

RIAGES!

SPRING OPENING.

DIXON'S,

DELAIDE ST. WEST

LIANS' PHAETONS,

PLAGE CARTS

CLAR BUSINESS BUGGIES

Carriage Repository

WAGONS, PHAETONS,

PLEASURE CARTS,

WAGONS,

PHAETONS,

WAGONS,

THE BROTHER'S SECRET.

At a little village called Seaside, situated on the coast of one of the New England states, there lived a Mr. Stephen Carlyle and his daughter, in a pretty little cottage he had built.

Seaside was a small place, it had two or three streets, a small hotel and a few houses scattered here and there. But there was a long, sandy beach, where the waves came rolling in with one ceaseless roar, and at a short distance from the village afforded a fine chance for bathing.

This was the chief attraction at Seaside, and what had caused Mr. Carlyle and his daughter to fix their residence there.

Mr. Carlyle was a retired gentleman of some fortune; he was probably 60 years of age, and for a few years had been troubled with a disease for which his doctor recommended him to settle at some place where he could have the benefit of the bracing sea breeze and bathing.

Agnes was, however, had not interferred with his good nature, for he was one of the best-natured men that ever lived.

His daughter, Agnes, was a charming young womanhood. She was quite tall and a good figure. Perhaps she was not perhaps what would be called pretty, but still she was possessed of a large and lovely heart, and above all, those winning ways that some women have, which are superior to mere beauty.

Everybody that came in contact with Agnes always loved her; even the dumb beasts, for when she went out to take her morning walk you could see the vagabond dogs of the village come running to her to receive a gentle pat on their head and a kind word.

Agnes was Mr. Carlyle's only child by his second wife; he had another—a boy—by his first wife, who, when a year old, had been stolen from him while they were residing in Italy. A constant search had been kept up for two years for the lost child, but no clue to his whereabouts had ever been found.

The loss of her darling boy had broken the mother's heart, and she sank into an early grave. Some twenty-five years had passed since then, and the father had almost ceased to think of his lost son, when a few mornings before the opening of this tale, the postman had brought him a short note which had awakened new emotions and forgotten feelings within the old gentleman's breast.

The short note was as follows: "My dear father, the son whom you lost in Italy twenty-five years ago is alive and well, and I hope to join you in a few days."

Mr. Carlyle read these few lines over and over again, and then sat thoughtfully for a long time, until Agnes came into the room.

"She had been told by her father many times of her lost half-brother, and when Mr. Carlyle handed her the note, and she read it, she understood it perfectly. Tears of joy gushed in her eyes as she said: "Oh, papa, I am so glad! How I have wished for a brother and sister, and now I think I have really got a dear brother!"

"Does he look like you, papa?" "My dear child I cannot tell, for he was but a mere baby when I last saw him, and all babies look alike."

The old man was weeping, weeping tears of joy.

How often had he wished that he had a son to bestow his fortune upon, and perhaps some day to make a great man of. Although he loved Agnes with his whole heart, he wished also was a man instead of a woman.

And his boy was coming to him this was the thought that filled his mind as he read the time. Then he began to fancy how he would look. Would he look like his dead mother? He believed he had looked somewhat like her when she was a child. Yes, he had a faint remembrance of two fat little cheeks and a pair of faint blue eyes looking up into his as she lived on in his cradle; but was that all? No. He remembered one thing more. The child had a curious mole in the shape of a leaf on his right arm.

After he had been busy a long time thinking of his son, the old man dropped off into a quiet afternoon nap, and his faculties took a slight refreshment.

Agnes was the busiest she had ever been in all her life, getting the little cottage ready to welcome her brother. She fitted up the prettiest room in the whole house for him, and called her papa to look at it.

The few days mentioned in Richard's note soon passed by, and one morning a tall, fine-looking young man of genteel appearance walked up the little gravel walk that led to the cottage front door, and rang the bell.

Agnes had been impatient for him to come, but now that he had come she was so beautiful her father could hardly induce her to accompany him to the parlor, where the young gentleman was waiting.

"Mr. Carlyle—my father—I believe," said the young man, rising as Mr. Carlyle and Agnes entered the parlor.

"My name is Carlyle; but whether or not young man, you are my lost son, I have no proof," said Mr. Carlyle, advancing and taking the young man's extended hand.

"Was there anything particular about your son?" said he, "any particular mark?"

"Yes," said Mr. Carlyle quickly. "The young man rolled up his sleeve, and on his right arm, just above the elbow, there was a large dark mole in the shape of a leaf."

"Was it like that?" he asked. "Yes; yes! It was!" cried Mr. Carlyle, throwing his arms around the young man's neck.

"Richard! Richard! My darling boy!" How happy everybody was at the little cottage. Days never became dull and lonesome when Richard was there; the old gentleman was always in the happiest mood; the servants were never tired of serving their young master, and how Agnes loved her brother; he was so good to her. And as they walked along the beach, the attraction of all eyes, how proud she was of him; he was so handsome and noble looking as he thought.

They were always together from morning until night; either taking long walks on the beach, watching the ships in the distance, and Agnes listening with all attention to every word Richard uttered, or going on little excursions, or sitting in the cottage parlor, where Agnes would play on the piano, accompany her brother in some fashionable air.

All this served to make Mr. Carlyle very happy. His children were his idols; he worshipped them.

Sometimes while watching Richard and Agnes as they were singing every now and then Richard leaning over the piano to turn the music leaves, his face animated, and his deep, clear voice filling the room, Mr. Carlyle would imagine he could detect a resemblance in Richard's face to that dead mother's.

Thus days and weeks passed on at the cottage, Richard loving Agnes passionately, and she day by day learning to love her brother more. And this love seemed to be ripening into a different love than that of ordinary love.

One morning they went out for a stroll along the beach. Agnes was leaning on Richard's arm, and chatting merrily as they went along, but he seemed less talkative than usual, and was silent and moody, talking some distance they came to where the bank was covered with green turf, and sat down, Richard resting his head on his hand. After remaining this way for some time, Agnes ventured to ask in a low, sweet voice, what made her brother so thoughtful.

"Aggy," said he, "not raising his head, 'shall I tell you?'"

"Why not, dear Richard; am I not to be trusted with my brother's secret, if he has any?" said she, laughing.

"Well, Aggy, I have a secret, and he raised his head, and a faint, sickly smile spread over his face, as he looked at her, and if I should tell it to you, I am afraid you would never love me again. Yes, and perhaps you would scorn me!"

"How can you talk so foolish, Richard? Do you suppose I could ever scorn you?"

"Then silence reigned for some time."

"I will tell you the secret, for I must; to bear it silently is killing me—for I will promise to love me the same after you know it, as you do now. I am afraid you would never love me again. Yes, and perhaps you would scorn me!"

"Do you think I could ever love you, Richard?" she said, in a low voice, without turning her head.

"Then you promise!" said he eagerly. "Certainly!"

"I know a man, Aggy, that one night, some years ago, was in the opera, saw in one of the boxes an old gentleman, and a pretty girl, which he learned afterward was the old gentleman's daughter."

"Perhaps most people laugh at the idea of falling in love at first sight, but nevertheless, this young man fell desperately in love with the pretty girl in the box, before he had taken the third look at her."

"He watched, and admired, and loved her, ardently and when the opera was over he went home with a feeling as if he had all the world behind him."

"Night after night he was at the opera, in hopes to see the beautiful being he adored, but she never came again."

"Two months ago this young man discovered the old gentleman's name and his daughter's name and residence. Another lucky incident put him in possession of information concerning a child the old gentleman had stolen from him twenty-five years ago."

"How foolish, Richard!" said Agnes; "you are relating the same story you told papa about yourself, and how you discovered he was your papa. Now, please, don't flatter me any more, nor tell me again of the old Italian woman with the hair-ribbon, and how the saw your arm and told you who you were. Let us not think of the past, but of the future!"

"But I must tell you!" he cried, springing to his feet, and grasping both of Agnes' little hands in his. "Aggy, dear Aggy, I must tell you, I must tell you, my brother, nor say anything—but for God's sake forgive me, Aggy, for deceiving you, or I shall go mad!"

"Not my brother!" exclaimed Agnes, with amazement.

"No, not your brother. I have deceived you and your kind, loving father in a cruel manner; but, Aggy, how could I help it? I loved you so passionately, that the tears came in his eyes as he stood looking beseechingly at her."

"Explain, what you mean!" said Agnes, drawing her hands from his, and retracting a step.

"Remember, Aggy, your promise!"

"Well," said she, in a stern voice. "The story about the Italian woman is true, but my name is not Richard Carlyle; it is Thomas Graham, and my father is living in the city of New York."

"When the old woman saw my arm she was frightened, and said she never saw one like it but once. My curiosity was excited, and I asked her to tell me who had an arm with a mole on it like mine."

"It was a little boy that had died twenty years," she said.

"My dear child, you are my lost son, I have no proof," said Mr. Carlyle, advancing and taking the young man's extended hand.

TO ONTARIO RAILWAY TIME TABLE.

Departure and Arrival of Trains from and to Union Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

11.15 a.m.—Local for points east to Montreal, 6.30 a.m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.

1.15 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and intermediate stations.

3.30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermediate stations.

5.30 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa, Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Arrivals, Main Line East.

1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.

3.15 a.m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa and main local points from Montreal, etc.

5.30 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and intermediate stations.

7.30 p.m.—Express from main points, Ottawa, Montreal, etc., runs daily.

Departures, Main Line West.

7.30 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit, Chicago and all western points.

11.30 a.m.—Express from all points west, Chicago, Detroit, etc., via Stratford and intermediate points.

1.30 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western points; sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

7.30 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and intermediate points.

11.30 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Port Huron, and all western points.

1.30 p.m.—Local from London, Godolphin, etc.

3.30 p.m.—Express from all points east and west of Detroit, etc.

5.30 a.m.—Express for Detroit, St. Louis and points in the southwest.

7.30 a.m.—For Detroit, Chicago and the west and all points east from Hamilton; runs daily.

9.30 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and local stations between Hamilton and London; all points east and west of Hamilton.

11.30 a.m.—Local stations between Toronto and Niagara Falls.

1.30 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc., and all points east and west of Hamilton.

3.30 p.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc.

5.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all western points.

7.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago and all western points.

9.30 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London and all intermediate stations.

11.30 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.

1.30 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

3.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all western points.

5.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago and all western points.

7.30 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London and all intermediate stations.

9.30 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.

11.30 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

1.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all western points.

3.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago and all western points.

5.30 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London and all intermediate stations.

7.30 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.

9.30 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

11.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all western points.

1.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago and all western points.

3.30 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London and all intermediate stations.

5.30 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.

7.30 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

9.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all western points.

11.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago and all western points.

1.30 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London and all intermediate stations.

3.30 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.

5.30 p.m.—Local from London and intermediate stations.

7.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all western points.

9.30 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Chicago and all western points.

To Dyspeptics.

The most common signs of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer not only in their health, but in their business. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of all disorders of the stomach and bowels. They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists.

SOLELY BY

ELIAS ROGERS & CO.

Coal and Wood Merchants

HAVE REMOVED

Their Head Offices to the Commodious Premises,

20 KING STREET WEST.

COAL & WOOD

AT

LOWEST RATES.

I will for one week deliver WOOD at following low prices:

Best Hard Wood, Beech and Maple, dry or green, long at \$5.00

do do do, dry, cut and split at 6.50

2nd class do do, dry, long at 4.00

Fine Wood, long at 4.50

Slabs do at 3.00

BEST SCRANTON COAL, ALL SIZES.

Orders left at OFFICE, corner Bathurst and Front streets, Yonge street wharf, 51 King street east, 300 Yonge street, and 534 Queen street west, will receive prompt attention.

P. BURNS.

Telephone Communication between all offices.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY COY.

LAND REGULATIONS.

The Company offer lands within the Railway Belt along the main line, and in Southern Manitoba, at prices ranging from \$2.50 PER ACRE upwards, with conditions requiring cultivation.

A rebate for cultivation of from \$1.25 to \$3.50 per acre, according to price paid for land, allowed on certain conditions. The Company also offer lands without conditions of cultivation.

The Reserved Sections along the Main Line, &c., the odd numbered Sections within one mile of the Railway, are now offered for sale on advantageous terms, to parties prepared to undertake their immediate cultivation.

Terms of Payment—Purchasers may pay one-sixth in cash, and the balance in five annual instalments, with interest at SIX PER CENT, per annum, payable in advance.

Parties purchasing without conditions of cultivation, will receive a Deed of Conveyance in full of purchase. If payment is made in full.

Payments may be made in LAND GRANT BONDS, which will be accepted at ten per cent premium on their par value and accrued interest. These bonds can be obtained on application at the Bank of Montreal, Montreal; or at any of its agencies.

For Full and Complete Particulars of Sale and all information with respect to the purchase of Land apply to JOHN H. MOTA VISH, Land Commissioner, Winnipeg.

By order of the Board.

CHARLES DRINKWATER, SECRETARY

Montreal, December 1884.

COAL AT LOWEST

Summer Prices.

P. D. CONGER,

McCORMACK BROS.

Wholesale and Retail

Dealers in

GROCERIES,

WINES &

LIQUORS

No. 431 Yonge Street

TORONTO.

Agents for Pelee Island Wines and Carling's Ale.

SHAKE

These bitters are guaranteed to be made entirely from the finest herbs and free from either chemicals or drugs.

For Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Nausea, and in fact for all derangements of the Stomach and Liver, Loss of Appetite, &c., it stands unrivalled, being purely an invigorating, Strengthening and Exhilarating Stomachic.

Sold by all druggists, grocers and hotel-keepers.

Semi-Centennial Manufacturing Co.

51 QUEEN ST. EAST.

BICYCLES!

JUST TO HAND

English Bicycles,

48, 50, 52 and 54 inch,

which will be sold

CHEAP.

Harry A. Collins,

90 YONGE STREET,

"HEADQUARTERS" TORONTO

BY GASLIGHT.

PRICE . . . 20 Cents.

WHOLESALE AGENTS

The Toronto News Co.

14 K GOLD

STEM - WINDING WATCH