Scott's Hymn

To The Virgin

(Words of Ellen Douglas in "The

Lady of the Lake.")

Ave Maria! maiden mild Listen to a maiden's prayer! Thou canst hear though from the

Thou canst save amidst despain Safe may we sleep beneath thy

Though banish'd outcast, and re-Maiden! hear'a maiden's prayer Mother, hear a suppliant child

Ave Maria! undefiled! The flinty couch we now must

Shall seem with down of eider

Shall breathe of balm if thou Jane, a trained nurse with one of hast smiled : Then. Maiden! hear a maiden's

prayer; Mother, list a suppliant child.

Ave Maria! stainless styled! Foul demons of the earth and From this their wonted haunt

exiled. Shall flee before thy presence fair:

We bow us to our lot of care, Beneath thy guidance reconciled Hear for a maid a maiden's

And for a father hear a child!

Going Home

'Tis worth the score of years to be returning

track of foam. There's a gray frost on the pane and a turf-fire burning, And young eyes watching fo the coming home.

Ah, you'd be glad, too, to hear the to go." engines pounding, And you going back where

white fields are spread Your heart would run before, you'd soon be rounding Kerry Head.

Good-bye to the city where heart was pining For a speck of the sky, for blade of dewy grass

In Creelabeg there's a gentle su a-shining Between the

dance for you and pass. Ah, Creelabeg! I can't live without you,

So I'm going back with Christ mas in the air. I went from you, but never did

Put fresh turf on, dears; I will soon be there!

-P. J. Carroll.

Their Benjamin

Helen Moriarty in The Magnificat

(Concluded.)

"Pretty good old boat, wasn't she? Mr. Sheeran walked around the car, his hands in his pockets. "But she's wearing out. I think you'll have to get a new one this fall-for you and Martha," he hinted slyly, "and leave the old mother, And his own heart sunk one for mother and me. She'll go under a heavier weight than that fast enough for us." He was of sorrow, as with his son beside smiling as he glanced over at his him he turned the corner and saw son, who had straightened up and his wife sitting on the wide westwas looking off across the valley ern porch, her sewing in her with singularly sombre eyes. The hands. She looked up as the unaccustomed gravity on clear-cut young features struck

monition of trouble "Is anything wrong, Benjy?" he asked quickly.

smiling gravely into his father's her woman's heart grasped the troubled eves.

'wrong, father," was the reply, steadily from her chair, letting 'Unly something has has come her sewing slip unkeeded to the -has happened-that I'm afraid floor. you and mother haven't been "Benjy!" she gasped. "O counting on." A pitiful look Benjy!" came into his eyes at the bewilderment and consternation on his father's countenance. "Aboutthe conscription, you know-" he

halted. The father's jaw fell and he "You mean-" he began. Some

thing clicked in his throat. "You don't mean-" he started again.

Itching Skin

That's the complaint of those who with Eczema or Salt Rheum-and outward applications do not cure.

blood-make that pure and this scalng, burning, itching skin disease will "I was taken with an itching on my trms which proved very disagreeable. I concluded it was sait rheum and bought a cottle of Hood's Sarasparills. In two days fter I began taking it I felt better and it vas not long before I was cured. Have sever had any skin disease since." Mrs. IDA E. WARD, Cove Point, Md.

Hood's Sarsaparilla cures all eruptions.

were silent for a throbbing moment, the father stunned in the midst of his broken dreams. It was all so sudden-so shattering -so unexpected. Three sons were already gone-two to the officers' training camp and one to If thy protection hover there, the navy-God knows he had not The murky cavern's heavy air begrudged them !- and his little

> the first medical units-"It was hard for mother and me." he thought heavily, "that was. Jim and Billy-and Paul. Ave Maria. But they were married and gone away from us; and Janie-she'd been away so long, too. But Benjy-he-I didn't think--" His tortured mind, circling about this new cruel, shrivelling misery that had him in its grip, took no note at first of the drooping attitude of his son, leaning dejectedly against the hotel of the bar. But gradually as he drew himself out of these troubled thoughts something relaxed, inert, about the boy's figure gave him a sudden uneasy twinge, The pain in his eyes gave place to keenness, and he opened his mouth to speakthen closed it quickly. He moistened his lips twice before he

> > finally addressed his son. "Well, son, it's all right," he aid, with affected cheerfulness 'I-I was a little taken aback at first-I was thinking of mother, you know. It will go hard with her, right hard-but when your country calls-of course you have

Benjamin did not move. "Of course." he answered tonelessly. Silence fell between them again, a silence broken by the myriad sounds of country life-the alert The Moorna hills, behind near call of Bob White, the piercing sweetness of the meadow lark' now near, now far: the hens. sheltered singing, the twittering

of the little chicks, the distant bark of a dog at the next farmhouse; all the familiar sounds of a summer day falling now on two that pairs of ears opened anew to their sweetness and appeal. But for the father into the silence had ome a new element, that of fear, a fear the like of which he had

> never experienced. "I wouldn't like that," he told himself, grimly; "I wouldn't like of mine should be afraid-" his lips shrunk away from the dreadful word. . . . Benjamin drew himself up wearily.

> "I suppose," he said, turning to his father, and setting his lips sternly, "I suppose we'll have to go and tell mother ?"

"I suppose so. When do you have to leave?' "Right away. Tomorrow, I

The older man checked a sigh at the sight of the boy's pallor and at the thought of this crushing blow about to be inflicted on the heart of the unsuspecting

"Benjy's back early," was her on the father's heart with a pre- first thought. "I hope," her heart leaped in fright, "he didn't have an accident. He looks kind o' pale_" Then as she glanced The young man turned slowly from one to the other, intuitively truth. Every drop of color went nothing really out of her face, and she rose un-



One stride and the tall son had his arms around her.

"Don't cry, mother," he murmured, patting her shoulder. " I meant to break it to you more gently, but you knew right away,

"I knew as soon as I saw you," she answered, brokenly. "Oh my boy-my baby-do I have to

The father turned away to hide the quivering of his lips, dreading above all the effect on the son of the mother's grief. But he quickly stood at attention as he heard the

me to give?" he was saying in a persuasive tone. "You know you are, you most generous of mothers. Listen!" as he led her to a seat and drew up a chair beside her. "Do you remember the time old man Widdemer sent for the whole bunch of us to go over and help him out in having time in the face of a shortage of help or something like that? was only a little shaver," he went on, laughing as though in great enjoyment at the reminiscence about eleven, I guess. And Dad said I was too little and the work vould be too hard for me. But you said—I've never forgotten it -you said; 'No, John, it ain't neighborly to refuse even our litlest help when he needs it so.' ther," the resonant young voice deepening and softening, "I'm going to fight for my countrydoing it. And you want me to and bite you." go. You wouldn't refuse even

when our country needs it." "No," she responded, looking up into the brave young face bending toward her so lovingly. "I_I wouldn't refuse_" She wiped away a fugitive tear, and essayed a tremulous smile. "I'n willing to have you go, but it's hard—hard on father."

Mother and son were surprised to hear the father laugh as he turned toward them. It was laugh of pure joy and most amazng relief.

Not a bit of it! Haven't I got you-and haven't you got me Why, mother, God gave us our children so's we might be generous

The valiant mother in Mrs. Sheeran put down the rising tide of sorrow at the call of her husband's high courage, and she stood up, slipping into the circle of her tall son's arms, and looked up into his face without a quiver

"God bless you, my son," she aid solemnly, laying her hands on his broad shoulders. "Yes, I am-glad-and proud-to have such a brave son to give my country!" One deep sob shook her as Benjamin bent to kiss her cheek; then with firm step and head erect she went into the house, leaving father and son

Broken Lilies

By Constance E. Bishop, in Sacred Heart Messenger, England

Although it belonged to an en-

he garden by craning over a wooden gate that admitted the outside world to services in the chapel, and which was carefully relocked after worshippers had departed. Somewhere in the englosure rushed a rivulet : although it was invisible, you could hear its mysterious, alluring laughter and hearken to a silken rustle as it swept over stones and water weeds. Within the garden, birds sang lustily: for them it was a sylvan paradise, guarded from interlopers by angels, armed not 25 cents." with flaming sword, but rosaries The trees therein were, many o them, bearers of fruitful promis ing beaded larches and wayward hazels. Roses and lilies throve within parterres: Dolly scented their perfume and longed to gath.

She was an elfin maid, a tiny own bred mite, all frills and flounces. And her mother was gowned as daintly as the elf in spriggled white muslin that blushed in vivid patches beneath the war shadow of a scarlet sunshade.

CAUGHT COLD

NEGLECTED IT

into brenchitis, pneumonia, asthma, or some other serious throat or lung trouble. On the first sign of a cold or cough it is advisable to cure it at once, and not le

equal Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, a remedy that has been universally used by thousands for over twenty-five

"But aren't you glad you have You do not experiment when you buy

Ont., writes:—"I was troubled with lagrippe. I caught cold, and neglected it, and was sick for several months. I took

See that you get Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup when you ask for it. Do not accept a substitute. It is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade mark; price 25c. and 50c.; manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

"Bother!" the child drumined with her boots upon the barrier. 'If nurse were only here, she'd get in somehow. She'd put me And I went along, and had the over the top, and let me play ime of my life. And now, mo- about among those pretty daisies for a little while."

"Very likely : Nurse does things I wouldn't dare to do; there may and to have the time of my life be a dog about which would come

"Only a very bad dog would the littlest help," smiling tenderly bite a nice little girl like me," into the tearful, wistful eyes, objected the sage dolly, whereat her mother laughed.

> The lady's laughter was as nelodious as was her voice-soft. and yet ringing. So, at least, hought Sister Sacristan, who, at that moment appeared in the chapel doorway bearing a broom and duster. Her white habit was tucked up over a dark petticoat the starched wimple enclosed rosy cheeks, and bright brown, birdlike eyes. Her face appealed to Dolly, and the nun smiled at the little girl: child-hearts and childsouls greeted one another.

> > (To be continued.) BEWARE OF WORMS

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Closeman was feeling his way before definitely engaging the losed Order, you could peep into physican famous for his high

> But do you-er-take off anything for cash?" "Certainly," was the reply. "What would you like taken of

Mary Ovington, Jasper Ont writes:- "My mother had a badly sprained arm. Nothing we used did her any good. Then father got Hagyard's Yellow Oil and it cured mother's arm in a few days Price

HEART WAS BAD WOULD WAKEN UP IN DISTRESS.

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"Hold me up!" commanded with my heart and nerves for about six years, caused by overwork and worre. the imperious Dolly. Leaning her now folded parasol against the gate, mother obediently did as she was told.

"Let us go in !" was demanded next.

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