

mother, and John and Mary O'Donnell. Dr. Brown is now a grey-beard, but his face is still as kindly as it was the night he first looked on the orphans whom he adopted as his own, and whom he has grown to love so dearly. They have taken his name, and have almost forgotten that he is not their father. John O'Donnell is also a physician, and is known as "young Dr. Brown," and Mary has grown up to be a handsome, healthy girl, the apple of her adopted father's eye. She is dressed in evening costume, and she and her brother are just about leaving to attend a fashionable ball.

As they leave the room the Doctor turns to his mother, and says, "I wonder what became of their mother? I often fancy that she is living, somewhere, and sorrowing for her children. I know I made all possible enquiries, and continued to make them for a long time. Poor thing, if she could only see them to-night."

Half-past twelve and the ball was at its height, when a messenger came for young Dr. Brown. A woman was dying. On his way to the patient the Doctor learned that the sick woman was a lodger who had occupied the attic in the messenger's house for five years. Her name was O'Donnell, and she was a charwoman in some public building. She was very retiring, and seemed to have no friends.

At length they arrive at the house, and the Doctor is ushered up to the attic. A priest is in the sick woman's room, and as Dr. Brown's eyes pass from him to the bed, he sees a woman's worn, wan face. Her eyes are closed, and death is evidently not far off. "I am afraid no doctor can do that poor woman any good now," said the priest. It's a very sad case. She has no friends in this country. She came out with her husband and children in the famine year; the husband took the fever and died at sea; the mother fell ill, and was separated from her children at landing by some mischance, and never found them again. She has spent her life-time looking for them. After recovering from her illness she went to Montreal, and afterwards crossed the line to New York, following a wrong clue to her children's whereabouts, but returned here a few years ago. Now she is dying."

The story of his childhood had not been forgotten by Dr. Brown, and he felt that if the woman lying there was not his own mother, the coincidence was a remarkable one. "What is her name?" he asks. "O'Donnell," replies the priest. "It must be," he murmurs.

Just then the sick woman opens her eyes, and fixes them on the doctor, and

he notes the resemblance to his sister.

"John," she calls, "I'm so tired. Are the children there?"

Down on his knees by the bedside falls the doctor, grasping the withered, toil-worn hands in his, and calling, "Mother, oh, my mother," but the dying eyes close again.

Turning to the astonished clergyman, he says: "I am one of the children she has lost. I feel, I know she is my mother."

"God be praised," ejaculates the priest, "but this blessing has come almost too late."

Tearing a leaf from his note book, Dr. Brown scribbles a few words to his sister. "Come with the messenger-- do not delay an instant," and sends off the man of the house with it.

Silently the two men watch by the bedside. Only the heavy breathing reveals that life is there.

It seems hours but is scarcely half of one before Mary arrives. In surprise she views the room and its occupants, all in such contrast to the scene she has left. Her brother puts his arm around her, and draws her to the bedside. "Mary," he says, "this is our mother whom we lost long ago." Mary does not reply, but her face becomes pale, and for a moment she covers it with her hands. Then the brother and sister kneel together by the bed, silently watching the life slipping away.

Presently Mrs. O'Donnell awakes; she is quite conscious, and looks wonderingly at the young girl, and then at the doctor. He tries to speak, but the sound dies away on his lips. At last he utters, "Mother, we are your children."

"My children, my dear ones that I lost," she says, and holds out her hand towards them. "I prayed to see you before I died." Her eyes shone with happiness for a moment, and then all was over. The poor, weary body and hungry heart were at rest.

How many things come too late."

MARY CAMERON DOYLE.

Ottawa.

[FOR CANADA]

"TANTRAMAR."

BY SIDONIE ZILLA.

(Concluded.)

"RAY hated skating, I delighted in it; but she took out a season's ticket at the rink; for, of course, Lester would be there, and thus she could see him every day. It was an imperative rule that every girl who went

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