

# PUTTNER'S IS THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER EMULSION

**American Hotel, Shubenacadie,**  
**THOS. COX, Proprietor.**

Boarding and Livery Stables in connection.  
Stages leave daily for Gay's River, Musquodibolt, Sheet Harbour, and Maitland, on arrival of Train from Halifax.

**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.

**D. McLEOD, Proprietor,**  
KENTVILLE, N. S.

**BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.**

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

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

**101 ON PABLE FRANCOISE.**

**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, Pastry and Candies. These are good, 1st, because of good workmanship. And, because the best materials are used, and 2nd, because of constant healthy freshness.

**JAS. A. GRAY,**

Undertaker & Embalmer,

239-241 GRAFTON ST.

(Corner Jacob.)

**HALIFAX.**

TELEPHONE 619.

**NOW IS THE TIME FOR  
STOVES, :- STOVES.**

**Cragg Bros. & Co.**

Cor. Barrington & George Sts.  
Have a Magnificent Assortment at Low Prices.

ALSO—The usual large stock of

**Household Hardware,**

appropriate to the season, such as

**COALHODS & VASES,  
FIRE IRONS,**

**Fire Guards, Cinder Sifters,  
Blower Stands, &c.**

**STOVE FITTING**

Attended to Promptly and at Reasonable Rates

**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**

Church's Gout and Rheumatic Remedy.  
Rose Dentifrice to Preserve the Teeth.  
Instant Headache Cure.  
Tar and Wild Cherry for Coughs & Colds.  
Iron and Quinine Wine Tonic.  
Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla with Iodides.

This last preparation has held the continued approval of the best physicians, and it is expressly put up to meet the popular need for a Blood Purifier without being related to the many secret nostrums and quack medicines of the day, of unknown composition and generally of little medicinal value. It is an excellent Skin and Blood Remedy. The above preparations are prepared by and sold at the LONDON DRUG STORE, 117 Hollis Street, J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist, proprietor, Agent for Laurance's Axis-cut Pebble Spectacles, Opera Glasses, Microscopes, Mirrors, Magnifying Glasses, Night Dispenser on the Premises. Telephone Call 153.

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

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

Gentlemen's Garments Cleansed,  
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**

3 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 "	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	4,935 00
999 "	5	4,935 00

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

OCTOBER.

A hush has fallen o'er the autumn days,  
The white rail, noiseless, steals away from shore;  
Blue seas spray silverly with mellowing rush  
On rocks steeped through with sunshine. All the woods,  
That meet the happy pathways of the fields,  
Find death a rapture, pouring through their veins.  
The draught none save immortals can endure.  
And oh, the sky! those heights of blue,  
Seen through the arches and gold-fretted domes  
Of lofty elms, how beautiful! They rain  
Thoughts writ in fire, drenching the heart with love.

LOVE.

Love came at dawn when all the world was fair,  
When crimson glories, bloom and song were rife,  
Love came at dawn when hope's wings fanned the air,  
And murmured, "I am life."

Love came at even when the day was done,  
When heart and brain were tired, and plumber pressed;  
Love came at eve, shut out the sinking sun,  
And whispered, "I am rest."

—William Wilfred Campbell, in the Century for October.

ON THE WING.

Sweet Summer's dead! Ah, ye South-steering swallows,  
Hath the day come then for saying Good-bye?  
Fly then, ye roving crew!  
What! will no one of you  
Stay to brave Winter through?  
Neither would I!

Sweet was the song, Singer, just as you sang it once;  
Smiles to the lip you brought, tears to the eye;  
"Sing, sing again," we sighed,  
Lightly you turned aside,  
"Wise little witch!" I cried,  
Neither would I!

Pass round the tankard, boys, while the tap flows for ye,  
Mad, merry hearts, let the foaming jest fly!  
Out in Life's burning sun,  
Man, with a man's work done,  
Would not have missed the fun,  
Neither would I!

How! is the revel done? Bedtime already, Nurse?  
Aye, Sonne, now comes the sweet hush-a-bye!  
Cool the fresh pillow lies,  
He that shuts weary eyes  
Would not sleep otherwise;  
Neither would I!

—Temple Bar.

A BOY AMONG THE BEST BOOKS.

We went from the border to the south of England when the number of my years was six, and in England we found another paradise, a circulating library with brown, greasy, ill-printed, odd volumes of Shakespeare and of the "Arabian Nights." Fragments of *The Tempest* and of other plays remain stranded in my memory from these readings:—Ferdinand and Miranda at chess; Cleopatra cuffing the messenger; the asp in the basket of figs; the Friar and the Apothecary; Troilus on the Ilion walls; a vision of Cassandra in white muslin, with her hair down. People forbid children to read this and that. I am sure they need not, and that even in our infancy the magician, Shakespeare, brings us nothing worse than a world of beautiful visions, half realised. In the Egyptian wizard's little pool of ink, only the pure can see the visions, and in Shakespeare's magic mirror children see only what is pure. Among other books of that time I only recall a kind of Sunday novel, "Naomi; or, The Last Days of Jerusalem." Who, indeed, could forget the battering-rams, and the man who cried on the battlements, "Woe, woe to myself and to Jerusalem!" I seem to hear him again when boys break the hum of London with yells of the latest news.

We left England in a year, went back to Scotland, and awoke, as it were, to know the glories of our birth. We were told about Sir Walter, how great he was, how good, how, like Napoleon, his evil destiny found him at last, and he wore his heart away for honor's sake. And we were given the "Lay" and "The Lady of the Lake." It was my father who first read "Tam O'Shanter" to me, for which I confess I did not care at that time, preferring to take witches and bogies with great seriousness. It seemed as if Burns were trifling with a noble subject. But it was in a summer sunset, beside a window looking out on Ettrick and the hill of the Three Brethren's Cairn, that I first read, with the dearest of all friends, how

"The stag at eve had drunk his fill  
Where danced the moon on Monan's rill,  
And deep his midnight lair had made  
In lone Glenartney's hazel shade."

Then opened the gates of romance. From that time, for months, there was usually a little volume of Scott in one's pocket, in company with the miscellaneous collection of a boy's treasures. Other and better boys, I learn, find Scott "slow." Extraordinary boys! Perhaps "Ivanhoe" was first favorite of yore; you cannot beat Front de Boeuf, the assault on his castle, the tournament. No other tournament need apply. M. Conan Doyle, greatly daring, has attempted to enter the lists, but he is a mere "Ralph the Hospitaller." Next, I think, in order of delight, came "Quentin Durward," especially the hero of the scar, whose name Thackeray could not remember, Quentin's uncle. Then "The Black Dwarf" and Dugald, our dear Rittmeister. I could not read "Rob Roy" then, nor lately; nay, not till this very year. Now, Di Vernon is the lady for me; the queen of fiction, the peerless, the brave, the tender, and true.