福田とおからはお田田の MOREGAR! MOREGAR!!

to your more a contable contract formy, and the law Manager of Consumers Gas now perpend to the all kinds of the fitting in its most approved at the Aschaige against we months before the will be meanfeatined. I would be a perpendicular to says this mester only opposition of a manufacture of the confidence of an and leaves their orders, so that the works may be completed in time

MENT COME PROPERTY OFFICE

Store Department Complete. The terrest and doct entertion of all Winds of stavos over put on the identity Marient Due se and a No MED ME COME STAVE the up orthan traffine beinghantes breade hall and assuming the only hast stave neving the neighborshed freutes broke.

W. R. Skilch.

SKLLOUS OTHER OR MORES

W. R. SKITCH would intinot so the public that he has

SOPPHIES LOSS PIGES AT MISSES AT MISSES minds and of the treet seasoned chulum which his

to Works Williamst Studies organite the

The Canadian Lost.

TANDSAY, PRIDAY, JAN. 5, 1889. A NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Star these at the portat Of the opening Vear, Wyels of comfort most us, Speken brough the alteners

By our Futher's voice. Poder, strong, and faithful, Mains on relates Onward their and fear not. Collings of the day!

NITER DOOD AWAY

I the Land am with the 1 will help and strongthen.

He then not dismayed! Veg I will uphold these With My own eight hand Then get out of and house.

(mward then, and faar not, ata On the year before us,

For the poor and many that; For the aid and shiful Shall the sence abounds For the faint and feeble Perfect strength he found.
Onward then, and fear not, etc.

He will never fall us. He will not forester,

He will not foreigher the site and covernance the will never be able the ting on His permion, What have we to fear? (20) is all authorns. For the coming year Orward then and four not, Children of the day! - For His word shall never

THE MYSTERY OF HARDEN DENE.

New ten present reversely!

A MYORY OF INCIDENT

Wontinued from tast week 1

Shapter MMXIII

IN THE DUCK OF EVENING Correy wished the same though certains in a less ardent way. It did not if there had been a plot but Con-

his about of his generation's unitden death, I flowing so soon after that of

have serown a dozen years older. His bate ! and the tree of a stick in walking more freand he would often speak out in answer to some question when notate han seked him one. He would

like to follow his mistres: about much as a faithful old mastiff might bays arante moving materaly about her chair at dinner, Fo Conroy he had self that strange man had no bustness at Harden Done; the best of them were but

What do he do up in that north wing so much? cottloguesed the old man in the honely speech he was pleased to include in when off day, "I see him, evening after evening accepting softly up and a creep-ing down path. What do he do it for: What's he looking atter? Do the young inistres know of it, I wonder! Who can answer for the shot he receive in that theft of the jewest Yan! Speed"

Of all the immores to the Hill, the one least tolerant of his conteners and his falltings was Mrs. Cariyon, On one occasion she spoke of them to Ella. "It is partly your rault, child; con give

I don't blak I'do, anat, In what way

The many ways. Look at that sonseless fancy he has taken of having no men sep-

vants in the house but himself. And you full in with it. We have snough maids for the work,

Anni Gerfrudez Lan avere of that fuppose we have not much less than half a score bere, in-Studies your ingid and mine. That is not the question. In your position, interess of this grand old place, it behoves you to keep men-servants as other people in. But because Aaron sets his face against it,

It is not that, sunt," Interrupted Kila. "What I thought right to do I would do, in apits of Aur." in corrainty in which things are that causes me to ive query. Once thear it ever to that tan the ablitud owner of Harden Done, you will find me make all the changes that are suitable."

Mis. Carlyon said no more then, She heartily winned her solourn at Harden Done was at an end, that she might return to her own more comfortable hone; for in-her opinion the atmosphere of the Hall

Of that dark north wing she had a whole-some dread, as well as of the lost girl's spirit, which was supposed to hannt it. To her notes the did not speak of this; but she and Mrs. Toynbee who was very poorly at this time, and kept much to her own chamber talked confidently together, and

chamber talker confidently together, and agreed that matters altogether were more thought to be.

"This is a queer thing, Miss Rila, that folks down at Nullington are, whispering to one another," evelamed Aston, overtake ing his mistress one afternoon in the new (4) HISTORY HILLIAN

What is it that they are whispering!" he to need to mule. Above that Captain Lannox, If twee him that rothed the Hall, then he must have been the villain who destroyed my poor boy. Ab, ma'am, but it's a terrible

I fear some of us fluit it so, Auron," Fothink of it! Caprain Lamnox! But most liked him, mann; I never liked that charp, foxy face of ins. Ella mentally wondered who the old man

I mistrusted him, Miss 16 to, from the first time book him. When a man talks you so soft and silky like as the captain the, and at the same time fixes you with with a prip of ornal, hungry tooking oven, it is best to have nothing to do with him.

at such a man down as dangerous, Miss Winter had herself always felt a seems distrust of Lenney, without know ing the reason why. Perhaps, as Asron had and it was the compast between his smooth, dulest tones and the expression in his cold, hard on glances; anyway, she had your taken cardinly to Captain Lannoy, Your wife seems but poorly today, A ron, resumed Miss Witter, purposely

quitting the o her subject. She's a bloger ninny han over," retortof Acron, in an explosive tons, "I has penden, ma'our but the old woman be enmeh to wear one's patience out."

Dorothy Stone seamed to live in a chronic afroid of her hosbard would anwelly ask her, and the ment he could make of her troubling answers was that she was afraid of the "chosts," "Harden Dene had become a fears one place," she would say; "inv night she might meet Katherine Keen in the passages, or maybe the dead squire. Asron, quite beside himself at all this, threatened to shake her; but the threat made no visible impression. Miss Winter would reason with her now and sgein, but the old woman's life had become is complete to herantf.

What little pleasure is sadly negative (mr) she eyer found in it was when she recalled all her grandson's perfections and her post love for him. To this she found sympothic nglistness in the maide.

Where was there another like him" she would say, from the casy chair before the the in her own sitting room, a large black bow on her muslin cap. "So hold, and bendeme, and high spirited he was fit to notch with any born gentleman in the

"And so he was, ma'am," would make about if to her Phemie of Kitas. When was that vision of the hearse and beadless borses ever known to show itself for the likes o' you and met" she would continue; "but it appeared for

often was that dire portent visible to morfamily was about to be summoned hence; thus, as Dorothy tooked upon it, the viston must be regarded as a species of honor. It was for Macbeth alone that the witches worked their spells and brewed their potions; their business lay not with the rabble rout that called him captain.

But there came an hour when, ponder upon these eifenmatances, it occurred to lidered Contor, a shrewd reasoner, that more relate be in this nervous terror of Describy a than she attested to meet the sys. What was it that she was affaid off sys. What was it that she was arrang or the asked himself the question. Sitting by the blazing live in her own parlor, or in the kitchen bright with aunlight, people around her within beek and call, it could not be that she feared to see a school there that poor Katherine Keen in the spirit would walk in to confront her. Yet that Dorothy would and did sit there often in he day time in unmistakable terror could

not be disputed. "How much does Dorothy know about the electronstances of your uncle's death?" Mr. Conroy took an opportunity of inquiring of Ichin. "Indeed, I cannot tell," replied Klin; "I

have not liked to question her. I dare say she knows no more than we know." "line that's se it may be. She was bere diring all the time.

Oh yea, ahe was here." "Hasher a queer notion that of here which I hear she has taken up," continued Conroy, after a long pouse. "that she may meet the equire's ghost if she goes near

his old rooms at might." ther thy was always soully in that way, You have some morive, Edward, in saying

Yes, I have been watching Dorothy way inving her when she steals out to that little pitch of herbs which she calls her own garden, and turning in at other times to her sitting-room, ostenubly to hold with her a bit of that and she gives me the impression of a woman who has something on her mind something that will not allow her to rest."

"She has her superstitious fancies, I sup-

"I don't mean her fanctes, It is a more tar schlo fear unless I am inistaken."
"A few days ago I found her crying and trembling "said Miss Winter, "She told me she bed dozed off in her chair over her work, and had had a dream which fright-

"Did she tell you what her dream was "No; except that she thought she saw my

oo much. I wish, Ella, you would put a few questions to her about the squire, and me be present." "Not questions to slarm her, I suppose?"

"My dear, if the knows of nothing wrong in connection with that time, how could ther alarm ber?" True, I will ask her to morrow morn-

She will come in to take my orders instead of my going to her." The next morning Dorothy, full of her cares for dinner for she was still the honse-keeper, and bustling enough in the early part of the day was summoned to

Mas Winter's presence. Mr. Conroy had come to the Stall betimes that day, and sat at the back of the room reading a newspalills quietly gave her orders, and Dor-othy received them intelligently as usual.

her own department as house-keeper the woman was capable yet. "Is but all, Miss Ella?" she asked. "All for the present. I think of having a few friends to dinner soon: Mr. Philip

Cheve and his wife, and the vicar; and Lady Cleeve, if she is able to come; just half a dozen or so besides ourselves; but I will talk to you of that to-morrow Yes, ma'am," assented Dorothy, about to move away.

"Walt a moment," sald her mistress, "I wish to ask your question or two, Dorothy, about that Mrs. Doxter the woman who nursed my uncle, as I hear, during his last I wish to see Mrs. Devter. Can you tell me where to find her?"

Dorothy i hands began to tremble as though sid had been suddenly smitten with ague. She throw a look at her missions so frightened and imploring that the latter almost regretted she had spoken, and then she glanced beyond her at Mr. Conroy; but he seemed to see nothing but his news-

The von know where I could find Mrs. Devier" repeated Miss Winter. 'I don't know anything about Mrs. Dexter, ma'am," Dorothy whispered forth in a twittering voice; "nor do I ever wish to

she said, kindly; "you need not be put out. There, sit in that chair. And now tell me chen.

why you did not like Mrs. Dexter." ing boldly of her own accord into the kitchen.

The giggling servant's followed, and one

the trembling woman wiped her lips. "I can't tell why, ma'em. I didn'r, and that's all I knew. When she first come here with Doctor Jago, I was finely put out burt, if one may put it so. My nursing had been good enough for my master up to then, and I thought it might have been good enough still. I told the doctor my

"Dorothy," continued Miss Winter, after a pause of thought, 'I have never questioned you about my uncle's death. The subject was a painful one, and I was more deeply grieved than I can express that I was not allowed to be here at the time. Did you see him up to the day of his death?"

"No," gasped Dorothy.
"When did you see him last? How long before he died?" Again that same imploring look, but no

'You must tell me, Dorothy." "Not for weeks and weeks, ma'am,"

reinctance. That was strange, was it not, considering that you were always so great a favorits with Uncle Githert?" Dorothy lifted the corner of her clean white auron and wiped her face with

trembling fingers. She seemed to gather a little courage. "When he had that Mrs. Dexler, ma'am, he didn't want me, I take She was the nurse, and she didn't let anybody go near the master." She kept him shut up behind the green baize doors, and would not let him he seen by any one: that is what you mean?"

That was just it," assented Dorothy, more eagerly. "But they let you see him after he was dead you who had been his faithful ser-vant for so many years! Surely they let you look for the last time upon that face so soon to be hidden forever?"

"Not even then did they let me see him," she eried; "no, ma'am, not even then. It was crust crust!" "Cruet, indeed; I did not think Aaron could have been so unkind to you. He had one of the keys of the green doors, and could have let you through at any time."
Derothy sighed and let fall her apron.

All this was beginning to frighten her. Miss Winter advanced and stood in front There was nothing going on behind the green-balse doors, was there, Dorothy?" she asked, in expressive tones, but her Tes going straight into the woman's;

nothing that they wanted to keep from you and from every one!" Dorothy flung up her arms with a sudden meature of her. Oh, mietress, ask me no more, for hea-

ven's sake!" she cried. "I know nothing; I have nothing to tell." Nothingf' repeated Miss Winter. "No, ma'am, nothing," And the poor shaking woman looked so

Miss Winter let her excape. from behind his newspaper, "it is from that woman we must get the clew. She knows more than she daren to tell. I am | maids. right; it is this trouble that is praying on

"Certainly her manner is suggestive," sesented Ella. "But look at her distress; how shall we get anything more from her?" cider," said Conroy.

"Of one thing I am persuaded that she would nevertell me what is not true." "Under ordinary circumstances, no; I believe that. But she may be forced into perhaps a shade mor thought than the rest. "Oh, Edward! Conspirators! Poor old

rick, then tell me that my name is not For a few days after things went on at

he Hall in their usual state of quiet monotony: perhaps we might say disquiet, could the minds of some of its inmates be read. Old Dorothy went about her duties in a dezed manner, but nothing more was Gradually, finding herself let alone, the scare which seemed to have taken up its abode permanently on her face began to

less ver it. "The young mistress must see that I can tell nothing," she told herself, "and she won't frighten me again by asking me to. Why should innocent folks suffer for the milty! If that Dexter woman and that Jago had but never come anigh this miserable better!"

fate one afternoon, when the sun had set and the dusk of the January evening had drawn on, there was heard a soft knock at the outer door, which opened from the kitchen corridor into the shrubbery at the back of the Hall.

Dorothy was in her own room adjoining he kitchen, the door between them standing partly open. She had put down the gray stocking of her husband, which she ad been menning, and sat in the fire-light doing nothing save idly watching Phemie, who was preparing her tea in the kitchen, and wondering whether Aaron would be very late; for Aaron and the coachman had driven off to Nullington in the dog cart to despatch some matter of business for Miss

Wasn't that a knock at the shrubberydoor, Phemiet" asked Dorothy, raising her 'Well, I thought I heard something,' replied Phemie, the only servant at the moment in the kitchen. "Pil see directly. It's only Jem."

Before Phemie could finish buttering the muffin she had been toasting the gen-tle knock was heard at the door a second ime. Phemie ran along the short pass age and opened it. Expecting to see only the gardner's boy she started back in some slarm at sight of the strange figure confronting her. Standing between the two lights, one

ruddy and home-like that streamed out of the kitchen doorway, the other pallid and ghastly that was dying slowly in the west-ern sky, Phemie saw a tall and fierce-looking woman, tawny-skinned, and with bright black eyes. A searlet kerchief was bound around the tangle of her black hair; a faded scarlet shawl was draped around her figure and knotted behind. Thick hoops of gold were in her ears; rings glit-tered on her yellow fingers—a gypsy for-tune-teller, without any doubt, as Phemie, after the lirst moment of surprise, at once felt assired. She had seen women attired something like her in the country lanes round about. In her astonishment she did

not speak; but the stranger did. "Don't be afeard, honey. I am only an honest g; psy woman who has lost her way. I want to get to Nullington: being uncertain o' the road, I thought I'd make bold to turn aside here and ask it. "The road is straight as you can go," an-

swered Phemie. "Ab, but it's you that have a pair of wicked bright brown eyes, my lass," the gypsy whispered; "it's you that will make some fine young man's heart ache. Cross the poor gypay's hand with a bit o' silver and she'll tell you your fortune true and

Phemie would have liked her fortune told very well indeed; but she glanced back in the direction of Mrs. Stone's parior beyond the kitchen. "I daren't do it," she tried to shut the door. By this time two or three of the other had come up, and were gathering

round. There ensued some laughing and giggling. "I want to tell your fortunes," said the "I want to tell your fortunes, said the growy, touching one after another in a persuasive, friendly manner. "I heard there was some pretty young women at this place, and I came to it o' purpose. Take me into your bright kitchen there."

"The old missus, she do be in the way,"

The giggling servant's followed, and one of them dexterously drew to the door of Mrs. Stone's parlor. Phemie harried in with the tea-tray, which she arranged on the round table, and in going out shut the

Bright sixpences were brought forth, hands were crossed with the silver, and the credulous girls listened to their "for-

Presently Dorothy Stone, sipping her tes and eating her muffin in quietness, became aware of some unusual sounds, as of murmurings, in the kitchen, interspersed with smothered cursts of laughter.

"What can it be?" thought Dorothy. "They be always up to semenonsense whe Aaron's away."
Opening the door, she looked out upon

the scene—the wild, formidable gyp-y woman seated in her searlet trappings, and half a dezen of the girls standing around her. Dorothy, very much startled at the moment, shricked out, and the girls look-"What he you all at there?" she called out, in a tremor. "Who is that? Sally, spoke the woman then, but with evident

this is not your place; what do you do in The Sussex girl, who may have been addressed because she was the tallest and biggest, turned her laughing face to mistress and went into the partor. Dorothy, not feeling herself very competent to

cope with this, was sitting down again. "Oh, missus, do ye not be angry now," said the girl, in her good-numored wav. "We be only having our fortins told; she be gone directly. She to be and say as my man 'il be a soldier, and I'il have to ride on the baggige-waggin."

Dorothy took heart and courage what would Miss Winter say if she knew that she had allowed this? "I order you to be gone," she said, her quavering voice marring the implied authority in no small degree. "Go out of the house at once; how dared you come into it." "Who is that?" cried the gypsy.

"Hush! It be Mrs. Stone, the house-keeper," whispered Phemie. "You had The gypsy woman rose, showing her large white teeth, and strede to the door the inner room, "Let the poor gyosy

tell your fortune," she said, with smiling lips and a courtesy."

For once Dorothy was roused to anger. "Go away, you hold woman," she cried, shrilly. "Loc't attempt to tell your lies to shrilly. "Don't attempt to ten you me. You have told enough to these silly

The gypsy's face darkened; she strode a pace or two into the room. "I have been telling them lies, have I? Well, then, let me tell the truth to you;" and, bending her tall form, she whispered a few words rapidly in the old woman's ear.

Dorothy's face turned ashy white as she heard them. She sunk back in her chair

And the poor shaking woman looken so distributed as she crept to the door, that gypsy.

But Dorothy couldnot answer. She only but Dorothy couldnot answer. couln stare trembling;y at the fortune-

> The gypsy turned to the wendering naids. "Shut that door and leave us together," she said, in an imperious tone. This good mistress and I have something to say to each other."
> The door was closed immediately, and the

two women were left alone. The servants "That is just the point we have to con-der," said Conroy. "waited long enough to grow uncomfort-able. What could that strange gypsy woman be doing with the old missus! "We had better go in and see that all is right," at length spoke Phemie, who had

'She may have frightened her into a fit." At that moment the parlor door was opened and the gypsy came out. Shutting the door behind her, she strode through Well, my dear, time will show. If that the kitchen without a word to the frightof the house, and departed by the shrub-bery, as she had come.

The servants gazed into each other's faces in silence. Then, as with one accord, they opened the partor door and peeped in.

Dorothy Stone had her head bent on the table header the test tray and green within table beside the tea tray, and was tears, dreadful to hear, of fright, distress [CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

Answer this Question. Why do so many people we see seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, constitution, dizziness, loss of appetite, coming up of the food, yellow skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer guaranteed to cure them. S. PERKIN, whole sale and retail agent. 13-cow-26.

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OTTO BENDIX.

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Toronto, Oct. 26th, 1881. Miscellaneous. KANSAS CITY

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THOROUGH-BRED BOAR. -The Im-

twittering voice; "nor do I ever wish to was from Sussex.

"You did not like her, then, Dorothy?"

"A did not like her, ma'sm."

Mies Winter rose. "Sit down, Dorothy,"

whispered the buxon kitchen-maid, who was from Sussex.

"Sure and the missus would not want to deprive you of hearing o' the future, and the sort c' looks o' the man that's waiting for ye, my lass," returned the gypey, walk-THE GRANGE TRUST, (Limited)

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IVORY WARE.

Lindsay, December 6th, 1882

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FINISH.

Miscellaneous.

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