CHRISTMAS (DAY.) Found in a Snow-Drift.

Afternoon at 2:30,

Evening at 8;00.

AND HIS

In the Great

DOMESTIC DRAM.

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THE NEW

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Plush Brush and Comb Sets.

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Ladies and Gentlemen.

makers in great variety,

D. E. BANDMANN,

ards Home.

CHAPTER I.

Christmas eve, and the chill air full of snow flakes, that fail softly, clothing things in a silent, shroud-like way. The Newport-road, in Reath, a suburb of Cardin was a sheer sheet of untrodden snow, for t fell fast; and the time was two o'clock in the morning. The rough stone fronts of the pretty villas were frusted like fairy eastles, the trees reared their bare branches newly

begemmed by King Frost. A deadly chill was in the air, a deadly silence on the earth; and walking along, weary, alone, was the tall slim figure of . young girl wrapped in a long fur-jned cloak, the hood of which was drawn over her

with a look of determination mingled with despair. Hers was a de-perate venture, and she knew not where it would lead. She seemed possessed by one idea, and that to get over as much ground as possible before

SUPERB COMEDY CO. Her little bare hands, blue with the colu gathered her furs close about her; the snow almost b inded her. Her knees knocked together; she was half perished with cold and

On, on, footsore and heartsick, past the pretty pleasant home-places to where the road was edged on either side by snow-laden hedges and the everlasting hills shown faintly afar off, crowned with the purity of the unsullied snow; the meadows stretches away on either side smooth sheets of white. Nothing stirred in this still night-season;

all was silent and cold as the grave. Still, with undaunted spirit, the girl pressed on, a fire of indigment resentment burning in her poor heart, her head hot with the wild excit ment that had taken her out from warmth, ease, and luxuriant living to pass , the night tramping the snow to whatever destiny awaited her, since she had taken

fate in her own hands, and flown from what she felt to be worse than a thousand deaths. Truly, she was 'mad from life's history, ENGLAND FARMER ah, and nearer than she knew to 'vicath's mystery." How cold it was, how hard to breathe the heavy air! The girl's chill lips . parted once to give vent to an exceeding

"On, mother! you are near to God; pray that He may give your child peace merci-Mr. DEN THOMPSON. Then the pretty dimpled chin drooped o

her chest, and she staggered on. After time she recked unsteadily, and her head felt dazed. She stoed still a moment, with her hand to her beart, then fell back in dead faint on a snow-drift. ACT. I.-Uncle Josh's Arrival in The wind wailed above her, the bare

branches of a bonnie oak dropping with erystal-clear icicles hung above her like the crown of cruel King Frost. ACT. II.—Uncle Josh's Birthday "Confound the snow!" sald a horseman at the Cardiff end of the Newport-road,

his horse slipped dangerously. A fine Newtoundland stopped as he was ACT. III.-Uncle Josh's Drunkurging on his mad career to come back with a bark of sympathy. "Go ahead, Drift, good dog! We sha'n't

be home by daybreak. On, Blanche, bour-ACT. IV. - Uncle Josh's New nie one"-this to his beautiful mare, with a [England Home. white star on her forehead. The rider was a noble-looking fellow

about three-and-thirty, buttoned up to the chin in a fur-lined ulster, with a yachting cap of blue cloth on his head. He had a clear-cut face, tanned by the sun, black hair, ADULTS 25c., CHILDREN 15c. cles -cropped, a heavy moustache, and clear He was covered with snow, had tarrica

too long at a club at Cardiff, and was making great speed for home, with a big doll under one arm and a bettle of cherry-brandy under the other, given to him as a Christ-RESERVED SEATS 75 & 50c. mas-box by a buxom land ady, who adored his clear boyish bine eyes, and felt for him as a mother, or one who would wish to be a mother un ler fit and proper auspices.

B anche put her best foot forward; the dog Drift ran on ahead; the horseman The Great Tragedian. whistled. "He had ten thousand a year, Tiddy-folful;" the snow feil faster; not a window in all the genteel villas afforded a

ed he had another glass of whisky hot, set drowsily: CHOWN'S tled his square chin in his collar, and gave his good black mare a flex with his whip.

The road was heavy and long, and the sky above was dark and dreary. Pierce forgoi his newly-acquired funny stories and sharp jokes, feeding desolate and dull. A big snow-flake settled in his p.pc, spluttered, hissed, and damped its flame. Thet. came a hasty whisper:

"O , hang the snow! What a confounded , long road this is! On Blanche, my beauty. or we shall be frezen to death!"

But the mare stant still; they had passed

on the whiteness of the snow-bank, then cxelaimed hoa: sely: "Merciful God, it is a weman!"

prostrate form. The whiteness of the earth All at LOW PRICES. seemed to diffuse a light about her.

ful white bosom bare above a square-cut black velvet dress, with a cross of gems upon it that "Jews might kiss and infidels; adore," so beautiful was the lustre of the gems, so fair and pure the lovely breast they

weman! I never hoped to find such a pearl she can't be dead. That were too dreadful, Leather Odor Cases.

broken snow, knocked the neck off the bottie, and poured some of the life-giving fluid down her throat.

She was slow to revive, and he got fright. ened for her; she was so young, so beautiful; it was as though a Princess Prettyface had been born for him of the snow-drift. Fine Perfumes in Fancy Boxes He took ber in his arms, such a slim alight.

burden. Why did she not unclose those and Bottles with all the leading Suddenly the snow ceased, the sky lost its black gloom, and the moon flashed out like an orient pearl that had been delayed by

A large assortment of Cut Glass pleasures in Paradise from diffusing its pale Bottles, Ruby, Amberene, &c. rays upon the cold earth. "What shall I do with the girl? She is

evidently a lady; but why I are alone at two

Beautiful Cigar Cases.

In my Art-material

'I am showing the

DEPARTMEN

In CENTRAL CANADA.

Inspection invited.

pans and a blazing tire made the place

They laid her down in the fireglow on a full of anxiety. Removing the heavy fur cleak, they found a lovely girl, attired in a dinner dress of rich black velvet, cut square at neck, with elbow-sleeves. She looked such a dainty lady, lying there with her fair. pale face and flaxen hair gleaming in the

"I am afraid she is dead," said Agnes, all concern and kindness, touched by the childlike beauty of her face, "I've heard rubbing the body with snow sometimes restores animation. Get some snow in a bucket, James. some blankets and leave her to me. All the maids are asleep, tired out.

"Don't go too far away. I shall want you to carry her to bed if she recovers. Poor pretty one! what could have driven herout on this awful night? Suppose, sir, you fill the warming-pan with live coals and warm a bed for her; no time to be lost. Lord love us! she revives already. Get out, sir, attend to her. Pretty creature! what would her mother say to see her now? Bide still, Drift; you are always poking your nose into other people's business."

The old lady chafed the lovely limbs with snow till they glowed with rosy life, then she pulled awry the wee wraps, covered the chamber, where folded under her pillow was a nightdress friiled with wide frills and a huge nightcap to match. These she suceceded in putting upon the pretty stranger before the steel-blue eyes unclosed.

Then she gave her warm wine to drink, forbade her to talk, and after covering her with a hot blanket, went to call Master Pierce, who came in divested of his outdoor garments, blowing his fingers, which he had succeeded in burning beautifully with the . warming-pan. Following him came a tiny white-robed

form, crying: "Papa dear, papa dear, Ally can't sleep till you cosset her in your arms."

"Drat the child!" said old Agnes not unkindly; 'she's always awake when we want, On, papa, what a funny lady! Where

"In a snow-drift, darling. Come, let me carry you to bed, you will take cold." "Put the child down, Master Pierce, please,

she is warm. "See, she has fainted again; the fire is too much for her. "Sit up in nurse's chair, dearie, while papa takes the lady up-stairs. That's my

own good girl; nurse will give her an orange if she will sit still till papa comes back." Pierce took the beautiful form up in his strong arms; the soft perfume of her hair came just under his nose, her pile cheek was warmed by his breath. He carried her up the wide oak staircase into a pretty room, and laid her on a sweet white bed smelling of lavender.

She opened her eyes as he laid her down, and the big blue eyes looked up amazed into his handsome face. Her childish face looked so curious in the big white nightcap that he was bound to smile-such a sweet kind smile that, seeing it, the girl took comfort, nestled amid her pillows, and fell Remembes the Place.

CHAPTER II. "When she wakes in the morning, Agnes, do not question her, leave her to tell her story at her own time. Only make her feel welcome here; remember it is Christmastime, when He, who was the Spirit of Chari-Let that suffice; let her understand we see . no wrong in her, and she will then trust us." "Come, Ally," he said to the child, "let) me wrap you in this, and take you to bed.

You puss, it is almost what you call 'mornup snugly, but protested against going to bed "directly minute." She was cold, she said, and wanted some

And as usual she had her own way, and sat on the rug by Drift's side till she fell fast asleep, her pretty dark head cradled on his .

Then with a cheery good night, Pierce picked her up and carried her to her little bed. As he laid her down she whispered

"Papa, will Santa Claus bring the pretty she hangs it out-I have mine. Kiss me

The dark lashes swept the rosy cheek, and in a second the dear little one slept and dreamt of beneficent Christmas fairies, fine gifts, and Christmas cheer. Pierce thought of her words. Why should)

not the poor outcast be remembered 'kindly | and hastily going to the best parior, he picked his only flower, a Christmas rose grow in a terra-cotta pot, painted with swallows ,

This he bound together with a piece of

Caristmas bells were ringing merrily, the frosty sunlight shone in, and showed an old-fashioned room, exquisitely clean and

neat, with a look of comfort and homeliness

He hastily lifted her from her ley bed, wardrobe, and for all her sorrow laughed outright at the queer figure she cut in old Agnes's nightcap, and much befriiled bed-Her head was a little dizzy, and her limbs for that fall in the snow-drift, which must

have proved fatal but for the timely help of She took-the flowers tenderly, and read the kind words written on the card.

was dim and indistinct, then it gained force and clearness, and stood vividly out before her, dyeing her cheeks with shamed crim-

ful tear dimmed eyes, when a knock came

with cooking breakfast.

H. have you got there. A dead woman, by all that's horrible? A dead woman, by all that's horrible? Santa Claus horrible of that's horrible? Santa Claus horrible of that's horrible? Santa

I ADJES' and CHILDREN'S Fu

ACCEPTABLE PRESENTS

beautiful form, and went off to her bed- Handsome fur-lined Circulars. Silk, Satin, Cashmere, Brocade, fur-lined.

Beautiful South Sea Seal Manties.

Beautiful Persian Lamb Mantles.

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Our Astrachan and Bocharin Mantles from \$20 that you'will consider me a friend. to \$45 are the best value ever shown in Kingston. Look at the number sold!

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For anything in Furs call on The New Hat Store; they are bound to keep up their reputation as the cheapest Hat and Fur Store in the city.

MILLS BROS.

good sweet face, and is habited like a lady. The Leading Hatters and Furriers,

Cor. Princess and Bagot Sts.

Fur Collars to fit any coat they button on so they can be taken off She was cold, she said, and wanted some at pleasure.

Nothing Nicer for a

PRESENT

HITS

182 Wellington Street.

Large stock of fine Then she untied her cop, sat up, and rubthe memory of the night before at first less memory of the night less memory of t

> Large stock of fine "What is wrong with the child, Agnes? "What is wrong with the child, Agnes? She has been dreaming, sir, that's all; Napa Buck Gloves and Miss Snow is taking her to sleep with her."

N.B.-See our Ladies Gaiter Moccasins.

Wemanufacture

CLARK WRIGHT & SON,

crimson mittens in her hand.

dress more suitable, and here is a piece of Shall I carry her up, Mr. Penfold? flannel to fix across your chest." Dorothy took the things gratefully, say.

forcet your kindness.

Dorothy looked very quaint and pretty, as, with timid step and down-dropped eyes, she

Ally's hand.

came forward to meet her, his handsome, oak; a soft velvet-pile carpet deadened their) face full of gentime admiration at the pret- foot-stepthe fire. What is your name, child? M.ne ertheless. is Pierce Penfold."

snow-clad hills she faltered out faintly: very grateful to you for your timely help, room, then an indescribable sensation of Amountoul, Uta Had you not found me I should be lying alarm seized her. dead now-frozen to death in the snow-

matter where his wanderers stray. He heard a gentle knock at the door, and old guided me to you last night, and it is agreat happiness to me to think that I under Heaven, was allowed to help you. Let me give you a glass of wine, and promise me you lie warm last night? Miss Ally is a very "Let there be silence between us as to all

that concerns you till Tweifth Night, when I will meet you here, in this room, to burn a peep at the rosy sleeping face of the child. the holly; until then you are my honored guest; after then, p rhaps, you will let me Ally's little dimpled hands under the bedbe your true friend. Now, Miss Snow, here's clothes tenderly; "she is a timid thing, and a merry Christmas to you. Shake hands." her papa pets her till she is full of whims i masonic emblem. He raised her hand and it is getting late." lo ked at it eagerly, saying: This ring was given to you by a 'ma-

"Yes, a knight templar-my father." Then, my dear, you are twice we come, "He is dead, or I should not be here." Tears dimmed the innocent blue ever and the sensitive lips quivered grievously.

Ally changed the subject, saying: "D d you hear the waits last night, Miss one with her who is patient and sympa-Dorothy shuddered, and remembered with thetic. I suppose I must see about a governpain that she heard them singing of peace and good-will while she was the centre of a scene of strife. But she said nothing of this. only lifted the child to her knee, and talked

to her of Christmas-time when she was a happy child. Pierce looked out on the ice-bound earth a little sadly. It was long since he had seen his child cradled in the arms of a gentlewoman. Somehow the sight of those two in the bg armchair, filled a void in his beart and home, and he wondered vaguely for what purpose this lovely girl had been

thrown in his path. The day passed peacefully away, and the night-time came brilliant and star ight. Little Ally had t red herself out over a snapdragon after a late dinner, and Dorothy had carried her off to bed, heard her pure prayer, and had stolen back to the che-rful sitting-room where her host sat recalling the sight of the fair young face as it bent

yearningly over his motheriess child. friend, and he felt that the instincts of a child are to be trusted.

He drew a chair to the fireside, and said so glad to have you here. I dreaded to-day, you return?" and lo! it has passed so pleasantly that I

very pale, are you tire in "Not at all. Shall I play for you?" "I wish you would, I love music."

Ago," and as she sang tears splashed heavl- ments." ly down upon her little white hands. The words touched her :o deeply. As she concluded, the sweet clear voice

faltered and ended in a sob. Pierce bent in mourning, child?" over her compassionately, saying: "Poor child, I fear the song has stirred He put a song in trout of her and sang can possess. I can't talk about it now-it]

pretty bedchamber where she had placed

me with cold lips. Then when I cried but earnestly: she ran away so quick."

"Poor little Ally! you have been dreaming," said Dorothy, taking the child in her

ened fac : of the child. Ally repeated her tale. Agnes shook her head and seemed vexed, for she said sharply: "Always the same foolish fancy, Ma Ally; how many times have I told you it .

"She is too young to understand the mean-

"May I, Agnes?" The woman looked vexed, but led the way At the foot of the stairs they met Mr. Penfold, who said sharply:

"Take me to your bed, Miss Snow."

"Oh no; I should be glad to have her if a

"Certainly you may, you are very kind. I'll get her warm first though. Will you sit

sat down, a look of pain and perplexity a

little face and telling all sorts of quaint lit-

soft shawl, wrap her in that; the cold sheet

Dorothy placed the shawl round the child, and held out her arm to take her.

Mr. Penfold shows his head, saying: "I will earry her, size is too heavy for you." Derothy did as he desired, walking in

entered the handsome sitting-room holding floor as the drawing room, or best parlor, t as Agnes called it.

see you are able to come down. Sit here by but a feeling of alarm stirred her heart nev-

Mr. Penfold laid his child tenderly on the She looked blankly up at him a moment, soft white bed, and left Doroth) to tuck her Then as her eyes wandered away to the up cosity.

> She was attaid to pass the room where she had seen that shadowy shape alone. She tried to feel brave, and twice took up the light and put it down again, when she

> Agnes's voice saying: "Is there anything you want, Miss Snow, -an extra pillow, or more bed-clothes." Did

Dorothy assured the woman she had all she wanted, and made her come in to take "Poor bairn?" said Agnes, putting one of , dare say. If she is not, I'll have her bed

Without a word, Dorothy hastened along the corridor to the drawing room, where, she found Mr. Penfold reading. Down below the servants were keeping) Chris mas no silv.

As Duothy entered, Mr. Penfold laid, "Yome, M .. Snow, let us go and eat some . of Agnes's minice-pies, or she will never forgive us Ally is all right, I suppose." "Yes she is sleeping sweetly now. She is a nervous child." "Yes, I am afraid she is. She wants some-

ess. She has learnt nothing yet, and I am not sorry; I want to keep her my boby as long as possible." A wild hope sprang up in Dorothy's heart. Why should she not stay as litt'e Ally's governess, it would be a labor of love to teach so loveable a child.

A sudden impulse caused her to say: "Perhaps when you have heard my story. Mr. Penfold, you may find it in your heart, to trust me with your greatest treasure, your little child. I am sure I could teach her, and I must find means of earning my bread for two years at least." "And when the two years are up."

"The need for work will have passed; I shall be independent." "You will marry." "No; I never want to put myself in a man's power."

"That sounds very severe from such pretthat you are right. Marriage more often means misery than happiness." CHAPTER III. Two days later Mr. Penfold asked Dorothy if she had any commissions for town,

as he was going there that morning. Dorothy looked startled, and said: "Going away? I am sorry. When will "On New Year's Eve. I thought perhaps . go to Oxford-street, where all the swell

Ally was busy decking a Christmas-tree; H. hastily opened a grand plane that Derothy was engaged in dressing dolls. She

> "How independent you are! I suppose you want black, if I am to go to Jay & It is ;

"For a near and dear friend" "For the nearest and dearest friend one | HFILD () | H. F. . . .

Wait a moment, Miss Snow, Sond the child a away. I wish to speak to you "Ally, run into my room and bring down ;

the table. I want to make a holly-berry The child ran away, and Mr. Penfold put his hands on Dorothy's shoulders and said

tell will make no difference. You may count me your friend always. But that is not Ask the Agent or Canvassers to Show what I want to tell you." "You know that when I brought you here It was very late, or early, which you like to call it, and only old Agnes and James were

horse. All the maids were fast asle-sp. "Well, thinking you might not wish to be discount followed, and knowing how gossip gets afoat, I made Agnes and Jem promise to came here, to avoid chatter. "It is known among the servants that I

am looking for a governess. Now, I wish governess. Let them think I went to meet you at Cardiff, and when the things you repose that your luggage has arrived. "I will get a traveling-box for you, and i.

decide to stop as All) 's teacher, all will be "How good you are to me, Mr. Penfold?" "Not better than you deserve, I am sure, Miss Snow. By the look of trouble in your eyes, it is time some one was good to you.

Mr. Penfold went into the hall and said "Jane, if Miss Snow's luggage arrives while she is from home, ask Mrs. Garth to age, so she left them to follow, and being Caris,mas-time, I suppose they have been

The girl curtaied and went to tell the house-keeper, Agnes Garth: And Agnes smiled to herself and mutter-

back on New Year's Eve.



Only the best snow-clad hills she faltered out faintly:
More is Dorothy Snow, and I am very, his footsteps as he went back to the sitting his footsteps as he went back to the sitting.

The footsteps are indescribable sensation of the countries of the countri

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