A RIGHTED WRONG.

Costly curtains shut out the inclemency of the weather and gave to the luxuriously-furnished room a warmth and brightness that contrasted almost mockingly with the pallid cheeks of the owner of all its rich surroundings, who laid there dying.

Of what little avail, after all, is wealth, he thought. It cannot even purchase me a few weeks more of life. Feebly his fingers groped about the satin coverlet as his lips spoke the name:

"Paul."

"My father! I thought you were asleep," answered a young man, bending over the bed and clasping the sick man's restless hands within his own.

"Ah! no, my son, I have been thinking." Then as if to himself, he muttered: "It cannot be put off any longer, or it will be too late." Yearningly he gazed upon his son's face as he added, quickly: "Could you forgive your father if he had done a great wrong?"

"You have always been the kindest and best of fathers to me," lovingly replied the young man.

"Don't make too sure of that, Paul, until you have heard my story."

"Your story!" repeated the son incredulously; then thinking that his father must be wandering in his mind, he continued: "Tell it to me to-morrow when you are feeling better. You are tired now."

"To-morrow will never come for me!" impetuously exclaimed the dying man.

His excited tones caused an elderly woman, who was busy at the further end of the room, to hurry towards the bed, but waving her impatiently aside, he said:

"I am all right, Grace. Leave us; I wish to be alone with my son."

As the nurse passed into the adjoining room, the invalid, turning his sunken eyes upon his companion spoke, saying:

"Now listen, Paul, to what I have to relate. As you care for me do not interrupt. Time is precious, and I have none to waste."

Deftly rearranging the disordered pillows, the son answered:

"I am listening, father, and I will try to obey your wish."

For a moment there was silence, then came the words:

"You have always believed that my vast wealth received its first impulse from a golden nugget picked up while working my claim near Frisco. And in that you have not been deceived, Paul. The nugget was found while I was working my claim, but not by me. Andrew Stephens, my partner, was its discover, and I—oh, my soul—I—I stole it from him."

"Father!" exclaimed the young man, with a look of incredulity in his dark eyes.

"It is true—but he was dead, Paul—"

"And he would have left it to you? That is it, is it not father?"

An expression of pain crossed the sick man's white face as he replied hoarsely:

"No! no! He had a wife. My God! I did not know it would be so hard to tell. It all comes back so to me to-night. We had been boon companions, working together for over a year and had stuck fast to one another, although our claim had yielded us very little for our labor. After awhile Andrew took to working a new claim, but I still remained by the old."

Here the exhausted man paused, and motioned to his son to give him of the drops on a small stand near the bed. Tenderly as a woman the son complied with his request, smoothing the dark locks from off the deep-lined forhead as his father continued with:

"One night Andrew awoke me, and I could see by the moon's light that he was as white as a ghost and full of suppressed excitement. Laying his finger to his lips he bade me follow him. Like two midnight robbers we crept cautiously forth, making for Andrew's new claim, where, thrusting his hand into a cavity, from which he had hastily loosened the earth, he drew forth a large golden nugget, exclaiming wildly, 'Rich! rich! at last! then fell in a swoon at my feet.

"As God is my judge there was no feeling in my heart then but of rejoicing at the good luck of my friend who had become to me as a brother. Hard work and long deprivation of every comfort and many of the necessities of life had weakened his never very strong constitution, and the sudden turn of fortune's wheel had proved too great a shock. In two days from that night we buried him, but not before he had received my solemn promise that his wife and little ones should reap the benefit of the good luck that had come to him too late.

"'Ned,' said he, 'it's such a load off my mind to feel that my wife and little ones are provided for—that they will never know want. I'd have liked to have seen them once more, but I mustn't expect everything.' Then he dozed off and never spoke again until, just at the last, he grasped my hand with: 'Ned, be true, Ned—I trust—'

"Never, try as I would, have I been able to keep those words from ringing in my ears. I hear them always—always."

Great drops of perspiration stood like beads upon Edward Child's forehead; but he motioned his son to hold his peace, while he continued, hurriedly:

"I sold out everything belonging to us jointly as quickly as I could, and came to Frisco, where I disposed of the nugget and Andrew's claim for $10,000. That settled, I took passage for New York, for it was in that city Andrew's wife and child were living. I had found their address among some letters in my friend's trunk, as he informed me I would. It was also in the state of New York that the little village of Upton lies, where I had left your mother and you my boy, with the old folks, while I went to seek a fortune.

"Somehow it got reported about that I had made a big haul, and people treated me accordingly, and before I arrived in New York I had almost begun to believe in my reputed wealth. Yet the thought of appropriating the gold that poor Andrew had left in my charge never even occurred to me then. I was not wholly bad, my son. The moment I landed I sought out the address of Andrew's widow, and learned that she had gone away some three months previously, no one knew whither. I then advertised in all the papers, but nothing came of it.

"Your mother, whom I had found ill, grew worse. The doctor informed me that a sea voyage was the only thing that might prolong her life—that and the best of living—and I was a poor man. Then the temptation first came to me. Why should I not borrow from my friend's ten thousand? His widow could not be discovered and the money was only lying idle. For one month I fought with my conscience, seeing your mother growing weaker day by day; then I succumbed. Abroad we went, traveling hither and thither, with every luxury at our command; but the hand of death followed on our track, and before a year had passed had snatched my wife from me.

"I had but one object to live for after that—my son. He should never know the temptations of poverty, I swore, and to that end I labored to increase my ill-gotten gains. I speculated, and money seemed literally to flow into my hands. I could have paid Andrew Stephen's widow her fortune five times over, yet I did not seek to hunt her up. Shame at the thought of my broken trust kept me from it. Yet all these years it has been like a millstone about my neck."

Supplicantly his trembling hands were out-stretched to the stricken man moaned:

"Paul, can you forgive your father?"

For answer the son tenderly raised the entreating hands to his lips, then, gently pillowing his father's shame-bowed head upon his breast, he said:

"And you would like me to right this wrong; is it not so, father?"

"Yes, yes, Paul; but it is asking too much. You do not yet know the sacrifice you will have to make. I am thought to be a very rich man, but I have lost heavily lately. If you give up the $10,000, I doubt if there will be $10,000 left out of the wreck after all debts are paid. Oh! my son, it is too much to expect of you," wailed the unhappy man.

"No, father, it is right and must be done," came the firm answer. "I am strong and able to work. Never fear for me. Just get well and see how nice we can manage on $55,000.

"Unselfish boy," murmured the father, as he added, "And Lillian? Would she give up her luxurious home to become the wife of a poor man?"

Paul's face blanched at the lips. He had not thought of it in connection with his betrothed. Then noting the grieved look his father bent upon him he answered:

"Lillian loves me, and the wrong must be righted at any cost."

Before the morning dawned Edward Caulds had passed away, and his last words had been:

"Paul—my son!"

To which had come the answer:

"The wrong shall be righted, father—I promise!"

* * * * *

Six months had gone by since Paul had laid his father beneath the sod. Things were very different with him. Instead of the elegantly-appointed household, with servants at his beck and call, he occupied a furnished room and "took his meals out," as the landlady expressed it. The $10,000 he had religiously put one side, and day after day there appeared in the papers an advertisement requesting information of the heirs of one Andrew Stephens, etc. Lillian, Paul's betrothed, had staunchly refused to give him up on account of his poverty, so he still had something to live for, he thought, despite his straightened circumstances.

One evening as he ascended the steps leading to his financee's home he was disappointed at not seeing her bright face watching for him as was her wont; but the pretty, loving greeting that she vouchsafed him when he tripped into the parlor entirely removed any slight feeling of chagrin he may have felt.

"Oh! Paul," she exclaimed, "such a strange thing happened to-day. I was reading the advertisements, which I never do, and I don't know what made me this time; and what do you think, there is some one advertising for papa's heirs, and it must mean me, for I don't know of any other. My own father I am speaking of, not Papa Reid. You remember my telling you how papa and Emma adopted me when I was a little tot, and how my own dear mother, whom I cannot remember, died, leaving me to them, mamma Reed promising to take care of me always. Poor mother, she traveled all the way from New York to San Francisco to see my father. She had a little money left her by a brother—$200—and oh! Paul, to think that my father was dead when she got there, and that she never saw him! Mamma Reed became acquainted with my own mother on the cars going to San Francisco, and took quite a fancy to me, I was such a pretty baby, you see," she added naively, "and mamma she gave my mother her address, and that is how mother when she was dying thought of sending for Mrs. Reed. The shock of poor father's death just killed her. Oh! Paul, think if I had traveled so far with the thought of seeing you and found you dead—I couldn't bear it! I couldn't live!" And Lillian's fair head nestled against her lover's breast and the tears overflowed her pretty blue eyes.

A strange look settled about Paul's white lips as he said:

"Lillian, what was the name of your father?"

"Why, don't you know?" was the surprised answer. "It was Andrew Stephens, I thought I told you long ago."

With a quick gesture Paul clasped his betrothed against his heart; then, gently putting her from him, he said:

"Lillian, I have something to tell you."

Half wonderingly she took the chair he pushed forward for her. For a moment Paul did not speak. Then he told the story of his father's life, tenderly sparing him whenever he could and be true to right. Once or twice Lillian arose as if to go to her lover, but he stopped her with:

"For God's sake, Lillian, don't!"

He felt his strength was failing him fast. How could he give her up. And yet, could she ever again care for the son of one who had wronged her and hers so bitterly? With a desperate effort he finished his sad story, adding:

"You know all, and as soon as it can be arranged the money shall be made over to you."

"Oh! Paul, how can you?" sobbed Lillian, "as if I ever could touch a penny of the money! I wish you had never told me, if it's going to make you act so unkind."

"The money is rightfully yours, Lillian, and you must take it."

A roguish look gathered in the young girl's eyes as she answered:

"Well, then, I'll only take it on one condition."

"And that?" he asked, somewhat eagerly.

"That I am to be taken in return," came the demure reply.

"Lillian! you still are willing to become my wife?" exclaimed Paul, hastening to his betrothed's side.

"And why should I care for you less?" she answered, as with a little cry of contentment she crept into his arms.

"And you will forgive my father?" he pleaded.

"A woman will do much for the man she loves, and I love you, Paul," was Lillian's shy whisper.

All "Played Out."

—"Don't know what ails me lately. Can't eat well—can't sleep well. Can't work, and don't enjoy doing anything. Ain't really sick, and I really ain't well. Feel all kind o' played out, someway." That is what scores of men say every day. If they would take Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" they would soon have no occasion to say it. It purifies the blood, tones up the system and fortifies it against disease. It is a great anti-bilious remedy as well.

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TORONTO RAILWAY TIME TABLE

Departure and Arrival of Trains from and at Union Station.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Departures, Main Line East.

7.15 a. m.—Local for Belleville.
8.30 a. m.—Fast express for Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Boston, etc.
11 p.m.—Mixed for Kingston and Intermediate stations.
5.30 p.m.—Local for Cobourg and intermediate stations.
8.00 p.m.—Express for main points, Ottawa Montreal, 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.

7.55 a.m.—Local for all points west to Detroit.
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 points; sleeping car for Detroit.

Arrivals, Main Line West.

7.55 a.m.—Mixed from Stratford and intermediate points.
8.10 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 London, Stratford, etc.

Departures, Great Western Division.

7.15 a.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo and local stations between Niagara Falls and Windsor.
9.25 a.m.—For Detroit, St. Louis and points in the south west.
12.20 p.m.—For Detroit, Chicago and the west and all points east from Hamilton; runs daily.
3.55 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and local stations between Hamilton and London, and Brantford, St. Thomas, etc.
6.30 p.m.—Local stations between Toronto and Niagara Falls.
10.45 p.m.—For Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York, Boston and all points east and west of Hamilton.

Arrivals, Great Western Division.

8.25 a.m.—Express from Chicago, Detroit, Hamilton, etc.
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 stations.
7.45 p.m.—Express from Detroit, St. Louis, etc.
10.55. p.m—Local from London and intermediate stations.

Suburban Trains, Great Western Division.

Leave Toronto at 7.40, 10.55 a.m., and 2.25 and 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 Queen's wharf, Parkdale, High park and the Humber, both coin and returning.

Sunday Trains, G. W. Division.

Trains leaving Toronto for Hamilton at 12.20 and arriving from Hamilton at 4.30 p.m., run on Sundays, but do not stop at intermediate stations.

Departures, Midland Division.

7.35 a.m.—Mixed—Blackwater and intermediate stations.
7 a.m.—Mail—Sutton, Midland, Orillia, Coboconk, Haliburton, Lindsay, Port Perry, Whitby, Peterboro, Lakefield, Port Hope, Madoc, Belleville, 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 intermediate stations.

Arrivals, Midland Division.

11.45 a.m.—Mail 9.45 a.m.—Mixed from Uxbridge and intermediate stations. 9 p.m.—Mail. 6.10 p.m.—Mixed.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

Departures Credit Valley Section.

7.10 a.m.—St. Louis express, for all stations on main line and branches, and for Detroit, Toledo, St. Louis and Kansas city.
1.05 p.m.—Pacific express, for Galt, Woodstock, Ingersoll, St. Thomas, Detroit, Chicago, and all points west and north-west.
4.10 p.m.—Local express for all points on main line, Orangeville and Elora branches.

Arrivals, Credit Valley Section.

9.20 a.m.—Express from all stations on main line and branches.
5.35 p.m.—Atlantic express from Chicago and all points west and stations on main line.
8.10 p.m.—Montreal express—All stations on main line and branches.

Departures, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

7.20 a.m.—Mail for Orangeville, Owen Sound, Teeswater and all intermediate stations.
10.45 am.—S. S. express for Orangeville and Owen Sound direct.
3 a.m.—Mixed from West Toronto.
4.40 p.m.—Express for Orangeville, Owen Sound and Teeswater.

Arrivals, Toronto, Grey and Bruce Section.

10.45 am.—Express from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
8.35 p.m.—Mail from Owen Sound and intermediate stations.
5.35 p.m.—Mixed, arrives at West Toronto.

Departures, Ontario and Quebec Section.

9.00 a.m.—Limited express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, and intermediate points.
3.35 p.m.—Express for Peterboro, Norwood and all intermediate stations.
7.55 p.m.—Montreal express for Peterboro, Norwood, Perth, Smith's Falls, Ottawa, Montreal, Quebec and all points east.

Arrivals, Ontario and Quebec Section.

9.05 a.m.—Express from Quebec, Montreal, Ottawa, Brockville, Peterboro, and intermediate points.
12.20 p.m.—From Peterboro, Norwood and intermediate points.
10.25 p.m.—Toronto express from (same as 9.15 and intermediate points).

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains depart from and arrive at City hall station, stopping at Union and Brock street stations.

Departures.

7.45 a.m.—Mail for Muskoka wharf, Orillia, Meaford, Penetang and intermediate stations, making direct connections at Muskoka wharf with Muskoka boats.
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 Saturday during July and August for Muskoka wharf, connecting with steamers for Lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph.

Arrivals.

10.15 a.m.—Express from Collingwood, Orillia, Barrie and intermediate points.
1.45 p.m.—Accommodation from Meaford, Collingwood, Penetanguishene, 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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