Halifax Hotel

HALIFAX, N. S.

THE LARGEST & MOST COMPLETE HOTEL IN THE LOWER PROVINCES.

Has been lately fitted with all modern improvements, making it one of the Leading Hotels in Canada.

H. HESSLEIN & SONS, PROPS

ALBION HOTEL

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 allord. Clean, well-ventilated Rooms and Ileds, and no pains spared for the comfort of guests in every way, and will commend uself 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. (OPPOSITE PROVINCIAL BUILDING.)

The moest place in the City to get a lunch, din ner, or supper. Private Dring Room for Ladies. Oysters in every style. Lunches, 12 to 2.30. W. H. MURRAY. Prop.,

HOTEL LOLD, Main Street, Yarmouth, N. S. Pig Iron Bar Iron Lead Tin An

Fred. C. Ryerson, Prop'r. BRITISH AMERICAN HOTEL OPPOSITE JOHN TOBIN & CO.'S RALIFAX.

Terms, \$1.00 per Day. CHAS. AuCOIN, Proprietor.

The Yarmouth Steamsh.p Co. SHIP (LIMITED)

The Shortest and Best Route between Nova Scotia and Boston.

The new steel steamer YARMOUTH will leave Voin can for Boston every WEDNESDAY and BATURDAY EVENTNUS after arrival of the train of the Western Counties Rallway, commencing March 17th.

Returning, will leave Lewis' Wharf, Boston, at 10 a m, every Tuesday and Friday, connecting at Varmouth with train for Halifax and intermediate station.

Yarmouth with train for Halitax no incomparation.

The YARMOUTH is the fastest steamer plying between Nova Scotla and the United States, being fitted with Triple Expansion Englines. Electric Lights, Steel Steering Gear, Bilge Keels etc., etc., S.S. CITY OF ST. JOHN leaves Hanfax every MONDAY EVENING, and Yarmouth every THURSDAY.

For Tickets, Staterooms, and all other information, apply to any Ticket Agent on the Windsor and Annapolis or Western Counties Railways, W. A. CHASE,

Agent.

President and Manager.

J. J. MoLELLAN,

117 Argyle Street, Halifax.

Headquarters for WRAPPING PAPER, PAPER BAGS, TWINES, &c.

Do you want Clean Hands?

Everyone, no matter what the occupation, may have

CLEAN HANDS,

BY 1/8186

Bailey's Rubber Toilet Brush

It removes lik, Tar, Grease, Paint, Iron Stains, and everything foreign to the skin by simply using with soap and water. ITNEVER DECOMES FOUL, and will not injure or rupture the most delicate skin, and is invaluable to the Farmer. Painter, Blacksmith, Penman, Machinist, Printer, Shoemaker, etc., etc. Specially valuable to the LADIES.

PRICES—Small size 25c. each; large size 50c ea., 3x1 inches; Flesh Brush, \$1.60 ca.

For sale by

HATTIE & MYLIUS,

ACADIA DRUG STORE.

155 HOLLIS ST. HALIFAX.

W. L. TEMPLE, Wholesale Tea Importer,

AND COMMISSIONS.

Excellent values in Saryunes, Padraes, &c.

223—225 HOLLIS ST HALIFAX, N. S.

HALIFAX, N. S.

CARRY THE LARGEST STOCK

Heavy Hardware

In the Maritime Provinces.

Antimony

Iron Boiler Plates Steel Steel Boiler Tubes
Boiler Rivets
Steam Tubes,

-ALSO-

Portland Cement, Fire Brick and Clay, Moulders' Sand,

FOUNDRY SUPPLIES,

Linseed Oil, White Leads, Cordage, Oakums, and a full assortment of

CHANDLERY

--- vnn---

SHELF HARDWARE.

\$5,000 A YEAR TO GOOD SALESMEN.

New Goods. Outfit Free. Address at once,

L. D. STAPLES, Portland, Mich.

EXCELSIOR PACKAGE



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, Scal Brown Brown, Black,
Garnet, Magenta, Slate, Plum, Drab, Purple,
Violet, Maroon, Old Gold, Caruinal, Red,
Crimon.

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

SOOTHING.

f aimless wandered thro' the woods, and flung
My idle limbs upon a soft brown bank,
Where, thickly strown, the worn-out russet leaves
Rustled a faint remonstrance at my tread.
The yellow fungi, shewing pallid stems,
The measy lichen creeping o'er the stones
And making green the whitened hemlock-bark,
The dull wax of the woodland lily-bud,
On these my eye could rest, and I was still
No sound was there save a low murmured cheep
From an ambitious nestling, and the slow
And oft-recurring plash of myriad waves
That spent their strength against the unheeding shore.
Over and through a spreading undergrowth
I saw the gleaming of the tranquil sea.
The woody scent of mosses and sweet ferns,
Mingled with the fresh brine, and came to me,
Bringing an opiate to my ceaseless pain:
A quietness stole in upon me then,
And o'er my soul there passed a wave of peace.
Sornie M. Almon.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

A HOMILY FOR "TAIL-TWISTERS."

The British Empire and the United States comprise almost a quarter of the land area of the earth, more than a quarter of its population, and more than half of its wealth, power and civilization. No other great power is growing so fast as either of them. Allied they might "dominate the world and dictate peace to the too heavily armed nations." The Britisher or Yankee who cannot recognise the grand position of his race, and its limit-less possibilities and responsibilities, is a dolt. The Britisher or Yankee who does recognise these things and yet, for fancied party advantage, stirs up ill-feeling between the two great kindred powers, is an enemy of mankind. In risking a fratricidal war between them, he risks the loss of their controlling influence ... the prosperity and proce of the world—and this for a small and uncertain gain. Like Judas, such a man would betray his master for a moderate consideration, but I don't think he would have Judas's scruples about pocketing the boodle. F. BLAKE CROFTON.

FOR THE CRITIC.

OUR NEW YORK LETTER,

NEW YORK, August 9th, 1888.

Taking a leisurely walk one afternoon, for the purpose of making personal observations upon whatever came under my notice, I found myself drifting into one quarter of the city commonly known as "Little Italy."

To some persons this place would be decidedly objectionable, but to others, rather interesting. Of course, I speak of those who make all sorts and conditions of men and women their especial study.

The novelist in search of characters for a sensational story, in which ban-

dits play a prominent part, would not have to go far.

They stumble right across your path, these Italian men of the bandit type, sunning themselves in the open air.

Others again, are more actively engaged in playing cards, not merely for pleasure, it seems, judging by their eager, animated countenances and loud

gestures, but for gain. The one dream of their life is money, and America is the mine from which they expect to delve it. Many have found their efforts successful,

and others have sadly fostered hopes never to be realized. One's imagination (as is very frequently the case) plays sad havoc with

one's life. It travels so much swifter than our bodies, transforming in an instant the most prosaic idea into one of the most beautiful.

So it is with these Italians; they dream and build their castles in the air, only to see them vanish into nothing. It is very rare, indeed, to see a really beautiful Italian woman. They are for the most part black-haired, dark-complexioned, heavy-browed, and coarse featured. Concerning their dress, one can plainly see that they do not trouble the fashion books much.

Regardless of color or style, they don any flashy material that takes their fancy, and when arrayed, remind one of a squaw who considers herself hand-some in such attire. I think that they are very fond of their children, who, by the way many a child might envy their case and grace in dancing.

It is really wonderful, and not unworthy of admiration, to see these dusky little boys and girls whirling round and round to the music of the band, their mothers calmly looking on, apparently enjoying the simple pleasure of their offspring.

Scenes like this, I suppose, revive within their breasts memories of their own beloved Italy. Taking them altogether, the most wretched-looking spemens among them are the female rag-pickers. In spite of their dirty, ragged attire, they are thrifty enough to possess a bank account of sometimes from \$1,000 to \$1,500.

The foreign element is so largely represented in New York that it is rather a difficult matter to come across a genuine "Yankee." Now and again, one will see a regular "down-easter," whose appearance closely recembles the "Uncle Sam" caricatured so often by the artists of the comic papers. Though they affect a different style of dress than that in which "Uncle Sam" is represented, yet the chin-whisker and lanky appearance betray at the common their retionality. once their nationality.

The homeliness of elderly American women is a noteworthy fact whichit is impossible to ignore in New York. I have scanned the farces of nearly every old lady worth scrutinizing, but beauty seems to have deserted them in the autumn of their lives, leaving nothing but the sere and yellow leaf. The young ladies however, carry their letter of recommendation to perfec-