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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.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor,
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101 ON PABLE FRANCAISE.

At 132 Granville Street,

That is six doors south of Duke St,

MOIR, SON & CO.

are at present situated. They have imported New Apparatus, and are manufacturing on the premises a choice variety of Cakes, Pastry and Candies. These are good, 1st, because of good workmanship. 2nd, because the best materials are used, and 3rd, because of constant hourly freshness.

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Undertaker & Embalmer,
239-241 GRAFTON ST.

(Corner Jacob)

HALIFAX.

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THINGS YOU WANT NOW.

REFRIGERATORS,
OIL STOVES,
ICE CREAM FREEZERS,
WIRE WINDOW SCREENS,
FILTERS, HAMMOCKS,
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Have them all, and the best of them, at a SHADE UNDER THE MARKET.

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Church's Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.

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Instant Headache Cure.

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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, 147 Hollis Street, J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, proprietor, Agent for Laurance's Axis-cut Pebble Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Mirrors, Magnifying Glasses, Night Dispenser on the premises. Telephone Call 183.

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THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1891

3 and 17 June,	7 and 21 October,
1 and 15 July,	4 and 18 November,
5 and 19 August,	2 and 16 December.
2 and 16 September,	

3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.

Capital Prize worth \$15,000.

TICKET, - - - - \$1.00

11 TICKETS FOR - - \$10.00

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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 "	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	9,993 00
999 " "	5	9,993 00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740 00

S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James St., Montreal Canada.

THE VOICES OF EARTH.

We have not heard the music of the spheres,
The song of star to star; but there are sounds
More deep than human joy or human tears,
That nature uses in her common rounds;
The fall of streams, the cry of winds that strain
The oak, the roaring of the sea's surge, might
Of thunder breaking afar off, or rain
That falls by minutes in the summer night.
These are the voices of earth's secret soul,
Uttering the mystery from which she came
To him who hears them grief beyond control,
Or joy inscrutable without a name
Wakes in his heart thoughts buried there imperled
Before the birth and making of the world.

—Archibald Lampman, in Scribner's

THE FRONT GATE.

An old and crippled gate am I,
And twenty years have passed
Since I was swung up high and dry
Betwixt those posts so fast;
But now I've grown so powerful weak—
Despised by man and beast—
I'm scarcely strong enough to squeak,
Although I'm never greased.

'Twas twenty years ago, I say,
When Mr. Enos White
Came kind of hanging 'round my way
'Most every other night.
He hung upon my starboard side
And she upon the other,
Till Susan Smith became his bride
And in due time a mother.

I groaned intensely when I heard—
Despite I am no churl—
My doom-breathed in a single word:
The baby was a girl!
And as she grew, and grew, and grew,
I loud bemoaned my fate;
For she was very fair to view,
And I—I was the gate!

Then in due time a lover came,
Betokening my ruin,
A dapper fellow, Brown by name,
'The grown-up baby woin'!
They sprang upon me in the gloam
And talked of moon and star,
They are married now and live at home
Along with pa and ma.

My lot was happy for a year—
No courting night and day—
I had no thought, I had no fear
Bad luck would come my way.
But oh, this morning—save the mark!
There came a wild surprise,
A shadow flitted grim and dark
Across my sunny skies.

A doctor with a knowing smile,
A nurse with face serene,
A bundle in the house the while—
Great Scott! What does it mean?
My hinges ache, the lock is weak,
My pickets in a whirl;
I hear that awful doctor speak—
It is another girl.

—Denver Tribune.

A DIVORCEE'S CONFESSION.

A divorced woman has been telling her tale to the N. Y. World:

"It was not without some struggle that I came to the conclusion that a divorce was the only way out. I had been brought up to the belief that 'what God hath joined,' etc. I understood, or thought I did, what the fate of a divorced woman might be. And then there was another struggle. I had ceased to love my husband, but not the memory of my love. Do you know the difference? It is as if you possess an idol that you have worshipped for years, honestly believing it to be pure gold. You may have detected flaws here and there—an ugly seam perhaps. Still it is your idol, and on that account must be of gold. Well, one day you discover that it is only a wooden image, or worse, one of clay, and in your fury and anguish you hurl it from its pedestal and leave it lying a shapeless, huddled mass on the floor. And you intend to throw the whole thing away some day. It's worthless. Why should you keep it? And yet, and yet, when your housecleaning day comes and you say, 'Now I will make a clean sweep of it to-day,' you falter, hesitate, stand looking at this fetich and remember when you first possessed it, and ten to one you turn the key of the room in which it lies and go softly away. That, my dear, is what keeps so many husbands and wives together.

But it didn't hold us. I remember the day when I said to him: 'I have decided that it will be better for us to live apart.' 'Very well,' said he, carelessly, 'suit yourself.' There was a moment's silence, and then I added. 'I want the separation irrevocable—I wish a divorce.' Do you know I didn't know my own voice? I always think of it such a day as this. The rain dashed against the windows just as it is coming down now, and the fire snapped on the hearth just as that fire is snapping. I heard the clock tick, yes, and my heart beat. He did not look at me as he answered: 'You shall have your heart's desire.'

Then he went out of the room and closed the door behind him, and I felt that the door of my life was shut on an unhappy past. I was exultant, triumphant. I gloried in my courage. 'I shall be free,' I said over and over to myself. I looked at my flushed face in the mirror, and was glad to see how fair it was. 'I am young,' I said, 'life is not yet over.'