

TRUTH TELLER.
4881
BY MISS MRS. A. MONTGOMERY

THE WRONG MAN.

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CHAPTER VIII (CONTINUED)

"I know her too well," she said. "I think very likely she may not marry at all. But she will never marry a man she does not love and cannot like, merely for his money. Besides, though Camille is herself at present in an unsatisfactory state of mind, I feel convinced she will never marry a man in the same unsatisfactory state. She has doubts and difficulties, but she is anxious to arrive at fixed and certain conclusions, and she would never link her fate with one who could not possibly help her to that."

"Only, you know, dear mother, she might marry a man who had arrived at the wrong conclusion and so settle down in them."

"There is no settling in wrong conclusions. It is like building your house on quagmires. It may seem solid enough for a time, but any hour the flood elements that lie below the crust may be subterraneously disturbed, and then your house begins to float away or sink down. Error can never be substantial, like truth. And Camille has such an honest heart that I feel sure she will end in answering all our expectations."

The first week of their stay at Vervey was taken up with making excursions in the neighborhood. By degrees, from among the numerous guests in the hotel, they began to form acquaintances, which added to the enjoyment of their various excursions. The second day after their arrival, Louis found himself seated next to an English gentleman, who claimed the right, as he might be, to show small civilities, and enter into conversation. He was at a time of life that, if Louis had been asked her opinion and she possessed she would have designated as middle-aged, she could discern gray hairs among the black.

Eliot Sherburn was, in fact, five-and-thirty, and had a certain gravity of manner which Louis called firm, and which Madeline thought pedantic. The older ladies liked him very much, and the gentlemen denied that he had any of the peculiarities the girls accused him of.

"It is only with you ladies he is shy. He is a different being with us—all of information and good agreement, in short, a very superior man."

Mr. Fitzgerald spoke this with an air of conviction. The fact was, his wife had suggested to him that Mr. Sherburn admired Louis, and that it would be prudent to find out who and what he was before anything approaching to an intimacy was allowed to grow up. Mr. and Mrs. Fitzgerald had no match-making tendencies, but both would have been glad to see their niece married.

Godfrey Huskinson had not returned. Besides, his health seemed precarious, and that formed a strong objection.

Eliot Sherburn became their constant companion in the afternoon. Madeline repeated a day on the promenade where stands the tower, now called the Tower of Vervey, but built originally by Peter of Savoy, and called after him.

Madeline wanted to sketch the lake from thence, and there they established themselves; Mrs. Fitzgerald and Mrs. Huskinson with their books, Louis with his ever-lasting croquet, and Madeline with her color-box. The two gentlemen had gone for a long walk. Eliot Sherburn made himself useful in fetching fresh water from the Lake, at the risk of getting wet, when Madeline's brushes had discolored that which she had brought with her. The rest of the time he lay on the grass, where he could look up at Louis, and watch her pretty, fat fingers rapidly plying their devious task, for such it must always appear to the uninitiated. If she was at all conscious of his admiration, she affected not to see it, or if she did, she treated it rather as a joke than as a matter to which anyone could attach the slightest importance.

"I was thinking, dear mother, of Miss Fitzgerald," said Eliot Sherburn, "as we sat under the tower, how small the world is, and how in every place we may find links to things or people near to ourselves. The niece of the man who built this tower was Queen of England, Eleanor, the wife of Henry the Third. His younger brother was Boniface, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Peter was of all England. It was in those days that what you now call Switzerland had a history, when it was still Catholic and recognized in some form or other the monarchial principle. Peter of Savoy was a grand figure in his day—that is, in the thirteenth century, which was, perhaps, the one in all the history of the world which went toward with remarkable force, whether all things, events or warriors. Every country seemed to contribute its quota to the roll of illustrious names. Here we are sitting by an old tower, built in twelve hundred and odd, by a man whose visit to London was celebrated by a general holiday. Everybody put on his best clothes. The citizens formed a grand procession, and King John went out to meet him on horseback. A description of it might read just like a paragraph in the Morning Post."

"Only, Mr. Sherburn, the King or Queen as it might be, would have met him in state-arrivals," said Louis.

"Yes, and in spite of my theory, that human nature being the same in all ages, there is not so great a difference in the usual status, between one century and another, as people are apt to fancy; it is, in other words, there would be other differences.

In the description by a chronicler of those days and that of one of our own newspapers. For instance, John was obliged to give up a possession which he was about to hold in honor of Peter's presence, but, in the excitement of the game, there should be a real quarrel, and bloodshed, between the English and the foreigners of Peter's suite.

"In those days," said Louis, "they would have gone out pheasant-shooting."

"Probably, and in those days the 'Savoyard Peter' would not have been created Earl or Richard and Master of Dover Castle, which was an extraordinary ending, according to our modern notion, for a man who began his life as a bishop."

"Was he a good man?" asked Madeline.

"He was so universally beloved, and seems to have had such a wonderful combination of sweetness and strength in his character that it is impossible he could have been otherwise. He was a man in advance of his times, as regarded his sense of justice, and his respect for the liberty of others. It was probably that which made him so popular wherever he went. He was a great match maker, and brought about several marriages between handsome Savoy ladies of the Canton de Vaud and English gentlemen."

"I am afraid," said Louis, "he stripped the country of all the beauties, and left none to become the mothers of succeeding generations here, for an uglier people I never heard of."

"And what," said Madeline, "was the end of Peter of Savoy?"

"He lived till an advanced age in the chateau of Chillon, which he had built on the spot previously occupied by a tower, notwithstanding his history, as interesting as that of the castle that succeeded it. In his old age, he delighted in being rowed on the lake, accompanied by his faithful and favorite troubadour, William de Ferret. In the long cold evenings, when the dead winds send down its snow-laden blasts across the lake, and round the turrets of the old castle, he would sit near the enormous hearth, and the hall that still bears his name, before the huge fire-bringing pine."

"Did he die there?"

"No; his troubled, restless life was to go rolling on from place to place to the very end. His affairs in Italy, (for there was no part of the Continent in which Peter did not seem to have some interest) obliged him, in extreme old age, again to cross the Alps, a journey which he had already often taken, and on his return, he was seized with his last illness, in a fortified castle, which stands at the junction of the Isere and the Rhone. There he declared from his deathbed his last wishes, and distributed his vast and varied possessions amongst his friends and family. He bequeathed all he owned in England to his niece, Eleanor, the queen-dowager; except his palace in London, which he gave to the monks of the hospital of St. Bernard. He provided for his widow, Agnes de Faucigny, and for his only daughter. He had no son, and he named his brother Philip his successor. His object had been to unite all Switzerland in one state, under one king. He failed in his project, but he left a deep mark on the page of history in his own time, though now his name is nearly forgotten."

"I see now," said Madeline, "what you meant, Mr. Sherburn, when you began by saying the world is small, and full of links between the far and the near, the past and the present. The career of this ancient tower, and the founder of Chillon, was after all, half English, and was mixed up with English history, just as completely as in those days of railways and electric telegrams any modern hero might be. And though he neither wrote, nor had read Childe Harold, he appreciated the same beauties on this lovely lake as the great poet, and he had been greatly rocked in his bosom, listening to the song of his poet-friend. Human nature is the same always, and the distance created by time is rather imaginary than real."

"You have summed up," very eloquently, Miss Fairly, said Mr. Sherburn, "and then turning with a smile to Louis, he asked her what was her opinion."

"My opinion has always reference to the present, Mr. Sherburn. I care very little about the past—like the present exceedingly, and I expect to like the future better still."

"Well, Louis," said Madeline, smiling, "the immediate future is the table de milieu. How absorbing in their books Mrs. Huskinson and your aunt are! I do believe you are asleep."

The ladies roused themselves, and after the packing up of camp stools and drawing materials, all the party returned home. When they reached the hotel, they found that several travellers had arrived, and as Mrs. Huskinson entered the hall her heart gave a leap as she caught sight of a tall slight figure, wrapped up in an unusually warm overcoat for the time of the year. It was her son. He came towards her, and kissed her affectionately, but without speaking. He knew but too well the effect of his altered appearance would have upon her, and for her sake he was himself almost overcome.

"Godfrey you have become more ill than you allowed us to know," she said, in a voice of tender reproach.

stays to her own room, and there flinging herself on her knees by the window, burst into tears.

Mrs. Huskinson had proceeded her son slowly up the steps. She saw nothing of what was passing, and certainly there was nothing unusual in Louis's rapid mounting of the stairs, that mode of ascension being habitual to her; but, finding Godfrey did not immediately follow, she looked back. There stood Madeline, calm, bright, and sympathetic as ever (Godfrey's pale face was flushed).

The mother no longer doubted. But she had not required the certainty too late? How should she venture to hope Madeline could become the wife of one so declining in health as her poor son? It went through her whole soul like the point of a sword as the two convictions struck her together. And then came the mother's passionate yearning for him; she felt that her care should snatch him even from the grave, and her endeavors bring all right as regarded Madeline. The energy of her desire seemed to make all possible. Godfrey rejoined her, and she turned for a moment to look back on the young, calm, sweet face that a moment before had averted in speaking to Godfrey, while in her heart she murmured:

"Dear, bright little Bechnut, she shall yet be his!"

No selfish in our love are we for those who—so indiscriminating about others—no sure that our ways is the best way—and so resolved that heaven itself shall adopt it? The frightful solitude had matured all Godfrey's thoughts and feelings about Madeline. He loved her, and yet he trembled in her presence; for somehow the thought of Herbert was mixed up with her. Louis had nothing to do with her. In his associations of Godfrey's earlier life; but Madeline had, in his present state of mind this was at once a pain and an attraction. His mind was full of Herbert, and of thoughts of reparation; and, in a way, Madeline came in for a share in the influence that were assailing him. What would he have given to have told her all, and take her advice? But that was impossible. Meanwhile his great object must be to get well—nothing could be done while he was so ill. But, like most persons with his malady, he felt quite certain of his recovery; and for a time, a least, the conviction helped him to rally.

Madeline had been shocked to see him so changed, but she was quite unconscious of his feelings towards herself. All her thoughts were for Louis; and with a vague presentiment that she was pained by his looking so ill, or by his comparatively cold manner towards her, Madeline went upstairs to look for her. She opened the door which Louis was walking up and down the room, her hands clasped behind her, and her eyes red with weeping. Madeline stopped when she saw her, and she and her, and passed her arm round her waist.

"Oh! Madeline he is dying!" exclaimed the weeping girl. "It is everything to me, and it is nothing to you; and yet it is you that he alone cares for!"

"Nonsense, my dear Louis!—you do not know what you are saying!"

"It is you who do not know, Madeline. In it is conviction that he will not see it? And to think that it should be I who have to tell you!"

CHAPTER IX.

The days slipped off, succeeded by balmy nights of bright moonlight or glittering stars. A certain unconventional ease pervaded the intercourse of the whole party, and contributed to bring out in stronger relief the peculiar characteristics of each; while, however, the absence of serious and important events hurried past, and the good humor and pleasant cheer which a certain combination of happy circumstances will often throw over a rugged nature or an ill-tempered heart. Godfrey Huskinson was rapidly recovering from his accidental illness. There seemed to be in his physical constitution the same power of throwing off illness, that there was in his moral nature of obliterating painful and serious memories. Nevertheless, it was evident, to those who watched as closely as did Louis and his mother, that something had occurred which threw a shade over his usually volatile manner.

His mother attributed it to a growing admiration for Madeline. Louis, smilingly hoped she was gaining an effectual standing point in his affections. He talked to her rather less incessantly than before, but also there was more matter in what he said. If ever he was inclined to be in high spirits he turned to Louis; and though his jests were not so frequent or so sparkling as before, she set a high value on this mark of his preference. Only, from time to time, an ugly doubt crossed her mind. Why did he watch Madeline so closely? Why, if Madeline was talking at a little distance, did he pause in his conversation with Louis, to catch what she was saying; and then, though at the time he would make no remark, betray, long after, how nothing had escaped him by referring to it on occasion? There were moments when the bright blue sky of Switzerland and the serenity of her own mind seemed all obscured by these doubting reflections. But she reasoned against her impressions, and always ended by attributing them to those overstrained nerves, for the benefit of which she was travelling.

Meanwhile, Madeline pursued the even tenor of her way. In maiden meditation, fancy free? She felt more regard for Godfrey than she had ever thought probable, but it was not of a nature to disturb her peace, or ruffle her passion. She was of that generous, large-minded sympathy which was always ready to adopt the cause and take part in the anxieties of those with whom she might happen to be; and the aspect of Mrs. Huskinson's tender and maternal solicitude for her son's health immediately enlisted all Madeline's interest, which, however, was as much for the mother's sake as for the son's. She was too much accustomed to see Madame Huskinson as it was that going on around her; she had no personal knowledge of the phase of thought and feeling through which her younger companion was then passing. But the feminine instinct was not wanting in

her pure unselfish nature, and, much as she would have liked to believe that Godfrey was serious in his attentions to Louis, she never could bring herself to anything more certain than a wide and doubtful hope.

On the other hand, although this far clear-sighted as regarded her friend, she was absolutely in the dark with respect to Godfrey's sentiments towards herself. It had never crossed her imagination to inquire. She was not on the lookout for admiration at any time, if it meant to make itself observed, the individual experiencing it would have to make it very plain before she would be so fortunate as to receive it. She was, however, when she was gazing intently on her beaming countenance, she would return the look with the frank, full, upward glance of those velvety brown orbs. Sometimes when she found that doing so neither elicited a word, nor yet made the gentleman look at her, she would end in a withdrawal his fixed regard, and she would look at him with a surprised expression, which she gave no other expression, and which died out of her face as the memory of what had occasioned it died out of her thoughts.

Godfrey was terribly puzzled. He knew what innocent girlhood was, for, though he had no sisters, he had always had a happy and virtuous manner to learn what good women are, when he returned weary of the giddy scenes he was too fond of seeking away from his English domesticity. But then he could not conceive how, feeling as he did, betraying his feeling as he was conscious he did, Madeline should be so constantly in his society, and evince neither respect nor reverence. That she should so utterly ignore the whole thing, seemed to him impossible. Sometimes he was angry with her for provoking blindness. Sometimes, in the storm of feeling, he began to question her simplicity, and almost to accuse her of playing a part. But the next moment, when those candid eyes met his, and her self-possessed, playful manner turned aside the, to her, unseen shafts of his wrath, he was obliged to acknowledge her free from all such vile impulations. All the time, Madeline, in her kind interest for Louis, was specially civil and attentive to Godfrey, under the impression that she was doing her friend service, and keeping up the general cordial cordials which was to end in his declaring his attachment to Mrs. Fitzgerald's niece.

In the midst of it all there came an occasional gust of storm on the part of Louis, herself which it was quite beyond Madeline's wit to comprehend. It was difficult to be more naturally amiable than Louis; she had a sweet temper and manifested a constant readiness to oblige. But though she had never brought herself to say in words, or even to fashion into a distinct thought, that Madeline, and not herself, was the real object of Godfrey's regard, yet from time to time a vague suspicion that all was not as she wished could creep over her. Then she longed to blame Madeline. If course it was not Godfrey she was inclined to blame.

For half an hour or more she would try to persuade herself that Madeline was playing a double part, and endeavoring to keep Godfrey to herself. But each time her kindly nature triumphed over the dreadful suspicion, though not without leaving the door ajar for its return. And return it did! And time it happened that Louis's remarks began to betray inequalities which pained and astonished Madeline; while Mrs. Fitzgerald alternately attributed them to some possible anxiety respecting Godfrey (whom she still thought a not dissimilar match for her niece), or to a probably to the very state of health which had brought him to Switzerland.

All this time Eliot Sherburn stood, as it were, in the background, bringing to bear on the scene before him the mature judgment of his larger experience and his self-contained character. The one thing he did not see was the extent to which Louis's affections were already engaged in favor of Madeline. He was a young gentleman himself, and he took the exact measure, and he never seemed to him possible that he should be allowed to put his hand on the child's bright and captivating girl, who was fast becoming so dear to him, any more than he imagined that the deeper and more serene heart of Madeline would ever stoop to one so unworthy of her.

An accident was impending which was to open the eyes of all parties.

Among the many expeditions which they planned and executed, one was proposed which was taken them by the steamer across Lake Louan to Geneva, from thence to Chamounix, and so by the Tete Noire to Martigny, and home again. A large barque, which Louis desired would have done for a small house, with seats outside back and front, a minimum of luggage, and a certain amount of mutual accommodation in the occasional shifting of places amongst the younger members of the party, sufficed to make all sufficiently comfortable; while any small difficulties in general proved the fertile source for a great deal of happy laughter, and gave rise to many a term and phrase which, in long after years, were repeated as the watchwords of the joys and sorrows of the past.

Eliot Sherburn was the authority on all matters of history or literature. Godfrey was the spokesman at the hotel, and with the postillions and drivers. Mr. Huskinson was the true patriarch; Mr. Fitzgerald had directed his attention to questions of agriculture and commerce; Madeline was the universal friend, and Louis the spoils child of the party. Mrs. Huskinson was balancing between the two with a view to her son's future, and Mrs. Fitzgerald was calmly surveying the whole, without seeing one fault below the surface.

The two days' journey from Geneva to Chamounix was full of interest to the girls. It was their first experience of real mountain scenery. By the time they reached Chamounix, Madeline was awed into a happy silence by the grandeur of nature, and the sublime calm of her everlasting routine.

The next morning, when the party met at breakfast, they were all able to recount their impressions of the place and the scenery except Madeline. Her emotions had been so much under the power of nature, that Godfrey remarked that she was silent, and presently asked her whether she had slept well.

"I was too awed to sleep," she replied. "I felt myself in the presence of one of the oldest and least legible of the records of creation, and in my foolishness I wanted to force it to reveal its secrets."

"Do you always have such deep and subtle reflections, Miss Fairley? Do you investigate mankind as you want to do something?"

"I think not. They puzzle me less, because they are more like myself."

"Ah! you only say that because you know so little about them. And certainly if you imagine that they are more like you, either you will never be more informed than you are now, or you will be terribly disappointed."

"I don't know that," she replied. "It seems to me that the record of sin and suffering which forms the history of mankind must be soon made out."

As she mused the words the recollection of Frederick Herbert's countenance rushed across her thoughts, and she winced inwardly. She instinctively felt the same recollection might arise in Godfrey's mind.

"Yet most people of above twenty years of age have a secret, Miss Fairley."

"That may be—but not a dark secret."

Still Frederick's mysterious history was before her, and she checked herself as she was on the point of declaring that, though past twenty, she had no secret. Since the occurrence at Brussels, when she was first made acquainted with the general impression about herself and Frederick, she had grown to feel that, in some disagreeable way for which she was not responsible, if she had no secret of her own, she was at least mysteriously connected with one in the minds of others. She blushed suddenly and deeply as she thought so. A strange light flashed in Godfrey's eyes as he noted that she had looked fixedly at her; he entirely mistook its cause, and, turning away, he began to laugh and jest with Louis and Eliot Sherburn.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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