

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. Steers 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.

DUNCAN BROUSSARD, - Proprietor,

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BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

91 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S.

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93 HOLLIS ST.

MINING SUITS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

HOURS 9 A. M. TO 6 P. M.

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

E. MAXWELL & SON'S,

Ladies & Gents Tailoring Establishment,

68 Granville St.,

SOUTH OF Y. M. C. A.

Victoria Mineral Water Works

W. H. DONOVAN, Prop.

Manufacturer of

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

22 GRANVILLE ST., Halifax, N. S.

1889—SPRING—1889

Inspection invited of my large and well
selected Stock

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
points West.

Baggage checked through from all stations.

Through Tickets For Sale by all Agents
Intercolonial Railway.

CHIPMAN BROTHERS,

General Agents, Halifax.

"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 DIS-
EASES nothing superior to it
can be obtained."

"I have been suffering from Pulmonary Diseases
for the last five years. About two years ago, dur-
ing 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, 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 recom-
mend 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.

PRINTING.

Our Type
Our Prices
Our Facilities
Our Specialties
Show Printing
A SPECIALTY.
HALIFAX PRINTING COY.,
161 HOLLIS ST.

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 sordid 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 welcome 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 house to let.

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

IN THE HEART OF THE WOODS.

Such beautiful things in the heart of the woods!
Flowers and ferns, and the soft green moss,
Such love of the birds, in the solitude,
Where the swift wings glance, and the tree-tops toss;
Spaces of silence, swept with song,
Which nobody hears but the God above;
Spaces where myriad creatures throng,
Sunning themselves in his guarding love.

Such safety and peace in the heart of the woods,
Far from the city's dust and din,
Where passion nor hate of man intrudes,
Nor fashion nor folly has entered in.
Deeper than hunter's trail hath gone
Glimmers the tarn where the wild deer drink;
And fearless and free comes the gentle fawn
To peep at herself o'er the grassy brink.

Such pledge of love in the heart of the woods,
For the Maker of all things keeps the least,
And over the tiny flowerets broods,
With care that for ages has never ceased.
If He care for this, will He not for thee
Thee, wherever thou art to day?
Child of an infinite Father, see;
And safe in such gentlest keeping stay.

Margaret E. Sangster.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—Gouffe, the French cook, says for frying, the light colored drippings of roast beef, and the fat taken from broth after being clarified, are best. Next to these in value is beef suet chopped fine, and melted down over a slow fire until the pan is visible through the fat. To clarify drippings, put a few slices of raw potatoes at a time in a little of the fat over a slow fire. The impurities collect on the potatoes, and are then easily removed. Repeat until the fat is clear.

To cook green corn so that it is at its best, strip off the outer husks, turn the inner ones carefully back, remove all the silk, put the inner husks in place again about the ear, fasten with a stitch or two of coarse thread, and boil for thirty minutes in well-salted water that is boiling when the corn is put in the pot. Cut the stalks off close to the cob, wrap each ear (stripped of its husks,) in a napkin, and serve.

Fashion's forerunners say velvet, plain and rich, is to be in high favor soon.

You wish the witches would fly away with the broken bread that accumulates in spite of your efforts? Then you can never have tried any of the delicious modes of using up these inevitable odd bits that "Beauty" writes about in the London *Queen*, and she says the difficulty in their house is not how to dispose of spare bread, but to ensure a sufficient supply without waste. Try this:

Soak some stale bread (a good plateful,) in boiling water till soft, but not pappy. Then strain off the water, and replace it by half a pint of cold milk, sweetened to taste. Add two eggs, (the whites and yolks beaten separately, the former till pretty stiff, the latter till quite light,) a grate of lemon peel, and four dozen to six dozen dried cherries or sultanas. Pour into a well-buttered mould, and steam steadily for two and a half hours, and serve with sweet sauce flavored with lemon, colored with a drop or two of saffron or carmine, and sprinkled with desiccated cocoanut.

Boiled bread-crumbs are lighter than freshly grated bread, so put your broken pieces, crumbs made in cutting bread, etc., in the oven until crisp. Then pound and sift them. They are nice for a variety of puddings, and are invaluable for fried fish, cutlets, croquettes, and scalloped meat and fish.

Bread fritters you will find a nice dish for breakfast or lunch. Boil half a pint of milk till reduced one half, with a little salt, sugar to taste, a tiny piece of lemon peel, finely shredded, and half a teaspoonful of orange flower water, though this last is not essential. Cut rounds of bread with a cutter half an inch thick, and an inch and a half to two inches in diameter. Soak in the mixture till the bread has absorbed what it will. Drain, flour lightly, and fry in boiling lard.

The secret of frying is in having the lard *boiling*, and in having enough of it in the dish to float whatever is being cooked. The boiling liquid sears the outside of the food, and the fat does not penetrate it. The mode of cooking, incorrectly called frying, where a pan is merely greased with fat, is an abomination to a delicate palate. It is wasteful, unwholesome and unpalatable. The substance cooked is so long in the process, it is made tough and leathery. The upper surface cools off while the lower is sizzling and blistering, and when the food is turned, the fat enters the pores of the meat, fish croquettes or whatever—cooled to receive it,—and the result is a most unhygienic dish to set before a king or a plain citizen.

A level head and a loyal heart are so hampered by a dyspeptic stomach, it is worth while to count cooking—cooking that is worthy the name, that is—an accomplishment. The average housewife is pretty apt to confound economy with going without. Now, economy means merely thrifty management. Very many recipes vouched for as wholesome, and warranted to give an agreeable variety to the table, call oftentimes for a little of one thing or another that is not included in the list of the commonest ingredients. It is worth while for the housekeeper to provide herself with these—luxuries, if you will call them so. Their first cost is not great, a little of each goes a long way, and in the long run they are most economical investments, since by their aid commonplace foods are dressed up in inviting forms, and no drop or crumb goes to waste. A good French cook will ask for forty things that an American (meaning every nationality that goes to make up the American, so called) cook does not know the use of, but what with her faculty of making the most of everything,—waste being an unknown term