

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, &c

Which they will sell low for Cash. CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR WOOD & BRICK BUILDINGS

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.**THE MOST CENTRAL HOTEL IN THE CITY****Albion Hotel,**

JAMES GRANT, Proprietor.

22 SACKVILLE ST., HALIFAX.

Terms Moderate.

LYONS' HOTEL,

KENTVILLE, N. S.

(Directly Opposite Railway Station.)

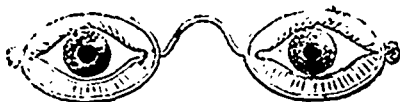
Extensive improvements have just been completed in this house, which is conducted on first class principles, and will be found, outside of the Queen or Halifax Hotels, equal to any in the Province. Good Sample Rooms and Livery Stables in connection. Also, Billiard Rooms.

D. McLEOD, Proprietor,
KENTVILLE, N. S.**BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.**

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor,

HALIFAX, N. S.

ICI ON PABIE FRANCAISE.**"THE EYES HAVE IT."**

IF YOU ARE IN NEED

of anything in the
Eye Glasses, or
kind, designed to
the sight, I canway of Spectacles
Glasses of any
correct defects in
surely suit you.I can fit any
the nearsighted
the over taxedfor any trouble;
or far sighted;
or weak eye.**EYE**I refer to those who have patronized me
for testimony.

Are glasses good?

AYE

They are good

Are prices low?

AYE

That they are.

Is sight helped?

AYE

That it is.

THE EYES HAVE IT.**W. H. BANNISTER,**
OPTICIAN,

(Graduate of New York Optical College.)

136—GRANVILLE STREET—136

HALIFAX, N. S.

EUREKA REMEDIES.**TRY THEM.**

If you have any Pains or Aches, such as Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Head or Tooth Ache, Stiff Joints, Sprains, Bruises, Chilblains, Lamé Back, Swellings, Corns, etc., use EUREKA OIL. It will cure you.

If you have Dyspepsia, Liver Complaint, Kidney Disease, Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Constipation, Loss of Appetite, General Weakness and Debility, Billi-ousness, Head Ache, Nervousness, any Disease arising from Impure Blood, use EUREKA BLOOD PURIFIER.

If you have Sores of any kind, Salt Rheum, Pimples, Scald Head, Lascenia, Boils and Burns, or Scalds, use the EUREKA SALVE.

Diseases of Women, arising from a low state of vitality, Weak Nerves and Impure Blood, use the BLOOD PURIFIER.

Manufactured by The Eureka Remedies Co., Port Huron, Mich., U.S.A.

KNOWLES' BOOKSTORE
COR. GEORGE & GRANVILLE STS.

Is again dressed in Holiday attire, and looks very pretty indeed. The Goods are all of the prettiest and best that could be selected from the English and German manufacturers. The

LEATHER AND PLUSH GOODS

are very fine this year, especially the former. The assortment of

Photo Frames

is also very pretty and should suit the most fastidious. The Prices are right, and made with a view to the scarcity of cash this season. All the standard holiday articles like Diaries, Annuals, Xmas No's Illustrated Papers, &c. It will pay you to visit the store before you buy elsewhere.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC
LOTTERY.AUTHORIZED BY THE LEGISLATURE.
For public purposes, such as Educational Establishment and Large Hall for the St. John Baptist Society of Montreal.**MONTHLY DRAWINGS FOR THE YEAR 1891.**January 14, February 11, March 11, April 8,
May 13, June 10, July 8, August 12, September 9, October 14, November 11,
December 9.**EIGHTH MONTHLY DRAWING FEB. 11, 1891****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
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	" " 6.....	4,995 00

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100	" " 25.....	2,500 00
100	" " 15.....	1,500 00
100	" " 10.....	1,000 00
999	" " 5.....	4,995 00
999	" " 6.....	4,995 00

3134 Prizes worth \$52,740 00S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.**RUE.**

She planted in her garden bed
The quaintest blossom, gold and red
And then she planted rue.
So every year the little maid
Among her nodding neighbors played,
And passing fair she grew.

Ah! that was very long ago;
The fashions change in flowers, you know,
As well as frocks, and fret
Us till we hide them far apart;
So 'tis not strange that in her heart
She's planted rue—regret.

—Harper's Weekly.

IN OUR YEARS.

In our young and dreaming years
Speed the days with golden feet,
And their step makes music sweet
In our eager listening ears,
And we gaze with glowing eyes
Into clear unclouded skies,
In our young and dreaming years.

In our old and earth-done years,
Clang the days with iron tread.
And their step makes discord dread
In our tired, time-muffled ears.
And we gaze with eyes grown dhu
Over life's last solemn rim.
In our old and earth-done years.

Susie M. Best.

NEW YORK LETTER.

Dear Critic,—I was very dissipated in Christmas week, going to three plays, all of which I enjoyed thoroughly. I was remarkably happy in my choice of theatres; each of the three plays was among the best of its kind, and the acting, in most cases, of the first order.

First and foremost comes "The Old Homestead" at the Academy. What a grand run the play has had. I need make no remarks upon it, as every one who has visited New York within the past three years has gone to see it as a matter of course. To come to New York and not see "The Old Homestead" would have been to write oneself down an ignoramus or an idiot. I had been looking forward to seeing the play through a week of hard work, and enjoyed it fully as much as I had expected. Next week "Joshua Whitcomb" is to take its place, and will probably make a hit also, as the same performers are to compose the cast, and the scenery will be new and beautiful.

"The Middleman," which on Saturday left Palmer's Theatre, and which I saw on Christmas eve, was not a play to be looked at and admired, but one in which one's heart and sympathies followed the principal actor from beginning to end. Pathos is the key-note of the play, and pathos, simple and sublime, runs through the entire piece. The wonderful, clever old potter, who is wrapt up in his inventions which will not succeed, and whose pride in and love for his rare, pale daughter surpasses the ordinary love of father for child, is a grand centre piece of pathos. Mary, the daughter, who lives as dependent in the grand house, whose master has become rich through the clever, upwordly-wise old potter's one great success in the past, is the dominant seventh in the minor chord. She and the son of the great man, to whose wife she is companion, love each other secretly, he appreciating to the full the position she ought to occupy had her father reaped the harvest of his own brains, instead of having enriched with it the master for whom he worked.

At last a day comes when the secret of poor Mary's all-trusting love and her handsome lover's baseness can no longer be concealed. The poor child leaves her home and is thought dead, and he is packed off to Africa with his regiment, his father treating the catastrophe as a youthful folly, and sending him out of harm's way, for fear he will do as his conscience and love dictate and marry the potter's daughter. The old man is told the story of his pure beautiful child and her fate; and the artificer, whose work is all in all to him, and who can neither sleep nor eat while the fate of his latest scheme is hanging in the balance, is changed into the determined avenger of his daughter's disgrace, a man with the one idea of subjugating and bringing down to the dust the family whose pride and selfishness has wrought the misery. Day and night he works for his end, through poverty and loneliness, till at length, when his last penny is gone, and no one will advance money for more coal for his furnaces in which the pottery is baking, he finds that he is paid for his life's labor; he has succeeded in making a magnificent copy of the old vases, at which he has striven all the long years, and the man and family he hates are beggared through his discovery. No longer able to sell the pottery that has been superseded by his former employee's new creation, the haughty squire is forced to leave his beautiful house and sue to his ex-workman for a position as under manager in his huge works. Now is the time for the old potter's triumph; shall he indignantly spurn his foe, refuse him his petition, make him feel some of the misery and poverty that he has felt? The scene is eminently touching. He thinks of Mary, dead and dishonored; what would she have told him to do? Mary, gentle, loving, tender-hearted, she would have pleaded with him to forgive even those who had sinned against herself; and he gives his enemy the position he asked for. A noise is heard, and they tell the old man that the young officer, knowing nothing of his family's misfortune, is bringing home his wife, whom he had married abroad some months before, to the castle which, though he knows it not, has been bought by his father's old workman. "Let him come," says the stern old potter, and when he does enter the hall, flushed with happiness at his home-coming, he is met with the bitter reproaches of a wronged father: "Bring your wife here, bring her here;