wings with which they can bathe themselves to regions where hap-
piness pure and unalloyed reigns supreme. The mother who tells pretty
tales of beautiful sunny lands, with cool fountains, and shady groves full
of the song of birds, beautiful flowers and tempting fruits, has the power of
lifting her children above the things of earth, and while filling them with
delight, of influencing their hearts and dispositions in a hundred different
ways; for every good fairy tale has an ethical purport; it solves problems
of life, and excites sympathy with the good and disgust of the bad.But even if in fairyland things should not be made larger or smaller,
better or worse, the fairy tale helps the young soul with its hopes and its
desires to expand, till at last it finds its way into the realm of the ideal.
It teaches the child to believe in friendly though invisible forces which
assist the will; moreover, it leads to a hope for a happiness unknown to
real life, but which nevertheless exists, because it is experienced under the
spell of the fairy tale. And what man could ever forget the first time his
mother folded his hands and prayed with him his first prayer? Who can
not recall in old age the beating heart, the eyes moist with tears, or the
merry laugh with which he used to receive the oft-repeated tales in his nur-
sery days?"Yes, should I become the oldest of the old, I will never forget how
my mother in the early morning hours would take me into her bed and play
Red Riding Hood with me. I was the child, she the wolf. When I said,
'Grandmother, what big teeth you have!' she would assume a threatening
voice and answer, 'That I may the better be able to bite you!' and then
make believe she was going to devour me, only to kiss me over and over
again."Forgetting that virtue is its own reward, the man of fact objects that
in real life the bad often prevails over the good. The right fairy tale, how-
ever, always ascribes the moral victory to virtue, and it seeks to inspire a
faith in that law which encourages men to resist temptation and to continue
their way in the upward, if stony, path to virtue. When taught in the