

The speaker was Mr. Fyles, who was even harsher and more bellowing in his utterances than usual.

"Your present behavior is what I have been used to, sir, and probably have deserved," said Enstone. "I scorn to ask for anything different."

"You scorn!" interrupted the merchant; "and pray who are you—but never mind that, I shall know all about you soon enough."

"What! is it possible that a few years and some trouble have so changed me?" began Enstone.

"Eh? What?" exclaimed the merchant, and I saw him turn terribly pale and his voice faltered as he gazed at the speaker, while the latter, to my surprise, was supporting Mrs. Fyles, whose head had dropped upon his shoulder. "Who—who are you, then?"

"I see you know me now," replied the young man; "you know me for your only son, and so cannot be surprised at his meeting and soothing the fondest, the most forgiving mother in the world."

"Oh, Frank, Frank!" exclaimed Mrs. Fyles, addressing her husband, whose christian name, then, was the same as that of his son—of my friend Enstone. "I am sorry you should have done this; I was in hope that I might provide for our poor boy without awakening any angry feelings, or recalling the cruel past. He is in a decline; you surely can see that."

"Who—who said I should be angry?" cried the merchant; "nobody had any right to think so. Others may be sorry for their faults as well as others"—this was not particularly clear, but it was understood—"and how was I to know that this hollow-eyed, wasted creature was—was my son Frank?"

"If you have really forgiven me, sir," began the young fellow, "I am unspeakably thankful, for I have been sincerely penitent for many a day. I have suffered much, and but that I felt I could not die without seeing my poor mother, I would never have returned to England. I have but a very short space of life before me—"

"Nonsense! I will not hear you say so!" exclaimed Fyles, and two great tears were really trickling down his cheeks. "I will spend ten thousand pounds but what you shall be strong again! I forgive you, my poor boy, and I hope that you will banish all ill-feeling towards me; for, although I have never spoken of it until this moment, yet I have known for years that I was more in the wrong than you were. Caroline, I beg your pardon, and am grateful to you for bringing my poor outcast boy home again."

Here was an unsuspected—I may say, a romantic turn. The situation was so awkward and painful, even to me, that I felt a diversion must in some way be effected, so proposed that we should leave the Gardens.

"Quite right, Mr. Jones. I have a cab outside," said the merchant, "I drove up just as you went in at the gate."

We found the vehicle, which was a four-wheeler.

"Better for keeping yourself unseen," whispered Fyles to me, with a wink, which I suppose he considered the correct thing when speaking to a detective.

I rode outside with the driver, and was half amused, yet as certainly touched by sympathy, to see how the merchant held his son's arm, and insisted on thus supporting him. I noticed also when they got out how Mr. Fyles—the senior of that name—alighted first, and tenderly helped the young man down, and how his, the senior's, eyes were suspiciously bright and moist. He looked cheerful and happy, nevertheless.

He wrung my hand at parting, a mark of friendship he had not previously bestowed upon me, and promised to "look round" shortly.

"You will not find me forgetful of your wonderful skill, Mr. Jones," he continued, "which has done, I trust, a good turn for me immeasurably exceeding all I dreamt of or expected. It has relieved me of a gnawing, secret sorrow which I have carried with me for years, although no man has suspected, or perhaps given me credit for being able to feel—But no more in this strain. I will call upon you soon."

I should very much like to tell all the interviews we held in connection with the winding up of this business; but it would be too tedious a task to attempt this in full. Frank Enstone—as I used to call him—came the next night to "take his traps away," as he said. He explained that Mrs. Fyles had wished to arrange with someone about his going away, although she would not hear of his leaving England, and this person was to be the medium of communication with him.

"But that is all over now," he continued; "yet we are indebted to you all the same, while the governor declares you have not your equal in the world. But, I say, how close you kept yourself. I had no idea you were a detective, and such a detective! I never heard the governor praise anyone before; he was always, as long as I can remember, harsh and severe. But there, I was a fool and anything but a good fellow. I used to think if he had been different I should have been better; but of late I have come to change this reflection, and to say that if I had been different he would have been better. As for my mother, why, like all other mothers, she would never believe any harm of me. I know I cannot be with them long, but my last days will be brightened by the clearing away of those clouds."

He said a great deal more, but this was the substance of his speech, and when on the next morning Mr. Fyles, senior, called, he was more communicative—even gushing—than his son.

"Name your price, my dear sir," he said, "or tell me in what way I can assist you. My firm has some little interest with one whose influence would tell at Scotland Yard; and though I know you are not at present a member of the police force, yet—"

"My dear sir," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "I never was, and I do not wish to be, in the police. I want a situation as a clerk. I can furnish references; and if you think I have rendered you any service—but, for the life of me, I cannot see how I have done so—"

(To be continued.)

IMPERIAL

Cream Tartar



BAKING POWDER

PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.

Contains no Alum, Ammonia, Lime, Phosphates, or any Injurious.

E. W. GILLET, Toronto, Ont.

If you wish to advertise anything, anywhere, at any time, write to GEO. P. ROWELL & CO., No 10 Spruce St., New York.

EVERYONE in need of information on the subject of advertising will do well to obtain a copy of "Book for Advertisers" 368 pages, price one dollar. Mailed, postage paid, on receipt of price. Contains a careful compilation from the American Newspaper Directory of all the best papers and class journals, gives the circulation rating of everyone, and a good deal of information about rates and other matters pertaining to the business of advertising. Address, ROWELL'S ADVERTISING BUREAU, 10 Spruce St., New York.

Wholesale and Retail

MIRRORS,
Picture and Room Mouldings
OIL PAINTINGS,
ENGRAVINGS AND CHROMOS,
ARTISTS' MATERIALS.

Picture Framing a specialty.

REARDON'S,

40, 42 and 44 Barrington St.

JUST RECEIVED

Tracing Linen,
Tracing Paper,
Whatman's Drawing Paper,
Cartridge Paper,
India Ink,
Drawing Pencils, Various Degrees,
Drawing Pins,
Parallel Rulers.

A. & W. Mackinlay
137 GRANVILLE ST., HALIFAX, N.S.

NOTICE.

WITHOUT A DOUBT,

STANFORD

THE TAILOR,

Is showing the Best Selected Stock of

WOOLLEN CLOTHES

In the City. INSPECTION INVITED.

156-Hollis Street-156

Established 1890.

JAMES BOWES & SONS

Book and Job Printers,

125-Hollis Street-125

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTING SPECIALTIES:

Office Stationery,

(You will need it for the New Year.

Law Printing,

Debenture Warrants,
Insurance Printing,

—AND ALL KINDS OF—

Book and Job Printing.

125 HOLLIS STREET.

CANADA ATLANTIC LINE

Shortest & Most Direct Route to

BOSTON.

ONLY ONE NIGHT AT SEA.

S. S. "HALIFAX,"

SAILS FROM

HALIFAX every WEDNESDAY

Morning at 8 o'clock, & from

BOSTON every SATURDAY at Noon.

Passengers by Tuesday evenings train can go directly aboard the Steamer without extra charge. Through tickets for sale at all the principal stations on the I. C. R. in Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. The "Halifax" carries Canadian and U. S. Mails. Through tickets to New York, &c.

RICHARDSON & BARNARD,

Agents, North Side Lewis Wharf, Boston.

H. L. CHIPMAN,

Agent, Noble's Wharf, Halifax.

London Rubber Stamp Mfg Co.

Rubber and Metal Stamps,
Notarial Seals,
Hectograph Copying Pads,
Stencill Cutters, &c.

223 HOLLIS ST., Halifax.

163-Barrington Street-163

ROBERT WALLACE,

(Established in Halifax 1871.) Importer and dealer in WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELLERY, OPTICAL GOODS, SILVER PLATED WARE & SEWING MACHINES; THE WHITE, NEW HOME, AND FAVORITE KINGS OF AMERICAN SEWING MACHINES. Which we will sell very cheap, wholesale and retail, on the most favorable terms. Also ORGANS, from Fort Wayne, Indiana. A few gold-headed WALKING CANES, which will be sold cheap. Repairing in all branches promptly attended to by first-class workmen.

Ungar's Steam Laundry,

62 & 64 GRANVILLE ST.

We have been in the Laundry Business over twenty years in New York and St. John, and have always given satisfaction. All parties entrusting their work to our care will be sure to be satisfied.

Goods called for and delivered free of extra charge. TELEPHONE 653.

MAX UNGAR,

PROPRIETOR.