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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.

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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 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.

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LYONS' HOTEL,

Opp. Railway Depot.

KENTVILLE, N. S.

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CONTINENTAL HOTEL,
100 and 102 Granville St.,
(OPPOSITE PROVINCIAL BUILDING.)

The nicest place in the City to get a lunch, din-
ner, or supper. Private Dining Room for Ladies
Oysters in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.30.

W. H. MURRAY, Prop.,
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BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

OPPOSITE JOHN TOBIN & CO.'S.
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Terms, \$1.00 per Day.

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Finest Coffees & Spices.

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The Yarmouth Steamship Co.
(LIMITED)

The Shortest and Best Route between
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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. CITY OF ST. JOHN leaves Halifax every
MONDAY EVENING, and Yarmouth every
THURSDAY.

For Tickets, Staterooms, and all other informa-
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and Annapolis or Western Counties Railways.
W. A. CHASE, I. 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 prepara-
tion. Your

Homeopathic 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.

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Heavy Hardware

In the Maritime Provinces.

Pig Iron	Iron Boiler Plates
Bar Iron	Steel " "
Lead	Boiler Tubes
Tin	Boiler Rivets
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—ALSO—

Portland Cement, Fire Brick and Clay,
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FOUNDRY SUPPLIES,

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

SHIP CHANDLERY

—AND—

SHELF HARDWARE.

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Very superior and any kind of ink, is filled by the AUTO-
MATIC ACTION OF INDIA RUBBER RESERVOIR; feeds
just by the pressure of writing holds enough ink to write a
full page without refilling; carries in the pocket as easily
as a ball pen; will not leak; is made of the finest
steel, handily and durably in one Nickel-plate and indestructible
enamel, and sells with a wash. Sample, postpaid, 25¢ each.
5 Pens, \$1 bill. P. O. Stamp taken, but silver
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For Pocket, Desk or
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Mention this paper, and address

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Has opened out with one of the finest and
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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.

MY TREES.

At evening, when the winds are still,
And wide the yellowing landscape glows,
My fir-woods on the lonely hill
Are crowned with sun and loud with crows.
Their flocks throng down the open sky
From far, salt flats and sandy seas.
Then dusk and dew-fall quench the cry,—
So calm a home is in my trees.

At morning, when the young wind swings
The green, slim tops and branches high,
Out-puffs a noisy whirl of wings,
Dispersing up the empty sky.
In this dear refuge no roof stops
The skyward plume winnowing through.
My trees shut out the world,—their tops
Are open to the infinite blue.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.

CITY CHIMES.

An observer can find much to interest him in this little town of ours
A neutral-tinted city, and one of many contrasts, there is much to be found
in it to both sadden and amuse. Walk through the old gray streets where
the red coats of Tommy Aikens make pleasing spots of colors. Here,
a "swagger" dogcart drawn up by the pavement with its trim English
groom, and next it waits a span of patient oxen, yoked to a primitive vehicle
laden with "kindline," the fortune of the couple of darkeys nagging about
them on the pavement. The queer black faces—how full of pathos is their
cheerfulness and the merry disregard they have of their comfortless lives.
Here is a society belle with her attendant cavalier, and her dainty skirts
brush those of the squaw with a pappoose strapped to her back, a degenerate
specimen of the once noble race we have thrust from their own country.
Truly, we have queer jumble of the black and the white, the grave and the
6-7, pleasure-seekers and toilers of land and sea.

Officers of the Army and Navy find Halifax a pleasant station. They
are glad to come here and sorry to go. I am not prepared to discuss the
vexed question as to whether the presence of the Garrison is beneficial to the
place or not. Certainly these young men from over the water are an acqui-
sition to the social life we have. Perhaps when there were two Line Regi-
ments stationed here we were a little over-run with the gold lace and
swagger that seems to be from time immemorial the prerogative of Her
Majesty's officers. In those days there were but a few young civilians who
joined in the amusements their mothers and sisters did, and those who had
courage to appear, complained of being slighted for the Englishmen. Cer-
tainly, it must be very trying to be cut out on your own ground by another
man because his coat is smarter than yours. This is all changed, however,
and I fancy the ball-programmes of most of the ladies contain many civilian
names as well as the autographs of the soldiers. Of course, we pay a certain
tax. Two or three Halifax maidens are sure to go with each regiment, but
that goes without saying.

A back season of the year for amusements, yet there seems, in spite of
fog and mud, to be something going on. The Orpheus concert attracted a
goodly number of listeners on Tuesday evening last, but not nearly as much
of a crowd as used to overflow the hall last year. It is to be hoped the citi-
zens, who are apt to be variable in their tastes, will not tire of so excellent an
institution as the Orpheus Club. Like most of us, it requires money to "keep
the pot boiling." Mr. Porter conducted, as usual, and the Club did him
justice; the choruses were all given with tuneful and careful singing, and
the audience showed they appreciated the efforts of those on the stage. Of
Miss Laine and Prof. Currie too much cannot be said. Miss Laine possesses,
besides her womanly charms, a most magnificent voice, one of the greatest
gifts the Creator can bestow. Subscribers to these concerts will be glad
when the Club is in a position to make the Hall look less like a church.
In spite of the tasteful decorations on entering, the effect is subduing, and
the pews have a solemn air. It will be better also when there are a couple
more doors of exit. The alarm of fire might cause a most serious panic in
the building. However, as they are, the concerts are most enjoyable, and it
is to be hoped that the Opera it is reported the Club intends to produce
during the season will be well patronized by the public.

The ladies of St. Stephen's Chapel held a successful bazaar one day last
week. The sale only lasted one afternoon and evening, but the amount
realized came near the vicinity of two hundred dollars (\$200.) The money
is to purchase a pulpit for the Chapel, and also to pay for some necessary
repairs.

The community received a shock when the sad accident of Capt. Ruggles
Brise's death became known. Even those who had never seen the young
officer were startled by the fatal news. There is something inexpressibly
sad in such a sudden death. With youth and health and strength to be cut
down in the flower of years. And the young wife with her infant alone in
this strange land among strange faces. Many hearts, I am sure, ached for
the bereaved lady, as the strains of the Dead March were heard in the city
on Saturday. The funeral cortege that followed the remains to the grave
was a magnificent one, and impressive, as Military funerals always are.
Mrs. Brise will proceed to England in the *Nova Scotian*, accompanied by
Capt. and Mrs. Buckle, the close friends of the late officer and his amiable
wife. Capt. Buckle has two months' leave of absence. Accidents from
drowning and otherwise seem to have followed each other closely
this year. The Garrison has lost an unusual number of officers and
men. Still, eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die, is a good motto
and a merciful dispensation of Providence that we can so soon forget.