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## The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, FEB. 24, 1888

### COUNTESS NARONA.

(Continued from last week) CHAPTER XX.

Francis listened, utterly at a loss to account for the motives that animated her. "I don't see what interest you have in trying this extraordinary experiment," he said.

"It is my interest not to try it! It is my interest to fly from Venice and never set eyes on Agnes Lockwood or any of your family

again!"
"What prevents you from doing that?"
She started to her feet and looked at him wildly. "I know no more what prevents me than you do!" she burst out. "Some will that is stronger than mine drives me on to my destruction in spite of my own self!" She suddenly sat down again and waved her hand for him to go. "Leave me," she said. "Leave

Francis left her, firmly persuaded by this time that she was out of her senses. For the rest of the day he saw nothing of her. The night, so far as he knew, passed quietly. The next morning he breakfasted early, determined to wait in the restaurant for the appearance of the countess. She came in and ordered her breakfast quietly, looking dull, worn and self absorbed, as she had looked when he last saw her. He hastened to her table and asked if anything had happened in the night.

"Nothing," she answered. "You have rested as well as usual?" "Quite as well as usual. Have you had any letters this morning? Have you heard when

she is coming?" "I have had no letters. Are you really going to stay here? Has your experience of last night not altered the opinion which you expressed to me yesterday!"
"Not in the least."

The momentary gleam of animation which had crossed her face when she questioned him about Agnes died out of it again when he answered her. She looked, she spoke, she eat her breakfast with a vacant resignation, like a woman who had done with hopes, done with interest, done with everything but the mechanical movements and instincts of life.

Francis went out on the customary traveler's pilgrimage to the shrines of Titian and and Tintoreto. After some hours of absence he found a letter waiting for him when he brother Henry, and it recommended him to return to Milan immediately. The proprietor of a French theatre, recently arrived from Venice, was trying to induce the fa-mous dancer whom Francis had engaged to break faith with him and accept a higher

Having made this startling announcement, Henry proceeded to inform his brother that Lord and Lady Montbarry, with Agnes and the children, would arrive in Venice in three days more, "They know nothing of our adventures at the hotel," Henry wrote, "and they have telegraphed to the manager for the accommodation that they want. There would be something absurdly superstitious in our giving them a warning which would frighten the ladies and children out of the best hotel in Venice We shall be a strong party this time-too strong a party for

ghosts! I shall meet the travelers on their arrival, of course, and try my luck again at what you call the haunted hotel. Arthur Barville and his wife have already got as far on their way as Trent; and two of the lady's relations have arranged to accompany them on the journey to Venice."

Naturally indignant at the conduct of his tions for returning to Milan by the train of On his way out he asked the manager if his

brother's telegram had been received. The telegram had arrived, and, to the surprise of "I thought you would refuse to let any more of the family into the house," he said, satirically. The manager answered (with the due dash of respect) in the same tone, "'No. 13A' is safe, sir, in the occupation of a stranger. I am the servant of the company, and I dare not turn money out of the hotel."

Hearing this, Francis said goodby-and said nothing more. He was ashamed to acknowledge it to himself, but he felt an irresistible curiosity to know what would happen when Agnes arrived at the hotel. Besides. "Mrs. James" had reposed confidence in him. He got into his gondola, respecting the confidence of "Mrs. James."

Toward evening, on the third day, Lord Montbarry and his traveling companions arrived, punctual to their appointment.

"Mrs. James," sifting at the window of her room, watching for them, saw the new lord land from the gondola first. He handed his wife from the steps. The three children were next committed to his care. Last of all. Agnes appeared in the little back doorway of the gondola cabin; and, taking Lord Monte barry's hand, passed in her turn to the steps, She wore no veil. As she ascended to the door of the hotel the countess (eving her through an opera glass) noticed that she paused to look at the outside of the building, and that her face was very pale.

CHAPTER XXI.

Lord and Lady Mortbarry were received by the housekeeper, the manager being absent for a day or two on business connected with the affairs of the hotel.

The rooms reserved for the travelers, on the first floor, were three in number, consisting of two bedrooms opening into each other, and communicating on the left with a drawing room. Complete so far, the arrangements proved to be less satisfactory in reference to the third bedroom required for Agnes and for the eldest daughter of Lord Montbarry, who usually slept with her on their travels. The bed chamber on the right of the drawing room was already occupied by an English widowlady. Other bed chambers at the other end of the corridor were also let in every case. There was, accordingly, no alternative but to place at the disposal of Agnes a comfortable room on the second floor. Lady Montbarry vainly complained of this separa-tion of one of the members of her traveling tion of one of the members of her traveling party from the rest. The housekeeper politely hinted that it was impossible for her to ask other travelers to give up their rooms. She could only express her regret, and assure Miss Lockwood that her bed chamber on the second floor was one of the best rooms in that part of the hotel.

On the retirement of the housekeeper Lady

Montberry noticed that Ages and therein the great to the sure apart, seeing apparently interest the till region of the bedrooms. Was he hill Not as felt a little unnerved by the influence journey, and that was all. Hearing this, Lord Montbarry proposed that she should go out with him and try the experiment of half an hour's walk in the cool air. Agnes giadly accepted the suggestion. They directed their steps toward the square St. Mark, so as to enjoy the breeze blowing over the lagroon. It was joy the breeze blowing over the lagroon. It was joy the breeze blowing over the lagoon. It was the first visit of Agnes to Venice. The fasci-nation of the wonderful city of the waters ex-erted its full influence over her sensitive na-

ture. The proposed half hour of the walk had passed away and was fast expanding to half an hour mose before Lord Montbarry could an hour mose before Lord Montbarry could persuade his companion to remember that dinner was waiting for them. As they returned, passing under the colonnade, neither of them noticed a lady in deep mourning loitering in the open space of the square. She started as she recognized Agnes walking with the new Lord Montbarry, hesitated for a moment and then followed them, at a discreet distance, back to the hotel.

distance, back to the hotel.

Lady Montbarry received Agnes in high
spirits with news of an event which had hapened in her absence. She had not left the hotel more than ten

minutes before a little note in pencil was brought to Lady Montbarry by the housekeeper. The writer proved to be no less a person than the widow lady who occupied the room on the other side of the drawing room which her ladyship had vainly hoped to secure for Agnes. Writing under the name of Mrs. James, the polite widow explained that she had heard from the housekeeper of the disappointment experienced by Lady Montbarry in the matter of the rooms. Mrs. James was quite alone; and, as long as her needenamber was airy and comfortable, is mattered nothing to her whether she slept on the first or the second floor of the house. She had accordingly much pleasure in proposing to change rooms with Miss Lockwood. Her luggage had already been removed, and Miss Lockwood had only to take possession of the room (No. 13A), which was now entirely at

her disposal.
"I immediately proposed to see Mrs. James," Lady Montbarry continued, "and to thank her personally for her extreme kindness. But I was informed that she had gone out, without leaving word at what hour she might be expected to return. I have written a little note of thanks, saying that we hope to have the pleasure of personally expressing our sense of Mrs. James' courtesy to-morrow. In the meantime, Agnes, I have ordered your boxes to be removed downstairs. Go and judge for yourself, my dear. if that good lady has not given up to you the prettiest room in

With these words Lady Montbarry left Miss Lockwood to make a hasty toilet for

The new room at once produced a favorable impression on Agnes. The large window, opening into a balcony, commanded an admirable view of the canal. The decorations on the walls and ceilings were carefully copied from the exquisitely graceful designs of Raphael in the Vatican. The massive wardrobe possessed compartments of unusual size, in which double the number of dresses that Agnes possessed might have conveniently hung at full length. In the inner orner of the room, near the head of the bedstead, there was a recess which had been turned into a little dressing room, and which opened by a second door on the inferior staircase of the hotel, commonly used by the servants. Noticing these aspects of the room at a glance, Agnes made the necessary change in her dress as quickly as possible. On her way back to the drawing room she was addressed by a chambermaid in the corridor, who asked for the key. "I will put your room tidy for the night, miss," the woman said, "and I will then bring the key back to you in the drawing room."

While the chambermaid was at her work a solitary lady loitering about the corridor of the second story, was watching her over the bulusters. After a while the maid appeared with her pail in her hand, leaving the room by way of the dressing room and the back stairs. As she passed out of sight the lady on the second floor (no other, it is needless to add, than the countess herself) ran swiftly down the stairs, entered the bed chamber by the principal door and hid herself in the empty side compartment of the wardrobe. The chambermaid returned, completed her work, locked the door of the dressing room on the inner side, locked the principal entrance door on leaving the room, and returned the key to Agnes in the drawing room.

The travelers were just sitting down to their late dinner when one of the children noticed that Agnes was not wearing her watch. Had she left it in her bed chamber in the hurry of changing her dress? She rose from the table at once in search of her watch: Lady Montbarry advising her as she went out to see to the security of her bed chamber Parisian colleague, Francis made his prepara- in the event of there being thieves in the house. Agnes found her watch, forgotten, on the toilet table, as she had anticipated. Before leaving the room again she acted or Lady Montbarry's advice and tried the key in the lock of the dressing room door. She Francis, the rooms were already reserved. left the bed chamber, locking the main door behind her.

Immediately on her departure the counters, oppressed by the confined air in the wardrobe, ventured on stepping out of her hiding place into the empty room.

Entering the dressing room on tiptoe, she listened at the door until the silence outside informed her that the corridor was empty. Upon this she unlocked the door, and, passing out, closed it again softly, leaving it to all appearance (when viewed on the inner side) as carefully secured as Agnes had seen it when she tried the key in the lock with her own

While the Montbarrys were still at dinner Henry Westwick joined them, arriving from

When he entered the room, and again when he advanced to shake hands with her, Agnes was conscious of a latent feeling which secretly reciprocated Henry's unconcealed pleasure on meeting her again. For a mo-ment only she returned his look; and in that moment her own observation told her that she had silently encouraged him to hope. She saw it in the sudden glow of happiness which overspread his face; and she confusedly took refuge in the usual conventional inquiries relating to the relatives whom he had left at Milan.

Taking his place at the table, Henry gave a most amusing account of the position of his brother Francis, between the mercenary opera dancer on one side, and the unscrupulous manager of the French theatre on the other. Matters had proceeded to such extremities that the law had been called on to interfere, and had decided the dispute in favor of Francis. On winning the victory, the English manager had at once left Milan, recalled to London by the affairs of his theatre. He was accompanied on the journey back, as he had been accompanied on the journey out, by his sister. Resolved, after passing two nights of terror in the Venetian hotel, never to enter it again, Mrs. Norbury asked to be excused from appearing at the family featival, on the ground of ill health.

At her age traveling fatigued her, and she

was glad to take advantage of her brother's escort to return to England. While the talk at the dinner table flower easily onward, the evening time advanced to night, and it became necessary to think of

the other side of the drawing room." Henry made no remark; he looked incomprehensibly discontented as he opened the door for Agnes and her companion to pass out. After wishing them good night he waited in the corridor until he saw them enter the fatal corner room, and then he called abruptly to his brother: "Come out, Stephen, and let us

As soon as the two brothers were at liberty to speak together privately Henry explained the motive which had led to his staange inquiries about the bedrooms. Francis had informed him of the meeting with the counters at Venice, and of all that had followed it, and Henry now carefully repeated the narrative to his brother in all its details. "I am not satisfied," he added, "about that woman's purpose in giving up her room. Without alarming the ladies by telling them what I alarming the ladies by telling them what I have just told you, can you not warn Agnes to be careful in securing her door? Lord Montharry replied that the warning had already been given by his wife, and Agnes might be trusted to take good care of herself and her little bed fellow. For the rest, he looked upon the wonderful story of the countess and her superstitions as a piece of theatrical exaggeration, amusing enough in itself, but quite unworthy of a moment's serious attention.

While the gentlemen were absent from the hotel the room which had been already associated with so many startling circumstances became the scene of another strange event, in which Lady Montbarry's eldest child was

Little Marian had been got ready for bed as usual, and had so far) taken hardly any notice of the new room. As she knelt down to say her prayers she happened to look up at that part of the ceiling above her which was just over the head of the bed. The next instant she alarmed Agnes by starting to her feet with a cry of terror, and pointing to a small brown spot on one of the white paneled spaces of the carved ceiling. "It's a spot of blood!" the child exclaimed. "Take me

away! I won't sleep here!" Seeing plainly that it would be useless to reason with her while she was in the room, Agnes hurriedly wrapped Marian in a dressing gown and carried her back to her mother in the drawing room. Here the ladies did their best to soothe and reassure the trembling girl. The effort proved to be useless; the impression that had been produced on the young and sensitive mind was not to be removed by persuasion. Marian could give no explanation of the panic and terror that had seized her. She was quite unable to say why the spot on the ceiling looked like the color of a spot of blood. She only knew that she should die of terror if she saw it again. Under these circumstances, but one alternative was left. It was arranged that the child should pass the night in the room occupied by her two younger sisters and the nurse.

In half an hour more Marian was peacefully asleep with her arm around her sister's neck. Lady Montharry went back with Agnes to her room to see the spot on the ceiling which had so strangely frightened the child. It was so small as to be only just perceptible, and had in all probability been caused by the carelessness of a workman, or by a dripping from water accidentally spilled on the floor of the room above.

should place such a terrible interpretation on such a trifling thing," Lady Montbarry remarked. "I suspect the nurse is in some way answer-

able for what has happened," Agnes suggested. "She may quite possibly have been telling Marian some tragic nursery story which has left its mischievous impression behind it. Persons in her position are sadly ignorant of the danger of exciting a child's imagination. You had better caution the nurse to-mor-

Lady Montbarry looked round the room with admiration. "Is it not prettily decorated?" she said. "I suppose, Agnes, you don't mind sleeping here

Agnes laughed.
"I feel so tired," she replied, "that I was
thinking of bidding you good night, instead
of going back to the drawing room." Lady Montbarry turned toward the door.

"I see your jewel case on the table," she re-"Don't forget to lock the other door there, in the dressing room," "I have already seen to it, and tried the key myself," said Agnes. "Can I be of any

use to you before I go to bed?" "No, my dear, thank you; I feel sleepy enough to follow your example. Good night, Agnes—and pleasant dreams on your first night in Venice."

CHAPTER XXII.

Having closed and secured the door on Lady Montbarry's departure, Agnes put on her dressing gown, and, turning to her open boxes, began the business of unpacking. In the hurry of making her toilet for dinner she had taken the first dress that lay uppermost in the trunk and had thrown her traveling costume on the bed. She now opened the doors of the wardrobe for the first time and began to hang her dresses on the hooks in the arge compartment on one side.

After a few minutes only of this occupation he grew weary of it and decided on leaving the trunks as they were until the next morning. The oppressive south wind which had blown throughout the day still prevailed at night. The atmosphere of the room felt close; Agnes threw a shawl over her head and shoulders, and opening the window stepped into the balcony to look at the view. The night was heavy and overcast; nothing

Leaning on the parapet of the backword.

Agnes looked vacantly into the black void beneath. Her thoughts reverted to the miserable man who had broken his pledged faith to her and who had died in that house. Some change seemed to have come over her since her arrival in Venice; some new influence appeared to be at work. For the first time her experience of herself compassion and regret were not the only emotions aroused in her by the remembrance of the dead Montbarry. A keen sense of the wrong that she had suffered, never yet felt by that gentle and forgiving nature, was felt by it now. She found herself thinking of the by gone days of her humiliation almost as harshly as Henry Westwick had thought of them—she who had rebuked him the last time he had spoken slightingly of his brother in her presence! A sudden fear and doubt of herself startled her physically as well as morally. She turned from the shadowy abyse of the dark water, as if the mystery and the gloom of it had been answerable for the emotions which had taken her by surprise. Abruptly closing the window, she threw aside her shawl and lit the candles on the mantelpiece, impelled by a sudden craving for light in the solitude of her room. in the solitude of ner room.

The cheering brightness round her contrasting with the black gloom outside, restored her spirits. She felt herself enjoying the light

like a child! Would it be well (she asked herself) to get ready for bed? No! The sense of drowsy fatigue that she had felt half an hour since was going. She returned to the duil employthe minutest incidents and details of the evening, she could think of nothing which presented him under other than a favorable and interesting aspect. The smile to bestell softly, her color rose by fine gradation as she felt the full luxury of dwelling on the perfect statch and modesty of his descript to her. Was the depression of spirits from which she had suffered so persistently on her travels attributable, by any chance, to their long separation from each other—imbittered, perhaps, by her own vain regret when she remembered her rash reception of him in Paris? Suddenly conscious of this bold question and of the self-abandonment which it implied, she returned mechanically to her book, startled by the unrestrained liberty of her own thoughts. What lurking temptations to forbidden tenderness find their hiding places in a woman's dressing gown, when she is alone in her room at night! With her heart in the tomb of the dead Mont-With her heart in the tomb of the dead Montbarry, could Agnes even think of another man and think of love? How shameful! how unworthy of her! For the second time she tried to interest herself in the guide book and once more she tried in vain. Throwing and once more she tried in vain. Inrowing the book aside she turned desperately to the one resource that was left, to her luggage— resolved to fatigue herself without mercy

until she was weary enough and sleepy enoug to find safe refuge in bed. For some little time she persisted in the monotonous occupation of transferring her clothes from the trunk to the wardrobe. large clock in the hall, striking midnight, reminded her that it was getting late. She sat down for a moment in an arm chair by the

The silence in the house now caught her attention and held it—held it disagreeably. Was everybody in bed and asleep but nerself! Surely it was time for her to follow the general example? With a certain irritable, nervous haste she rose and again undressed herself. "I have lost two hours of rest," she thought, frowning at the reflection of herself in the glass, as she arranged her hair for the "I shall be good for nothing to-mor-She lit the night light and extinguished the

candles—with one exception, which she rebed opposite to the side occupied by the arm chair. Having put her traveling box of matches and the guide book near the candle in case she might be sleepless and might want to read, she blow out the light and laid her head on the pillow.

The curtains of the bed were looped back to let the air pass freely over her. Lying on her left side, with her face turned away from the table, she could see the arm chair by the dim night light. It had a chintz coveringrepresenting large bunches of roses scattered over a pale green ground. She tried to weary herself into drowsiness by counting over and over again the bunches of roses that were visible from her point of view. Twice her attention was distracted from the counting by sounds outside-by the clock chiming half hour past 12; and then again by the fall of a pair of boots on the upper floor, thrown out to be cleaned, and with that barbarous disregard of the comfort of others which is observable in humanity when it inhabits an hotel. In the silence that followed these passing disturbances Agnes went on counting the roses on the arm chair more and more slowly. Before long she confused her-self in the figures—tried to begin counting again-thought she would wait a little firstfelt her eyelids drooping and her head sinking lower and lower on the pillow-sighed faintly-and sunk into sleep.

How long that first sleep lasted she never knew. She could only remember in the after time that she woke instantly. Every faculty and perception in her passed the boundary line between insensibility and consciousness, so to speak, at a leap. Without knowing why she sat up suddenly in the bed, listening for she knew not what. Her head was in a whirl; her beart beat furiously, without any assignable cause. But one trivial event had happened during the interval while she had been asleep. The night light had gone out, and the room, as a matter

of course, was in total darkness. She felt for the match box, and paused after finding it. A vague sense of confusion was still in her mind. She was in no hurry to light the match. The pause in the darkless was, strangely enough, agreeable to her.
In the quieter flow of her thoughts during this interval she could ask herself the natura question: What cause had awakened her so suddenly, and had so strangely shaken her

nerves? Had it been the influence of a dream! She had not dreamed at all—or, to speak more correctly, she had no waking remem brance of having dreamed. The mystery was beyond her fathoming; the darkness began to oppress her. She struck the match on the

box and lit her candle.

As the welcome light diffused over the room she turned from the table and looked toward the other side of the bed.

In the moment when she turned the chill of a sudden terror gripped her round the heart, as with the clasp of an icy hand. She was not alone in her room!

There-in the chair at the bedside-there suddenly revealed under the flow of light from the candle, was the figure of a woman reclining. Her head lay back over the chair. Her face, turned up to the ceiling, had the eyes closed, as if she was wrapped in a deep

The shock of the discovery held Agnes speechless and helpless. Her first conscious action when she was in some degree mistress of herself again was to lean over the bed and to look closer at the woman who had so incomprehensibly stolen into her room in the dead of night. One glance was enough; she started back with a cry of amazement. The person in the chair was no other than the widow of the dead Montbarry—the woman who had warned her that they were to meet again, and that the place might be Venice! Her courage returned to her, stung into action by the natural sense of indignation which the presence of the countess provoked.

"Wake up!" she called out. "How dare

you come here? How did you get in? Leave the room or I will call for help!" She raised her voice at the last words. It produced no effect. Leaning further over the bed she boldly took the countess by the shoulder and shook her. Not even this effort succeeded in rousing the sleeping woman. She still lay back in the chair, possessed by a torpor like the torpor of death—insensible to sound, insensible to touch. Was she really

sleeping? Or had she fainted? Agnes looked closer at her. She had not fainted. Her breathing was audible, rising and falling, in deep, heavy gaspa. At intervals she ground her teeth savagely. Beads of perspiration stood thickly on her forehead. Her clinched hands rose and fell slowly from time to time on her lap. Was she in the agony of a dream? or was she spiritually conscious of something hidden in the room?

The doubt involved in that last question was unendurable. Agnes determined to rouse the servants who kept watch in the hotel at night.
The bell handle was fixed to the wall on the

side of the bed by which the table stood.
She raised herself from the crouching posi-Whe raised herself from the crouching posi-tion she had assumed in looking close at the countess, and, turning toward the other side of the bed, stretched out her hand to the bell. At the same instant she stopped and looked upward. Her hand fell helplessly at her side. She shuddered, and sunk back on the pillow.

She shuddered, and sunk beer on the papew.

What had she seem?

She had seen another intruder in her room.

Midway between her and the ceiling there hovered a human hend—severed at the mack.

like a head struck from the body by the guillo-

broad window opposite the foot of the bed, with the black night beyond it; the candle betting on the table three and in other objects in the room, remained unaltered. One objects move, unatterably horrid, had been added to the rest. That was the only change—no more, no less.

By the valley candle lights he saw the head

By the yellow candle light she saw the head distinctly hovering in mid air above her. She looked at it steadfastly, spellbound by the terror that held her. The flesh of the face was gone. The shriv-eled skin was darkened in hue, like the skin

of an Egyptian mummy—except at the neck.
There it was of a lighter color; there it showed spots and splankes of the hue of that brown spot on the ceiling, which the child's fauciful terror had distorted into the likeness of a spot of blood. Thin rem ins of a discolored mustache and whiskers, hanging over the upper lip, and over the hollows where the cheeks had once been, made the head just recognizable as the head of a man. Over all the features death and time had done their obliterating work. The eyelids were closed. The hair on the skull, discolored like the hair on the face, had been burned away in places. The bluish lips, parted in a fixed grin, showed the double row of teeth. By alow degrees the hovering head (perfectly still when she first saw it) began to descend toward Agnes as she lay beneath. By slow degrees that strange, doubly blended odor which the commissioners had discovered in the vaults of the old palace—which had sickened Francis Westwick in the bed chamber of the new hotel—spread its fetid exhalations over the room. Downward and downward the hideous apparition made its slow prog-ress, until it stopped close over Agnes— stopped and turned slowly, so that the face of it confronted the upturned face of the woman in the chair

After that there came a pause. Then a momentary animation disturbed the rigid repose of the dead face. The closed eyelids opened slowly. The eyes revealed them-selves, bright with the glassy film of death, and fixed their dreadful look on the woman

Agnes saw that look; saw the reclining voman rise, as if in obedience to some dread amand—and saw no more.

Her next conscious impression was of the sunlight pouring in at the window; of the friendly presence of Lady Montbarry at the bedside, and of the children's wondering faces peeping in at the door.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"You have some influence over Agnes. Try what you can do, Henry, to make her take a sensible view of the matter. There is really nothing to make a fuss about. My wife's maid knocked at her door early in the morning, with the customary cup of tea. Getting no answer, she went round to the dressing room, found the door on that side unlocked, and discovered Agnes on the bed in a fainting fit. With my wife's help they brought her to herself again, and she told the extraordinary story which I have just repeated to you. You must have seen for yourself that she has been overfatigued, poor thing, by our long railway journeys; her nerves are out of order. and she is just the person to be easily terrified by a dream. She obstinately refuses, how-ever, to accept this rational view. Don't suppose that I have been severe with her. All that a man can do to humor her I have done. I have written to the countess (in her assumed name), offering to restore the room to her. writes back, positively declining to return to it. I have accordingly arranged (so as not to have the thing known in the hotel) to occupy the room for one or two nights, and to leave Agnes to recover her spirits under my wife's care. Is there anything more that I can do? Whatever questions Agnes has asked of me, I have answered to the best of my ability; she knows all that you told me about Francis and the countess

last night.
"But try as 1 may 1 can't quiet ner mind. I have given up the attempt in despair, and left her in the drawing room. Go, like a good fellow, and try what you can do to

ompose her." In those words Lord Montbarry stated the case to his brother from the rational point of view. Henry made no remark, he went straight to the drawing room.

He found Agnes walking rapidly backward and forward, flushed and excited. "If you come here to say what your brother has been saying to me," she broke out, before he could speak, "spare yourself the trouble. I don't want common sense-I want a true friend who will believe in me."

"I am that friend, Agnes," Henry answered, quietly, "and you know it."
"You really believe that I am not deluded by a dream?" "I know that you are not deluded-in one

particular, at least. "In what particular?" "In what you have said of the countess. It is perfectly true"\_\_\_

> ( Continued next worck) G. A. Metherell.

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James Keith.

# THE KARN ORGAN

I have received the agency for Victoria county for the Celebrated Karn Organ, manufactured at Woodstock, Ont., received the only silver medal, highest award over all manufacturers, at the Dominion Exhibition, 1883, St. John, N.B. This was the last medal ever awarded Orguns in the Dominion of Canada.

The Karn Organ also received the last medal awarded Organs at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition, Toronto.

Those in want of a good Organ should call at my store and see for themselves. I intend to sell cheap, as I keep no men and horses on the road, therefore I don't want any profits on men and horses.

REMEMBER THE PLACE.

JAS. KEITH.

Lindsay, Oct. 5, 1887,-65

Lindsay, May 12, 1886.—92.

Miscellaneous.

THE POST Premiums. See advt. and

SEE THE POST'S WEDDING INVI-TATION CARDS with envelopes. A dozen different styles. Charming, elegant, popular. "All the go." New and elegant type. Prices

**DUNN'S** BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

CARD OF THANKS.

T. A. Middleton, Esq., agent Mutual Accident Insurance Co. of Manchester. SIR. - We desire to thank you for prompt payment of our claims by the Mutual Accident Insurance Co. of Manchester, on account of injuries received by us.

A. W. PARKIN JOSEPH KILLABY, SAMUEL HULLICK, THOS. BAKER, R. H. HOPKINS, J. G MATCHETT, Lindsay, Dec 29. 1887.-31-tf.

UMMER GRAZING. -The undersigned will (D.V.) next spring, be prepared to take in for pasture 100 good Heffers, allowing each about five acres, and will nut with them his Stock Bull, "DUKE OF SHARON 13th," from Bow Park and registered in the D. H. B., and again change him for "6th EARL OF FAME," also from Bow Park and registered in D. H. B. Charge, including service of Bulls, for six months (\$6 50) six dollars and a half. Also 100 good "wo or three year old Steers, at (\$5 50) five dollars and a half and allow same acreage to each beast. The cattle to be delivered here before being turned out. Cash before removal. Good pasture, good water and good bush for sheler, shundant salt. No insurance, but careful attention. Good heavy cattle pretut careful attention. Good heavy cattle preferred G LAIDLAW, "The Fort," Victoria Road, -7? 28.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

Pursuant to the Revised Statues of Ontario Cap 107, as amented by 46. Victoria, Cap. 9, the credi ors of WILLIAM COONE, late of the village of Manilla in the County of Victoria, wagon-maker, Accessed, who died on or about the 2nd day of February, 1888, are on or before The 16th Day of March, A. D. 1888,

to send by post prepaid to Messrs. BARRON & CAMPBELL of the Town of Lindsay in the said County, solicitors for George W. Coone, John George and John Short, executors under the last will of the said deceased, their Christian and suchames, addresses and descriptions, the full particulars of their claims and the nature of the securities (if any) held by them. The said elections and lafter the said little day of March, 1828, he at liberty to distribute the assets of the said deceased or any part thereof amongst the parties entitled thereto having regard only to the claims of which such executors have them notion, at d shall not be liable for the discription of whose claim such executors had not notice at the time of the distribution thereof or a part thereof as the case may be.

Dated at Lindsay the 14th day of February,

SEED STORE, WILLIAM-ST Miscellaneous.

THE OLD RELIABLE BRICK YARD.—Established 1870—I have now on hand in my yard at Cannington a choice quantity of BRICE which I will sell at the yard or deliver at the Cannington station or Woodville station. My brick for color and quality cannot be beaten. JUHN WAKELIN, Cannington, Dec. 3, 1887—74-lyr.

ORGAN, PIANO, VOCAL MUSIC and

MR. RICHARD HUMPHREYS, Organist of the Methodist Church, Lindsay, will give lessons for the Organ and Piano, and the voice. Piano tuning done at short notice. Residence: Wellington street, four doors east of Cambridge. Lindsay, Nov. 16, 1887.—71-1y.

RAILWAY TIES WANTED.

300,000 Railway Ties, 300,000.

The undersigned will pay cash for the above quantity of Ties delivered in lots on track of Midland Railway and on the Gull River and Burnt River waters. Ties to be Hemlock, Tamarac or Cedar; to be 6 in. thick, 7 in. least face and 8 feet long, and to be sawn square at both ends. They must be smoothly hewn and piled in good dumps so they can be inspected. Pasments made every month. For prices enquire of F. TRAIN, Kinmount, the Section Foreman, or JOS. E. GUULD, Uxbridge. Oct.3, 1887.

E. Gregory.

E. GREGORY,

# **NEW GOODS**

Odor Cases, Toilet Sets, Fancy Thermometer. Manicure Sets. Smelling Bottles, Choice Perfumery. Covering Bottles. Library Lamps, Parlor Lamps.

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Corner of Kent & William Sta. Lin