

# PUTTNER'S IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER EMULSION

## 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.

R. McLEOD, Proprietor,  
KENTVILLE, N. S.

## BRITISH-AMERICAN HOTEL.

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor,  
HALIFAX, N. S.

101 ON PARLE 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, Pastries and Candies. These are good. 1st, because of good workmanship. 2nd, because the best materials are used, and 3rd, because of constant hourly freshness.

## JAS. A. GRAY,

Undertaker & Embalmer,

239-241 GRAFTON ST.

(Corner Jacob.)

HALIFAX.

TELEPHONE 619.

Fresh and Salted Beef, Vegetables,  
Mutton, Pork, Bread, &c.

## J. A. LEAMAN & CO.

Wholesale & Retail Victuallers.

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

## CANNED GOODS, BOLOGNAS, &C.

6 to 10 Bedford Row,

ESTABLISHED 1864. HALIFAX, N. S.

FALL-1891.

## T. C. ALLEN & CO.

124--GRANVILLE STREET--124

—ARE RECEIVING DAILY—

Blank Books, Memo. Books,  
Exercise Books, Note Papers,  
Foolscap, Envelopes, School Books,  
Slates, Pens & Pencils, Inkstands  
Wrapping Papers, Fancy Goods, &c.

Send for Quotations or Give Us a Call.

NEW GOODS JUST OPENED  
FROM LONDON.

## FREEMAN ELLIOT, 163 HOLLIS STREET.

Boys' and Youths' Nap Witney Reefers,  
Boys' Man-O-War Sailor Suits,  
Flannel Bibs, Blue Sailor Collars, Cords and  
Whistles, New Ties and Scarfs.

LONDON MADE WHITE SHIRTS.

ARE YOU A CRITIC?

THEN VISIT THE

LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis Street,  
and your superior judgment will lead you to purchase

A Bottle of Choice Perfumery,  
A Manicure Set,  
A Glove and Handkerchief Set,  
A Brush and Comb Set,  
A Shaving Set, &c.,  
A Pair of Spectacles, in Gold Frames, for your  
mother-in-law, and  
A Bottle of Nisbet's Cocoa Cough Cure, to stop  
that hacking Cough; prepared by

J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist,

Agent for Pebble Spectacles, Opera Glasses,  
Botanical and Miner's Glasses.  
Night Clerk on the Premises. Telephone 513.

## Nova Scotia Dye Works, 9 BLOWERS ST. HALIFAX, N. S.

## B. G. STREET, Dyer and Cleanser.

Gentlemen's Garments Cleaned,  
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.

### BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1891

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

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 " 600.....	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
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
170 " " 25.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10.....	1,000 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00

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

## ONE SEASIDE GRAVE.

Unmindful of the roses,  
Unmindful of the thorn,  
A reaper tired reposes  
Among his gathered corn;  
So might I, till the morn.

Cold as the cold Decembers,  
Past as the days that set,  
While only one remembers  
And all the rest forget—  
But one remembers yet.

—Christina G. Rossetti

## AFTERWARD.

There is no vacant chair. The loving meet—  
A group unbroken—smitten. Who knows how?  
One sitteth silent only. In his usual seat  
We gave him once that freedom. Why not now?

Perhaps he is too weary and needs rest.  
He needed it too often, nor could we  
Bestow. God gave it, knowing how to do so best.  
Which of us would disturb him? Let him be.

There is no vacant chair. If he will take  
The mood to listen mutely, he it done.  
By his least mood we crossed, for which the heart must ache.  
Plead not nor question! Let him have this one.

Death is a mood of life. It is no whim  
By which life's Giver mocks a broken heart.  
Death is life's reticence. Still audible to him  
The flushed voice, happy, speaketh on, apart.

There is no vacant chair. To love is still  
To have. Nearer to memory than to eye,  
And dearer yet to anguish than to comfort, will  
We hold him by our love, that shall not die.

For while it doth not, then he cannot. Try!  
Who can put out the motion or the smile?  
The old ways of being noble all with him laid by?  
Because we love he is. Then trust awhile.

—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

## BOOK GOSSIP.

Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood has taken as the subject of her story, "The Lady of Fort St. John," the important epoch in the history of Acadie, when Marie de la Tour was left in charge of Fort St. John and bravely defended it with her small garrison against D'Aulnay de Charnisay until a traitor within her walls sold her to the enemy. The bare historic facts have been very much enlarged upon, and a considerable plot is made use of in working out the narrative. A number of interesting characters are introduced who give life and color to the scene. Not least of these is Le Rossignol, who, although her introduction is needlessly abrupt and unexplained, and whose diminutive size and long flights on the Swan are calculated to tax our credulity, is yet made to play an important part in the tale. The style in which the book is written is quaint and attractive, and the dialogue is interesting and bright. Some little slips in matters of detail we observe, such as the calling of the bit of ivory used in playing the mandolin, a "disk." We never heard of a circular plectrum being used for the purpose. As far as the personality of the heroine herself is concerned, we are amply satisfied with the picture Mrs. Catherwood has made to live before us. She is the sweet, brave woman such as we have always thought of, womanly with all her ability to command in time of war. A touch of pathos beside the main tragedy of the story is given in the hopeless but pure love of Edalwald de Born for his lady. The death of de Charnisay in the quicksands, as described by Le Rossignol, and his calling for help, "until the tide's horses tramped him under," is one of the finest pieces of writing in the book. For a story of which the key-note is tragedy, the filling in is remarkably bright, but we cannot say that local color is one of its strong points. The wonderful tides of the Bay of Fundy, of which everyone has heard, are referred to a few times, but otherwise there is little to show where Fort St. John was situated. By the way, as Le Rossignol was a woman, would it not have been better to have given her the feminine, La Rossignol, as a name? Taken as a whole the story may be called decidedly good, and it will doubtless find many appreciative readers, especially in this part of the world. It is not a great book, such as we would like to see founded on some incident connected with our history, but it is interesting and well written. The dedication rather puzzles us, for the book is inscribed to "two Acadians of the present day; natives of Nova Scotia, who represent the learning and gentle attainments of the new order: Dr. John George Bourinot, C. M. G., etc., clerk of the Canadian House of Commons, and Dr. George Stewart, of Quebec." Why are they Acadians? Dr. Stewart, editor of the Quebec *Morning Chronicle*, was born in New York city in 1848, and afterwards removed with his parents to St. John, N. B., where he was educated. Even this move would scarcely entitle him to be called an Acadian, unless he were of direct descent from those who were known as such in old time. Dr. Bourinot, a Cape Bretoner by birth, comes nearer, but still we think it a flight of fancy to designate him as an Acadian, although we are proud to have his learning and gentle attainments referred to in the dedication. The story is published in neat style by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. It has been one of the chief features of the *Atlantic Monthly* during the past year, and is consequently well known to the readers of that excellent magazine.

By all means the most fascinating novel we have read of late is one with a title which sounds unfortunate—"An Utter Failure." Mrs. Miriam Coles Harris, author of "Rutledge," is the author, and she has given us a