

Shilo's Cure

TAKE THE BEST CURE FOR COUGHS WITH SHILO'S CURE

25 Cts. 50 Cts. and \$1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, and is the best Cough and Croup cure ever known.

Sold by A. S. H. Lindsay.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1895.

LIFTED BY LOVE

HOW A WHARF WIFE BECAME A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

wait whom you have rescued from the slough of despair and from the clutches of Whitechapel, with an object as wildly impracticable as it is profoundly charitable.

"That is the misconception that I feared," said Taras in a low, earnest voice, contrasting strongly with the light tone of his friend. "I want you to understand that the girl owes nothing to any sentiment of charity or accidental luck may convey such a suspicion to her mind. If I gave her all that I possess in the world, down to the last farthing, it would not repay what I owe her. But for the daring, the bravery and the endurance of that slight, frail looking girl I might now be on the road to Siberia."

"Good heavens! I have not heard a word of this."

"It has all happened since I saw you last. I told you the police would not let me alone, and they have not. They laid a trap for me, and I walked into it with the simplicity of a woman, mainly, I think, because the agent employed to take me represented himself to be an ex-convict and looked the character so perfectly that I never suspected him of being something worse. Usually, you know, the police agent looks impeccable. They got me down in a collar, I bound hand and foot, and gagged, but could not get my hands free, but I worked the cord off my feet and ate through my gag. There was a pipe in the cellar, and through that I communicated with the girl. I'll tell you in the kitchen does. Presently I'll go in the kitchen and get out things, and I'll just listen and hear till I can make out what she's drivin' at. And I'm a-goin to take stock of everything you do, and say things softer like and more pleasant, same as what you do. And I'll set to and learn, readin and writin if you only show me how—just for a start. But I ain't a-goin to be no trouble an I can I won't be at all more trouble an I can help. Whatever you tell me to do, I'll take and do it, whether I likes it or not—see?"

"Yes," after swallowing my comment—"I heard all what you said last night."

"So I perceive."

"When you're a-goin out, and don't want to take me along with you, do you mind telling me where you are goin and 'bout what time you'll be home?"

"I am not sure that I should quite like that."

"Oh, don't fancy I'm a-goin to follow you about and be a nuisance. No fear! I shouldn't like that myself. But if you didn't turn up, say two or three hours later, you know, I might just take a skivvy round and see if it was all right, doncher know? It shouldn't make no difference to you, 'cause I'd make a lot of difference to me, 'cause I shouldn't have to do it underhand like, and I should feel a lump when I think of it."

"In that case, I will tell you when I think of it."

Then, seeing my troubled look, possibly, and my silence that my mind was not yet relieved of its charge, he added: "Anything else, little friend?"

"Yes, I got somethin else to say, but it kinder sticks half way. Here, don't you bother about makin' arrangements with that fellow to look arter me in case you say it. It's too dreflike to talk about. But I don't want to be held by any one. You wouldn't like that? If you and away, I shall just come arter you, and don't matter where nor how—dye hear?"

There was pain in his face as he nodded assent, but to disguise the feeling he asked if there was anything else.

"Nothing 'tictler," I replied with a sigh of relief. "I've got up the wust of it. You may think I've got to leave at something, but I know I'll have to go pokin and pryin about to find out."

"Well, as Mere Lucas has only just taken in the milk, we can go into the workshop and satisfy your curiosity without keeping breakfast waiting. This is a pretty frock. I have not seen it before, I think."

"Course you ain't," said I, stopping and turning around slowly, with huge delight, to be admired. "Fee gowns is for artnoons, walkin dresses is for outdoors and this is for mornin'."

"I ought to have known that—it's so crisp and bright and fresh," said he.

"We passed through the back yard and up a few steps into a long gabled workshop, which had been rented from the cabinet maker next door. I looked around, expecting to see some terrible instrument. Innumerable plaster casts hung from the rafters. The end wall was covered with rough sketches in charcoal. A potter's wheel stood near the window, with a trough of clay beside it. Some odd looking tools lay on a bench, but they only looked like mishapen spoons. In the middle of the workshop, however, there was something on a stout stand, carefully enveloped in a damp cloth, and a little further on stood another stool, bearing a smaller similar covered object. Taras went up to the larger of the two things and began carefully to remove the cloth, while I stood by waiting in eager curiosity to know what it was that excited the animosity of the police to such an extent."

"It is horrible to fight in the dark. You never know when the blow may fall."

"No, nor who may strike it—that's the worst part of the business. It shakes one's faith. The man you trust turns out to be your enemy—your favorer haunts a nest of spies—anything may happen at any moment. I fancy they will give me a respite now. I am all right for a time."

"It is not possible," said Kavanagh. "Is there not just a chance that the attack was intended rather as a warning of some kind, and that they would have anything else, and that they would have suffered to escape if the girl had not forestalled them? If they silenced you to-night, your works would still exist. They cannot undo them, and they know it. Sent to Siberia, you become a martyr, and a greater importance comes to your work. It seems to me that the agents—the minister, the czar himself—will be satisfied with your manifestation of power and drop the affair."

"For awhile possibly—probably, probably, indeed. But when they find they do not profit by the warning and will not accept their conditions of neutrality for a few days, and then they would want to be frightened by menaces of future punishment from the czar directed by my consciousness."

"But, my dear fellow, it is not as if you were still an active enemy."

"If you think I am nothing but a passive enemy, you are wrong," said Taras, with more fire in his voice than I had yet seen. "I have something to tell you by my removal. For months I have been meditating a new attack, and our camp as we have friends in his. I saw Aua. I owe her that as well as poor girl. Come up with me, and I will show the czar's feet."

"As their chairs moved I slipped from the door and ran up to my room, meditate on what I had heard and form a clearer conception of its meaning."

CHAPTER XII.

THE FIGHT FOR LIFE.

Taras gave me his hand when we met the next morning down stairs. I took it in silence, being unprepared for this form of greeting which I had never before exchanged with any one, and before exchanging it with any one, I breast that threw all my ideas into confusion. But before I let his warm palm leave my clinging fingers, the earnest purpose had come to be the night before. "Here, I'm a-goin to begin to-day in real earnest."

"That's right," said he, smiling, but with serious feeling in his deep eyes. "I ain't a-goin to talk dillecks to any living being any more 'ceptin you. I'm a-goin to talk French like Mere Lucas does. Presently I'll go in the kitchen and get out things, and I'll just listen and hear till I can make out what she's drivin' at. And I'm a-goin to take stock of everything you do, and say things softer like and more pleasant, same as what you do. And I'll set to and learn, readin and writin if you only show me how—just for a start. But I ain't a-goin to be no trouble an I can I won't be at all more trouble an I can help. Whatever you tell me to do, I'll take and do it, whether I likes it or not—see?"

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"So I perceive."

"When you're a-goin out, and don't want to take me along with you, do you mind telling me where you are goin and 'bout what time you'll be home?"

"I am not sure that I should quite like that."

"Oh, don't fancy I'm a-goin to follow you about and be a nuisance. No fear! I shouldn't like that myself. But if you didn't turn up, say two or three hours later, you know, I might just take a skivvy round and see if it was all right, doncher know? It shouldn't make no difference to you, 'cause I'd make a lot of difference to me, 'cause I shouldn't have to do it underhand like, and I should feel a lump when I think of it."

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"I ought to have known that—it's so crisp and bright and fresh," said he.

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from her shoulders is a brutal executioner with an iron sword which in his hand. The third figure is the czar, who has given the order for this helpless woman to be flayed and is standing by to see his order carried out, callous to his victim's suffering."

"What has the woman done?"

"She has dared to tell the czar that she is not his slave."

"What's this down alongside the woman?"

"The czar's dog—licking her hand."

"To show he's got more feeling than the man has?"

"That's it. You begin to see what I mean."

"It's a-comin to me," I said after a few moments of profound thinking. "I'm gettin at it by a little at a time. That woman, you see, she's a look like any other woman, but she's a look like, and you're a-goin to give her new life like you're givin me and alter her face so as people shall hardly know her again."

"Would to heaven I might!" he exclaimed fervently. "One life is too short for such a work—one hand too feeble. I can but hope to avoid the sympathy of humanity and start the cry of indignation which shall shame the czar to mercy."

The group had a new interest for me. The longer I looked at it the more it fascinated me. The third figure, the czar, I saw as I had suffered.

"I guess she feels like I felt," said I. "Like as if nothing could make her feel was, and it didn't matter what happened."

Taras assented.

"Better she hadn't got no soul nor nothing. Better she was dead if she hadn't got a feeling to help her up and give her a new life."

"That's it. But we must find friends to help her, warm the hearts of other nations toward her and kindle a spirit of hope and courage into that poor fainting heart, and we will if we can keep out of the hands of the police."

If he could keep out of the hands of the police! My existence also depended upon that. Recognizing so much, the instinct of self preservation inspired me with a fierce desire and determination to find out and fight this secret emissary of the czar. The enemy once discovered, cunning, cunning, cunning at nothing to save the man who made the world dear to me. It would be a fight for life, and one of us must fall.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ODD DIARY.

In my room there was a table with an empty drawer which fastened with a key. It is half full of rubbish—old ends of all sorts of papers, and scraps of those early days when I was incapable of keeping any other kind of diary. There has served their purpose. There is not a scrap of paper left to record the events of the day which would be easy to compile a minute record of my life in Lambert from them. A few of these notes, however, I have saved, and they will suffice for the early months of my new life.

Here at the very bottom are three penny novelettes, bought for the illustration on the cover, which were so intelligible. And the man, "Lady Beryl" and represented listening, with horror on her face, at a half opened door, in another "Gwendolyn" denounces the baronet, "I'm a-goin to tell you that Beryl says 'Die!' and shoots the villain," and a most unmistakable villain—fascinated me. The heroines were all tall and beautiful, and a couple of them were in evening dress. I could myself in their place, and I had already accomplished in my head, I had already unmasked the secret enemy of Taras and shoot him through the heart to be perfectly satisfied. And the man, the revolver had not been removed from my room. For weeks I carried that dangerous and somewhat cumbersome weapon in my dress pocket. I smile now at my simplicity, but my purpose was no laughing matter then; I was in a terrible earnest.

A long clasp-knife marks the day when I might dispense with part of my portly, and my silence that my mind was not yet relieved of its charge, he added: "Anything else, little friend?"

"Yes," after swallowing my comment—"I heard all what you said last night."

"So I perceive."

"When you're a-goin out, and don't want to take me along with you, do you mind telling me where you are goin and 'bout what time you'll be home?"

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my summer was every day growing more amenable to reason, and I grew gentler, and I hope better, under the gentle and humanizing influences which my dear friend constantly brought to bear upon me.

A day spent in the beautiful country beyond Working is chronicled in this bunch of withered flowers. This was a fresh revelation to me, for with the exception of my memories of wandering to Greenwich I had never been out of London. It was in the first week of June. My astonishment began soon after we passed Clapham and increased as the houses grew fewer and the expanse of country wide and I could not help exclaiming in exclamations of delight now and then.

Taras caught my enthusiasm and was as ready as I to point out any fresh aspect. When we were fairly in the country I felt that I must sing or run or cry to give vent to my exuberant emotion. It seemed as if Taras had never been one—I saw with my eyes, heard with my ears, saw with my heart was a sentiment of pure, ineffable love and divine tenderness which belonged not to his nature than to his. I strove then on my pillow for me; I pressed my burning face on their cool petals when I lay down, and I thought of the "nihilism" and "nihilist" spoken in Lambert, and one morning when we were walking in the park—we never failed to go out for an hour or two before lunch—I asked Taras to tell me what a nihilist was.

"A Russian nihilist," said he, "is a man who desires freedom for his country such as we enjoy here in England, if he can get it. But he would be quite content with less."

"He nodded."

"Have you always been a nihilist?" I asked.

"No; I was once a servant—I might almost say a friend—of the czar, who is now my enemy."

"What made you become a nihilist?" He reflected longer than he usually did before replying to my questions and then said:

"I will show you, Aua," and turning from the path he led me across the park and over Piccadilly into Bond street. There we entered a large gallery which was already crowded with well dressed people. The walls were covered with pictures. I may say without exaggeration that there were hundreds of paintings. There were battle scenes, and others quite present for the most part portraits, but the greater number, and those which attracted most attention, were portraits of men and women in Russia and Siberia. The march of prisoners into the camps, where men and women and young children were crowded together without trial by the administrative process, were herded together in loathsome garments without regard to decency or to health, with less care for their preservation than would be bestowed upon cattle, were shown in such vivid reality that one turned with a feeling of repulsion from the canvas as if the stench of pollution and disease steamed from it.

"This is what made me a nihilist," Taras said in a low voice.

"You have seen all this?" I asked.

"Yes, I have seen all this," he said. "But the thing is overdone. The effect he is passing judgment on the picture in the loud tone of a man who is not a nihilist. He is making capital out of a political boom; in fact, he—added in a confidential tone—"he almost admitted the fact when I taxed him with it here."

"That is not true!" said Taras, raising his voice.

The knot of admirers about the stout young man himself, scanning Taras from head to foot, said, with impudent contempt:

"Beg pardon, may I ask you who are?"

"He was in this way that I came to know who Taras was."

CHAPTER XIV.

A WARNING.

One morning I was particularly bright and happy. Taras and I had risen early, and by arrangement made over night, and gone to the flower market at Covent Garden, from which we returned laden with flowers, and I was then disposing them about our living room. Mere Lucas surprised me by repeating a phrase which she had not used for a long time.

"Pauvre chérie, va!" said she in a trembling voice, regarding me with tender commiseration in her broad, motherly face as she stood before me with her hands planted on her massive hips.

"Why do you say that, Mere Lucas?" I asked, for I could not speak with her forcible fluency. "I have everything I want."

"It is true, it is true. Thank heaven you have everything you desire."

"Then why do you say 'poor dearie' with that look of sadness?"

"Why do I say it?" she said, echoing my words to get time for reflection. She hesitated. Her lips trembled as she was about to tell something that prudence withheld, and then taking me by the arms and drawing me to her breast she got out of the difficulty by saying: "Bonne nuit, mon cher, and went off to her kitchen. I accepted this feminine explanation then, but before long the same expression cropped up again, and I was not long in finding out that she was not so contented as she seemed. That set me wondering. What was there in my condition that appealed to her sympathy? Was it longer the deplorable creature that first excited her pity. Why would a merry laugh now and then be checked by a sigh as she squeezed my hand, or even in a rueful shake of the head and a look of tearful sadness.

Another phase of her affectionate regard added to my perplexity before long. She became more and more restless, and I had no opportunity of bringing us together.

"Good day, Mme. Lucas," Gordon would cry in his voice and exorable French when the door was opened to him. "Fine weather, isn't it? Is M. Taras in his studio?"

"I will go and see," Mere Lucas responded in a low voice, "but behold me all alone," and opening the sitting-room door she gave the poor man no option but to enter and pass a quarter of an hour with me, and a bad quarter to his very limited knowledge of French and my obstinate perseverance in speaking English only to Taras.

It was a nice fellow and the most intimate friend of Taras. A stronger bond of friendship existed between them than there was more weakness reason. Taras and Kavanagh, perhaps because of character. Kavanagh was undoubtedly stronger in purpose and action, which was the reason, I believe, for Taras's (Continued next week.)

THE RATHBON CO.

Agent, G. H. M. BAKER

We are now established in our new, convenient and central premises, and wish to call attention to the various lines of goods now in stock and their quality and prices.

Doors, Sash, Mouldings, Plaster Paris, Charcoal, Portland Cement, Salt, Terra Cotta Material, Drain Tile, etc., etc.

COAL and WOOD

No handier place for Shingles, Lumber, Lath, Etc., than at **NORTH END of Lindsay-st. BRIDGE, RATHBON CO.'S YARD**

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TRENT VALLEY NAVIGATION COMPANY (LIMITED)

1895

TIME-TABLE.

COMMENCING ON

AT RATHBON, FINE 1st.

The Steamer ESTURION,

PLYING BETWEEN

LINDSAY and BOBAGYGEON,

CALLING EACH WAY AT

Sturgeon Point,

will run as follows until further notice:

Leave Lindsay at 9:00 a.m. and 3:30 p.m.

Arrive Bobagyeon at 11:00 a.m. and 5:00 p.m.

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Leaving Saturdays, when the steamer will leave Lindsay at 10:30 p.m. (instead of 9:00 p.m.) upon arrival of Toronto train.

Single tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point, 75c. Return tickets, 80c.

Family tickets between Lindsay and Sturgeon Point, 40c. Return tickets, 45c.

Single tickets between Bobagyeon and Sturgeon Point, 40c. Return tickets, 45c.

Family tickets and excursion tickets at reduced rates on the boat.

Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms for excursions of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips of the boat.

For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. N. Co., Bobagyeon.

J. W. DIAMANT, purser. M. LANE, captain.

Pyry Fectoral.

Every Hack Makes a Breach

In the system, strains the lungs and prepares the way for pneumonia, catarrhs and consumption.

PYNY-PECTORAL

positively cures coughs and colds in a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried, true, soothing and healing in its effects.

LARGE BOTTLE, ONLY 25 CENTS.

J. F. DIX.

MODEL PATENTED AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

The most convenient and cheapest power known where from 2 to 12 horse power is required.

See our circular for testimonials. 120,000 sold in 1894. May be seen in operation on the farms south of Oakwood, David Beecroft, John Dix & Sons, Little Britain, or Jos. Tinney, Oakwood, who has a 16-hp. wheel.

For terms and particulars apply to **J. F. DIX, or W. E. YEREX, Little Britain, or W. H. KENNEDY, Omemece, Ont., 4-4m.**

The Rathbon Co.'s

THE RATHBON CO.

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Castoria

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It saves their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria cures Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.

Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.

Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk. Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

See that you get **C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.**

The signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

John Makins.

LINDSAY FOUNDRY

JOHN MAKINS

Brass and Iron Foundry is prepared to do all kinds of Casting and Foundry Work Repairing or Implying and Machine Set Setting Steam Engines and Boilers. N. B.—Two Pan-Boiler Water Engines 12 h. p. for sale cheap. Apply to

JOHN MAKINS

William-st. North

James Keith.

CLOVER SEED.

Clover Seed wanted, for which the HIGHEST PRICE will be Paid.

ALSO AGENT FOR THE

ONTARIO MUTUAL LIVE STOCK Insurance Company.

Thorough-bred and Farm Stock Insured at very Low Rates.

Fetch on your Seeds and get your Farm Stock Insured at

JAS. KEITH'S, WILLIAM STREET.

F. VanCamp.

CHURGH'S POTATO Finish

NO MORE WATERY POTATOES

DOES NOT INJURE THE VINES

READY-FOR-USE-DRY

NO MIXING REQUIRED

Worth its cost as a fertilizer.

The only safe way to use a Strong Poison

FOR SALE BY F. VanCAMP, Lindsay.

W. G. Woods.

FARMERS, ATTENTION!

You will be visited by stove pedlars within the next month enticing you to buy "Steel Ranges" on long terms. Question—Are you foolish enough to pay \$69 for a stove without furniture when I can supply you with a beautiful Oxford Steel Range and 23 pieces of furniture for \$49? We ought to live by one another. Pedlars as a rule pay no taxes, and are here to-day and in Egypt to-morrow. W. G. Woods pays taxes and sells Steel Ranges. All I ask is that you call and inspect our stock before buying.

W. G. WOODS.

The Post.

THE POST JOB DEPARTMENT.

Orders neatly and promptly executed. Estimates and samples sent by mail when so required.



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Arrangements can be made on very favorable terms for excursions of from 100 to 200 persons on regular trips of the boat.

For terms apply by letter addressed to Secretary T. V. N. Co., Bobagyeon.

J. W. DIAMANT, purser. M. LANE, captain.

Castoria

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for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It saves their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.

Castoria cures Feverishness.

Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.

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Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.

Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.

Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.

Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

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The signature of **Chas. H. Fletcher** is on every wrapper.

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NO MORE WATERY POTATOES

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You will be visited by stove pedlars within the next month enticing you to buy "Steel Ranges" on long terms. Question—Are you foolish enough to pay \$69 for a stove without furniture when I can supply you with a beautiful Oxford Steel Range and 23 pieces of furniture for \$49? We ought to live by one another. Pedlars as a rule pay no taxes, and are here to-day and in Egypt to-morrow. W. G. Woods pays taxes and sells Steel Ranges. All I ask is that you call and inspect our stock before buying.

W. G. WOODS.

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Orders neatly and promptly executed. Estimates and samples sent by mail when so required.

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Shilo's Cure

TAKE THE BEST CURE FOR COUGHS WITH SHILO'S CURE

25 Cts. 50 Cts. and \$1.00 Bottle. One cent a dose.

It is sold on a guarantee by all druggists. It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, and is the best Cough and Croup cure ever known.

Sold by A. S. H. Lindsay.

The Canadian Post.

LINDSAY, FRIDAY, JULY 5, 1895.

LIFTED BY LOVE

HOW A WHARF WIFE BECAME A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

wait whom you have rescued from the slough of despair and from the clutches of Whitechapel, with an object as wildly impracticable as it is profoundly charitable.

"That is the misconception that I feared," said Taras in a low, earnest voice, contrasting strongly with the light tone of his friend. "I want you to understand that the girl owes nothing to any sentiment of charity or accidental luck may convey such a suspicion to her mind. If I gave her all that I possess in the world, down to the last farthing, it would not repay what I owe her. But for the daring, the bravery and the endurance of that slight, frail looking girl I might now be