A CHRISTMAS EASTER.

A CHRISTMAS TALE OF LOVE AND ROMANCE.

BY MARION HARLAND.

(Copyrighted, 1887.)

On the evening of December 23rd, 1886, the dwellers in the Pennsylvania town overlooked by Cedarcroft, the summer quarters of Hon Francis Armstrong, M. C., and millionaire, saw the triple row of windows in the elevated facade ablaze with gas light. The sleepy Dutch burg was a finished town inhabited by people who had nothing to learn of their age. They did not know or inquire who were the occupants of the carriages that had rolled through the wide, crooked street leading from the railway station to the house on the hill-top, that day, or speculate as to the goings-on behind the illuminated windows, further than to comment contemptously upon the whim that "brought folks from warm town houses to freeze in the windiest situation this side of the Alleghanies."

The situation deserved its reputation that night. The dash of the air-surf against stone walls and slated roof was like the concussion of sledge hammers, the shriek and rumble in the chimneys gruesome in deserted bedchambers and the servants' attic. In the great centre hall, which was the hospitable heart of the household, the burning logs answered the blast with a roar of defiant laughter from the wide throat of the chimney. Other lights were disdained by acclamation. A dozen white-gowned girls, three or four chaperones in soberer satin and velvet, ten young men in conventional evening dress, and the portly, handsome host, were grouped and scattered about the chamber, and each had his or her share in the becomingness of the red radiance. An organ was built in the arch corresponding, on one side of the hall, with a smaller half-circle on the other that held the fire-place, a harp stood by the grand upright piano on which lay flute and violin. A fashionable young fellow strummed a banjo, overlaid and fretted out of family likeness to its homely prototype. Mr. Armstrong's was a musical family, and all his guests professed a passion for the art.

With one exception:—

"Do you sing, Mr. Brown?" asked a chaperone, in the thin husky voice that usually befalls her with bloodless opaqueness of complexion after sixty is passed, if the chaperone is an American.

"No, ma'am."

Mr. Brown was a New England Congressman and presumably an educated man. His friends, if not himself, counted his money by the million, he dressed expensively and wore big diamond studs, disrespectfully alluded to by political opponents as "trunk-rivets." He was thirty-eight years of age, clean-shaven, but for a thin moustache, he was well-made, sinewy, and six feet tall.

"A representative man," Mr. Armstrong called him, and desired few things with more devout disinterestedness than that his cousin and ward, Huldah Croly, should favor the diligent suit of the R. M.

Mr. Brown had been in society for at least ten years, had read a good deal and traveled much. But he still said, "ma'am" habitually, and when facetious, in the tone a disrespectful hostler. It need not be added that he always said "sir," to high and low of his own sex, and in talk with his peers, often mouthed it as if he hesitated just short of the vulgar addenda, "ee."

"No, ma'am. I nyther play nor sing. In point of fact, I don't know one tune from another. I couldn't tell you, for example, which is the finest violinist, Ole Bull, or Birken over there. The noise of the fiddle is pretty much the same under the hand of both of 'em."

People laughed a little, and Mr. Birken, a sandy-haired youth who wore glasses and fiddled so badly that no body thought it right to seem too much amused, colored furiously.

"Fortunately, we compare no one with Ole Bull," said Huldah Croly. "My mother will not admit that Patti sings as well as Jenny Lind did, or that any modern master of the bow ought to be named in the same day with ole Bull."

Mr. Birken's cheeks cooled rapidly. When the conversation again became general, he stole around to the back of Miss Croly's chair.

"You are a born buffer!" said the grateful goose, stooping to her ear. "And an angel!"

"Thank you! But what a classification."

She let him stand there and dribble soft, mildewed society nothings, replying at random, her mien meantime, indicative of pleased attention, until there was a call for more music. In the stir produced by the passage of performers to the instruments, only three or four persons besides Mr. Brown, saw Huldah slip out of a side door.

A long, dim corridor ended in Uncle Dick's apartments. He was the host's elder brother and a bachelor. With two servants he lived in a wing of Cedarcroft house all the year round. The room his "come in!" invited Huldah to enter was large and lofty. Bookshelves lined it on three sides. In the recesses of the jutting chimneys were cupboards with glass fronts, containing chemical apparatus, bottles, jars, tubes, retorts and specimens of divers sorts. Books and MSS. littered the tables, at the largest of which he sat before something Huldah had never seen before.

"Still seeking out my inventions," she cried gayly, to his looks of surprised welcome. "What is the latest, darling? It looks like a composite—part sewing machine, part type-writer, with a touch of telephone!"

When most weary of heart she was apt to be flippant. Uncle Dick never drew himself out of his inventive maze long enough to suspect this or anything else sub-surface that did not pertain to chemistry, electricity or the mechanical powers. Huldah often took refuge with him when dissatisfied with everybody else, herself included. She had described him only that afternoon to Mr. Brown, as "brief, bold and beatific, as guileless and as lovable as a year-old baby. He does me good all through, dusts and makes me over better than new," she pursued. "I doat upon Uncle Dick!" "All the same, I shouldn't care to be a fossil before my time. Life should be action, not a series of "unpractical experiments" said the representative man" sensibly enough. "One-tenth of the brains and industry he puts into his fads, if properly directed, would make his fortune."

Huldah re-called the remark when the fossil pushed up his spectacles to the top of a scalp that was pink with animation as he began to eulogize his darling.

"It is the crowning glory of this magnificent century which has proved herself the prolific mother of discoveries and inventions. I have been wishing, all the evening, that you might look in that I might introduce my Queen of Graphophone. She is the product of years of labor and much money. At last, we have brought her as near to the height of perfection as human intellect and skill can make machinery."

Huldah smiled affectionately, and seating herself at the table, rested her elbows on the table, her chin in her hollowed palms. Attitude and face wore just the phase of pleased interest that had tempted Mr. Birken to turn the facet of his brain tank for her delectation. Much practice had made her an adept in wordless hypocrisy. Behind this pretty mask she did her hardest and saddest thinking.

Mr. Brown had offered himself formally to her a week ago in Washington and been promised an answer on Christmas day. It was becoming evident to others as well as herself that he was not tormented by doubts as to her decision. His manner was masterful and exultant, as of one who had only to put out his hand and seize the prize. Twice that day he had called her "Huldah," inadvertently.

"Begin at the beginning and don't leave anything out," she said to Uncle Dick with an air of exhaustless patience and complaisant expectation.

Mr. Brown had called her "Huldah" and she had flushed burning hot and angry at the slip of the tongue. Why? She was an orphan twenty-five years old and had left off being romantic three years before. She had a little money of her own, enough to dress herself upon and a luxurious home in her guardian's house. He and his wife were uniformly kind to her, their children loved her as an older sister. Success in society, easily achieved by her personal attractions and piquante speech, made her in love with a world that turned the sunny side to her. Mr. Brown could secure to her the position held now by virtue of youth, vivacity and opportunity. He wanted a brilliant wife, she wanted a brilliant establishment. Without being a voluptuary in any other sense of the term, she loved spaciousness filled with elegance, coveted Indian fabrics and Persian dyes, filmy laces, cut crystal, prismatic stones, whatever ministered to the ease of refined flesh and pleased the asthetic eye. She was thoroughly honest with herself in the array.

Mr. Brown (whom she was not obliged to call "Samuel," now, or ever) was a solid citizen, upright, although a politician, genial of temper. As to glimpses of the native wood, revealed by an occasional scaling-off of the veneer, one must not expect perfection. Perhaps she could repair defects. If not, had not Tommy Birken called her a "born buffer?" Might she not serve her generation by fulfilling this office to the New England representative man? What hindered her from making up her mind, then and there, to accept the goods offered by the benignant gods? to make an end of irresolution and much balancing of yeas and nays?

"This is the battery," said Uncle Dick. "This is what we name the diaphragm on which the charged needle plays—"

"I see!" said Huldah in her most encouraging tone.

Her intent face warmed the exhibitor's enthusiasm.

The phonograph reproduced words in a shrill monotone. She, tapping his idol, receives, retains, and when we wish, gives back every intonation, and this, not once, or twice, but a thousand times if required."

"Wonderful?" Huldah had heard thus far. "For how long."

"We dare predict for twenty or thirty years, it may be for all the time."

"Ah!"

The ejaculation was crisp and insincere. The monstrous improbability of the statement extinguished the faint glow of genuine interest.

What stood between her and a satisfactory settlement for life? She was tired of drifting. Nothing but the termous vision of a dream, dismissed, as she believed long ago, when she left off sentiment and all, this less than shadow waved her back from substantial advantage. In casting that summer idyl behind her, she had sneered at it as "The Romance of a Poor Young Man." For two years she had seen and heard nothing of him. He had taken her at her word when she said they could not afford to think of each other, probably he had learned to care as little for her as she did for him. How near she had been to saying—"as she deserved to be cared for!"

"This cylinder"—Uncle Dick brought her back by putting it into her hand—"Is coated with a preparation of paraffine. You perceive it is faintly lined as with a closely written musical staff, filled in with minute stippling. It contains two thousand words, one of Mr. Gladstone's speeches, read carefully by a distinguished elocutionist. I will adjust it on the instrument. Listen!"

It was as Huldah cried out, astonished, the echo of a manly resonant voice that broke the expectant silence, but clear, distinct in enunciation and audible in every part of the room. She glanced over her shoulder in involuntary search for the speaker.

"Is it jugglery? magic? ventriloquism? Are you a wizard? the Michael Scott of the nineteenth century?" she queried, breathlessly, when the cylinder ceased to revolve.

It was as if an intelligent, invisible presence passed away from between her and the impractical "fossil."

Uncle Dick grew taller; his chest expanded under the shabby smoking jacket; his gesture of supreme content was sublime.

"My dear! it is the Graphophone; the Queen of the century! In time, there will be one in every house. Letter writing will be obsolete toil, sitting here, on a lonely windy night, with my hand in hers, I shall hear your very voice telling me of your balls and conquests in Washington, of the latest political scandal, of domestic news and how you sometimes think of me. All this the evening mail will have brought me on one of these cylinders put up in a stamped case. She will revolutionize business correspondence; give to eloquence and musica world-wide audience. What may be called the sentimental value will, I suspect, outrank all others in your estimation. Think of taking from a drawer, when heart and home-sickness are at their height, that which will give to bodily ears and the sore spirit your dead mother's voice!"

Her brown eyes swam in tears, her hands fluttered upward, then fell together in irrepressible emotion that found no vent in language.

"Or the mother, harkening between her sobs, to her baby's prattle. Or the old man, hearing the song of the betrothed he laid under the daisies a half a century ago! I tell you, child, this gift to humanity will annihilate time, set change at defiance, make love immortal!"

He took up one cylinder after another from a row at the side of the instrument, his hands shaking with excitement.

"Ah! this is what I was looking for! The sweetest tenor the Creator ever put into man's throat, belongs to a noble young fellow who passed some days with me here in October. We sat up until day-break two nights testing and using her. One midnight, I asked him to sing his favorite song to her. She liked it so well, received it so graciously (as who could help doing?) that she has held it faithful to her heart ever since."

Like the silvery voice of an unseen troubadour under his lady's window, the strain began:

O du Entriss'ne, mir und meinem Kussé,
Sei mir gegrusst, sei mir gekusst!
Erreichbar nur meinem Sehnsuchts grusse,
Sei mir gegrusst, sei mir gekusst!

Du von der Hand der Liebe diesem Herzen-gegeb'ne,
Du von dieser Brust genomm'ne mir
Mit diesem Thranengusse
Sei mir gegrusst! sei mir gekusst!

Zum Trotz der Ferne, die sich feindlich trennend
Hat zwischen mich und dich gestellt dem Neid
Der Schicksalsmachte zum Verdrusse
Sei mir gegrusst! sei mir gekusst!

Wid du mir je im schonsten Lenz der Liebe
Mit Gruss und Kuss entgegen kam'st,
Mit meiner Seele gluhedstem Ergusse
Sei mir gegrusst! sei mir gekusst!

Ein Hauch der Liebe tilget Raum und Reiten,
Ich bin bei dir, du bist bei mir,
Ich halte dich in diesses Arm's Usmchusse
Sei mir gegruss! Sei mir gekusst!

Uncle Dick stood eyes upcast to the ceiling in an ecstacy of professional appreciation. Huldah's face bowed lower until her forehead rested on the hands shut hard together on the table; her frame heaved and shook as in a whirlwind.

"*Sei mir gegrusst! Sei mir gegrusst!*" Love, pleading, yearning, were in the plaintive iteration recurring over and over until her heart broke under the burden of memory. The wind, smiting the four quarters of the house like the cannonade of a besieging army; the answering shout of the fire were unheard, as Uncle Dick, place and time were forgotten.

Half-buried in harsh, supple orchard-grasses, she sat ripening peaches, gold and red, between her and the sun that drew out their spiciness to mingle with the scent of the aftermath, while Fred Wyckoff sang *her* favorite song.

The "echo of a voice!" True, round, full, sweet beyond the telling, without a lapse in time or note, fraught with passion as pure and tender as the incense-laden wind!

"Oh, my love! my love!"

"I beg your pardon!" said Uncle Dick, startled and interrogative.

"I asked you to let me hear it again—please!" The head was still bent low. Not so low in shame and remorse as the bursting heart.

"Sie mir gegrusst! Sie mir gegrusst!" rose and swelled and sank the echo that would haunt her forever.

"I guessed I should likely find you in here, hobnobbing with Uncle Dick!" chuckled Mr. Brown, walking in with the severe assurance of one who knows himself to be the most welcome guest that could break up a tete-a-tete.

With a smothered cry, Huldah tossed the light shawl from her shoulders over the instrument, and throwing her palms outward, as if striking at something he could not see, she rushed past her wooer. He saw her no more that night, nor did the merry-makers in the great hall.

Fleeing along the corridor and up the stairs, still pursued by the something Mr. Brown could not see, she gained her room and locked the door. Still pursued, she placed the narrow confines, wringing her hands and sobbing out incoherent insane-sounding exclamations.

"What have I done! What have I escaped!"

The air took voice about her; the echo wailed and entreated, close her ears though she did.

"*Sei mir gegrusst! Sei mir gekrusst!*"

Should she ever hear it in her grave, that cry from the eternal, inexorable Past she thought murdered and mouldering into dust?

Presently she checked walk and sobs; went down on her knees before her trunk and sought for something in the bottom. A small portfollo, much worn, marked with her initials. She knew what she should find in an inner pocket; said no more to herself that it had been left there by accident.

"Give me an English translation," she had ordered one day. "My German is defective, yours perfect. Tell me what our song means in my mother-tongue!"

The next morning she received the paper she now opened. It was creased with many refoldings, blurred by many readings; a big blot marred the second verse.

"I am not a poet," said the accompanying note. "Nor is the song easily translatable. I have not pleased myself in the result of my effort. I claim nothing for the verses beyond a certain conscientious fidelity to the original, and that they were written in obedience to your wish."

Other tear-blots appeared on the sheet as she read:

"Oh, my departed love, take thou my greeting,
(*I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!*)
My love eternal stands, though vows are fleeting,
(*I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!*)
Thou by the hand of love to me wast given,
And from this breast thou hast been torn,
No power shall stay our meeting,
(*I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!*)

In spite of distance which with sullen menace,
Stands between me and thee, my love,
The will of jealous fate defeating,
I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!
As in the springtime of holy love you met me,
And glowing hearts were melted into one,
My yearning heart those tearful vows repeating—
"I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!"

With but one breath of love, time, space are sundered,
I am with thee, thou art with me,
My eager heart on thine again is beating,
I greet thee now! I kiss thee now!

Mr. Brown found a letter on his bureau when he went up to bed, somewhat puzzled by Huldah's manner of departure and her non-appearance on the gay scene, but seemingly complacent in the consciousness of his own dues at the hand of Fate. He received at breakfast time on the morrow, a telegram re-calling him to Washington.

To avert gossip Huldah accepted a seat in the carriage that took him to the station. Uncle Dick sat on the front seat and acted as driver.

"I have treated you badly," said the girl, penitently to her rejected suitor.

"I quite agree with you," was the curt reply. "But I have had my lesson. Next time I shall make sure of my ground before committing myself to a formal proposal."

Regret, compassion, even bruised self-respect gave away with Huldah before a rush of amusement.

"That is sensible and philosophic. Let me wish you better fortune with a better woman—next time!"

"Thank you!" still as sour and cold as a frost-bitten crabapple.

"I don't admire that type of the successful man," Uncle Dick surprised Huldah by saying as Mr. Samuel Brown, after brief leavetakings, bustled into the station to get his ticket and check. "I am glad you are not going to marry him."

"How do you know that I am not?"

"I heard you laugh out suddenly and heartily just now in a way not common with girls whose lovers leave them on the day before Christmas. I needed no other evidence. If I did, your face supplies it."

He turned in his seat while they talked, his round poll rising above white throat-whiskers like the knob on top of a pump above a snow-wreath. The girl was dearer to him than other human thing.

"Uncle Dick!" impulsively. "I called you a wizard last night; I know now that you were my angel—unawares. Which means, in this instance, that you did me a great good without guessing what you were about. But for you I should have married Mr. Brown and been wretched—or wicked—may be both, forever after. You may well look mystified, but I can't enlighten you further. Only—if I dared, I would throw my arms around your neck and kiss you here and now—I am so grateful!"

"I don't in the least comprehend—"

"Of course you don't! That isn't the worst part of it, you blessed cherub! It is beginning to snow—Christmas snow! What are you waiting for?"

"I am expecting a friend on the northern train. Didn't I tell you? Ah! I see him."

A young man ran nimbly down the platform steps, valise in hand. Before Huldah could catch her breath Fred Wyckoff's face, handsome and animated, was framed in the carriage-window. She was still faint and giddy when he took the seat beside her and pulled up the wolf-robe over her lap, tucking it in carefully. Uncle Dick, bent almost double, was wrestling with a big button and a small button-hole in the barouche apron; the snow was beginning to fall thickly.

"I came because I heard accidentally that you would be here," whispered Wyckoff, reading more truly than she guessed the language of the dim, happy eyes. "May I try again, dear?"

A trembling hand, cold through her glove, slid into his and was clasped closely

"Fred! Fred! I have tried so hard to live without you!"

The starchiest of the visiting chaperones had an absurd trick of early rising. The howling tempest of Christmas eve made her restless and blue to an insupportable degree; nor had pearl-powder and an incomparable *neglige* effaced the traces of insomnia when she drew her beruffled train after her into the hall at half-past eight Christmas morning. Her chamber being on the windward side of the house, was bleak, and she counted shiveringly upon the genial glow of the great fire-place below. It was heaped with birchen logs, polished floor, carved ceiling, burnished organ pipes, the window-panes hoary with frost—all were glorious with leaping scarlet gleams. Two shadows lay dark and long on the marquetined flooring. Mr. Wyckoff, the charming young lawyer "with the *purest* tenor voice, I assure you, my dear," and Miss Huldah Croly sat at evident ease in a pair of rocking chairs immediately in front of the hearth, without a symptom of a duenna in sight, and she as good as engaged to that excellent Mr. Brown.

Her stony eyes, blank with horror, did not petrify the graceless culprits. Without starting apart, they glanced around at her approach, Mr. Wyckoff rising politely. Ignoring his offer of an easy chair, she brushed by Huldah without a salutation, and held her blue, shrivelled, veinous hands to the blaze that struck mocking glints from the rings loading them. She was an impersonation of winter draped by Worth or Redfern, thought the happy young girl with a throb of infinite pity.

"What very, very unpleasant weather for the country!" vouchsafed the dame, with a shrug and shudder. "It makes one positively home sick. Which reminds me that I have not wished either of you"—pressing well upon the coupling that ought to remind them of their indecorum—"a Merry Christmas!"

"Christmas!" echoed Huldah, glancing at the outer world white with whirling drifts, her color deepening with her dreamy smile, "We were just saying that it seems more like Easter!"

BRIGHTEST AND BEST.

Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
Cold on his cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall,
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all.

Say, shall ye yield him in costly devotion,
Odors from Edom or offerings divine,
Gems from the mountain or pearls from the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest or gold from the mine?
Vainly we offer each ampler oblation,
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure,
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

—Old Hymn.

For the Babies.

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure, and painless corn remover extant. It does its work quickly and with certainty. See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co., appears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous imitations.

A Quarter of a Century.

For more than twenty-five years has Hagyard's Yellow Oil been sold by druggists, and it has never yet failed to give satisfaction as a household remedy for pain, lameness and soreness of the flesh, for external and internal use in all painful complaints.

A Cure for Drunkenness.

Opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 6c in stamps, for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 46 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper

Bear it in Mind.

That pure blood is the life nourishment of of the body, and means perfect health no one can deny. Cleanse the blood from all impurities with B. B. B., the best blood purifier known.

Keep in Good Humor.

This injunction applies not only to the mental but the physical welfare. Salt rheum, erysipelas, and all obstinate humours of the blood are perfectly curable by Burdock Blood Bitters.

Do not despair of curing your sick headache when you can so easily obtain Carter's Little Liver Pills. They will effect a prompt and permanent cure. Their action is mild and natural.

MISCELLANEOUS.

LEGAL NOTICE.

In the High Court of Justice,
Queen's Bench Division,
Robert G. Dalton, Q.C.,
Master in Chambers.

Monday, the 12th day of December, 1887.

Between the Hamilton Powder Company, Plaintiffs, and the Roberts Iron Company (Limited), Ontario, Defendants.

Upon the application of the above named Plaintiffs for an order for substitutional service of the writ of summons herein; upon reading the said writ of summons and the return of the Sheriff of the County of Frontenac endorsed thereon, the affidavit of J. A. Gemmill filed in support thereof and the exhibit therein referred to; and upon hearing Counsel for the Plaintiffs:

It is ordered that service of a copy of this order and of a copy of the writ of summons in this action, by sending the same by prepaid and registered post letters addressed to the following parties, namely, Mrs. Julia C. Roberts, Rochester, Munroe County New York; William S. E. Bartlett, Esq., Clinton, Oneida County, New York; Robert Blackburn, Esq., New Edinburgh, Ottawa; and by publication of the same in the Kingston WHIG, a newspaper published at the City of Kingston, in the County of Frontenac, once a week for at least a month, shall be good and sufficient service of the writ of summons herein;

And it is further ordered that on default of appearance within ten days after the expiration of one month from the first publication of the same in the said Kingston WHIG newspaper the Plaintiffs may proceed and judgment may be given for them in default on proof of service as in this order prescribed.

The costs of the order to be costs in the case.

(Signed) ROBERT G. DALTON, M.C.

(L.S.) In the High Court of Justice, Queen's Bench Division, between the Hamilton Powder Company, Plaintiffs, and the Roberts Iron Company, (Limited), Ontario, Defendants.

Victoria, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, Defender of the Faith, to the Roberts Iron Company (Limited), Ontario:

We command you that within days after the service of this writ on you, inclusive of the day of such service, you cause an appearance to be entered for you in an action at the suit of the Hamilton Powder Company, and take notice that in default of your so doing the Plaintiffs may proceed therein and payment may be given in your absence.

Witness the Honorable John Alexander Boyd, President of our High Court of Justice at Toronto, the twenty-ninth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven.

(Signed) J. P. FEATHERSTON,
Deputy Clerk at Ottawa.

N.B.—This writ is to be served within twelve calendar months from the date thereof, or, if renewed, within twelve calendar months from the date of such renewal, including the date of such date, and not afterwards.

The Defendants may appear hereto by entering an appearance either personally or by solicitor at the office of the Deputy Clerk of the Crown, in the Court House, in the City of Ottawa.

The Plaintiffs' claim is for the price of goods sold. The following are the particulars:

1883.		
Feb. 28,	To bal. as per acct rendered	$1,445 30
1885.		
June 30,	" interest on renewals	34 54
Aug 17,	" " "	28 77
Oct. 9,	" note and notarial fees	1,433 98
Nov. 17,	" " " "	1,528 29
		$4,470 88

CREDIT.

1886.		
Nov. 24,	By cases Eclipse returned	$ 700 00
		$3,780 88

The Plaintiffs claim interest on $3,770.88 from the 9th day of October, 1885, until judgment, and the sum of $20 for costs; and if the amount claimed be paid to the Plaintiffs or their Solicitor within eight days from the service hereof further proceedings will be stayed.

J. A. GEMMILL, Plaintiffs' Solicitor.

This writ was issued by John Alexander Gemmill, of the City of Ottawa, in the County of Carleton, solicitor for the Plaintiffs, whose head office is in the City of Montreal, in the Province of Quebec.

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A. P. CHOWN, Chemist and Druggist, Agent Kingston. July 16.

Frontenac Loan & Investment Society.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent. upon the capital stock of this institution, has been declared, for the current half year, and the same will be payable at the Society's Office on and after Thursday, the 5th day of January, 1888.

THOMAS BRIGGS,
Kingston, Dec. 19th, 1887. Manager.

EDUCATIONAL.

KINGSTON SCHOOL OF ART

THE CLASSES are open in the rooms of the Mechanics' Institute, corner of Princess and Montreal Streets.

TERMS.

Color Class, (each morning from 10 to 12) 40c a lesson, or where 4 or more lessons are taken in one week, 25c each lesson. Afternoon Drawing Class, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 2 to 4 p.m., $6.00 per term. Evening Drawing Class, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m., $3 per term. All fees payable in advance.

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