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CHAPTER XI.—Continued. Both children signed as Mrs. Rains ord finished her wild little song. "Then she died?" said Olive. "Yes, dear; so the song would have understand," was Mrs. Rainsford's

"Is it a song with a hidden mean-ing mamma?" inquired Guy. "Yes, my dear boy, I think it is-can you guess what it is ?" "Is it that we should be content to

leave us. "No: it was my fault," faltered

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boat shove off on its errand of mercy to the poor laboring vessel on the verge of doom. Nay, not on the launched when the terrible forked lightning, flashing hither and thi-ther, showed those who watched and peered the poor trembling vessel struck and parting asunder. "I shouldn't wonder if the poor thing has struck," said Marjory, as the sound of voices seemed borne on the wind to her, while she and Olive still lingered by the window. "Did you say Uncle Fred and Duke had gone down to the shore!" said Olive.

"is it that we should be content to day where we are?" "that, we must it spoil our lives and bring trouble upon others by pleasing our-solves, because we think it is the

serves, but way." "I hope Ellie isn't a mermaid somewhere, and breaking her heart, like the little girl in the song," re-marked Olive presently, with a ris-

ing sob. "No, dear, we will hope not. You see, dear, she did not choose to

the child. e child. "But see, here is Silverwing come "But see, here is Silverwing come for her bread-crumbs," said Mrs. Rainsford, as the pretty bird came and alighted at their feet, just as Olive's eyes were brimming over with tears. "Run to the house, Guy, and fetch a bit of bread, and Olive will feed her."

Olive will feed her." "Oh, Olive, such a beautiful thing has come for you!" this was the pleasant surprise he brought back for the little girl as well as the bread. "Now guess what." "Not Ellie?" Mrs. Rainsford not-the writtle girl in the Mathematical State

ed the wistful ring in the little

"No, not Ellie; I wish 'twere," was the sober reply. "Something that trots; there, now I've half told

"Not a pony?" Olive clapped her hands hands. "Yes, a pony from your Aunt Olive. Now come along and see it; mamma will feed Silverwing," said Guy; and away they went like the wind

¹¹¹²S₃, there by the door stood Duke with the sleekest of brown ponies, equipped for a lady, with side-sad-dle and silver-mounted harness; eyes

st tiny whip Duke held, ready for ther hand. Up he tossed her into the saddle,

Up he tossed her into the saddle, and gave her reins and whip. "What shall I call him?" asked the small horsewoman, poising her-self gracefully in her saddle already. "Brownie," suggested Guy. And Brownie, he was called there and then; Mrs. Rainsford coming just in time to see them start, Silver-wing alighting on Olive's shoulder, and riding with them to the gate.

KIDNEY-LIVERPILLS CHAPTER XII.-LITTLE AILLIE-PRINCE CHARLIE AND SYLPH -OLIVE'S CONFESSION.

You may shudder to think of your-

child, like some wee mermaid brought up from the depths of the sea. A sob broke from the hardy fellow who took her from that powerless arm into his own. Father and child, and both dead: so the tidings thrill-ed through the crowd, and the wo-men came pressing round. "Here's Dr. Wenley," they cried, as he made his way into that pitiful inner circle.

men came pressing round. "Here's. Dr. Wenley," they cried, as he made his way into that pitiful inner circle. Now she lay in the doctor's arms, a little fair-haired girl in foreign gaments, but with an English-look-ing face, of about his own Ellie's age. Nay, she reminded him of her, his sweet little lost daughter, with her flower-like face. A strange joy thrilled through his heart when he found she was not dead. "She is not dead," he told the wo-men who crowded round, and laid her in the arms of one of them: they knew how to revive her, these help-ful fishers' wives, whose hearts and lives were, as it were, centred on the sea. He turned to bend over the father. "And he will live," he said to the sturdy fellows who now ga-thered him up and bore him away to one of the cottages. And now, where was the boat ? The storm was abating, the night at its densest and deepest. The moon would soon rise, a waning moon which would shine till morning, what would the sea give up be-sides? what retain in its awful mysterious depths? Ah well' the boat did its mission nobly, and came back. Not one lost, not one cast-away, only the vessel and its cargo. Day dawned over a murky troubled sea, foaming out its dissatisfaction -but what of the golden-haired child and her dusky-haired father ? The man awoke in the fisher's cottage, not much the worse for hast night's adventure, his foreign tongue like a strange gibberish, and nothing more, to his kindly entertainers. But the child sher of how with folded pe-tals. A delicate bloom was on her cheaks her golden codde hair be it too much."

Olive still lingered by the window. "Did you say Uncle Fred and Duke had gone down to the shore!" said Olive. "Yes, dear: a doctor is often need-ed down there at a time like this." Ah! little dreamt Marjory how he would be needed to-night; no voice whispered to her of whom would be saved, who lost. But the shouts she heard were those of the fisher folks, watching, and cheering the boat on its perilous way, now bobbing up, a dark some-thing on the yeasty waters, now lost in the trough of the sea. After that one deafening cheer a hush fell, save for the raving of the storm; for those on land saw that the vessel was sinking and disappearing, and knew that precious lives were wrestling with the cruel waters, that would not be appeased. The tide was turning, the excite-ment growing, lights flashed all along the shore, as far as the dra-gon-guarded cave and platform, the scene of the children's play on that lock-out for what the waters would toss in and leave, Dr. Wenley and Dukk among the rest. Now the wa-ters bore in their first trophy of victory, a stalwart foreign-looking man, in foreign-looking garments, awfully, grandly still, as if dead, with something lashed to him and encircled by one arm; for when the cruel waters stole his senses, the poor half-stilfened arm still clutched and held it. child slept on, like some sweet storm-dashed flower with folded pe-tals. A delicate bloom was on her cheeks, her golden sodden hair be-ginning to twine about her baby forehead. About five years old, the fisher's wife thought her, pressing a kiss on her half-parted lips. The man bent over her with tender in-



BREW IT THE SAME AS IF YOU WERE GOING TO SERVE HOT TEA, THEN POUR IT OFF THE LEAVES INTO A PITCHER AND PLACE ON THE ICE. WHEN QUITE COLD SERVE WITH A SLICE OF LEMON(DO NOT USE MILK) AND ADD SUGAR ACCORDING TO TASTE. THE MOST REFRESHING AND WHOLESOME SUMMER BEVERAGE KNOWN

terest, speaking a few words as of endearment, which the cottagers did not understand—they knew he called her Aillie—but the speedwell eves did not unclose; she still slept on. "Is she your child?" asked Mary Brown, the fisher's wife; but he shook his head, and made signs that he did not understand. A Spanleh poor half-stiffened arm still clutched and held it. and held it. "'Tis his treasure," said one. But when the light fron 'a lan-tern was brought to flash over him, and they had loosened his hold, a hush fell on all, and one whispered with bated breath, "'Tis a child!" Ay, a small drooping illy of a a brown, the lisher's wile; but he shored, and juste signs that he and not understand. A Spanish cattle ship they all said the wrecked the shipwrecked mairiners began to collect, and, as the villagers supposed, talked over their plans and prospects. Anon, little Aillie awoke and looked about her in startied amazement, calling for Pedro in pretty silvery accents. Aff' he was bending over her in a moment, pouring out a volley of words, in which "Aillie" rang out again and again, and the child nestlod in his sheltering arms. What did he wish to say to those around him? what did he repeat again and again to his small companion? She herself semed not to comprehend—a word or two of the unknown tongue she trilled as with unaccustomed sweetness, committing them with Encentish as more of the Dyspeptic to Neglecting to Keep

"Go and break the news gently to Marjory, my boy," so his father commissioned him and he went. Marjory, my boy," so his father commissioned him and he went. Yes, it was all coming right again truly, to see the child nestling in her nurse's arms, to hear her pretty tinkling laugh again in the house, Of course Marjory made much of Pedro, though all they said to each other was like double Dutch on both sides, as she herself said. But Ellie was there interpreter, a sweet little go-between, though understand-ing very few Spanish words, but by little caresses and signs she made her Spanish friend know what she meant.

The spansa friend know what she meant. "But, Marjory, where are Orive and Guy?" asked she presently, sit-ting on Pedro's knee in the nur-sery, nursing the Lady Bellas in sweet motherly fashion. "Did they -did they come back that day?" faltering over her question in child-ish uncertainty. "Yes, dearie, they came back-oh! mighty travellers you've been, all three," returned Marjory. "Now, Miss Olive is out riding her poney, and Master Guy is hard at lessons, I daresay."



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<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> the night before, when he held her in this arms. Ther rescues's face was a study in this joy and tender regret, as he beguing interspeesed here and there: a tangled-up speech, even to Dr. Wen-king in interspeesed here and theres a tangled-up speech, even to Dr. Wen-king in the save that he under-speech and the save that he under-speech and the save that he under-speech and the save that he shad res-speech and the save that he under-speech and the save that he shad res-speech the save her from being wash daten her to Spain. Now, returning and coasting along the shore, he in-gend to and and bring her home, when the steern overtood it all out. The dooten wrung his hand. No need to say that Dr. Wenley book Fedno home with him, carrying how the tidings spread through that in the dooten the anall see wall was; now that the dooten thanked and re-warded thary Brown for the carse of his child-oh no, we can imagine all this. Arrived at home, the first how met was buck, coming through

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What a tangle of pleasure was that from October day to them all, and shem "good-byes" and Ellie was sobbing in her father's arms, a small acily bewildered. The store of the store of the store wildered wildered acily bewildered bit of the store and ship weat with a store and ship weat weat the sock, until she came back to be cother until she came back to be cother and ship weat weat the store and ship weat weat the sock weat in the book, and the sock and the book, and the bewildered and the book, and the bewildered and the book and the bewildered and the book and the book of the store and back al-though I waved my handlerchief for weat and I didn't like to be along

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