

on the question; we do not issue a *fiat*, as the only, absolute, untying of the Gordian knot of disputed ghosts. This is not the untrustworthy tale of a visionary light-head, who believes that the tongue built the Giant's Causeway, or that gossiping runs Armour's pork-packing establishment in Chicago; it is the thoroughly reliable, the only account of an adventurer, duly authorized by its hero—A Canadian medical doctor.

Dear reader, between ourselves and the wall, the carvers of our common human flesh form a clan, the vast majority of whose members would indignantly repudiate the charge of superstition. But, Oh! Dear readers, how we wish that you had been there to see the doctor's expressive face reflect energy, light and shade in the story he told, as the words flowed from his lips with as little effort as a song from a full-throated bird or your own more or less beautiful image is portrayed in your morning mirror. All sorts of odd Liliputian creatures, sneering, jeering, threatening, were popping in and out on his face, or clinging to his snow-crowned head in the most fantastic manner. But adieu! Dear reader. Our pen has run too far and too fast in its hurry, it has struck its toes against a paper snag and broken them. The doctor has been summoned, for he is at present returning our summer call. "One man's loss is another man's gain"; while our pen is laid off for repairs, the doctor himself will tell you his story. Our paper pad, too ungrateful to feel thankful for the high honor bestowed upon it—by our pen, pressed the button, and now Dr. Brown will do the rest.

For the benefit of those who are too remote from our *sanctum*, we

use our octogenarian pencil to scribble down the doctor's narrative. Dear, far-distance reader, please accept our apology in the proper spirit; our pencil ran its last hen's race in the early '70's, *and was beaten*, it is not looking for free advertising or running in poster-sticking opposition to "Blue Ribbon" tea. For the sake of you who are absent, but not forgotten, we quote the doctor: "When a boy, I had often looked for ghosts, and found them not; as a young man, I poohed them; now, I know that I was as foolish as the rash traveller who asserted that because he had passed twenty-four hours in Venice during a dense fog, concluded that the sun never shone in that city built on stilts.

Amongst all the threads of thought that were strung in my mind, one evening about a year ago, the slenderest and most remote were those leading to the bump, labelled "superstition."

On this memorable wintry evening, the curtains were all closely drawn down; my study lamp was carefully shaded; the fire on the grate burned low and threw a mystic glow over the room. The siren voice of memory held my soul enthralled and my learned work on medicine, though it lay open before me, might as well have been consigned to the library of the man in the moon. There was no pleading deaf to re-awakened memory's call; I was irresistibly drawn by it, a helpless victim in its wily coils. Seated before such an enchanted fiery glow, I grew sadly thoughtful, a sweet melancholy stole upon me because I seemed to have caught a passing glimpse of home, though an exile from it and a stranger to the angel voice of my departed mother. Deathlike silence appeared to rest