

to the fire, "taken it of course on condition that you approve and agree with me that it will "do." By this time she had smuggled a stool under my feet and leaning against the arm of my chair was passing her tapered mesmeric fingers through my hair. I confess I have a cat-like fondness for the fireside comfort and having my head rubbed, so I said no more. But Mrs. Jones did. The house "is in one of the best localities" "on one of the broadest avenues in the town," "there are more rooms in it than we actually need at present," "the carpets can be made to fit without much trouble," "every room has a cupboard!"

This last item is conclusive, as "rented houses never do have half enough cupboards in them," and "then, Jack, we may see the ghost!"

"Of rats!" I murmur drowsily.

"No indeed. The house has only been vacant because it is said to be haunted and people generally are so afraid of that sort of thing. Then—Jack, are you listening to me?"

"Yes, I hear!"

"The rent is next to nothing!"

"Where is it—this house?" I ask, roused by the expectant cessation of Mrs. Jones' voice.

"On Spadina avenue. A large stone house —"

"Just above Queen street, on the west side?"

"Yes, the very one," cried Mrs. Jones, delighted at having at last succeeded in rousing a proper amount of interest. "Do you know it?"

"Dare say I do if its the house a lot of medical students roomed in some years ago. There was a long shed at the back which they used as a dissecting room whenever they could get a private subject," I replied reluctantly.

I didn't want Mrs. Jones ferreting out any ghosts of those wild days, but she was so intent upon *her* ghost, that I need have had no fears about mine.

"The very house! They say it is haunted by the poor things those horrid men cut up. Strange noises are certainly heard which no one can account for and there is sure to be *one* ghost."

I could not see clearly how that followed, but as Mrs. Jones is fond of asserting that I never do see anything beyond my nose, I wisely let the subject drop, heedless of her keen pleasure in the pursuit of an argument. There is nothing like letting a woman get the better of you in an argument, nothing else puts her in such a good humor with *herself* or makes her attentive to *you*.

The house is taken and nothing short of positive proof will satisfy Mrs. Jones that she has not taken the ghost as well, at so many dollars a year.

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Mrs. Jones has a theory that winter is the best time to move. Dragging the carpets in the snow cleans them so well and then there is no mud to be tramped in by the carter's feet.

I lunch at the club. Dine with Thompson who has one or two good fellows with him, and it is close upon midnight when upon that eventful night I reach the door of my new abode.

Mrs. Jones has, of course, forgotten to give me the latch key. I pull the bell, listen while the clanging sound echoes through the carpetless halls, and wait.

It is a lovely night, the ground is covered deep with snow, rows of icicles glittering in the moonlight, fringe the eaves of the houses and scattered street lamps with diamonds; the distant strains of a brass band sounding

clearly on the frosty air; the scrunch of the heel upon the frozen snow of some late home comer like myself and the merry tuneful jangle of sleigh-bells breaks the stillness.

I pull the door bell again. Still no answer. Perhaps I have hit upon the wrong house.

I step back on the pavement and scan it from roof to road with rapid glance. No, I am all right. I appeal again to the bell and knocker, the latter rusty from long disuse.

(To be continued.)



### BACK FROM EUROPE.

ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION OF M. CHAPLEAU ON HIS RETURN IN ROBUST HEALTH.

### SUKSESSFUL PREECHERS.

BY THE REVEREND PETER PUFFER, METHOD-IST PARSEN.

PUFFERVILLE, ONT., Sept. 28—87.

To GRIP, I hev often bin entreeted, espeshilly by mi poor week brethren in the ministry and the young preachers generally, to write a book a setting forth the sekrets of mi wonderfull suksess and a showing how to bekum populer and to get the best kalls. "How is it" ive been asked a 1000 times "you have riz to the top of the lader in a few yeez?"

"Do tell us" hundreds are writing to me every week, "how to get the best places, in short, the most money with the least work."

Now I suppose I could rite a book that wood meet this demand—every preacher would buy it—and make a forchin out of it. But the Reverend Peter Puffer is entirely unselfish and so I've resolved to give to the world thro' GRIP—and a preacher that dont read GRIP is a predestinated faleyure anyway—the sekrets of my great popularity and unpareleled suksess.

And it kant be denide that mi kareer hez bin amazinly suksessful. Starting with \$300 on a back-wood sirket in less than 20 yeez Ive got the biggest plum in our Conferense Pudding—\$2000, a free hous, and two months vakashin. I menshin this—not to blow mi own horn—