

The Recall.

(Georgina P. Curtis in The Rosary Magazine)

'Hi, you boys come here.' The tall man stood for a moment, a heavy bag in each hand, looking past the hurrying crowd, to where a little boy of about ten years was making his way toward him as fast as he could respond to the call. The next moment, dashed and breathless, the boy was receiving the bags from the guard with instructions to convey them to the Queen Street Station. Five minutes earlier the long heavy train from the South had rolled into the Buchanan St. Station just as the two ladies alighted and called for a porter to take their bags.

'I can't go outside the station, ma'am,' the tall guard had said, 'but I'll get a boy for you and he will show you the way to the Queen Street Station; it is only four blocks from here.'

The pretty young lady he had addressed considered. 'If it is no near,' she said, 'we do not need a cab, no the boy will do.'

When David MacPhail, flushed and breathless, presented himself the elder lady waved.

'He is very small to carry such heavy bags,' she said, 'had we not better have the cab after all?'

But by this time David had a grip in each hand, and had lifted an eager, beseeching face to the ladies.

'I'm very strong,' he said, 'and the bags are not heavy, and getting the action to the word, he began to trudge manfully ahead, and obeying the immutable law that man should lead woman follow, the two ladies, amused and gratified by the child's pluck, hurried at his side.

He walked very fast, this small David, and once or twice was almost lost sight of among the crowd in the Station. Now they almost reached the exit when suddenly a stout policeman loomed up and, seizing the boy by the collar, began to shake him vigorously. The astonished ladies, who were some distance in the rear, quickened their steps and arrived just as a second burly official had seized the boy by the shoulder and there ensued a rapid volley of words interspersed by a shake from first one policeman on the boy's collar and then from the one who had him by the shoulder.

American independence and love of fair play was especially raising the anger of the two travellers to a white heat; as to the boy, he answered no word, but glanced beseechingly at the younger lady for protection. She it was who took the lead.

'What is the matter?' she said, and her sweet voice expressed a distinct note of anger, 'I have engaged this boy to carry my bags. What are you stopping us for?'

'Big pardon, mum, but no boy are allowed in this station—'t' speak at the rules, mum.'

'This boy was engaged for me by one of the guards, and we are applying out of the station now, so be kind enough to let go of him and allow us to proceed.'

There was a tone in the lady's voice that to one who knew her would have been a danger signal. Slow to anger, her wrath was now thoroughly aroused by the constant shaking David was receiving; as to the boy himself, he still kept hold of the bags, which spoke well for his own tenacity of purpose.

'Well, mum since you're leaving the station I'll let the boy go this time; to oblige you—but (turning to the boy), bark you, sorry, if I catch you hear again, (shake), you'll be arrested, (shake), and marched off to prison, (shake, shake), so be sure you remember.'

Once without, the anger of the elder lady exploded.

'Oh,' she said, 'I wish I could put those two in prison for a week; they shook that child as if he were a rat.'

The boy lifted a flash, sparkling little face and then laughed outright.

'They're cross like that all the time,' he said, 'but we boys don't care. We get a job when we can.'

'And sometimes you elude them?' the younger lady asked, smiling.

'Oh yes Miss often; but this time I wasn't quick to see them.'

There was a soft purr in the boy's speech that made all he said irresistibly attractive.

'He's the prettiest thing I've heard of since the blue-eyed young lady, with conviction; he is a dear child.'

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning of an extremely important condition, so important that it should be attended to at once. They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.

ough the open door, and up long flights of stairs he went until, laughing and breathless, he burst into the three small rooms where he lived with his mother and younger brother.

There was only one occupant of the room that David had entered—and which plainly was a kitchen and living room in one—a little boy who sat in a high-backed chair near the window—obedient whose handsome head, strong little shoulders and splendid chest were in marked contrast to his lower limbs, which were shrunken and almost useless.

His dark eyes gave no hint of sorrow or pain. A cripple from birth, the child had received in place of what was taken away the gift beyond price—a brave cheerful spirit. It looked out of his merry brown eyes now, spike in his voice, a voice that was like a flute.

'Hello, Dave, you're home early. 'Oh, Duffy, I have a shilling.' 'A real silver,' and the boy opened his hand and displayed the precious shining coin to his brother.

Duffy's eyes sparkled. 'What will you do with it, David?' 'Give it to mother.' The boy's face lost some of its childish brightness, and took on a more sober expression as he spoke.

'That's right, Dave, but Christmas is coming; it's only two days off. I do wish we could earn some money, you and I together.'

The older boy threw his arms around the younger. 'You, Duffy, how?' 'Oh, I know,' said Duffy cheerfully. 'I'm lame and I can't go out and run, but there's something I can do, Dave; I can sing. While you and mother have been out I have been reading this book that Father Murray gave me. It tells about boys who used to go from house to house on Christmas eve in the olden times, and sing Christmas carols, and then I thought if only I had a cart, that you could take me out in, we could go from house to house and sing. I'm strong here,' tapping his little chest proudly, 'and I can sing so long and not get tired, longer than you can, sometimes, Dave.'

The elder brother flung his arms around the younger again. 'Duffy, you're a trump; it's a great idea, but where's the cart? I'm afraid a cart would cost several shillings.'

'I shall pray,' Duffy said simply; 'it's the only way to get it, and I—I believe we'll get an answer.'

The elder brother arose from his kneeling position by the other's chair.

'It's time for me to go out again now, and get the evening papers to sell,' he said. 'You keep the shilling, Duffy, and give it to mother when she comes in. Maybe she'll like to get something for supper.'

David turned at the door to wave good-bye to his brother, and far down the stairs he heard Duffy's clear soprano, as the boy began a Christmas carol, evidently full of his plan. Ten minutes later Shiela MacPhail also heard that clear little voice, the voice of her youngest son, as she began mounting the long stairs. How tired she was after her long day at the factory; even the sweet voice cooing above could not take away the hard bitterness which for months had gripped her heart as in a iron band. Was it only a year ago that in spite of slender means, they had been a happy and united family? Then one evening—it was the week after Christmas she remembered—Tammie, her husband, had failed to come home. Distracted with anxiety, she had gone the next morning to the factory where he had worked as a weaver, to learn that he had been sent the previous day at four o'clock on an errand, by the dim. He was to receive a sum of money, about five pounds, to bring back with him. Inquiries elicited the fact that he had discher of his errand and had delivered the money and started back, steam by for the factory, since which time all signs of him had been lost. Days passed and nothing was heard of the missing man, nor did the police records hold any trace of him. At last, Shiela MacPhail received a blow that turned her heart to stone.

SEVERE COLD

DEVELOPED INTO PNEUMONIA

DOCTOR SAID HE WOULD NOT LIVE.

Next to consumption there are more deaths from pneumonia than from any other lung trouble.

There is only one way to prevent pneumonia, and that is to cure the cold just as soon as it appears. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will do this quickly and effectively.

Mr. Hugh McLeod, Resterhazy, Sask., writes:—'My little boy took a very severe cold, and it developed into pneumonia. The doctor said he would not live. I got some of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and he began to improve right away. He is now a strong, healthy child, and shows no signs of it coming back.'

Do not be talked into buying any other Norway Pine Syrup, but insist on getting the original "Dr. Wood's." It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, price 25 cents.

Manufactured only by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Poet—Will you accept this poem at your regular rates? Editor—I guess so—it appears to contain nothing objectionable. Go to the advertising department and ask them what the rates are. How many times do you wish it inserted?

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont. writes:—'My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days. Price 25 cents.'

Standing by the entrance of a large estate in the suburbs of Glasgow are two huge dogs carved out of granite. An Englishman going by in a hack thought he would have some fun with the Scotch driver.

'How often, Jock, do they feed those two big dogs?' 'Whenever they bark, sir,' was the straight-faced reply.

Minard's Liniment cures Dandruff.

Father (sternly)—Can you support my daughter in the manner she's been accustomed to? Lover—Yes, sir, I'm sure I can. Father—Well, I can't do it any longer; so take her, my boy.

Minard's Liniment cures distemper.

The Landlady—How do you like the chicken soup? The Boarder—Oh—er—is this chicken soup? The Landlady—Certainly. How do you like it? The Boarder—Well—er—it's certainly very tender.

W. B. Wilkinson, Stratford, Ont., says:—'It affords me much pleasure to say that I experienced great relief from Muscular Rheumatism by using two boxes of Milburn's Rheumatic Pills. Price a box 50c.'

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The Lady—I thought you said you were looking for work. The Boarder—Well, I am, mum, but I don't want to get it right now. I'm just after claret today.

A Sensible Merchant. Milburn's Sticking Headache Powder gives women prompt relief from monthly pains, and leave no bad after effects whatsoever. Be sure you get Milburn's. Price 25 and 50 cts.

Nurse (to boy who has been using bad words)—How dare you, Tommy? Don't let me hear you say that again? Tommy—Well, Shakespear says it, nurse. Nurse—Well, you are not to go out playing with him any more.

Suffered With Nerve Trouble For Two Years. WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO SLEEP.

Mr. Chas. W. Wood, 34 Torrance Street, Montreal, Que., writes:—'Two years I suffered with nerve trouble, and it was impossible for me to sleep. It did not matter what time I went to bed, in the morning I was even worse than the night before. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me a tonic to take a half hour before going to bed. It was all right for a time, but the old trouble returned with greater force than before.'

One of the boys who works with me, gave me half a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. I took them and I got such satisfaction that I got another box, and before I finished it I could enjoy sleep from 10 p.m. until 6 a.m., and now feel good!'

The price of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills is 50 cents per box, or 8 boxes for \$1.25. They are for sale at all dealers, or will be mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Millburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.'

John MacEachern AGENT. Telephone No. 363. Mar. 22nd, 1906

Price \$2.50 Amherst Boots 'Are the Farmer's friends. Made from Solid Leather throughout, counters, insoles and heels. They stand up and stand the strain of hard wear through all kinds of mud, slush and wet. Men's Amherst Boots, \$1.60 to \$2.75 Women's " " 1.25 to 1.75 Boys' " " 1.50 to 2.00 Girls' " " 1.10 to 1.35 Children " " 1.00

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