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Iron Ships Repaired.
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In all the Latest Styles, and from the
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Our Celebrated INDIAN TAN, OIL TAN and
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Our Travellers are out with 1892 Samples,
which represents the favorite lines required
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CANADA ATLANTIC LINE

Fastest Route to BOSTON.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

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Sails from HALIFAX TO BOSTON,
WEDNESDAY, May 4,

At 8 o'clock, a.m., and every WEDNESDAY
following. Returning FROM BOSTON every
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Passengers arriving by train Tuesday evening
can go directly on board steamer.
Through Tickets for sale at all Stations on Inter-
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NEW STOCK, NEW PATTERNS:

Fancy Checked Tweed Waterproof
Cape Coats, 52 to 58 inches long.

Black Cashmere Cape Coats, Black
Winchesters'.

Boys' and Youths' Black Cape
Waterproof Coats.

BEST ENGLISH MAKES.

JUST OPENED AT

FREEMAN ELLIOT'S,

Opposite Halifax Club.

THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC LOTTERY.

BI-MONTHLY DRAWINGS IN 1892

7 and 20 January	6 and 20 July
3 and 17 February	3 and 17 August
2 and 16 March	7 and 21 September
6 and 20 April	5 and 19 October
4 and 18 May	2 and 16 November
1 and 15 June	7 and 21 December

3134 Prizes Worth \$52,740.

Capital Prizeworth \$15,000.

TICKET, - - - - \$1.00

QUARTER TICKET - - 25c.

ASK FOR CIRCULARS

List of Prizes.

1 Prize worth 15,000.....	\$15,000 00
1 " " 5,000.....	5,000 00
1 " " 2,500.....	2,500 00
1 " " 1,250.....	1,250 00
2 Prizes " 500.....	1,000 00
5 " " 250.....	1,250 00
100 " " 50.....	1,250 00
200 " " 25.....	2,500 00
200 " " 15.....	3,000 00
500 " " 10.....	5,000 00
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 " " 25.....	2,500 00
100 " " 15.....	1,500 00
100 " " 10.....	1,000 00
999 " " 8.....	4,995 00
999 " " 5.....	4,995 00

3134 Prizes worth.....\$52,740 00
S. E. LEFEBVRE, Manager,
81 St. James St., Montreal, Canada.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

ALONE!

Ah fair white rose so pure and sweet,
Sadly thy petals fall at my feet,
Thy beauty and fragrance are passing away;
The sunshine has fled, the sky is gray,
And I am alone!

I knew a maid, fair rose, like thee,
And I loved her dearly, as she loved me,
But, alas! ere the sweets of summer had fled
She lay 'neath the flowers, my dear one, dead!
And I am alone!

Ah, me, the winter of life is here,
No friend to love, no voice to cheer;
I would I too lay dead, my sweet,
And thou, oh rose, bloomed o'er our feet;
No more alone!

ROBIN ADAIR.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

THE METROPOLIS OF CANADA.

One can scarcely expect to see all the places of interest in a city like Montreal in the space of eight days, but an active and energetic young person can do a great deal of sight-seeing in that short time if things are managed well. It is both a pleasure and a duty for me to advise all and several the persons who intend travelling in our Dominion, to include a copy of Appleton's Canadian Guide Book as one of the essentials of their outfit. I can testify to the pleasure with which I have perused its well-written pages, and the great help it has been to me in finding out what I ought to see and the best way to see it. The interesting little bits of history and poetry so felicitously introduced by its able author, Professor Roberts, add a charm and grace usually lacking in such hand-books. Take my word for it, that the volume will prove one of the best travelling companions imaginable, and do not think of setting forth without a copy of it.

The art exhibition, to which I referred last week, continues to attract numerous visitors, but still not so many people as one would expect are found looking at the works of art displayed. I visited the gallery, which is finely situated on Phillips' Square, once again by daylight, which made things much more satisfactory to behold. The exhibition has a number of defects, which the press of Montreal has not been slow to point out and condemn. The most glaring of these is in the hanging of the pictures. One has to nearly dislocate one's convex vertebrae in order to look at some fine pictures which are "skied," while others, notably poor, are hung on the line. The critics are waxing wrathful over this mismanagement, and the hanging committee would do well to hang their heads with shame over the sad results of their efforts. Halifaxians will like to hear that a very good plaster bust of Rev. Principal George Grant, formerly of Halifax, is on exhibition. It is the work of Hamilton McCarthy, R. C. A., of Toronto, and is a very good likeness.

In the presence of three portraits by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, A. R. C. A., it is difficult to realize that the same hand could have painted the original from which the "Type of Canadian Beauty" presented with the Christmas *Dominion Illustrated* was taken. Readers of THE CRITIC may remember that that atrocious libel on our fair countrywomen was duly dealt with as it deserved, but I have nothing but praise for Mr. Forster's portraits of Miss Maude, Mr. Sandford Flemming and the Artist's Mother. The first mentioned is a particular pleasing picture, soft in coloring, and the fair and thoughtful-looking young lady portrayed stands in a graceful and natural position, with an open book in her hand. I say again, it is hard to understand that the "type" came from the same hand—it must have been a mistake. There were two theatrical attractions during Easter week which drew well. One was Marie Tempest in the "Tyrolean" at the Academy of Music, and the other Herrmann, the great prestidigitateur, at the Queen's theatre. The "Tyrolean" is a poor opera, being almost plotless, but the prima donna is equal to the emergency, and her acting and singing make up for all deficiencies. Her nightingale song never failed to bring down the house, and "Sing Again, Sing Again, Nightingale, That Sweet Song," is just what the raptured audience wanted Miss Tempest to do. Many people have been going in every night at the time for the nightingale song, just to hear it and nothing else. The support was not of the best, but Fred Solomon was successful in keeping the audience thoroughly amused. The other two funny fellows were displeasing to refined tastes, for they overdid everything they undertook.

Herrmann, with his wonderful black art and many tricks, slight of hand, etc., was well worth seeing, albeit his attractions were not new. He does the old tricks so splendidly that they almost possess the charm of novelty, and the "Slave Girl's Dream" was a masterpiece of his art. Many of you perhaps have seen this trick, if it may be so called, or at least heard of it. It consists of poisoning a lady, Madam Herrmann in this case, entirely without any visible support for her body saving a slender rod touching the table beneath and her arm near the elbow. To all appearance the lady is poised in the air without support, and such representations as the angel Gabriel with a trumpet, in which act the body is in a horizontal position, are assumed under the direction of Herrmann, who makes us believe he has mesmerized his subject, and the illusion is well carried out.

But enough of tricks; I have just finished reading a well-written and interesting book, "The Story of Philip Methuen," by Mrs. J. H. Medell, published by D. Appleton & Co., New York. I may safely say that readers will find it one of the most interesting that has appeared of late in the "Town and Country," or any other library. The characters are remarkably well-drawn, and possess each an individual interest. Philip Methuen, the