

whom he had not seen with the others. The child came up to the table and fixed great mournful eyes, without speaking, upon his face.

'Hullo, little 'un! I didn't know you existed,' he said pleasantly. 'I thought dad had only two children.'

The child made no answer. It walked to the wall and pointed with its finger to a spot in the paper. Major Marter jumped up.

'Why, there's nothing,' he said, cheerfully. 'What is the matter, little 'un?' But as he was speaking the child, to his bewilderment, seemed to disappear under his very eyes.

'That's queer!' he muttered. 'I'm broad awake and the room is full of daylight. I must ask Jack about this.'

'Have you by any chance a third daughter hidden away anywhere?' he asked his host that evening over their cigars.

'Hush, for God's sake, hush!' whispered Capt. Silvertop, glancing nervously at his wife. But Mrs. Silvertop had heard.

'We had another daughter. She died a year ago,' she answered briefly. Major Marter felt a shiver run down his back. Could it be, he asked himself, that he had come into a haunted house? He decided that he would tell Jack what he had seen when Mrs. Silvertop had gone to bed. He told him and was astonished to find that his host had had the same experience and identified the apparition as that of the dead child.

'I daren't tell my wife. She would go mad, I think,' Jack Silvertop said desperately. 'You don't know what a strong feeling she has about people who believe in ghosts. I can't tell you the whole story now, but it was an awful tragedy, and ever since the child haunts this room. I've seen her over and over again.'

'You've seen her over and over again,' said a voice behind them, and Mrs. Silvertop, who had stolen back, stood in the room. 'Jack, why did you not tell me this before? I have seen her myself—and I took it for a sign that I was going mad.'

'You have seen her?' exclaimed the husband. 'When—where?'

'Here in this room—twice, when I have been here alone. I dare not come here now by myself.' Cassandra's face was pale, her eyes wild, and she spoke in a nervous, hurried whisper, so unlike the voice of the real Cassandra that her husband was more frightened as he looked at her than he had ever been by his child's ghost.

'She appeared to me in the middle of the room,' continued the unhappy woman. 'Then she glided to the wall—here—pointed to this spot—and disappeared.'

'That is just what I have seen her do,' said the husband.

'And I—only this morning,' added Major Marter.

Mrs. Silvertop looked from one to the other.

'Jack,' she cried, 'there must be something here—something the child wants us to do.'

Jack Silvertop snatched up a claspknife from the table and attacked the spot on the wall. In a moment the paper was stripped off. With it there came away a bit of plaster, and behind, embedded in the wall, was a sovereign.

How the sovereign got there was never definitely proved, but it was not difficult to conjecture. One of the plasterers at work in the house at the moment had probably stolen it, concealed it temporarily for some reason in the plaster, and had either forgotten the spot or failed to find an opportunity of returning for his booty. At any rate, from the hour that sovereign was found the phantom of Alberta was no more seen at the manor-house, and no one doubted that the coin found in the wall was the one which the dead child had been wrongfully accused of stealing.

Cassandra rarely smiles. She is a nervous, excitable woman, and terribly anxious about her large and bouncing girls, who are capital young women, never sick

or sorry, and who think mamma fusses over them ridiculously. But they make excuses for her, 'Because one of us, you know—Little No. 2—was so delicate and died, and mother never quite got over it.'—'London Truth.'

Any one of the many articles in 'World Wide' will give three cents' worth of pleasure. Surely, ten or fifteen hundred such articles during the course of a year are well worth a dollar.

'Northern Messenger' subscribers are entitled to the special price of seventy-five cents.

### 'World Wide.'

A weekly reprint of articles from leading journals and reviews reflecting the current thought of both hemispheres.

So many men, so many minds. Every man in his own way.—Terence.

The following are the contents of the issue of Jan. 16. of 'World Wide':

#### ALL THE WORLD OVER.

- The Russo-Japanese Crisis—'Collier's Weekly,' New York.
- Cora's Quiet Little Emperor—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
- The Most Pacific of Powers—The Springfield 'Republican.'
- Interview with Boris Sarafoff—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
- Sir Edward Clarke on the Tariff Problem—The 'Standard,' London.
- Mr. Chamberlain's Commission Well Received—The 'Morning Post,' London.
- England's Trade and Ours—The New York 'Evening Post.'
- Trade-Unionism and Protection—Letter to the Editor of the 'Spectator,' London.
- Empire-Making—The 'Leisure Hour,' London.

#### SOMETHING ABOUT THE ARTS.

- The 'Strad,' Its Author, History and Qualities—'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
- Art in Furnishing—On Curtains—By Mrs. George Tweedie, in the 'Onlooker,' London.
- History in Wax—Madame Tussaud's Centenary—The 'Daily Telegraph,' London.

#### CONCERNING THINGS LITERARY.

- Judge Not—Verses, by Thomas Bracker, the New Zealand Post—In 'T. P.'s Weekly,' London.
- The Average Reader—By Verax, in the 'Daily News,' London.
- Paradoxical Chesterton—By the Rev. John White Chadwick, in the New York 'Times Saturday Review.'
- Literature in 1903—More Withdrawn than Displayed—By C. F. G. Masterman in the 'Daily News,' London.
- Lord Wolsey's Autobiography—The Story of a Soldier's Life—The 'Standard,' London.
- Extracts from 'The Story of a Soldier's Life.'
- The People of the Broads—By Conrad Noel, in the 'Daily News,' London.
- Old Quebec—The 'Spectator,' London.

#### HINTS OF THE PROGRESS OF KNOWLEDGE.

- Serum and Vaccine for Tuberculosis—By Dr. Alexander Marmorek, in the 'Independent,' New York.
- Reasonable Animals—The 'Speaker,' London.
- The Destruction of Dorelotta—By Henry H. Lewis, in the January 'Harper,' abridged.
- Fresh Air a Preventive of Disease—By Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in 'Good Health.'
- Bells and Bell Tones—The Manchester 'Guardian.'
- Colors' Influence—The 'Commercial Advertiser,' New York.
- Science Notes.

## NORTHERN MESSENGER

(A Twelve Page Illustrated Weekly.)

One yearly subscription, 30c.

Three or more copies, separately addressed, 25c each.

Ten or more to an individual address, 20c each.

Ten or more separately addressed, 25c per copy.

The above rates include postage for Canada (excepting Montreal City), Nfld., U. S. and its Colonies, Great Britain, New Zealand, Transvaal, British Honduras, Bermuda, Barbadoes, Ceylon, Gambia, Sarawak, Bahama Islands, Zanzibar.

For Montreal and foreign countries not mentioned above add 50c a copy postage.

Sample package supplied free on application.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON,

Publishers, Montreal.

### THE MOST NUTRITIOUS.

## EPPS'S COCOA

An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. Sold in 1/4 lb. tins, labelled JAMES EPPS & Co. Ld., Homeopathic Chemists, London, England.

## EPPS'S COCOA

GIVING STRENGTH & VIGOR

## BABY'S OWN SOAP

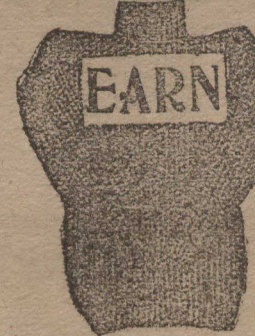
### PATENTS PROMPTLY SECURED

We solicit the business of Manufacturers, Engineers and others who realize the advisability of having their Patent business transacted by Experts. Preliminary advice free. Charges moderate. Our Inventors' Help, 125 pages, sent upon request. Marion & Marion, New York Life Bldg. Montreal and Washington, D.C., U.S.A.

### Oil Cure for Cancer.

No need of the knife or burning plaster, no need of pain or disfigurement. The Combination Oil Cure for cancers is soothing and balmy, safe and sure. Write for free book to the home office, Dr. D. M. BYE CO., Drawer 505, Indianapolis, Ind.

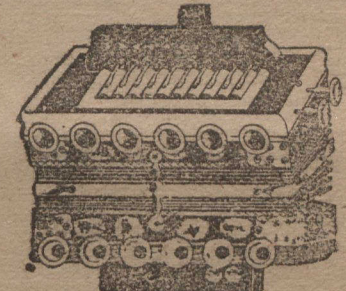
### BOYS! WE WILL GIVE YOU THIS ALL WOOL SWEATER.



extra heavy weight, close knitted, any size, absolutely free for selling only 10 four large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named, "Angel's Whisper," "Rock of Ages," and "Family Record," at 25c each. A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture. Our Pictures are handsomely finished in 12 different colors, and have never before been sold for less than 50c SEND NO MONEY. We trust you. Simply write that you want to earn a sweater and we will at once send the pictures postpaid.

It will take only half an hour to sell them and you cannot fail to be delighted with the elegant sweater we will send you for your trouble, address Colonial Art Co., Dept. 453, Toronto

## Handsome Accordeon FREE



### SEND NO MONEY

Just your name and address, plainly written and we will send you postpaid 10 large beautifully Colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named, "Rock of Ages," "Angel's Whisper" and "Family Record," to sell at 25c each. A Certificate worth 50c free with each Picture. When sold, return the money and we will immediately send you absolutely free this handsome, powerful, sweet-toned Accordeon, with the mahogany case, 10 keys, 2 stop, 2 sets of reeds, double bellows, and beautiful nickel ornaments and clasps. Understand this is not a cheap worthless instrument as are many of those advertised, but one which we can warrant as first class and to please and delight all lovers of music. Send name and address today. The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 465, Toronto

## PUNCHING BAG and BOXING GLOVES EASILY EARNED



BAG is full-sized, bell-shaped, made of strong kid leather, over a canvas-covered, gum-rubber bladder, quick and light, easy to attach to ceiling and floor. GLOVES standard size, weight seven ounces! Sharkey's design, Yacatan palms, wine-color kid, back, lined with best quality curled hairs. We give you either this punching bag and attachments or the set of four gloves exactly as described above absolutely free for selling only 10 of our large beautifully colored Pictures, 16 x 20 inches, named "The Angel's Whisper," "Family Record," and "Rock of Ages," at 25c each. A certificate worth 50c free with each one. EPPS, send name and address to-day and we will mail the Pictures, postpaid. You can easily sell them in half an hour as they are the largest and most beautiful Pictures ever sold for 25c. address The Colonial Art Co., Dept. 454, Toronto