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The Origin of Aileen A'Roon.

Most people are familiar with that famous song, "Robin Adair," but few doubtless are aware that it is only a parody of an older and more beautiful Irish song entitled "Aileen A'Roon," which is now almost forgotten, except among the Wicklow peasantry, in which part of Ireland it had its origin. Apart from the beauty of the melody and the pathos of the words, the song possesses an extrinsic interest from the romantic circumstance attached to its composition.

Carol O'Daly, a Wicklow chieftain of the sixteenth century, was the author of "Aileen A'Roon." He was a brother of Donogh More, the chief of one of the most ancient families of Connaught, and had no equal among the youths of that province as regarded either personal qualities or mental accomplishments. His own tastes were peaceful, and he cultivated all the elegant arts with much assiduity. Thus he became renowned for his skill on the harp, so much so, indeed, that no professional would have dared to compete with him. When "Aileen A'Roon"—she whom he has immortalized, and the story of whose love has come down to us "though the long vista of departed years"—was just blooming into womanhood, Carol was a friend of her father, and a visitor at his castle. She was the daughter of "The Kavanagh," an Irish gentleman, residing within the "pale," and being passionately fond of music, O'Daly taught her so to touch the harp that she became, to use his own words, "the only rival of whom he was afraid." Naturally they fell in love with each other, and for a time everything smiled on their love. But the Kavanaghs quarrelled with Donogh More O'Daly, and though no actual contests followed between them, and enduring coldness took the place of their past friendship. Carol was frowned away from the castle of Kavanagh, though he left it not until he had gained a pledge of faith from Aileen, and had in turn vowed to her lasting constancy.

CALUMNIES.

To clear his brother from unjust charges which had caused the English Viceroy to outlaw the whole name and clan, Carol O'Daly left his native district to visit the Viceroy's Court. After he had gone the father of Aileen pressed her to give her hand to a relative—Talbot, the Lord of Malahide; but she refused, pleading her affection for O'Daly and her engagement with him. A short time passed, and finding her inclinations not to be otherwise overcome, her father informed her that her lover was false, and produced witnesses, who so far gained on her credulity as to cause her to assent hastily to the proposed union. As the time fixed for the marriage approached, she became miserable, and regretted what she had done. However, on the day before the wedding an old attendant brought her a note from the absent Carl. He had heard of the intended marriage and of the calumnies invented against him, and he besought her to grant him an interview in order to clear himself in her eyes before it was too late. The night preceding the nuptial morn was the earliest on which he could arrive, and even then it would be only by the utmost speed of his good horse that he could accomplish the journey.

A SINGLE HARP.

Hour after hour passed, and still no sign of Carol's arrival was heard under the window of the unhappy Aileen. And all the following day she kept her chamber under plea of

preparing for the ceremony. The evening came, and the castle was filled with the kin of the Kavanaghs, prepared to hold joyous festival. Aileen, though sick to death at heart, was compelled to grace with her presence the reception of the visitors, to whom she seemed the fairest of human beings. Finding herself rather tired, she was at length compelled to leave the hall for the purpose of composing herself by a short rest. For this purpose she had to pass a corner of the hall, when, rising gently amid the other music, the sounds of a single harp arrested her ear. The air it played was new to her, but of surpassing sweetness, and thrilled her very heart. She looked to the spot where harper sat, and saw a figure, with snowy hair and bent seemingly with the load of many years. She involuntarily drew nigh to the harper, and heard him pour forth the following words in unison with his music and in tones so low that the crowd heeded them not. But the ears Aileen caught the sounds as fully as if they had been uttered by a thousand voices:

Here is thy home to be,
Aileen A'Roon?
Or wilt thou go with me,
Aileen A'Roon?
Far on the mountain side,
Wilt thou become my bride,
Or wilt thou here abide,
Aileen A'Roon?

Think of the happy hours,
Aileen A'Roon,
Wait us among the flowers,
Aileen A'Roon,
None whom you here may see
Ever can love like me—
None else would die for thee,
Aileen A'Roon.

Thinking of my breaking heart,
Aileen A'Roon,
Oh, are we thus to part,
Aileen A'Roon?
Here, then, amid my foes,
Come I my life to close,
Welcome the grave's repose,
Aileen A'Roon.

Blow ne'er fell on me,
Aileen A'Roon,
But was repaid with three,
Aileen A'Roon.
Yet on thy kin my arm
Ne'er shall alight in harm—
Fatal but strong thy charm,
Aileen A'Roon.

Oh, think how fond our love,
Aileen A'Roon,
All other lives above,
Aileen A'Roon.
Ne'er did the tribes of air
Number a truer pair—
Oh, must I now despair,
Aileen A'Roon?

The agitated maiden knew that Carol was before her, and hope and terror contended so strongly in her breast that she would have fallen had not the nurse, who, having introduced the harper, had been watching the scene, passed quickly to her and supported her.

THE FLIGHT

As she was moving out of the hall she whispered to her lover. "Thine, thine only," and Carol broke out into a verse which seemed as a common harper's welcome to a bride, but which bore a different meaning to the ears of the retiring maiden:—

Cead mille failte,
Aileen A'Roon.
Cead mille failte,
Aileen A'Roon.

When the harper had thus sung a "hundred thousand welcomes to Aileen, the treasure of his heart," he was silent, and, rising slowly, left the hall. In a few moments he had made his way to Aileen's apartments, and had folded her in his arms. "Aileen, beloved," he cried, "I am here!" "Oh, save me, save me!" was her reply. "I will—I can," he returned. "Horses await us a short distance hence; and there too is Donogh More, with many a good arm besides to guard and rescue thee. They would have stormed the castle, Aileen, but I would not shed blood akin to thine. Come, thou shalt be saved without blood." A few minutes later Aileen and O'Daly had fled from the castle. The Kavanaghs soon discovered their loss, and, suspecting the truth, pursued the fugitives, but in vain. A deadly feud was like to have followed, but Donogh More, now restored to peace, with the ruling powers, defended the fugitives in such a way as to show the Kavanagh the prudence of coming to terms, which he did shortly afterwards, to the joy of Carol O'Daly and his bride. Such, then, is the real origin of this beautiful song, of which it is said that Handel declared he would rather be the author than of all the great works he had composed.

"Lieutenant Shackleton, the young Englishman who will try to reach the south pole in a motor car, is intrepid and humorous," said a New York geographer.

"At a dinner in Lieutenant Shackleton's honor I once heard him say, with a humorous glance toward several grizzled explorers whose lives had been passed in looking for the north pole:

"After all, who was this Columbus that we should make such a fuss over him? Surely, gentlemen, Columbus was an overrated man. The task he performed was an easy one. Why, he discovered America the very first time he went to look for it."—Toronto Globe.

FATHER MORRISCY

A Great Physician and a True Priest.

The Chatham World pays the following tribute to the Rev. Wm. Morrissey who died the 30 ult, at the Hotel Dieu, after an illness of three or four months:—

One man has departed this life who will be missed, one man whose place there is no one worthy to fill.

There is none like him.

Father Morrissey was a saintly man. He lived with only one thought and purpose—to do good and promote the happiness of his fellows. He was everybody's friend, everybody's servant. His time, talents, and goods were at the disposal of any one who wanted them. "White man or Indian, male or female Christian or heathen, Catholic or Protestant—all were welcome to his services at all times.

Godness was not religion with Father Morrissey—it was as George Eliot says, "a sweet habit of the blood" in his case. It bubbled up in his heart, sparkled in his eye, shone from his face, and fell from his lips in kindly counsel to all who sought his advice.

He was as much respected and beloved by those of other communions and no communion as by his own, and seemed to love all men alike. He was often known to pray at the bedside of dying friends who were not of his faith, and his medical services were given as freely to one class as another.

A great physician was lost to the profession when Mr. Morrissey took orders. Ignorant or thoughtless persons speak of his "marvellous" cures, but there was nothing marvellous about his success as a physician. He used the same medicines as regular physicians and succeeded by the same methods. His great strength lay in his power of diagnosis. He had the eye of the born physician, and a look or gesture would often be a revelation to him in regard to the physical ailment of a patient. This is why he succeeded where many regular physicians had failed. If he had given all his time and talents to the profession he would have been the most famous practitioner in the land. And if he had sought election to Parliament, who could have successfully opposed him?

Broadminded, tenderhearted, sympathetic, sweetly courteous, divinely charitable loving mankind and loving God, Father Morrissey has lain down to rest after a life of un- resting industry for the promotion of the physical and spiritual good of his fellow men.

He was the one and only man we ever knew who undoubtedly loved his neighbor as himself.

That languid, lifeless feeling that comes with spring and early summer, can be quickly changed to a feeling of buoyancy and energy by the judicious use of Dr. Shoop's Restorative.

The Restorative is a genuine tonic to tired, run-down nerves, and but a few doses is needed to satisfy the user that Dr. Shoop's Restorative is actually reaching that tired spot. The indoor life of winter nearly always leads to sluggish bowels, and to sluggish circulation in general. The customary lack of exercise and outdoor air ties up the liver, stagnates the kidneys and oftentimes weakens the heart's action. Use Dr. Shoop's Restorative a few weeks and all will be changed. A few days test will tell you that you are using the right remedy. You will easily and surely note the change from day to day. Sold by all dealers.

Butter paper for sale at this office,

AGENTS WANTED.

16 x 20 crayon portraits 40 cents, frames 10 cents and up, sheet pictures one cent each. You can make 400 per cent. profit or \$36.00 per week. Catalogue and Samples free. FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY, 1208 W. Taylor Street, Chicago, Ill.

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A house and out buildings and two lots of land in excellent location, especially for a railroad man LOUIS E. YOUNG. Aug. 19

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Where you get the

GOOD STEEL RANGES.

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select strong and reliable companies. This the case it would be impossible perhaps to four stronger and more reliable companies in Carleton County in one office than following companies for whom the undersigned, namely:
CALEDONIAN, the Oldest Scottish Fire Office NORWICH UNION, Established in 1797.
ATLAS, Founded in the reign of King George III and the QUEEN.
I shall be pleased to see intending insurers.

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QUICK RELIEF

If you keep a bottle of Johnson's Anodyne Liniment handy you needn't suffer. Keep the bandage well saturated with the liniment and your wound will soon be healed.

That's what you need when you get a cut, a burn or a scald. You can't wait—you must have relief at once.

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is a sure help in time of trouble. If you have a sprain or strain, a wrenched knee or ankle, a lame back, sore muscles, lumbago, sciatica, stiff joints, muscular rheumatism, or any other ache or pain, Johnson's Anodyne Liniment will rid you of it. Try it. Get a bottle and keep it within reach. You're sure to need it.

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Are coming upon us when the wise father and mother will look about for some means to keep the young people at home. Nothing will do this more effectually than a musical instrument, a Violin, an Organ, or a Piano. I heartily recommend to your notice the renowned Gourlay Piano. Won't you come and have a talk with me about the matter.

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HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

The premises known as the "Maxted property on the North side of Chapel St., consisting of three lots of land with dwelling, ell and stable thereon, the land being freehold, on the North side of Chapel St. for sale. For terms and particulars apply to the undersigned.

LOUIS E. YOUNG, Barrister, etc.

FARM FOR SALE.

At Plymouth, comprising 140 acres, about 80 cleared, balance extra growth, hard and soft wood, considerable lumber. Has good buildings and good orchard. This farm raises over 40 tons of hay, 500 bushels oats, 200 barrels potatoes, besides other stuff. An excellent potato farm. I desired purchaser may include machinery, tools, etc. Apply to

ARNOLD WILSON, Plymouth.

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Constipation should never be neglected. It fills your blood with impurities, and sows the seeds of dangerous diseases. Mother Seigel's Syrup regulates your bowels, cleanses your blood, ensures good digestion, and thus absolutely cures constipation.

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Price 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere. A. J. WHITE & CO., LTD., MONTREAL.