Poetry.

THIS CANADA OF OURS.

A fine domain of vast extent,
Which covers half a continent,
We proudly call, with mild ostent,
This Canada of ours.

Let others speak of tropic climes,
And praise the land of orange and limes;
We'll praise the more a thousand times
This Canada of ours.

In search of fairer none need roam;
Here peace and freedom find a home;
No land beneath the azure dome
More fair and free than ours.

We have a land of varied stores,
From grain and fruits to golden ores,
And teeming waters lave the shores
Of this fair land of ours.

A worthy ancestry have we,
From whom we have the energy
To seek a noble destiny
For this fair land of ours.

With such a land and such a soil,
With such a race endured to toil,
With righteousness and Heaven's smile,
A noble destiny is ours.

The liberties that we possess,
And all our great advantages,
Combine to make a grand success
This Canada of ours.

All alien bonds we shall withstand,
We love the ties of motherland,
And shall defend with heart and hand
This Canada of ours.

We gladly sing the loyal strain:
"God Save the Queen long may she reign,"
Long may she rule o'er this domain—
This Canada of ours.

Our hearts we lift in gratitude,
And ask the giver of all good
To bless with peace and plentitude
This Canada of ours.

Literature.

DOUBLE DEALING.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EVERET MAPLESON TAKES A JOURNEY AND MAKES A NEW ACQUAINTANCE.

Everet Mapleson spent the next week mostly in hunting and fishing, occupying, however, a portion of one day in looking over the Heritage again, although without the slightest return for his labor in finding anything new.

At the end of that time he began to grow very restless, and a feeling of depression and loneliness took possession of him.

A few days more of the same kind of life and he declared he could stand it no longer.

Still, he could not really make up his mind what he really wanted to do, and was miserable and discontented.

He would have been glad to go to Brooklyn, ascertain where Gladys had gone for the summer, and then follow.

But he reasoned that Geoffrey would be with her this year and, knowing that it would be simply maddening to see them together, he felt it was best that he should keep away.

But something he must do to kill time and amuse himself; he had an unaccountable distaste for gay society, and yet longed for some excitement.

"I believe I will take a Western trip," he suddenly said one morning, after having read in his paper an interesting account of a certain route taken by a party of travelers going to California and the Yosemite Valley.

Acting upon the impulse of the moment he packed his portmanteau, dashed off a few lines to his mother informing her of his project, and was Westward bound before noon.

He reached Chicago the second morning after starting, and took a room at the Palmer House, to rest for a few days while he was deciding what direction he would take from that point.

The following day, after a good night's sleep and a fine breakfast, he strolled into the smoking-room with a morning paper to idle away an hour or so and read the news.

There were several people in the room, but he paid no attention to them more than to cast a sweeping glance around them, seating himself by a window, he lighted a cigar and was soon buried in the contents of his paper.

He looked through one-half of it, and then laid it aside, taking up the other, when a deep, gruff voice, just behind him remarked:

"I say, stranger, could you spare a part of that paper? I've read yesterday's *Inter-Ocean* about through, and would like something a trifle fresher."

Everet turned to see who was addressing him, and found a man every bit as rough looking as his voice had sounded, sitting near him.

He was evidently a miner or ranger, but had an honest, open face which at once attracted the young Southerner.

He passed him that portion of his paper which he had read, receiving his brief thanks with a courteous bow, and then resumed his interrupted reading.

He sat there for perhaps an hour longer until he grew tired of keeping still, and was contemplating going out for a stroll, when the man addressed him again:

"I take it you're a stranger in these parts," he remarked with a keen, comprehensive glance oyer the young man.

"Yes, I am from the South," Everet replied, poitely.

"Travelin' for pleasure?"

"Y-e-s—partly."

"Any special route laid out?"

"No; I thought I'd like to see something of the far West. I think I shall visit the principal cities on my way, and the chief points of interest, and perhaps take a look at some of the mines; I've always had something of curiosity regarding mining."

"Have you now?" asked the man with delighted emphasis, his face brightening with pleasure. "Perhaps I can be of use to you in that line then, for I've been a miner all my life and know all the ins and outs about as well as any man living. I'll be glad to give you any points about the business."

"Thank you," Everet returned, looking interested. "What mines have you been connected with?"

"I've been in Nevada, Colorado, New Mexico and California," answered the man with an air of pride.

"Indeed, you have surely seen a good deal of that kind of life," Everet remarked, smiling. "When were you in New Mexico? I know a man who once owned stock in some mines there."

"I went to New Mexico in 18—," replied the stranger, in answer to Everet's question, "and did tip-top for ten years, and after that I tried Nevada. What was your friend's name, sir?"

"Mapleson."

"Mapleson?" repeated the miner reflectively. "I don't think I ever heard the name before, leastwise not in the diggins. What mine did he work?"

"He had some shares in the Moreno mines on the east side of the Rocky Mountains."

"Wall, I wasn't located in the Moreno mines myself. I was farther up among the mountains, though I've been there; but I never met a man by the name of Mapleson; though there's nothing strange about that, where so many people own shares. I worked for a man named Dale——"

"Dale!" interrupted Everet, with a sudden shock.

"Yes, and a fine man he was—handsome chap, too; although too much of a fine gentleman to be roughing it as a miner, I used to think?"

"Where did he come from?" the young man inquired, trying to repress the eagerness that possessed him.

"I couldn't tell you. I was in Santa Fe one day looking for a job and he was looking for a man, to sort of superintend a claim. We took to each other, struck a bargain on the spot, and I went back to his diggings with him that very night. He couldn't or wouldn't wait till the next day, though I'd been glad to, and afterward I found out the reason—he had the happiest little wife up there that I ever set eyes on—a sweet, white-livered little thing, with eyes as blue as the sky and hair as bright as the gold we dug out of the bowels of the earth."

The miner was waxing eloquent over the reminiscences.

"Tisn't often that a man cares to take such a dainty piece of humanity into such a wild, outlandish place as a miner's camp and goodness knows that it's rare enough for a rough set like us to see a beautiful woman, let alone having her right among us all the time. But there wasn't a soul that wouldn't have risked his life to defend her from any evil or danger, for she always had a kind smile and a gentle word for the worst of us."

Everet Mapleson sat suddenly erect and looked the astonishment he felt.

His face had grown as white as his shirt front, while his companion was speaking, and his heart was beating with great heavy throbs that almost suffocated him; for a wild suspicion had suddenly taken possession of him.

"You say the man's name was Dale?" he asked.

"Yes, William Dale—or Captain Dale, as we all called him. You see he was only newly married, and had just brought the little woman there and that was the reason he didn't like to leave her alone over night in that wild region," the miner explained, beginning to notice his listener's strange manner.

"You are sure that they were married—that she was really his wife?" said Everet, in an excited tone.

The miner looked the surprise he felt at such a question.

"Why, yes; at least everybody supposed she was his wife: he said she was; while they seemed to set the world by each other, and the poor captain grieved like one bereft of his reason when she died."

"Died?" gasped his listener.

"Yes, poor little lady! she was in the camp just one blessed year, then the little shaver came and the mother never got up again."

"There was a child!" ejaculated Everet Mapleson, losing his self possession more and more.

"Strange," said the man with a curious stare, "you seem wonderfully moved over my story—did you ever hear of these people before?"

"I'll tell you by and by. But go on—tell me about this child," Everet eagerly urged.

"Well, there was a fine boy," continued the miner, "and he was the pride of the camp; you see it was a rare thing for a set of rough miners to have a baby among us, and every man Jack of us took as much interest in him as if he'd been our very own; but it cast a gloom over the whole lot when it came to be known that the gentle little mother had to go. I never saw a fellow so upset as Dale was over it, he went about with a face as white as a sheet, and all bowed down like an old man. Not one of us dared to speak to him he looked so awful, and we all kept out of his way as much as we could. It came at last—the final blow; the captain's lovely wife—pretty Annie Dale, was dead, and the only baby in the place was motherless."

"Annie Dale!" breathed Everet Mapleson, actually growing dizzy as he caught the name.

It seemed the strangest thing in the world to him that he should have come to Chicago and stumbled thus upon the very information which he had been so anxious to gain.

There was not a doubt in his mind that the sweet and beautiful woman, of whom the miner had been telling him, was the same unfortunate girl who had disappeared so suddenly from Richmond years ago, and whose subsequent mysterious history he had been so eager to trace.

"Yes, that was her name," the man answered with a sigh, "and I shall never forget the day they buried her. They had a parson from Fort Union, a grave-spoken but pleasant-faced man, and he almost took us right into heaven where that sweet woman had gone, with the beautiful, solemn words he spoke. The coffin was solid rosewood, and came from Santa Fe, with another great box of sweet-smelling flowers. The captain never showed himself that day; he just sat alone by the coffin in the front room of his house and never made a sound until the men went in to take it away, when he gave a groan that I shall never forget as long as I live, and fell on his face to the floor where he was picked up in a dead faint. Poor fellow! he was worn out with watching, to say nothing of his grief. I tell you that was a sorry day for the camp, for there wasn't more'n a half-dozen women in the place, and most of them were none of the best; though after the captain's wife came there they seemed to take more pride in being kind of decent. Well, she was buried under a great cypress tree where she loved to sit on warm days, and the captain had it all fenced off, after a while, and put a white stone up by the grave with just her first name on it, and the miners, rough as they were, never let the flowers wither on that grave as long as I staid there. I don't know how it was afterward, for it's more than twenty years since the poor thing died."

The man had to stop and use his handkerchief vigorously just here, and Everet could see that the man was deeply moved over the memory of that sad time.

"What became of the child?" the young man asked, after a moment.

"Well, when the Dales first went there to live, they hired a girl to serve Mrs. Dale, for she was delicate, and the captain wouldn't permit her to do any work, and she—the girl—had the care of the boy after the mother died. But they didn't stay long in the place, only about a month. The captain didn't seem to have any heart for anything; appeared wretched and half crazed, and finally, when the girl was married to a man named Jack Henly, who was going to California, to be a farmer, the cottage was shut up, its furniture sold, and they all went away together."

"What was this girl's name?" Everet demanded.

"Margery something; I can't remember her other name just now," said the miner.

Even though Everet Mapleson had been expecting just this reply, it gave him a shock when he heard that name pronounced.

He had at last, he believed, traced Geoffrey Huntress' birth! It was proved that Annie Dale was his mother. When she left Richmond she had doubtless gone to the man whom she loved, and who had enticed her, with smooth words and fair promises, to go with him to that wild mining region where they had lived together as husband and wife.

That they were not really so, Everet felt quite sure, else he would never have taken the girl's name instead of his own.

"What did they name the child?" he asked.

The miner looked perplexed.

"I'll be dashed if I can think," he said, after a moment's reflection, as he scratched his head. "'Twas a sort of queer, high-sounding name—Jeff—Geof—something after that sort with a tail to it."

Everet had heard enough to confirm all his suspicions, but he did not enlighten his companion, as to the rest of the name; he did not care to seem to know too much.

"Did Captain Dale ever return to his mine after that?" he inquired.

"Not while I was there; an agent came once or twice, to act for him, and finally bought him out. I've never seen him since, though I've often wondered what became of the little motherless chap that we were so fond of."

The young Southerner sat with bowed head and thoughtful mien for several moments, then taking a case from his pocket, he opened it, and held it before the miner.

"Did Annie Dale look anything like this?" he asked.

"The man gave his companion a look of questioning surprise as he took the picture, and turning it toward the light, examined it critically for a moment.

"It does and it doesn't," he said, at last. "It ain't so delicate like as she was, the eyes are a little smaller, and the face fuller and rounder. I should say this might be a sister or some relation, but it ain't the captain's wife. I say, youngster," he added, looking Everet full in the eye; "it's mighty queer that you should have this picture, and it strikes me that I've been firing arrows at a mark I'd no notion of hitting. Who be you anyway?"

"My name is Mapleson," Everet returned, "and the name of the young lady, whose picture I have shown you, was Miss Nannie Davenport. She married a man by the name of Dale, a distant connection of my father's family. They had one child, a daughter, whom they named Annie. After her parent's death, she suddenly left the place where she had lived, and no one ever heard anything of her afterward, and her disappearance was a matter of mystery to all who had ever known her."

"You don't say! Well, I am beat!" exclaimed the miner, in astonishment. "Things do come about queer sometimes, and I reckon there ain't much doubt that the woman I've been telling you of was the daughter of the one in the picture. But—you say her own name was Annie Dale?" he continued looking puzzled.

"Yes."

"That's queer, too. Then who was Captain Dale?"

"I do not know; possibly some relative," Everet said, not caring to destroy the man's romance by arousing his suspicions that there had been a story of shame enacted in that mountain camp.

But in his own heart he believed that the girl had been led astray, and the man who had been guilty of the deed had adopted her name to cover his own dishonor.

He thought of that portion of a letter which lay tucked away in his wallet, while a shiver of horror ran down his back.

Had the man who wrote that been the one who had done this thing?

"What sort of a looking man was this Dale?" he inquired.

"He was a tall, broad-shouldered, stately looking chap, a little above your height, I should say, and a good deal thicker set. His hair was about the color of a ripe chestnut, and he had a beard that was the envy of the whole camp—thick and heavy, long and silky. His eyes were blue. He was a mighty fine looking fellow, and about the smoothest spoken man it was ever my luck to meet. For all that, he knew where to draw the line; he could hold his men at arm's length and keep them up to the mark better than any boss I ever worked under. But I can't understand about both their names being Dale. Perhaps, though, they were cousins, and cousins often marry," the miner concluded, reflectively.

"You say he was extremely fond of his wife," said Everet.

"I never saw a man fonder of a woman. He couldn't do enough for her; he wouldn't let her lift her finger to do any thing, unless it was something fancy—at least, I've heard Margery, the girl, say that—and he kept her looking like a little queen. When the youngster came, a prouder man you never saw, and every miner under him had a bottle of wine all to himself to drink to the little gentleman's health. I'd give considerable to know what became of them after they left the camp."

"I'm going to know," Everet Mapleson said to himself, with an inflexible purpose; then he added aloud, in a lighter strain than he had yet spoken:

"It was quite a romance for that country, wasn't it?"

"That's a fact, young man, only I wish it could have turned out a little better. 'Twas kind of hard to have that pretty young thing die, when life was so bright before her," returned his companion, with a sigh.

"True. Are you still in the mining business?" the young man asked, feeling as if he would like to change the subject. He did not care to be questioned too closely over what he knew.

"Well, I own two or three claims, but I don't do much at working 'em myself. I've made a pretty comfortable pile, and I'm going to enjoy life for a while. I'm just on my way now to New Mexico to try to sell out my claim there."

"Would you like company on your trip?" Everet inquired, a sudden resolve taking shape in his mind. "I've a notion I'd like to see something of that country.

"I'd ask nothing better than to have you come along with me, if that is your mind," replied the man, a look of satisfaction settling over his face; "and I reckon," he added, "I can give you some points about the country, and the mining business, to, that you couldn't find out for yourself."

"Thank you; but I think if we are to be travelling companions, it would perhaps be pleasanter for both of us, if we could know each other's name. Mine is Everet Mapleson, and I am from Richmond, Virginia;" and the young Southerner smiled as he thus introduced himself.

"Well, I'm beat! Here I've been talking to you for more'n an hour and never told you who I be!" said the miner, looking blank. "There ain't nothing high-sounding about my name, but Bob Whittaker is an honest one, and I'm not ashamed of it; and I'm from most anywhere, just as it happens. I guess now we can hitch hosses and go along without any more ceremony."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE YOUNG SOUTHERNER MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

It was settled that Everet Mapleson was to accompany Bob Whittaker, the miner, to the mines of New Mexico, and two days after the conversation related in the previous chapter found them on their way thither.

Arriving at their destination, about a week later, they found that what had been a small mining camp in those early days, when Bob Whittaker had worked for Captain William Dale, was now a thriving village, or "city," as the place was designated in that region, and the miner could hardly realize that it was the same place which had once been so familiar to him.

Everet looked about the town with a great deal of interest, after which he visited the tiny lot where, overshadowed by a venerable cypress tree, all that remained of that beautiful Annie Dale rested.

There was no sign of any grave there now; every trace of it had disappeared. There was nothing save a simple headstone of pure Italian marble, with the single name "ANNIE" inscribed upon it, standing in the centre of the inclosure, to mark the spot where she had been laid.

Two or three varieties of ivy had been planted by some loving hand beside the fence which surrounded it, and a luxuriant growth now almost concealed it from view, and embowered the little plot of ground in a framework of living green.

Everet remained here a long time, sitting upon the stump of a tree near by, and trying to think out the knotty problem of how Annie had come to be there in that portion of the country, and with—whom?

Several times a suspicion had forced itself upon his mind which might explain it; but he had instantly rejected it as too improbable—impossible even, in spite of what had seemed to point to it.

He had not really expected to gain any light upon the question by coming there, and yet a strange fascination had seemed to urge him on to visit the place—a restless, impatient feeling, mingled with the determination to leave no stone unturned to ferret out the truth.

The small house where the beautiful girl had lived during the short, happy year, and where her child was born—where, as Everet Mapleson firmly believed, Geoffrey Dale Huntress was born—stood near the spot, and was still empty.

No one had ever lived in it since the poor young mother died, one of the older inhabitants of the village told him. It was believed that the same gentleman owned it still, though he had not been seen there for years, and would not allow any one else to occupy it. It seemed as if he deemed the place two sacred to be invaded by strangers, and so had preferred to sacrifice it to desolation and decay.

Everet passed through the small yard, now thickly overgrown with vines and brambles, to the tiny porch, and looked in through the sidelights of the front door.

The doors on each side of the small hall were all open, and the place was bare and forlorn in the extreme, and in strange and gloomy contrast with that luxurious little nest near the old mill at home, that had been Annie Dale's former home.

He went around the house, peeping in at each window; but there was nothing to be seen save bare floors, and walls from which the rich paper, that had once adorned them, was falling away, while every nook and corner was infested with dust and cobwebs.

He came back again, after a time, to the front porch, where he sat down upon one of the steps, wondering where he should turn next to pick up the thread which seemed to have suddenly broken and vanished from sight again here.

He sat their a long time pondering the mystery—who was the man who had called himself William Dale?—whither had he gone after leaving that place, and which way should he—Everet Mapleson—turn now to hunt him down?

But he could arrive at no definite conclusion; there was only one thing that he could think of to do, to satisfy himself regarding the truth of a suspicion that haunted him continually, and that he shrank from with a feeling that was akin to horror; while it might result in nothing save making a fool of himself and becoming an object of ridicule and scorn.

He arose at last, with a sigh of weariness and discouragement, to return to the public house where he was staying and to seek his new friend, Bob Whittaker.

But, owing to the cramped position in which he had been sitting, one of his feet had "gone to sleep," and he found he could not walk a step.

He stamped vigorously, and impatiently, too, for the intense prickling sensation with which circulation began to reassert itself irritated him, when, without the slightest warning, the step on which he was standing gave way and he was unceremoniously precipitated into the rank grass and among the brambles that grew all about it.

He picked himself up, after giving vent to a somewhat unrefined expression of annoyance, rescued his hat, which had lodged in a prickly cactus near by, and then turned to see how much damage he had done.

The step was a complete wreck, the top board being split entirely across, while the rotten supports beneath were wholly demolished, and lay in a crumbled heap on the ground.

He gave the mass a kick with his foot, scattering it right and left, when suddenly a gleam of light from somewhere among it, flashed into his eye.

He stopped to see what had caused it, when to his intense surprise, he found a small ring, the gold all blackened and tarnished, but with a beautiful diamond clear and brilliant as a drop of dew in the sunlight, set in its delicate crown.

"Well, I imagine I have found a treasure now," Everet exclaimed, eagerly, as he turned it over and over to examine it more closely.

He saw that there were some inscription upon its inner surface, but it was so blackened with age and so filled with dirt that he could not make it out.

"Aha?" he cried, exultly, "I'll wager almost anything that I have at last found the end of the broken thread that will unravel the mystery."

He sat down again upon the upper step of the porch, deliberately drew a cigar from his pocket, lighted it and began to smoke.

The first ashes that he detached from it, he carefully saved upon a piece of wood, and, using his hankerchief, began to polish the discolored ring with them.

It was not long before his effort weres rewarded—the inner surface of the ring began to take on its original color and the inscription to stand out more plainly.

It is evidently an engagement ring with only some initials and a date engraven upon it, the young man murmured, as he had held it up to inspect it more closely.

The next instant he lifted his head with an air of triumph, though his face was as white as a sheet.

"It is the key to the whole mystery, he said. "This will take me straight to the heart of the secret."

* * * * *

While Everet Mapleson was following the trail of the mystery that possessed such a power of fascination over him, August Huntress and his family were luxuriating at Saratoga.

Mr Huntress had obstinately insisted that Geoffrey should have a long holiday after the close application of the last three years, although the young man himself would have much prefered, and was very eager to begin the real business of life at once.

"It is time that I was at work for myself," he had pleaded, "and if you will only use your influence, Uncle Rastus to help me into something good position my conscience would be easier.

"Your conscience needn't trouble you, and I won't hear a word about business for three months to come," replied his friend decisively.

"You've given yourself no rest during all your college course and now, my boy, I'm determined that we shall all have a jolly time together to celebrate your own and Gladys' release from school life."

So by the middle of July, they were settled for the summer in pleasant rooms at the Grand Union, and were as happy and united a party as ever visited that resort of gayety and fashion.

Gladys was very much admired from the first; her beauty and charming manners winning her legions of friends.

But none of them were to be compared to Geoffrey, and the lovers managed to be much by themselves, in spite of the fact that "that delightful Miss Huntress was such a favorite with everybody."

One morning they were leisurely strolling through one of the avenues of Congress Park when they saw a distinguised looking gentleman advancing toward them.

He did not appear to notice them, however until he was almost upon them, when, suddenly looking up he gave a violent start of surprise; then he advanced with an eager and extended hand, exclaiming:

"Why, Everet Mapleson! Where on earth did you drop from? I should as soon of thought of seeing the Emperor of Russia as yourself this morning."

Geoffrey lifted his hat and bowed politely to the speaker, as he replied.

"You have made a slight mistake, sir, I am not Everet Mapleson, although this is not the first time that I have been taken for him."

"Nonsense; don't try to play a joke on me—I've known you too many years for you to palm yourself off as any one else, returned the gentleman, laughingly while he shot an amused glance at the young man's companion, as if he suspected that she was the cause of his wishing to remain incog.

"I assure you, sir, I am speaking the truth. I am not Everet Mapleson," Geoffrey reiterated.

The strangers face grew suddenly overcast.

"Then who in thunder are you?" he demanded, in sharp, excited accents.

"My name is Geoffrey Dale Huntress, at your service, sir," Geofrey responded courteously, although he had flushed hotly at the curt question.

"Geoffrey Dale; good heavens!" cried the man, shrinking back as if he had been dealt a violent blow, and growing deathly pale.

Geoffrey himself turned white at this. He was ever on the alert to gain some knowledge of his parentage, and this man's strange manner made him think that perhaps he might know something of his early history.

"Yes, sir; I perceive that the name affects you strangely. Did you ever hear it before, he earnestly asked, searching the stranger's face.

"Ay—years ago—a friend—excuse me—I am very much overcome," the man murmured, incoherently, as he staggered to a rustic bench near by, where sinking upon it and bowing his head upon his hands, he groaned aloud.

Geoffrey stood transfixed, his face plainly betraying anxiety, dread, and perplexity, while he was inwardly so excited over his strange meeting that Gladys, as she leaned upon his arm, could feel him trembling in every limb.

"Will you kindly explain yourself, sir?" Geoffrey pleaded at length, and feeling that the silence and mystery were becoming intolerable. "Do you know aught of me—of any person named Dale?"

The gentleman shivered, as if the question had jarred upon some sensitive chord.

"Yes," he answered, after a moment of hesitation, while he lifted a haggard face to his questioner; "years ago I had a friend by that name; but—but—"

"Will you relate the history of that friend to me?" Geoffrey asked, with white lips, and speaking with an effort.

Something seemed to tell him that he was standing upon the very threshold of the revelation for which he had longed for so many years.

Again the stranger shrank as if he had been smitten.

"Why do you ask me that?" he huskily demanded.

Because, Geoffrey returned with grave earnestness, "there is a mystery connected with my own life—because when I was a child I was abandoned in the most cruel manner, and but for the goodness of the man who found me an outcast in the streets of New York—"

"New York! How came you there?" interrupted his listener, amazed.

"That is more than I can tell you sir. This gentleman found me in a state of imbecility, took me to his home, cared for me until I was restored to my right mind, and then adopted and educated me as his own son; but for him I should still have been an imbecile, and more pitiable than the lowest paupers that wander about the streets of that city."

"What! what is this that you are telling me? An imbecile! I cannot understand," cried the man, looking much bewildered.

"I do not know how I came to be in such a state," Geoffrey continued; the physicians said it was caused by some injury while I was very young, so my life before that time has remained a mystery to myself and those who had befriended me. If you can throw any light upon it sir, I entreat you to do so.

The man quickly arose from his seat at this appeal, but staggered like a person who had been drinking deeply, and seemed like one who had sustained a terrible mental shock.

"I cannot tell you anything now," he said, putting his hand to his head, "I shall have to ask you to excuse me. I cannot think; I must have time to recover myself.

"I do not understand your excessive emotion, sir. I do not understand your desire to avoid explaining your very strange words and manner," Geoffrey interposed, looking both pained and anxious; "but I am terribly in earnest about this matter, and if you know anything about my family and antecedents, I beg that you will not keep me in suspense.

"Some other time I will talk with you again, murmured the stranger turning aside, and striving to keep his eyes averted."

"When, name any place and hour, and I will come to you," said Geoffrey, eagerly.

The man thought a moment, then said:

"Come to me at five o'clock this afternoon at the 'United States;' inquire for room forty-five.

He turned abruptly away, and would have passed on, but Geoffrey detained him.

"What is your name, please," he asked.

"That you shall know when we meet again," was the evasive reply.

"Tell me one thing, pleaded the young man, greatly agitated; "did this—friend of yours, have a friend bearing the name that I have given you.

A groan of pain escaped the man.

"Come to me at five this afternoon. I am not fit to ta)k more with you now, was the tremulous reply, and the man moved weakly away, seeming more like a person eighty years of age than like the upright, distinguised looked individual of fifty, whom the young couple had met a few moments before.

(To be continued.)

A Flat Contradiction.

Some one has told you that your catarrh is incurable. It is not so. Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will cure it. It is pleasant to use and it always does its work thoroughly. We have yet to hear of a case in which it did not accomplish a cure when faithfully used. Catarrh is a disease which it is dangerous to neglect. A certain remedy is at your command. Avail yourself of it before the complaint assumes a more serious form. All druggists.

Sooner or later a potato is bound to get its eyes peeled.

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Mrs. Henry M Kitchen, St. George, Ont., says: "I had a bad cold which settled in my throat, causing a continual tickling, and I just coughed all the time. I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and in 3 days was getting better, and in 10 days I went to church. Our neighbors know this to be true.

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Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO. 106 Wall Street, New York.

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WILL CURE OR RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,

And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD,

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JUST OPENED:

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The treatment of many thousands of cases of those chronic weaknesses and distressing ailments peculiar to females, at the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y., has afforded a vast experience in nicely adapting and thoroughly testing remedies for the cure of woman's peculiar maladies.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the outgrowth, or result, of this great and valuable experience. Thousands of testimonials, received from patients and from physicians who have tested it in the more aggravated and obstinate cases which had baffled their skill, prove it to be the most wonderful remedy ever devised for the relief and cure of suffering women. It is not recommended as a "cure-all," but as a most perfect Specific for woman's peculiar ailments.

As a powerful, invigorating tonic, it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. For overworked, "worn-out," "run-down," debilitated teachers, milliners, dressmakers, seamstresses, "shop-girls," housekeepers, nursing mothers, and feeble women generally, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the greatest earthly boon, being unequaled as an appetizing cordial and restorative tonic.

As a soothing and strengthening nervine, "Favorite Prescription" is unequaled and is invaluable in allaying and subduing nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, spasms and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic disease of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a legitimate medicine, carefully compounded by an experienced and skillful physician, and adapted to woman's delicate organization. It is purely vegetable in its composition and perfectly harmless in its effects in any condition of the system. For morning sickness, or nausea, from whatever cause arising, weak stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and kindred symptoms, its use, in small doses, will prove very beneficial.

"Favorite Prescription" is a positive cure for the most complicated and obstinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful menstruation, unnatural suppressions, prolapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retroversion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with "internal heat."

As a regulator and promoter of functional action, at that critical period of change from girlhood to womanhood, "Favorite Prescription" is a perfectly safe remedial agent, and can produce only good results. It is equally efficacious and valuable in its effects when taken for those disorders and derangements incident to that later and most critical period, known as "The Change of Life."

"Favorite Prescription," when taken in connection with the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and small laxative doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets (Little Liver Pills), cures Liver, Kidney and Bladder diseases. Their combined use also removes pimples, blotches, and abolishes cancerous and scrofulous humors from the system.

"Favorite Prescription" is the only medicine for women, sold by druggists, **under a positive guarantee,** from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrapper, and faithfully carried out for many years.

Large bottles (100 doses) **$1.00, or six bottles for $5.00.**

For large, illustrated Treatise on Diseases of Women (160 pages, paper-covered), send ten cents in stamps. Address,

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GEORGE W. ALLEN,

Barrister-at-Law,

Winslow's Building, St. John St.,

FREDERICTON.

Fredericton, October 24, 1888.

F. J. SEERY, M. D., C. M.

Licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians of Edinburgh;

Licentiate of the Royal College of Surgeons of Edinburgh;

Licentiate of the Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons of Glasgow.

Special Certificate in Midwifery.

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INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY

'88 Winter Arrangement '89

On and after MONDAY, November 26th, 1888, the Trains of this Railway will run daily, (Sunday excepted) as follows:

Trains will leave St. John:

Day Express,	7.30
Accommodation,	11.20
Express for Sussex	16.35
Express for Halifax & Quebec,	18.00

A Sleeping Car will run daily on the 18.10 Train to Halifax.

On TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY, a Sleeping Car for Montreal will be attached to the Quebec Express, and on MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, a Sleeping Car will be attached at Moncton.

Trains will arrive at St. John:

Express from Halifax & Quebec,	7.00
Express from Sussex,	8.35
Accommodation,	13.30
Day Express,	19.20

All Trains are run by Eastern Standard Time.

D. POTTINGER,
Chief Superintendent.

RAILWAY OFFICE,
Moncton, N. B., Nov. 20th, 1888.

NEW BRUNSWICK

RAILWAY CO.

ALL RAIL LINE.

Arrangement of Trains—In effect Jan. 7th, 1889.

LEAVE FREDERICTON:

(*Eastern Standard Time.*)

7 00 A. M.—Express for St. John, and intermediate points.
8 45 A. M.—Express for Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston and points West; St. Stephen, St. Andrews, Houlton, Woodstock, Presque Isle, Grand Falls, Edmundston, and points North.
12 50 P. M.—For Fredericton Junction, St. John, and points East.

ARRIVE AT FREDERICTON:

11 35 A. M.—From Fredericton Junction, St John, and points East.
3 10 P. M.—From Fredericton Junction, Vanceboro, Bangor, Portland, Boston, and points West; St. Andrews, St. Stephen, Houlton and Woodstock.
6 30 P. M.—Express from St. John, and intermediate points.

LEAVE GIBSON:

6 50 A. M.—Mixed for Woodstock and points North.

ARRIVE AT GIBSON

4 45 P. M.—Mixed from Woodstock, and points North.

F. W. CRAM,
Gen'l Manager.

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THE SCIENCE OF LIFE, the great Medical Work of the age on Manhood, Nervous and Physical Debility, Premature Decline, Errors of Youth, and the untold miseries consequent thereon, 300 pages, 8 vo., 125 prescriptions for all diseases. Cloth, full gilt, only $1.00, by mail, sealed. Illustrative sample free to all young and middle-aged men. Send now. The Gold and Jewelled Medal awarded to the author by the National Medical Association. Address P. O. Box 1895, Boston, Mass., or Dr. W. H. PARKER, graduate of Harvard Medical College, 25 years' practice in Boston, who may be consulted confidentially. Specialty, Diseases of Man. Office, No. 4 Bulfinch St. May 16-1y.

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I have now on hand a large stock of Pianos, including the

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CRANDS, SQUARES AND UPRIGHTS.

FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT.

Handsome cases of double Veneered Rosewood, Mahogany. Blistered Walnut and French Burl.

All Pianos guaranteed three unisons. In style, beauty, finish, workmanship, grandness, brilliancy and purity of tone and durability they are unequalled.

ORGANS IN GREAT VARIETY.

New England Bethoven and Bell Organs,

Suitable for Churches, Lodge and Concert rooms, and Parlors.

Cases of the best material. Beautifully finished throughout. Tone full, grand, clear and sweet. Don't be led astray by false representations of agents but come and see for yourself. Buying for Cash I am thus enabled to give better value for the money than any other dealer in the Province.

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FREDERICTON, December 12, 1888

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First-Class in Design;
First-Class in Workmanship;
First-Class in Operation.

THE ORIGINAL is the ONLY FIRST-CLASS WOOD COOK that has an individuality of its own, distinguishing it from the every day construction offered in First-Class Stoves.

The ORIGINAL fulfils every pledge that is made for it, and stands to-day unequalled as a marvel of beauty and practical utility.

Modern ideas and new improvements, make it the most economical and convenient stove ever placed on the market. It has the largest High Oven, largest top, largest reservoir, largest fire box and flues. Its value is apparent at sight, and builds its own reputation.

The lower oven door drops and forms a substantial flush oven shelf, while the upper one retains the heat that is wasted from every swinging oven door Cook Stove.

I also keep the **NOVEL STANDARD,** the latest and most modern COAL COOK in the market. The points of construction are similar to the Original Cook, and a sister stove for burning coal.

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NEW GOODS!

JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF

Spectacles and Eye Glasses,

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