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22 SACKVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N. S.
P. P. ARCHIBALD, Prop'r.

This is one of the most quiet, orderly, and well-conducted Hotels in the city. Table always well supplied with the best the market will afford. Clean, well-ventilated Rooms and Beds, and no pains spared for the comfort of guests in every way, and will commend itself to all who wish a quiet home while in the city.

CHARGES MODERATE.

LYONS' HOTEL,

Opp. Railway Depot,
KENTVILLE, N. S.

DANIEL McLEOD, - Prop'r.

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. Oysters in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.30.

W. H. MURRAY, Prop.,
Late Halifax Hotel.

BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL.

Within Two Minutes Walk of Post Office.

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RIALTO RESTAURANT,

Now opened by

CHAS. AU COIN,
(Late B. A. Hotel.) Opp. H. H. Fuller's,
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Inspection invited of my large and well selected Stock of

SPRING GOODS.

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Laundry Work of Every Description
Promptly Attended to.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

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DYES!
Are unequalled for Simplicity of use, Beauty of Color, and the large amount of Goods each Dye will color.

The colors, namely, are supplied:
Yellow, Orange, Eosine (Pink), Bismarck, Scarlet, Green, Dark Green, Light Blue, Navy Blue, Seal Brown, Brown, Black, Garnet, Magenta, Slate, Plum, Drab, Purple, Violet, Maroon, Old Gold, Cardinal, Red, Crimson.

The above Dyes are prepared for Dyeing Silk, Wool, Cotton, Feathers, Hair, Paper, Basket Woods, Linens, and all kinds of Fancy Work. Only 8 cents a Package. Sold by all first-class Druggists and Grocers, and wholesale by the EXCELSIOR DYE CO., C. HARRISON & CO., Cambridge, Kings Co. 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 3 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.

Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents Intercolonial Railway.

CHIPMAN BROTHERS,

General Agents, Halifax

From such Unwelcome Visitors as

Neuralgia, Sore Throat,
Diphtheria, &c., &c.

The surest Protection and Relief is given by

Simson's Liniment.

Mr. Ed. McKinnon, of Hampton, P. E. I., says—"I have never found anything so beneficial for Neuralgia as SIMSON'S LINIMENT."

Mr. Robt. Reid, of Frogmore, P. E. I., says—"Nothing relieves Neuralgia so readily—have tested it, and am assured of its merits."

Mrs. Elizabeth Paquette, of St. Thomas, Que., says—"After suffering excruciating agony with Neuralgia for two sleepless nights, I found relief by inhaling and bathing the affected parts with SIMSON'S LINIMENT. Fifteen minutes after using it every vestige of the pain had disappeared. There never was anything so effective."

Simson's Liniment

is just the Remedy every one has long been looking for. One trial will assure you of its reliability.

Sold everywhere. Manufactured by

BROWN BROS. & CO.

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in the Maritime
Provinces.

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Our Prices
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Telegraph Office, Halifax 161 HOLLIS ST

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 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.

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Especially fit for
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With type ever set,
Legal, commercial,
Or houses to let.

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

WOMAN'S WAY.

Aye that's our woman's way.

We lean our faith
Upon one thing, which often proves too weak
And falls us. We are given over much
To trust our heart—whole heart—into one hand
That, growing weary, lets it drop, perhaps,
And then we pick it up and weep to find
That it is broken.

Were I only strong
(Which is to say no woman) I would strip
From out my heart and out my reeling brain
The tortuous thought of him who proved so false,
As I have stript my finger of my ring
That means no more now than a band of gold.
If I were strong, I'd never go at eve.
When all the fireflies, like sparks of light
Dropped from the mystic, burning star, are out,
And sitting low, and playing hide-and-seek
With pretty buds: and every breeze let loose
Is making havoc of the golden wheat—
I'd never go, with hurried, stealthy tread,
To where we stood together at the gate
One time, and not so very long ago—
To stand alone now. Aye that's sad; at least
It's sad to dream on the impossible.
To stand and think with mournful eyes and lips—
More desolate sure, then wet and easeful tears—
Upon the past.

Why, sometimes, I confess
The life-blood rushes backward on my heart,
As if to hush its throbbing, just because
I think I hear a step that sounds like his.
Ah, yes! the best of us are only weak.
If I were strong, I'd brand his image false,
And stamp it into powder 'neath my feet.
Instead, I've got it still. I've laid it by
Among his letters.

On dreary winter nights,
When I am sitting by my lonely hearth,
I count them over, and I think how once
He sat so near me on that other chair—
(Which I have kept there still, because I'm weak).
So near our hands met. Just to break the still.
That grows so mournful, I can hear my tears.
In low half whispers I repeat, sometimes,
The sweet, fond love names ever on our lips—
Elsewise I had forgotten how they sound.
If I were strong, and he should come to-night
And stand before me on the threshold there,
With outstretched hands, the love light in his eyes
(That once I deemed unquenchable) relit;
If peradventure, he should come (and I
Were strong, you understand), I'd fling my scorn
Into his face and bid him go, and cry:
"I have forgot you and those blissful days—
I've bound my heart up, far off from your reach,
And all your love could never touch it now!"
If I were strong!

I think if he should come,
And stand upon the threshold there some day,
And whisper once: "My wife"—no other word—
I think I'd say: "Come in; I've kept your place,"
Well, I'm a woman, and we're very weak.

CORA FABBRI.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTERS TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl:—This is the little poem of John Boyle O'Reilly's you asked for. You may like, too, to see the answer to it, which was published, I believe, anonymously.

QUESTION.

"Joys have three stages, Hoping, Having and Had.
The hands of Hope are empty, and the heart of Having is sad;
For the joy we take, in the taking dies, and the joy we had is its ghost.
Now which is best—the joy to come, or the joy we have clasped and lost?"

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ANSWER.

"That Hope is sweeter than memory, we all by experience know:
What thought do we give to the argosies that landed a year ago?
Our hearts are not with the ship in port, but we gaze across the foam
And watch with eagerly longing eyes for the vessel that's coming home"

And we do do just that, do we not?

Caryl, dear, it is very sweet of you to care at all for these haphazard chronicles of my short-comings and long-goings. My conscience smites me for writing so seldom to you, but—well, you are generosity itself, and from this on I shall try to send you a weekly budget.

And so Aunt Sally has really gone to England, and the care of the household has fallen upon your shoulders. I do not believe you will "find it a bore," my dear, at all. It very likely would have been years ago, when the ability to keep house well was supposed to be a "gift," bestowed only upon the favored of heaven. But now that housekeeping has been reduced to a science, its secrets are open to everyone who will take the trouble to learn them. You will find housekeeping as fascinating as—botany, that is still your pet study is it not? Are there any cooking schools near you? You remember how they were laughed at as only another "fad" when they were first opened here, but they get only profoundly respectful attention now, and they are here to stay. Everybody goes—mistresses and maids, Back Bay's society girls, and South End's less aristocratic maidens. While I think of it, let me tell you of a nice way that we have just learned to prepare a tongue for the breakfast or lunch table, or for a little entrée at dinner.

First, par-boil and skin the tongue; trim it neatly, mince two boiled onions and a bunch of parsley together, mix with these three tablespoonfuls of fine cracker crumbs seasoned with a trifle of cayenne, a blade of mace and six pounded cloves, spread the seasoned crumbs over the tongue

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