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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, dinner, or supper. Private Dining Room for Ladies. Steaks in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.30.

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BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

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Watches, Clocks, Jewellery,
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Chronometers for sale; Dairyman's Instruments,
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THE DAISY FLY KILLER

Is a pretty house ornament.

Will Kill Flies by the Million.

PATENTED 1888

Thousands being sold every day in United
States and England.

DEMAND AHEAD OF THE SUPPLY.
DON'T FAIL TO GET ONE.

W. H. SCHWARTZ & SONS,

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

Sent to any address on receipt of 30c

NEW GOODS

ARRIVING AT

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Ladies & Gents Tailoring Establishment,
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SOUTH OF Y. M. C. A.

Victoria Mineral Water Works

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Manufacturer of

BELFAST GINGER ALE, AERATED LEMONADE,
SPARKLING CHAMPAGNE CIDER, SODA WATER
and all kinds of MINERAL WATERS.

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1889—SPRING—1889

Inspection invited of my large and well
selected Stock of

SPRING GOODS.

ROBT. STANFORD,
TAILOR,

156 HOLLIS STREET
HALIFAX, N. S.

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
ports West.

Baggage checked through from all stations.
Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents
Intercolonial Railway.

CHIPMAN BROTHERS,

General Agents, Halifax.

NO TASTE!

NO SMELL!

NO NAUSEA!

PUTTNER'S EMULSION

Of Cod Liver Oil,

With Hypophosphites and Pancreatine,

Is largely prescribed by Physicians for

Nervous Prostration, Wasting
and Lung Diseases.

Puttner's Emulsion

Has especially proved efficacious in cases of
WEAK and DELICATE CHILDREN, and those
who are GROWING FAST. For WOMEN who
are debilitated, caused by Nursing, Family
Cares, Over-work, or troubles peculiar to
their sex. For invalids recovering from
sickness it is of the greatest benefit.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION is sold everywhere
for 50 CENTS.

BROWN BROS. & CO.,

CHEMISTS, - - Halifax, N. S.

PRINTING.

Are Second to NONE
in the Maritime
Provinces.

Our Type
Our Prices
Our Facilities

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 sombre 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 in use, sir,
Especially fit for
The many producers.

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

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

THE SONG OF THE SEA.

The song of the sea was an ancient song
In the days when the earth was young;
The waves were gossiping loud and long
Ere mortals had found a tongue;
The heart of the waves with wrath was wrung
Or soothed to a siren strain,
As they tossed the primitive Isles among
Or slept in the open main.

Such was the song and its changes free.
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea took a human tone
In the days of the coming of man;
A mournful meaning swelled her moan,
And fiercer her riots ran;
Because that her stately voice began
To speak of our human woes;
With music mighty to grasp and span
Life's tale and its passion-throes.
Such was the song that it grew to be,
Such was the song of the sea.

The song of the sea was a hungry sound
As the human years unrolled;
For the notes were hoarse with the doomed and drowned,
Or choked with a shipwreck's gold;
Till it seemed no dirge above the mould
So sorry a story said
As the midnight cry of the waters old
Calling above their dead.
Such is the song and its threnody,
Such is the song of the sea.

The song of the sea is a wondrous lay,
For it mirrors human life;
It is grave and great as the judgment day.
It is torn with the thought of strife;
Yet under the stars it is smooth and rife
With lovelights everywhere,
When the sky has taken the deep to wife
And their wedding day is fair—
Such is the ocean's mystery,
Such is the song of the sea.

R. E. BURTON in *Ottawa Evening Journal*.

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Here are some unpretending verses I have come across, written ostensibly for little people, that to my mind contain half the philosophy of life:—

"I'm only in the country for a stay,"
Said he (a little town bird,)
To her (a little brown bird,)
In course of conversation one fine day.

"I think a country life is very slow:
There's really no variety.
You never see society,
You might as well be buried, don't you know.

In town there are so many things to do;
You cut a thousand capers,
You see the daily papers—
I think I'd live in town if I were you."

Said she—"I don't envy you town life;
The village children love me,
The blue sky is above me,
And every day is free from care and strife.
I think," said she, "it is a thousand pities
That little birds should live in great big cities."

Man is truly gregarious, as we learned to say in the little red school house or in the big brick school house, according to where we sat at the feet of learning. In commoner words, most of us are not less fond of playing at "follow your leader" after we come into man's—or woman's—estate than we were of "tag" when we were yet urchins. Why indeed should little brown birds among humanity live where the storks and the peacocks find their greatest satisfaction? It would be politer but less than true to call this average disposition to live just as somebody else does unselfishness. If we are suited to London or New York, and they are suited to us, then we belong there, but if we by nature belong to the hamlet with one shop and no post office why indeed should we be content to let our discriminating power lie dormant, and be cajoled into living and moving and not having our real being where we do not belong? We are fond of saying "order is Heaven's first law," but we surely make it apply too often to the arrangement of closets and chiffonier drawers, and seldom, if ever, to the broad interests of life.

With the multiplication of newspapers confronting one—to change the subject—it is well to review the many ends other than the original one that they may be made to serve. To preserve house plants through a cold night, stand the pots on the floor, or better still on a table, in a circle; put a lighted lamp in the centre of the ring thus made, far enough from the leaves to prevent withering them, and all around outside of the plants pin a couple of layers of newspapers. A soft, old newspaper crumpled up is a capital thing wherewith to "rub off" a stove at intervals between the black-leading processes. Newspapers spread between two quilts of a frosty night are warmer than any blanket. Spread under a carpet of wool, straw or oil cloth they even up irregularities in the floors, save the carpet, and keep out the draughts that work otherwise through poorly-laid floors. A newspaper or two folded and laid between one's shoulders back and front, under one's coat, are equal to an extra wrap in a cold ride. Moths do not like printer's ink, and newspapers are therefore valuable for lining trunks, etc., and for wrapping up garments to be stored away. And so on; so be duly grateful to modern journalism, my dear.