

THE FARRIER'S DOG AND HIS FELLOW.

IV. THE DOG'S MESSAGE.

One morning the boy failed to come to the shop, although the sun shone and the south wind blew warm across southern hills. From time to time the farrier glanced at the empty sawdust floor as if he were waiting for his friend to be accompanied by Daydaw at his feet, and wondered that the place should seem so empty. More than once he went to the door, and stood under the shed outside, smutty hand before his eyes, watching the street for his little friend and the yellow dog. He even looked at the iron grate up the street to see if the dog's cap might be visible. He stood watching the street for his friend, but there was no sign of either friend or dog; and at noon the smith shut the shop door and went to doctor a sick horse, and did not return all the day.

The next morning the boy again failed to make his appearance. The girl glanced at the empty sawdust floor, and the boy who "ought," he said, "to be there." Finally he closed the shop, and jerking an old apron from a nail in the wall, threw it over the empty seat and went back to look after a horse shoe he had left in the fire. Somehow, to day the hammer ring to suit him. He tried it, the glowing shoe, then he tried it above his head, and tossed it into the air, and it fell, and he sent it through the door, where it fell three times in the air, and fell in a soft little sizzling square into a black tub, and sank out of sight. The farrier did not notice. He never even remembered that he had the little boy that it must be a very bad thing that would cause him to take off or trying to take the apron. He had received to go to the big house of the president, and what was the matter.

It was a day in August. A hot, sultry day, when work was not to be thought of, and even play was a burden. A group of idle boys sat upon the curbstone of a pavement before the door of the very last house of a street that led into the heart of the city. The boys were not plotting any great mischief; they were only, looking about the street in mischief's way. So, when mischief came in sight, they were not slow to grasp it. They were talking of the river a little further on, and of the swimming there, and of catching, coolly, the ways and means of getting there and back in sufficient time to draw suspicion of their tracks, when again they should confront their mothers.

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He took the small foot between his palms, and began to brush. While at his task he heard shouts, and, glancing up, he saw the hurrying crowd of boys, and the flying stones and sticks. "Now," said he, "I wonder what these boys is a chasin' of; like as not it's a cat; or else a boy what's littler'n he, and can't get out of the way. I declare for it, boys is so mean; some boys."

The boy gave a low whistle; he recognized that they were fellow conspirators for the life of the dog. The next moment he felt to work backing away for dear life, the very busiest bootblack that ever plied a brush. And the crowd, jeering, shouting, brandishing their sticks and gathering their stones, passed on. They had lost track of the dog. Neither had they taken special notice of the industrious boy backing the boots of the crookedest customer. "If looks went for anything, they wouldn't have dared ask her to let them look under her skirts for a runaway mad dog, a vagabond cur. They passed on, suspecting nothing, and for the time the dog was safe. When they were gone the lady said, "That will do now," in her own pleasant voice, and shook the boy a coin. The bootblack took that they were somehow he still felt that they were fellow plotters; he could not think of charging her anything. Besides, he had seen the gloves with their fresh patches.

There was a note of exultation in the boy's voice; all his life long he had wished for a dog. He had been too poor ever to own one; but now that one had actually come to him, made a claim upon his humanity, as it were, he felt that he had no choice but to adopt the stray. Then, too, there was nobody whose permission he had to obtain; he was all alone in the world. He had always been so, so far as he knew. He remembered that once when a family boy had run away from a family on the streets, where he had been deserted. They had treated him miserably, and at last he had been taken away. Another boy, a street gamin like himself, had instructed him in the art of bootblack, and had presented him with his own outfit when a farmer had volunteered to give him work and a home at his place in the country. The boy's business was not a large one, but he had managed to pay for a little room in a shanty at the end of a quiet street in the rougher part of the city. True, he had only a pallet there, but the room was his own, the pallet big enough for two, and the dog, "the other stray," he called it, was welcome to share both with him.

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THE DAVISON CASE.

Another Bruce County Victory for Dadd's Kidney Pills.

One More Victory for the Greatest Medicine on Earth - The Pills that Cures Sweeps Steadily on No Case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or Any Other Kidney Disease can Withstand Dadd's Kidney Pills. Lucknow, Jan. 17.-If the Bruce County residents who have been cured of Kidney Diseases by Dadd's Kidney Pills, were to organize a club, it would have the largest membership of any similar body on this continent. Day by day, hour by hour, the number of persons cured by this wonderful medicine increases. Every form of Kidney Disease, no matter how virulent or how stubborn, yields speedily and infallibly to Dadd's Kidney Pills. A T. Davison, of Lucknow, was cured of Kidney Disease, recently, by a few boxes of Dadd's Kidney Pills. His case was an extreme one, and no other remedy did him the slightest good. Dadd's Kidney Pills won a victory over Kidney Disease every time they're used. They are the only medicine on earth that has ever cured Bright's Disease and Diabetes. These diseases yield to them as surely and inevitably as snow melts before the springtime sun. The work of curing Kidney Diseases resembles that of a farmer who undertakes to clear his land of thistles. He may try a dozen methods, but all fail, till he hits on the right one - one that has been designed specially for the one purpose, and for no other. So with Kidney Diseases. You may use hundreds of medicines, but none will cure till you try Dadd's Kidney Pills. They are made to cure Kidney troubles, and no other. They always will. They always do cure them. Dadd's Kidney Pills also cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Paralysis, Female Weakness, Gravel, Stone in Bladder, all urinary troubles, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dropsy, Gout, and all impurities of the blood. They are sold by all druggists, at 50 cents a box, six boxes for \$2.50, or will be sent on receipt of price by The Dadd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABIT. A NEW TREATMENT. The demonstration which commenced three months ago at the request of a number of the clergy and temperance workers in this city, still goes on, with results in scores of cases, many of which were utterly hopeless and who had tried other cures in vain, and who are now leading sober lives, have convinced the most skeptical that an up-to-date, permanent and radical physical cure for the liquor and morphine habits has been discovered which entirely does away with the antiquated and injunctive hypodermic injection treatment. There is nothing miraculous about this new treatment, it being a purely vegetable medicine, compounded on scientific principles, and entirely harmless, leaving only good after effects. Can be taken anywhere quite privately and without a moment's interference with business duties. This is the only physical cure known. It is a rational one, and appeals to the common sense of every man. The immediate results are some increased appetite, calm, restful sleep, and pronounced benefit in every way, physically and mentally. This is guaranteed in every case where the medicine is taken as directed, and Mr. A. Hutton Dixon, furnishes independent city references, and also sends full particulars in plain sealed envelopes on application, or will call if so requested. All correspondence strictly confidential. Messrs. A. Hutton Dixon, 40 Park Ave., Montreal, 1005-2.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are, you will find that the best of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail. BUY Coleman's Salt THE BEST PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS THE CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR FOR \$3.00

Merit Made That is just the truth about Hood's Sarsaparilla. We know it possesses merit because it cures, not once or twice or a hundred times, but thousands and thousands of cases. We know it cures absolutely, permanently, when all others fail to do any good whatever. We repeat Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is the best - in fact the One True Blood Purifier. Hood's Pills cure nausea, indigestion, biliousness. 25 cents.

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