

her, and she had been fancying that his manner had changed—that he was in some fashion growing fond of her. How wofully mistaken she was! Her face burned as she thought of those early loves of his. Who were they? How much had he cared for them? Had he whispered sweet words into willing ears? Had he, who had never once kissed her, kissed the fair faces of those early loves? Her heart beat fast as she thought of it. Then she called herself to account. Was she—an unloved, neglected wife—jealous of the fleeting loves of an hour? She was startled when she found that the pretty ivory paper knife she had been holding in her hands was broken.

"What has come over me?" she asked herself.

He had never loved any one. Would he live his life without love? And, if he ever loved any one, would it be she?

"It is a terrible thing that we have done," she said to herself—"married without love. Ah me, if ever a girl as young and ignorant as I was comes to me and asks me the same question that I asked my father, I shall say to her, 'Marry without money, without position, without worldly prospects, if you will; but rather die than marry without love!'"

A kind of jealousy that she could not understand took possession of her. If, on looking at pictures or photographs, Lord Caraven praised, one or thought it pretty, she would examine it in detail to find out if possible what he admired in it. If, in speaking of any lady friend or visitor, the earl expressed his admiration of her, a vague unrest would come over his wife; she would try to understand what attracted him. He had a frank, careless, easy way of expressing himself. Often, when she heard him, her face would suddenly grow pale even to her lips. If he loved at all, he must love her.

Lord Caraven discerned nothing of this, but Sir Raoul was more deeply versed in human nature, and he saw that the young countess was beginning to love her husband with a passionate love. He did not know whether to be pleased or sorry—whether her love would ever be returned. Yet he could not feel surprised.

"He owes everything to her," thought Sir Raoul; "yet the last thought that would enter his mind would be to love her."

Sir Raoul also saw another thing, and that was that, despite her noble character, her great virtues, her heroism, her patience, her devotion to one idea, she had one fault, and that was jealousy. Sir Raoul had noticed it in little things, and once he laughingly told her of it.

"You are jealous, Hildred," he said: "there is one weed amongst many beautiful flowers—you are jealous."

She stood quite still for a few minutes after he had spoken, and then she looked up at him thoughtfully.

"You are right," she said frankly—"I believe I am jealous."

Sir Raoul was amused at her candor.

"It is true," he went on; "I have noticed it often. You will not allow any one to feed your pet canary; and, if those tame white doves of yours flutter round any one else, you do not like it."

There was no smile in the dark eyes raised to his—only an expression of perplexity and bewilderment.

"You are quite right," she said; "but I had not thought of it before—I have not been tried. I have had no especial temptation. No one has ever made me jealous, because, I suppose, no one has ever loved me very much; but I have the capability in me."

"To be sure you have—all dark-eyed women with Southern faces like yours have a touch of jealousy," remarked Sir Raoul. "How grave you look concerning it, Hildred!"

"I am thinking gravely," she replied. "I am saying to myself that I hope and trust and pray I shall never have anything to be really jealous about. I feel—well, I do not know how to express myself clearly, but I believe that I could be madly jealous, and then, if I were, I could do some great wrong."

"I do not fear for you," said Sir Raoul. "You will never go very far wrong, Hildred."

There was a half-scared expression on her beautiful face.

"I do hope," she rejoined, "that I shall never be tried. Jealousy has some strange things. It is as bitter as death and as cruel as the grave. I may comfort myself though," she added with a bitter laugh; "there cannot be jealousy without love, and I have none to give and none to receive."

CHAPTER XXXV.

It was almost autumn, and people were saying to each other smilingly that summer seemed unwilling to go. The wheat was standing now in that golden sheaves, the fruit hung ripe upon the trees.

One morning a letter came to Ravensmere. It was from Lady Hamilton, to say that she was returning from Cowes, where she had been staying some time, and would be glad to pay her promised visit.

Lord Caraven's first sensation on reading the coquettish little note was one of unmitigated pleasure. They had been spending a very happy week alone, the earl, the countess, and Sir Raoul—a week that he had thoroughly enjoyed, because the greater part of it had been spent in the open air with his wife and Sir Raoul. They had been watching the builders' progress, watching the improvements; and the earl was more pleased than he would have cared to say at seeing once more a smile on the faces around him. He did not feel quite sure at first that he cared for the coming inter-union. He gave the letter to Lady Caraven.

"If she comes," he said, "it is pretty certain we must invite a party to meet her."

The young countess looked up.

(To be continued.)

NEW ARRIVALS

—AT THE—

"ARMY AND NAVY DEPOT."

HAVANA CIGARS!

Cabanac, Carolinas, Commercial, FRENCH BALAD OIL—Triple Clarified—pints and quarts.

HENNESSY'S & MARTELL'S BRANDIES—200 cases *** V. O., pale and dark, quarts and flasks.

FINEST SARDINES—quarts and halves. 200 Cases CLARET—pints and quarts. 50 Cases BASS'S ALE.

15 Cases MOSELE (pts) and STEIN. VEIN.

30 Cases PEURIER JOUET & CO'S 1st quality pte. med. dry CHAMPAGNE.

20 Cases Pale Dry Dinner Sherry and Fine Old Port.

A fine assortment of Crosse & Blackwell's PICKLES, SAUCES, FRUITS, JAMS, and FANCY GROCERIES.

JAMES SCOTT & CO.

Western Counties Railway.

SPRING ARRANGEMENT.

On and after MONDAY, 16th May, 1887, Trains will run daily (Sunday excepted), as follows:

LEAVE YARMOUTH, daily at 7.15 a.m. Arrive at Digby, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 10.45 a.m.; Wednesday and Saturday, at 10.15 a.m.

LEAVE DIGBY, daily at 3.00 p.m. Arrive at Yarmouth, Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday, 6.20 p.m.; Wednesday and Saturday, at 6.00 p.m.

Trains are run on Eastern Standard Time.

Connections at Digby daily (with Steamer to and from Annapolis, Halifax, and Stations on the W. & A. Railway, with Steamer "Secret" from St. John every Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and for St. John every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, with steamer "New Brunswick" for Boston every Tuesday.

At Yarmouth, with Steamer "Yarmouth" for Boston every Wednesday and Saturday Evening, and from Boston every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With Stage daily (Sunday excepted), to and from Harrington, Shelburne and Liverpool. Through tickets may be obtained at 126 Hollis Street, Halifax, and the principal Stations on the Windsor & Annapolis Railway.

J. BRIGNELL, General Superintendent.

Yarmouth, N. S.

Amherst Store and Machine Works.
Established 1848.
SOLE MANUFACTURERS OF
AROLD & SONS
ROTARY SAW MILL
The "Monarch" Patent
Inclined Tubular Boiler and
"Harrille" Engine. Bobb's
Celebrated Rotary Saw Mills, Rod-
son's Pat. Shingle Machine and Saw Grinders.
Latest Improved Planers and Lath Machines,
Grist Mills, Wood-working Machinery, &c. Heavy
stock of Mill Supplies of every description. Send
for circular. A. ROBB & SONS, Amherst, N. S.

MOIR, SON & CO.

MAMMOTH WORKS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bread,

Biscuit,

Confectionery,

Fruit Syrups, etc., etc.

Salesroom—128, 130 and 132 Argyle Street

HALIFAX, N. S.

WINDSOR HOTEL,

New Glasgow, N. S.

This Hotel is one of the finest and best situated in the town: is heated with hot water, hot and cold baths, superior table, and possesses every modern convenience to make one of the most comfortable Hotels in the Province. Coaches in waiting at all trains to convey passengers free of charge.

C. MCKENZIE, Prop.

TO AGENTS

THE CANADIAN NEEDLE CO., 46 and 48 Front Street, East, Toronto, get up the Neatest, most Complete, and Best Selling Needle Package in America. Send 25 Cents for samples of New No. 4, finished in Fine Finish. Particulars sent when stamps are enclosed for reply.

REMOVED!

Wm. Bannister,

Importer and Retail Dealer in

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,

JEWELLERY,

Plated-Ware & Spectacles.

HAS REMOVED

TWO DOORS SOUTH,

TO

140 Granville St., Halifax.

CANDY By Mail! A package containing a splendid assortment of different flavors and variegated colors, securely sealed up and sent by mail, postage paid, with 100 Pictures, and our big illustrated catalogue for 10c, and this slip. A.W. KINNEY, Yarmouth, N. S.

AGENTS
WANTED.

We need Agents, both travelling and local, to

CANVASS

FOR

THE CRITIC.

LIBERAL COMMISSION.

Apply at once to

A. M. FRASER,

Manager Critic,

Halifax, N. S.

HOTEL CREIGHTON,

Pleasantly Located on

TREMONT STREET --- BOSTON.

One Block South of Boston Common.

Offers superior Accommodations to Transient or Permanent Guests. Terms moderate.

ROBERTSON & LONG. Proprietors.

WORKING CLASSES ATTENTION!

We are now prepared to furnish all classes with employment at home, the whole of the time, or for their spare moments. Business new, light and profitable. Persons of either sex easily earn from 50 cents to \$3.00 per evening, and a proportional sum by devoting all their time to the business. Boys and girls earn nearly as much as men. That all who see this may send their address, and test the business, we make this offer. To such as are not well satisfied we will send one dollar to pay for the trouble of writing. Full particulars and outfit free. Address GEORGE STIMSON & CO., Portland, Maine.