

RECREATORY

SOCIETY—Estab- 1856; incorpo- 1840. Meets in 1, 92 St. Alexan- Monday of the e meets last Wed- Rev. Director, P.P. President, 1st Vice-Prus- 2nd Vice, R. er, W. Durack; rary, W. J. Secretary, T. P.

A. & B. 80- the second Sun- in St. Patrick's r street, at 8.80 of Management all on the first y month, at 8 r, Rev. Jas. Kil- J. P. Gunning; 'Donnell, 412 St.

DA, BRANCH 26 November, 1888. ck's Hall, 92 St. every 2nd and each month for business, at 8 Spiritual Ad- Killoran; Chan- cedy; President, t Vice-President, d Vice-President, rding Secretary, 6 Overdale ave., y, J. J. Co- rain street; Treas- s; Marshall, M. l, James Cal- D. J. McGillis, Stevens, W. F. Cahill. Medical Harrison, Dr. Merrill, Dr. W. Dr. J. Curran.

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Polly and I

DEAR MR. I:

"I have read your book about Polly and I, very much, and I like it very much, and I would like to see you very much, and your little girl, because I think you understand about little girls, and why do not come and see me at my home. I live in the Mill House at Lyme. Will you come to tea? Charlotte would say yes if I asked her, but she has got the Influenza. So I will say good-bye.

"from your loving friend, "Rosamund."

It took Rosamund nearly two hours to write the letter, and even then she was not quite sure about the spelling. Influenza in particular had a strange look, she thought. But at last she folded the three sheets covered with large, unsteady writing, and put them in an envelope. She dropped much red sealing wax on the letter, and a little on her hands; but she would not cry, because Charlotte was ill. Then she went down the dusty road to the post office, tying the strings of her sunbonnet as she went. The fisher people at their doors nodded to her as she passed, and watched her out of sight before they resumed their work of net mending or their occupation of gossip.

Rosamund and Charlotte had been a godsend to Lynne. They gave the village people something to talk about—something beyond the tides, the look of the sky, and the hardness of times nowadays. For in Lynne little happened, and the letting of the Mill House was an event. That it should be let to an unmarried lady with one little girl, who was no relation, and who called the lady simply Charlotte, was an event still more startling; and the tongues of the gossips were busy. Not ill-naturedly, though, for they are kindly folk; and when it was found that Miss Haddon "paid her way," and was not "stuck up" in the matter of allowing Rosamund to play on the beach with the fisher children, Lynne made up its mind to the situation, and went on talking.

Now the two had lived in the Mill House for a year, through the changing seasons; had known all the varying glories of the autumn sunsets over the marsh behind the black, ruined mill; the strenuous gales of winter, when one is glad to hold on to the palings to keep one's footing as one goes down the street; the golden summer, when the wide, yellow sands are steeped and dyed in the sunlight, and the sea is a living jewel—sapphire and diamond in one; and the chill spring days, when sea and sky are one pale opal, and the winds moon across the marshes and the beach, where the gulls fly low across the pools left by the tide.

They were happy days for Rosamund, alone with the one she loved best. What stories Charlotte knew, what stores of songs, what enchanting games, and what new and fascinating pursuits, resembling lessons only remotely, yet bringing with them that sense of duty performed which hitherto had come only after the dreariest routine of "learning by heart!" As the year swung round, every day drew Rosamund nearer to her dear, dear Charlotte. And now suddenly it was all over. Charlotte was ill; a woman from the village came in for the little business of housework over which the two had been so merry, and Rosamund was not allowed even to climb the stairs which led to Charlotte's room. A bed was made up for her in the little dining room, and she was left to amuse herself as best she could, without songs or stories or games. So she read and reread all her books, and most of all she read and loved a little volume by an unknown author, called Polly and I. She found it among Charlotte's books, and failed it as a treasure. It was a father's record, simply given, of a child's ways and words; of the goodness and naughtiness of a little child, a little child like herself. She had many other books that told of the sayings and doings of children, their sins and their repentances; but none like this. Rosamund could not have analyzed her sensations, could not have told why this book was dearer to her than all the others. Perhaps it was not so much the fidelity of the picture of child-life as the passionate love, the tender insight of the father, that held her. For the book was no story, was not really a child's book at all; had only the tale of how Polly planted seeds, how she gather-

ed flowers, how she was lost in the snow, and above all—not told in words, but revealed in every detail, every phrase—the story of how Polly's father loved her. And as Rosamund read the book over and over, it seemed to her that since Charlotte was ill, and the world was empty and sad, it would be a happy thing to see this father and his little girl come down the road to the Mill House. Unconsciously Rosamund had identified herself, as children will, with the child of whom she had read. She had come to believe that this father loved her, Rosamund, as he loved his own little girl with the pretty name. She never doubted that he would come.

Rosamund was sitting on the grey fence opposite the house. As she sat there, looking at the red sunlight behind the black mill, she heard a footstep on the road, and turned to look. It was a man in brown nickerbockers and jacket, with a beard. The beard looked red in the evening sunlight, and the man looked kind, she thought; but he was a stranger. She was not afraid of strangers, but all the same she sought the moral support of her own home. She got off the fence, ran across to the garden gate, shut it after her, and from between its white bars stood to watch the stranger go by. She was interested in him because he was walking. Nearly all the brown knickerbockered figures who passed the house were on bicycles; their passage was too swift to allow time for the development of interest.

But this stranger did not pass. He looked at the house, and looked at the mill, looming black from beyond the patch of green behind the house. Then he looked at her, and came close up to the gate.

"You are Rosamund," he said. "I got your letter, and I have come to tea."

"Are you really 'I'?" inquired Rosamund. "Where is Polly?"

"I couldn't bring her. Are you glad to see me?"

"Yes, Mr. I; very glad."

"May I come in?"

"No, don't. Only yesterday I asked Ethel to tea—she's Marsh's little girl; he's one of the coast-guards—and Mrs. Bates said I wasn't to have any one to tea till Charlotte was better."

"That's unlucky for me. However, let's go down to the sea wall. We'll run in."

"Come to the mill," said Rosamund. "You must run, come along."

They ran hand in hand across the green to the old mill, Rosamund's favorite play-place. For long enough the mill had been past work; the boards were rotting away, and the great stones lay silent and idle.

"Come up, Mr. I," she said hospitably, pausing at the foot of the broken stair. "We will prop open the west door, and then we shan't feel the wind, and we can look at the pretty marshes, and see the king go to bed."

"What king?"

"Why, the sun. Don't you know the old French kings used to have lots of people to see them go to bed! But only one king does it now, and he is King Sun. And all the poor people may see him as well as the rich ones."

She had flung open the wooden shutter, and the marsh and the sunset were before them—a picture framed in the soft darkness of the old timbers.

Rosamund spread a sack on the floor. "Sit down," she said, "and tell me all about Polly and I."

"Why, all that was told in the book. Have you written a book about Charlotte and Rosamund?"

"Not yet," was the cautious answer.

"Then don't you see that you must tell me all about yourself at once, or else we don't start fair?"

"Oh," she said vaguely, "there's nothing to tell about us. We never got lost in the snow storm or anything. Oh, dear Mr. I, it was good of you to come!"

VALUABLE MEDICAL PRESCRIPTION

Recommended by a Well-known Toronto Doctor, Whose Love for Humanity is Greater than His Prejudice Against Proprietary Medicines.

The following very valuable prescription, by an eminent and successful physician, will be appreciated by many who are suffering from la grippe, cold, cough, pneumonia, or any throat, lung or stomach trouble, or run-down system, as it is a certain cure, and will save many a doctor's bill. It is almost a certain preventive as well:— "When you feel that you are taking cold or have chilly feeling or aching in any part of the body or head, or feel weak, tired, dizzy, unfit for work, pain in the head or back of the neck, do not neglect these dangerous symptoms, but send immediately to your Druggist and get a bottle of Psychine (pronounced Si-keen), and prepare as follows:—

"Psychine, 2 teaspoonfuls. "Sherry, whisky or water, 2 teaspoonfuls.

"Choice of the latter can be made according to the judgment and preference of the patient."

"Mix thoroughly and take regularly before each meal and at bedtime." This prescription has been used in thousands of cases and has been so universally successful that a number of leading physicians regularly prescribe Psychine in their practice for any of the above troubles, or any run-down, wasting or constitutional difficulty. It is the most reliable and valuable home remedy. It tones up the entire system, giving a feeling of youthfulness and vigor, adding many years to the life of those who use it.

"Years ago I was almost a physical wreck and was suffering with lung troubles. Friends and neighbors thought I would never get better. I began to despair myself. Losing faith in my physician, I resorted to another one who recommended the use of PSYCHINE. It was surprising beyond description the effect it had. I seemed to get up with every dose. Inside of two weeks I was able to attend to my household again. There are no symptoms of consumption about me now."

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Psychine can be procured from any druggist at 50c. and \$1.00. It is a very

I thought it would be all right," she said triumphantly.

"And so it was. You are a lucky girl, Rosamund, to live in a house that has a windmill to it."

"That was why Charlotte took it."

"Ah, yes. By the by, who is Charlotte? They told me in the village Miss Haddon lived in this house."

"That is Charlotte; she is my dearest dear. She lives in the same house as us in the city."

Rosamund shuddered and made a face. "I hate it."

"And how did you come to leave it?"

"My aunt died. I did not like her very much, but I am sorry she died. It is not nice to die."

"We'll talk of that another time," he said. "Tell me about your aunt and your dearest dear."

"My aunt used to go out nearly always to speak at meetings. I haven't anyone else. I haven't got a father, like Polly, nor a mother. How is Polly's mother?"

"She is well," he said quickly. "And so you were left alone? Poor little Mousie!"

"So then I used to go and sit with Charlotte. She writes history books and she lets me sit with her. Her room is so pretty—not like ours—and we used to make tea."

"Yes."

"And then my aunt died. And Mrs. Langridge—she was the woman of the house—and she said I was going to the asylum; and Charlotte was away! And then, just when they were going to send me.

Fooled the Doctors and Got Well

GIN PILLS CURE RHEUMATISM

They certainly were a surprised lot of doctors out Tyneside way. They had been treating Mrs. Harris for years. Gave her about everything that was ever heard of for Rheumatism—and then told her the disease was chronic.

A friend told Mrs. Harris about GIN PILLS. Just to oblige her friend, Mrs. Harris took a box. When that was gone, she dismissed the doctors and bought another box of GIN PILLS. By the time these were gone, she was so much better that she bought the third box and laughed every time she saw a doctor.

Tyneside P. O. Aug. 6, 1906. I received your sample box of Gin Pills, but as there was only enough for a trial I got a box from our druggist, and now I am taking the third box. The pain across my back and kidneys has almost entirely gone, and I am better than I have been for years. I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism, but it has all left me.

The doctors can't explain it. They don't try to. They said Mrs. Harris could not be cured. GIN PILLS cured her. Proof beats explanation all to pieces. Do YOU want proof? Write, mentioning this paper, for a free sample of Gin Pills and try them yourself. Then you will see what Gin Pills will do for YOU. Write now to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, for a free sample.

Sold by dealers everywhere. 50c a box —6 for \$2.50.

Oh!" Again Rosamund shuddered, and he put his arm around her.

"And then Charlotte came, and she said I should be her own little girl. She has no one belonging to her either, and it cost too much money to live in the city, so we came to dear, precious, lovely Lynne; and I am Charlotte's own little girl for ever and ever."

"God bless her!" said he. "He does," the child said softly. "I tell Him to every day, twice, when I say my prayers."

Then Rosamund begged for more tales of Polly, and would not be denied, so the tales were told, but slowly and haltingly, and at last the light was almost gone, and there was silence in the old mill. Rosamund leaned her head against her new friend's shoulder.

"I wish I had a father like you," she said at last. "I wish you would play at being my father, and let Polly be my little sister. I would be very kind to her; really and truly I would."

He kissed her rough, brown hair. "My dear little bird, it's time for you to go to roost. Have you told Charlotte about me?"

"No, I mustn't see her."

"Well, don't tell her until I give you leave. And come down to the beach by the tower to-morrow, if it's nice, and I will tell you some more stories."

And Rosamund went the next day and heard stories—stories more connected and coherent; and again the next day saw them meet, and the next, and the next; till Lynne, watching, made up its mind that this rich gentleman was either Rosamund's long-lost father or was an eccentric person looking for a little girl to adopt. "But Miss Charlotte will have a word about that," added Lynne.

So the days went on, and Charlotte came down stairs, and presently was able to go out a little. Rosamund, true to her promise, had breathed no word of her new friend; and Mrs. Bates, the woman who came in to do the housework and attended to Charlotte, had perhaps been bribed to secrecy; at any rate she said nothing. But as Charlotte grew better, Rosamund's absence began to worry her. She asked herself, "What is it the child runs after all day? Is she, too, going to leave off loving me?" And she sighed and crept down to the beach to look for her.

Far along the beach she saw Rosamund's red fisher cap—a bright spot of color. She crept under the sea wall and waited, for the red spot was moving slowly towards her. Some one was with Rosamund. Charlotte wondered who it could be. Then she shut her eyes and waited for she was very tired.

The little red cap was moving so slowly across the sands, because Rosamund was absorbed in a story which her new friend was telling her.

"And so the two children grew up to be loved her more than anything in the world, and they were going to be married. And then they quarrelled. Oh, Rosamund, never quarrel with the people you love. It is a dreadful thing."

"I won't," said Rosamund. "Go on."

"It was such a silly quarrel—all about nothing that really mattered at all—and he said he never wanted to see her again, and he went away. And when he came to his senses he went back, of course, and she was gone."

"Gone where?"

"I don't know. And he has been looking, looking, looking ever since."

"I do hope he will find her. Make a pretty end to the story, and let him find her—find her quite soon. It is a pretty story, especially about when they were little, and the snow-storm. It's like Polly."

"Yes, that part of the story is pretty. Well, sweetheart, maybe we will find a happy ending to it yet, for do you know—"

"Oh," cried Rosamund, "there's my dear Charlotte!"

He stopped short.

"Darling," he said very earnestly, "go and tell her you have brought her an old friend—some one who. No; tell her you have brought Polly's father. No; tell her her oldest friend is here. Don't startle her. Tell her quietly."

He flung himself in the sand under the shadow of the tower, waiting.

Rosamund, a little bewildered, yet went to carry out his bidding.

She sat down suddenly beside Charlotte, who opened her eyes and reached out a languid hand to meet the child's warm, red, sandy fingers.

"My dearest dear," said Rosamund abruptly, "there's somebody at the tower."

"Yes," said Charlotte, still languid.

"He is a great friend of mine, and he told me to tell you."

"How long have you been such

WHEN YOU ASK FOR SURPRISE A PURE HARD SOAP. INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

great friends?" Charlotte's interest was awakening.

"Oh, a long time—two weeks quite."

"And you never told me? Oh, Rosamund!" The voice was reproachful.

"Oh, dearest dear, don't be angry," cried Rosamund, throwing her arms around Charlotte's neck.

"He told me not to."

"And now he says—"

"And now he said I was to tell you Polly's father was here; and then he said not to tell you that, but—oh, Charlotte, what is it?"

"Is he here?" said Charlotte, in a strange voice. "I should like to see him again—just once."

So Rosamund, now completely mystified, ran across the sand and fetched him, dragging him by the hand to where Charlotte sat in the sun under the sea wall.

"Here he is!" she cried triumphantly.

And the stranger dropped on one knee by Charlotte, and said, "Oh, Charlotte!" and he said no more for quite a long time; only he looked at Charlotte's face and at nothing else.

Then he said to Rosamund, "Go down to the edge of the sea, and bring me the biggest queen shell you can find." So Rosamund went.

Then he took Charlotte's hand and said, "At last! Oh, my dear, how could you go away like that? How could you do it?"

"It is five years ago," Charlotte was saying in a dull voice.

"Can you forgive me? Is it too late? Oh, Charlotte, it isn't too late, is it?"

"Is she dead?" Charlotte asked, and her face was turned away.

"The other woman."

"What other woman?"

"Polly's mother."

Then he laughed out.

"Oh, my dear, my dear, did you believe it of me? Did you think there was a wife in my heart, when all the time there was only you? There is no wife, there is no Polly. There is nothing but you—but you!"

"I don't understand," she said. "I knew it was your book because of the snowstorm. Do you remember when you took off your coat to wrap me in?—do you remember?"

"Do I remember! Charlotte, can't you understand how I have thought of you and you and you—and what our life might have been together, and how at last it got itself written? I have no wife but you."

He paused a moment, and then said quietly, "Charlotte, Polly was our dream-child."

Then she crept into his arms, careless of the sympathetic glance of a boatman smoking on the wall above.

"Then it was not true," she said, after a while; "it was all imagination."

"Imagination and—love, my dear."

Here Rosamund returned with the queen shell, flushed and lovely.

"Rosamund," he said, catching her hands, "you know how well I make up stories? Well, all that about Polly and I was just a make-up, because I had no wife and no little girl, and I wanted them both so badly."

"O dear," said Rosamund gloomily, "then I shall never have her to play with," and her lips drooped and trembled.

"You will have me, at any rate."

I have told our dearest dear how much I want a wife, and she is going to be my wife; and as for my little girl, dear—"

"Oh," cried Rosamund, jumping for joy, "then your little girl will be me!"

"Exactly. I must have been thinking of you when I wrote the book—of you and Charlotte."

"Then you knew Charlotte before?"

"Haven't I been telling you about being children together?"

"Then it was Charlotte in the snowstorm! Well, if it couldn't be Polly, and it couldn't be me, I'm glad it was Charlotte. My dearest dear, I hope you will be as nice to him as his wife was in the book."

"I'll try," said Charlotte meekly.

"And I'll try to be as naughty as Polly—I will really and truly," said Rosamund. "Charlotte, you look as if you had just washed your face—it's all pink and damp. But your eyes are very bright. Aren't you glad he's come?"

"Yes," said Charlotte.

"I told you God would bless her," said Rosamund, creeping in between them.

"He has blessed me," said Charlotte, softly, tenderly.

"He has blessed me," said the man reverently. And across the child's head the eyes of the lovers met.—Benziger's Magazine.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP. Stops the irritating cough, loosens the phlegm, soothes the inflamed tissues of the lungs and bronchial tubes, and produces a quick and permanent cure in all cases of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hoarseness, Sore Throat and the first stages of Consumption. Mrs. Norma Swanson, Cargill, Ont., writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. I had a very bad cold, could not sleep at night for the coughing and had pains in my chest and lungs. I only used half a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup and was perfectly well again." Price 25 cents a bottle.

IRISHMEN INVITE BOTH. General Botha will be invited by a representative body of Irishmen to visit Ireland during the week that will signalize the opening of the international exhibition. Botha has many ties that bind him to Ireland. His wife is Irish; he had a son until recently in one of the Irish colleges, and the sympathies of most Irishmen were with him and his countrymen during the Boer war. Many of the men who comprised the Irish brigade and who fought under Botha's command during the war are now residing in Ireland and would be glad to meet their old comrade in arms. He will be asked to address a public meeting on the subject of home rule, and if he accepts the invitation it is regarded as certain that the gathering will be one of the largest and most representative that has been seen in Ireland since the days of Parnell.

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