



BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor

HALIFAX, N. S.

101 ON PARLE FRANCOISE.

BUY DIRECT
FROM
THE MILLS.

MANITOBA FLOUR.

ALL GRADES

FROM

CHOICE HARD WHEAT.

Correspondence from Cash Buyers Solicited.

LEITCH BROS.

FLOUR MILLS,

OAK LAKE, MANITOBA.

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.

ONTARIO GLOVE WORKS,

Brockville, Ont., Canada.

JAMES HALL & CO.

Manufacturers of Gloves, Mitts & Moccasins

In all the Latest Styles, and from the
VERY BEST MATERIALS.

Our Celebrated INDIAN TAN, OIL TAN and
COLORED BUCK GOODS, as well as
OIL-FINISHED SARANAS CALF,

Are made from Stock of our own Dressing.

Our Travellers are out with 1892 Samples,
which represents the favorite lines required
by THE TRADE.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

CANADA ATLANTIC LINE

Fastest Route to Boston.

ONLY REGULAR WEEKLY LINE.

The new Clyde built Steamer

"PREMIER",
Having Unsurpassed Accommodations, and
Saloon Amidships, sails for

BOSTON

Every TUESDAY EVENING, at 10 P. M.

Returning leaves BOSTON for HALIFAX

Every SATURDAY at Noon.

LOW FARES.

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on Inter-
colonial Railway.

H. L. CHIPMAN, Agent,

Halifax, N. S.

RICHARDSON & BARNARD,
Savannah Pier, Boston.

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.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892

7 and 20 January	6 and 20 July
3 and 17 February	3 and 17 August
2 and 16 March	7 and 21 September
6 and 20 April	5 and 19 October
4 and 18 May	2 and 16 November
1 and 15 June	7 and 21 December

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

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

100 " " 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 Prize worth \$52,740 00

S. E. LEFEVRE, Manager.

81 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO DUE SOUTH.

Now that the United States government is talking of making San Diego a naval station, and also fortifying the harbor, there is every prospect of this fine old city taking her proper place as one of the foremost cities of the coast. Its available anchorage is six square miles and length of bay 13 miles.

The surrounding country is being rapidly brought under cultivation, over 7000 acres in fruit and 8000 in raisin grapes in an indication of such efforts being brought to a successful issue.

We visited one ranch of a thousand acres that ten years ago was a sand waste. Now you see olives, peaches, prunes, lemons, oranges, citron of commerce, bananas and every fruit known, in blossom, or loaded with fruit; and the grape myrtles and roses are very lovely. Money, brains and irrigation worked this miracle.

The population of San Diego is 17,000 and the people are progressive. Their handsome court house cost \$150,000; public buildings, handsome houses, well paved streets and cable and electric cars with several motor roads are signs of the times easily read by the visitor within their gates.

We view all the sights of San Diego and then take the steamer for Ensenada, 65 miles further down the coast. Soon as we pass the boundary line marked by a marble obelisk rising 20 feet above its lofty pedestal on Monumental Point we are under the red white and green striped flag of Mexico. The coast trends off in a southerly direction to Descanso Point, a bluff about 80 feet high, which Mexican sailors call Point of Rest. From this point to Salsipuedes Point the coast is sandy and low, with occasional rocky cliffs standing sentinel-like; the table lands that slope the sea being clothed in a rich green, and through our glass we notice that the turf is dotted with wild flowers in all colors. The air is so clear that the mountain chains miles away seem only about half a mile distant.

The captain says the longest lines have failed to find bottom only 3 miles from shore, so we are steaming over a bottomless pit, and the question arises if one of us should fall overboard where would we finally locate; and the handsome dark-eyed first officer shrugs his shoulders and says "Quien Sabe."

Cape San Miguel, the northern part of Todos Santos, (all saints), is a bold point 200 feet high, backed by high round topped hills.

Ensenada point is 400 feet high.

Pea flowers and vines in brilliant colors rest on the blue water. Many of the bulbous kinds are preserved by the natives, but always retain a briny flavor. Punta Banda seems to advance to meet us as we approach. This is a famous whaling station and tons of big bones lie blackening on the beach. It would add materially to our pleasure at this point of our journey if we had left our organs of smell in bond or duty paid at the custom house, for whale oil is not at all like the perfume of Araby the blest. If we had handles or straps on our noses, one might hire somebody to hold them. We don't enthuse much as we reach the long pier at Ensenada, which means Harbor of refuge, the pleasant breeze, however, does us a favor by veering around and we all enjoy a whiff of fresh air.

The custom house officers are very courteous, and beam brightly at the ladies of our party. The governor is introduced to us and in a very courteous way places "himself, his house and all he has at our disposal." We pass the garrison with its troop of gayly dressed Mexican soldiers, and on our way to the hotel we pass the Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, and Catholic churches; all nice modern buildings, though I should imagine a Mexican would object to Baptists on the ground of their general aversion to water. Woollen mills, carpet factories, breweries, and canneries are flourishing, and turtle canning is extensively carried on. We saw a turtle 5 feet across; imagine him in soup. He'd be in it, would he not?

The Iturbide is the finest hotel. Situated on a picturesque hill overlooking the town, it is reached by a winding path and long flights of terraced steps. Flowers and rare vines trail everywhere, and a glorious view is seen from the broad verandahs. The crescent-shaped blue bay; high mountains rising abruptly near by, and shading from richest purple to a dusky blue that melts into a sunny haze at the peaks, is the prospect before us. Mission Fathers years ago christened this spot "La Sierra Perfecta," and they had wisdom and taste combined.

At night we have no desire to sleep. A phosphorescent glow marks each curving wave, and a full moon rising from the waters throws a shimmering golden trail to the mountains very fast. Their sombre peaks, silhouetted against the clear dark blue sky, make a charming "picture to hang on memory's wall."

The drive to San Carlos is six miles. This city is laid out in wonderful avenues and squares for future enlargement.

The trip to Todos Santos by moonlight, with glimpses of the dark peak of Punta Banda at the foot of the bay, and the silvery sand beach, is beautiful.

The government house or palace is a picturesque place with lovely grounds. Curio stores are full of the Mexican dealers work, and embroidery in gorgeous silks, and the curiously woven blankets are works of art as well as patience. Here we see the Mexican onyx in all its purity and beauty, and some very fine opals. The Mexican fire opal, which is not expensive, is exceedingly pretty.

The women, when young, are pretty, but age makes wrecks that seem scarcely human. The men are dark, handsome, polite and lazy.

We ate tomatoes, tortillas, and had lemonade with Chili pepper dashed in it, and tasted Abalone (the shell fish whose shell has such exquisite pearl tints). It is prepared by pounding it to a jelly, and is then fried in butter. If you have lost all sense of taste the better probably you will relish the odd flavor. But you don't want to miss anything in this new country and you sometimes pay Eve's penalty.