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FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.
GREAT VARIETY.

New Goods continually arriving at
PRICES LOWER THAN EVER
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CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
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The nicest place in the City to get a lunch, din-
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Serving every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.30.
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Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.
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MINING SUITS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.
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W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS
"PEERLESS BRAND"
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STRICTLY PURE SPICES.
Please see that the written signature of W.
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Sample Packets prepaid to any address.
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Manufacturer of
BELFAST GINGER ALE, AERATED LEMONADE,
SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE CIDER, SODA WATER
and all kinds of MINERAL WATERS.
22 GRANVILLE ST., Halifax, N. S.

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-
POVERISHED 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. MORFITT,
Livery Stable Keeper.

Best Route to Boston.
CANADA ATLANTIC LINE.
ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

Quickest & Most Direct Route. Low Fares.
The Magnificent Clyde Built Steel S. S.

"HALIFAX,"
Is the Largest, Safest, and Best Furnished
and Most Comfortable Passenger Steamship
ever placed on the route between Canada and
the United States.

Sails from Noble's Wharf, Halifax, every
Wednesday Morning at 10 O'clock, and Lewis'
Wharf, Boston, every Saturday at 12 O'clock.

Passengers by Tuesday evening's trains can
go on board on arrival without extra charge.
THROUGH TICKETS to New York and all
points West.
Baggage checked through from all stations.
Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents
Intercolonial Railway.

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Provinces.
Our Prices
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We print by hand,
Print by steam,
Print from type,
Or from blocks—by the team.
Print in black,
Print in white,
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Of somber or bright.
We print for merchants,
And land agents, too;
We print for any
Who have printing to do
We print for bankers,
Clerks, Auctioneers,
Print for druggists,
For dealers in wares.
We print for drapers,
For grocers, for all,
Who want printing done,
And will come or may call.
We print pamphlets,
And bigger books, too,
In fact there are few things
But what we can do.
We print labels,
Of all colors in use, and
Especially fit for
The many producers.
We print forms of all sorts
With type ever set,
Legal, commercial,
Or household.
Printing done quickly,
Bold, stylish and neat,
By HALIFAX PRINTING COY.,
At 161 Hollis Street.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year;
Ye who by word or deed
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come, gather here!
Let sinners against and sinning
Forgot their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now;
No links no longer broken,
No sweet forgiveness spoken,
Under the holly bough.

—Charles Mackay.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Listen: the bells in the steeples
In jubilant gladness ring
To welcome the coming of Christmas
And the birthday of the King,
Who was born in the lowly manger of Bethlehem long ago,
When the song of the herald angels
Was sung to the world below.

Thou hast clad thyself in raiment
Of spotless white, O earth,
Like a bride on her marriage morning,
To celebrate Christ's birth.
O, were our lives as spotless,
Our hands unstained with sin,
And the latch of each heart were lifted
To let the Christ-Child in.

Bring of thy pine and holly,
O earth, this Christmas Day,
And wreath in their green the altar
Whereon our gifts we lay;
Gifts of most grateful homage
Laid low at the feet of the King
Who leans from His throne to listen
To the sound of our worshipping.

Bring to the dear Lord's altar
The soul's white flowers to-day.
Let the rose of thy love shed incense
Sweet as the breath of May.
Let the lily of faith eternal
Lift its cups of myrrh to Him
Whose love is the star that leads us
Through ways that are dark or dim.

O, earth, send back to Heaven
The grand and the glorious strain
That startled the wondering shepherds.
On far Judea's plain.
Glory to God in the highest,—
Sing it again and again,
On earth be peace, on earth be peace,
Good will, good will to men.

—EMERY E. MORFITT,
In December Ladies' Home Journal.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

Christmas is the festival of the year, and churlish indeed are they who do not find pleasure in the glow and brightness of its manifold enjoyments. It is preeminently the one day of the year when young and old meet together on an equal plane. The pains and aches of old age are forgotten in the joyousness of the day, and Tiny Tims are everywhere among the happiest of God's own children. Depressed in spirits, indeed, must be that person who cannot be happy on this festival day of all the world! Wherever civilization extends, there mirth and good cheer reign supreme, and if it is winter outside it is summer inside the home and within the hearts of all. Innocent joy and exultation triumphs over all, and hearts old with years and burdens are made again young and light by the air of sociability that pervades everything. While to all of us Christmas has its charms, its significances and its pleasures, it is essentially the feast of the children. Their young hearts long for its coming, while their little feet keep time to its mirth and music. The mysteries that Philosophy and Religion have unravelled as bearing upon the outward observance of the day have no meaning to the children. They know not of them. Enough for them to believe in the reality of the Christ-child, in the merry-eyed and white-bearded patron saint that comes to them arm-laden with gifts from fairyland; enough for them to hear the jingle of the reindeer bells, to picture the shadow of Santa Claus, as they lie half awake and half dreaming, sit across their cosy little room, and then rise in the morning to see the gifts that love and midnight brought them. Happy indeed is that childish faith! For the children first, and then for ourselves, let Christmas ever be remembered in our homes. Let the bells ring, the yule-log blaze and crackle on the hearth, and the holly gleam on the wall. Weary centuries have come and gone since the star looked down on the plains of Bethlehem, empires have passed away, suns have risen and set, monarchs and monarchies have lived and crumbled to dust, but the earth is still young, and love and laughter are still left us. Let us recognize all the customs appropriate to the day, and with present, feast and carol impress it upon the minds of our children so that it may pass down from generation to generation to bless the children of our children, and those that come after them.—December Ladies' Home Journal.

SELF-DENIAL.

A flippant speaker on a recent public occasion remarked that if Christian teachers would dwell more upon the love of the great father to his children, and less upon the necessity for self-denial, they might make more converts to their creed.

It seems to us that a creed in which personal self-denial did not have a