

The Philharmonic Society is becoming a very popular institution. The season has opened auspiciously and it is hoped that the club may give out two concerts during the winter. There is a very considerable amount of musical talent in Windsor, and the existence of such a society as this is much appreciated. There are also two literary clubs in town, one for the study of the German the other for the study of French language. This latter *club* is under the guidance of M. Romans, late of the Berlitz school of languages, and now one of the staff of our Collegiate School.

Windsor is on the *qui vive* for the opening for the Church school for 1895, which takes place early in the new year. Extensive alterations have been made in the building at Edgell, and we understand a new commodious wing is to be added early in the spring. Applications for admission are coming in very fast from all parts of Canada, and the school has been subscribed for right merrily. The beautiful site that Edgell occupies has made a favorable impression on visitors, and the view from the cupola of the building is magnificent. The grounds themselves are laid out in beautiful terraces, and lawns, and possess most unrivalled advantages for tennis or croquet. The whole property is surrounded by a fine spruce hedge which the directors, in their circumspect assurance prudent Mammas is 10 feet high.

BEDFORD.—Mrs. Bagot and family, and Mrs. A. W. Browne and family, are going to spend the winter here. Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Lundy are still with us.

Rt. Hon. D. E. A. R. Santa Claus has notified the proprietor that he will be in Bedford Christmas Eve.

There has been capital skating and sleighing during the week. The members of the Commercial Travellers Association dine here Monday next, and Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Twining have a family dinner on Christmas day.

J. C. MORRISON.

YARMOUTH. Mrs. T. V. M. Bingay, Jr., held a Musicales at her residence, William St., for the parents and friends of her Pupils, Mrs. Bingay is to be congratulated on her success as a teacher.

Mrs. T. N. Johns, gave the young people a dance last Thursday evening which was unanimously voted a great success.

Some of the Milton ladies have formed a Reading Club, and intend making a trip to Europe through its medium. Possibly they may fall in with the party who intends visiting Jerusalem.

The Japanese Auction seems now like a fitful dream, where we sat up after night with aching heads, and trembling limbs, watching the goods after bargain, ruthlessly borne from our grasp by a longer purse and louder voice, while we tore savagely home bearing as trophies a frog, a skeleton and a box of monkeys. It however, formed a mild dissipation for the married ladies, who are not too gay this winter.

Capt. T. R. Jolly, of the Yarmouth Battery of Garrison Artillery is being promoted to the rank of Major. Major Jolly is very popular with his men.

We are having a typical Canadian winter, sleighing, skating, and for the smaller ones splendid coasting.

Notwithstanding the severe weather the usual blue-berry blossoms and Mayflowers are being laid on the tables of the Editors. Surely they must have been left from last year!

"Joux," said the cashier's wife, dropping into the bank in the midst of a shopping trip, "you forgot to leave me that money this morning." "What name?" asked the cashier. "Name—name!" exclaimed the lady, "I am your wife." "No doubt," answered the cashier mechanically, and going on with his writing; "but you will have to bring some one to identify you."



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THE ALARM BELL.

A STORY FROM A DETECTIVE'S NOTE BOOK.

CHAPTER I.

We met again after twenty years. One glance told me that I had found my man. From my seat in the front row of the pit I looked up at the second tier of boxes; and in the third on the left-hand side I saw Captain Garden. How the memory of the man's villainy enraged me!

Twenty years ago he and I had parted. I was young and foolish, a wild impetuous boy; then; he was a skilled gambler, a man alive to every trick that is included in the scoundrel's art, and he had robbed me—he had robbed me of every penny of the twenty thousand pounds left me by my father.

I had sworn on that ever-to-be-remembered night that I would be revenged, but he had only scoffed. I was a beggar; he was rich, with my money—a knave, a scoundrel. What, then, had he to fear from me? Ah, what?

I will tell you in a word: I had become a detective, and was reckoned—in the hour when I sat in the pit and looked up at the vagabond in the private box—one of the smartest men at Scotland Yard.

Yes, that was the change that you never expected, *cher ami* Captain Garden. The world is very small. Little thought you that the man you had robbed and left a beggar should be the one chosen of all others to bring you to book. Little thought you that on the very morning of that day the mother of your latest dupe, Maurice Sandaway, had come to me to say:

"Rescue my boy from the toils of this man; save his fortune and his name!"

And I had sworn to do it; and so I sat and looked up at the box, and saw that you were acting as of old time; that the poor boy you were about to rob sat at your side and believed in your fine ways and your fine feathers, as I had believed in them twenty years ago.

Had I a plan? my reader asks; and I say, Yes. Leaving the pit after the first act of the opera, I mounted the grand staircase, knocked at the door of the box wherein I had seen the Captain, and deliberately entered. He looked at me: his face turned white, then red. I began to salute him, but ere I could say a word he took me by the arm, led me outside the box, and then only returned my greeting.

"I am really delighted to see you," he said, "but I wanted to tell you that for family reasons I have changed my name. I am no longer called Captain Garden: I am now known as Major Merton."

"Ah, I understand. These things are necessary sometimes. But, my dear fellow, I have something to tell you also. My brother has just died in the West Indies, and has left me 30,000*l.* Twenty years ago, Gar—I beg your pardon—Merton, it was your turn; don't you think you would like to give me my revenge?"

His whole face lighted with a diabolical smile as he heard my words.

"Thirty thousand pounds," he repeated, "by Jove! Of course you shall have your revenge. Let me see: we are to have a big night at the club on Wednesday. Come in and see if your luck has changed. If I trust you with the password, it will never escape your lips, of course. The word is simple. Get out of your cab by the fire-engine station, pass down the passage on the left, knock four times on the little green door and say, 'Impair.' The boys will be delighted to see you, and I hope you will have an innings this time. We can trust you, of course."

Fool! he was trusting one of the smartest detectives in the whole of London.