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tall your naighbor about it.

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he New Compound, its won

The Christmas bells are ringing. And little children singing. That Christ the Lord is born To take away our sadness. To give us joy and gladness

CHBISTMAS.

Upon this bely morn. When in the lowly manger Was laid the little Stranger, Who is the Lord of might The angels sang the story. Of how He'd left His glory

Upon that starry night. From sorrow, tears, and sighing From pain, and woe, and dying, To save '1s by His birth, To live a little Child. The Saviour, meek and mild, Upon this little earth.

Behold, these sidings came to all, o praise Him, children, great and small, Who is our Lord and King. Prize Him who doeth all things well asse Him who came on earth to dwell. Let all His creatures dwell. -ELLEN HAILE MALLORY

A CHRISTMAS GHOST

Story of Christmas-Tide-A Lively Experience and a Very Happy Result.

CHAPTER I. It was optional with me, of course, to cluse or accept; but somehow I adopt ed the latter course. I suppose it was caster to write a letter of acquiesence than of a pology; or possibly the latent currosity which I had kept in check for to long had asserted itself at last, to the terest of reason and resolution.

Three years before I had spent a week at Forrest Hall; and when I brought my stay to an abrupt conclusion. I had threat registered a mental yow that I vall pever repeat the experiment of visit again. Yet Mr. Forrester, my ust, had been courteous, eyen cordial a wife showed herself as agreeable as . foreigner, who spoke English but imperfectly, could be; and there was no ther visible inmate of the house to give imbrage or disturbance. The adjective may seem expressive; but as it istaken to mply that I suffered annoyance from nocturnal visitants of a spiritual cast, it says too much. It was not thus that my seven cays' sojourn at the hall was endered irritable and almost unendur ble. But I need not pause upon a matter which will naturally unfold it-

It was on the eve of Christmas day hat I drove beneath the ivied portal mel gave entrance to the romantic old place that I had once looked upon as my own. It had belonged, a few years before, to my uncle, Mr. Geoffrey Forrester. He had never married; was his favorite nephew; and though the son of his youngest brother, it had been an assumed, almost settled thing that I, George Forrester, was to be his heir. The disappointment in these expectations came to me beforethat ominous and momentous day when the will

wasopened Some months before my- uncle's de cease I divined his intentions regarding the disposal of his property had varied and that for no fault of mine, but, through a sudden favor shown to another, changes were made which were to work strangely on my after-life. The son of his eldest brother came back from a long residence in Italy. with an only and very lovely young daughter. They were naturally invited you?" to Forrest Hall; and before the visit had ended I knew that a former estrangement between the ancle and nephow was dissipated by the friendly intercourse of the present, and more especially and entirely by the fascination exercised over the eld gentleman by

It dian and was still in her own counowner of Forrest Hall. They remained with him to the last. and it was found then that, with the exception of a small bequest to myself. the whole of my uncle's property was willed to his elder nephew, in reversion to his only child Lucia. I had met the latter, had spent a fortnight in the house with her, and had admitted that power of attraction was deep and incontestable. I thought of her now as I was borne swittiy along the drive, and came presently in view of the old Elizabethan mansion, which was her home. Though the weather was bleak, with a piercing

the demense, here there was compara-My uncle Geoffrey had carried out one of his fancies to a successful issue. and bal surrounded bimself with the green and shade of summer when there was winter elsewhere. The whole gounds were planted thickly with ever greens which flourished almost like trees. so carefully had their laxuriance and growth been promoted; and now, at this Christmas season, outer decorations, as well as laner, might have been specially got up, judging from the glossy holly branches, 1vy wreaths and laurei boughs which filled the view on all

wand blowing on the open read without

It was evening; the house was very brilliantly lighted up; and as the hall door was thrown open; the warm glow within was all the pleasanter in congrast to the frosty air and flitting moon. shine which held the world in a cold spell without. Semething else was more met my eyes in the first moment of entering. A young lady was crossing the tion. hall and turning just in the doorway with an expression, which had be dispensable impetus to advance. witchingly lovely features and a pair After a while the young lady grew of dark blue eyes, set like stars be tired either of the exercise or the excort, first question ran therefore in the same

They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give estisfaction. Sugar Coated, Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all

tions. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., Chicago and Turonto. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a Scent stamp Sold at W. J. WILSON'S Drug Store, Kingston. three refusals speak fairly for our friend. ship, but not fer yours."

> come again ?" On the occasion of that former Christmas my former footing. But my companion visit my cousin Lucia had not once would not let me quite essape and con- "but acknowledge myself beaten in the

perplexed and indiguant. I had started | get, and not even remember that you are one day for a ride when something went wrong with the equipment of my steed, and I was obliged to return unexpected. ly to the house. I was walking along the avenue of the hall, leading the horse by the bridle, when, in a pathway amongst the evergreens, I caught a limpse of a well remembered figure. The tall slight propertiess, the girlish step, find the pale amber of the hair, which was relled low upon the neck and rested on the glossy darkness of a seal skin jacket, were sufficient in themsel ves to identify the lady ; but any doubt or bewilderment on the subject was at once dissipated by a full view of the

Miss Forrester had evidently heard

drive, for she turned suddenly. A rosy flush mounted to her brow at the moment; but before word or gesture could express questioning surprise on my part she was gone. Hurrying on wards I left the horse in the care of a groom, and went at once to the house. My eaquiry for Miss Forrester was met by the reply that the young lady was still unwell, was confined to her room, and could see no one. Half an hour later I had left Forrest Hall, anger having predominated over the feeling of mys tification which might have led me to prolong my stay in the hope of dissipating it by penetration or investigation. toped to dispense hospitality, on my part, without incurring the additional. humiliation of being subject to an un-

I could see nothing else in the strange withdrawal of my cousin Lucia from my society. She plainly thought that I might become too audacious as a snior and was determined that the inheriance I had lost should not be regained through her. This was the view of her conduct which I took at the time, and which nettled me se that when an invitation came such succeeding Christ mas to spend it at Forrest Hall I refused until the present occasion. A little silvery laugh and a sweet bewildering glance dissipated everything

but a sense of entrancement now. They had been the only reply to my enquiry but they were sufficient to arrest the questionings of the past in the view of a less perplexing future. I was soon in the drawing reom, to which Lucia led the way, and amid the I was greeted cordially by Mrs. Forrester and my cousin Geoffrey. My hostess was a tall thin lady, scarcely foreign looking in appearance, as her complexion retained in a faded form the races of a fairness almost as dazzling

as her daughter's. She was still in the prime of life, but a peculiar air of fee bleness was given to her aspect by the way in which she carried her head. was always slightly on one side, was enveloped with muslin or lace ties high up about the throat, and might have een bandaged on, so nerveus was its balance and so little action was allowed to its movements. She spoke generally in italics and emphasized her reception of me now in a way which was very

"So glad to see you, Mr. Forester. But you should have come before. Your absence was too bad. Did we offend

I got out of the difficulty with a smile it was easy to summon up with Lucia crose by, and ready, as I found, to give me her hand for the next dance.

The evening passed delightfully though I was rendered a shade uneasy towards its close by the assiduity of a the winning brightness and beauty of young gentleman who seemed deter-Lucia Forrester. Her mother was an mine I to give Miss Forrester the benefit of his entire stock of information. try, while the lather and daughter paid | London and literature, the country and this visit of policy to the fast failing sports, all were breaght eloquently forward to gain a hold on his companion's attention. He had only been introduced to the yenng lady that night, I learned, but I could see at once that he was drawing the first parallel, and that,

whether effectively or not, the tactics of a siege were beginning. The next day we had skating. Lucia was an adept in the art, and went skimming over the glassy surface as graceful as a swan on unruffled water. I was out of practice, and was ploughing along in a rather labored fashion when she flew up to me.

"Do be a little more adventurous! she exclaimed. "The outside edge is the easiest thing in the world. Can you not cut some figures ?" "One, as you see," I rejoined, laughing. "My awkwardness speaks for itself,

but this singular state of things supposes anything but an advance in the plural "You are not so very bad," she said. with a critical look. "Mr. Lerrington has come to grief twice already. He offered me his hand at starting, or rather made a clutch at mine, but unfortun-

ately I managed a release." Mr. Larrington was the aspiring engi peer who had laid himself out to be agreeable on the preceding evening, and whose sanguine nature still kept him up. He was beside us even as Miss Forrester spoke.

'Acmes' are not perfection after all, he said, gaily. "Something went wrong with mine, but the ve all right now; and he made a successful spin That Lucia should follow him was net a matinspiriting than all. It was a sight which ter for surprise, but that I should be left behind was certainly one for vexa-

Lucia mystified me and, therefore, atleading to a room opposite she gave tracted me. I wanted to understand her, me a smile of welcome. She was beau- but that could scarcely be done at a disthully dressed in silk of a creamy shade. tance. In the present instance I could with some draperies of rich violet velvet, keep my tooting, though speed was berelieving the otherwise colories picture: youd me; yet this plainly was the one fortunate entrance of Mrs. Forrester for the tint of her skin and hair harmon- thing desirable. Recklessness may be ized with that of her dress, and was decried in other paths of life, but on the scarcely deeper in tone. But there was | most slippery one of all it seems a most | biousness in her manner; it was decidnothing insipid in a face which beamed | rightful exchange for prudence, an in-

neath the delicate pencilling of her and was back again with me. I am vein as her daughter's. afraid I had been contemplating rash. "Lucia!" I exclaimed, and sprang ness with too favorable as eye, for I was been so cold. She hoped that my fire forward eagerly. "Have we then met led away by it unwarrantably now. I had been properly attended to ? etc. began to question Lucia respecting her Have you came last?" she retort strange disappearance from the scene responded. "It showed me a good deal quickly. "Three invitations and on the occasion of my last visit. Break .. more than the daylight brings out;" an ing the ice is hazardons work, and I cer. then I mentioned the strange apparition tainly ought not to have attempted it in the dressing room. "An invitation to a place is noth- here. I endangered myself, if not ano- Mrs. Forrester gazed at me with a sort ing—the people are everything," I said. ther. Lucis rarely flushed. Shade of terror in her blue eyes and turned "When I was here you absented yourself rather than color passed into her face white as death. Lucia was perfectly strangely. Can you wonder I did not from the effect of annovance or emotion. | composed, even rallied me playfully on A change of the kind was noticeable as | my weak surrender to the sway of Mor-This was the mere fact of the case. I spoke, and I tried hastily to recover pheus.

"We are apt to estimate matters very has less interest in visiting me. Last differently." I said. "It might be little night, I know, it was very tardy in its to you to keep in a seclusion you had cause to prefer, but your absence was mit this ?" not exactly a trifle to another.

"I know it was not so; but what it could have been is my point of view. ally come before slumber. Try to look at things in a pleasant light -it makes life easier.

seductive illusion. face, if this should be one of those in plexity, but they made me resolve on

the sound of advancing steps on the skimming off from me anew. I saw her rejoin Lerrington, but could rather she had shown susceptibility to almost any emetion than have perplexed me by her unruled loveliness.

CHAPTER II.

Was I dreaming or waking? My senses no doubt were enwrapt by the stillness of a frost bound mid night; but surely I felt that my cousin, who was the they were too watchful and observant heiress now, was determined to arrest to be enchanged likewise by the more any incipient attentions of the former potent spell of sleep! With my eyes err by showing him, in the most point | wide one I started upwright on my ed manuer, her disinclination even to couch. The room I had been allotted olerate his presence. It was galling on my arrival at Forest Hall was one enough to have to return as an impover hitherto unoccupied by me. But ished guest to a place where I had once could scarcely take exception to its comfort or position in the establish ment, considering that it was the one chosen by the late master of the house. and which was chosen as "uncle Geof frey's room." The bed, as old-fashion ed one, faced a large mirrow reaching from floor to coiling and set into the wall. On the right hand side of the "four-poster there was a door opening into a dressing closet. This was left unclesed at night; in the summer to give fuller ventilation to the sleeping apart ment, which was low and gloomy, and in the winter to admit the subdued warmth and light from a fire that was kindled in a wide grate in the dressing

Such had been the habit in my uncle's life, and I had made no change in the

Looking now into the mirrow I saw a torm reflected at full length. It was moving slewly across the floor in the inner closet and advancing towards the mantlepiece. There was a bright blaze excitement of the Christmas festivities from a wood fire, and the glass, being opposite to the door and my bed ; gave back the clear particulars of the scene. It was a strange one; and some phost ly stories, which had been recounted tant for the benefit of the company by my cousin Lucia that night, came vividly to my mind. The figure I was gazing at was that of my Uncle Geoffrey, clothed in a well-remembered dressing gown of Indian pattern and gorgeous colouring I saw his spare frame and his bent head inst as I had seen them in life. When he had gained the chimney he stretched out his hand towards a large snuff box of tortoise shell, which lay on the marbl ledge above.

At this mement I bounded from inv ceuch. My own wakefulness at least was proved by the action; but it led to no further discovery. I lost sight for an instant of the mirror scene; and when I sprang through the open door of communication into the dressing room, there was no reality here to justify the spectral appearance. The cabinet had its fire light glow and its usual air of comfort, but no occupant. The second door. which gave access to the outer corridor. was closed, and not a sound or footfall disturbed the quietude of the house. I looked round me. There was no our uncle's good graces through his hiding place in the small chamber. Wherever the apparition had come from it had sought the same shrouded precincts again. I paused in a perplexity managed for a time to subsist in some that was not exactly. I saw little reas speculative fashion of his own. He marson for appreheusion in a well lit, warm | ried early an Italian lady with a forroom, which showed no token of habitation, no other possessious than my own.

My coat was on a chair as I had last thrown it: my dressing case open on the table. There was nothing to remind me of a pocturnal intruder, and I could ne longer conjure up even the vision of of policy to its fast failing owner. A such. I returned to rest, and sleep came later, though it was some time ere I re moved a fixed gaze from the long glass I was down early the next morning and the first person I saw in the break fast room was my cousin Lucia. She

little bow at the throat slumbering "Good morning," she said softly You are more active than usual. Were your slumbers lighter or more profound There was some change, I suppose?" "For the better, of course, since the effect is good," I returned. "But I fear I induige soo much in waking dreams.

had on a beautifully made dress of some

warm ruhy shade with a betwitching

They are cruelly delusive. "Then give them up. That cannot be difficult if you dislike them. "Did I say that? Some of them are only too dear, that is my main objec-

"O, the fault is in yourself, I see, not in the visions. I thought there was a repreach somewhere, but I am glad to find it is to your own person. "Yes, Lucia; I am guilty of a folly no

"Why not? Hopefulness is a pleasant element in life. You ought to cultivate it. I might repay exertion. What did she mean? Had she understood me; and, speaking to a scarcely breathed longing, was I to know that she fathomed it and was pitiful?

don't look for it.

I might have been too daring, but the arrested me. Her head was limply adjusted as usual, but there was ne duedly friendly. I was apt to put in a more tardy appearance in the breakfast room, and her

Had I slept well? The night had "Yes, there was a famous blaze,"

"I make a better fight," she pursued,

end. You seem to give way at once, and

posed. "I never struggle against and for that very reason, I suppese, it advance. But I suppose you won't ad-"Scarcely, with such clear evidence

to the contrary. Dreams do not gener-"Walking dreams may, and mine seem

to be all of this order." "An effort in that line need not be The conversation dropped here. I did recommended now," was my response. not press it, as I saw the same disturb-"There are moments when we have to ed, even terrified, look in my hostess" set realities before as to subdue a too face. She evidently believed in the possibility of an apparition, and especially "You had better turn to the mainland in the credibility of what I had portray then, and away from this slippery sured. The facts did not lessen my per-

stants:" and with the words she was attempting a solution of it my myself. There was a change in the weather this morning. Low-lying mists wrapped scarcely feel jealousy, it was so evident the frozen waters in a warning veil. that his society was an indifferent to her | white and mournful as a shrowd. Skatas my own. But the fact that she was | 10g was pronounced unsafe, and Lerring unimpressionable was not reassuring, ton, with some other gentlemen of the taken in conjunction with her own too party, started on a shooting excursion. strong power of facination. I would I remained at home, having still hopes that the approach of rain was more distout than appeared, and that the fog might pass off, giving us another day's enjoyment of the ice. Lucia was too fond of the exhiberating pastime to miss it, if it could with any sense of security be managed, and I determined if she were led into rashness it should not be

> Doubts or expectations, however, were at once ended when at twelve o'clock a light rain began to fall, and the wind veered full to the south. If my fair cousin could have been seen or spoken to the long hours which succeed would not have been overclouded. But she absented herself from the drawing room and library during the entire morning and afternoon. I first saw her at dinner time, surrounded by the usual circle of guests, and scarcely inclined to afford me a fair share of her attention or ami ability. Lerrington was on the scene and assiduous as ever. He attempted to shine now, but if Lucia listened to him it was scarcely with entrancement. She was evidently bored, or pre-necupie: at all events, and when the party broke up at an early hour she retired with an bruptuess which betrayed a secret re had at her escape from society. I found my room warm and bright as

ever, and sat reading for some time by. the fire in the dressing room. Then left a lamp burning on a table opposite the door leading into the inner chamber, and betook myself to rest.

In assuming this attitude I was far from feeling a disposition to slumber. On the contrary, I was never more wakeful in my life; but I was resolved that the apparent routine of matters should go on as other nights, and that no marked watchfalness on my part should ever affright a too nervous visi

Time passed, midnight approached and I remembered with a quickening of the pulse, which rose at least to expectation, that it was just at this hour that the mirror before me had reflected such a strange scene on the prezeding evening. The moment was exciting. I was not superstitious. It was suspicious rather which entered my thoughts, but this kept every sense strained and acute The night, was a gloomy one, and rain had begun to fall with such weight and persistency that the thick evergreens outside no longer formed a resting canopy, but promoted, as it were, a second shower, which maintained a ceaseless echo of that which came direct frem the skies. The sobbing sounds without, the stillness of my tow, darkly wainscoted chamber, each had a significance of its own which was somewhat sad and portentous. I could scarcely say what apprehended, but my memory had gone back to circumstances of a faraway past. I heard when a boy that my cousin Geoffrey had lest himself in unbits of wild and reckless extravagance. Having had a final quarrel with him on the sephew had gone abroad, where he from the hall by an early train. tune rather more considerable than usually falls to the lot of foreigners, and from this point in his career very little more was heard of him till he returned to Forrest Hall with his daughter, a lovely girl of sixteen, and paid a visit strauge notion crossed my mind as I recalled these details. I felt that it was quite pessible, indeed most probable. that my cousin had become involved in fresh embarrassments when he made

the successful move which had gained him the Forrest Hall property. Could it be that he had tried to step more quickly into this by any false play with its late master? Had a fictitious death been managed, and was Uncle Geoffrey still alive and a prisoner in some dark and mysterious way in the house? The vision I had seen gave some color to the thought, but it was dismissed again as a The Forest Hall mansion fell to my mere treak of imagination. Such a share in the new division of the property scheme, and its accomplishment, I well knew, could scarcely be a reality of days like the present. Meditation evokes dreaminess, and in

order to conquer it I took up a book which I had at hand. Just as I did so I became aware of some change in the light in the room. I raised my eyes to the mirror opposite to me, and saw that a shadowy form was crossing by the table, with the lamp on it, towards the | these in the peace which is a rightful chimney-piece in the closet. It was that of my Uncle Geoffrey. Arrayed in doubt. There might be a cure for it, but the same flowered dressing gown, with his head bent, and a stick in his hand, right to humor you in your weakness. I he went slowly along, and a faint grean was heard. The sound chilled my blood; it caused a sort of herror mingled with alarm which was all the more unnerving because it was in a measure indefinite. What could the scene mean? This life like, yet ghostly, apparition. Whence came it, and for what purpose?

> was more to the purpose now than questioning, and the next moment I, too, was in Persian garb, and stealing across the floor of my chamber towards the outer door of this apartment. I had left it ajar, and as I gained the corridor I was close beside, was partly open as power to dispel." well. In a second I closed it noiselessly, turned the key in the lock, and was back again in my former quarters. As I re-entered I paused, and a creeping Uncle Geoffrey's chamber. Within its sensation of unknown dread. paralyzed ( precincts, while her sweet eyes and further movement. The mirror was asked pardon for a deception and again full before me, and in it the same re- sink in bashful confusion from my glauce flection, the bowed, mournful figure of I learnt a full explanation of the strange my nucle Geoffrey. He was at the experience of the past-of all that I had mantle-piece now, was stooping over it | seen in the mirror. The narrative took

had been raused, though it could scarce-C. L. CURTIS, M.D., successor to Dr. Jarvis, Physician Surgeon, St., Office and Ren. Physician Surgeon, St., Office and Ren. Physician Surgeon, St., Office and Ren. Wolk of any description of the victory. Wolk of any description of the victory. Statement, till it was strangely negative only for trifles. These you should for the thin nugers of the old man was placing semething within the receptable. I was told that she was sequences of my temerity.

In the old man was placing semething within the receptable. In the old man was placing semeth not abstracting anything therefrom. maraured something about a special

the dressing room, I must necessarily lose the mirrored picture for a second, and fail to come directly upon the reality, having first to pass by the foot of the bed. This knowledge held me enchained a moment longer. Then the form, whether spirit or matter, began to glide off, and I felt that the grain had come. I must follow it at all hazards. With a quick bound I was on the threahold of the cabinet; but an actual cry parted my lips at the instant. The room was empty! All remained as I had left it ere I retired to rest. The lamp was burning brightly, the wood-fire was cheerful, and ruddy in its in its gleam as ever. Nothing ghostly or ghastly threw a lurid celering on the quiet aspect of the scene. More bewildered more awe stricken than if I had beheld the phantem which had been such a vivid revelation, I could only stand and gaze. Then I approached the chimney corner. The tortise shell box was on the kigh marble ledge above; but it was shut. It seemed hard to believe that a pallid hand had but re cently been laid on it, had opened it, reclosed it. Yet all this I had seen. It was no trick of the imagination. I had been wakeful, expectant. Involuntarily, half mechanically, I lifted the box, and touched the silver spring at the side. The lid flew back at the action and revealed something novel and unexpected The interstice within was not filled with the usual contents. A small folded paper had teken their place. To withdraw it was the work of a second. was not dreaming before; but surely, 1 said to myself, there must be something of illusion now. The writing I had perused was that of my Uncle Geoffrey. It was clear and unmistakable. The well-remembered characters had a forcible peculiarity of their ows, which I, for one, was not likely to forget. As I gazed upon them I had present to me, in a new vision, his aged form, his withered hand. But the substance of the paper was dream like in the extreme, and made me pass my hands more than once across my eyes to clear off any filmy veil of drowsiness. Here, is a few words, a bequest was made to me. Half the Forest Hall property was mine express wish followed on the bequestthat I should become the hasband of my cousin Lucia Forrester. The document seemed to be a codicil to my uncle's will. and I noted at once that the date was a later one than that of the Jestament

the inner deer of communication with

his death When sleep came to me that night I had still the paper in my hand. I knew through disturbed slumbers that I had never let it vo. yet if, awakening, I had failed to grasp it or perceive it. I could have felt little surprise. The mode of its discovery, the nature of its contents. scarcely pointed to the scenes of real life. They were more in harmony with the visions which are fleeting. But

which had been produced and proved at

there was substance and no shadow here. The precious paper was close in my elasp, and at its touch a thrill of delight tul hope ran through me. I was no longer an impoverished man a fortune seeking suitor. However clear I might stand in my own sight of the latter repreache, I had needed hitherto the boldness which could defy the criticism of others. I had it now, and no further delay should interpose between suspense and a possible happiness.

When I saw Lucia in the breakfast room that morning she was more be witching, more beautiful than ever. 1 was naturally followed still by a sense of mystery, and felt for the first time drawn to a belief in spiritual manifestations. In no other way could I account for the extraordinary scene of the night. I said to myself that my uncle must have appeared to me to make knewn his will as well as his wishes; and it this were so, I was clearly called upon to carry out the latter. Fer reasons of my own I mentioned this second vision in the presence of my cousin Geoffrey and his wife, as well as that of the other members of the party. I gave no details, but spoke of the vividness of the appar ition. Again Mrs. Forrester showed a tremor of apprehension, and a deadly paller in her face. Geoffrey started, toe, and then I glanced anxiously towards Lucia. She was smiling, and maintain ed through all my assertions and remarks a gay incredulity. My resolves were taken forthwith. I felt her to be guiltless of any participation in a possible conspiracy to supress the proofs of my claim to a portion of the property : and an hour or two later I asked her to be my wife. She had been pleasant, if a coquettish, with me all the merning. and on the other hand had treated Lerrington with a provoking conchal ance which quickened his perceptions to recall some important engagement town. He said good bye, and was off

CHAPTER III.

"You may make what changes in it you please, but it won't change it for me, Lucia. I will never occupy the

We were standing in the long corridor at Forest Hall. We implies enough. She was my wife now and thought she had a right to do anything with me. Her designs in the present instance turned fortunately towards a transfer mation in the house -not in its master. Yet even here I rebelled. When she proposed that Uncle Geoffrey's room and dressing closet should no longer be shut up, but put to seme practical use, i uttered the above protest. Though the vision seen in the apartment had pointed only to a path of brightness still there was a mystery associated with it which left a sense of awe on my mind that might be always overshadowing.

which had been made on the production of the codicil to the will, and my cousin Geoffrey had gone abroad then with his wife, leaving the bride and bridegroom to settle down in their home. "There are rooms enough in the house," I added now, "to exercise your taste upon, Lucia. Those in the west

wings are newer and brighter. Leave enjoyment of the antiquated." "George, you are superstitious," said the young bride, decisively. "It is not could never have fancied you a re so

silly-a believer in dreams." "Life is a dream, if you like." I inter terposed. "But for me there is as much reality in one episode of it which concerus the night as in any lit up by the clearest sunskine. We may agree on this subject, but that won't alter what Was it reslity or illusion? Action is conviction more than impress on

Lucia looked pained. She did not meet me with her usual raillery, nor turn, on the other hand, to reasoning. There was something of a distinct truthfainess in her nature which shrank from letting a misapprehension lie in the saw that the dressing-room door, which mind of another which it was in her A minute later and I felt per band

stealing within my arm at 10 was drawing me towards the clo door of with his back turned towards me, and my fair confesser back to the date of one hand stretched out in the act of my first visit to Forest Hall, after her grasping his ancient suuff box. The lid | father had become master of it. On the eve of my arrival, in making some arly have been with the view of putting rangements in her room, she chanced the box to its ordinary purpose of use, to come across an ornamented album for the thin fingers of the old man was which her nucle had placed in her han t placing semathing within the receptable. on the very day of his deat's. He had

(Continued on fourth page.)

Or E. L. SLAUGHTER, Toronto. MR . A MISS RICHARDSON HAIR DRESS NG PARLOR, 114 Princess St., Over Hickey & tlett's Dry Goods Store, Kingston. HAUR JEWELBY.

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