

Then, in the midst of confused voices, the door was shut, and shut, too, after some difficulty.

Suddenly, however, a Jacob's footfall echoed in the passage on his return, and the bell rang again, and more loudly than ever.

"By heaven!" and old Jacob sprang from his chair. "In the name of Satan, what is the meaning of all this? 'Tis not Basil!"

Again voices sounded without, for Jacob determined this time, at all hazards, to get rid of the persistent caller who had returned to the door.

"Oh with you, as I'll call an officer!" he said, menacingly.

"I'll not go until I see him when I came to see," answered a shrill, tremulous voice. "Never, I say, varlet. Let me in!"

As the sound of a voice fell on Philip's ears—and he lost not a word—he reeled back, and sank into the chair. His head-bowed face, the blood fled from his lips, his eyes almost closed, and his body slumped forward.

"Only show the man this!" he rose the shrill voice. "Then if he does not admit me, I'll go without another word. Now, fellow, take it—take it, I say, and begone!"

The tones were commanding. A moment later, a timid rap fell on the study door.

By a desperate effort Philip Froze nervously, and forced an artificial calm to his pallid, wretched face, and said:

"Come in!"

"An old woman, sir—uncommon sorry," said Jacob, apologetically. "She swears she will see you, sir; and says you must look at this."

He handed to Mr. Froze a small, oval-shaped, velvet-covered case.

It was open.

The rich man grasped it with his trembling fingers, and glanced at it.

"Tis well, Jacob," he said in a whisper. "The only old woman I'll ever see, I'll see of her. Send her—no, go to bed, at once. Put out the light. Go!"

The wonderful, hoarse, despairing, ever since he had seen old Philip Froze, when he went to the front door, her face to him had been as death.

He hesitated only a moment. His face was as white as paper, as at last, with firm step, he entered the dim, silent passage, and crept toward the front door.

CHAPTER VI.
A PHANTOM OF THE PAST.

Philip Froze was resolved. He had a set purpose in his head, to which nothing should serve him. Besides that, the huge draught of brandy which, not for the first time, he had poured down his throat, and which he had drunk with a reckless heart, had made him feel more fixed and fixed than ever.

But his step grew slower as he neared the door which Jacob had left partly ajar. Then he stopped and peered ahead.

No wonder that he started and recoiled, for standing upon the topmost step, and full in the murky glare of the lamp before the door, was the bent form of an old woman. She was standing almost motionless—only slightly swaying her withered frame to and fro as she leaned both hands upon a long staff. It was plain that she had not been waiting long, for she was concealed in the shadows of the gloomy passage.

She was waiting silently and patiently. She had noted the sudden putting out of the light in the hall, and had seen the colored man cast a curious, half-awed gaze toward the where she stood, and he hurried away. But still she waited for her message to be answered.

Firm and erect in the darkness of the hallway, Philip Froze glared at her—his strong right hand shading his eyes toward his bosom. But at last he moved on, and in a moment stood by the door.

The woman started as his tall form darkened the doorway, and towered above her. She drew back, and as she did so, though she would retreat from his presence; but she checked herself; and as a low, glad cry issued from her trembling lips, she murmured:

"Oh, Philip! Philip! I meet again! And 'tis thou. Oh, woman, striving to be a household. What brings you here?"

Mr. Froze spoke in a low, guarded tone; but his words were cold and repellent. His strong right hand clutched the door-latch as though he would bar entrance.

Again the old woman recoiled, and she slipped from her feeble grasp, and she came near falling down the tall steps. But she clutched at the door, and she saved herself. As a shiver passed over her thin, clad form, she murmured:

"By Jove!" he muttered, in a scornful tone, and oblivious of the presence of his late visitor. "I am sure that I heard something—something in this room."

He laughed contemptuously, but just as the old woman fell upon him, and the light shined upon him from the window.

It was moving up and down with a gentle, rustling sound. The upper shaft of the window was slightly lowered, and through the open space the raw, wild wind of the night was blowing against the curtain.

He wheeled, looked the door, and confronted, with menacing view, the poor woman who had called upon him at such an unusual hour of the night.

As for the woman, she stood silent, mute before the splendour of the richly furnished apartment, her eyes fixed upon the man who stood before her.

She was a strange-looking old creature, years ago she seemed more advanced in life than did the rich, hearty old man in whose presence she stood. But in her case, looks were not perhaps a fitting criterion for trouble, untold, want, and misery, spoke aloud in every feature. Her frame was bowed as with the weight of years, and her face was almost bare, showing in many places through the gaping apertures for shoes.

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and, more than all, the matter which now agitated his mind was important.

It was very grave; for it seriously affected the honesty of his partner in the Maritime Mills—Philip Froze.

"This has been a strange and eventful night!" he muttered, in an abstracted tone, as he gazed up at the flashing windows of the factory, and heaved a sigh.

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The Liberals of Guelph, which were the first to send a Jew to the Imperial Parliament, have taken another step in advance, the result of which will be the Jewish law in Guelph.

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Reviews of the Condition of the Dominion
And Gives the Policy of the Tories Very Hard Words.

On Thursday Sir Richard Wright delivered a lecture at the Montreal. Among other things he said:

Seventeen years ago the United States taxation was double that of Canada. To-day the position is reversed, and Canada's taxation and expenditure per head is double that of the United States.

My purpose is to discuss with you how this came about, and to look at the future. During the last few years great progress has been made in some directions. New systems of communication have been formed, which bind the provinces closer together, and many classes live in greater comfort and prosperity.

He congratulated the people of Montreal on the progress its energy and enterprise had brought about in twenty-five years. This was not true of the whole Dominion. From 1840 to 1880 our progress was great, the growth of population and wealth being greater than that of the United States.

From 1880 to the present the progress has been great. During the term of years past the population has increased, and there have been more and more recurring periods of depression. This is not the result of natural causes but of our policy of the Dominion.

From 1840 to 1880 the two old provinces of Canada, Quebec and Ontario, added to their population by natural increase—for emigration was almost nil—their population was 3,200,000, and in 1881 the census showed the population, less the Indians, to be 3,800,000, and in 1881, 4,250,000.

Our policy of the Dominion has been to encourage immigration, and for the increase of the population. We ought to have had a population of 5,000,000 in 1881.

Compare our growth with that of the United States at about the same period to when there was little emigration and when they had to fight for every inch of soil they occupied. The population of the United States was 3,920,000, in 1881 it was 5,200,000, and in 1881 it was 5,200,000.

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HELED TO WEALTH BY A SPIRIT.
The Story of a Medium James Todd, About a Big Petroleum Lake.

OLEANS, Nov. 26.—A letter received in this village announces the death in Oregon of a man named James Todd, who had been in the oil regions in connection with the singular discovery and development of the once celebrated Pleasantville oil district, in the world. James was a spiritist, a medium, and a seer.

One day in the summer of 1888 he called together a number of his followers. He told them that the day before he was riding along the coast of the Pacific Ocean, when he felt a peculiar feeling come over him. His horse stopped, and a spirit had been put into him.

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ST. ANDREW.
How the Patron Saint of Auld Scotia was Honored.

An Excellent Society Enjoys Itself in an Excellent Fashion.

The Society of St. Andrew is one of the oldest and most esteemed institutions of the Dominion, and its many good deeds done in the past and its promise of even better things for the future form both a justification for its establishment and a reason for its continuance.

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