Town, said the Barrister. 'I go there utation and enjoyed society, conversa- mistakes, because he was one of those It reminds one of the Early Church.

you? Hark!' There was a step heard so at half-past six or seven, on his way ing on the window of the side where he ascending the stairs. 'I believe that is to the Hall of Science, Kentish Town. stood—the eastern side was reflected seen—I've seen the old man himself. If it is you shall Therefore, Checkley might have gone upon the windows of No. 22...Elsie's You look as if you had seen a ghost,' see him. I will bring him in.'

Here is Mr. Langhorne, your overhead ascended the staircase—Mr. Gray had saw him -but there are not many in and ruined. With a little devil of a neighbor, whom you know; and here not yet arrived—opened the door, shut Raymond's Buildings on an August woman to laugh at him! is Mr. Athelstan Arundel, whom you it behind her, and entered the room. evening—thought that he must be 'They don't generally laugh at the is ostentations in one so young.'

twilight. It is the favorite shade for the carpet had been swept and the gives him importance. Only the strong won't really laugh at him. In my ghosts. A ghost stood before Athelstan furniture dusted; there were flowers are regarded, and an old man who looks case and shook hands with him—the ghost on the table; there was an easel, on poor gets no credit even for foolishuess of Mr. Dering.

'I am happy'—the ghost held out his of Mr. Dering, so wonderfully like Mr. went back to his corner. Oh! what newspaper. acquaintances.'

seen but a white circle.

Athelstan.

pull himself together.

years, since—— Good Heavens! and room, she said, when I have left him. other than Mr. Dering himself. this man had done it himself! And he Perhaps he will leave the room, too, Yes-Mr. Dering. Most wonderful! ley, the man who's trusted his neight ble, wasn't it. (Suddenly)-Did he leave. was as mad as a hatter.

He lay back in the long he is mad. chair, his feet extended and crossed; his elbows on the arms of the chair, his scripts. These were part of the great Edmund Gray-but Elsie Arundel? wreathed with smiles; he looked as if world. he had always found the world the best of all possible worlds.

as if nothing at all mattered. He was she opened the door and looked in. hundred and twenty pounds?'

Is it possible?'

At ten o'clock Mr. Edmund Gray rose. He had to write a letter; he sir,' he said. To the pleasure of seeing and saucers. you again.'

Have we never met before, Mr. Gray?' Athelstan asked,

replied politely. 'Besides, I never forget a face. And yours is a new one to me.—Good-night, sir.'

CHAPTER XXIX.

CHECKLEY SEES A GHOST ing, though not always at the same of the fact that she could be seen by perhaps. Say it again.' time, sooner or later the same discov. anyone from the Square. ery was certain to come. It happened, in fact, on Friday evening, the day mund Gray arrived. 'Ah! child,' he after Athelstan shook hands with Mr. cried tenderly, 'you are here before me. himself a cup of tea, and hurried back we take a cab, I want you once more to self, as usual, close to the passage in new Catechism. Now, if you are the north-east corner of South Square, ready.' so that he could slip in on occasion and | 'Quite ready, Master.' be effaced. Like many of the detective tribe, or like the ostrich, fount of many fables, he imagined himself by reason at his corner and took a preliminary there is no mistake. vary the daily routine of life in the Checkley was always walking off with ally went to the Salutation. But he by acclamation, as there will be little

to this. Why should an old man stand | -upstairs, in the Chambers of Mr. M. P. was there. ... When in the corner and secretly look out into Edmund Gray—in the very room! tumbled into the room, they h the Square? He generally arrived at There! There! half-past seven, and he left his post at Perhaps he was mistaken. But his | wildly and gasped, they were nine, when it was too dark to see across sight was very good—for distant things, ed, for he se 'I have heard him lecture at Camden the Square. Then he went to the Sal In reading a newspaper he might make to have a fit.

Well, Athelstan, what else can I tell called at his Chambers, generally did looked up again. The setting sun shin- brandy, which he swallowed hastily. on watching for a long time—say an shapely head—she had taken off her said the barmaid, who had come along He went out to meet the unknown seon-watching and waiting in vain. hat—was bathed in the reflected sun. with a glass of water. Shall I bathe

Arundel. An old man, like myself, about the table—they were all books on He turned pale; he staggered; he his pipe from his lips and spoke, moved, makes acquaintances, but not friends. the Labour Question; on the Social caught at the doorposts. What was after his kind, by the mention of the His time for new friendships is gone.
Still, the wold may be full of pleasant

Maud—No, Ned: I am afraid there is "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children not, I think agreat deal of you and shall the poor little sufferer important that? He shaded his eyes and looked some that the word always value your friendship, but I do mediately. Depend upon it, methers, there is no always value your friendship, but I do mistake about it. It cures his representation in the problems of the Day; again—bent and trembling and shaking again—bent and trembling again—bent and trembling and shaking again again again. which men now torture themselves, all over. Said the Policeman: 'Looks death, He sat down, taking a chair in the and think thereby to advance the com. as if he's going to get 'em again.' Said 'To see a rich man wrecked and So we must say goodby. Ned. window; the shade of the curtain fell ing of the Kingdom of Heaven. There the laundresses: 'He looks as if he'd ruined, Mr. Checkley, is a thing which upon his face so that nothing could be were new curtains, dainty curtains, of seen a ghost.' The newspaper boy a man may see every day. The thing lace, hanging before the windows; and stepped halfway across the Square. is not to lose by their wreck—to make I have received to-day. 'Let us have candles, Freddy,' said the window-blinds themselves were 'He's looking at Mr. Edmund Gray and money out of it. Rich men are always clean and new. Elsie looked about her the young lady. Jealous-p'raps- being wrecked and ruined. What else you have been proposing to any one 'By all means.' Freddy lit a lamp with a certain satisfaction; it was her knows the young lady—wouldn't have can you expect if men refuse to pay on the table and two candles on the own doing, the work of her own hand, believed it prob'ly.' mantel-shelf. By their light the linea- because the old laundress was satisfied Yes-Checkley was looking at that The melancholy thing—ah! the real death.

finger-tips touching; his face was work which he was about to give the

hind this. A guilty curiosity seized interested over the way.' Athelstan heard nothing of what was her. She felt like the youngest of 'I am. I am. Oh! yes. Much in money, how the devil can the gentle. Man said. His old friend, Freddy Carstone, Bluebeard's wives. She felt the im. terested.' was talking in his light and airy way, pulse; she resisted; she gave way; under an illusion so extraordinary that one, and looked out upon a small green lady like a stuck pig.' it made him another man. Nothing area outside, littered with paper and 'No-no, Policeman-I've seen enough 'Nine years-ten years-since h was changed in him-neither features bottles and all kinds of jetsam. The -thank you.'

hand again to Athelstan. 'Good-night, knives and forks in a basket, teacups man there—do you know him?'

show themselves even in the daytime. I the Inn were half as liberal as he is.'

It was seven o'clock before Mr. Ed Edmund Gray. On that night he left I was delayed -some business. What the office between six and seven, walked was it? Pshaw! I forget everything. to his lodgings in Clerkenwell, made Never mind-I am here; and before

At half-past seven Checkley arrived together. It is, after all—Oh! railway wreck on the Lake Shore Railand looked out furtively. He was one looked out again, and retreated again. something? of the little incidents or episodes which If anyone passed through the passage, It was earlier than Checkley gener. the means of preventing many elections negotiate with

Inn. Many of these occur every year; great resolution in the opposite direc- delayed no longer. He tottered across object in doing so as far as the expense homes on the the people who come to their offices at tion. ten and go away at five know nothing Presently, in one of his stealthy treme feebleness, looking neither to the tion in any event. about them; the residents who leave peerings, he happened to look up. right nor to the left, his cheek white. The Scott Act in Charlottetown has at ten and return at six or seven or Then he started—he shaded his eyes; his eyes rolling. The people looked attracted some attention in England twelve know nothing about them. But he looked his hardest. Yes, at the after him, expecting that he would fall, hibitory leaders. the Service know; and they talk and open window, freely displayed, without But be did not. He turned into the figures furnished by Rev. James S conjecture. Here was an elderly man the least attempt at concealment, he tavern, hobbied along the passage, and eighty years of age. What did he want Arundel. There! There! What more 'Good gracious, Mr. Checkley!' cried 'Good gracious, Mr. Checkley!' cried 'continued to continue the percentage of power to continue the percentage of the percentage of power to continue the percentage of power to continue the percentage of the pe coming night after night to hide him. was necessary? Edward Gray was the barmaid as he passed, whatever is per cent. whereas how without 28 assage and peer out into the Athelstan Arundel, or George Austin, or Vhat, indeed? The Police. both-and Elsie Arundel ad done duty in Hyde Park, complice after the act. There

own experience about frisky age; the passage and rubbed his hands. This was there, sitting in his corner, takin laundresses remembered gentlemen for would please Sir Samuel. He should his tobacco and his grog in silence.

Whom they had 'done,' and pranks with hear it that very night. This ought to The decayed Barrister was there, his which those gentlemen amused them please him very much, because it made glass of old and mild before him, real selves; but no one knew a case parallel things so clear at last. There shellwas ing the morning newspaper.

because Mr. Edmund Gray, when he the other side of a large room. He Robert brought him a smail glass of

ments and figure of the ghost came out to sit down and look on. 'At the least,' window. No doubt of that at all. He sadness—is the ruin of a man who has Did he—did he more distinctly. Athelstan gazed on she said, 'the poor dear man has a was not able to disguise his astonish- trusted his fellow creatures and got it with bewilderment; his head went clean room.' Then she remembered ment; he no longer pretended to hide taken in for his pains. Only this mornround, he closed his eyes; he tried to that in a day or two she would leave himself. For he saw, sitting in the ing I find that I've been let in by a much. You see he has not been ill very tism and Neuralgia radically cures in 1 him to his old solitude, and she sighed, window, the young lady whom he be swindler—a common swindler, gentle. long.

Maud—No, of course, dear. But He sat up; he drank half a glass of thinking how he clung to her and lieved to be an accomplice in the crime; men-who comes round and says he whisky and soda, he stared steadily at leaned upon her, and already looked and standing over her, with an expres- can't pay up—and I'm Ned—No; that is the worst of it. He moves at once the cause and the disthe figure he had not seen for eight upon her as his successor—'a clean sion of fatherly affection, was none welcome to the sticks.—Which kind of was quite alone when he died; there was ease immediately disappears. The first

and be all day long what he used to be, What did it mean? Had Mr. Dering bour and got left—or the neighbour any property? Mr. Edmund Gray looked serenely __Sane or mad? I love him best when resolved to clear up the mystery of who's ramped the man that trusted __Maud_And how has he left it, Ned. Edmund Gray? Had he penetrated him? The table was covered with manu. the Chambers and found there—not 'It isn't money at all,' Checkley re-

standing before him so that the view of money-lender, 'I don't know why you Elsie had never seen the room be. the window was interced ted, 'you seem come in frightening this honourable n

'Well-don't you think you've looked For two hours Mr. Checkley sat in at that old gentleman long enough? silence, evidently not listening to what not expected to say anything. Freddy She found a room nearly as large as Perhaps he wouldn't like so much look. was said. Then he turned to Mr. liked to do all the talking for himself the sitting-room. The windows were ing at. There's a young lady, too. It Langhorne the Barrister: 'You've and sights.) therefore he sat watching a man black with dust and soot. She opened isn't manners to be staring at a young known Mr. Edmund Gray a long time,

nor voice nor dress—yet he was another floor of the room was a couple of inches 'And, still talking in a friendly way, man. 'Why,' asked Athelstan, 'why deep with dust; the chairs and the do you think Mr. Edmund Gray over said Checkley. 'Never another mandid he write that cheque for seven dressing table were deep in dust. The there would like it if he knew there was not sometimes a young man-or two bed was laid, but the blankets were a detective or a spy watching every young men—one rather a tall young indeed? Presently Freddy stopped talking, devoured by moths; there was not a evening on the other side of the Square? man, looks as if the world was all his and Mr. Edmund Gray took up the square inch left whole. It looked as if What's the little game, guv'nor? Any- supercilious beast?' conversation. What he said—the it had been brought in new and cover. thing in our line? Not with that most 'Never more than one man at once,' doctrines which he advanced, we know ed with sheets and blankets and so left, respectable old gentleman, I do hope— replied the Barrister with a show of already. 'And these things,' said the room unopened, the bed untouched, though sometimes— Well-what is forensic keeness. 'He might have been

on, you know.' Between the bedroom and the sitting. 'Policeman'-Checkley pulled him same man to look at, so far as I know

room was a small dark room, contain. aside and pointed to the little group -and the same man to talk with.' ing a bath, a table for washing-up, at the window-'you see that old gentle-'Certainly. Known him ever since I cast away and done for.'

'The pantry,' said Elsie, 'and the came to the Inn-two years ago. The He rose and walked out. The comscullery, and the housemaid's closet, people of the Inn have known him for pany looked after him and shook their all together. Oh! beautiful! And to ten years, I believe. That's Mr. Ed. heads. Then they drew their chairs a 'I think not. I should remember think that men live in such dens—and mund Gray. He's not one of the little closer, and the gap made by his you, Mr. Arundel, I am sure, Mr. Gray sleep there contentedly night after regular residents, and he hasn't got an departure vanished. night in this lonely, ghostly old place. office. Comes here now and then when Horrible! A rattling behind the wain. he fances the place-Mr. Edmund Gray, scoting warned her that ghosts can that is. I wish all the gentlemen in

She shuddered, and retreated to the 'Oh! it's impossible! Say it again. sitting-room. Here she took a book Policeman. Perhaps I'm a little deaf To Checkley, watching every even- and sat by the open window, heedless -I'm very old, you know-a little deaf

'What's the matter with the man For he was shaking violently, and his week at Philadelphia, aged 76 years. Edmund Gray.'

'What does the girl do with him ! Why are they both there together?' 'How should I know why she calls upon him? She's a young lady, and a ripe old age. to Gray's Inn. Here he planted him- go through with me the points of my sweet young thing too. He's her grandfather likely.'

'I must go somewhere and think this out. Yes—there they are—going out and fully 25 more or less injured

of this retreat entirely hidden from ob. survey of the Square. 'There he is,' There is no mistake, guy'nor,' said last week. servation of all. Of course the exact said the Policeman. There he is the Policeman. There goes Mr. Ed. The steamer Fuerst Bismarck has contrary was the result. The Police.
man regarded him with the liveliest
man regarded him with the liveliest livel curiosity; the laundresses watched said the newspaper man. 'Now,' asked many advantages about being a gentle, steamer Paris, which was 6 days, 19 ease and luxury without labor in him daily; the newspaper vendor came all in chorus, 'what's he want there?' man. No mistake, I say, about them hours and 4 minutes. every evening from the gateway to see Mr. Checkley looked out from his two.-Now, old man, you look as if Local municipalities will bear in an ordinary living to those who did the what this ancient spy was doing, and corner, saw no one in the Square, and you'd had a surprise. Hadn't you mind that the prohibition vote to be suppose the workingmen thus employed why he lurked stealthily in the passage retreated into his passage. Then he better go home and take a drop of taken at the next municipal elections discover another island, larger and .

sometimes on Sunday evening. They tion, and a cheerful glass, as you have the tast with ham and cake seen.

They have a tea feast with ham and cake seen.

him; he persuaded him to step into It was on Friday. Elsie, provided by There! The old man was fain to take right again.—Gentlemen.—he looked the opposite room. You must be lone this time with a latch-key to the a walk up 'erulam Buildings and back round the room selemnly 'I've seen ly, Mr. Gray, sitting by yourself. Come Chambers, arrived at Gray's Inn at again, to disguise his delight at this this evening a good man—an old man in and have an hour's talk. Come in. six. She was going to spend the even- discovery. He walked chuckling and -a great man-a rich man, gentlemen, This way. The room is rather dark. in with the Master. She walked in, cracking his fingers, so that those who wrecked and cast away and destroyed

don't know. Those who do know him The hand of woman was now visible either a little mad or a little drunk or men when they are ruined, said Mr. like him, except for his Virtue, which in the general improvement of the a little foolish. But nobody much re- Langhorne. They laugh while they room. The windows were clean and gards the actions of an ancient man. It are ruining them. It's fun to them. So It was now nearly nine o'clock. The bright; the wainscoted walls had been is only the respect of his grandchildren it is to the men. Great fun it is while lamp was not lit, and the room lay in cleaned; the ceiling white-washed; or the thought of his possessions that it lasts. I daresay the little woman

His case was left untold, because he which stood Elsie's fancy portrait of and silly chuckles. Then Checkley stopped and buried his head in his

'My friend,' said the Policeman, 'Then, sir, if it isn't money," said the company out of their wits. If it isn't man be wrecked and ruined?

I believe?'

came to the Inn.' 'Always the same man, I suppose

Athelstan to himself, 'from those lips! for the ten years of Mr. Edmund Gray's it? Because we can't have you goin' two young men rolled into one; but paltry half million and marrying you in the face of his miserable old will. Then not to my knowledge; always the the face of his miserable old will. Then

> 'Oh! yes-yes. There's no hope left-none. He's ruined and lost and

(To be continued.) ____ ITEMS.

Official returns show a great increase of cholera in Russia. Hugh E. Sproule, of Toronto suicided to Chicago with authority to tender the

at New York last week. James L. Wright, one of the founders cept doth not yet appear. of the Knights of Labor, died last Josiah can explain on the group Judge Davis, of London, junior judge sllow him to arrange a bit disht for the County of Middresex, died sud. back meadow for the duke denly at New Carlisle, Que., last week.

Roland and Norman Mitchell, living on the outskirts of Sarnia, were struck by a G. T. R. train and killed while The volume, which will, of course, in the track last week. driving across the track last week.

road eight miles west of Fremont, (



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and a Line of Printed Crepons, original price 75c., for 37c. per yard. footstep on the landing. He greeted the owner of that footstep; he stopped the owner of that footstep; he stopped warded him richly for all his trouble. There is the wast There! There!

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LIGHTNING CHANGES.

hand—'to make your acquaintance, Mr. Gray—a speaking likeness; books lay was that? He rubbed his eyes again. Then Shylock spoke. He removed Courring in an Interesting Conversation Ned-Then there is no hope for me .

Mand-Yes, Ned, for ever.

Ned-No, but I got a telegram this territories so fast that complaints are their interest and to meet their bills? morning informing me of my uncle's actually made that they and their live

Ned-Yes, he died very suddenly. Maud-1 know, but has he-Ned-No. I don't think he suffered American Rheumatic Cure for Rheuma-

was going to ask you if he-if heman might your triend be, Mr. Check. no time to send for any one, Maud (immediately)-That was terri-ranted by J. H. McCollom. 19-1yr.

Ned-In New York real estate,

Maud (despairingly)-I mean, to whom Maud-You poor, dear fellow; you must feel awful over your uncle's death! FLOWER POTS STOP! Ned-Yes: he was such a jolly old

Maud-I feel so sorry for you, darling. Ned-Do you really pity me? Maud-Yes, dearest, from the bottom Ned-And pity is akin to-

Maud-Love. (Cast down her eyes) Ned-Your refusal of me, coupled with this, has completely broken me

Maud (after a pause)-Does my refusing you make you very unhappy : Ned-Ot course it does, because-Maud (approaching him and putting) her arms round his neck)-And-and-i. I should accept you, my own darling, would it make you very, very happy

you why. You see, my uncle was a woman hater; and he left me all this prohow much I love you by sacrificing this Maud (after a longer pause)—As I was saying, Ned, I think a great deal of you: too much to allow you to make such a

sacrifice for my sake : but I feel more than ever that there is something lack: ing. So, Ned (sadly but firmly), it must be "good-by" forever .- Life. Samantha at the World's Fair-'Josiah Allen's Wife' has visited Ch cago, and will give the results of her of

servations in a book entitled, 'Saman at the World's Fair," the early publica tion of which is announced by Funk Wagnall's company There can be no doubt that the impressions of the unphisticated but irrepressible Samar regard to Christopher Columbus an nineteenth century admirers will be ex geedingly rich reading. Samantha we.

that his too fastidious spouse wouldn died in Indianapolis last week, at a the fair are most laughable. Her trip type for Poster Work.

I through the Midway Plaisance, and he llustrated, s to be issued in September those who were not so fortunate

part of the world by exacting all above

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Maud-No, Ned: I am afraid there is "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children & P. O. Address Clerks. not feel toward you in the way a girl Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic softens the Calwille

Settlers are coming into our western Maud-Oh, Ned, dear, I am so sorry, stock are not allowed to come in fast

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The cruiser New York was put in It is said Lord Dufferin commission at Philadelphia last week. the Order of the Garter in are It is not known where she will be order- of his success in the Siames from horses. Blood Spavins, kong River on July 20,

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