

Gold Mining Supplies!

The best class of Goods at the Lowest Prices can be bought at

H. H. FULLER & CO'S.
41 to 45 UPPER WATER STREET.

We make a specialty of everything needed in GOLD and COAL MINING, and RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION. As we always keep a large Stock on hand, we can guarantee prompt delivery of any orders entrusted to us. Enquiries by mail always receive our prompt and careful attention.

H. H. FULLER & CO.
General Hardware Merchants,
Halifax, N. S.

Lloyd Manufacturing & Foundry Co.

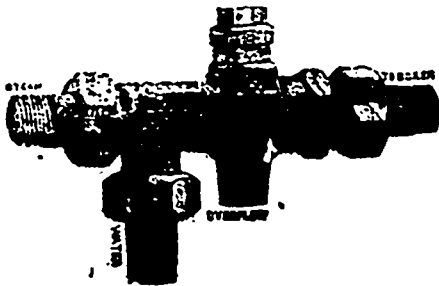
(LIMITED.)

Kentville, Nova Scotia.

MANUFACTURERS OF

LANE'S IMPROVED ROTARY SAW MILLS,
LLOYD'S SHINGLE MACHINES,
CYLINDER STAVE MILLS,
HEADING ROUNDERS,
BUZZ AND SURFACE PLANERS,
AND ALL KINDS OF SAW MILL AND MINING MACHINERY.

W. & A. MOIR,
MECHANICAL ENGINEERS, Halifax, N. S.



THE
Metropolitan Automatic Injector

for Feeding all kinds of Boilers, is the best in the market. Simple in construction, perfectly automatic, works as well on water pressure as on a lift.

Send for descriptive circular.

Special attention given to Building and Repairing

MARINE ENGINES and
OTHER MACHINERY.

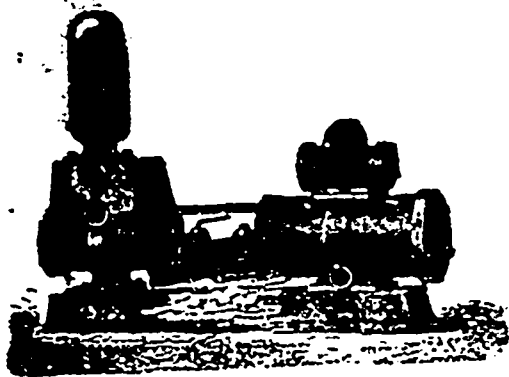
MACDONALD & CO.

(LIMITED)

HALIFAX, N. S.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in
PUMPING MACHINERY
FOR MINERS' USE,
IRON PIPES AND FITTINGS, &c.

COPPER PLATES, PLAIN & SILVERED, STEAM ENGINES,
PUMPS, STONE BREAKERS,
STAMP MILLS, ROTARY SAW MILLS
SHINGLE MILLS, STAVE PLANERS,
RUBBER AND LEATHER BELTING,



CYLINDER AND
MACHINE OILS.

Drill Steel,

Picks,

Shovels,

ETC., ETC.

AUSTEN BROTHERS,
HALIFAX, N. S.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

LETTER TO COUSIN CARYL.

Dear Cousin Caryl,—The artistic temperament? Well, just what do you mean by that? Can you name two men more thoroughly artists than Alma Tadema and Elihu Vedder? Well, to illustrate the difference in these apostles, here is a tale that has just crept into print. Tadema lives, as you know, in London. He is an aristocrat to his finger tips, is a great friend of the Prince of Wales, lives in princely style himself, and is correspondingly proud of his social position. Vedder, on the other hand, is a thoroughly rough-and-tumble character, careless as to dress, indifferent to usages and traditions, wholly insensible to the nice requirements of society—a Bohemian to a degree. At one time he visited the Tademas, and the morning after his arrival at their house Mrs. Tadema was awakened by a rude knocking at her chamber door. Much alarmed, she aroused her husband, who demanded in fierce tones what was wanted. It was Vedder who was at the door, and he answered in a voice loud enough to be heard all over the house: "I say, Tadema, old chap, where do you keep the scissors that you trim your cuffs with?"

Not *the* artistic temperament, but artistic temperaments, we need to say. Vedder's naïve query is but one case in point. Artists differ as much in themselves as do people from wholly opposed occupations. If it comes to that, we are all artists of one or another degree, I suppose, whether we paint on canvas or sign-boards, play on a violin or a cricket ground.

Was there ever a subject so complex, so mystifying, so interesting as society, meaning the Four Hundred and the Fifty Thousand together? But, of course not, for society includes everything below the sky and above the sea, and has intimate relations with the infinite that stretches away on either side.

Ah, me! It's well to turn speculative, but, after all, this present existence must keep the proportions exact, and the material world is the one at hand.

And so you are going to build this spring. What a good time you will have planning the house. I know it will be just delightful, because you are certain to have it in harmony with yourselves and its surroundings. Do you know, I verily believe that very many people who "adore" art have no conception that every house is not equally well fitted to every site. The cost alone is actually the only thing ever taken into consideration by these ignoramuses. For example, can anything be more incongruous than a brick house in a lovely wooded region or among rolling meadows. Still you always find a pretentious brick abode in every village and country district. It advertises, you see, that the proprietor had shekels enough to buy bricks, to import them if need be. Then there is the "Queen Anne" cottage (that would make Queen Anne turn in her grave if it but dawned upon her unconsciousness that it bore her name) that is often but a thing of shreds and patches, ostensibly "picturesque," but oftener a nightmare of ugliness viewed from any standard of genuine artistic merit, and that is not all, if this pseudo-artistic cottage were always set amid picturesque surroundings, where nature in some degree made up for its mistakes, it would not be so painfully positive; but no: here a Queen Anne, everywhere a Queen Anne, says the inconsiderate builder, and, as a result, we have be-gabled, be-porched and be-turreted houses set on square plots of ground, with prim, stiff little fences all about them, and trig brick side walks in front, with other counterfeit picturesque multi-covered houses on either hand in other little square and correctly prim little yards; and so on up and down the very proper street.

Then, given a country place, where nothing is laid out at right angles, where all nature is artistically unconventional, and what is the average house there? A picture-que building so designed and situated and flanked by trees and shrubs as to make it look like part and parcel of the surroundings? Oh, not at all, at least not very often. The new country house is apt to be a square structure, painted some staring color that forces it upon the attention, often about as picture-que as an enlarged dry goods box with several windows and a door added.

It is a fact that the average builder does not take the surrounding landscape into account, and equally a fact that he should. I hope you will model your new house something like the lovely old one, that dear old gray house that does not look as if it had rained down or been moved on to the ground during the forenoon, but as if it had grown there with the trees, and been smiling hospitality and singing of home life from the beginning.

Ugh! Those painfully incongruous houses in city or village that look self-conscious and new and awkward! I always feel like pitying the people who live in them.

And now for something to eat. Here is a recipe for roasting beef as it should be done:—

Wipe and skewer; season with salt and pepper, and dredge with flour. Roast in a hot oven, basting often. The tip of the sirloin is the most juicy, and is considered the best for roasting, but the first cut of the rib is very good. Remove the bones from the flank end of the roast, fold over and skewer. Put the bones in the bottom of the pan, so as to get as much fat as possible for the gravy. Set the meat on a rack in the dripping-pan, the bone side up, and dredge with salt, pepper and flour. Some think the salt draws the juices from the meat, but, if this is so, the flour forms a paste which prevents their escaping. Roast a six-pound piece an hour and twenty minutes; a good rule is twenty minutes to a pound. After the roast has cooked on one side the required time, turn the bone side down, and finish roasting. Do not put any water in the pan until the meat is partly done; if you do, the meat cannot get above the temperature of boiling water, which is 212 degrees, while it should be 400 degrees to have the meat tender and juicy. The meat should be basted five or six times with the fat in the bottom of the pan. Do not omit the rack ever in roasting meats.