

**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. Meals in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.30.

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

**BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.**

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor,

HALIFAX, N. S.

101 ON PARLE FRANCOISE.

**NOTICE.**

**ROBT. STANFORD,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,

156 HOLLIS STREET,

Is offering bargains in HEAVY OVERCOATINGS, of which he has a large stock, consisting of BLACK, BLUE, BROWN and GRAY NAPS. GENUINE IRISH FRIEZES, in several different shades, FOXES, HOMESPUNS, Etc.

INSPECTION INVITED.

**LONDON DRUG STORE,**

147 Hollis Street,

**J. GODFREY SMITH,**

DISPENSING CHEMIST,

Proprietor. Agent for

Laurance's Axis-Cut Pebble Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

In Stock, the great cure of Neuralgia "Eau Anti-Neuralgique." Chronic cases yield to its curative effects.

Also, in Stock, a line of FANCY GOODS. Dressing Cases, Toilet Sets, in Plush, Leather, &c.

**Geo. H. Fielding,**  
**SOLICITOR, &c.**

93 HOLLIS ST.

MINING SUITS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

HOURS—9 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

ASK FOR

**W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS**

**"PEERLESS BRAND"**

(TRADE MARK REGISTERED)

**STRICTLY PURE SPICES.**

Please see that the written signature of W. H. Schwartz & Sons is on every package, none genuine without. On receipt of 12 cts. Sample Packets prepaid to any address.

**W. H. Schwartz & Sons,**  
**COFFEE AND SPICES,**  
HALIFAX, N. S.

**Victoria Mineral Water Works**

W. H. DONOVAN, Prop.

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, IMPROVED BLOOD, Etc., it is highly recommended by the Medical Profession.

St. Andrews, N. B., 4th Oct., 1899.

Messrs. Brown, Broeg & 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 summer 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. MURPHY,

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.

**CHIPMAN BROTHERS,**

General Agents, Halifax.

**PRINTING.**

Are Second to NONE  
in the Maritime  
Provinces.

Our Type  
Our Prices  
Our Facilities

HALIFAX PRINTING COY.,  
Opposite Western Union  
Telegraph Office, Halifax  
161 HOLLIS ST.

We print by hand,  
Print by steam,  
Print from type,  
Or from blocks—by the team.

Print in black,  
Print in white,  
Print in colors  
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 house, etc.,  
Especially fit for  
The many producers.

We print forms of all sorts  
With type or set,  
Legal, commercial,  
Or household.

Printing done quickly,  
Bold, stylish and neat,  
By HALIFAX PRINTING COMPANY,  
At 161 Hollis Street.

**A JAPANESE BELLE.**

This tiny Japanese lady, whom you left, as you thought, on the lid of the glove-box at home—(Sir Edwin Arnold, in *Daily Telegraph*.)

Edwin Arnold, Knight and Poet, vividly descriptive man,  
I'm in love, and you must know it, with your belle in far Japan

Her kimono looks so telling with sleeve swaying in the wind,  
And the amber obi swelling into satin bows behind.

Though her charming little nose is, you confess, a trifle flat,  
When the lips are red as roses, who would stop to think of that?

Sunny smiles so sweet and simple, scornful cynic soul might win,  
While a most bewitching dimple guards the fascinating chin.

Teeth the purest pearl outshining, shell-pink nails, and she will wear  
Just one red camellia twining in her elbow wealth of hair.

Jet looks gray beside her tresses blacker than the murky midnight,  
While the little hand that presses each coquettish curl shines white.

She is quite an avis rara, but her lips for me were dumb,  
Though she murmured "Sayonara," and again should bid me come.

If her fairy ears I frighten with the wild words of the West,  
Surely love will come to lighten all the burden of my breast.

I will learn her awful lingo, if by any chance I can;  
I'll despoil the gay flamingo to provide her with a fan.

She will note my admiration, smiling in a sweet surprise,  
And there can be conversation lovers learn 'twixt eyes and eyes.

Come what will, methinks I'll chance it, and for pretty things to say,  
I will read up, during transit, all *The Light of Asia*.

Since, Sir Edwin, dainty dreamer, thine the pen that bids me go,  
By the fastest train and steamer, straight-way off to Tokio.

—Punch.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

**JOTTINGS FROM OTTAWA.**

Mr. Clarke Wallace, (West York,) the recognized exponent of Orangism in the House of Commons, on Monday last moved the second reading of his bill for the incorporation of the Loyal Orange Association of British America. Although there were some meritorious features in the bill,—such as the clause to enable the association to establish a fund for the relief of sick and distressed members, and to aid poor families of deceased members,—and Mr. Wallace declared that the objectionable clauses that were present in the bills rejected by the House in the sessions of 1883 and 1884 were not sought to be enacted in this bill, it was in the best interests of the country, under the existing circumstances, that the measure was defeated. Strained relations have always existed between the Orangemen and French Roman Catholics in this part of Canada, and there is no doubt that this fresh and hopeless application by the former for incorporation at the hands of a Parliament almost of the same complexion as the one which twice declined to make them a legal entity, was only intended to fan the flame of bigotry stirred up by the Jesuit agitation of last session, and emphasize the want of harmony between races and creeds in Ontario and Quebec. It was plainly to be seen that Mr. Wallace did not care a half penny whether his remarks elicited the favor of the House or not. His speech was a perfunctory performance, and he appeared throughout to be engaged in a distasteful undertaking under the pressure of circumstances. But, having allied himself with a society which lives, moves and has its being in misguided zeal, and profited by the suffrages it controls, he finds he must fight the battle of intolerance, no matter how poor a stomach he may have for it, and no matter how strongly his sympathies may be in antagonism to his course of action.

Although the complete unification of races in our nascent Dominion does not promise a speedy consummation at this juncture of our history, I am hopeful that the intolerance of ignorance in our midst is even now beating out its life against that fuller recognition of man's duty to man which it has been the privilege of the latter half of the nineteenth century to make a living factor in social reform, and which will be the corner stone of our nationality when we become truly great. While we may recoil with disgust from the recital of such a revival of the practices of the Dark Ages as is to be found in the recent assault upon Archbishop Walsh in Toronto, and the Hull outrage of last week, repeated with greater ferocity a day or two ago, where a number of female evangelists were stoned out of the city by a mob who had it in their hearts to do murder, yet we can take heart in the knowledge that such things are moral paradoxes wherein the evil bears much good fruit. There is too much back bone in the great majority of right-thinking Canadians to allow such lapses into a state of primitive barbarism to go unchallenged in the future, and if moral suasion is not capable of purging the dross from the baser sort who are responsible for these disturbances, I have no doubt the reformation will be entrusted to a vigorous application of the law, which shall know no fear or favor. In civilized countries unbridled despotism of the individual or the mob has always dug its own grave, and from that grave has generally sprung up the fruits of popular good. It was the despotism of Albert I, operating through the medium of his minion Gessler, that freed Switzerland from the Austrian yoke, and it was the despotism of the mob that invited the better portion of the French people to rid their country of terrorism in 1795, and communism in 1871. Let us hope that out of all this turmoil and strife between races and creeds now rampant within our borders will emerge a new era of national life, wherein all the divers elements of our population will be welded together in the pursuit of those grand aims whereto our manifest destiny calls us.

Dr. Goldwin Smith—that Xantippe in trowsers, that political Apemantus who scolds the party in power with a bravery born of conscious insignificance, and who never loses an opportunity to kick, when he might aid, the weaker