



# BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor  
HALIFAX, N. S.

101 ON PARLE FRANCAISE.

**JOHN PITTERSON,**  
Manufacturer of Steam Boilers,  
For Marine and Land Purposes  
**Iron Ships Repaired.**  
SHIP TANKS, GIRDERS, SMOKE PIPES and all  
kinds SHEET IRON WORK.  
ESTIMATES given on application.  
488 UPPER WATER STREET, Halifax, N. S.

**Ungar's Steam Laundry,**  
62 & 64 GRANVILLE ST.

We have been in the Laundry Business  
overtwenty years in New York and St.  
John, and have always given satisfaction.  
All parties entrusting their work to our  
care will be sure to be satisfied.

Goods called for and delivered free of  
extra charge. TELEPHONE 653.

**MAX UNGAR,**  
PROPRIETOR

**JAS. A. GRAY,**

Undertaker & Embalmer,

239-241 GRAFTON ST.

(Corner Jacob.)

HALIFAX.

TELEPHONE 612.

Fresh and Salted Beef, Vegetables,  
Mutton, Pork, Bread, &c.

**J. A. LEAMAN & CO.**

Wholesale & Retail Victuallers.

AND MANUFACTURERS OF

**CANNED GOODS, BOLOGNAS, & C.**

6 to 10 Bedford Row,

ESTABLISHED 1864 HALIFAX, N. S.

**ONTARIO GLOVE WORKS.**

Brockville, Ont., Canada.

**JAMES HALL & CO.**

Manufacturers of Gloves, Mitts & Moccasins  
In all the Latest Styles, and from the  
VERY BEST MATERIALS.

Our Celebrated INDIAN TAN, OIL TAN and  
COLORED BUCK GOODS, as well as  
OIL FINISHED SARANAS CALF,

Are made from Stock of our own Dressing.

Our Travellers are out with 1892 Samples,  
which represents two favorite lines required  
by THE TRADE.

ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

# CANADA ATLANTIC LINE

**Fastest Route to Boston.**

ONLY REGULAR WEEKLY LINE.

The new Clyde built Steamer

**"PREMIER",**

Having Unsurpassed Accommodations, and  
Saloon Amidships, sails for

**BOSTON**

Every TUESDAY EVENING, at 10 P. M.

Returning leaves BOSTON for HALIFAX  
Every SATURDAY at Noon.

**LOW FARES.**

Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on Inter-  
colonial Railway.

**H. L. CHIPMAN, Agent,**

Halifax, N. S.

**RICHARDSON & BARNARD,**  
Savannah Pier, Boston.

**ARE YOU A CRITIC?**

THEN VISIT THE

**LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 Hollis Street**

and your superior judgment will lead you to  
purchase

A Bottle of Choice Perfumery,  
A Manicure Set,  
A Glove and Handkerchief Set,  
A Brush and Comb Set,  
A Shaving Set, &c.,  
A Pair of Spectacles, in Gold Frames, for your  
mother-in-law, and  
A Bottle of Nibbet's Cocoa Cough Cure, to stop  
that Hacking Cough; prepared by

**J. GODFREY SMITH, Dispensing Chemist,**

Agent for Pebble Spectacles, Opera Glasses,  
Botanical and Miner's Glasses.  
Night Clerk on the Premises. Telephone 513.

**THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC  
LOTTERY.**

**BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892**

7 and 20 January	6 and 20 July
3 and 17 February	3 and 17 August
2 and 16 March	7 and 21 September
6 and 20 April	5 and 19 October
4 and 18 May	2 and 16 November
1 and 15 June	7 and 21 December

**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
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 Prize worth.....\$52,740 00**  
**S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,**  
21 St. James St., Montreal, Canada

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

"TO SLEEP—PERHAPSE TO DREAM—AY! THERE'S THE RUB."

I dreamed that I stood in a lone, dark wood,  
Where giants of old had roamed  
O'er the carpet green; in the silver sheen  
Of the sparkling lake that lay between  
The forest grim and the river broad,  
Where narrowed the brook to a roaring flood,  
Whose waters surged and foamed.

I dreamed that the wood had for years been dead,  
Its skeleton arms were bare.  
No songsters flitted from limb to limb,  
There wandered no deer through its arches dim,  
But withered and dead was each towering head;  
And the fractured boughs, from which life had fled,  
Were bleaching in hundreds there.

I dreamed that the ghost of the ages past  
Came towards me, gliding slow;  
And a breath of woe went moaning through  
That silent wood, and a phantom crew  
Passed through the dead trees like a summer breeze,  
When the weary plowman takes his ease,  
And the evening sun is low.

I dreamed that I heard a whispered word,  
Like the sigh of the sobbing wind;  
'Twas a dreary sigh, that went drifting past,  
Like the ghost of a shriek on the wintry blast,  
And the moaning breath still whispered "Death  
Of all that hath life on this grey old earth  
Not one shall be left behind."

I dreamed that the fear that my time was near  
Like poison affected my blood;  
It grew thick and chill: despite my will  
My breath came feeble and feebler still,  
My sight was dim and my reason awayed,  
My utterance failed e'en while I raised  
A petition for help to God.

I dreamed that a silence profound and deep  
Settled down on my throbbing brain;  
And into my sleep there began to creep  
Sweet visions of home, that like billows did sweep  
All the grisly phantoms of night away,  
As mists are dispersed by the "orb of day"  
And I woke to life again.

I dreamed no more: from the calm lake's shore  
I watched the swallows dart;  
The glorious sun above my head,  
Beneath me a flowery carpet spread,  
The birds 'mid the branches warbled and trilled,  
My eyes, as I listened, with tears were filled,  
And with gratitude my heart.

NEMO.

Halifax, March 1892.

# DRAMA VERSUS MUSIC.

*The Editor of The Critic.*

SIR,—Permit me as one interested to ask a question through the medium  
of your valuable columns as to the relative merits of the above, i. e., their  
merits as educational factors.

On the occasion of our Philharmonic and Choral Societies' Concerts, a  
message was sent to the "powers that be" of our Windsor Ladies' College  
asking that the young ladies be allowed to attend these concerts, and offering  
a rate accorded to the students at the Collegiate School. If my memory  
serves me well, the answer conveyed to me orally by our Secretary was to  
the effect that the authorities in charge deemed it inadvisable to create a  
precedent in the matter of allowing students to attend outside entertainments.

Judge of my surprise when I find quite a number allowed to attend and  
enjoy the dramatic entertainment given by the students of Kings College  
on Monday last. I do not intend to decry the merits of the performance,  
still less would I call into question the educational power of the stage, but  
is this discrimination in the matter of entertainments on the right side?

The object of teaching should be to awaken the critical faculty, and  
opportunities of developing it are certainly essential. The critical is  
necessarily antecedent to the creative. A syllogism holds no less in music  
than logic, comprehension, comparison, conclusion. How attain the second  
if no opportunity is offered?

I will not suppose for an instant that an intentional sneer was implied by  
the refusal of the authorities in re the young ladies taking advantage of such  
musical environment as we have. Even were this so the names of the  
artists who have graced our programmes would be a sufficient offset to such  
an idea.

Among the advantages claimed by the Halifax Conservatory of Music we  
find the fact of a musical environment prominently urged.

It may be claimed that the students at this Windsor institution are,  
musically, too young to be benefitted by attending these concerts, but the  
fallacy of this is apparent when we remember the infinite worth of the early  
calling into being of the critical faculty.

The opportunities enjoyed by the students here are limited to an occas-  
ional musical evening, the closing recitals, possibly a solo, vocal or instru-  
mental, by the teachers, necessarily of rare recurrence in a large school with  
a limited staff.

To view this matter from a broader stand, point, even the recitals are often  
a means of retarding true musical progress. The pupils who are to play  
have to devote much time to conquering technical difficulties, time that could  
be better spent in obtaining analytical knowledge, and so lead them to  
understand and enjoy the work they are undertaking.

This widespread custom of teaching pupils showy pieces may be termed  
the art of musical mnemonics rather than the art of teaching music.