

LEITH HOUSE.

Established 1818.

KELLEY & GLASSEY,

SUCCESSORS TO ALEX. McLEOD & Co.

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

HALIFAX, N. S.

**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.

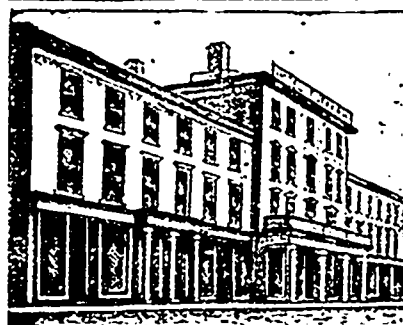
D. McLEOD, Proprietor,
KENTVILLE, N. S.**BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.**

Within Two Minutes Walk of Po Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor,

HALIFAX, N. S.

101 ON PARLE FRANCOISE.

**"HOTEL DUFFERIN,"**

Formerly the "Clifton Hotel," has lately been purchased by Mr. John Cox, proprietor of the "Avon Hotel," who has had the building remodelled in style of beauty and convenience equal to any hotel in the Maritime Provinces, putting in all modern improvements in the way of Electric Light, Electric Bells, heated throughout by Hot Water; Hot and Cold Water Bath rooms, elegant Parlors, beautiful Bed-rooms, in suites, fine Sitting and Reading Rooms, large and Handsome Dining room, and every convenience to make it pleasant for its guests. The cuisine will be a prominent feature of the house. Commercial men will find large and well fitted up Sample Rooms. Also, elegant Billiard and Pool Rooms. Carriages to and from Hotel free.

WINDSOR, 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, Chills, Lame 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, Biliousness, 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, Eczema, 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.

Nova Scotia Dye Works,

9 BLOWERS ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

B. G. STREET,
Dyer and Cleanser.Gentlemen's Garments Cleansed,
Steamed & Pressed at Lowest Prices.

All Goods for Mourning Dyed at shortest notice

REPAIRING DONE ON THE PREMISES.

Parcels sent for and delivered

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.**ELEVENTH MONTHLY DRAWING MAY 13.**

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
1000 " "	5	2,500 00
1000 " "	15	1,500 00
1000 " "	10	1,000 00
999 " "	5	4,995 00
999 " "	5	4,995 00

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

1000 " "	25	2,500 00
1000 " "	15	1,500 00
1000 " "	10	1,000 00
999 " "	5	4,995 00
999 " "	5	4,995 00

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

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

BEREFT.

My tears fall on thy quiet face,
Bitterly wrung from a breaking heart;
Together, ah, God! so far apart,
I stoop and lay my lips on thine—
Thy loving kisses all were mine,
Ah me, now this is thy resting place.

Thy hands meek folded on thy breast,
So cold and white their icy chill,
Struck to my heart with an anguished thrill,
I touch thy cheek so pale and fair,
Once the wild rose's bloom was there,
Thy tender heart is now at rest.

Thine eyes are closed for evermore,
Soft lashes resting on thy cheek,
I whisper thy name, thou dost not speak,
And gently kiss thy calm fair brow,
'Tis the face of an angel that lies there now,
Thy feet tread softly on Heaven's shore!

--ROBIN ADAIR.

BY THE SEA.

I've gathered seaweeds of colors rare,
And dainty sea mosses like mermaid hair,
In delicate tints of every hue
Borne on the breast of the ocean blue,
From the court of some queen,
In caves unseen,
Now lavishly our shores bestrew.

I've watched the waves with combing crest,
Ride o'er the ocean's heaving breast,
Shaking their white manes in the wind,
Followed fast by those behind;
The thundering surge,
And the wild winds' dirge,
Make sweetest music to my mind.

Down on the rocks all wet with the sea,
I stroll, and the gulls scream over me,
While the foam and spray sweeps to my feet,
And the salt wet wind blows fresh and sweet
And a wild unrest,
Stirs in my breast,
And my heart like the throbbing sea doth beat.

--ROBIN ADAIR.

THE CULTURE OF THE AFFECTIONS.

Mr. Philip G. Hamerton, in a recent volume entitled "French and English," points out the advantage which the French have over the English in the cultivation of the feelings, owing to the general habit of utterance, which is as natural to one as it is foreign to the other.

The Frenchman has no hesitation in expressing all the love, tenderness and sympathy that he feels; to him it appears quite as reasonable as to form his thoughts into words of conversation. The Englishman, on the contrary, despises and avoids this practice. Too shy, or too reserved, or too proud to give voice to his emotions, he habitually conceals them, and shows some degree of contempt for those who give them free vent. He accuses his neighbors on the other side of the channel of fulsome exaggeration and insincerity; while they, on the other hand, pronounce him cold, apathetic, and callous. Probably both criticisms have a little truth, mixed with a great deal of error. It does not necessarily follow that the one is superficial and frothy because he expresses so much, or that the other is deficient in feeling because he expresses so little.

It is far more likely that the difference of expression is chiefly due to different habits and customs, and a different popular opinion, than that it forms a measure of the depth and permanence of the feelings themselves. There can, however, be no doubt that the affections are largely influenced by the manner in which and the degree to which they are manifested. Few people realize this to its full extent. So long as they exist it is thought to be a small matter whether they are locked up in the breast, so that none can perceive them, or whether they are poured forth in unstinted measure. But that their very existence, and, much more, their healthy growth, depends, to a great extent, upon the outlets provided for them, is seldom considered.

No one wishes to be without the benevolent emotions of love and tenderness, compassion and sympathy; and yet but little pains are taken to nourish or to train them. While the intellectual powers receive the most careful discipline, no pains being thought too great to strengthen and direct them, the affections are suffered to take their own course, and no special effort is made to augment them when deficient, to exercise them when dull, or to guide them into wise channels when disposed to go astray. Were this done skilfully and tenderly, yet with as much earnestness and energy as are given to develop other faculties, perhaps there would be less complaint of exuberance, on the one hand, and passivity on the other.

As far as their expression goes, the best that we can desire is perfect sincerity. Neither the attempt to exaggerate them, nor the effort to withhold them, can be desirable. Simplicity and truth in this, as in all things, are the best exponents. But just as it is not always easy to express our thoughts with simplicity and truth, and in such language as shall convey their real meaning to others, so it is not always easy to translate our feelings correctly. Both must be the result of culture. In the arts this necessity is at once recognized and provided for. The painter at his easel, the sculptor at his block, the actor on the stage, the novelist at his desk are all striving to portray delicate shades of feeling, and no pains are spared to accomplish this. Why, then, should it be supposed that no culture is necessary to depict the natural feelings as they arise? The idea is even current that any educating process would crush spontaneity, and so injure the feelings themselves.