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CANADA. Province of Prince Edward Island In Chancery Before the Vice Chancellor

SOPHIA MARY McDONALD, and others—Complainants and RALPH BRECKEN, and others—Defendants.

In pursuance of an order of this Honorable Court made herein on the eleventh day of November, A. D. 1898, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against the estate of the late Benjamin Evans Wright, of Belmont, in the County of Charlottetown, in Queen's County, in the Province of Prince Edward Island, deceased, intestate, are required to come in and prove the same before me at the Prothonotary's office in the Law Courts Building in Charlottetown on or before Tuesday, the fourth day of April, A. D. 1899, and all persons neglecting to come in and prove their said debts and claims by that time are to be excluded from the benefit of said order.

Dated this eighth day of March, A. D. 1899.

J. A. LONGWORTH, Master in Chancery. W. S. STEWART, Q. C. Compil't Solicitor.

Tues, Thurs, Sat, till 1st prox.

MISS CAPRICE. BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

CHAPTER V—Continued. "Upon it was painted a girl's face; my heart told me who it was, and underneath I found the words 'Blanche Austin at eighteen.'"

"I have treasured that ever since; it has been my most valued possession. Would you like to see it, Lady Ruth?" "Most assuredly," she replies, warmly, eagerly.

He places it in her hands. "It was plain when I found it; with my spending money for a whole year I had that gold locket made which holds it now. Ever since it has been very close to my heart."

"Such devotion is wonderful. I sincerely hope it will meet its reward." Then she looks at the miniature, which time has not in the least harmed, looks at it and utters a little ejaculation.

"She was beautiful, indeed, Doctor Chicago—most charming. A face to haunt one. I can see a trace of sadness in it, even at this early age, as though her coming troubles cast a shadow before. You will be surprised when I tell you I have met her."

CHAPTER V. The medical student looks at her eagerly. "When—where? he asks huskily.

"Any one who has met the woman about whom cluster all the tender associations and thoughts of his lonely years of childhood must assume new importance in his eyes.

"It was a year or so ago. At the time I was in Paris with my uncle, Sir Hugh, then alive."

"Yes, yes, she was there about that time, as I have since learned."

"I was out driving alone; it was just at dusk when we were returning from the boulevards, and a wheel came off the vehicle.

"Though a little alarmed, I kept my senses and bade the driver tie his horse and then seek another vehicle for me.

"The neighborhood chanced to be a rather unsavory one. I could hear boisterous men singing, and on finding myself alone I grew alarmed. From windows frowzy heads were thrust out and rude women mocked at me. I feared insult, injury. I was ready to fly for my life when a hand touched my arm and a gentle voice said:

"Come with me, miss, I will protect you."

John trembles with emotion. "Then you have heard her speak! Oh, what bliss that would be for me—my mother, my poor mother who has suffered so long."

"When I looked in her face I knew I could trust her. Besides, her garb reassured me."

"Her garb," wonderingly. "Yes. She was dressed as a Sister of Charity or some other order in Paris. Willingly I followed her to an adjoining house. She had me sit down and await the return of the vehicle, and she sat beside me, so grateful, and she told me about the great work of the various such organizations in the gay city of Paris."

"I was interested in her and asked her her name. She told me she was known as Sister Magdalen. Then she said she would show me the house."

"In five minutes more he comes down stairs, ready for the street. To his surprise, he is stopped near the door by some one he knows—Philander Sharpe, wearing a ridiculous helmet hat, as becomes a traveller.

"Pardon me, but I am in a hurry," he says, as the other plucks his sleeve. "Oh! yes, but I'm going with you, Chicago," pipes the little professor shutting one eye and nodding in a very knowing manner.

"But I'm not off to paint the town red," says John, believing the other thinks it is his intention to see the sights of Malta's capital by night—"I have an engagement."

"In the Strada Mezzodi, eh?" "Thunder, how did you guess it?" ejaculates the man of medicine, astonished beyond measure.

"I am not a guesser. I know what I know, and a dused sight more than some people think, especially my beloved wife, Gwendolin."

"What do you know—come to the point?" "First, all about your past, and the trouble in the Craig family."

"Confusion! and you never told me you had ever heard of me before? This explains the manner in which you seemed to study me at times on the steamer," reproachfully.

"Just so. I had reasons for my silence; she was one of them," jerking his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the parlor above, whence the voice of the amiable Gwendoline Makepeace floats to their ears.

"In haste, then, let me tell you a secret, John. I was not always what you see me, a docile, henpecked man. Twenty-five years ago Philander Sharpe, young, good-looking, conceited and rich, had the world before him."

"Cut it short, I beg, professor," groans John, impatient to be off. "I fell in love; my affection was returned; we were engaged; a friend in whose honor I fully believed stole her heart away from me, but all these years I have never forgotten—never, John Craig, the girl I loved and who was to have been my wife—your mother."

he is so amazed at such a strange happening. "But, professor, I am only going now to see if I can learn anything about my mother at the house where she stayed six weeks ago, when a line was sent to me."

The little man wags his head wisely. That information was given to you by one whom you believed to be Signor Stucco, otherwise Luther Keene, the person having charge of the police of Valetta?"

"Yes," replies John, wonderingly. "At that hour the signor was in his own room, engaged in other business, and oblivious of the fact whether one John Alexander Craig, M.D., was in the land of the living or not."

(To be Continued.)



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