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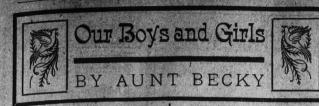
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kittens a visit, he had to climb a ladder, then cross a beam, open a door, and go through a low narrow door-way. This door was generally closed. There was a hole in it through which Old Duffy came in or went out, as the case might be. One night Old Duffy was awakened very suddenly. The air was full of smoke, and outside there seemed to be some unusual excitement. There was the sound of many feet running to and fro, and voices were shout-WHAT WAS IT ? Guess what he had in his pocket. Marbles and tops and sundry toys. Such as always belong to boys, A britten apple, a leather ball? Not at all.

What did he have in his pocket? A bubble-pipe and a rusty screw, A brassy watchkey broken in two, A fishhook in a tangle of string? No such thing. to and fro, and voices were shout-

What did he have in his pocket? Gingerbread crumbs, a whistle he made, . Buttons, a knife with a broken blade, A mail our two, with a rubber gun? Neither one.

What did he have in his pocket? Before he knew it, it slyly crept Under the treasures carefully kept, And away they all of them quickly

stole. "Twas a hole! --Child's Hour. ## ## ## THE FIREMAN'S CAT.

NEURSD

was the sound of many feet running to and fro, and voices were shout-ing "Fire! fire! fre!" Old Duffy sprang up in fright, seized a kitten in her mouth, and started to rush through the opening in the door. But she was driven back by clouds of smoke, through which leaped angry red flames; ard, with the kitten still in her mouth, Old Duffy jumped upon the sill of the loft window. The room was full of smoke. "Me-ow!" she called piteously. Tom's father was in a crowd below. He heard the cry. and holding his arms up toward her, he called: "Come, Duffy. There's a good Duffy! Jump!" Old Duffy looked down hesitatiagly. She could hear the root of the flames beneath her, and she seemed to know that the only way of escape was through the open window. She crouched down and made ready to spring. Just ther one of her kittens gave a soft "Me-ow!'<sup>2</sup> Old Duffy turned from the window.

THE FIREMAN'S CAT. Old Duffy was Tom Field's cat. Tom was a fireman. He lived with his father and mother in a lit-the house on Dan Streit, just outside the eity limits-that is, he lived there during the day. At night he stayed at the engine-house to be on hand in case of a fire. Although Tom was a great, strong fellow, with a deep, gruff voice, Old Duffy knew that he had a kind, warm heart; for he had picked her from the streets one stormy night when she was a homeless kitten, hun-gry and forlorn, and cared for her ever since. She had grown to be a fine-looking cat, and you may be sure that she was very fond of her mas-ter.

save nergen. Then came the hissing of a fire-engine, and more commotion outside. And then a fireman's ladder was raised against the window, and Old Duffy heard Tom's hearty, cheery voice. It made her purr for very iou that she was very fond of her mus-ter. Every morning when Tom came home to breakfast, Old Duffy went home to breakfast, Old Duffy went in the evening, when he started for the engine-base, she would go with im a little way. When her four littens were born, she was not eavy until she had coaxed him into the barn loft and he had properly admir-ed them. What clean, fat little kit-tens they were! Two were jet black and two yellow—just like herself. When Tom wanted to pay these

## HER WILFUL WAY.

By the Author of "Dolly's Golden Slippers," "Claimed at Last," etc.

Then he put her into Ellie's chair somebody else," came the words, amid sobs.

Then he put her into Ellie's chair were all always and typic here in the put her into the seven and the seven here in the put here is the seven here is a drawys and typic here. The your were seven in the daughter to the there see the pace where of live and here is the seven here is a stranger, not by her. Her pretty as stranger, not by her. Her pretty is a stranger, not by her. Her pretty is these is a late to took as here is a stranger of the to here set is also took as the pace where of live and the seven is the late the time to the seven is the s

as nurse asked me," said Jame, now beginning to toos the first handful instead of the last. While the feeding was going on, who should come out to watch as well but Dr. Wenley. "Oh' here is Uncie Fred," cried Olive, darting to him, and fluttering into his arms, like a dusky chick with white wings. Now Ellie trot-ted to his side, a small walking daisy in holand frock with blue mash, her blue pleading eyes misty as with morning dew. "Tears in the eyes, little woman?" "maybe he remembered last night's disgrace, maybe not-doctors do sometimes torget. "No, papa, it's laughing," return-ed she, bravely. "Oh, see that chickle," and laughed a tinkling lit-te laugh at a wee creature running away with a big mouthful to gotble it up alone. "Yes, he's looking out for number one," said Dr. Wenley. "What, papa? I don't under-stand," replied the child, clinging to his hand. "He's sellish, dear: thinking only of self and self's comfort." "Same as you, when you wanted to be dressed first, instead of me," explained Olive complaisantly. "Oh yes, papa." "Same as you, when you wanted to be dressed first, instead of me," explained Olive numbers. "My little girl must not be a sel-fish chickie," said her father grave-ly; and the feeding over, he bade to bittle girl must not be a sel-fish chickie," said her father grave-ly; and the feeding over, he bade to the hind, but pape thought me

both little gdris run in to break-fast. "I gave up, Marjory, and didn't much mind, but papa thought me selfish," whispered the little one in her rurse's ear, as she tied on her sun-bonnet, when she was going with Olive to the apple orchard. "Never mind what neople thick

"Me ow !'<sup>1</sup> Old Duffy turned from the window and went back to the basket which orntained her family. "Purr-me-ow!" she said gently to the kittens. Brave old Duffy! She could not save herself. Then came the hissing of a fire-engine, and more commotion outside. like an answering Guy again, over ed back. "Yes," like an answering echo, over vaulted Guy again, over the stile, into the orchard among the apple blossoms, still drifting down through the air. "This is Cousin Olive, Guy," said his half-embarrassed little friend; "and she knows her scales, and, oh! a lot of things."

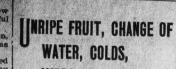
"Whew!" laughed the boy, with a touch of shyness, regarding the two mites; ""then I suppose you are

nowhere." "Oh, I couldn't be nowhere; I shall always be somewhere," said Ellie, with a little cooing laugh; "and per-

"And per-haps best, too." "And per-haps best, too." "And will see," re-turned he, pulling one of her yellow rings of hair peeping out from un-der her sun'hood. "Well, a dunce can't be best," ob-served Olive with convictior, "and that's what uncle called her last night."

night

"Come, come; if you tell tales like that your tongue must be split for a tell-tale tit," was the boy's con-



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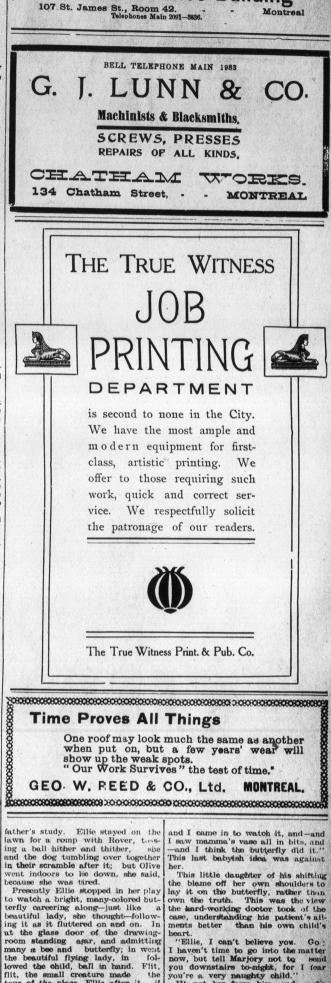
Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor, N.B., writes: "I consider DR. FowLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I can ecommend it highly to anyone.

went Niger from Olive's arms, and she darted to grasp the new-comer,

she darted to grasp the new-comer, crying— "He's a nasty smelly thing; but Silverwing is à beauty. Let me have her for my very own?" she asked coaxingly of the boy. "Well, I couldn't do that if I wanted to," he said, "because I've as good as given her to Ellie." "Oh! Ellie and I must share to-gether; Ellie can have Niger, and I Silverwing—that's fair, isn't it, Ellie?" And Olive coaxéd the dove from Ellie's shoulder to hers, where it cooed and seemed half inclined to stay.

"No," said Ellie, almost tempted to cry at the bird's fickleness, "I cannot give you Silverwing; she and Niger were mine-mine and Guy's-before you came." "Then you're unkind-you're selfist

"Then you're unkind-you're selfish and cross, same as that greedy chicken-you want everything for yourself," pouted Olive. "But I will have Silverwing, and Niger, too, if I like, for I'm the eldest, and the eldest must always be first, and have their own way." "Not so fast," spoke Guy with authority. "I'm the eldest, and I've the right to say no about my own, and I do say it. Silverwing is Ellie's, if I like to give her. to her, and possession is nine points of the law, Duke says." "Duke-who is Duke?" questioned Olive with childish scorn.



3

Frank E. Donovan

REAL ESTATE BROKER

Office : Alliance Building

Presently Ellie stopped in her play to watch a bright, many-colored but-terfly cureering along-just like a beautiful lady, she thought-follow-ing it as it fluttered on and on. In at the glass door of the drawing-room standing agar, and admitting many a bee and butterfly in weat. The beautiful flying lady, in fol-lowed the child, ball in hand. Flit, tou of the place, Ellie after it, if so be she might each it. But what fragments on the floor in her wwy; one of her dear dead mamma's vases

child.

"Yes, but we may be funny some people; and do you know what comes next?" asked the doctor, scaming the intelligent little face beside him.

"And we want to be liked," said the nimble little tongue. "How old are you, Olive?" inquir-

ed her uncle presently, paring an ap-ple for her, and doing the same for

his little daughter. "Six, uncle; going for seven," she informed him.

informed hin. "Ha! then I shouldn't wonder if you're quite an accomplished young hady; my small daughter will be no-where beside you-eh. Ellie?" "I nearly know all my scales, and I can read and write, and know my tables;" so the gib little tongue prattled on, while Ellie's spirits went lower and lower, till at last she bowed her head on her arms, and sothled as she had perhaps merer sothed before. "My dealters

and soblisid as she had perhaps never sobled befors. "My darling, what is it?" asked her father, kindly blon. To which there came only this sobling response "Oil pars, pape!" "Is it because you are a hitle dunce?" he whispand in her car. "No, pape, it's persons I fail her

"Oh, one can't help it," said the

Marjory," she said to that good wo-man. "All in good time, Miss Olive, but I thought of dressing Miss Ellie first, so that she may run down and see Jane feed the chickens; she always does," was the reply. "But I should like to see Jane teed the chickens; dress me first, and let me go down. Ellie can come after-that would be nice-wouldn't it, Ellie?" And Ellie answered, after a short peplexed pause, "Yes, nice for you." and looked at aurse with dumbly ap-pealing ayes. "Hight, dearie," nodded nurse, as if the child had guessed a riddle; and an e whisked away downstairs on au arrand of her own. "Now, Miss Olive, come," said she briskly, upon returning, and proceeded with the child's bath and tollet.

occoded with the child's bath and liet. "There, Miss Olive, I think you'll " and she—she looked dainfuly etty in her white frock and red ah. "Ask Jene to keep just a wee noth thill I come," called Enlie stuly after her cousin, as she ent away. "I think she will, dearie." were rese's reassuring words. "You were cht to give up." "T mean to give up all the days." sturned the child in unconscious it-urender.

himself in safe quarters. But while she held him, down came Silverwing from somewhere and settled on El-lie's shoulder, giving her soft cooing note\_of welcome. With this, dewn

WATCH The Kidneys.

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"Sailing home, little boat, sailing home, Over the fair sunset sea; On shore little lips, little eyes, little

smiles Are waiting to welcome thee.

'And oh! little boat, little boat, If lost on the stormy sea, Be sure little eyes, little loves, little hearts

hearts Will weep, and remember thee."

Will weep, and remember thes." "Oh, Mrs. Rainsford, I shouldn't, the to be a boat-I shouldn't-I shouldn't!" cried Ellie, when the ditty came to an end, laying her head on the gentle lady's boson. and sobbing. "No; and it's not worth crying about, Ellie, because you never will," observed sensible Guy. "No; and people need never cry orser what never comes true," added olive complaisant? Well," said Guy, "it must be awfully bard to be lost at sea, and to teel that they at home were wait-to the future, so mercifully hidden from us all by the mists shutting us is no the golden present-golden, be-ause it is really all of life which is ours to use. Well, he took no such peep, but saute daway with hist wo libtlo girl friends, to leave them at the gate of Eim Lodge, himself return-ing to hard work at lessons in his

fragments on the floor in her way, one of her dear dead mamma's vases and which she had heard her papa say was priceless in his eyes. She had always been warned not to touch it or its fellows, may, she had been forbidden to enter the drawing-score without leave only the butter. been forbidden to erfer the drawing-room without leave, only the butter-fly made her forget, and sow here she was, drd there lay the costly vase in pieces at her fect. How had it happened? Had she done it? In a maze of bewilderment she stood; away flew the butterfly from the blame. if blame there were, and only remained regarding it with baby con-cern.

remained regarding it with baby con-cern. "Elle, what is this ?" It was her father, come home to luncheon, and enbering the house this way, who has done this?" he inquired, sorrow and sternness in his voice, the while he laid his hand on lier shoulder. "Not me, papa! oh, not me!" said the startled, territied child. "Not you-who then?" "\* \*\* \*\* CHAPTER IV.-A MYSTERY-THE

CHAPTER IV.-A MYSTERY-THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS-DRIFT-ING OUT TO SEA.

bewildered to cry or to make any childish appeal. Whither could she go? To Marjory, of course. Strum-strum - strum-that was practising her scales in the library, on the little old piano there. The door stood open-she went wander-ing in, a child's craving for a child's sympathy prompting her to enter. "Olive?" The little daisy face was now drenched with tears, as she stood disconsolately at the other's side, and Olive's hands stayed their strumming to inquire-"What is the matter, Ellie?" keep-ing her face furned shyly among, os if not liking to see the bears in her cousin.

(To be continued.)

Pilgrimage To Rome. If any of our readers or their families are contemplating a trip to Europe this coming summer, why not encourage and patronize theoneconnected by MCGRANE's CATHOLIC TOURS, 187 Broad way, New York City. You would be sure of an Aud dience with our Holy Father see Europe in a substantial miner, be in good company, a save money as against travel independently.

"It must be a story, Ellie." in er futher spoke his conviction. "No, papa, no." She did not so ow, only made her pitiful protes "Well, tell me how it happens ad let me judge." Thus admonished, the ohld to

r story. I saw a pretty butterfly a

