

The Incoming Tide.

The Conspiracy of Time and Tide and the Joy of their Little Messenger.

It was late in the afternoon of a sultry August day that Mr. James Maynell walked down to the long stretch of white sands that lay between Lime Tree Villa and the little watering place of Cliffes.

'Poor old Hugh!' Mr. Maynell said as he turned in the direction of Cliffes.

He was a stoutly built man of over sixty years of age, and his overhanging eyebrows, square jaws and chin gave him an appearance that was in keeping with the qualities of grim determination and obstinacy with which friends and foes alike endowed him.

'How hot it is!' he said. Cliffes lay some distance away, and from the sands beyond the town there came the sound of music and of human voices rising in applause.

'That accounts for the pleasant quiet here,' he said, and he leaned his head against a hollow in the face of the high cliffs that rose behind him.

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

'Oh, wake up! the shrill voice insisted. What made you go to sleep here? Every one knows how quickly the tide comes in.'

Mr. Maynell stood up, thoroughly awake, and looked round him in bewilderment. The sea had set across the sands that still glittered and shone with its reflection, and between him and Cliffes on one hand and Lime Tree Villa on the other the waves were rolling so heavily.

'You couldn't, the boy said. There are sudden hollows and the waters are deep. You would get lost.'

'Then, Mr. Maynell looked toward the cliffs that rose sheer and straight, 'can we climb?'

'I might—but you couldn't. Sand back, the boy said as the waters rolled to their feet.

'Oh, no! Mr. Maynell looked more closely at the little figure by his side. The boy was perhaps six or seven years of age. A pair of intensely blue eyes lit up the small, rounded face, and though his clothing was of cheap material and well worn he 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. Maynell cried. 'We must drown.'

'The boy smiled. 'Oh, no. There are caves behind where we must stay; but—the speaker shuddered—they are dark.'

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 is 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 kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicine without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

'Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back, and builds up the whole system.'

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

'By the flickering match light the two made their way to where a couple of stout boxes, that had once no doubt held the friends of some picnicking party were, and seated themselves. The boy gulped, and the last glimmer of a match showed a couple of big tears rolling down his wan cheeks.

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

'Mother will be, the boy replied slowly. 'What's your name?'

'Jim. 'At, I'm James, too. We're gamekeepers,' Mr. Maynell replied that Jim's mother should be well recompensed for her night's anxiety.

'She will remember about my scapular and my medal though, he was evidently comforting himself, 'and about Our Lady, too. You know the story?'

'The boy had drawn close to his companion. Mr. Maynell put out a hand and drew him closer still.

'What's your story? Then Jim, in simple words, told of Mary's search for her lost son.

'I expect she will think of that as concluded confidently. 'But what about your father?'

'Daddy's away, far, far away. You see we are poor, and daddy couldn't find work. He wasn't brought up to work, mother says, and so he emigrated. Jim stammered at the word. 'But he has got work now—in the place where the war was, you know.'

'South Africa, Mr. Maynell said. 'That's it. We are going there next week. We have lived here through the winter, because of the cheapness, mother said.'

'I see, Mr. Maynell observed, and there was again a period of silence, broken only by the rush of the incoming waves on the strand. The gleam of light from the narrow opening grew grayer and grayer; the boy leaned more heavily against the man. All at once he sat bolt upright.

'My prayers!' he exclaimed; 'I forgot to say them. We'll say our prayers now. It must be past bedtime, I'm so sleepy. Will you begin, Mr. James?'

'Oh, oh! Mr. Maynell passed. His nightly orisons were short and hurriedly said, if said at all, and though he went to church each Sunday his recollection of the clergyman's prayers and exhortations were usually vague.

'You had better say the prayers, Jim,' he answered, 'and I'll follow. 'All right, the lad agreed, and slipped to his knees. Mr. Maynell did likewise.

Jim made the Sign of the Cross and began the 'Lord's Prayer.' This the man followed easily; he hesitated when Jim came to the 'Hail Mary.'

'Don't you know it? Jim passed to ask. 'I'll say it slowly, and for the first time in his life, Mr. Maynell repeated the Angel's Salutation, and followed his small instructor through the Creed and a few indulgent prayers. Jim ended with a brief appeal on behalf of his parents and grandfather.

'You have a grandfather, then? Mr. Maynell asked when they had regained their seats.

'Yes, but he isn't a very kind person,' Jim answered, and hastily put an enquiry regarding Mr. Maynell's family. That gentleman gave a mischievous laugh.

'I live alone. Sometimes my nephew stays with me for a few days. 'Oh! Had you never any little boys like me?'

'Yes, once. My little boy grew to be a man, and—well, he did something dis-pleasing to me and so I sent him away. 'Sent him away? Jim echoed. Did he do something very, very bad?'

Constipation

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act on the bowels and promote their free and regular action, thus curing Constipation and all diseases arising from it.

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'Fine old inn, sir,' commented the host. 'Everything in this house has its story.'

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

'I congratulate you, madam, on being Jim's mother,' Mr. Maynell said, raising his hat. 'Your boy, I have no doubt, saved my life.'

'Saved your life!' the woman said. 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 Jim interposed.

'We were quite safe, mother, and it was not so dark in the cave. It was Ned, the fisherman, who first showed me the cave.'

'We—I and the neighbors—have been out all night, Jim's mother turned to Mr. Maynell. Her eyes widened after a long, earnest, stilled look, and she moved as if about to turn away.

'May I ask your name, madam? Mr. Maynell said. 'My name is Maynell,' the woman replied quietly.

'Yes, I am Roger Maynell's wife. 'My son's wife?'

'Yes. I thought your face was familiar; I saw your photograph.' Mr. Maynell held out his hand.

'My dear,' he said, 'I made a great mistake. Jim's mother must be a good woman. Will you forgive me and ask Roger to come home?'

'Mrs. Maynell gave a dry sob as she put her hand in that of her father-in-law.

'I mustn't cry,' she said; 'Oh, I mustn't cry, and there is nothing to forgive. And yes, of course, Roger will come home if you wish it.'

'I do wish it. I couldn't manage to do without a sight of my grandson now and then. And you named him Jim?'

'Roger wished it. 'My grandson Jim? Mr. Maynell lingered over the words. 'Thank God I was caught by the incoming tide!—Magdalen Rock in Berzelger's Magazine.

Our store has gained a reputation for reliable Groceries. Our trade during 1910 has been very satisfactory.

We shall put forth every effort during the present year to give our customers the best possible service.—R. F. Maddigan.

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Advertisement for MacLellan Bros., Merchant Tailors, featuring the text: 'MR. MAN---We Can Save You Money on Your CLOTHES. Some men think that when they spend their money for a Ready-made suit, that they are buying their clothes at the smallest possible cost. They think only of the first cost. They do not consider that if they would spend a few dollars extra and have a suit made for them by a good tailor, that it would wear at least double as long, and from this standpoint alone, they would be saving.'

Advertisement for Stanley, Shaw & Peardon, Hardware, featuring an illustration of a building and the text: 'For New Buildings Hardware We carry the finest line of Hardware to be found in any store. Architects, Builders and Contractors, will find our line of goods the newest in design, the most adaptable and improved, and of the highest standard of merit in quality and durability.'

Advertisement for Doan's Kidney Pills, featuring an illustration of a man and the text: 'A Justice of the Peace Guarantees this Cure by the Use of Doan's Kidney Pills. Mr. B. J. Thomas, Fisher River, Man., writes: "I beg to acknowledge a receipt of thanks for the great benefit derived from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. For some years I suffered from severe pains in my back and could hardly work at all, and when I stopped down to pick up anything I felt as if my back would break. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, and after taking two boxes I was completely cured and feel that I can now speak too highly in their favor. It will be two years this April and am still cured and expect to stay cured."

Advertisement for A. E. McEACHEN THE SHOEMAN, featuring the text: 'A BIG TEN DAYS' SHOE SALE! Here is a chance you will never get again. 150 Pairs of Men's American Lace Boots. Goodyear Welted, Velvour Calf, made on two different lasts, medium heavy oak sole—"a beauty" comfort. Compare them with any Five Dollar Boot in the city. Ten Days Only—\$3.50 a Pair. We have also RUSSIAN CALF and PATENT at the same price. All new stock. They've got the lead, they've got the style, They've got all others beat a mile. Hockey Boots! Hockey Boots! We lead for Low Prices on Hockey Boots. A good Boy's Hockey Boot at \$1.65. Men's \$3.00 a pair. Others at \$1.75, \$1.85 and \$2.25 a pair. A. E. McEACHEN THE SHOEMAN 82 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.'