

AN IRISH FAIRY SONG.

By Rev. J. B. Dollard (Slav-na-Mon.)
By light o' the moon, at the gray
cairn stone
A wonderful sight you'll see;

the fallen one as he endeavored to
regain an upright position.
"But what shall I do now?" the
young lad sobbed.

SOUND AS A DOLLAR

That is the result of a course
of treatment with Scott's Emul-
sion. We have special refer-
ence to persons with weak
lungs and sensitive throats.

Scott's Emulsion does some
things better than others. This
is one of them. It has a pec-
uliar action on the throat and
lungs which gives them
strength and makes them tough.

That's how Scott's Emulsion
drives out coughs, colds and
bronchitis. It keeps them out,
too.

"Is this as good as your old
one?" questioned the professor.

"Much better, sir, much better,"
eagerly answered the boy.

"It is yours for to-morrow morn-
ing, and if your playing pleases me
it is yours for always. Take it now
and hurry home. To-morrow I
shall be at the church to hear you.

Richard hesitated.
"Richard, point to the confession-
al," "I must respond."

Richard's prayer was satisfied.
Through all the years in which he
had known the professor his great-
est wish was to see him return to
his religion.

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The professor became confused.
"I will come to-morrow. Let us
go to rest now." And they retired.

The services proceeded. At the
offertory, the soft, dulcet tones of
a violin greeted the community be-
low. The prayerful simple strains
of the Adeste Fidelis as they swelled
forth in tender harmony, in
soulful inspiration; the cadenzas
and trills as they rippled through
the vaulted nave spoke to the soul
of each listener as music, angel's
voice, only can. Richard has played
that same air years ago; but now
a mature musician with the slumbering
muse fully awakened, all the pathos
and tenderness of his soul poured
itself out into that simple melody.

The professor was entranced.
His spirit was lifted from within him,
and burying his head in his hands
he prayed that the peace of the season
might enter into his heart.

Richard heard not the earthly mu-
sician; he heard the plaintive call
of an infant. God asking him to
hasten and adore. He would re-
spond to the call.

After Mass, when almost all the
people had left the edifice, Richard
found the professor still on his
knees.

"I must go," he whispered to
Richard, pointing to the confession-
al. "I must respond."

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in a letter:
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Liver Pills a Thoroughly Effective
Cure.

Uric acid is the name given by
medical men to the poisonous mat-
ter which the kidneys filter
from the blood. When the kidneys
are weak, inactive or diseased they
fail to perform their functions, as
filters, and the uric acid poison re-
mains in the blood to find lodg-
ment in the weaker organs, and
produce the most painful and fatal
results.

The symptoms of kidney disease,
such as backache, frequent and
painful urination, deposits in the
urine, pains in the sides and limbs,
and headaches, are so familiar that
it seems unnecessary for anyone to
be ignorant of the approach of this
dreaded malady. Dr. Chase's Kid-
ney-Liver Pills are ever at hand as
a thoroughly effective remedy, as
they are for sale by nearly every
dealer who pretends to keep any
family medicines.

Not only the kidneys themselves
become diseased, but the uric acid
forms crystals in the joints and
muscles, causing the most extreme
pain, and what is known as rheu-
matism, a disease which can never
be cured until the kidneys are made
healthy and vigorous.

Another form of kidney disease is
dropsy and heart failure. In such
cases the uric acid turns the blood
to water, and causes dropsical
swellings, which, when in the re-
gion of the heart, produce heart
failure.

In view of the frightful risks
which you run in neglecting kidney
derangements, and the undoubted
efficiency of Dr. Chase's Kidney-
Liver Pills as a cure for weak, in-
active, diseased kidneys, it remains
as a duty for you to apply the
remedy and be cured. You can be
certain of beneficial results, for Dr.
Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills have
stood the test of time, and proven
their right to first place as a kid-
ney medicine.

In every town, village and town-
ship of Canada there are people
who can testify to the extraordi-
nary merits of this great remedy.
Ask your friends and neighbors
about it, or, better still, try it
for yourself, and join the ranks of
Dr. Chase's admirers. One pill a
dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers,
or Edmanston, Bates & Com-
pany, Toronto.

The Immense Pines of
Canada

THE IMMENSE PINES OF
CANADA furnish the basis for
that peerless cough and cold rem-
edy, Piny-Balsam; It cures quick-
ly and certainly. Of all druggists,
25c. Made by proprietors of Perry
Davis' Pain-Killer.

Years have passed. The mother
of Richard has gone to her reward,
and the professor is old and gray.
Richard himself has been to Euro-
pe to complete his musical educa-
tion, and is now returning home
to his first teacher and patron.

The meeting is a happy one, and
as the professor recognized the
same old violin he gave his protege
on that Christmas eve years ago
he feels young again.

To-morrow is Christmas. Will
the choir-master at the old church
permit Richard to play the offertory
at the first Mass on the next
morning? Yes. But the church is
no longer the small building of
long ago. A magnificent temple,
with arched roof and stately col-
umns has replaced it. These topics
form the material for a long con-
versation between Richard and the
professor.

"You will hear me play to-mor-
row, professor?" asked Richard.

"Yes," the professor answered.

"Have you been to church since
that Christmas when first you
heard me play?" "I only continue
the other."

CHERISHED
GIFT

The crowded streets, even at the
hours after dark, the gaily decorat-
ed windows of the shops and stores
the many people hurrying to and
fro, each laden with as many bun-
dles as he could carry, the omni-
presence of holly and mistletoe, and
the hundreds of cedar trees which
abounded everywhere, told in the
plainest language that Christmas
was near — in fact, that it was the
eve of the great festival. The downy
covering of snow which lay over
the city, and the clear, blue, star-
lit sky above gave premonition of
an ideal Christmas. The hurry and
bustle of the pedestrians and the
muffled rumble of the delivery wag-
gons showed the eagerness of all
for the coming day.

At the crossing of the two prom-
inent streets stood a young lad. He
was scarcely ten years of age, and
his clothes showed signs of poverty.
Under his arm was a violin and
bow. Now and then he would
place the instrument in position,
and then drawing the bow over the
quivering strings, play some fam-
iliar air after which coins of differ-
ent worth were tossed to him.

The young fellow occupied his
post in this manner until a late
hour. The people on the streets
became fewer; the lights in the
show windows were extinguished
and quiet was beginning to reign.

Our little hero was about to turn
down one of the streets, when he
was accosted by a number of hilari-
ous young men who had been
spending the evening in a question-
able inn.

"Play us a tune, Johnnie," said
one.

"Yes, a tune," echoed the others.

Richard Marlowe, for that was
the youngster's name, did as he
was bid. Upon completion of the
one air another was demanded and
then another.

"Let me see the old thing," said
one of the crowd, whose condition
was worse than the others.

"Oh, no, no," said Richard in a
tone of alarm. "You might break
it."