

The Mystery of Killard.

PART I.—THE RACE OF LANE.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

There were, I think, no participles, either active or passive, so far as I have been able to ascertain, in Egyptian, for they did not speak hieroglyphics. Now this man in whom you take such a great interest, this Street—

"Lane, David Lane."

"This David Lane may be said to speak hieroglyphics."

"But you don't mean to say he's one of the lost tribes?"

"I should not care to bind myself to any theory respecting him until I see him."

"The reference to the man of the Bishop's roused the flagging interest of Cahill; besides, they were at last getting near Killard. Cahill shook himself, wiped his forehead, and stood up to try if through the opening cleft of ground he could get one look at the blue cool sea. Just as he did so the horses shied violently and plunged forward, and before young Cahill could recover his head or seat he was thrown flat on his back in the middle of the road.

He was quickly on his feet again; he did not feel hurt, but he did feel very angry.

"Both the brute! What did he say at?" he cried, as he tried to shake the dust off as a dog dries his coat after a swim.

"'Twas no fault of his or mine, sir, but that white paper there, just under you."

"Hanging is too good for any blackguard that leaves paper about the roads." He stooped, raised a small fold of paper which lay on the ground. He was in the act of tearing it furiously in two, when something on it attracted his attention, and he stopped. He opened and looked more closely at the paper, and then exclaimed:

"Well, Mr. Heywood, if this isn't a really queer thing! Here's a kind of likeness of the Island," he turned the paper on one side, "and a lot of something I can't make out on the other; maybe they're those things you were telling me of—look!"

Mr. Heywood took the paper, and fixing his spectacles coughed slightly, as though to salute his old friends the hieroglyphics.

It required an eye almost morbidly sensitive to the features of the coast to detect any resemblance to the Bishop's in the rude sketch. There was a kind of rugged wall with an indentation, and in the indentation a perpendicular isolated mass. Beneath the wall were a few parallel serpentine lines. On the top of the isolated mass was a square space, and from the bottom of this a line reaching a short way down the mass, and ending in a black spot.

"That's the Island," explained Cahill, pointing to the isolated mass, "and that's the house," pointing to the square at the top. "I can make it all out but this—the line from the spot to the house. Maybe it's intended for the chimney, and whoever did it forgot the way that smoke mostly goes, and made it travel down, not up."

"As to smoke, it's not necessary that it should ascend; and, indeed, it is more natural that it should descend. But in this, as in many other things, man seems always struggling to overcome the tendencies of nature. Now, if smoke were only passed in pipes through a solution of salt and snow, it would become so dense and hard that it might be shovelled about like soot, of which it is largely composed."

"But, sir, look at the other side. It's that bothers me entirely. Can you make anything of it?"

"It somewhat, in the lower part, resembles an alembic."

"Does it now?" uttered as a tribute to the seer. "And what may an alembic be, sir?"

"An astrological and chemical vessel used in distillation."

"It is still you mean?" with astonishment.

"No, an alembic is not what distillers use. It is employed in laboratories."

"And would be in no way serviceable in the squeezing of a little drop of potheen?" Cahill seemed losing hold of a fascinating discovery.

"I think not. Besides, these fish are plainly intended to represent a current, and they indicate a downward current, one, I may observe, unknown in distillation; for it is usual with all volatized liquids to rise."

"Well, no one ever said he did make potheen. I thought, myself, at one time, maybe that was the secret, but he'd have to do something with the dew, and do that he couldn't without my knowing of it. I can't make anything out of it. Could it be one of those things you were speaking of a moment ago, Mr. Heywood?"

"A hieroglyph? It may be; but I have never seen the same character before. Never."

"And can't make out what's meant by it?"

"Not finally; but I do think it indicates distillation of some kind, now that I look more closely; but not of whiskey. It's somewhat like a sign in alchemy."

"And what's that?"

"Alchemy was a superstitious science of the dark ages, whereby men thought to turn baser metals into gold, and to discover the elixir of life."

"Is it to turn iron into gold?" With profound interest the young man now regarded his companion as he put this question.

"Yes; iron, and copper, and lead, and mercury, and silver were used from time to time. But of course it was all nonsense—an ignominious superstition, nothing more. At the time it was practised, people believed it was possible to achieve success by the aid of the Evil One."

"By the help of Darkness?" Cahill's wonder amounted almost to dismay.

"Yes. But of course that was all nonsense; the thing was never done at all."

"Well, let us be getting on out of this blistering heat, and not waste any more time over the thing." Young Cahill re-

mounted at his side, and the car set off once more. "I'll keep the paper, anyway," he thought; "it's no load to carry."

"How easy 'tis to say," he mused as they drove along, "that there's no sense in what people tell about Lane and Darkness. Everyone says that Lane has more money than can be accounted for. Where does it come from? Where did his father get the thirty pounds he paid for the Island? Where did this man get the ten golden guineas he paid last night for that gun? Guineas! There are no guineas now; and I heard Luke Dillon say 'guineas,' as plain as I hear that lark singing now. 'Guineas,' he said: 'Ten golden guineas,' while I was listening after they went down the street toward Killard."

With such speculations young Cahill occupied his mind until the car drew up at the door of Pat Casey's shop.

CHAPTER XIII.

CAHILL FINDS AN EMBASSY TO THE ISLAND.

The rude drawing which had so puzzled the two men was exceedingly simple in character, although it was impossible to determine precisely what it was intended to represent. The lower portion of it resembled a water jug, the upper the letter U inverted thus, U. The loop of the U rested on what may be called the neck of the jug, but not quite evenly, as it touched the bend nearer to the left hand than the right bend of the letter. Notwithstanding this, the bases of the U hung parallel. The sketch, a mere outline, displayed in the left hand framework of the upper portion a small object, evidently intended to stand for a fish swimming up the down stroke of the U. At the junction between the shaft of the thing like a water-bottle and the letter, another fish bent in the framework of the letter; and half-way down the neck of the bottle appeared a third fish, also facing down. On the highest part of the inverted letter—that is, on the outside of the curve—stood two short lines. Between these two straight lines the line of the curve was discontinued. The bases of the U were open, and the top of these straight lines indicated another opening. Thus, if the design represented an alembic, there were three outlets from the body of the vessel. The fish, no doubt, showed the course of something, but against the likelihood of this something being a gas there stood the fact of its being a liquid there was the fact that the end of ascent was open like the others.

Once the mackerel had been despatched to Clannore the people of Killard found little to do. On this August morning the men, after breakfast, lay down to sleep. Gradually the women gathered in knots at open doors and discussed, in low tones, the wonderful news of the explosion.

"What can have made David Lane send his boy away, he that was so fond of him by all accounts?" asked one woman.

"It's the curse," answered another; "what luck or grace can you expect from such people? It's the curse, my dear; and it might be only done, David Lane and all of his would be bundled out of the parish. It's in Botany Bay they ought to be, and not among the honest people. All I wonder at it is that the fishing keeps any good at all."

"And then," said another, in a tone of injury, "to think of Edward Martin taking him in, and offering to do for him, is the worst of all."

"Yes," cried a third, excitedly, "it wasn't bad enough to have them near us on the Island, but they must come to live among us. I for one will take good care my children have nothing to say to that boy."

"But," suggested Kitty Heffernan, who knew the world and had larger views than those around her, "how do you know anything against this boy? We never heard any harm of him. And don't you know that if the man sent the boy away, suppose the man is a bad member, the boy can't be like him, for then he'd keep him. Who knows but there's a natural Lane at last, and that's the boy?"

This speech seemed to carry much weight with the listeners; for, if they were not prepared to adopt Kitty's view, they could find no satisfactory objection to it. Seeing she had made an impression, she improved it:

"You all know what I knew long ago, that the child is a Christian. So there's one good thing was done for him that wasn't done for his father, and 'twas Edward Martin's doings, for he went to Father Martin and told him what was going to happen, and Father Martin came. We wasn't say the boy is black until he shows his horns."

"Take my word for it," said the ring-leader of the discontent, "you'll see them soon enough. Mushrooms are slow to grow compared to them."

"I'll believe well of the boy until I see them, then," said his champion warmly.

"Did any one see him?—any one but the men?"

"No. None of us."

"Here's Ellen O'Dwyer coming from the downs. Maybe she saw him."

When the woman reached the group she was hotly assailed with questions. As soon as there was silence, she said:

"Yes; I saw him. He's more like his more like his mother than his father, with great big eyes and bright brown hair, and a sorrowful look for a child. But do you know what they're after finding out?"

"What?" cried several voices.

"He has his hearing, and can call like a sea-gull, and whistle like the wind in a door, and even made an offer at a skylark's song. There's for you!"

"What did I say?" shouted Kitty Heffernan, triumphantly. "He's christened, and he can hear. Maybe now you'll have a long wait for the horns, Mrs. Gorman."

A derisive look and gesture followed these words, and there is no knowing where the discussion might have ended, but for the arrival at that moment of the outside car carrying the two travellers from Clannore.

Christopher Cahill led the way into Pat Casey's, spoke to the proprietor, whom he knew well, and arranged that Mr. Heywood was to have the truckle-

bed in the back parlor, and he himself was to sleep in the shop. He would stay one night certainly, and perhaps two.

When this was arranged, he asked Casey the news, and was told of the surprising events occupying all the tongues of Killard.

At first Cahill would not believe, later he could not. In disjointed speeches made to himself, he canvassed the occurrences, and could not, after elaborate examination, bring himself to regard the report as a matter of fact.

Mr. Heywood and he strolled out, and wandered down to the beach. They crossed the sands, and, finding a sheltered nook, sat down.

For a time the talk was as general as it was possible for any conversation with Mr. Heywood to be. The young man observed the sea was very blue under the opposite shore, and was informed that sea-water was really not blue at all, but reflected the sky, which wasn't blue either, since there was no such thing at all as color; which information made Cahill shake his head, and say "he was sorry for that."

Then he said that a great number of fish were caught hereabouts, and that of them the crabs were particularly fine. Upon which he had to be corrected and told that the learned decided against crabs being fish; and he was informed, as additional knowledge, that a cod often lays nine millions of eggs, and whales none; which caused the young man to say "Oh!" in surprise, and look as sad as when told about the water and color. He remarked that the rock they sat on looked very hard, and was assured that the name of it was something or other. He said, with a faint smile, that it was harder even than the rock itself, and would break it if it fell on the rock.

Mr. Heywood let him into the secret of the two Greek words from which the name of the rock was taken; and, after a long account of Athens and the Greek tongue, told Mr. Cahill, whatever might be his fate, to remain steadfast to the faith of the digamma being nothing but a breathing mark, which the red-faced young man promised to do, with a manner and look of even deeper dejection, as though he regarded any one holding an opposite theory as nothing better than a subtle and venomous foe, against whose attacks he would do all that lay in his power, but still had not a stout heart for the struggle.

It was not, however, until the philosopher disclosed to him the fact that on every square inch of his body there rested a pressure of fourteen pounds avoirdupois, that the spirits of the young man gave way completely, and he said bitterly, as if reviling fate for all her deceptions and wrongs, and the intolerable burden of all placed on ignorant men:

"Mr. Heywood, it's enough to frighten a man out of his seven senses, so it is; but, sir, I'm greatly afraid we'll have our journey for nothing."

"I'm sure I enjoy the day very much. The sea and rocks recall to my mind many scientific facts with which I have not been dealing lately."

"It's a pleasure to me, sir," said young Cahill, with melancholy humility, "to think you like the place; and no place could be finer. But with regard to David Lane and the news we heard to-day, I'm afraid we have our journey for nothing. It isn't likely, is it, Mr. Heywood, that he'll come ashore soon after what happened? And as to any one going to the Island now, that's out of the question."

"There is something in what you say," returned the philosopher. "He has been a solitary man all his life; no doubt he will not care to mingle with other members of the human family peacefully—peacefully, for some time. If people tried to visit him now, he might mingle with them only in a spirit of rancor, in a bellicose or warlike spirit, and this spirit in the Celt, and, indeed, in most of the Caucasian and other races, frequently leads to blows. I need scarcely tell you that a man actively engaged in physical fighting scarcely affords a good subject for philosophical examination, except so far as his strength of body and limb and his agility are concerned, upon none of which points do you, as far as I have gathered, desire my opinion. Therefore I am led to believe we shall have no opportunity of examining his idiosyncrasies during our stay."

(To be Continued.)

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ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

The Fifty-First Anniversary—An Elaborate Programme—An Instructive Lecture by Rev. Father McCallen.

The fifty-first anniversary of this famous association was held last week (Tuesday) in St. Patrick's Hall, the attendance being very large. Hon. Edward Murphy presided, and seated on the stage were Mr. J. J. Curran, Q.C., M.P.; Mr. M. Sharkey, 2nd vice-president St. Patrick's T. A. & B. society; Mr. Joseph Phelan, St. Gabriel's T. A. & B. society; Mr. James McGuire, St. Ann's T. A. & B. society; Mr. J. G. Reilly, Irish Catholic convention; Mr. James Connaughton, Mr. J. J. Costigan, secretary, and the following reverend gentlemen: The Rev. M. Callaghan, S.S., Rev. J. Quinlan, S.S., Rev. Luke Callaghan, Rev. F. Traggesser. Professor Fowler, assisted by St. Patrick's choir and about twenty-five young ladies, furnished the musical part of the programme, and gave, by request, the opening chorus of "Der Freischütz," and the Soldier's Chorus from "Faust." The ladies sang Moore's "You Remember Eden." Miss Bissonnette and Mr. J. P. Whelan, jr., played a piano duet, "Robert le Diable." The music throughout was of an excellent order, and the musicians and vocalists displaying the same sweetness, force and precision which gave such satisfaction to their audience at the late Christmas concert.

The lecture by Rev. J. A. McCallen, S.S., on "Blunders," was most entertaining and instructive. No synopsis can do it justice. Nearly every profession in life was passed in review, the lecturer giving to each its need of praise, and teaching each off with anecdotes illustrative of the blunders to which professional men are liable. He castigated the national blunder of divorce, ill-advised and unhappy marriages, and the mistakes of parents in the education of their children, moving his audience at times to deep feeling and as frequently convincing them with laughter by the witticisms and anecdotes with which the lecture abounded. Of the blunder of intemperance he said: "The man who has found, by sad experience, that he cannot drink liquor without going to excess, makes a frightful blunder when he refuses to take and to keep the total abstinence pledge. The young man who has seen so many of his companions go to the wall by frequent indulgence in intoxicating drink, and thinks that he may tittle as much as he pleases, confident that he is to prove a glorious exception to the rule, will commit a blunder which will lay him stiff and cold in a premature grave."

notwithstanding the hot stuff with which he tries to heat his body. The men who in cold weather think that a glass of liquor will give to the blood as real and lasting a warmth as may be caused by three minutes of active bodily exercise, will find to their cost that they have made a big mistake in paying for what might have been more cheaply bought without the loss of even the smallest piece of silver. The married man who has a wife and children to support will not be exposed to the blunder of falling in his duty to his wife and little ones if he practises total abstinence, while too many by trilling with drink are exposed to become the victims of intemperance habits, which bring woe and desolation to homes that would otherwise be happy." The Rev. Father exhorted his hearers to take the total abstinence pledge, assuring them that they would experience the same rewards as the young man who a few weeks ago called on the lecturer to renew his pledge, saying: "I have money in my purse, health in my body, the respect and esteem of all my friends and less sin on my soul; and I wish to renew the pledge that procured me all these blessings." The ladies, too, were exhorted to use their influence in the good cause, and to make it "unfashionable" to offer strong drink to their male visitors. "Whatever other blunders I may make," concluded the Rev. Father, "I expect to make many in my lifetime. I do not intend to give up the work of temperance till our liquor laws are more universally obeyed and the majority of our people have become sober, law-abiding citizens. It will, no doubt, be the work of a lifetime, but to what grander cause can a priest devote the efforts of his life than that which saves men from sin, enables his manhood, and protects womanhood from the evils of intemperance." The reporters came in for a share of criticism in too often and too easily

invading the privacy of "our homes," spreading before thousands of readers secrets which injure far more the innocent than the guilty. The greater blame, however, continued the lecturer, should be laid at the door of the public, whose vitiated taste too often clamors for these sensational items. Why should wife and children be exposed to public contempt for the waywardness of an erring husband and father? Why should ten, twenty, or thirty relatives be branded with shame by the haunting to public view of the fault or crime of one guilty man or woman? But when the reporters keep within their legitimate field of action—when they supply news which offends and injures no one—when their reports are confined to such matters as will amuse, delight, please, and educate their readers, they are a most necessary and deserving body of men whom we will be always glad to have among us. We need their services and we are grateful to them for the amount of useful information they supply. When the unmanageable public gets more refinement of taste the reporters will, perhaps, be found to be that class of men who are freest from the frailty of making blunders."

The reverend lecturer concluded his most interesting and instructive discourse as follows: "And now, if I have amused you, I have not blundered; for men with more talent than I ever long to possess, have said: 'A hearty laugh is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties.' And again: 'Every time a man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this fragment of life.' If by the sugar coating I have placed around the lessons I have sought to teach, I have

more easily made you swallow the bitter pill which they contained, I am well rewarded, since that bitterness will beget a sweetness in your lives, the result of avoiding the blunders against which you have been warned."

Mr. J. J. Curran, M.P., proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer, which was seconded by Mr. M. Sharkey and carried amid great applause.

OUR Prize Competition. IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT FOR THE Young Folks.

The proprietors of THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE have pleasure in announcing that it is their intention, with the object of interesting the younger members of the Catholic community in literature, to offer for open competition a number of valuable prizes to the pupils of the Catholic schools of the Dominion.

This competition will be open to pupils of schools of the Dominion other than those in Universities and finishing schools.

The prizes will be given for the best original story on some subject relating to the religious, domestic or general history of Canada, early settlements, pioneer efforts, mission work, etc. As far as practicable competitors must confine themselves to incidents connected with their own locality, but this is not absolutely compulsory.

Competitors need not confine themselves to the literal truth, but they may indulge in some romantic embellishment of their stories so long as they are based upon local general or historical fact.

Rules for Competitors:

The stories must be submitted in the handwriting of the competitor.

They must not exceed two thousand words.

Each MS. must be enclosed in a blank sheet of paper of the same size as that on which the story is written, half foolscap size; endorsed with the title of the story; that of the writer; his or her school; county or city; teacher's name and address, and an endorsement by the teacher certifying that the story is in the handwriting of the pupil.

Manuscripts must only be written on one side of the paper.

All stories for competition must be mailed not later than May 1st, 1891, after which the competition closes.

The stories will be submitted to competent judges, who will award the prizes. The names of these judges will be announced later on.

THE PRIZES.

The Prizes will be divided as follows:

1. City of Montreal
2. Dominion Prize.
3. Provincial Prize.
4. County Prize.
5. School Prize.

MONTREAL CITY PRIZE.
The first prize will be given for the best story selected from those sent in from the schools in the city.

DOMINION PRIZE.
The second for the best story selected from those sent from the various counties in each province.

PROVINCIAL PRIZE.
The third for the best story sent from the provinces generally.

COUNTY PRIZE.
The fourth for the best story from any of the schools generally.

SCHOOL PRIZE.
The fifth for the best story from the schools generally.

The prizes will be as follows:

1. (CITY PRIZE)—An excellent Upright Piano.
2. (DOMINION)—A Gold Watch, name of winner and conditions under which it was received, engraved.
3. (PROVINCIAL)—A handsome Silver Watch.
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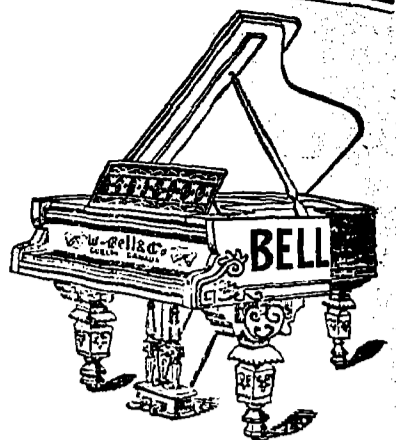
Prizes will be given in accordance with the same classification for the second best stories, and a third class will also be given.

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A special extra series of prizes will be given for the best story in the same grade written by children under twelve years of age, to be duly certified by their teacher.

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