The Incoming Tide

The Conspiracy of Time and Tide and the lov of their Little Messenger

It was late in the afternoon of a Maynell walked down to the long stretch of white sands that lay be tween Lime Tree Villa and the little watering place of Cliffsea. The day previous the wealthy manufacturer had not the least idea there was such much surprised when a wire from a certain Nurse Jenkins summoned him to the death-bed of his old friend, Hugh Kenyon. The summons had been promptly obeyed, and Mr. May nell had learned how the dying man weeks before, hoping to regain health and strength. A sudden chill had developed into pneumonia, and the doctors had decided that their patient should at once settle any worldly affairs, so James May - couple of stout boxes, that had once nell had been summoned and bad no doubt held the viands of some

said as he turned in the direction of Cliffnes, 'the end can't be far off. The nurse said he was unconscious, so I'll remain until tomorrow. His is a lonely enough bedside, yet-Mr. Maynell frowned.

He was a stouly built man of over sixty years of sge, and his overhanging eyebrows, square jaws and slowly ebin gave him an appearance that was in keeping with the qualities of grim determination and obstinacy with which triends and foes alike endowed him. As he moved along the stretch of deserted sands his compensed for her night's anxiety. thoughts were not pleasant ones. His eyebrows met and his footsteps grew unconsciously quicker. Sud- scapular and my medal though, he denly he became aware that he was was evidently comforting himself, tired and hot. Close at hand a com- 'and about Our Lady, too. You fortable seat was formed by a justing know the story ?" out piece of rock. He seated himself and mopped his face with a large companion. Mr. Maynell put out

'How hot it is !' he said. Cliffses lay some distance away, and from the sands beyond the town there of Mary's search for her lost Son. came the sound of music and of human voices rising in applause. Mr. he concluded confidently.' Maynell remembered that a troop of

preceding night. His walk had was, you know.' tired him, and, after a few spasmodic weakenings, he slept soundly. He

'Wake up! wake up!' a shrill, cheapness, mother said.' childish voice said. 'Wake up, or you'll get drowned.'

how quickly the tide comes in.'

awake, and looked round him in be- right. wilderment. The sun had set across the sea that still glittered and shone forgot to say them. We'll say our Tree Villa on the other the waves gin, Mr. James? were rolling so heavily. 'Dear emile.

'You couldn't,' the boy said. usually vague. There are sudden hollows and the You had better say the prayers,

ward the cliffs that rose sheer and did likewise. straight, 'can we climb?' The small face twitched.

S.and back,' the boy said as the bated when Jim came to the ' Hail waters rolled to their feet. 'Ob, Mary.' White Cliffs.

you-bow did you come here?' 'I saw you from the rocks above There's a sort of track and I slid Mr. Maynell asked when they had down. There was no time to go regained their seats. back to the town.'

years of age. A pair of intensely a mirthless laugh. blue eyes lit up the small, rounded chesp material and well worn he days. spoke correctly and plainly.

'You came down to wake me! Mr. Maynell said in astonishment. "What else could I do?' the boy

made impatient answer. 'There was no one about. What shall we do? Mr. Maynel

cried. 'We must drown.' Toe boy smiled.

Ob. no. There are caves behind where we must stay; but' - the speaker shuddered-' they are dark.' The boy led the man toward a narrow opening that was the er. trance to what was a large cave, and Mr. Maynell followed his guide with a strange sense of confidence Onc.

inside the boy asked: "Have you any matches?" Mr. Maynell searched his pocke's and procured three or four matches. Ose was struck, and Mr. Maynel

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important i a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

"I was taken ill with biffers trouble and

a place in England, and had been Hood's Sarsaparilla

saw that the cave was of large extert and that the ground sloped steeply upwards. The boy gave a little cry.

'See, there are boxes at the end. We can sit on them.'

two made their way to where a that morning received his friend's picnicking party were, and seated themselves. The boy gulped, and 'Poor old Hugh!' Mr. Maynell a couple of big tears rolling down the last glimmer of a match showed

'Are you frightened, little man?' Mr. Maynell asked. He had noticed said, raising his hat. 'Your boy, the dryness of the higher end of the cave and had no misgivings now regarding their fate.

'Mother will be,' the boy replied

'What's your name?'

'Ab, I'm James, too. We're nameeske's.' Mr. Maynell resolved that Jim's mother should be well re-Jim broke the silence.

'She will remember about my

The boy had drawn close to his a hand and drew him closer still.

What story ? 'I expect she will think of that

' But what about your father?' minstrels gave half-hour concerts on 'Daddy's away, far, far away. You see we are poor, and daddy 'That accounts for the pleasant couldn't find work, He wasn't quiet here,' he said, and he leaned brought up to work, mother says, his head against a hollow in the face and so he emigrated.' Jim stumbled of the high chiffs that rose behind at the word. 'But he has got work him. He had not slept much the now in-in the place where the war

' South Africa,' Mr. Maynell said. 'That's it. We are going there was roused by a small hand shaking next week. We have lived here through the winter, because of the

'I see,' Mr. Maynell observed; and there was again a period of sil-'Eb?' Mr. Maynell said sleepily. ence, broken only by the rush of the 'Ob, wake up!' the shrill voice incoming waves on the strand. The insisted. What made you go to gleam of light from the narow o eneleep here? Every one knows ing grew grayer and grayer; the boy leaned more beavily against the Mr. Maynell stood up, thoroughly man. All at once he sat bolt up-

'My prayers !' he exclaimed ; 'I with its reflection; and between him prayers now. It must be past bedand Cliffsea on one hand and Lime time, I'm so sleepy. Will you be-

'Ob, oh!' Mr. Maynell paused. me!' he ejaculated, 'I must wade, I His nightly orisons were short and suppose!' He turned to the small burriedly said, if said at all, and lad who had roused him. The little though he went to church each Sunsunbrowned face wrinkled in a day his recollection of the clergyman's prayers and exhortations were

waters are deep. You would get Jim,' he answered, 'and I'll follow.' 'All right,' the lad agreed, and digan. 'Then,' Mr. Maynell looked to- slipped to his knees. Mr. Maynell

Jim made the Sign of the Cross and began the 'Lord's Prayer.' 'This 'I might - but you coulin't. the man followed easily; he hesi-

why did you go to sleep? Now 'Don't you know it?' Jim paused there's no way out of this-exe pi, to ask. 'I'll say it slowly,' and, for Round Trip Homeseekers' be added, 'you are missed, and that the first time in his life, Mr. Maysome one knows you are at the nell repeated the Angel's Salutation, and followed his small instructor Mr. Maynell's face had grown through the Greed and a few indulgenced prayers. Jim ended with a 'No one knows,' he replied. 'And br ef appeal on behalf of his parents

and grandfather. 'You have a grandfather, then?'

Yes, but he isn't a very-kind 'On!' Mr. Maynell looked more person,' Jim answered, and hastily closely at the little figure by bis side, put an enquiry regarding Mr. May-The boy was perhaps six or seven nell's family. That gentleman gave the Provinces of Manitoba,

'I live alone. Sometimes my face, and though his clothing was of nephew stays with me for a few

ovs like me ?' ' Yes, once. My little boy grew be a man, and well, he did some-

thing displeasing to me and so I sent im away. 'S nt him away !' Jim echoed. Did he do something very, very



is the only emulsion imitated. The reason is plainit's the best. Insist upon having Scott's-it's the world's standard flesh and strength builder.

' Mother wouldn't send me away o matter what I did.' he announced 'Your poor little boy !'

lowered, sympathetic tone. 'I expeot he must. ' Bad !' Mr. Maynell paused. Bad I Well, no, bad exactly. You wouldn't understand.' The speaker ighed. 'Don't you think you could

leep ?' dropping into slumber when h raised his head.

Mr Maynell thought much during hat short summer night of his son, Roger, whom he had sent away beause he bad become a Catholic and married a Catholic wife.

' No.' he muttered once, in answer the question Jim had put; 'no, wasn't a crime, thank God!' And hen he, too, fell into an uneasy sleep that lasted till dawn.

Mr Maynell roused his little com panion. ''Tis morning, Jim,' be said. 'We will get away. First of all I'll see you home.' But as the two hastened toward Cliffses they were met by a white-faced woman. im raced to meet her, and was gathered into her outstretched arms; and Mr Maynell loitered till the first tearful transport of joy was over.

'I congratulate you, madam, or being Jim's mother,' Mr Maynell bave no doubt, saved my life.' 'Saved your life!' the woman aid. And Mr Maynell proceeded

to explain 'I should doubtless have tried to make my way back to Lime Tree Villa,' he concluded, 'once I woke. The woman shuddered, and Jin

We were quite safe, mother, and t was not so dark in the cave. I was Ned, the fisherman, who fire showed me the cave.'

turned to Mr Maynell. Her eyer from our friends, might be the motto widened after a long, earnest, startl. of the other fishes.' It reminds us of ed look, and she moved as if abou that advertisement, 'Bulldog for sale, 'May I ask your name, madam?'

Mr Maynell said. ' My name is Maynell,' the woman replied quietly.

' Maynell !' 'Yes, I am Roger Maynell's wife.'

' My son's wife!' familiar; I saw your photograph.' Mr Maynell beld out his hand.

great mistake. Jim's mother must a cloud?' asked little Robert. be a good woman. Will you forgive Father, who had been paying little me and ask Roger to come home?' attention to the conversation, vouch-Mrs Maynell gave a dry sob as she safed the information : put her hand in that of her father-

'I mustn't ory,' she said; 'On, mustn't cry, and there is nothing to will some home if you wish it! son now and then. And you named mother's arm in a few days, Price 25c.

' Roger wished it.' 'My grandson Jim !' Mr Maynell lingered over the words Thank God I was caught by the neoming tide!' - Magadalen Rock string that your wife ties around your in Berziger's Magezine.

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nost. 'Everything in this house has

'I don't doubt it,' remarked the grouchy tourist. 'And is there any legend connected with the old piece

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> Minard's Liniment cures Neuralgia.

The Sunday school lesson had been 'Yes. I thought your face was about Elijah's ascent in a cloud, and the children could not remember the name of the prophet.

'My dear,' he said, 'I made a 'Who was it went up in the sky in

'I think the man was Wilbur Wright.

Mary Ovington, Jasper, Ont., forgive. And yes, of course, Roger writes :- "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did 'I do wish it. I couldn't manage her any good. Then father got Hag to do without a sight of my grand- yard's Yellow Oil and it cured

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To WHOM IT MAY CONCERN I, the undersigned, J.P. of Fisher River, do hereby take oath and swear, knowing the above statement to be true as testified. Knowing all men by this right.

Signed, L. C. Rogers, J.P.

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