

Christmas Presents For Gentlemen. FREEMAN ELLIOT, HOLLIS ST.

Now showing
Gentlemen's Dressing Gowns
And Smoking Jackets;
Gloves and Mitts, all makes.
Silk & Reliable Cloth Umbrellas,
Neck Ties and Scarfs,
Pocket Idls, Mufflers.
Large Stock to Select From.
Opposite Halifax Club.

E. Maxwell & Son

TAILORS.

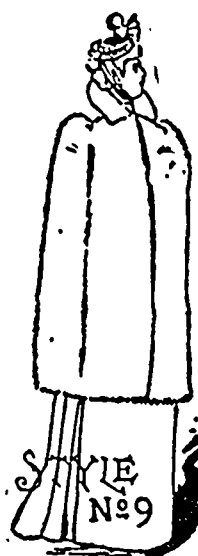
.....Are making

SEALETTE SACQUES

TO ORDER.

68 GRANVILLE ST

TELEPHONE 800.



FURS!

FINEST

FURS!

CHEAPEST

FURS!

Useful Xmas Presents.

Ladies' Seal & Persian Jackets

ALSO

Storm Collars,

Capes, Muffs,

Gauntlets, &c.

In all the Fashionable Furs.

Fur-Lined Russian Circulars

VERY CHEAP, AT

COLEMAN'S,

143 GRANVILLE ST.

Old Chum

(CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM

(PLUG.)

No other brand of
Tobacco has ever en-
joyed such an immense
sale and popularity in
the same period as this
brand of Cut Plug and
Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufac-
turers in Canada.

D. Ritchie & Co.

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 10c.
1 lb Plug, 20c.

SCOTT'S

MR. J. A. CARROL,
ST. STEPHEN N. E.

Says, I have had Rheumatism very
bad and could not find anything to

CURE

help me, I purchased three bottles of
SCOTT'S CURE FOR RHEUMA-
TISM and it entirely cured me.

FOR RHEUMATISM.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

London Rubber Stamp Mfg Co.

Rubber and Metal Stamps,
Notarial Seals.
Hectograph Copying Pads,
Stenoiil Cutters, &c,
322 HOLLIS ST., Halifax.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

SIR ADAMS ARCHIBALD.

Broken the chain,—dropt, the last shining link
That held us to our country's glorious past.
Here we our brows to look upon the mound
Where so much honor lies; for with no blush,
Unhesitant may Fame repeat his name.
Last of a memorable company,
Do this his praise, he loved Acadia well,
And well he served her. Then his sunset clear,
That purely rode in the mid heaven of life,
And with the forecast of eternal rest,—
That blessed rest which waits on duty done.

We walk 'mid changes manifold, and see
The rising of the new from out the old;
The fathers are but shadows, while their heads
Do gather haloes; yet serenely sure.
As stars o'erlooking the autumnal leaves
That drop or whirl away, their works remain,
And from their silent urns they rule us still.

But in Acadia's annals,—many-leaved
At last, with increment of years to be,—
How'er the pages may be written o'er
With words symbolic of man's love and praise,
And high achievement, handed on to Fame,
No names are dearer to the common heart
Than those once writ with Archibald and Howe.

Dec. 29th, 1892.

PASTOR FELIX.

A SINGLE STITCH.

One stitch dropped as the weaver drove
His nimble shuttle to and fro,
In and out, beneath, above,
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow
As if the fairies had helping been—
One small stitch which could scarce be seen;
But the one stitch dropped pulled the next stitch out,
And a weak spot grew in the fabric stout:
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye
By the one small stitch that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan,
How futile it seems as the ages roll,
Do what it may, or strive how it can,
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole!
A single stitch in an endless web,
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb!
But the pattern is rent where the stitch is lost,
Or marred where the tangled threads have crossed:
And each life that fails of its true intent
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

SUSAN COOLIDGE.

EVERYDAY TRAGEDIES.

"The tragic and the metaphysical are in reality inseparable. Let us take a familiar illustration," writes Walter Blackburn Harto in the *New England Magazine*, "The tragedy of a Balacava charge is not in the roar of artillery, the confused mass of wildly galloping horses, thundering madly along, unbridled or riderless, the cries and clash of arms, the forms upright or swaying in the saddle, the glare and din, sooty clouds and the fire and smell of gunpowder. All this makes a fine picture; but the tragedy lies in the mind of each individual rider, who has risked his divinity in this hideous insanity of war. Too many writers seem to think that tragedy consists solely of murders, accidents, suicide, flood, fire, slaughter, and the rattle of musketry. These things may be either the accompaniments, or the causes of tragedy, it is true; but the tragedy itself is invariably in the minds of the actors or onlookers. And there are the tragedies of quiet, ordinary life. There is the tragedy of noble purposes defeated. Tragedies are taking place every day between actors who do not move out of their chairs. Every doctor's office, every lawyer's sanctum, every court of law,—every house in a large city has been at some time the scene of a tragedy. 'All houses wherein men have lived and died are haunted houses.' A man may live a life filled with tragedy and never go to the wars or get shipwrecked; indeed, he may never leave his study, his house or his garden. All this is, of course, obvious; but one would not imagine it to be so from a constant reading of the criticisms on the fiction which goes behind actions and discovers souls."

ODD BOOKS.

In some countries, leaves of trees are still used for books. In Ceylon, the leaves of the talipot, a tree common on that island, are used for a similar purpose. The talipot-tree belongs to the Palm family. It grows to about a hundred feet high, is straight, and has no real branches. When very old the tree blossoms, and dies after ripening its fruit. The trees never bloom but once. The leaves used for books are cut by the natives before they spread open, and are of a pale brownish-yellow, a color they retain for ages. The characters are impressed upon the leaf, and are rubbed over with charcoal to make them show more plainly. The leaves are then strung together between covers of board, or of some less common material.

Early writers made use of linen or cotton fabrics, of skins, and even of scales of fish, for writing. For a long period papyrus was used, the books being made in rolls, being about one and a half feet wide and sometimes fifty feet long. Papyrus was a flag, or bulrush, growing eight or ten feet high, found in the marshes of Egypt; from its inner pith the form of paper called papyrus was made. A most extraordinary papyrus was discovered at Memphis, supposed to be more than 3000 years old. It measured 100 feet in length. It is a "funeral roll," and is preserved in the British Museum.

PUTTNER'S
IS THE BEST. TAKE NO OTHER
EMULSION