

and children who have been walking, dancing, rising, falling, and who have at length all vanished."

The cedar fire had just died out.

"You are the true son of your mother, a godson worthy of your godfather," said Jules d'Haberville, rising to bid good-night.

Like the fantastic figures which young D'Haberville was watching in the flames, my characters, dear reader, have been moving for some time before your eyes, to vanish suddenly, perhaps forever, with him who set them in motion.

Farewell, then, dear reader, before my hand, growing more cold than our Canadian winters, refuses any longer to trace my thoughts.

THE END.

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