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GREAT VARIETY.

New Goods continually arriving at

PRICES LOWER THAN EVER

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Quickest & Most Direct Route. Low Fares.

The Magnificent Clyde Built Steel S. S.

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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.

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"I heartily recommend

**PUTTNER'S EMULSION**

to all who are suffering from Affections of the THROAT and LUNGS, and I am certain that for WASTING DISEASES nothing superior to it can be obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Diseases for the last five years. About two years ago, during an acute period of my illness, I was advised by my physician to try Puttner's Emulsion. I did so with the most gratifying results. My sufferings were speedily alleviated, my cough diminished, my appetite improved; I added several pounds to my weight in a short time, and began to recover strength. This process continued until life, which had been a misery to me, became once more a pleasure. Since then Puttner's Emulsion has been my only Medicine. As one who has fully tested its worth, I heartily recommend it to all who are suffering from affections of the LUNGS and THROAT, and I am certain that for any form of WASTING DISEASES nothing superior can be obtained."

ROBERT R. J. EMMERSON  
Sackville, N. S., Aug., 1889.

Brown Bros. & Co.

HALIFAX, N. S.

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

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,  
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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 size, and  
Especially fit for  
The many producers.

We print forms of all sorts  
With type ever set,  
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Printing done quickly,  
Bold, stylish and neat,  
By HALIFAX PRINTING CO.,  
At 161 Hollis Street.

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Provinces.  
Our Type  
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A SPECIALTY.  
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Opposite Western Union,  
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**LIFE'S DITHYRAMB.**

Harp of the soul, thy tragic strings  
I sweep with fingers tipped with fire;  
Thrilling thy chords a music rings  
Sweet as the voice of Æolian lyre—  
Timbre of Orphean witchery,  
Soul of seraphic symphony!

Time, it is but the pulse of life.  
Life, it is but the soul of song  
Pain is the sad, discordant strife  
Of jarring notes, of right and wrong;  
Pleasure, a rhythmic rhapsody,  
Love, an harmonious ecstasy.

Peace to thy passions, O my soul!  
Listen to Nature's pulses beat:  
Ripples of mystic music roll  
Through ev'ry atom 'neath thy feet—  
The voiceless music of the stars  
Untimed by measured beats and bars.

Each star a note of purest tone  
Breathes on the ether sea of space:  
Throughout immensity, alone  
It wanders on, nor leaves a trace—  
But deathless as eternity  
Its sad and soulless threnody.

How sweet the murmuring of the rills  
Up springing in the human soul—  
They sing of far-off hidden hills  
Whence parting strains of music roll—  
Ah, could the heart forget its sadness,  
Then were all its music gladness!

The heart of man is but a lyre  
And passion plays upon the strings;  
Once touched and it can never tire—  
The heart that feels forever sings.  
What varied voices have these rills,  
Yet 'tis a single breath that thrills!

Brantford, Ont.

Ruyter S. Sherman in Week.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

**LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.**

Dear Cousin Caryl,—The melancholy days—as Bryant calls the time of falling leaves—are abroad in the land. A week of almost uninterrupted rain and mud turns a city into a dreary spectacle so far as street scenes go, but indoors we are unusually gay, both as to private and public life. The "season" is upon us with its host of attractions from ladies' luncheons—where not a man is to be seen unless he is in a waiter's coat,—to political caucusses, where not a woman is to be seen, to say nothing of the dinners, dances, etc., etc., where men and women meet on the same footing of delightful social intercourse. Not that women are not developing a genuine interest in the government of their land. They are. Some, it must be conceded, are even pretty well up in the caucus methods, but they have not yet invaded the ward room where the petty electioneering is done. At the big public meetings, where the free traders and high tariff men assail each other and their beliefs in grandiloquent speeches, with brass band music at the start and finish, there women gather in goodly numbers, women of every social grade to correspond with their husbands, brothers, fathers and sweet-hearts. When it comes down to action we women are limited so far as voting goes, you know, to the school committee, but even this is a favor worth cherishing. What a citizen I felt, to be sure, when I cast my first ballot!

The stage is in high favor this season, what with real artists the rule in most of the theatres, and make-shifts of performers the exception. By the way, high class public entertainments have led to a delightful form of semi-private entertaining. Theatre parties, concert parties, etc., etc., are quite en vogue, and are, while given by Mrs. Great-House and Mrs. Millions, especially useful forms of entertaining and repaying social debts for those whose abode or income does not permit extravagant outlay. Carriages (where one's guests are not known to have their own,) tickets and a spread of some sort after the opera is over comprise the items of expense. It is a pretty fashion to send flowers to one's guests in advance from the florist's or from one's own conservatories. The spread may be simply pretzels and something to drink with pretzels, supposing one's guests to be fellow-bohemians, or any where along the range of viands up to the elaborate supper given in one's own dining room or at some noted dining place, according to one's resources. In any event, one cannot go astray if she plans the matinee or evening to agree throughout in the details. That is, let there be a fine harmony in the arrangements, whether they be very informal or most formal. For the rest it is only to depend upon one's tact as a hostess to put the people side by side who will have the best time together, providing against the entr'actes and the supper, and so on, that the listener shall find himself vis-a-vis with a good talker, and more of the same sort of skillful maneuvering.

It is by no means limited to cities this sort of party giving. In the remotest district there is sure to be a pantomime or minstrel show or something in the little red schoolhouse that is entertaining. If all one's friends are certain to be there on their own account then is it worth while to go a bit outside one's own circle, to invite a couple or a dozen, as one can, of people whether young or old who would like to go, but cannot perhaps afford it. They will be such a jolly party of delighted souls, and will go home after the lunch of cider and doughnuts, or whatever the host's larder or ingenuity devises, to dream the dull winter through of this one oasis of jollity and good fellowship. Just try this plan with some of the lonely families who live "over the mountains" that you tell me about sometimes. Growing old? But you must not even suggest such a thing to yourself,