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"Do you think I could ever help loving 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, about a year ago, while at the opera, saw in one of the boxes an old gentleman, and a pretty face.

Everybody that came in contact with Agues always loved her; even the dumb beasts, for when she went out to take her morning walk you would 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 hit second wife; he had another—a boy—by his first wife, who, when a year old, had been stolen from them 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 tound.

The loss of her darling boy had broken.

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

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

"I know a man, Aggy, that one night, about a year ago, while at 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 hew even theme 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 and his daughter's name and residence. Another lucky incident put him in possession of informa-

adored, but she never came again.

"Two months ago this young man discovered the old gentleman's and his daughter's near to hear 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 ran as follows:

"Two months ago this young man discovered the old gentleman's 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 Talian woman with the hand-organ, and how she saw your arm

"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.

"Your son, RICHARD."

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

for a long time, until Agnes came into the root.

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 to thisk I have really got a dear brother!" and he was in perfect ecstacy.
"Does he lock 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.

"She had been told by her father many 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 belp it? I loved you so passionately!" and the tears came in his eyes as he stood looking beseechingly at her.

"Explain, sir, what you mean!" said Agnes, drawing her hands from his, and retreating a step.
"Kemember, 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; true, but my name is not Richard Carlyle;

And his boy was coming to him; this was the thought that filled his mind most of the time. Then he began to fancy how he the thought that filled his mind most of the time. Then he began to fancy how he would look. Would he look like his dead mother? He believed he had looked something like her when a child. Yes, he had a faint remembrance of two fat little chesks and a pair of faint blue eyes looking up into his as the little one lay 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.

who had an arm with a mole on it like mine.

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

"No,' she said.

"Whose was it?' I asked, for mere curiosity.

"I gave her some money, and she said:

"A Mr. Stephen Carlyle's.'

"I inquired about this, and learned that

bered 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 would drop off into a quiet afternoon nap, and his fancies take a flight to dreamland.

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 no bashful her father could hardly induce her to accompany him to the parlor, where tae young gentleman was waiting.

"Mr. Stephen Carlyle had tost a child some twenty-five years ago; that his pame was Richard, and that he had never heard of him since.

"Then it was, Affgy, in my mad passion for you, that the devil put the idea into rother, and so ever being with you. I wrote the note to your father; gave up years you know. Oh, Aggy, forgive me! for give me!" and Thomas Graham, alias Richard Carlyle, fell down upon his knees, and seizing Agnes' hand, implored her forgiveness.

Agnes stood for a moment pale and trembling, looking at the man at her feet. What was she thinking of? Was she glad her was not her brother?

"My noor, poor father," she said, "how will he bear this news?"

"Dear, dear Aggy, may I not still be his son—son-in law! He loves us both, and will it not make him happy to see us one for life—for ever?"

"All inquired about this, and learned that Stephen Carlyle had tost a child some twenty-five years ago; that his pame was Richard that he had never heard of him since.

"Then it was, Affgy, in my mad passion for you, that the devil put the idea into years of ready put the lides into years your son seed the note to your father; gave up years you know. Oh, Aggy, f

wour 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 oligentleman 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, she thought.

They were always together from morning until night; either taking long walks of the serving there there always and refused to see Richard, his gentle nature soon overcame him, and he said:

looking, she 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, accompanied by Richard in some fashionable air.

All this served to make old 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

along the beach. Agnes was leaning on Richard's arm, and chatting merrily as they went along, but he seemed less talk-ative than usual, and was silent and moody.

At a little village called Seaside, situated on the coast of one of the New Eugland states, there lived a Mr. Stephon Carlyle and his daranter, 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 activered here and there. But there was a long, sandy beach, where the wave 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 daugater 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 seabreeze and bathing.

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

His daugater, Agnes, was just verging on womanhood. She was quite tail and a good figure. Perhaps she was not perhaps what would be called pretty, but still she was possessed of a large and ioving heart, about a year age, while at the opers, saw had been thoughted they was a significant of the propers.

again of the old Italian woman with the hand-organ, and how she 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 am not your brother, nor any relation—but for God's sake forgive me, Aggy, for deceiving you, or I shall go mad!"

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

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 she was a man instead of

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 brotherly or sisterly love.

One morning they went out fer a strell

sociation, 663 Main street, Buffalo, N.Y.

-Within the past ten years not a dol lar has been lost in purchasing lots in To ronto or its suburbs. On the contrary every dollar so invested has doubled itself in five years, some in three, West To ronto Junition is the rising suburb of the city and a few dollars invested in a lot there will soon double itself. Geo. Clarke of the Li-Quor Tea or invested has doubled itself in five years, some in three, West To ronto Junition is the rising suburb of the city and a few dollars invested in a lot there will soon double itself. Geo. Clarke of the Li-Quor Tea or is offering a few on terms that are acceptable to all. An entrance fee of \$10, and \$2 a week for 182 weeks will purchase a fine lot 50x150 at the Junction, including interest and taxes,

J.B. Leboy, Sept.

Departures, Main Line East. 7.15 a. m.—Local for points east to Montrea 8.30 a. m.—Fast express for Kingston, Otawa, Montreal, Q. ebec, Portland, Boston, et 1 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and Intermed ate s ations. 5.30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and Intermed to stations. 7.40 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa Iontreal, etc., runs daily. Arrivals, Main Line East.

1 p.m.—Local from Cobourg.
9.15 a m.—Express from Montreal, Ottawa and main local points.
11.30 a.m.—Fast express from Montreal, etc. 6.55 p.m.—Mixed from Kingston and intermediate stations.
10.30 p.m.—Express from Boston, Quebec, Portland, Montreal, Ottawa, etc. Departures, Main Line West.
7.65 a.m.—Local for all points west to De

troit.

1 p.m.—Express for Port Huron, Detroit, Chicago and all western points.
4.00 p.m.—For Goderich, Stratford and local points north of Guelph.
6.25 p.m.—Mixed for Stratford and Intermediate points.
11.15 p.m.—Express for Sarnia and western po_te; sleeping car for Detroit.

Attivals; Main Line West.

Arrivals, Main Line West.
7.55 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and intermediate point.
8.1" a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit,
Port Huron, and all western points.
11.30 a.m.—Local from London, Goderich, etc.
7.10 p.m.—Express from all points west, Chicago, Detroit, etc.
11.15 p.m.—Local from Lendon, Stratford, etc.

Departures, tirest Western Division.
7.15 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo an local stations between Niagara Falls an Windsor.

8.40 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, 10.15 a.m.—Express from London, St. Catharines, Hamilton, etc.

12.55 p.m.—Express from New York, Boston, Buffalo and all points east.

4.30 p.m.—Express from New York. Boston, Chicago, Detroit, London. etc., runs daily.

7.05 p.m.—Mail from Buffalo, Detroit, London, Hamilton and intermediate stat.ons.

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

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Departures Credit Valley Section.

Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Sec

Express leaves Toronto 4.50 p.m. Express arrives at Toronto 10.45 a.m. Mixed leaves Parkdale 6.10 a.m. Mixed arrives at Parkdale 7.50 p.m.

NORTHERN RAILWAY. Trains depart from and arrive at City hall ation, stopping at Union and Brock street ations.

7.45 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Meaford, Penetang and intermediate stations, making direct connections at Muskoka wharf with Muskoka bo-us.

12.00 noon—Steamboat express for Muskoka wharf, Collingwood and Meaford, making direct connections at Collingwood with steamers for Sault Ste. Marie and Port Arthur.

5.05 p.m.—Express for Collingwood, Penetang, Orillia and Barrie.

12.30 p.m.—Muskoka special express each Sa urdsy during July and August for Muskoka wharf, connecting with steamers for Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

TIME TABLE.

Don Les-Bridge. liville. Wood- Ben Beach Vict. Lam'n aven'e Park. 9.40 9.45 9.50 10.30 10.35 10.40

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300 p.m.
4.30 ...

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4.20 and 6.05 p.m.
Returning leave Mimico 8.35 and 11.35 a.m.,
and 3.00, 4.55 and 7.25, calling at Queens
wharf, Parkda'e, High park and the Humber,
both going and returning.
Sunday Trains, G. W. Division.
Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12 20
and arriving from Hami ton at 4.30 p.m., run
on Sundays, but do not stop at intermediate
stations.

diate stations.
7 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Port Hope, Madoc. telleville, Hastings, Campbellford and intermediate stations.
4.10 p.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Port Hope and intermediate stations.

4.55 p.m.-Mixed-Uxbridge and interme Arrivals, Midland Division. 11.45 a.m.—Mail 9.45 a.m.—Mixed from Ux-bridge and intermediate stations. 9 p.m.— Mail. 6.10 p.m.—Mixed.

7.10 a.m.—St. Louis express, for all stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kanasa city.

1.05 p.m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Woodstock, Ingereoli, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and north west,

4.50 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elora branches.

Arrivais, Credit Vailey Section.

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Sound, Teeswater and all intermediate stations.

11.30 a.m.—Steamboat express for Owen Sound Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only.

4.40 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound and Teeswater.

10.45 a.m.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.

1.30 p.m.—Steamboat Express from Owen Sound Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday only.

9.35 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.

4.15 p.m.—Mixed, arrives at Parkdals.

10.15 a.m.—Express from Collingwood, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.

1.45 p.m.—Accommodation from Meaford, Collingwood. Penetang, Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.

8.15 p.m.—Mail from Penetang, Muskoka, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate stations.

1.55 p.m.—Muskoka special express, Mondays only—July and August.

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