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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,
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BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor,

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TOI 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,

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Fresh and Salted Beef, Vegetables,
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Wholesale & Retail Victuallers.

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CANNED GOODS, BOLOGNAS, &c.

6 to 10 Bedford Row,

ESTABLISHED 1864.

HALIFAX, N. S.

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—ARE RECEIVING DAILY—

Blank Books, Memo. Books,

Exercise Books, Note Papers,

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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,
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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.
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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 163.

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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,
3 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

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

WINTER TREES.

Who finds the trees of winter bleak
Has not the poet's sight,
They bear gold sunrise fruit at dawn,
And silver stars at night.

All day they prop the lowering clouds,
No respite do they ask,
And they sing in voices deep and wild,
Like giants at a task.

—Mrs. M. F. Butts, in St. Nicholas.

ENDURANCE.

How much the heart may bear, and yet not break!
How much the flesh may suffer and not die!
I question much if any pain or ache
Of soul or body brings our end more nigh.
Death chooses his own time; till that is worn,
All evils may be borne.

We shrink and shudder at the surgeon's knife,
Each nerve recoiling from the cruel steel,
Whose edge seems searching for the quivering life!
Yet to our sense the bitter pages reveal
That still, although trembling flesh be torn,
This, also, can be borne.

We see a sorrow rising in our way,
And try to flee from the approaching ill,
We seek some small escape—we weep and pray,
But when the blow falls, then our hearts are still—
Not that the pain is of its sharpness shorn,
But think it can be borne.

We wind our life about another life,
We hold it closer, dearer than our own;
Anon it faints and falls in deadly strife,
Leaving us stunned, and stricken, and alone;
But ah! we do not die with those we mourn;
This, also, can be borne.

Behold, we live through all things, famine, thirst,
Bereavement, pain; all grief and misery,
All woe and sorrow; life inflicts its worst
On soul and body, but we cannot die.
Though we be sick, and tired, and faint, and worn;
Lo, all things can be borne.

BOOK GOSSIP.

"One Reason Why," by Beatrice Whitby, has come out as No. 81 of Appleton's Town and Country Library. It is an interesting and well-written novel; a worthy successor of the authoress' other stories so universally popular and widely read. All who have read "The Awakening of Mary Fenwick" will eagerly welcome a new novel by the same hand.

No. 83 of the same admirable library contains "The Johnstown Stage," and other stories, by Robert Howe Fletcher. The story which lends its title to the volume is typical of the others, which are all exceedingly interesting. Quite a number of these collections of short stories have appeared of late, and nothing seems to take better with the reading public. In the volume at hand the scenes of the tales are laid chiefly in the West, and are not unlike, in some respects, the stories told by Bret Harte. They are not all western stories, however, but they are all bright and have plenty of spirit in them. D. Appleton & Co., New York; 50 cents.

Here is another of those delightful Canterbury Poets, which are just the right size for comfortable handling, and contain such admirable selections of verse. This one is "Women Poets" of the Victorian era, edited, with an introduction and notes, by Mrs. William Sharp. All women who love poetry—and most women do—will want to have this book, because it represents the work done and being done by their sisters. The volume is dedicated by the editor to "Mona Caird, the most loyal and devoted advocate of the cause of woman." It contains, besides the introduction and notes, specimens from the poetical works of thirty-five women. There are some favorite writers unrepresented, but as the editor explains in her introduction why it is so, we acquiesce in her judgment. Among the poems which strike us as the finest are "Sudden Death," by May Probyn, "The Wife of Loki," by Lady Charlotte Elliot, and "Forbidden Love," by Violet Fane. The story of Loki and his devoted wife is probably familiar to our readers, but for fear some may have forgotten it we will jog their memories. Loki was condemned by the gods to be bound to a rock, above which a huge snake dropped venom on him without ceasing. His wife, to save him from this "liquid fire of hell," held a cup to receive the drops as they fell, and never left her post. The two concluding stanzas sufficiently explain the spirit of her work:—

"Sometimes the venom overfills
The cup, and she must pour it forth,
With Loki's curses then the hills
Are rent from south to north.

But she in answer only sighs,
And lays her lips upon his face,
And, with love's anguish in her eyes,
Resumes her constant place."

"Forbidden Love" must be our only other specimen, for space grows short:—

"Oh love! thou that shalt rest some
'Neath thy wings, so white and warm,
Wherefore on a bat-like wing
All disguised didst thou come
In so terrible a form?
As a dark forbidden thing,
As a demon of the air—
As a sorrow and a sin,
Wherefore cam'st thou thus to me,
As a tempter and a snare?"