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We are pleased to announce that we have completed arrangements by which we are enabled to offer **free** to each of our subscribers a year's subscription to "CANADA," the well known Monthly Journal for Canadians. Young and Old, at Home and abroad. We make this offer to each of our subscribers who will pay up all arrears and for one year in advance, and to all new subscribers paying for one year in advance. "CANADA" begins a new series with the number for November, 1912, and while preserving the features which have won wide recognition for it already, will add new ones which will render it still more emphatically the favorite Canadian monthly paper. It is pure, intensely patriotic, attractive in make-up and remarkably varied in contents. Many leading Canadian writers are among its contributors, and departments of Canadiana, Home Topics, etc., are edited by capable hands. The regular subscription price of "CANADA" is Fifty Cents a year, but by this arrangement it will cost **you nothing** to receive this splendid Canadian monthly paper for one year. Do not put it off, but send your subscription today. Sample copies of "CANADA" can be seen at this office, or can be obtained from the Publisher, Hampton, New Brunswick.—Adv.

THE PHANTOM HAND.

A CHRISTMAS GHOST STORY.

I sat alone in the park at Deepdale, reading a favorite book. Deepdale, the country seat of my uncle, Norman French, was a beautiful place with its trim lawns and pleasant park.

I had come from Cambridge for my Christmas vacation, as usual, and my aunt and cousin had made me welcome, of course; but, after all there was something lacking in their greeting. They were hardly the same as when uncle was living. I thought; yet I could not define the missing feature. An undefinable strangeness had come between me and Deepdale, however.

Uncle had been found dead in the park some months previous, whether he had gone for a walk. He was lying at the foot of a tree lifeless and cold, with his limbs drawn up, his face contorted as if in extreme agony, and his arm thrown over his head, with his fingers clutching the bare grass. Being old and somewhat ailing it is supposed that he died in a fit.

I was his favorite nephew, he having paid for my education at college. I also had many reasons to believe that I would be favorably mentioned in his will, but strange as it seemed to those knowing his habits of order and circulation, no last wish of his could be found.

Inez, his only child, as a matter of course, became sole heir to his wealth, and I was left out entirely. My cousin, was a beautiful girl of twenty, and always seemed very fond of me; indeed it had also been hinted to me by Aunt Cecil before uncle's demise, that Inez and I were born for each other.

In the face of this, however, I had the ungrateful audacity to fall in love with an orphaned girl in the city, thus putting a strong negative to aunt's declaration.

I told her of my engagement to pretty Lulu Melville one day a short time before uncle's death, and she plainly told me I was a scholar of the school of experience.

Uncle was present at the time, but he only smiled, saying that everyone should be allowed to choose for themselves in such matters. And then, in reference to my finances, he offered to help me to the extent of a few thousands when I should be married.

With this sudden death and failure of leaving a will, this bright forecast of the future, as a matter of consequence, fell to the ground. It was not on my own account so much that I cared for this, but I, lover like, had planned so many comforts for Lulu when she should become my wife that it made it very hard for me to believe I was not remembered.

I was seated in the library on Christmas Eve, and had been thinking of all this rather bitterly, it must be confessed, before I opened my book for an hour with my favorite author; but in the interesting story I soon lost the bitter reflections and I was enjoying the narrative, when suddenly the shadow of a human hand fell across the page I was reading.

For a moment I was dumfounded.

Then I thought some one was, perhaps behind me testing my credulity and began investigating. To my utter astonishment not a living thing was visible.

Finding no one near, I felt strange, but resumed my book, saying to my self that it was only a trick of the vision.

In a few moments, however, the shadow came again, this time resting considerably longer on the page, and in addition to the strange manifestation I felt a strong, cold wind go by.

Thoroughly mystified, I now arose, put my book in my pocket, went out into the grounds, and began walking about.

What would it mean?

Surely there was a reason—or should I say warning? in this uncanny visitation. I so, what threatened me, or why should I thus be disturbed?

Then a morbid curiosity seized me. I would go back to the library, and invite another visitation.

I had not long to wait. Again the shadow rested on my book and again the icy wind struck my face. By this time I had grown used to the mystery somewhat and watched it more closely.

After a few moments' pausing on the page the shadow dropped to the floor, where it continued moving to and fro until it disappeared suddenly.

I once more left the house and strolled through the grounds to think the matter over.

Well ejaculated I, feeling utterly unpolished this is strange; something is evidently about to happen—perhaps to Lulu. With this I started for the house.

Just as I was about to enter the door I met the gardener, Bin out in the grounds,

have ye? he, said, and before I had time to reply he commenced dwelling on the loneliness of the death.

Oh! I replied, Uncle Norman would not harm anyone, living, and dead I am sure he could not. But, tell me about him. Was he ill the day he went into the park to die?

Well, I dunno, seems he must have been, too, for your aunt gave him a stimulant afore he started, cause she thought he might need something, as he was not strong. But I allers thought it kind of strange, though, 'bout his death. He was old, I said.

Yes, yes, he was old, but that don't clear up the mystery; not right satisfactory to my mind. But that's not my business.

The man turned on his heel and left me and I went into the house. Aunt Cecil was reading in the drawing room, and I took a seat near her.

I had been worked up with the excitement produced by the phantom hand and the gardener's words doubtless in turn I could not help speaking of the subject further.

Aunt I began, was uncle ill the day he went to the park for the last time; that is did he complain of any pain?

Why, no, not in particular, she answered; but I fancied her face grew white as she shut her book and looked away from me.

I thought I had touched memory's chord too roughly perhaps, and added, Forgive me, aunt, I didn't mean to hurt you.

She made no answer, and I continued, I asked because Simon said you gave him a stimulant before he left the house; I imagined from that he was ailing.

She turned on me with the fierceness of a tigress at bay. I want no insinuations from you, she roared, and her eyes gleamed with a baleful fire.

To say that I was astonished at her unexpected demeanor would be putting it mildly. I was simply astounded, and for a moment I had grave doubts in regard to my individual sanity. What was it I had said to arouse such fierce wrath?

Had I been saying some insane thing and insulting Aunt Cecil, or was she grieving so deeply over uncle's death that my mention of him had turned her head? Not on second thought, I had not done either. Then, why this outburst?

Whether she read my thoughts or not I cannot tell, but she came toward me, with one jewelled hand clutching the heavy crepe of her dress, and the other, with extended index, pointing menacingly into my face.

Do you dare to insinuate anything, you ungrateful, poverty-stricken scolding! she hissed, in a low, insulting tone.

My blood was up. I sprang to my feet and faced her, "I have no idea," I exclaimed hotly, "what you refer to; I am innocent of any such base intent. But"—and a terrible suspicion crept into my soul. "Your fury throws a strong light on something which I swear I never thought of before. If your self-condemnation saw an insinuation in my question it was because you are—guilty!"

I leaped towards her and spoke the last word meaningly. It was a risky shot, but fortunately it told.

She put her hand on the table and stood trembling like an aspen leaf.

"Oh, Maurice, do you think I gave your uncle a poisonous draught?" she gasped. Her face was ashen pale, and her eyes looked on an expression of deepest anguish.

I stood still; I felt my blood run coldly back to its overrught fount.

"Aunt Cecil," I began, but could get no further; a faintness came over me and I sank prone upon the chair. "Oh, Uncle Norman," I moaned.

"Maurice, be still!" whispered she. "You drive me frantic, frantic, frantic! Oh, God, how I have suffered!"

She turned and fled through the hall and upstairs as if the Father of Evil was after her. "My God, can it be that she poisoned Uncle Norman?" I questioned as I rose and began to wander aimlessly about the grounds, now gradually becoming covered with snow.

How long I walked, half crazed with grief, I know not, but when the shadows lengthened across the snow clad lawn, and deepened under the trees, some one laid a hand on my arm.

"Come into the house," they said, "your aunt is no more."

"Dead?" I almost shrieked.

"Yes; be calm for your cousin's sake, she is almost wild with grief."

Dumb of tongue and soul I followed where they led.

White and still was the face I had seen a few short hours before so full of unexpressed hatred. Long I gazed upon the waxen features, but no emotion of grief or pity stirred my heart.

Inez hovered over the inanimate form, wringing her hands and wailing out her sorrow, yet I could not feel touched.

Some days after the burial I went to my cousin, who, seemingly, could not be comforted. "Don't grieve so, Aunt wished for death," I said.

A wild, terrified look came into my cousin's face. She beckoned me to follow her as she withdrew into the library, then she closed the door carefully.

"She wished for death. Do you know why?" she asked with white lips.

"Yes," I answered.

"Then you know that she poisoned father and you?" I answered in the affirmative, and she continued; "I did not know until some time after his death; never should have known, I think, had she not imagined that she was haunted by a phantom hand. This hallucination worked upon her mind so much that one day she confessed to me her awful deed."

"A phantom hand?" I asked.

"Yes, she imagined she saw one in the park, shortly after father's death, and that it followed her persistently."

I shuddered and left the library. In a week afterward I went away from Deepdale never to return.

Some months after I received a letter from Inez.

"I have sold Deepdale," she said, "and I am going abroad. I find I cannot live here alone, after all that has happened."

Enclosed find a portion of the money realized from the sale of the estate. I

have no one else to divide with, and I am sure father would desire me to share with you if he were living."

In her letter was a draft for a considerable amount, of which I made good use. I am several years older now but I never think of Deepdale without a shudder, and I often close my eyes on Christmas Eve for fear I shall see a phantom hand or Aunt Cecil's rigid features.

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A World's Championship.

The New York Amateur Athletic Union, at its meeting this week at the Astor House, broke the ground for a great world's championship athletic competition, to be held in Chicago next year.

It will be a handicap meeting open to the world, and a committee was appointed to correspond with foreign athletic associations with a view to induce them to compete.

Julius Harler, of Chicago, was instructed to arrange three dates between August 30 and September 30, preferably September, and report at a meeting to be held later.

Ladies filled watches from \$10 up at Blackmer's.

It is the intention of the union to make this the athletic event of the century, and with that object in view all foreign athletic associations will be asked to send competitors to the big games.

See the cheapest Solid Gold Watches ever offered in the city at Blackmer's.

"Jack" McGee and "Jack" Cattanach have been matched to fight to a finish before the Metropole Club, of Providence, next month. A purse of \$1,250 is the incentive.

"Johnny" Griffin says that he will accept the Coney Island Club's offer of a four thousand dollar purse to fight "English Frank" Murphy, provided he fails to arrange a match with Dixon.

Gerardine, the champion race mare, which holds the half-mile record in 46 seconds, and 6½ furlongs in 1:19.34 has been sold, says a San Francisco dispatch, to L. H. Williams the proprietor of the Endine stable.

Not a penny of the purse and side wager Jack McAliff won at New Orleans is left. The champion went through it all in six weeks, playing it against the horses.

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For Scrofula, Salt Rheum, and all other foul humors is the blood of children or adults, Hood's Sarsaparilla is an unequalled remedy. Read this: "We are thankful to Hood's Sarsaparilla for what it did for our little girl that we make this statement for the benefit of other anxious parents."

Suffering Children

Our girl was a beautiful baby, fair and plump and healthy. But when she was two years old, sores broke out behind her ears and spread rapidly over her head and forehead down to her eyes, and into her neck. We consulted one of the best physicians in Brooklyn, but nothing did her any good. The doctor said it was caused by a scrofula humor in the blood. Her head became

One Complete Cure

offensive to the smell and dreadful to look at. Her general health waned and she would try to sit in a large chair all day without any life or energy. The sores caused great itching and burning, so that at times we had to restrain her hands to prevent scratching. For 3 years

She Suffered Fearfully

with this terrible humor. Being urged to try Hood's Sarsaparilla we did so. We soon noticed that she had more life and appetite. The medicine seemed to drive out more of the humor for a short time, but it soon began to subside, the itching and burning ceased, and in a few months her head became entirely clear of the sore. She is now perfectly well, has no evidence of the humor, and her skin is entirely different color. It seems like an entirely different child. In fact, she is a different child from what she was before taking Sarsaparilla.

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