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For through tickets and general information apply to any of the agencies of this Company, or to the W. & A. and W. C. Railways and Davidson's Coach Offices, or to C. R. Barry, 126 Hollis St., Halifax, N. S., Geo. M. Connor, North Street Depot, Halifax, N. S., or to any Ticket Agent on Windsor and Annapolis or Western Counties Railways.

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NAMELESS.

There is a name so sweet, so dear,
That I could never write it here,
Where careless eyes perchance might see
The name a loved one gave to me;
A little name, one simple word,
Soft as the twitter of a bird,
Brooding above her tiny nest;
But oh! it is the dearest, best;
And softly I'll that name repeat
Until my heart shall cease to beat!

There is a little, plaintive song,
My heart repeats the whole day long;
I heard it once at day's decline,
Low breath'd by lips close pressed to mine,
I would not that a careless ear
Should catch the song I love to hear;
So my heart's throbbings come and go
As to myself I breathe it low;
Soul-music holy, glad and deep,
Within my heart of hearts I keep.

There is a heart so warm and true,
And eyes of pure and tender hue;
I know full well I need not fear
What fate may bring, if they are near;
Oh! fond, true faith, on which I rest,
And own myself so richly blest!
Oh! faithful friend, for whom I yearn,
And count the hours till they return;
The name, the song, the heart I own,
I keep for thee, and thee alone

A LETTER FROM A ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY OFFICER IN INDIA.

Dear Critic:—It is a far cry from Hindustan to Canada,—from the Punjab to Halifax,—yet, on the chance that news from this far-off land may be not uninteresting to some of your readers, perhaps you will allow an old friend to write you on current events, and retail second-hand a modicum of Anglo-Indian "gup."

The weather—that may fairly be described among current events—is perfect. A stranger's idea of India is one in which blazing sun predominates, where Punjab coolies reap endless harvests from perspiring Europeans. But the cold weather in the Punjab is very different. The sun is never too hot to go out in by day, while the nights just now are bitterly cold. Several blankets are very comfortable, and a fur Poshteen going home from mess is none too warm. There are frequent sharp frosts that quite remind one of Canada.

My bearer each morning, with Backsheesh for blankets in his eye, shows me his chapped hands, saying they are "tutt gaya," (all broken to pieces,) and "bahoot tunda" (very cold.) Not that he really wants the blankets, the old rascal, for he has heaps of rugs and quilts of his own, all appallingly dirty,—but, as a native tailor once told me, (he spoke English fluently,) in reply to a question as to the real necessity of servant's overcoats,—"Sahib, you know this native man, him want everything he can get." It is a blessed thing too, that while this cold weather lasts, one quite forgets the wretched hot season, which comes on a few months hence, with all its evils of Punks, flies, long days indoors, and longer nights under the verandah, praying for the dawn, real *nuits blanches*, these, I can tell you, where the moon does really "scorch by night"—I never understood the force of that passage in the Bible before—where owls hang head downwards, and chatter volubly like large parrots, fancy a *chattering* owl, when you go to bed feeling a wreck, and get up feeling if possible considerably more so.

To quote a little song I once heard—"It is wisdom to forget." The Black Mountain campaign is over, and most of the troops are on their way home, after a week in camp at Rawul Pindi. The roll of honors is not out yet, but the list of those specially mentioned in despatches has been published. The mountain guns of the Royal Regiment did excellent work—everyone speaks in highest praise of them—the gunners came well to the fore. General Channer, V. C., who commanded the 3rd column, told me himself of some wonderful practice they made. He said he could never have believed it possible.

Camps of exercise are being held at all the great military centres. At Delhi there is a large force assembled, chiefly cavalry and artillery, under General Luck, Inspector General of Cavalry, while at Umballa, Poona, and here, are large mixed camps.

At Rawul Pindi a few weeks since I saw 11,000 troops parade for the Commander-in-Chief, General Roberts, a grand sight.

The native regiments strike one very favorably, they are fine men, and the esprit-de-corps seems excellent. In almost every good regiment there are old Subadars and Ressaldars, with Mutiny and Afghan medals, and many with the order of merit—the Native V. C. At this camp there are three Battalions of Ghoorkhas, plucky little chaps, just as hard as they make them, all about 5 feet 5 in., and very broad, with faces like Chinese, though all are Hindoos. It sounds odd to hear their pipers playing with the greatest fervor, and playing uncommonly well, "Lochaber no more," and the "Lass o' Gowrie."

They are dressed in plaids, feathered bonnets and trows, with long white spats—very smart and wonderfully pleased with themselves.

Old Jock Patterson, who I trust is still alive, would hail them as kindred spirits. I last saw him receiving his Robellion Medal from Lord Alex. Russell in 1886 on the Grand Parade.

But what most brought back old times was hearing their band playing "John Brown's body," and "Marching through Georgia," as a quick-step—and you should have seen them step out to it!

The National Congress still drags on—India for the Aryan, however, is