

"I am sure," interrupted Arley Ransome, "that Lord Caraven always seems kind to you."

"Kind!" she repeated. "He does not beat me; he is just as kind to his favorite dog as he is to me. Kind! That is not the relationship that should be between husband and wife; he does not love me, and he never will. Think of that—remember how young I am, how lonely. How am I to live through the stretch of years? My husband, papa, rarely speaks to me; he never takes the least interest in me. I do not believe that if I fell dead at his feet he would attempt to raise me from the ground."

"You exaggerate, my dear; it will all come right in time," he said soothingly.

"It will never come right for me, papa—and you know it."

With a passionate gesture she rose from her seat. She went over to him and laid her hands on his shoulders. She raised her sad beautiful face to his.

"Father," she said, "I am frightened at myself. I cannot tell—I dare not think—how it will end. I was indifferent at first, but now," she continued, in a low tone, "I begin to dislike him."

"Oh, my dear, that is very wrong—very wrong indeed! A woman should never dislike her husband."

"Should a husband ever dislike his wife?" she asked. "Because my husband does dislike me. I am frightened at myself, for if I were to be here much longer I should hate him—hate him for his indolence, his self-indulgence, his weakness of character—hate him, because through him my whole life is spoiled."

"Hush, Hildred! I will not listen to you. You are unreasonable. You have everything that a woman's heart can wish for; you have position; you are surrounded with luxury; you have boundless wealth. What more can you want?"

"I have all that, and I am an unloved wife. I have all that, yet I would change places with the poorest peasant-woman whose husband loves her."

"That sounds well, my dear, but, were you to try it, you would soon change your opinion. Now be reasonable, Hildred. Be content with what you have; do not long for what you have not. I wonder at your want of reason—your want of sense. You are like a child crying for the moon. How many girls in England would have been glad of the chance to be Countess of Caraven!"

"I hate the title!" she said, with a stamp of the foot.

"You are in a passion, Hildred. You are not yourself to-day. I am sorry that I called."

With an imploring gesture she held out her hands to him.

"Can you do nothing to help me, papa—nothing?"

He looked embarrassed and perplexed.

"What can I do, my dear? I can speak to Lord Caraven, but I have grave doubts as to whether that will improve matters. It is never a wise thing to interfere between husband and wife. I could ask him to take just a little more interest in you, if you like."

"No!" she cried vehemently. "You do not understand. I mean, help me that I may not hate him—help me that I may be more patient. If I hated him, I should be compelled to leave him—and I am drawing near it fast."

"You must not, Hildred. I am sure he is very lovable."

"But then, you see, papa," she objected, "he does not love me."

"He will do so in time. Every one likes Lord Caraven. He is called 'The handsome earl.' I assure you, Hildred, that there is not a woman in London who would have refused him—not one."

"I wish that I had refused him," she said dreamily. "Papa, I am so frightened at myself. Do you know that I do not want him to love me now? I am beginning to dislike him—the sound of his voice is positively unpleasant to me. I would far rather be broken-hearted, longing for his love, than be what I am now. I should be a better woman if I wept for his love, instead of feeling as I do now that it is not worth having. My better self is dead."

"My dear Hildred, all this is most absurd. I do not know what you want. You tell me that your husband does not love you—you make that the groundwork of your complaint—and then you tell me you cannot regret his want of love. The fact is, my dear, you are not yourself—you are over-tired. After your quiet life at St. Roche, all this excitement is too much for you. I should advise you to keep quiet for a few days, and then you will be all right."

The tragedy of sorrow seemed to pass from her face.

"Thank you, papa," she replied. Her hands fell listlessly. "You speak as you think. It is not your fault that you do not understand me. We will say no more about it."

"That is right," said Arley Ransome, looking greatly relieved. "Now you speak like a reasonable woman. Philosophers say that women have impulse but no reason—I shall begin to think that they are wrong."

He talked with his usual brisk cheerfulness about many indifferent subjects, and then took his leave. But, although he had silenced his daughter, he was not disposed to allow this kind of thing to continue, if he could help it. It would end badly—his own knowledge of the world told him that. So he called at the earl's club; and there he found him as usual.

"I have just been to Halby House," he said, "and have been spending half an hour with Hildred."

The earl raised his eyebrows, which was the only mark of interest he thought it worth his while to bestow.

"I did not think that she looked very well, and, what was worse, she did not appear happy."

(To be continued.)

WARD III.

REQUISITION.

TO WILLIAM CROWE, ESQ.:

SIR,—We, the undersigned Ratepayers of WARD THREE, beg to request you that you will allow yourself to be nominated to represent this Ward in the City Council. We feel that you possess those qualities so much needed to guard the interests of this important Ward, and should you accede to our request we pledge ourselves to use every exertion to secure your election.

Signed by over 130 Ratepayers of Ward Three.

REPLY.

TO THE ELECTORS OF WARD THREE—

GENTLEMEN,—In acceding to the request contained in the very flattering requisition with which you have favored me this day, and again consenting to allow myself to be nominated to represent this Ward at the City Board, I do so, prompted by the desire to do whatever lies in my power to promote the interests of the Ward and the welfare of the City.

Relying upon the promise contained in the requisition, and thanking you for the confidence reposed in me

I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
Respectfully yours,

WILLIAM CROWE.

Tuesday, March 8, 1887.

YOU can live at home, and make more money at work for us, than at anything else in this world. Capital not needed; you are started free. Both sexes, all ages. Any one can do the work. Large earnings sure from first start. Costly outfit and terms free. Better not delay. Costs you nothing to send us your address and find out: if you are wise you will do so at once. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

MINING.

Surveys and Plans of Mining Properties. Underground Surveys and Plans. Levelling Surveys for Mill Power, Drainage, Tramways, Flumes, &c. Mining Properties Examined and Prospectus Reports written. Address by letter or telegram—
F. W. CHRISTIE,
Bedford Station, Halifax Co., N. S.

**New and Specific
REMEDIAL CURE
FOR ALL
FEMALE COMPLAINTS AND DERANGEMENTS
COMMON WITH OUR
BEST FEMALE POPULATION.**

Recommended and prescribed by the best physicians.

IT WILL CURE the worst form of falling of the Uterus, Leucorrhoea, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Moodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to Cancerous Humors there is checked very speedily by its use. It permeates every portion of the system, it dissolves calculi, corrects the chemistry of the urine, restores the normal functions of the kidneys and prevents the organic degeneration which leads to Bright's Disease.

Prepared in Liquid and Pill form. Pills by mail, 50c. Liquid, \$1 a bottle, or \$7 per dozen. OF ALL DRUGGISTS.

Correspondence solicited and answered by a competent female correspondent. Address, with stamp,

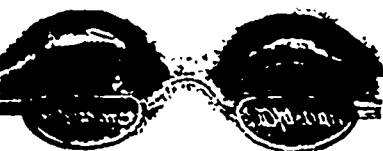
REMEDIAL COMPOUND CO.,
Inquiry Department.) DERBY LINE, VT.

Happy is the man who is blessed with good sight. To be pitted is he who is sightless. How fortunate the one wearing Laurence's Glasses, which impart a clear and perfect vision. But it may be there are some to whom a Spectacle would be of no benefit, being deficient in an optic. Their personal appearance would seem more natural with the aid of an Artificial Eye, an assortment of which has just been received at the

London Drug Store, 147 Hollis St.

J. GODFREY SMITH,

DISPENSING CHEMIST, PROPRIETOR.



And Agent for the English Optician,
B. LAURANCE.

Army and Navy Depot.

FANCY MACCARONI.

20 boxes for Ornamenting Dishes.

Something new, 15c. per lb.

JAMES SCOTT & CO.

STILTON CHEESE.

Per Steamer "Barua."

50 choice Stilton CHEESE, direct from the Farm.
JAMES SCOTT & CO.

TURTLE SOUP—Real Article.

500 Quart Tins, 10c. per tin

JAMES SCOTT & CO.

SUGAR, SUGAR.

100 lbs. Bright Demerara,

50 " Loaf and Granulated,

50 " Bright Porto Rico

JAMES SCOTT & CO.

JAMES SCOTT & CO.

J. S. MACLEAN & CO.

Jerusalem Warehouse,

251 and 253 HOLLIS STREET.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

AND

COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

Importers and Dealers in

Tea, Sugar, Molasses, Tobacco,
PROVISIONS AND GROCERIES of all kinds.

WM. J. HAMES,

Corner Argyle and Sackville Sts.

HALIFAX,

DEALER IN

Pork, Butter, &c.

N. B.—Hams, Bacon and
Sausages a Specialty.

Orders from the Country promptly filled.

J. R. JENNETT,

Importer of and Dealer in

China, Glass, Earthenware, Lamps and Lamp
Fixtures, Chandeliers, Electro Plate, &c.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL.

161 & 74 Pentagon Building,

ORDNANCE SQUARE, HALIFAX, N. S.

NAVY PATTERNS ALWAYS IN STOCK.

N. B.—During Christmas Holidays I will
dispose of all goods, Wholesale and Retail,
at COST.

Mine, Mill & Factory Managers

Whether in Halifax or in the Country,

Your attention is respectfully called to the
fact that

AARON SINFIELD,
Mason and Builder,

has had over thirty years experience in and
has made a special study of, all kinds of Fur-
nace Work, so as to reduce to a minimum
the expenditure of coal and time, and to
make the process of "firing up" as expedi-
tious as possible. "Expert" advice given,
and all kinds of Jobbing promptly executed
in a thorough, mechanical style at lowest
possible rates.

Address—7 GOTTINGEN ST., CITY.