

Halifax Hotel,

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE LARGEST & MOST COMPLETE HOTEL
IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

Has been lately fitted with all modern
improvements, making it one of the
Leading Hotels in Canada.

H. HESSLEIN & SONS, PROPS.

ALBION HOTEL,

22 SACKVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.

P. P. ARCHIBALD, Prop'r.

This is one of the most quiet, orderly, and well
conducted Hotels in the city. Table always well
supplied with the best the market will afford.
Clean, well-ventilated Rooms and Beds, and no
pains spared for the comfort of guests in every
way, and will commend itself to all who wish a
quiet home while in the city.

CHARGES MODERATE.

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 2.30.

W. H. MURRAY, Prop.,
Late Halifax Hotel.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL,
OPPOSITE JOHN TOBIN & CO'S.
HALIFAX.

Terms, \$1.00 per Day.

CHAS. AuCOIN, Proprietor.

Halifax Steam Coffee and Spice Mills.
Established A. D. 1841.

W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS,
Wholesale Dealers in

Finest Coffees & Spices.

204 UPPER WATER ST.

HALIFAX.

E. SCHWARTZ. FRED. SCHWARTZ

The Yarmouth Steamship Co.
(LIMITED)

The Shortest and Best Route between
Nova Scotia and Boston.

The new steel steamer YARMOUTH will leave
Yarmouth for Boston every WEDNESDAY and
SATURDAY EVENINGS after arrival of the
train of the Western Counties Railway, commencing
March 17th.

Returning, will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at
10 a. m. every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at
Yarmouth with train for Halifax and intermediate
stations.

The YARMOUTH is the fastest steamer plying
between Nova Scotia and the United States, being
fitted with Triple Expansion Engines, Electric
Lights, Steel Steering Gear, Bilge Keels etc. etc.
S. S. CLYDE OF ST. JOHN leaves Halifax every
MONDAY EVENING, and Yarmouth every
THURSDAY.

For Tickets, Staterooms, and all other information,
apply to any Ticket Agent on the Windsor
and Annapolis or Western Counties Railways.

W. A. CHASE, E. E. BAKER,
Agent. President and Manager.

MOTT'S Homeopathic Cocoa

THOS. NICHOL, M.D., L.L.D., D.C.L.,
of Montreal writing to us under recent date,
says:-

"For over thirty years I have been drinking
Chocolate and Cocoa, and have at various times
used all the preparations of Cocoa in the market,
but I have met with nothing equal to your preparation."

Homeopathio Prepared Cocoa,
Especially, is superior to any I have seen for us
by invalids.

JOHN P. MOTT & CO.
34 Bedford Row.

Wm. Stairs, Son & Morrow
HALIFAX, N. S.

CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK

Heavy Hardware

In the Maritime Provinces.

Iron Boiler Plates
Steel " "
Boiler Tubes
Boiler Rivets
Steam Tubes
Lead
Tin
Antimony

—ALSO—

Portland Cement, Fire Brick and Clay,
Moulders' Sand,

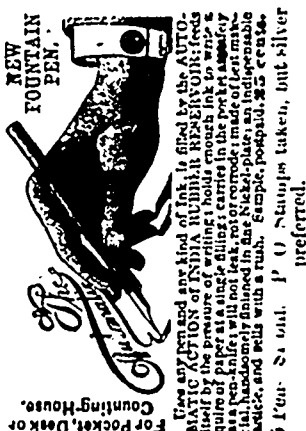
FOUNDRY SUPPLIES,

Linseed Oil, White Leads, Cordage,
Oakums, and a full assortment of

SHIP CHANDLERY

—AND—

SHELF HARDWARE.



Mention this paper, and address
A. W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

Cape Breton House

(Late John Lahey's Estate.)

163 Lower Water Street.

ROBT. H. CAMPBELL

Has opened out with one of the finest and
best selected Stock of

Groceries, Ship's Stores, Teas,
Coffees, Sugars, &c.

And everything usually found in a well
equipped Retail Grocery Store.

J. SNOW,
Undertaker & Embalmer,
56 Argyle St., Halifax, N. S.

Country orders punctually attended to at Low
Prices for Cash.

PEOPLE WILL TALK.

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow;
If you listen to all that is said as you go,
You'll be worried and fretted and kept in a stew,
For meddling tongues must have something to do;
And people will talk.

If quiet and modest you'll have it presumed
Your humble position is only assumed;
You're a wolf in sheep's clothing, or else you're a fool,
But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool;
For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,
Or a slight inclination to take your own part,
They'll call you an upstart, conceited and vain,
But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain,
For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress and old fashioned your hat,
Some one will surely take notice of that,
And hint rather strongly you can't pay your way,
But don't get excited, whatever they say,
For people will talk.

If your dress is in fashion don't think to escape,
For they criticize them in a different shape;
You're ahead of your means, or your tailor unpaid,
But mind your own business, there's nought to be made;
For people will talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please;
You're mind, if you have one, will then be at ease;
Of course you will meet with all sorts of abuse,
But don't think to stop them, it's not any use;
For people will talk.

—Troybridge Chronicle.

A STAMPEDE.

(From the New York Sun.)

In 1851, when I first saw the Rio Pecos River, which is the right hand
branch of the Rio Grande, the Pecos plains were a favorite grazing ground
for vast herds of wild horses. I went into New Mexico with a government
surveying party, which was of semi-military character. The country was a
plain 100 miles long by 200 broad, with many small streams and rich feed-
ing spots. The herds of horses had seldom been disturbed by white hunters,
and whenever the Indians wanted a supply they selected the ponies in
preference, believing that they were the soonest broken, and would stand
the hardest riding.

We were well into the plains before we saw any horses, and the first
herd we saw came very near bringing about a calamity. We were encamped
in a bend of the Pecos, and the surveyors and guards had just come in for
dinner. There was a truce between the whites and the Indians at that date,
but our party was a strong one, and the surveyors never went out without
protection. A truce meant that the redskins would not kill if the other
party was the stronger. We had two ambulances, three or four wagons, and
from seventy to eighty horses, which were staked out on the rich feeding
ground. With no more warning than that we felt a trembling of the earth,
and heard a great clatter, a drove of wild horses, numbering at least 500,
came charging around a heavily wooded point directly at our camp. The
stream in front of the camp was about two feet deep, and ran over a bed of
gravel, and the horses were probably in the habit of coming here to drink.
The herd was led by a sorrel stallion of magnificent look and limb, and was
going at such a pace that the leaders were among our animals before a man
of us moved. It was well we were all together. Every man rushed for the
horses, yelling and shouting to drive the intruders away, but when they
went two of our mules and a horse went with them. The horse was a five-
year-old stallion, worth at least \$500, and his flight created instant dismay
in the camp. The mules would not be allowed to "chum" with the herd,
and could be picked up after they had tried their legs a little, but the horse
might never be seen again. A score of us mounted in hot haste, and set off
to recapture him. The herd had gone due west, in which direction a rise of
the ground hid them after a short ride. As we reached this rise every man
of us checked his horse. Below us was an almost circular valley about half
a mile across, and in this valley the herd had come to a halt. It seemed
that the presence of our horse had aroused the ire of the sorrel leader of
the herd, and that the question of championship had come up to be settled
at once. The two stallions were between us and the herd, and were already
skirmishing. Every one of the horses had his head toward the pair, and
was an interested spectator. At any other time our presence would have
put them to flight, but under the circumstances they gave us no attention.

Now occurred a combat the like of which few men have ever witnessed.
The horses were pretty evenly matched for size. Our companion had an
advantage in being shod, but to offset this the sorrel was the quicker. Their
movements showed the broad disparity between wild and domestic life. Our
horse was agile and smart, as the term goes, but the sorrel had the suppleness
of a panther. As boxers feint for an opening, so those horses
skirmished for an advantage. They approached until their noses almost
met, and then reared up with shrill neighs, struck at each other, and came
down to wheel and kick. The iron shoes of our horse hit nothing but air,
but we heard the double thud of the sorrel's hind feet as he sent them
home. They ran off to wheel and come together again and repeat the same
tactics, and again our horse got the worst of it. He was a headstrong, high
strung beast, and his temper was now up. When he wheeled the third
time he came back with a rush, screaming out in his anger. The sorrel
turned end for end like a flash to use his heels, but our champion dodged
the kicks and seized him by the shoulder with his teeth. There was a
terrific struggle before the hold was broken, and then they backed into each
other and kicked with all fury for a few seconds. Every hoof hit something