

THE CHRISTMAS CRITIC.

HALIFAX, N. S., CHRISTMAS, 1885.

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THE CRITIC.

Fourteen months have now rolled by since the establishment of THE CRITIC, and its promoters have reason to congratulate themselves upon the large measure of success that has been accorded to this new journalistic enterprise. We promised in the outset that THE CRITIC should be a first-class literary and commercial weekly newspaper, independent in politics, and devoted to the encouragement of our mining, fishing, manufacturing, and agricultural industries; whether or not we have fulfilled our promises we leave our readers to decide, feeling certain that their verdict will be in our favour. We have endeavoured to make of THE CRITIC a superior family journal, and with this end in view our editorial, contributed and miscellaneous matter has always been carefully written and selected. Of course we are aware that had we pandored to the sensational cravings of the age, we might have gained an unenviable notoriety, and at the same time have increased our circulation and receipts, but we recognized that notoriety gained by such a course could be but short-lived, and preferring the more straight and direct road to success, we have aimed at publishing a journal at once newsy, elevating and instructive. The special attention which we have given to mining has had the effect of advertising the mining capabilities of Nova Scotia far and wide throughout Canada and the United States. Our commercial department has been managed in such a manner as to win the confidence of our subscribers, and our market quotations are now recognized by buyers and sellers of produce as reliable in every respect. If in our political utterances we have evinced a tendency to abdicate our critical and uncomfortable position upon the fence-top, we have thereby shown our true independence; for we have in every instance placed the interests of country before party, and of the people before those of individuals.

During the past six months the circulation of THE CRITIC has nearly trebled, and it still continues to increase. In presenting to our subscribers and friends our first regular Christmas number, we beg to extend to them our cordial Christmas greeting. May the holly and mistletoe brighten their hearths and homes, and may the happy Christmas time bring to them a full share of the joys and pleasures with which the season is freighted.

THE CRITIC.

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A Turn with the French Police.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS CRITIC.

YOU have frequently crossed over to France, have you not, Bersemeji?"

"Yes," replied I, "It being the most convenient route home for me from England."

"Did you ever have any trouble? I mean in the way of politics?"

"Once, and once only. But I shall not forget the occasion. If you care to hear it, I promise you what I had, a good laugh at the French police, that body of cleverest and most intelligent men in the world."

"By all means," returned Prescott, assuming that expression of rapt inattention common to the whole tribe of listeners.

"You are aware, I presume, that I was, years ago, a participant in these revolutionary measures which emanated from the fertile brain of Mazzini for the liberation of Italy, and had shared in the not unfrequent, though I am glad to say now abortive, plots of Hungarians against the despotism of Austria. I have given up that sort of amusement, though at no time no more fervent or blood thirsty conspirator existed than your humble servant, Eugeno Bersemeji. I still have in my possession copies of letters and pamphlets written by me which breathe the true Carbonaro spirit, and any one of which would have sufficed to procure me gratuitous board in either Spielberg or Fenestrola.

By great good fortune, I had managed to escape to England at the close of the revolution of '48, which sent many a maguato to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow in exile, but I kept up my relations with most of the leaders of the movement, seceding gradually from those who, calmer and wiser, understood the hopelessness of redeeming the cause by conspiracy and plot, and attaching myself more and more to the men of the Mazzini type. Even my ardent patriotism, however, revolted at the idea of enlisting assassination on our side, and after the Orsini affair, I resolutely broke off with the party I had so long adhered to. I cannot doubt that in so doing I acted wisely, aware though I am that my defection gained me numerous enemies among the men who had lately been my fellow workers.

In the autumn of 1864, I found myself in England, having only just left Germany, where I had made a prolonged stay in the vain hope of effecting an entry into Hungary from which I was still exiled. Letters which I then received induced me to go over to Paris where it was arranged I should meet and confer with one of my former chiefs—the turn events were taking in Austria holding out a hope to us of a speedy and safe return to home and kindred. From Paris my way was to lie Belgiumwards, Brussels, as you know, being at that time the headquarters of V.

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"Then," interrupted Prescott, "at that time you were unconnected with revolutionary politics!"

"As far as it was possible for me to be so, yes. I had little or no sympathy for aggression, and had been even reduced to the moderate party at home whose grand principle it was to act constitutionally. The object of my conference with C— at Paris was simply to arrange about the side we should take on being restored to our rights in Hungary."

"Had you nothing to do with Italian affairs?"

"Absolutely nothing; still less with French, though I was repeatedly pressed to join some one or other of the republican clubs which were springing up all over the country in spite of the strict surveillance of the police. I had had quite enough of universal philanthropy and preferred to devote my whole energies to the service of my country."

"But you were a determined opponent of the Napoleonic dynasty and system? At least I always understood you were. But the other day Giulio Néro told me there was no bitterer enemy of Louis among the reddest republicans than Eugon Bersomji."

"Néro is a man given to remarkable exaggeration, and was compromised in several plots which I declined to have anything to do with. I detested the Bonaparte system, and not without cause. My grandfather was for years a prisoner of war in the hands of the French in the time of the great Napoleon, and my father likewise suffered for his opposition to the intrigues of the late Emperor. But beyond heartily condemning the man's internal policy, and pitying the fate of the French people, I took no part with his adversaries, and it was the consciousness of my innocence in this respect that made me so savage when arrested on the wharf at Calais."

"Faith!" laughed Prescott, "I can well understand that a man with an uneasy conscience should be savage. Nothing like the consciousness of injured guilt, after all, to promote indignation."

"Bosh and nonsense! I tell you there was not a more innocent traveller on the boat. But to return to my story."

I arrived in London early in the morning with the full intention of proceeding the same night to Dover, but happening to meet young Baird, whom you must remember, I agreed to stay till next evening, and enjoyed a run through the metropolis with him. Baird, as you are aware, was by no means a very courageous fellow, and before long I discovered that one reason at least, for his pressing invitation to me to stay, was his dread of burglars. At the time he lived alone with his mother in a house in the north-western part of London, and the night before my arrival, the residences on either hand had been broken open and robbed. He and his mother had made up their minds that they were to be the next victims, and entreated me to consent to sleep in a small room next the drawing room, so that I might be ready to exterminate any felons making an improper entrance."

"Were you armed?"

"I possessed a satisfactory walking-stick requiring no more than a slight exertion of will and muscle to convert it into a formidable bludgeon, and the small revolver you have frequently handled. I objected that fire arms would not be necessary, but nothing would satisfy my friends but seeing me load every one of the chambers, and lay the weapon ready to hand by my bedside. It might have been miles away for all the good it did; I never woke from the moment I lay down until the breakfast-bell rang downstairs, and burglars might have broken into the house and carried off jewellery, silver, and electro-plate, without my being a bit the wiser."

Reassuring my host as to the probability of danger, I started by the 6 P. M. train for Dover, travelling in the same compartment with a Scotchman, who was likewise going on to Paris, although disregarding Lord Bacon's injunction to learn the language of a foreign country before entering it. A few courtesies exchanged soon led to our better acquaintance, and before we reached the end of our railway journey, we had struck up one of those friendships which beguile the tedium of travel. He confided to me his apprehensions of being cheated from one end of the road to the other, his whole stock of French consisting of *Monsieur*, and *Oui*, and *Non*, supplemented by an endless number of grimaces and contortions which he fondly fancied were idiomatic. I proffered him my assistance during the time we were together, promised to steer him clear of sharks, and show him the lions of Paris, and on reaching Dover insisted on his reinforcing the inner-man with a capital supper we had ample time to discuss before the boat left.

I do not remember so perfectly exquisite a night on the channel as the one we were favored with. The sea was calm as calm could be, "the heavens hushed and full of stars," and a magnificent full moon shining down on the waters. My new friend, Broderick by name, was nevertheless afraid of qualms if he ventured down to the saloon, and chimed in at once with my proposal to spend the time in the crew's quarters forward, which were scrupulously clean and well ventilated. One of the old hands, who had seen service in the navy, entertained us with yarus and generous draught beer, until the boat was made fast to Calais pier.

And now began my troubles.

We had landed, being untroubled with luggage, and were hurrying from the *Bureau de Change* to the refreshment room, when my progress was unceremoniously barred by an official attended by a couple of *gendarmes* fully got up with *Kepis*, long cloaks and swords:

He brought me up sharp with a "Pardon, *Monsieur*, you cannot pass."

I looked at him in angry surprise.

"And why not, if you please?"

"*Monsieur* must be good enough to accompany us."

"*Monsieur* will do nothing of the kind," replied I quickly. "I am going to have my *bouillon* first of all. Afterwards I shall listen to you."

"You took things coolly, at all events," quoth Prescott, a little more attentive than before.

"I saw no reason for doing otherwise, being perfectly convinced that the

gendarmes had made a mistake. My friend, the official, however, would not be deterred."

"*Voyons*," said I in a conciliatory tone, "you are mistaken. It is not I whom you want."

"It is you, *Monsieur*, and nobody else. Our instructions are precise."

I began to get a little uneasy. What the deuce could this mean, and why should I be plucked out of the whole crowd? My friend Broderick, who could not comprehend a word of the dialogue, carried on as it was in rapid French, appealed to me to know what was the matter. I hastily explained that as far as I could, make out, I was arrested for some mysterious deed:

"Am I arrested too?" asked he breathlessly.

"That is more than I can tell." And turning to the official—"Is my friend here included in the order?"

"No, *Monsieur*, it refers to you, alone."

"In that case," exclaimed Broderick pluckily, "I'll be hanged if I don't stick to you. Find out what they want."

It struck me that was the best course, acquainted as I was with French ways.

"*Eh bien!* I will follow you, but under protest," said I bowing very politely to the chief who returned my salute and motioned to his satellites—on my objecting they had closed up on either side of me—to fall back.

We all together entered an office near the refreshment room in which every passenger was busy devouring *bouillons* and *patés*, making my mouth water and my heart curse.

"Now then," said I sharply to the commissary, "I shall be glad to hear why I am thus arrested while peacefully travelling from London to Paris, without political motives and on a simple private business. Stay!" I went on, as he endeavoured to interrupt me, "I have not yet done. Out of the hundreds of passengers on board I am the only one thus detained, and it shall be my first act on regaining my liberty to complain to the proper authorities of this unwarrantable outrage. I bid you beware of the consequences of hindering me, and I formally and solemnly protest against your action."

Having delivered this brief, and I flattered myself, rather impressive allocution, I drew myself up proudly and awaited the official's reply. I could perceive at once that my firmness had told, both on him and his subordinates, for it was with much deference that he assured me he was only obeying the orders of his superiors in demanding the production of my passport.

"My passport!" I exclaimed with remarkably well feigned indignation, "my passport! Are you not aware, sir, that your government no longer requires passports from English subjects?"

"This was a bold stroke, but it failed."

"*Monsieur* is English?"

I was dumb for a moment. Broderick who had caught then our *Anglais*, whispered to me excitedly—

"Swear you're English; they'll let you go then."

"Thanks," replied I, "I am too proud to belong to Hungary, to have recourse to a subterfuge. No," I continued, addressing the chief, "I am not English?"

"Then I must insist on seeing your passport."

"I distinctly refuse to produce it," returned I with inflexible mien.

"What the deuce did you do that for," broke in Prescott:

"Because I had no passport to show."

"Oh!"

My official friend looked puzzled. He could not reconcile my frank denial of English birth with my no less frank refusal to produce my papers. He could see I was not afraid of consequences and perhaps imagined he had caught a Tartar.

Whatever the reason, he informed me most urbanely that he would respect my protest, but I must prove my identity.

This appeared to me singularly ludicrous, seeing that I know absolutely no one in Calais. I was not unwilling, nevertheless, to avail myself of the chance of getting off, and my desire was suddenly increased twenty-fold by the recollection of the weapon I carried in the breast-pocket of my coat.

I confess that when I remembered that every chamber of the infernal revolver was still loaded; I foresaw matters would be apt to get highly complicated, for of course my account of the way in which said six-shooter happened to be in my possession, and of the purpose for which it had been loaded, would not be believed by the *gendarmérie*, especially after it was found that I had no passport.

I did not think it prudent, however, to betray the alarm which I now began to feel, aware as I was of the manifold difficulties which would impede my liberation, and mindful of more than one letter and rhapsody which, ton to one, was on record in duplicate in the *Bureau Noir*.

"I shall be most happy," said I, "to prove my identity." I did not say with whom, my name not having been once mentioned. "What is the necessary form?"

The chief seemed delighted with my ready compliance.

"Oh! anything—anything. A letter addressed to you—an official paper—a document—it matters not. Simply to *constater votre identité*."

"So you were all right, oh?"

"Not so soon, my dear Prescott. The process was undoubtedly easy and the way clear, but a new obstacle arose."

"What was it?"

"I had not a single letter about me."

"By Jove! how was that?"

"Well, I left all my papers, carefully arranged as is my wont, with young Baird in London. I knew I should not want them, and any letters coming in my absence, I had directed to be sent to me at Paris. I was regularly cornered, and that abominable revolver seemed to be getting bigger and

bigger and ready to reveal itself at the most inopportune moment. I tried stupidity and asked whether I was desired to write a letter and sign it.

No, Monsieur, it must be a letter written to you. Won't one of my visiting cards do? And I drew out my card-book. Strong went to the chief's shoulder. Even the grim countenances of the gentlemen relaxed into a smile.

Monsieur is pleased to joke. Monsieur was up a tree, wasn't he? said Prescott as he lit his cigar.

He was, but fortunately a brilliant idea struck him. I asked the chief or commissary or whatever he was— You understand English?

No Monsieur, I am sorry to say—no! I regret it deeply, for the official document which I am about to submit to you comes from the English authorities.

But it will be excellent. Let Monsieur only produce it. Monsieur here, pointing to Broderick, who was rather more mystified than before, will be good enough to authenticate it.

Certainly, I said, adding in English, Broderick, I am going to exhibit a document to these gentlemen, and you will have to certify that it is official and authentic.

Then with much pomp and repetition of protest against what I termed my unwarrantable arrestation, I brought and spread out before the commissary—guess what?

I am sure I can't tell. A receipt for a registered letter! No!

Fact. Broderick was hugely tickled at the way my police friend handled the paper, gazed at the printed words, the stamp and the address, which was that of a lady in the North to whom I had sent a small souvenir just as I left London.

Parkstrait—Inverness? Your name? Residence? queried he. Yes—Park Street, Inverness. Only, added I in English, you pronounce them so badly that they might almost be my name.

Tres bien—very good. Monsieur is at liberty. Monsieur will accept my excuses, but my orders—Monsieur understands.

And off went cocked-hat and kepis with multitudinous bows, which I returned with much condensation and grace, and Broderick with some of his own *sci-diant* French gestures.

The interview being thus satisfactorily ended, we went for our *bouillon*, and morning saw me in Paris, provided with all requisite papers and documents in case I were once more called upon to prove my identity.

By Jove! you got off cleverly. And what was the reason for your arrest?

That is more than I have ever been able to discover. C—to whom I told the whole story, could make nothing of it, and a high official with whom I had the pleasure of breakfasting a few days later, smiled discreetly and said nothing.

So that the whole affair— Is one of those things that no fellow can find out, as Dundreary used to say. Here's the registration receipt. I have kept it carefully as a memento of my only brush with the famous French police, the cleverest and most intelligent body of men in the world.

F. C. SUMNER.

December.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS CRITIC.



It is certain that no month of the year is so rife with suggestive, thrilling and sublime thought as the month of December. This arises more from memorial arrangements and observances than from any special natural phenomena. It is true that its preliminaries are very touching and melancholy—withered flowers, falling leaves, sombrous clouds, weird music among the trees, the departure of birds, and the strange pencillings of the silent frost. But all these, with the additional evidences it presents of the despotic sway of Winter, could not invest it with the interest it awakens, resulting from the fact that it is the only month that calls human attention to the greatest event that ever took place in the universe—the Nativity of the World's Redeemer.

As this is the month that terminates the history of the year, it would naturally awaken serious thought, respecting not only the end of life on earth, but the end of all things; yet if there were no Christmas in it nine-tenths of the interesting thought it now elicits would be unknown. It is a period more favorable for review than for anticipation, yet in the human mind both are generally associated. Remembrances both pleasing and regretful, without invitation come trooping tumultuously into the soul. There would be in it more death than life were it not for the life-giving ideas of Christmas. This is the central truth of December, very closely connected with the central idea of Christianity—the atonement.

Great thoughts are hovering round this standpoint of observation, reflection and anticipation. Much of this thought, especially the delightful, emanates from juveniles. The boys and girls of Christendom are in love with Christmas. The gifts of the Magi interest them more than either the brilliant star, the babe, or the wise men. There is something exceedingly appropriate and beautiful in these Christmas gifts to children in view of God's unspeakable gift to our race. The outgoing influences of Christmas

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tend to check the sorrow and to increase the joy of our world. In this joy let our children participate, that they may shortly join with us in shouting "Hosanna to the Son of David."

It may be that in many cases the thought and joyous emotions associated with this commemorative and festive period are more worldly and sensual than devotional; yet the undertone, whether listened to or not, is favorable to Christianity.

Infidelity has failed, after repeated and strong intellectual effort, to drive Christmas out of the world. It is a powerful argument for the personality and divinity of the man Christ Jesus, which the eloquence and venom of Ingersoll cannot disturb.

No sooner does the month expire, and with it the year, amid the silence of the midnight hour, than the New Year takes the reins, and obsequiously the sceptic and the believer drop the numeral they have been using for a year and henceforth the next one in advance supplies the place. Documentary testimony declares that no other babe that ever was born so largely influenced the chronology of the world as does to-day Jesus the Christ, who was eighteen hundred and eighty-five years ago the Babe of Bethlehem.

It seems difficult in thinking, speaking, or writing about the month of December to get beyond the precincts of Christmas.

There let me tarry, wonder, and adore,
Lights greet my vision never seen before,
Let Hallelujah's undertone be heard,
It is a Babe! a Saviour! yes, the Lord.

The month of May, with its refreshing smiles, opening flowers, and other significant intimations of approaching Summer, brought much joy to the sons of men, but December brings more. Heaven and earth never were so close together as they were at the first Christmas. The union still continues. No poet, inspired or uninspired, since that day, has constructed a better dextology than that which the angels sang "on that auspicious morn." Never before nor since did our atmosphere vibrate with such enrapturing music. Never before nor since have mortals heard a more sublime song, both in its God-ward and man-ward references.

Every December is somewhat similar to its predecessor, but no two since the beginning have been precisely alike. There is always sufficient variety, atmospheric, commercial, social, and religious, to keep up the interest. Like sunrise and sunset—the return of the seasons, and other repeated occurrences of nature, there is a freshness and versatility which awaken pleasing sensations in man's emotional nature. Nor will the glorious thoughts concentrated in the word Christmas, ever become stale to a race so deeply concerned in the marvellous manifestation.

This month is suggestive of life's December, which is never an item in the earthly Calendar, except in a few cases, in reference to the past. It is universally expected, and may come any month of the year. The world's December, too, is approaching. That will be a period of unprecedented solemnity and awful grandeur, ending the periodical memorials of Christmas, terminating all doubt respecting the wise government of the Universe, and settling into eternal permanence the moral condition of men and angels.

The signs of the times indicate the declination of Heaven and Earth towards that hour, when they "shall pass away." If the nineteenth century be not the beginning of the world's December, we believe it is the autumnal season,—the eve of "ripe Millennial fruit." But as the "times and seasons" of the moral Government of God, are retained in His own hands, we shall not dogmatize in reference to dates; or vainly attempt to imitate the prophets of old, whose office and work, the Babe of Bethlehem has rendered unnecessary.

The varied lessons of the year, if now carefully received and pondered, will doubtless lead to good practical results. These should be high and noble resolve, acknowledgment and appreciation of providential and gracious favors, and the blessed realization of a conscious union of soul and purpose with Emmanuel in all his beneficent designs. A contrast between Christmas influence in our world to-day, and those of eighteen hundred and eighty-five years ago, opens up a wonderful field of thought. The great event is not yet universally known; but the knowledge is extending in all directions. Doubtless a period is approaching when a bolt of gospel hallelujahs will encircle the globe; and all the earth rejoice in the "good tidings," first announced in connection with the birth of the world's Redeemer.

G. O. HUESTIS.

Baron Steuben, the distinguished Prussian officer, who joined the American army under Washington at Valley Forge, was dissatisfied one day with the lack of martial bearing among the Revolutionary troops and concluded that he would drill them. Standing in front of one of the regiments, himself the embodiment of soldierly qualities, he commanded in broken English: "Look bold. Look fierce. Look like the devil. Look as I do." It was too much for the un-martial but quick-witted Continentals to endure in silence, and a shout of laughter went up from the ranks along the line. When the situation was explained to Baron Steuben, he had a good laugh over it with his associate officers.

Dr. Samuel A. Green of the Massachusetts State Board of Health, is very much interested in American antiquities. In the early days of Mount Desert, he visited the place, mainly in the interest of his passion for curiosities. Leaving his baggage at the wharf, he sought out one of the primitive hotels, near which was a mound, that suggested to him an Indian burial spot. Securing a shovel, he commenced digging for relics. While engaged in the work a woman rushed out from the hotel and furiously demanded of him: "What be yer diggin' there for? You just stop it." "Oh," replied Dr. Green, "I was looking for curiosities in this Indian mound." "That ain't no Indian mound," replied the woman; "that's where them Higgins children is buried."

CLAYTON & SONS,

WHOLESALE

CLOTHIERS,

HALIFAX, N. S.

CONFEDERATION and The National Policy are the two agencies which have wrought changes in the business of this country almost amounting to a revolution. The immediate result of these great movements was a quickening of trade. This was taken advantage of by the Montreal Houses in almost every line pushing an aggressive trade at the expense of less powerful competitors; but in both cases there has been a reaction, and the retail merchants of the Maritime Provinces are beginning to find that there is no advantage in buying their supplies in a market so far removed, and consequently the trade has returned to the natural sources of the Maritime Provinces, viz: Halifax and St. John.

Amongst the industries which give employment to large numbers of our working people is that of making up Men's and Boys' Clothing. There are several houses in this city which run a Clothing Department in connection with their general business, but we believe that CLAYTON & SONS is the only house in the Maritime Provinces of any considerable dimensions which gives their undivided attention to the manufacture of Clothing in its various branches. They employ between two and three hundred hands in the factory and outside. The cutting is done by machinery, the sewing machines run by steam power, and all the advantages of combination and sub-division of labor secured. By this means, combined with economy of management and cheap labor, the prices are much below current rates, while by their long acquaintance with the requirements of the Maritime Provinces, the Messrs. CLAYTON supply a class of Ready-mades which fairly sell at sight, and secure customers for the merchant that handles their Clothing.

The Travellers are now out with Spring goods, and we would ask our friends to examine these goods and compare with anything in Canada to-day.

To Merchants visiting the city on business or pleasure we would recommend the advantage of a personal visit to the establishment, as there are constantly being offered special job lots which cannot be represented by sample.

Messrs. CLAYTON & SONS, 11 Jacob Street, also run the largest

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Establishment in Eastern Canada, and as most of the Cloths and Trimings used for male apparel come from European makers, we doubt not that Halifax, with its constant steam communication all the year round, and cheap freights, can supply best value in this line on the continent.

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Correspondents will please address

GEO. E. LAVERS,

GENERAL PROVINCIAL MANAGER,

Halifax or Yarmouth, N. S.

Imperial Federation.

WRITTEN FOR THE CHRISTMAS CRITIC.



By law, by the sanctions of the past, by the will of the people, we are subjects of the Queen and citizens of the British Empire. In the interest of the institutions we have inherited, and of the civilization they represent, for our own glory and true interest, as well as for the common cause, and under the inspiration of hopes, duties, and ideals not limited to one continent, subjects and citizens we are determined to remain. The Empire embraces now more than three hundred millions of people. It is a European, an African, an Asiatic, an American, an Australasian power. More than any other union it has been true to the cause of humanity and the cause of God, and this has been its great underlying force. This, more than anything else, is the explanation of its wonderful development and the secret of its glory. "Who steals my purse steals trash," but what shall be said of him who would rob us of our share of such an inheritance?

Imperial Federation! We have it already, although just because of the success of the Empire, because of its expansion and of changing conditions here and elsewhere, it is not in a position of perfect political equilibrium. Ireland thinks that the links between itself and the central authority are too numerous and close. In the case of other members, the links are too few. But who will say that either case is beyond the resources and powers of statesmanship, and that the only remedy is to dissipate the organism into fragments, and reduce the present order to chaos, with the necessary result of chaos, conflict? Who, then, are Federationists? All who favour the maintenance of our connection with the Empire, who are willing to do all the duties that are implied in that connection, and who in opposition to those who favour disruption or revolution plead for a closer union, than we have at present, a union in which for every privilege there shall be a corresponding responsibility, for every burden and danger a corresponding share of power, and for every right a corresponding duty. Then, the Empire shall have attained to the stable political equilibrium to which the great Federations of Germany, Austro-Hungary and the United States have, in our time, attained, after long and longer periods of instability. Those Federations now show every sign of permanence, although half-a-century ago Germany was simply "a geographical expression," Austro-Hungary an "ethnological museum," with interests and races so unreconciled that its days as a collection were numbered, and there was scarcely a single practical statesman, who did not predict failure, soon or late, to the experiment of the American republic.

But what do practical men say of the project of a Britannic Confederation better organized than at present for the maintenance of common interests and the discharge of common duties?

So far as I know, the men of affairs in Australia are in its favour. Sir Julius Vogel, the ablest statesman New Zealand has ever had, would prevent a Colony separating from the Empire by war. Sir John A. McDonald, Sir Charles Tupper, the Honourable Oliver Mowat, and Dalton McCarthy, have attended meetings of the Federation League in England, and spoken in favour of the object; and years before they spoke, the Honourable Edward Blake advocated a partnership with the Mother Country, in which the Dominion would have its rightful say, and be bound to pay its fair share in matters of Imperial concern. If Blake, Mowat, Galt, McDonald and Tupper, are not practical men, where are we to look for them in Canada? I am aware that some of Mr. Blake's followers profess, that while his voice is on one side, his heart is on the other. Those who so speak are at the same time insulting him, and describing themselves. They do not know Mr. Blake. As to the Mother Country, no practical statesman has spoken against the scheme, and though some have, for very good reasons, not yet committed themselves, an extraordinary number have spoken out in its favour. It is sufficient to instance on the Conservative side, the leader of the House of Lords, the leader of the House of Commons, Lord Carnarvon, and the Right Honourable W. H. Smith; the most practical politicians in the Government; and on the Liberal and Radical side, Lord Roseberry, W. E. Forster, Sir Lyon Playfair, and Mr. Joseph Cowen. All who know English politics will acknowledge that every one of those eight gentlemen is a thoroughly representative man.

Why should the project be deemed impracticable? It was found quite practicable to build up the British Empire, though had any one, a century ago, predicted such a result as we now see, he would have been called a visionary, except when a stronger word came handy. Why, then, should it not be practicable to conserve what we have? It surely needs less wisdom to hold on to money than to make money. The difficulties in the way, thanks to the progress of science, are becoming less every year, and who shall write *no plus ultra* over the portals of science?

How did our fathers manage to build up such an Empire? Simply by being true to themselves and true to one another. They went out from home to colonize the waste places of the earth. They offered to trade with every man who was willing to trade with them. As a rule, they did justly, and so conciliated the affections of oppressed races more than ever any other nation has yet succeeded in doing. Of course, they made mistakes, and creatures whose whole lives are a mistake, whose whole thought is of self, point to these with upturned eyes. It will be time enough for us to fall of their mistakes when we have attained to their stature. I have talked with Scottish, German, American, French Missionaries, men who had left home because their souls were aflame with love for men, for Christ's sake, and one

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HENRY HERMES & SON,

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Rules for Whist.

If you the modern game of Whist would know,
From this great principle its precepts flow:
Treat your own hand as to your partner's joined,
And play not one alone, but both combined.

Your first lead makes your partner understand
What is the chief component of your hand;
And hence there is necessarily the strongest
That your first-lead be from your suit that's longest.

Always lead with an Application for a LIFE POLICY in the TRAVELERS, of Hartford.

In this, with ace and king, lead king then ace;
With king and queen, king also has first place.
With ace, queen, knave, lead ace and then the queen;

With ace, four small ones, ace should first be seen;
With queen, knave, ten, you let the queen proceed;
In other cases, you the lowest lead.

Ere you return your friend's, your own suit play,
But trumps you must return without delay.

If your partner leads with an application for a COMBINED LIFE AND ACCIDENT POLICY in THE TRAVELERS, follow suit.

When you return your partner's lead, take pains
To lead him back the best your hand contains,
If you received not more than three at first,
If you had more, you may return the worst.

But if you hold the master card, your bound
In general to play it second round.

The master card is a COMBINED LIFE AND ACCIDENT POLICY in THE TRAVELERS.

When'er you want a lead, tis seldom wrong
To lead up to the weak, or through the strong.

"A Weak Hand" is one containing Certificates in a Hat-Passing Association.

If second hand, your lowest should be played,
Unless you mean "trump signal" to be made.

Or, if you've king and queen, or ace and king,
Then one of these will be the proper thing.

A Policy-Holder in THE TRAVELERS is sure of the odd-trick.

Mind well the rules for trumps, you'll often need them:
WHEN YOU HOLD FIVE, 'TIS ALWAYS RIGHT TO LEAD THEM.

Or if the lead won't come in time to you,
Then signal to your partner so to do.
Watch also for your partner's trump request,
To which with less than four, play out your best.

When in doubt (about security, cost, or contract), discard all competitors and return your partner's lead with an application for an ENDOWMENT POLICY in THE TRAVELERS.

A lead through honors turned up is bad play,
Unless you want the trump suit cleared away.

When second hand, a doubtful trick you see,
Don't trump it if you hold more trumps than three,
But having three or less, trump fearlessly.

Trumps: The various kinds of LIFE POLICIES issued by THE TRAVELERS INSURANCE CO., of Hartford, Conn.

When weak in trumps yourself, don't force your friend,
But always force the adverse strong trump hand.

For sequences, stern custom has decreed
The lowest you must play, if you don't lead.

Weak suits you ought to choose to throw away,
Keeping the strong to help you win the day.

When you "throw-away" throw out the "Co-Operatives."

and all have thanked God that He had made Britain, ruler in India, and practically ruler in Egypt, Turkey, and elsewhere. Are not we, too, English and French-speaking alike, thankful that He gave Canada also to Britain. The French people in Canada had not a single political privilege, they had neither civil nor religious liberty, till after the conquest of 1763. All their liberties they owe to their connection with the Empire, and they hold these liberties on condition of being true to the Empire. Good faith imposes that condition, and we have a right to look for good faith from every man. Would the farmers of Ontario, of the Maritime Provinces, of Manitoba, be now enjoying their pleasant places, had not the Empire gained the land for them, and fought for them again and again. Would Vancouver's Island have been British, had not Britain been resolute to fight for Nootka with what was the great power of Spain even in the eighteenth century? If living here at all, I "might have been a Russian, I might have been a Prussian," had it not been for England, and when men or nations discover themselves from all that has made them what they are, they are nigh unto destruction.

Produce your plan, then, for the complete Federation of the Empire, exclaim critics, you in hand, eager to show that the plan is imperfect. Great has been the annoyance because the Federation League has not formulated and pinned its faith to a scheme, with details that would be objectionable to different sections of the people, and because it actually refuses to so commit itself. Some critics contend that no plans have been proposed, and that we are forbidden to suggest any. To say so, is amazingly incorrect. Even so far back as 1876, Lord Derby said, "Many plans have been proposed for connecting Australia and Canada more closely with this country, but," he added with his usual caution, "never yet one that looked as if it would work." And since then, scarcely a month has passed without some new proposal being made, or some contribution offered to the solution of the problem. One man may be in favour of one plan, another in favour of something else; a third may hold that there is no occasion for haste, and all may be in favour of waiting for light, while we define clearly the line along which we intend to travel. Is the attitude of the Federation League so very strange? A man may denounce the evils of the party system, and sketch a more excellent way, and yet feel that the people at the present stage are not fit for any other method of working free institutions. In the fourteenth or fifteenth century, he might have been convinced that a Reform of the Church was needed, and yet have felt himself incompetent even to sketch out the Reformation beforehand. He may now feel acutely the evils of Sectarianism and believe that a church of the future will arise and give a fresh demonstration of the power of Christianity to the world, and yet know sadly that such a church must grow slowly, and that it is not likely to take its complete shape in his day. The Home Rulers of Ireland have declared, from the days of Mr. Butt that our Parliament sitting in Westminster could not possibly do all the work of three kingdoms, and that Ireland, from its position, suffered most in consequence; but when summoned to draw up their plan, they wisely declined. Admit the justice of our position, they said, and statesmen will soon be able to draw out a workable scheme. And now the justice of their main contention is admitted, and Lord Salisbury on one side, and Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain on the other, are offering concessions that Mr. Butt at any rate would have been abundantly satisfied with. I do not pronounce on the exact amount of Home Rule that would be good for Ireland, but how can anyone who is accustomed to our Provincial system deny that there is a principle at the bottom of the Irish demand, and how can any one deny that the Home Rulers did well to insist on the principle, rather than fritter away their strength in the discussion of details on which they themselves might not have been united, and every one of which would have been made to bear the whole burden of the scheme?

What, then, is our present duty as Canadians? We must make up our minds as to the direction in which it is right that we should move forward. Move, we must. A living society cannot be stationary. As a political organism, we are now confessedly incomplete. We cannot remain permanently in the Colonial position, without losing immensely more than we gain. I am inclined to think that we have already arrived at such a stage in our development that we are losing more than we gain by our condition of dependence on the Mother Country, and that every day's delay in asserting our readiness for a position of equality is a loss to us in everything that makes character and makes men. We are, therefore, called upon to decide whether we shall go forward in the line suggested by our past, in the line of our natural and national growth, or prepare for Revolution. For, Annexation is Revolution, and Independence would be a costly prelude to Annexation.

The only excuse for giving a sentence to the consideration of Annexation, is that so very able a man as Goldwin Smith believes that we must come to that. According to him, "Canadian Nationality being a lost cause, the ultimate union of Canada with the United States appears now to be morally certain." So he speaks in "The Political Destiny of Canada," a book in which, from a freak of mood or because of one of his limitations very extraordinary in a man of his insight, he attributes to the English aristocracy movements and changes in Canada that have been determined by the will of the Canadian people without any more thought of the English aristocracy than of the man in the moon. The Honourable Alexander Mackenzie is as "morally certain" as Goldwin Smith, but, according to him, "It is decreed as inevitable that there shall be at least two systems of political government upon this continent." When Belgium votes for union with France, and Holland for union with Germany, and Switzerland divides itself between Italy, France and Austria, Canada may be found knocking at the door of the great Republic for admission. As long as we are free to consider it, the question of Annexation may safely be relegated to one of those epochs, or to the Greek Kalends.

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CHRISTMAS GOODS.

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There are two classes who advocate Independence. Some use the word as a cloak, and to these we have nothing to say. Others are in earnest. They are inspired with right sentiments. They tell us, that we are of age, and that we should assume the responsibilities of manhood. But, is it necessary to begin our career as full grown men by stripping ourselves of almost everything that we as a people value? Is it necessary that we should separate ourselves from all the accumulated wealth, visible and invisible, that our fathers have gathered during more than a thousand years and from all interests, except those that relate to our own industries, and that are bounded by the horizon of Canada? Such a proposal will not be seriously entertained by men who think. Men of common sense will ask, "Are we even prepared to afford Independence?" When objections are taken to the cost of one High Commissioner to England, what would be said of the expense of a complete Consular Service, and of Commissioners or other representatives to all the countries with which we would have to enter into Treaty relations. Besides, we cannot forget that our national life is not sufficiently strong to stand a very great strain, because of diversity of race and religion, and diversity of localized interests. Provinces and apparently more interested now than ever. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to go on breaking a butterfly on the wheel, when a lawn tennis bat is sufficient to kill it, but at least two questions must be answered clearly and satisfactorily to ordinary Canadians before they will dream of cutting loose from the Empire. First, what would Independence give us that we would not get better by full unity, on terms fair to all parties, with the Mother Country? Is it answered, a quickening of national life? Does the Independence of San Domingo or San Marino, of Venezuela, of Servia inspire their citizens with lofty aims or tend to elevation of character? On the day, we cut adrift from Britain, every Canadian will feel himself a smaller man. May such a day never come to me or my children! Secondly, what would we lose by Independence? Almost everything that the country needs. Federated, we would be part of the strongest, wealthiest, freest, grandest Empire in the World. Alone, we could neither build iron-clads, nor defend our fisheries, our coasts, or our interests and people abroad. At sea, we would be helpless; and on land, we would be dependent on the forbearance of our neighbours. We would lose more than strength, we would lose inspiration.

And yet it is clear as sunlight, that unless Federation takes place within a measurable time, Independence is inevitable. And although Independence is simply the prelude, probably an ignominious, perhaps a bloody, prelude, to Annexation, no wonder that the Independents and Annexationists unite in railing at all who are in favour of Imperial Federation.

Queen's University, Kingston.

G. M. GRANT.

All-Advised Imitations

Author of "The Major's Big Talk Stories," etc.

"RASH imitation is risky and objectionable," observed the Major to Bob, whose ears had been boxed that morning at school, for mimicking, in front of the French teacher, a grimace which Bill had been making behind the back of that fiery foreigner. It was rather hard lines for Bob, for he was only mimicking Bill, while Bill, who escaped, had been aping his teacher. Bill, it is true, had bravely hastened to take the blame; but Bob had already taken the box on the ear, for the Frenchman was impulsive.

"So it is," assented Bob, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye. "Do you know, that about an hour ago the lady saw me poking the fire with the poker, and then went and poked it with your new walking stick?"

"And you recollect Barnum's monkey," chimed in Bill, "which saw the cook plucking a chicken, and then proceeded to pluck every feather out of his master's pet parrot, which led the naked bird, on Barnum's return, to observe ironically—'We've been having a lively time!'"

"I think," said the Major, "that you have garbled your quotation in the interests of morality; for in the common version of the story, the parrot is made to say that it has been having a different and more profane sort of a time. Anyhow, I was only thinking of the risk of rash imitation to the imitator himself, as in Bob's case, and I was going to illustrate my remark by a little incident."

"Go ahead," cried both boys.

"I had a large and plucky nondescript dog, named Growler. He had, I fancy, some strain of the bull-dog in him. Anyhow, he had a bad habit of worrying cattle. It particularly pleased him to secure a hold upon the tail of a certain ill-tempered bull belonging to a neighbor, and to take a long ride, or rather a long swing. It was generally impossible to call Growler away from his malicious pastime; and, not being a *chulo* or a *matador*, I did not relish the idea of taking a bodily part in a bull-fight, especially on the side of a bull that might misinterpret my kindness. I was therefore obliged, before I had managed to reform Growler, to witness several encounters, which I was powerless to stop.

"On these occasions, the bull used to exhaust all the antics of impotent rage. He founced around, he pawed the ground, he bellowed, he even horned the hedge. He once shook off Growler by rolling, and once by dashing him against a tree. But the dog gamely manœuvred for a fresh grip, and having regained his position, held it till his zest, or his muscles, gave out.

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- Real WORCESTERSHIRE Sauce: Choice FRENCH VINEGAR.

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in glass, leather, plush, wood, ivory, and celluloid: suitable for Holiday Presents. Dressing Cases, Odour Cases, Combs, Brushes, Mirrors, Sponges, &c.

Our usual full line of Drugs and Druggists' Wares,—never better than now!

Dealers should stock with our

BEEF, IRON AND WINE.

Handsomely put up in full pints, to retail at one dollar. It promotes appetite, improves digestion, enriches poor blood, restores lost energy. Invalids and convalescents should TRY IT!

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do. do. Green, do.
do. do. Red do.
Oxide of Iron, do.

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These Paints are mixed ready for use in 21 Shades and Colors, put up in neatly labelled tins, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 lbs. each. Handy Colors are made from the purest materials, and are considered the best ready mixed Paints in the market.

MARBLE-INE

Prepared Wall Tints and Fresco Paints.

Marble-ine, an unequalled preparation for coloring walls and ceilings, only requiring to be mixed with hot water to be ready for use; Pure White and Twelve Beautiful Tints; put up in 5 lb. parcels, 50 lb. cases, and in bulk. MARBLE-INE purifies and beautifies, and is invaluable for disinfecting walls impregnated with germs of disease.

PURE LINSEED OIL PUTTY IN BULK AND IN BLADDERS.

Sample Cards of Handy Colors and Marble-ine, with Price Lists, sent on application.

Imperial Shoe Blacking.

HENDERSON & POTTS, HALIFAX.

There was once another witness to this bullbaiting, in the shape of a small cur dog. This little animal was highly excited at the spectacle, and thought it would be fun to play the same game. So one day it sneaked behind the bull, while the latter was dozing, and fastened its teeth in his tail. But the bull's tail, which had been too weak to wag, my large dog, was more than strong enough to wag the cur. The caudal muscles of the bull, too, had—thanks to Growler—been strengthened by repeated exercise. The powerful brute started to his feet, and flicked his tail up with a jerk that sent the hapless cur flying high into the air—to be caught neatly on the horns of the animal which it had reckoned upon worrying with impunity. After a couple of tosses, the little dog lit upon the safe side of the hedge, with an invisible tail, and hardly breath enough to squeak.

"It was the small dog's first and last game of pitch and toss. Head and tail—he had lost on each. The bull-dozed cur hobbled home on three legs, faintly resolved never again to ape the amusements of his superiors until he could do the thing thoroughly."

"Is that story really true?" asked Bob.

"As true," said the Major theatrically, "as that I have been fifteen years in Africa, and that my hair has changed from black to white, and from white to black, on several distressing occasions, when I seemed bound to die."

"D-y-o," whispered Bill, as he walked innocently past his brother's chair.

ON THE CREEK.



EAR-HEART, the noisy strife
And bitter mockings cease.
Here is the lap of life,
Here are the lips of peace.

Afar from stir of streets—
The city's dust and din,
What healing silence meets
And greets us gliding in!

Our light birch silent floats;
Soundless the paddle dips.
Yon sunbeam thick with notes
Athrough the leafage slips.

To light the iris wings
Of dragon-flies alit
On lily-leaves, and things
Of gauze that float and fit.

Above the water's brink
Hushed winds make summer-hot;
Our thirsty spirits drink
Deep, deep the summer quiet.

We slip the world's grey husk,
Emerge, and spread new plumes;
In sunbeam-fretted dusk,
Through populous golden glooms,

Like thistle-down we glide,
Two dis-embodied dreams—
With spirits alert, wide-eyed,
Explore the perfume streams.

For cents of various grass
Stream down the veering breeze;
Warm puffs of honey pass
From flowering-linden trees;

And fragrant gusts of gum
From clammy balm-tree buds,
With fern-brake odors come
From intricate volutudes.

The elm-tops are astir
With flirt of idle wings.
Hark to the crackles' chirr
Whenever an elm-bough swings!

From off yon ash-limb zero
Out-thrust amid green branches,
Keen, like an azure spear
The king-fisher down launches.

Far up the creek his calls
And lessening laugh retreat;—
Again the silence falls
And soft the green hours fleet.

They fleet with drowsy hum
Of insects on the wing;
We sigh—"the end must come!"
We taste our pleasure's sting.

No more, then, need we try
The rapture to regain;
We feel our day slip by
And cling to it in vain!

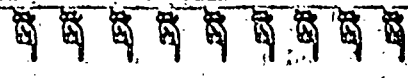
Yet, dear, keep thou in mind
These moments swift and sweet!
Their memory thou may'st find
Illume the common street;

And through the dust and din,
Smiling, thy heart may hear
Quiet waters lapsing 'thin,
And locusts shrilling clear.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

King's College, Windsor, N. S.

An old Peninsula campaigner, who had sunk half out of sight, time and again, in the Old Dominion mud, on being asked if he had ever been through Virginia, replied, "Yes, in a number of places."



The Christmas Critic

WAS PRINTED BY THE

HALIFAX PRINTING CO.

101 Hollis Street;

HALIFAX, N. S.

Book and Job Printing

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

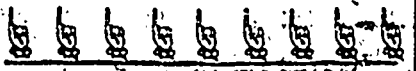
Having purchased the latest styles of Type, in addition to our already large stock, we are now prepared to execute

Fine Printing

second to none in the city.

Our stock of POSTER TYPE (from 24 inches down,) cannot be excelled in the Dominion.

Orders from the country promptly attended to.



BAULD, GIBSON & CO.

OFFER FOR SALE AT

Lowest Market Rates,

Car of California Raisins,

VIZ:

- 200 boxes London Layers,
- 400 1/2 do. do. do.
- 100 bxs. Loose Muscatels,
- 200 1/2 boxes Layers,
- 200 1/2 do. do.

NEW FRUIT

—ALSO—

- 50 bbls. Currants;
- 50 cases do.
- 5 do. Layer Figs, sm. bxs,
- 50 frails do.
- 100 bags Nuts, Almonds, Filberts, Brazil and Walnuts.
- 1000 boxes Eleme and Valencia Raisins,
- 500 boxes, halves and quarters, Malaga Raisins.
- 5 cases Peel, Citron, Lemon and Orange.
- 10 casks Keiller's Marmalade, 1 pound pots.
- 10 casks Keiller's Assorted Jams, 1 pound pots.
- 500 boxes Confectionery, assorted, 10 lbs. each.
- 25 pails Dessicated Cocoa-nuts

A. L. BRIDGES & CO.,

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.

Packers and Shippers of

Beef, Produce,

Canned Meats,

—AND—

PORK.

Choice Sugar Cured Hams and Breakfast Bacon

a Specialty.

500 BBLs.

BRIDGE'S

NEW PACKING

PORK,

Extra Mess,

Mess,

Prime Mess,

Rumps, Jowls,

Pates and Feet.

For sale at Packers' Prices by

H. F. WORRALL,

AGENT,

Power's Wharf, - Halifax.

Agatha's Love.

PRIZE STORY FOR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



THE beautiful old garden surrounding Villa Barbousi, situated about a mile from the village of the Bagni de Lucca, was looking its loveliest one sultry day towards the end of June. The late proprietress, so well known for her benevolence to the ever needy peasants, was dead, and the villa with its extensive grounds was let for the season to an English Miladi and her niece. The villa itself was not magnificent. The Signora Barbousi cared little about domestic comforts, so long as the rooms were lofty and cool, she was satisfied. Magnificence she had in the city where she spent nine months of every year.

But upon the garden all her time and ingenuity had been lavished. The fountains, the shrubs, and the flowers, combined to make it an earthly paradise.

Early in the season of 1882, a carriage drawn by two dusty, weary steeds, had slowly trambled along the one street of the Bagni, and from every door and window, from which the green persians had been thrown back to let in the evening breeze from the mountains, dusky heads and dark enquiring eyes were levelled at the "forestiere."

Yes, the Duchessa knew all about them, though the Signora were English and rich, they spent all their time in travelling about. They had been wintering in the City of Lilies and were intending to spend the summer months among the Chestnut woods of the Bagni.

In a vine-clad loggia of the villa two figures were reclining. One, an elderly lady of tall, aristocratic appearance, with an abundance of white, wavy hair, a smooth, clear complexion, and bright, intelligent blue eyes. It was a peculiarly attractive face, and one not easily forgotten; though innocent of wrinkles there were lines about the mouth which told of dark waters and troublous times passed through.

Her companion was a slight, fair girl of twenty.

"So my darling has only ten more months of maidenhood before Vania carries her off to her Russian home," said Miss Talbot, breaking a somewhat long-continued silence.

"Ah, yes," replied Constance Danart briefly, "and in another three weeks Vania will be here, in this very loggia, how good it is to think of."

"A perfect spot for lovers, truly, sunshine and flowers, without stint," replied Miss Talbot.

Constance was gazing dreamily over the landscape her pretty white hands clasped behind her golden head. The shadows were beginning to fall on the chestnut-covered hills, the olives looked their greyest, scattered amongst the vineyards. In the distance could be heard the tinkle of the sheep bells, and the air was heavy with the perfume of the orange and the lemon trees below, on the terrace.

"What a perfect evening," said Constance, "and as you say it is a perfect spot for lovers, tell me an love tale!"

"Auntie tell me now the long-promised story of your life—your love story I mean. Ah do," she added with pretty earnestness and a loving gesture.

"Dear, I meant to fulfil my promise before your marriage, so, as you will, you shall hear it now, though it is a painful thing to throw open the shutters so long closed upon one's dead love. But come nearer to me and put your hand in mine, for it is more closely linked with my past than you dream of."

"As you know, I was an only child, and robbed of my mother at my birth. My father was always most loving and indulgent to me. He superintended my education himself in England. When I was nineteen we came to Italy, which charmed me so much that I begged to remain for some time. We took a furnished apartment in Florence, and were somewhat gay, as my father was fond of society, and as a girl I was considered very pretty and had no lack of invitations or attention. I was passionately fond of music and dancing. Among the most frequent of my father's guests was a young Englishman, Rafe Danart—(ah! do not start, child, yes, it is the same name as your father's). From coming always to our weekly reception, we became accustomed to look for him in the evenings after dinner, which we either spent in the big salons over the piano, or the beauty of the evening would tempt us to saunter along the lazy Arno, or up the Colle to San Miniato.

Ah, Constance, what happy days those were! I had not a care or a trouble in the world. I loved every stone in the grand old Tuscan City; the very cries of the street vendors were music to my ears.

As the season wore on, the weather was becoming so sultry that my father began to talk of the necessity of sea breezes, but the prospect of going away struck a chill to my heart. For the first time in my life I was discontented and unhappy, and I could no longer hide the unwelcome fact from myself that in leaving Florence I must say good-bye to one whose companionship was now necessary to my happiness. I loved Rafe Danart, and I intuitively knew myself to be beloved by him. In all these months of almost daily meetings he had spoken no actual word of love, but in the intent expression of the dark blue eyes, the lingering clasp of the strong sinowy hand, there lay a world of eloquence beyond all mere words.

There was no sleep for me the night after my father had spoken of quitting Florence. My brain seemed one tumult of questions and doubts. Surely he loved me—why had he not told me so, then? Perhaps after all it was imagination; and yet—and yet as a thousand memories came vividly before me, I could not believe that with truth to myself.

PUTTNER'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL.

NIHIL MELIUS SIT.

CHEMICAL LABORATORY, DALHOUSIE COLLEGE, HALIFAX, N. S., Jan. 30, 1885.

I have made analysis of samples of the EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, prepared by the Puttner Emulsion Co., and they have explained to me the details of their process. The ingredients used, and the mechanical processes to which they are successively subjected; enabled this Company to prepare a PERMANENT EMULSION without the use of acids or alkalies. This preparation has been known to me for many years, and when carefully prepared, is certainly a great improvement upon Crude Cod Liver Oil, not only being milder in flavor, but having the more substantial advantage of being in the best form for digestion and assimilation.

GEORGE LAWSON, Ph. D. LL.D., Fellow of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain and Ireland, Professor of Chemistry.

CONSULT YOUR PHYSICIAN AS TO THE MERITS OF PUTTNER'S EMULSION.

23 Richmond Square, Montreal. April 25th, 1882.

Dear Sirs,—I prescribe your Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites, largely in my practice with most gratifying results.

You may use my opinion in any way you desire. I cannot speak too highly of your preparation.

Yours truly, J. F. T. JENKINS, M.D. C.M., et Messrs. The Puttner Emulsion Co., Halifax, N. S.

Gentlemen,—I have used PUTTNER'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL, &c., for a number of years and have found it a remedy of great use in many forms of diseases, especially in PULMONARY COMPLAINTS, SCROFULA, ANEMIA, and in fact in any state of the system showing a DEPRAVED CONDITION OF THE BLOOD, with LACK OF TONE, and deterioration of vital forces. I have also used it, with very much satisfaction in WASTING DISEASES OF CHILDREN, and some other complaints incidental to childhood.

R. A. DAKIN, M. D. Pugwash, Nov. 12, 1884.

Dorchester, N.B., Jan. 10, 1885. Puttner Emulsion Co.

Dear Sirs,—Having prescribed Puttner's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil, &c., in my practice, I have much pleasure in testifying to the very good results obtained from its use in cases of pulmonary, scrofulous and wasting diseases, &c. I have especially found it applicable to diseases of children, the readiness with which it is taken rendering it much more valuable than cod liver oil alone.

J. WLER, M. D.

H. F. WORRALL, SHIPPING

Commission Merchant,

Now offers, in store and to arrive:

1500 bbls. Canadian Roller Patent and Superior Extra Flour, following brands: Garnet, Ruby, Kent, Pride of Huron, Strathroy and Dido.

100 bbls. "Pillsbury's Best" Minnesota Flour.

200 bags do. do. 40 lb. each.

250 bbls. Am. K.D.C. Meal.

100 " Hfx. ground do.

100 bags Middlings.

25 bbls. Oatmeal.

50 " P.E.I. Mess Pork.

25 " "Primo" "

25 " hand-picked Beans

100 half chests Tea.

50 boxes "Challenge" Tobacco, 12s; 70 lb. each.

50 boxes "assorted" Soaps, Diploma, Royal, Chinese, Prize, etc., etc.

50 bbls. "assorted grades" Sugar.

25 puns. choice retailing Molasses.

ALSO,

5000 boxes (talls and flats) Lobster Stook, of good quality; or any quantity supplied at short notice.

Power's Wharf.

HALIFAX, N. S.

My pale face and heavy eyes were noted with surprise and concern by my father next morning when I appeared in the breakfast room, but I pleaded a slight headache and managed successfully to laugh away his fears. I was afraid lest in consequence he should hurry our departure for Spezia.

I felt too restless to remain in the house that morning, so putting on a large sun-hat and calling Assunta, my maid, I had her bring her knitting and accompany me to the Boboli gardens. I had often spent many happy hours wandering about these beautiful historical gardens. There were pleasant memories connected with the place too, for Rafo, who was no mean artist, had there given me my first water-colour lessons in sketching. The old Stone Pine was my first study, and then, growing more ambitious, Giotto's Campanile.

This morning I took a book in my hand, intending, if possible, to forget everything in the study of Taeso's, 'Gerusalemme Liberata.' We seated ourselves on one of the stone seats in the long ilex avenue; Assunta busy with her knitting, and I trying to lose myself in the Siege of Jerusalem. I had thrown my hat upon the ground and was leaning forward with my elbows on my knees and my fingers thrust through my hair, when I heard a step close beside us, and I glanced idly up, expecting to see one of the gardeners on his way home to dinner. But instead of a gardener there stood Rafo Danart, looking very much amused and a little surprised at my unwonted start, and the crimson flush I would have given the world to suppress. He sat on the bench at my side and chatted on general matters, half cynically, and wholly interestingly.

Presently he said he knew where there were some gorgeous anemones. Would it go with him to get some? We would return shortly to Assunta when it would be time to go home.

All feeling of constraint vanished while talking to Rafo, but I knew now too well why I experienced such entire and complete contentment in his presence.

We wandered slowly through the deep ilex avenue, up the stone steps to where, in an isolated part of the gardens there is a pond with great lazy goldfish and a fountain. Then I told him that in another week we should be leaving Florence for Spezia. The look of pain which crossed his face made me wonder a little as I told him. We were leaning against the iron rail and looking down at the goldfish. The cicadas were singing in the broiling sun as though they would fain burst themselves, and in the far distance the bells of Santo Spirito clanged out the Angelus.

Rafo stood erect, and I slowly withdrew my eyes from the great fish and looked at him. His eyes fairly grew to mine, and his whole face was so stern that I hardly knew him.

'I've been living in a fool's paradise,' he said, speaking low and fast, 'aye, and worse.' Involuntarily I put my hands out towards him. I was frightened.

'Miss Talbot—Agatha,' he said, clasping both my hands so firmly that he almost hurt me, 'I dare not realize what I have done, but do you know what you are to me? Do you know that from this day, nay this very hour, for me is reserved the blackness of darkness forever? My love—my love—if your eyes speak truth and I have brought misery into your life, then may God forgive me, for I have done you too great an injury to dare to ask your pardon—yet listen child, listen,' he said, looking like a hunted animal, while the great drops stood out upon his brow; 'Agatha, I am a married man, I have a wife living. But do not say a word, do not utterly condemn me till I have told you all.'

'Ah, Costauco,' said Miss Talbot, pressing her hands over her eyes, may you never know the anguish that filled my heart—I felt as though I were some other person standing by the fountain with blanched face, and cold, trembling hands. But his misery was so great that it seemed to swallow up my pain, and instead of shrinking from him my heart seemed even more closely united to this man. Then he told me how, when a young Captain in the Lancers, he had frequented the house of a coffee merchant, partly on account of the old man's geniality and partly because he received every encouragement from his beautiful daughter. After a time the old man fell ill, and on his death-bed he sent for Rafo Danart, and with dying lips told him of his daughter's passion, and how he should die in peace if he could see her united to him in holy wedlock. That evening Rafo was to give his answer—and the answer he gave was, Yes.

Ah! There was great excuse for him: he was young and impressionable; the death-bed request, together with the past kindness of the old man, the forlorn condition of the girl, seemed to urge upon his honor the necessity of acceding. He did not love her as he should love his betrothed, he knew, and so had told the old man, who pleaded that love would beget love, and his daughter's whole heart was given to him.

The marriage was solemnized, and they were man and wife only too short a time, before they discovered how entirely unfitted they were for each other, and before the first year was over they were separated.

'I have lost all trace of her Agatha,' said Rafo, letting my hands fall heavily, and leaning in utter weariness against the railing—'a few years ago I did my best to glean some tidings of her, thinking it my duty to do so, for she is my wife, but I could hear nothing.'

I have never met a woman who could move me in the least, till I met you Agatha, and then I blindly drifted down the current, till too late to recall the past, now I have blighted your sweet, innocent and happy life—you cannot forget me!

Standing there before him, I took his hand, and was not ashamed to confess my love which I knew to be pure in the sight of God. 'I have loved you in such wise that my heart is yours, and can be no other man's—my heart is very sore for your trouble, and though we must never meet again, I can say, God bless you, my only love!'

THIS IS THE Festive Season!

This is the season when all people decide to purchase

XMAS CARDS

AND

Xmas Novelties,

AT THE

London Drug Store,

147 HOLLIS STREET,

HALIFAX, N. S.

The New Hand-painted designs on

Marble, Ivory, Satin, &c.,

are just something lovely.

The Bells, those Porcelain Bells, and then the

PLUSH SETS,

are indeed handsome.

The aroma which arises from the Perfume Cases is like inhaling the fragrance of a choice bed of summer flowers; but to enumerate further would exhaust the columns of this issue of THE CHRISTMAS CRITIC, and we must refer you to our obliging friend,

J. GODFREY SMITH,
Dispensing Chemist,



AGENT FOR THOSE SUPERIOR

SPECTACLES & GLASSES,

AS SUPPLIED BY

B. LAURANCE,
The English Optician.

A fine lot of Gold Rimmed Spectacles and Eye Glasses, Gold, Silver and Silk Cords and Chains for Eye Glasses.

A very suitable present, you know, for a mother-in-law, is a pair of Spectacles in Gold Frames.

Remember, dear reader,

147 Hollis St. is the Place.

Always in Season

At all times and upon every occasion there is nothing more suitable for a Present than a nice piece of

FURNITURE!

Nowhere in the Maritime Provinces can you find such an assortment to select from, nor

PRICES SO LOW!

as at the old and reliable establishment of

A. Stephen & Son.

We have on hand at the present time a very large assortment of

New and Elegant Designs

ASH & WALNUT Chamber Suits,

which we are disposing of at outrageously low prices, also a lot of

GROUP PARLOR SUITS

that cannot be equalled in the Dominion for the price.

ONE CARLOAD Rattan Furniture

just received. New Designs in Easy and Rocking Chairs, Children's Chairs, Tables, Work Baskets, Wall Pockets, Brackets, etc. We are the sole agents for the only manufacturers of these goods in the Dominion, and are selling at Manufacturers' Prices, which are 25 per cent below all others.

British Plate Mirrors,

IRON BEDSTEADS.

We are large importers of these goods, direct from the manufacturers in England, they were never so low in price as at present.

CHILDREN'S CHAIRS

of every description.

SEIGHS.

Window Blinds, Poles, Curtains, Fancy Tables, Easy Chairs,

in fact everything imaginable in the Furniture line, and at prices which defy competition.

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELVES

or send for Catalogue and Price List.

A. Stephen & Son,

101 & 103 Barrington St.,

CORNER OF PRINCE STREET.

And so we parted, with no embrace, for was there not a shadow of a wife between us?
 Some years elapsed, and though the first sting of my secret trouble passed away, my love for Rafe was ever pure and true.
 Some years after we had made our home in England, I received a letter with the Bombay postmark—it was to tell me of the death of Rafe Danart, whose dying request had been for me to accept the guardianship of his little daughter, with full control over the child's liberal income. Rafe never saw his wife again, she had died of the same fever he found raging in Bombay on his arrival there, and to which he succumbed.
 The little fair-haired girl was brought to me by some friends, and she has been my greatest comfort and joy through life.
 Constance, who had slipped to the ground during the recital of the story, and lay with her face buried in Miss Talbot's lap, looked up with eyes full of tears.
 "So, my life is all wrapped up in that story too my poor darling—duntie, you are more to me than any real aunts, or mothers or fathers, I love you better than any one in the whole world—except Vania!"
 Annapolis, N. S. Mrs. J. J. IRRONIA.

Told by the Superintendent.

PRIZE STORY FOR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.



HOW quite a hundred miles eastward from the Nova Scotian coast, a low and lumpy bank of sand rises tentatively above the waves, as though uncertain of its tenure there, which the lordly Laurate of England, (could he but see it), might well conceive to be an actual presentment of his sea-braken stabled by some marine cataclysm from its ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep, and meditating an early return to its bed in the abyssal sea. In size, shape, and colour, there is a considerable amount of resemblance between what Tenyson's little poem suggests, and Sable Island itself presents. As may be readily supposed, therefore, the Island is not an attractive place at first sight. There are no grateful contrasts of tone and tint. From end to end, it wears a suit of sombre gray, whereon only a Quaker, and a very bigoted one at that, could possibly discover any beauty, and which sufficiently explains why, since the Quakers have not thought fit to secure so appropriate an abode for themselves, it remains untenanted to this day save for a handful of men at the light stations, and the horde of shaggy, sharp-boned ponies which gallop wild over the sand dunes. Treeless, storm-swept, and unspeakably dreary is this place. Even the sunshine of a mid-summer day fails pitifully in casting any glamour over its grim homeliness, while a mid-winter storm invests it with an accumulation of terrors that is simply appalling.

Not a very promising field for the exercise of the imagination, you will think, and yet Sable Island is dowered with a wealth of history and legend, of true and o'er-true tales that only await development at the hands of a Parkman to furnish the world with a new sensation, and the libraries with a volume of unique interest.

The Superintendent of the Life-Saving Station is almost the sole repository of these moving tales now, and the infrequent visitor finds his chief recompense in listening to him as he draws upon his inexhaustible memory. When the scanty programme of sights has been exhausted, the duties of the day discharged, the patrol-men sent off for their long night-watch on the spray-drenched beach, and the great lamps lighted high up in the wooden towers, at this hour does the genial Superintendent love to gather an audience round the fire, whose leaping flames are fed with the well-bleached ribs of hapless ships. Then in shadowy line, from out the peopled past, will come forth at his bidding, the conscience-stricken roicido, expiating his guilt by solitary self-sought exile; the banished courtier cursing King-Louis for his foul injustice; rare Permanius bawling in faultless Latin, his untimely taking off; the forty convicts, gaunt and haggard, and clothed with untanned hide, on saddest and sweetest spirit of all, the Pale Lady of Sable Island holding up her mangled hand in pathetic appeal.

This last legend is the one he loves best to tell, and I will try and give it pretty much in his own words.

In the summer of 1802, the transport *Princess Amelia* set forth from London, bound to Halifax, Nova Scotia, with a score of officers and officers' wives in her comfortable cabins, and much costly furniture in her capacious hold, intended for the adornment of Prince Edward's mansion. The voyage began prosperously enough, but the ending was disastrous, for just when one day's more sailing would have brought the good ship to her destination, a violent storm sprang up, which sent her into the embrace of the deadly shallows of Sable Island, whose sands became the cemetery of all on board. For some time their fate remained shrouded in obscurity. The *Princess Amelia*, at first reckoned "overdue," ere long was catalogued as "missing," and finally was given up for lost, while expectation deepened to anxiety, and anxiety gave way to dread, and dread finally settled down to despair in the garrison-city, where husbands and wives had been eagerly anticipating a joyful re-union.

The months had grown into a year, when a horrid rumor began to be whispered about Halifax, which gathered strength by repetition, until at last it reached Prince Edward's ears. According to this rumor, the origin of which could not be traced, when the transport fell a victim to the sand-bars of Sable Island, many of her passengers succeeded in escaping to the shore, only, however, to fall easy victims to the wreckers then infesting the island, who, if fortune favored them with a wreck, acted on the principle

BARGAINS! BARGAINS! W.M. BANNISTER,

Importer and Retail Dealer in

WATCHES,

CLOCKS,

SPECTACLES,

PLATED WARES,

A full line of Swiss and Waltham Watches always on hand; also, Knives, Forks, Spoons, Castors, Butters, Napkin-Rings, Ice Pitchers, Salyers, &c., from the best makers, at lowest prices.

PLUSH AND OTHER FANCY CLOCKS.
 The best line of Spectacles and Eye Glasses. A Perfect Fit guaranteed.

Repairs Neatly and Carefully Executed.

144 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX.

Two doors South of Duke St.

AT THE OLD STAND,

Watson's Corner,

150 HOLLIS STREET,

HALIFAX.

JOHN WATSON,

Brass Founder,

Kimber and Gas Fitter.

Brass Work of all kinds.

BRASS CASTINGS TO ORDER.

Old Fittings Re-Lacquered.

Sleigh Bells.

The subscribers are offering their well-selected stock of

FURS

At Sweeping Reductions,

as the whole stock must be cleared, if possible, consisting of

Caps, Muffs, Tippetts,

ASTRACHAN AND SEAL JACKETS,

CIRCULARS in Squirrel, Mock Ermine and Muskrat.

CAPS in Otter, Seal, Beaver, Astrachan and Persian Lamb, with Gloves and Caps to match.

GENTS FUR COATS in Raccoon, Beaver and Bear.

Purchasers should call and inspect the stock, select their article, make a reasonable offer, and the goods will be packed up at once.

All through the Holidays these prices will be kept low to suit a Halifax buying public, who always know when they are securing bargains.

THOMAS & CO.

Cor. Barrington & Sackville Sts.

HOTEL

LORNE,

Yarmouth, Nova Scotia.

FIRST CLASS

IN EVERY PARTICULAR.

TERMS MODERATE.

FRED. C. RYERSON,

Proprietor.

That dead men tell no tales, summarily despatched all survivors as the best solution of the embarrassing situation their presence created. The Prince resolved to have the report investigated, and accordingly a gun-brig was hastily fitted out and sent off, with Captain Torrens, of the 29th Regiment, accompanied by a squad of picked men, on board. As luck would have it, the gun-brig shared the same fate as the Princess Amelia. Soon after, the low grey sand-hills broke the line of the horizon; the clouds which had been threatening mischief all day long burst forth into a furious tempest, the sturdy ship was hurled helplessly upon the island, and the majority of those on board her perished. The cold autumn morning dawned upon a more handful of bruised, exhausted, dejected men, who would have proved an easy prey to the wreckers whose evil doings they were come to chastise, had those ruthless wretches been at hand. Fortunately, however, they were all off to the mainland, leaving unguarded their well-built hut, in which, to his great delight, Captain Torrens found a goodly store of provisions, besides guns, ammunition, matches, bedding, in fact everything necessary to make himself and his men thoroughly comfortable.

This cheering discovery put fresh life into even the most despondent member of the little army of occupation. Food, fire and rest soon restored the tone of their spirits, and in the afternoon they set forth with some degree of gaiety to explore the place which would be their home, whether they liked it or not, for many weeks and possibly months to come. Their exploration even heightened their good humor, for they ascertained that they held undisputed possession of the place, and furthermore that there was no danger of starvation, no matter how prolonged their exile might be. Herds of wild cattle roamed freely through the inland valleys, sleek fat seals rolled clumsily about the benches, while clouds of sea-birds dotted the hills with their speckled eggs. But for the awkward contingency of the wreckers' return in overwhelming force, and the unpleasant possibility of their having to play the part of Crusoes until the following spring, they might have accepted the situation with a tolerable show of contentment. As it was, they made the best of it. Captain Torrens divided his men up into watches. Each man was assigned his duty, and entered upon it with that hearty thoroughness which characterizes the well-disciplined British soldier, and so the days slipped smoothly by.

One clear, dark night the captain took it into his head to go off by himself to the eastern end of the island, where there stood a small hut. He had often noticed in his daily tramps. So, whistling to his dog, a splendid English mastiff, which had happily survived the wreck, and putting a brace of pistols in his belt, he went away after dinner, telling the men he would not return till morning. He had no definite purpose in view, unless perhaps to introduce a little variety in the quiet monotony of his life. After the experience, however, which I will proceed to relate, he never doubted that it was unconscious obedience to an impulse from the world of spirits which inspired his movements. On arriving at the hut, his first care was to gather wood and grass for fire and bed, and having thus completed his simple preparations for the night, he sauntered off shorewards, hands in pockets, pipe in mouth, and dog at heel, pondering deeply over his present situation, and wondering how it would all end. There was much to occupy his thoughts—the possibilities of early success—the anxiety at Halifax—the sorrow at his English home, where the one he loved best would perhaps believe him lost to her forever. So it was well-nigh midnight when thoroughly weary in mind and body alike he turned toward the hut to seek surcease of sorrow in the blessed oblivion of sleep.

The mastiff, "Prince," much pleased at this move, ran on ahead with a bark of relief which plainly betokened that in his opinion they should both have been abed long ago. His master followed more deliberately, and was still a little distance off when a strange, startled howl broke in upon his sombre reverie, and thoroughly aroused him. Peering through the darkness he saw, to his great surprise, "Prince," the lion-hearted, whom no common peril could appal, cowering down at the open door of the hut, and evincing every appearance of abject terror. In an instant the captain had a pistol out, and, pushing past the trembling animal, sprang into the little building. But his first glance was sufficient to show him that he had no need for pistols. Standing before the ruddy blaze of the great fire he had built up some hours ago, and apparently enjoying its generous glow, he beheld a tall, shapely form, clad in a single white close-clinging garment, from which the water trickled in tiny streams, while here and there upon it were daubs of sand and stains of sea-weed that told of strugglings with the angry surf. Her abundant hair gleamed in lank disorder upon her shoulders, as the firelight touched its dark masses. Her dainty feet were bare and sorely bruised, and as she turned towards Captain Torrens, her face, clearly one of rare loveliness, bore a look of terrified, anguished appeal that was infinitely pitiful. So perfect seemed the phantasm that the captain at first had no other thought than that a being of flesh and blood like himself stood before him—a survivor, perhaps, from some fresh catastrophe of whose happening he had been unaware. Acting upon this impression he approached her courteously with the question:

"My dear madam, what has happened, and how can I help you?" His strange visitor made no reply, but waving him back with a stately gesture, as though she would avoid his coming close, she held out her left hand towards him, and he then saw what had at first escaped his notice, the third finger of that hand was missing, and in its place a mangled stump from which the blood still flowed in rapid drops. Not yet disillusioned, Captain Torrens instinctively pulled out his handkerchief, and made as though he would bandage the wounded hand. But the white-robed form, drawing back a little, shook her head as though to say—"You do not understand me." By this time the conviction began to creep in upon the Captain that for the first time in his life he was face to face with a visitant from the spiritual world. Shrewd and sceptical by nature, his military training was scarcely of the kind to develop easy credulity, and it had been

THE Subscriber would call attention to the following lines, in which he claims (as admitted by Commercial Travellers) to have the best assorted variety in the Province, viz:—



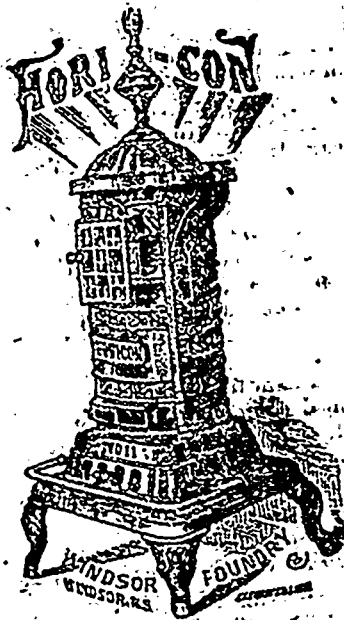
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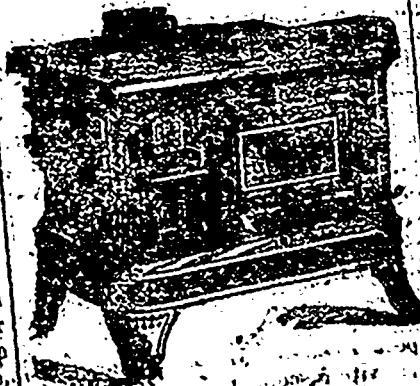
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Ladies' Fur-lined Cloaks, Jersey Jackets and Cloth Mantles.

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HALIFAX.

his wont whenever ghosts were under discussion, to give very frank expression to his outrageous beliefs in such phenomena, frooly characterizing them as nothing more than the creation of diseased imaginations. Here now, all unsought, was the opportunity of putting his opinions to the proof. Having once settled to his own satisfaction that his silent visitor was entirely devoid of weight and substance, his next step was to find out as much as possible about her. Hitherto her face had been obscured somewhat because of her back being to the fire, so he crossed the room until the two beings thus strangely brought together faced one another across the narrow hearth. As if in sympathy with his purpose the flames just then sprang up brightly, filling the whole hut with their mellow radiance. A single glance at the lovely face thus fully revealed drew forth from the captain in tones of mingled astonishment and horror the exclamation:

"Mrs Copeland—in the name of Heaven can this be you!"

For in his ghostly *vis-a-vis* he now recognized the wife of the doctor attached to his regiment, a lady whose grace and beauty had made her the toast of the officers' mess, and who was known to have been a passenger on the ill-fated *Princess Amelia*.

With that recognition all his scepticism vanished, and its place was filled by a burning eagerness to pierce to the very bottom the mystery, the duty of whose solution seemed so imperatively cast upon him.

Ghosts, in one respect at least, are like little children—they may be seen but not heard. Captain Torrons fully realized that he could not hope to elicit any spoken reply to his questioning, and that, therefore, his only course was to continue asking until he had revealed to him the meaning of this strange epiphany. The mutilated finger helped him to a clue, and in rapid succession he asked:

"Did you reach the shore alive?" "Was your finger cut off for the sake of your ring?" "Were you murdered so you would tell no tales?"

As one after another these queries elicited a bow of assent, the captain's indignation deepened until at last, able to contain himself no longer, he broke out hotly:

"Then, madam, so sure as there is a God in Heaven, I will track the villains down, and give myself no peace until they swing for this infernal deed."

Having got along so swimmingly thus far it was no small chagrin to him when his fiery outburst evoked from the apparition only a sorrowful shake of the head which seemed to say:

"You do not understand me yet."

The poor captain felt quite nonplussed. "Why cannot ghosts speak," he murmured somewhat fretfully to himself, "instead of gazing at one in that mute, expectant way, which seems to mean so much but tells so little."

Then his eyes fell upon the bleeding finger and there suddenly flashed into his mind the recollection of a very curious and costly ring which Mrs. Copeland had been accustomed to wear, and to which she attached much importance, because it was an heirloom that had come down to her through many generations, and, according to an old legend, the luck of the family went with it. Instantly the question came to his lips:

"Is it the loss of the ring that troubles you? Do you want me to get it back and restore it to your family?"

The words were hardly uttered when a flush of joy and gladness irradiated the spectre's pallid face, her great dark eyes seemed to glow with gratitude unspeakable, the anguish and terror faded out from her expression, permitting its normal dignity and sweetness to reassert their sway. For one moment she shone upon the captain thus—a vision of wondrous womanly beauty—then, waving him gently aside, glided swiftly to the open door, and passing out melted away into the midnight darkness.

Not many days after this an American vessel passing near observed the signals of the castaways. They were all taken off and landed at Halifax, in no wise the worse for their experience of shipwreck.

As soon as his official duties permitted, Captain Torrons set about the fulfilment of his pledge to the Fair Lady of Sable Island. Carefully keeping his own counsel, he instituted minute inquiries in directions where he thought information might be obtained, and ere long succeeded in securing the names and abodes of three men who had for some years past been suspected of maintaining too close an intimacy with the dark secrets of Sable Island. Preferring to be his own detective, he determined to study these men one by one. By strange good fortune, or, as the captain himself believed, by spectral guidance, the man he put down first upon the list proved to be the very object of his search.

Far off along the eastern shore at a place called Salmon River, distant some eighty miles from Halifax, wild, desolate, and almost uninhabited, lived John Gallagher, whose swift-sailing schooner, though nominally employed in fishing, was often freighted with valuable commodities, which, while they might have been cast up by the sea, were certainly not caught with line or net. Under guise of angling for salmon in the river near by, Captain Torrons succeeded in becoming an inmate of this man's house, and by the genial courtesy of his bearing soon made his way into the good graces of the entire family, from the sullen, suspicious father down to the guileless baby. One evening after his stay had been prolonged for nearly a week, when Gallagher himself happened to be out of the way, the captain produced a handsome signet-ring he had not hitherto worn, and proceeded to point out its beauties to the eldest daughter, asking her in tones of perfectly assumed innocence if she had ever seen a ring of that kind before.

"Why, yes," replied the girl. "Father had one like yours, only much finer and larger, which he got down at Sable Island."

The captain's heart gave such a bound at this promising piece of news that he came very near betraying himself, but smothering his excitement by a heroic effort he asked calmly enough if her father had the ring still, and his bright hopes were swiftly clouded by learning that Gallagher had taken

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JEWELLER

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WATCHMAKER,

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Sterling Silver and Electro-Plated Ware,

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HOMESPUN CLOTHING.

- Men's Dark Mixed Grey Homespun Pants, at \$1.35 and \$1.75
- Men's Dark Mixed Grey Homespun Vests, at So.85 and \$1.00
- Men's Dark Mixed Grey Homespun Coats, at \$3.35 and \$4.00
- Full Suits \$5.50 and \$6.75.

COTTONADE CLOTHING

FOR SUMMER WEAR, unlined.

- Men's Pants—\$0.60, 0.70, 0.85, 0.95 & 1.10
- Vests— 0.50, 0.55, 0.60, 0.65
- Coats— 1.60, 1.10, 1.25, 1.50 & 1.60
- Full Suits from \$2.10 up to \$3.50.

FANCY TWEEDS.

In these lines we shall use GOODS of English, Scotch, and Nova Scotia Manufacture, thinking it may be prudent to do under present circumstances.

- Men's Tweed Pants—\$1.05, 1.25, 1.50, 1.75, \$2.00, 2.50, 3.00, 3.25, 3.50.
- Men's Tweed Vests—\$0.80, 0.85, 0.90, 0.95, 1.00, 1.25, 1.50.
- Men's Tweed Coats—All prices to match Pants and Vests, \$3.00 to \$7.00.
- Full Suits: as above, \$4.85, all prices, to \$12.00.

BLUE SERGE.

- Untrimmed Pants—\$0.85 to \$1.75
- Vests— 0.55 to 1.00
- Coats— 1.25 to 4.25

OVERALLS.

Plain Brown Duck Overall Pants—\$0.40, \$0.50, 0.60, per pair.

Plain Brown Duck Overall Jumpers—\$0.40, 0.50, 0.60 each.

Checked Duck and Cottonades Overall Pants—\$0.50, 0.60, 0.75.

Jumpers to match at same prices.

Men's White Cotton Shirts, Linen fronts, all prices.

Printed Regatta, do. do.

Checked Oxford, a very heavy line at \$4.75 and \$6.00 per doz.

ALSO: FULL LINES In Blue Serge, Grey and Fancy Flannel, Milton, &c. &c.

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We make a specialty of Millinery, and all requisites needed in these lines will be in the newest and most fashionable styles.

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A large assortment in all qualities, from both Foreign and Home Mills, at the very lowest prices.

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A good article of Tea always on hand. We guarantee the quality we offer, and allow it to be returned whenever it fails to please.

All direct orders have special personal attention, and we confidently ask for a share of your patronage in our line. Our travellers will be on the road early in January and will submit samples for inspection.

it to town a fortnight previously and left it with a watchmaker to be sold. However, it would be well to make sure he was really on the right track, so he asked the young girl to describe this silver ring. Here again, however, he was doomed to disappointment, for just at this moment the mother came into the room, and over-hearing the conversation, ordered her daughter off to bed with an unnecessary degree of promptness which showed that the subject was evidently not one she cared to have further discussed.

Captain Torrens had heard enough, however, to send him back to Halifax next morning as fast as his good horse could carry him. A hard day's riding brought him into town just as the evening shadows were gathering. Not waiting even to remove the stains of travel he began a tour of the watchmaker's shops in quest of the precious ring. One after another the principal shops were visited fruitlessly, and he had almost begun to despair, when in a quiet bye-street he espied an obscure little place that had hitherto escaped his notice. Unlikely as it looked he thought he might as well try it, and stammered slowly to the window. Conceivably his delight when at the first glance he saw the very thing he sought lying in a tray among a number of cheap rings, chains and trinkets, its cheap yet imposing richness contrasting strangely enough with such trumpery surroundings. Hastening into the shop the captain demanded to be shown the ring with a nervous impatience that caused the old watchmaker to stare at him somewhat suspiciously over the tops of his gold-rimmed glasses. On asking how it came there he was told that a sea-faring man had pledged it for the sum of twenty shillings a fortnight previously.

"All right," said Captain Torrens, "here is my card and twenty-five shillings. Let me have the ring, and if the man who left it ever comes back for it, tell him to come to me, and bring with him the finger he cut off to get it."

The rest of the story is easily told. The ring on being shown to Dr. Copeland was immediately recognized by him as the one his wife had worn. Effective measures were instantly taken for the arrest of the man whose daughter had so unwittingly betrayed him. Confronted by the ring, and other evidence which rapidly accumulated, he made a full confession revealing the secrets of the wreckers' dreadful trade, and the government taking the matter in hand, relieved Sable Island of the blight of their presence forever. The ring went back to the family of Mrs. Copeland, in England, and the Pale Lady with the Bloody Finger roamed restlessly about the sands of Sable Island no more.

Ottawa, Ont.

J. McDONALD OXLEY.

(FOR THE CHRISTMAS CRITIC).

DOUBLE ACROSTIC FOR BIBLE READERS.

1. A City whose language was heard in the day of Pentecost.
 2. A person who gave great pleasure to one who in return gave great pain to many.
 3. A place where lamentation was heard and from whence no comfort was obtained.
 4. The number required to keep an apostle a prisoner.
 5. One whose name was changed by the substitution of a letter.
 6. Is the number of those who shared our Lord's final sufferings.
 7. A quotation where Christ leaves a boon to His disciples.
 8. A priest of David who assisted him in trouble.
 9. A King of Assyria who dwelt at Nineveh.
 10. Is the command given to the disciples at the last supper.
 11. A city built by the children of Gad.
 12. An article Solomon had brought out of Egypt.
- The initials explain the joyful occasion which the finale proclaim.

CAPPEDOCIA	A	Acts 2-9
HERODIAS	S	Matt 14-3
RAXA	A	Matt 2-18
IV.	V	Acts 12-4
SARAI	I	Gen 11-29
TWO	O	Two thieves
MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU	U	John 14-27
AMATHAR	R	1 Sam 22-20
SCUNACHERIN	B	2 Kings 19-36
DO	O	Do this
ARDER	R	Num 32-34
YARN	N	1 Kings 10-28

C. H. W.

The art of opening letters addressed to other people and refastening them so that no one will know is a profession in Spain. In the Post Office they have a dark chamber, where experts inquire into things, and these have long since given up the use of steam for opening gummed communications. Even red-hot platinum wire for letters sealed with wax is out of date. The favorite means is with a knife sharper than a razor, which is run along the bottom of the envelope. The letter having been extracted and then replaced after the officials of the Post Office have learned what is going on, a fine-line of liquid cement is drawn along the opening, the slightest pressure conceivable is applied, and the letter is as whole as ever. The system only fails when too many letters are opened at a time and put hurriedly into the wrong envelopes.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

A CONTENTED mind is the greatest blessing we can enjoy in this world; and if, in the present life, he finds relief from the subduing of our desires, it will arise in the next from the gratification of them.

MUSIC of birds was the first song of thanksgiving which was offered on earth before man was found. All their songs are different, but all harmonious, and all together composed a choir that we cannot imitate.

EVER changing. Nothing is more variable than the sky and one's own soul.

REASON'S whole pleasure, all the joys of serious life in these words, health, peace, and competence.

REPENTANCE hath a purifying power, and every tear is of it, cleansing virtue; but those penitential clouds must be still kept dropping. No shower will not suffice, for repentance is not a single action, but a course.

YOUTH is the season of improvement.

CONTENTMENT is the true philosopher's stone. The poor are rich that have it, and the rich are poor without it.

HUMANITY is a flower that prospers most when planted on the rich soil of a noble and great mind.

REMEMBER that as things you observe others, so art thou observed by angels and men.

IT was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for, as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

SINCERITY is like travelling in a plain, beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by ways, in which men often lose themselves.

THE belief that guardian spirits hover around the paths of men covers a mighty truth, for every beautiful and pure and good thought which the heart holds is an angel of mercy purifying and guarding the soul.

MEEKNESS is a grace which Jesus alone inculcated, and which no ancient philosopher seems to have understood or recommended.

ALL is not attractive that is good. Iron does not sparkle like the diamond yet it is useful. Gold has not the fragrance of a flower yet it is valuable. So different persons have different graces of excellence, and to be just we must have an eye to all.

SOME happy souls there are that wear their natures lightly; these rejoice the world by living, and receive from all men more than what they give.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Why would a man rather be burned at the stake, or be beheaded? Because hot stake (steak) is better than cold chop.

Why is a bald head like Heaven? Because it is a bright shining spot and there is no parting there.

When did Moses sleep fits in a bed? When he slept with his fore-(four)-fathers.

What brings a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bill? A draught (draft).

When is banking first mentioned in the bible? When Pharaoh received a check (cheque) on the bank of the Red Sea, crossed by Moses, Aaron & Company.

Why was Job very badly off for neckties? Because he had but three miserable comforters.

What is the difference between a donkey and a postage stamp? The one you lick with a stick, the other you stick with a lick.

Why do ducks go to the water? For divers reasons.

Why do they come out? For sun-dry purposes.

During the session of the United States Court in Hartford, a few months ago, a prominent landlord and real estate manager was summoned to serve on the grand jury. On his way he informed a couple of friends of the summons. One of them, who never spares a chance for a witticism, observed: "I am glad, sir, you will now be called on to exercise your conscience."

A father, wishing to get his son into a coach which was crowded, used three words, which being joined together form a proper name. What are the three words? Ben-jam-in.

A transparent substance, bohead, a maiden, again bohead, and you get what neither of us is, g-l-a-s-s.

ANAGRAM.

No or put against - Paritan - Genosta.

London House.

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New Fall Goods.

Stock now complete in every Department.

Fancy Dress Goods in Newest Materials and Shades. Black and Col'd Cashmeres and Merinos, Mantle and Water Cloths, Be. Jettis, Astracans, Silk and Col'd Silks, Velvets, Velveteens & Plushes, Dolmans, Ulsters, Mantles and Shawls, Braided Jerseys and Jersey Jackets, Fur Capes, Mantles and Trimmings, Gossamer, Waterproofs, Corsets, Hosiery and Gloves, Wool Goods - of all kinds, Grey and White Blankets, Quilts, White, Grey and Scarlet Flannels, Grey, White and Printed Cotton, White and Col'd Wraps, Worsted Coatings, English, Scotch and Canadian Tweeds, Silk Broad Cloths & Doeskins, Pillors, Beavers, Naps, &c., Tailors' Trimmings in Great Variety, Mens', Youths' and Boys' Ready-Made Clothing, Canadian and Scotch Lamb's Wool Underclothing, Knitted Gloves, Cardigan, Jackets, Shirts, Stances, The above Stock is very large, well assorted and splendid value, being much below last year's prices. Inspection invited, and satisfaction guaranteed in every department.

Wm. Moody & Co.

168 AND 170 GRANVILLE STREET, HALIFAX.

1000 Pairs SPECTACLES.

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Every Shade, Shape and Number, imported direct from Europe, the Finest and Largest Assortment ever brought into the Maritime Provinces.

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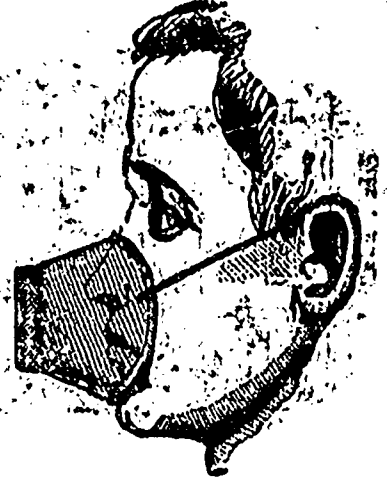
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N. Washington, M.D., etc., The Emphatic Throat and Lung Surgeon, of Toronto, is now permanently located, Halifax Office, Parlor 73, International Hotel.

The following testimonials are as genuine as gold, and speak in laudable, praiseworthy manner of the most wonderful cures ever recorded.

DISEASES TREATED. - Catarrh of the Head and Throat, Catarrhal Deafness, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption, Also, Loss of Voice, Sore Throat, Enlarged Tonsils, Polypus of the Nose removed. COME EARLY. CONSULTATION FREE.

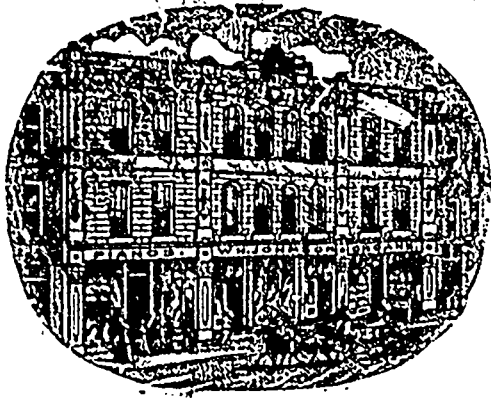
Read the circulars, and hand them to your neighbors. LOSS OF VOICE AND CONSUMPTION CURED. Frederickton, June 19, 1884.

Dr. WASHINGTON - Dear Sir, - I write you under feelings of intense gratitude for your Spirometer and other instruments and medicines, which have entirely restored me to blooming health. I was given up to die of consumption, and, in fact, had no hope of ever recovering myself. Lost my voice for several months. All the symptoms of consumption present - so much so, indeed, that our family physician and others gave me up to die. The change of treatment came in time to save my life, and it is for the benefit of others who are afflicted as I was that my name is allowed to appear in public print. I can heartily recommend the treatment to all who wish to be saved from the grave. Yours truly, MISS JEANETTE BEVRELEY.

CATARRH CURED. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS STANDING. Wesley Bullen, Esq., Wholesale Liquor Merchant, Fivus Street, Belleville, Ont., says - "I have been affected with Catarrh for 25 years, and after trying every available remedy without effect, took the Spirometer, which, with the medicines used, entirely cured me." WESLEY BULLEN.

CONSUMPTION ARRESTED. H. G. WILSON, 125 Granville Street. HALIFAX, N. S.; June 24th, 1885. To DR. WASHINGTON, Throat, and Lung Surgeon, Parlor 73, International Hotel: Dear Sir, - Having been troubled with weak lungs and hemorrhage for some time with every indication of speedy consumption, concluded to try your "INSPIRATION TREATMENT," with the most flattering results. In fact to-day I am attending to my general business without noticing my former weaknesses, or that my lungs were ever affected. Your treatment cannot be too highly recommended. H. G. WILSON.

ANOTHER REMARKABLE TESTIMONY. CONSUMPTION CURED IN THE LAST STAGE. CAPTAIN WILLIAM SALTER, No. 27 Granville Street, Halifax, N. S. N. WASHINGTON M. D., Throat and Lung Specialist, Toronto. Dear Sir, - When you visited me in the latter part of January, I had been given up to die of consumption by a consultation of physicians, who considered that my recovery was simply impossible. I had no hope myself, nor had my family. When you expressed a hope of my recovery, it was received with a good deal of doubt. Confined to my bed, with low, weak, wasted, night sweats, very bad, troublesome cough, raising large quantities of matter, in fact every appearance of a speedy death. After using your Respiration and Spirometer, and medicines, I began to recover very fast, so much so that during three hard winter months I have gained from 20 to 25 lbs., and was able to walk out on Easter Sunday. My strength is daily increasing, and I shall be able soon to be at work. To you I owe a deep sense of gratitude, and am anxious for others who are suffering as I was, to consult you. You can make what use of this letter you see fit, and thanking you for what I consider a most wonderful treatment, I remain yours truly, CAPT. W. SALTER. Head Office, Parlor 73, International Hotel.



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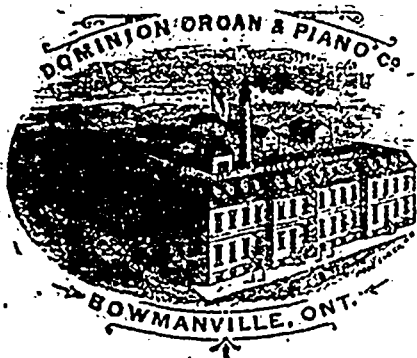
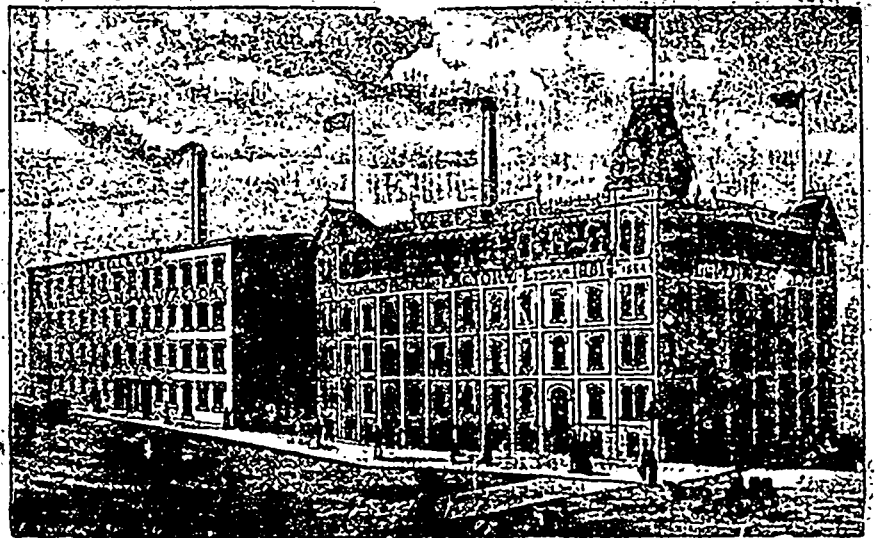
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