

CALL AT 163 BARRINGTON ST.

AND SEE OUR STOCK OF

Gold, Silver &amp; Plated-Ware,

A full line of all classes of these goods. Cheapest in the market. The best place in town for securing Xmas Presents.

New William's. | New Home and White

**SEWING MACHINES.**

All first class machines, now selling at very low rates. This is the season to buy.

**ROBT. WALLACE.****Ungar's Steam Laundry,**

62 &amp; 64 GRANVILLE ST.

We have been in the Laundry Business over twenty years in New York and St. John, and have always given satisfaction. All parties entrusting their work to our care will be sure to be satisfied.

Goods called for and delivered free of extra charge. TELEPHONE 653.

**MAX UNGAR,**  
PROPRIETOR.**DAVID ROCHE,**

HOUSE, SHIP AND ORNAMENTAL PAINTER

Importer and Dealer in English and American Paper Hangings and Decorations.

AGENT FOR G. &amp; T. P. POTTER'S ENGLISH PAPER HANGINGS.

234-ARGYLE STREET-236

HALIFAX, N. S.

Branch open in a few days at 15 Barrington Street.

Geo. H. Fielding,

**MAYFLOWER.****SOLICITOR, & C. SHATFORD BROS.**

98 HOLLIS ST.

MINING SUITS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.  
Hours—9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

Are Agents of the popular grade of OIL. Address

Liverpool Wharf, Halifax, N. S.

**USE****IDEAL SOAP,**

The largest bar and best value in Canada.

WE GUARANTEE IT TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION.

**WM. LOGAN, - St. John, N. B.****COALS****SYDNEY (AL, VICTORIA COAL  
ANTHRACITE COAL.**

For PRICES and TERMS of SYDNEY COAL, Address

**CUNARD & MORROW, HALIFAX,**

AGENTS GENERAL MINING ASSOCIATION, (LIMITED)

And of VICTORIA COAL,

**S. CUNARD & CO.**

AGENTS LOW POINT, BARRASOIS, AND LINGAN MINING CO., (LIMITED)

Local Requirements of any of the above COALS supplied by

**S. CUNARD & CO.****MOIR, SON & CO.****MAMMOTH WORKS**

MANUFACTURERS OF

Bread,

Biscuit,

Confectionery,

Fruit Syrups, etc., etc.

Salesroom—126, 130 and 132 Argyle Street

HALIFAX, N. S.

**Wall Papers.**

WHOLESALE ONLY.

We have just received a very large stock of this Season's choicest Canadian and American designs of

Room Papers and Blinds.

Samples and Price Lists on application to

**T. C. ALLEN & CO.**

HALIFAX, N. S.

[FOR THE CRITIC.]

**THE CALICO WOMAN.**

A TRUE STORY.

True ghost stories are always more dull and insipid than those which are derived from the fertile brains of that class of authors who make it their business to write serials and dime novels of the sensational type. But the following tale, notwithstanding its perfect truthfulness, has about it an air of ghostliness seldom met with in this matter-of-fact nineteenth century.

In the town of N——, Mass., there stands—or rather stood at the time of which we write—an old wooden house situated on a lofty cliff overlooking the sea.

People who rented this mansion would invariably, after a week or two, depart with more haste than was compatible with dignity; so that, at last, the old place got a very bad name in the village, and the landlord, wishing to sell or let it, advertised it at a merely nominal sum.

For a long time no one appeared to relieve him of his charge; at length, however, a new tenant came to the old dwelling—a Mrs. Merrit, with three small children. She was at first greatly pleased with the house and its surroundings, and could not but condemn her predecessors' bad taste in leaving so abruptly.

About a week after her arrival, however, one of her children came to her and said: "Mamma, who is that tall woman in the calico dress with the sunbonnet on her head? She is in the front room." "Nonsense," said her mother, "there is no one there, child." "Yes, mamma, she pushed by me on the stairs; I wish you'd come and see."

On going into the room in question it was found empty.

For some time this tall figure kept appearing at irregular intervals, as Mrs. Merrit conjectured from her children's talk, it started at the cellar door, walked upstairs to the front room where it "silently vanished away." It always muttered something as it brushed hastily past them. At last they became so accustomed to seeing and hearing of it that not the slightest notice was taken of its wanderings; until one afternoon Mrs. Merrit heard a smothered scream, and rushing down into the hall saw her eldest child lying on the floor in an agony of fright. After he had been comforted with an abundance of candy and caresses, she asked one of the others what was the matter?

"Oh, mamma," said the youngster, only too eager to tell all about it, "Harry was just putting on his boots, and the bad calico woman came and pressed his head down to the floor."

The mother began to think that the "calico woman" must be a rather dangerous character; but she quieted the little ones and sent them off to play, feeling, however, rather uncomfortable. That night she lay awake for a long time thinking over the strange occurrences of the last few weeks. Try as she could the vision of this peculiar female, who, by the way, had latterly developed a new propensity, that of having but half a face, would not depart from her mind.

At length, however, by a great effort she shook off her depression and went to sleep.

About midnight she awoke with a start and saw by the dim light of the night-lamp, a tall figure. It was clothed in a flowing calico gown and had a large sunbonnet tied under its chin.

Mrs. Merrit started bolt upright and stared at the stranger, recognizing in this untimely visitant her children's "calico woman."

As she gazed the shape, apparently striving to articulate some words, backed to the locked door and disappeared. Nor could Mrs. Merrit—although she took her lamp and went out into the dark passage—find any trace of the mysterious being. She therefore returned to bed and next morning set it all down as a bad dream. Nothing worthy of note occurred during the day, so in the evening she retired as usual and went at once to sleep. But, as before, she awoke just as the clock struck twelve. The metallic reverberations slowly died away and all was deathly still. Suddenly the cellar door flew open and then was violently shut, the "slam" resounding through the house. Heavy footsteps came echoing along the back hall, up the oaken stairs, until they stopped at her room door, she rose up and listened, but was forced back by an icy hand pressing her brow. Being a woman of remarkably strong nerve she did not scream and struggle but laid still and looked up at the dim form that loomed gigantic in the semi-darkness of her apartment.

The creature was wringing its hands and feebly moaning as if in anguish of mind, and Mrs. Merrit, prompted by a feeling of pity, asked "What is it you want, poor spirit?" Hoarsely came the answer:—"For the love of Heaven bury my bones!" Mrs. Merrit again sat up saying, "I will do what you wish."

The ghost bent over her and she observed, with a thrill of horror, that half of the face was eaten away, leaving the blackened skull exposed, while the remaining part was healthy and white. Subduing her fear with difficulty, she arose and taking the lamp followed her tall guide out of the room.

Down the dark stairs they went and along the cold, gloomy hall to the cellar door. This her conductress opened, and descending to the bottom steps, disappeared.

She (Mrs. Merrit) stood at the head of the stairs for fully five minutes watching and listening intently.

But nought could be heard save the "sough" of the rising wind and the long drawn thunder of the surf at the base of the cliff upon which the house stood. So, not seeing any further trace of the apparition, she returned to her own room and, as sleep was out of the question, read till daylight.

In the morning, after breakfast, she drove into N——, and having pro-