

eases. Lunding is tion mione is times the constance illustrates

# THE DOMINION PHINT CO. Ungar's

### MARINE PAINTS

AS BELOW

Ships.
LIQUID MARINE BLACK PAINT.
GREEN "
GREEN "
SEAM PAINT, a Perfect Substitute for Rosin.
Alto,—Black and Bright Varnish, Roofing Pitch,
Tar, &c. Quality guaranteed equal to anything entra charge,
manufactured.

Office & Works, Dartmouth. PHONE 920.

# ARMY & NAVY DEPOT.

by drinking everything they try to CHOICE STOCK FOR SALE. shove off on you. See that you 100 lases Champagne. get the

### ROYAL BELFAST GINGER ALE

Manufactured from the celebrated

# Wilmot Spa Springs 150 Cases Ilolland and Old Tom Gin. and containing all its valuable medi- 300 " Hennessey's Brandy, ", \*\*\*, \*\*\*.

cinal properties.

## HATTIE & MYLIUS,

HALIFAX & NEW GLASGOW.

👼 62 & 64 GRANVILLE ST. ATLANTIC ANTIFOULING COMPOSITION
for Iron Ships.
MOSELEY'S COPPER PAINT, for Wooden
Ships.
LIQUID MARINE BLACK PAINT.
SEAM PAINT, a Perfect Substitute for Resun.

SEAM PAINT, a Perfect Substitute for Resun.

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

MAX UNGAR,

PROPRIETOR.

250 " Clarel.

Still Hock and Sparkling Moselle. 75

" Sauterne Liqueurs. 40

300 Dozen Pale and Brown Sherry.

250 " Fine Port, Extra.

" Scotch and Irish Whisky.

" Old Rye, Walker's.

. 20 Thousand Choice Harana Cigars.

300 lbls. Bass & Younger's Ale, Pts. and Qts.

Jas. Scott &.co.

TELEPHONE No. 243.

### USE

The largest bar and best value in Canada. WE GUARANTEE IT TO BIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

WM. LOGAN.

St. John, N. B.

MOIR, SON & CO.

## MAMMOTH WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bread,

Biscuit,

Confectionery, FruitSyrups, etc., etc.

James Roue,

MANUFACTURER OF

GINGER ALE.

LEMONADE.

SODA WATER, &c.

Salestroom-128, 130 and 132 Argyle Street For full particulars address P. O. Box 406 or

HALIFAX, N. 8.

WOODS' WHARF, HALIFAX, N. S.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

### LETTERS TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl, I am sorry those v men you spoke of are so discontented with their lot in life and their sphoo of action One outcome of the increasing activity of women in the world of affairs is a restlessness among those confined to domestic circles who have no special gift for work outside. They hear of women in colleges, women in the professions, they know of women following pursuits that were once the exclusive province of men, and they are uncomfortably conscious of their remoteness from such distinction. "I do not want to spend my life cooking and washing dishes," protest these malcontents. When asked what they would do instead of housework, the answer is vague and purposeless, from the fact that they have neither natural nor acquired ability for other work. And they some to think that all of us, who are by circumstances perhaps, rather than choice, doing what they term "higher work," think with them, and look down both upon house-work and the doers of house work. Now, Caryl, to the woman who has thought herself clear on the subject an idle, simless life is shameful. She believes that she should do a share of the world's work, and that the. work bounded by the kitchen walls is as honorable as any outside them. The woman who, by her fidelity to what is called monial work, achieves a well-conducted, happy, love-enshrining home,—though her hands are red and her nails ween to the quick,—is we, hy of all honor. If every woman whose Juty binds her to the kitchen would magnify her office by herself, believing in the importance and dignity of her work, it would not be long before others would acknowledge it. I wish every discontented woman in America could feel as I do on this subject. It is not always those who are clad in soft raiment who teach most forcibly the gospel of "high living and high this light." But on the other hand it is most than the always are high thinking." But on the other hand it is pretty hard to keep always up to high-water mark in every day life. There are so many little annoyances in the life of all women, and especially in those who do their own work.

"A fig for your bill of fare, show me your company," was all very well

for Sydney Smith, but the careful housewife and the good hostess has both fare and company so well arranged that no one suspects how much thought she has given to both. "High thinkers," who appear not to know what they are outing when everything is all right, are the quickest to make a cross face like spoiled children and to push their plates from them when not to their taste. Poor Mrs. Carlyle, if she could come back to earth for a day, could tell a tale that would mike my woman thankful not to be married to

a genius, or, at all events, not to: yspeptic one.

Well the time has come for the usual Symphony ticket agitation here.

Every ticket was sold at auction this year, although that did not preclude a good many of them from falling into the hands of speculators. Some of the rehearsal tickets sold at a premium of \$150. Think of that! The same seats for the Saturday evening concerts sold for only \$21 50 premium, which only goes to prove what needs no proving—that the Friday afternoon rehearsals are far more "swell" than the regular concerts. I intend to go, but not to sit in any \$150 seats—O, no!

You wanted mother's receipt for Tomato Catsup. Here it is:1 peck ripe tomatoes, 1 ounce salt, 1 ounce malt, 1 tablespoonful black pepper, 1 terspoonful cayenne, 1 teaspoonful cloves (powdered.) 7 table-spoonfuls ground mustard, 1 tablespoonful celery seed (tied in a muslin bag) Cut a slit in the tomatoes, put into an agate-iron or porcelain kettle, and boil until the juice is all extracted and the pulp dissolved. Strain and press through a collender, then through a hair sieve. Return to the fire, add the seasoning, and boil at least five hours, stirring constantly for the last hour and frequently throughout the time it is on the fire. Let it stand hour, and frequently throughout the time it is on the fire. Let it stand twelve hours in a stone jar on the cellar floor. When cold add a pint of strong vinegar. Take out the bag of celery seed, and bottle, scaling the corks. Keep in a dark, cool place.

If it-does not taste exactly as her's used to, lay something to her peculiar

"knack" at such things.

Boston.

Yours lovingly,

ELEANOR WYNNE.

# LONDON DRUG STORE, 147 HOLLIS ST. A FEW OF THE LATEST BOOKS.



The late R N. Olsbert's Prescriptions at the London Dring Store.

All orders for Flowers, Ac., from the Willow COR. GEORGE & GRANVILLE STS Park Nursery can be left with J. Godfrey Smith. Night Dispenser on the premises.

Telephone call 153.

Chipman Brothers,

WHOLESALE HARDWARE, NAILS, IRON, STEEL, PAINT OILS, GLASS, &c.

AT LOWEST PRICES.

How Came He Dead? by Molloy. 28.
The House on the Scar, by Bertha Thomas. 23.
The Parting of the Ways, by Betham-Edwards, 23.
Master of the Ceremonies, by Fenn. 25.
The Love of a Lady, by Annie Thomas. 25.
What Gold Cannot Buy by Mrs. Alexander. 25.
The Chief Justice, by Karl Emil Franzos. 30.
The Soul of Pierre by Georges Ohnet. 25.
The Picture of Dorien Gray, by Oscar Wilde. 25.
Kreutser Sonata, by Tolstol. 25.
Three Men in a Boat, by Jerome. 25.

London Rubber Stamp M'i'g Co.

Rubber and Metal Stamps, Notarial Seals, Hectograph Copying Pads, Stencil Cutters, &c.

223 HOLLIS ST., Halifax.