

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER V. MRS. CARMODY

A mile distant from the cottage in which dwelt Nora McCarthy and Clara O'Donoghue, there stood one of the better class of Irish country cottages; while there was little evidence of care in the patch of ground surrounding it, there seemed to be unusual thrift and neatness within. A bright turf fire emitted its cheerful blaze, and the earthen floor was tidily swept. An attempt at a dresser had been made in one corner of the room, and upon a portion of it shone numerous brightly-scoured tins, while the remainder was well stocked with ware, many of the pieces, however, being broken, but so placed that only the good side of each was visible. In the opposite corner rested a settle now arranged as a bed, with coarse, but clean coverlet and pillow; an open door revealed a smaller apartment, evidently a sleeping room. A tidy, florid Irish woman, with her black dress pinned about her, and her gray hair covered by a spotlessly clean cap having huge frilled borders, stood beside a table peeling potatoes. She seemed to be absorbed in deep and not very pleasant thought, for sometimes she shook her head ominously, and after intervals she muttered such stray sentences as the following: "I never had an aisy moment with him, an' I'm afeard I never will. The Lord betune him and harum, but where can he be at all, at all? Six months this very day since I laid eyes on him. Maybe it's in want of a male's mate he is this night; oh, it's thought so."

She suspended her work to brush the tears from her eyes. The door was suddenly flung open, and some one bounding wildly across the floor caught the astounded old woman with a clasp that threatened to stifle her. "Mother, mother! did you think I was dead? I'm not—I'm here, your own Tighe, back again, and well and hearty, her affection for the time being yielded to indignation. "You vagabond! what do you mane by such treatment to yer poor old mother? It wasn't enough to be breakin' my heart wid your hunts, an' your fairs, an' your fights; it's your father Meagher tellin' me that you wor the greatest scape-grace in the country, but you must break my heart intirely by goin' off the way you did, without as much as lavin' a line to say where you wor."

"Is it a line o' writin' you mane?" asked Tighe humbly. "You omadhaun! what else is it I'd mane?" "Sure how could I lave that, when my education just stopped short o' the power o' bein' able to write at all? Now, mother, listen to me an' I'll tell you about it—it's bates Bannahan. You won't listen, an' you won't recave me?" as she turned her back and seemed about to go into the inner room; "then I'll say good-bye to you forever; mebbe it's killed I'll be tonight where I'm goin', an' then you an' the country 'll be rid of the scape-grace."

He pretended to hurry to the door, well knowing that she would follow him. She did so, flinging her arms about him. "Come back, Tighe, my son! I will listen. Sure my heart was breakin' while you was gone, an' every day I fixed yer room the same as if you slept in it the night afore. She drew him to the inner apartment; though poor almost to bareness, it was clean and neat, and there had been even some attempt at taste in the disposition of bows of bright-hued calico on a kind of dressing-stand that occupied one corner. Tighe encircled her with his arm. "You wor always a good mother, an' you deserve a better son than I am; but come now till I tell you, for I'll have to be movin' soon."

She would have busied herself in preparing a meal for him, but he insisted upon having her undivided attention; so taking a seat where she could look fondly into his face, she smoothed the rumpled frills of her cap, and prepared to listen. "You know, mother, how heavy my heart was for the masher after they transported him. "I do, my poor boy, I do."

"Well, I couldn't rest, an' unbeknownst to you or any one, only Shaun, who seemed to understand it all, I used to take long walks by the say-shore, an' I used to picture to meself the lonely jail he was in afar from us all. Begorra, I couldn't stand it, an' I said to Shaun one day, 'I'll go to him, Shaun, if I swim the ocean, I'll reach him some way, an' the dog looked in my face as if he was a Chresthen and jist knew what I was sayin', an' barked; I made up my mind from that minute. I minded how I used to hear them tell in Mrs. Leary's public house of a part of Ireland where big ships sometimes touched. A quare thought ken into me head, an' I acted on it. I

made straight for the part they mentioned, meself an' Shaun, an' a'ther a few days I ken to a fishin' village. I told the people a story about meself that won them completely, an' Shaun, what with his tricks an' his affection, he took their hearts intirely. But I soon found the times there wor changed; big say ships niver touched there any more, an' me heart got heavy agin, only Shaun, somehow, had a way of lightenin' it; he'd look in me face with that look of a Chresthen, an' wag his tail, an' bark, an' somehow I'd take courage. "At last good luck ken in my way, Shaun and meself saved one of the fishermen's childre from drownin' one day whin a big wave was carrin' it away foreinst us, and the poor father was so thankful that he said there wasn't one thing he would not for me."

"Faith," said I, "there's one thing that if you'd do it for me, I'd be the happiest man alive." "An' what is that?" he asked, "but to get me off to Australia." "I'll do it," he said, "if I'm a livin' man."

"An' he was as good as his word, mother: he tuk me to England himself, in his own little fishin' smack, an' by spakin' a word for me here an' there among some of the sailors that he seemed to know purty well, after awhile I found meself shipped for Melbourne as one of the hands, though the sorrowful knowledge I had of what that meant—faith it was as an omadhaun in airnest I tuk the place, an' they had more spout out of me than they iver got work. It'd take too long, mother, to tell you all that happened after I reached Melbourne—how by dint o' beggin' an' blarneyin' I made me way across the country till I ken an' ax God to deliver me."

"Well, there ken a night at last when we stood together outside the prison walls, an' afore mornin' we wor out on the ocean. There wasn't wantin' friends to help us, an' though the hue and cry was raised, we landed safe in Ireland, an' we're here for the last three days, down at Hurley's where the boys meets, watchin' the signs o' the times, an' waitin' to know what to do. I was takin' his chance agin with the rest of the lads, but they've raised the sarch for him, and moreover, they're scourin' this very part of the country in such a hot way that it'll be better for him to lave at once. Some of the boys that'd die to save him coaxed him to fly the country intirely, an' I begged him on me two knees to go. It wasn't one bit o' use; he won't stir a foot till he's seen Miss McCarthy. So tonight he'll make the trial to see her, an' whin he laves her they'll have a boat ready for him. Do you now, mother, go up to the cottage an' prepare Miss McCarthy an' Miss O'Donoghue for his comin'."

The kindhearted old woman had been weeping silent tears during the recital; now she dried her eyes very vigorously, and shook her head. "There's a power o' sorrow come to the young things. I was there today, an' Miss Clare told me how they'll have to give up even the cottage that shelters them. Father Meagher had just been in afore me, an' he had made them promise to come at once to his house. They wor preparin' to go, for they wor in mortal dread of old Carter."

"Tighe sprung from his seat. "By the powers, mother, you don't name that Morty Carter is deceavin' the masher." "I do that same; an' more betokened, there's many a black story tould about him lately."

Tighe folded his arms and dropped his head upon his breast; he was evidently in very troubled thought. His mother did not disturb him, but continued to dry her eyes and to shake her head. "Well," he said at last, as if speaking to himself, "it'll onnarve him intirely whin he hears this."

Looking up, he continued in a different tone: "Go to him any way, mother, an' tell him the masher'll be at Father Meagher's as soon as the night is rightly settled; an' now good-bye; mebbe you'll see me afore long, an' mebbe it'll be awhile afore you'll lay eyes on me agin; but don't recave me in the scoldin' way you did this evenin'."

He caught her in a quick, hearty embrace, and was gone before she had recovered from its effect.

CHAPTER VI. A NEW HOME

All that Father Meagher's tender, priestly heart prompted he did to make the two orphans welcome and happy in his humble, but neat and cheerful home; and both girls

having repaired to the little chapel, and there laid their griefs at the foot of the sacred altar, returned to the priest's house, at least quite resigned, if not comforted. There were no more tears on Nora's lovely face, and Clara's heightened color alone betrayed her excited thoughts. "Sure I know how hard it is," spoke up pretty Moira Moghnan, Father Meagher's niece and deft maid-of-all-work, a merry, impulsive girl, who had no care beyond the charge of her uncle's simple household. She had shown the ladies to their apartment, and with the privilege of long and intimate acquaintance, she had entered, and stood toying with her apron-strings while they put off their outer garments. "Didn't I feel dreadful bad, when Tighe went off the way he did, he pursued; an' don't I keep hopin' an' prayin' that he'll come back soon, and—"

She was interrupted by a loud knock at the front door. Without waiting to finish her sentence, she bounded down the stairs, and in a moment they heard her in excited and joyful conversation. When she returned, her eyes were all afeared, her cheeks glowing; she danced up to the two ladies who were sitting together. "Oh, I have such news for you, such news! I begged Tighe's mother to let me tell you. Mr. O'Donoghue is back from Australia; he's in Drommacol now, and he'll be here tonight to see you both; an' Tighe is home; he was at his mother's this afternoon. Oh, my heart will burst with joy!"

Nora McCarthy became deathly pale, and swayed for a moment in her chair as if she would faint, while Clara half started from her seat and looked in a bewildered way at the speaker. Then both girls turned and gazed at each other. They seemed to realize at last the full, glad purport of what they had heard, and throwing themselves into each other's arms, they burst into happy tears. They would learn the story from Mrs. Carmody, Tighe's mother, and they repaired to the little parlor where the old woman excitedly told her tale. Expatiating on Tighe's "wonderful natural smartness" in mangin' the escape, and making many an amusing digression and embellishment, she gave at length the substance of Tighe's story; and she thought herself well rewarded when both ladies kissed her and mingled their happy tears with her own.

Father Meagher entered in the middle of the exciting and joyful scene, and the glad tidings were told to him by every voice at once. His kind old eyes grew moist with the emotion he could not suppress, and his delight at the prospect of so soon beholding the escaped convict was as keen as that of the two young ardent hearts beside him; but his manner was not entirely free from anxiety; Nora saw it, and she whispered, while Clara was engaged with Mrs. Carmody: "You foresee danger, father. Carroll will incur a great risk by coming here; perhaps you have heard something while you were out."

The priest replied in as low a tone: "A company of soldiers have arrived at Casey's, and they seem to be bent on something; now that I have heard about Carroll's escape, and his intended visit here, I fear their arrival has to do with him."

Nora's face blanched. "Oh, father! he must not come here; we will send him word of the danger."

Father Meagher shook his head. "If he is in Drommacol now, as Mrs. Carmody says, he is already in the danger; but probably there are those about him who will watch for and warn him; besides we know not to what precise place to dispatch a messenger. Cease your alarm; God, who has so well aided and protected him thus far, will not abandon him now. Pray, my dear child, and all will be well."

There was hardly need of the admiration, for her every fibre was incessantly sending up petitions for him about whom every fibre of her being had wound itself, and now, as she turned away that her fear might not communicate itself to Clara, her lips were faintly murmuring: "Oh, my God! save him."

Mrs. Carmody gladly accepted Moira's invitation to remain for the evening, and under pretence of arranging for the secret reception of his expected guest, Father Meagher concealed his ominous anxiety. Nora repaired to the chapel, there to strive to banish her gloomy foreboding, and to gain by prayer the calm she so sadly needed; her overwrought imagination was lending the widest terror to her fears; she saw Carroll snatched from her even before he could make this stolen visit, and she saw him doomed this time, not to a life imprisonment, but to the horrible death of the gallows; she caught his last agonizing glance; she heard the last words of his faithful affection for her; and utterly overcome, she sobbed aloud on the little chancel rail beside which she knelt. She had supposed herself alone, for the sacred place had appeared to be quite deserted when she entered; but a form had been kneeling in the rear of the church. On the entrance of Miss McCarthy, it had crouched so low that it could not be seen; now, at the sound of the sobbing it lifted

itself, and peered eagerly forward. It was that of a man of slender stature, with a head sunken between his shoulders, and covered with an abundance of thick, shaggy black hair. "My God!" sobbed Nora, confident that she had no listener save Him who was inclosed in the little tabernacle, "accept the sacrifice I have made of myself; I do not ask to be ever his wife, I do not ask to be spared any suffering in this world, but I beg thee to spare him—he is so young, so good. Save him from this danger that threatens, and then do with me what Thou wilt. Thou knowest how much I owe to him and his—his dead father, his loving sister. Oh, my God! save him!"

The listener in the back of the church stood erect, placing his hand behind his ear, as if to catch more surely the words which floated to him; but he was silent after that burst, and in a few minutes she left the chapel. The strange man walked forward to the altar; with that peculiar, quick, half-bend of the body with which the Irish peasant recognizes the presence of the Blessed Sacrament, he bent his knee as he neared the humble little chancel rail, and began to strike his breast. "O God! what brought me here at all, when I know I'll have to do it; I'm in his power, and he'll squeeze the heart's blood out of me. She said in her prayer that she didn't ask to be spared suffering for herself, but if she knew what was coming to her—oh God! how can I do the dirty work?"

He beat his breast more violently, and dropped to his knees, bowing his head till his face well-nigh touched the floor, and his scalding tears mingled with his dust. There was a sound of some one entering, and hastily rising, he departed. Buoyant, impulsive Clara, reveling in the expectation of being once more folded to her brother's heart, steadily put aside every fear that came for his safety; he had escaped from Australia, he was there in Ireland near them; and what though a price was upon his head, and keen scouts abroad to secure him, he had eluded them all thus far and the trusty friends who had already aided him would effect, as they intended to do, his final escape to America. Thus Clara assured herself, and she went about the little house assuring Moira, and chatting with Mrs. Carmody in such a merry, hearty mood that Father Meagher studied all the more to conceal his anxiety from her.

Moira was equally mirthful, and Nora looked at the happy pair and tried hard not to let the gloom of her own sad, longing heart throw any shadow upon them.

TO BE CONTINUED

"AND HATH EXALTED THE HUMBLE"

Rose Martin in The Missionary

The story of Bathildes, a little English slave girl, reads as a romance or fairy tale; but the most authentic chronicles of that far off time (about the year 680) prove it fact and not fancy. The usual fashion of the world is to trample virtue under foot, or if exaltation be permitted, it is a swiftly passing glory; with Bathildes this was not so, which was due perhaps, not only to the admirable character of the maid, but also of the man who loved her.

Clovis II, young King of the Franks, experienced many difficulties throughout his reign. Turbulent nobles were ever making trouble, and the men known as "Mayors of the Palace," were beginning to encroach on royal privileges. Yet at the French court, sanctity was held in high repute; and holiness, as in England, was there, and the devout Bishop St. Owen attended many of its functions.

Erkenwald, Mayor of the Palace, paused one morning when on passing through the marketplace, he saw a group of female slaves, some children among them, being put up for sale. They were all attractive, with their blue eyes and fair hair; but one little girl seemed to Erkenwald, both pleasing and pathetic. He was told on inquiry, that these were captives from Saxon Britain, and he might have the child at a very low price; for the buyers were looking for strong workers, and she was of delicate appearance. When presented she was given over to him, the Mayor was somewhat at a loss as to just what he should do with her. In the meantime she skipped along beside him, a confiding hand in his, as she chatted gaily in her strange incomprehensible language. He noticed a chain around her neck (quite worthless, otherwise it would have been taken from her), to which she pointed inquiringly; and she showed him a small cross attached to it, concealed by the folds of her dress, kissing it reverently, then offering it to the bearded lips of Erkenwald. The mistress of slaves, he remembered, was a devout Catholic, he would place the child under her. Given good food and proper care, she might become strong enough to do some light form of work. Bathildes, however, surprised everyone by being much stronger than her fellow slaves. She developed a veritable passion for scrubbing, cleaning, and especially kitchen work. Only a few realized that Bathildes was intensely religious, and these menial tasks were precious to her because

of their lowliness; for heroically, lovingly, then and through all her life, she practiced deepest humility. From girlhood, her childish prettiness blossomed into beauty; then praise and admiration were freely bestowed. But it was soon obvious they were distasteful to her. Many an admirer turned away, abashed before the level glance of her serene eyes; ardent speeches faltered into shamed silence, before the courteous weariness in the girl's face, when she was forced to listen to such things.

At first Bathildes hoped to win her freedom by faithfulness to duty, as did many other slaves—and then to return to England; but as the years passed her own purpose changed. Her home had been destroyed, her people scattered; and she had become attached to this place. Meanwhile ardently, she loved her position as slave, for it meant humility. She had also opportunities for kindness and service among her fellow slaves. Often she longed to go to the young King and tell him of the hard things endured by slaves, but that, because she was even now before Erkenwald, had been overlooked, so she carried it herself into the banquet hall.

The King was somewhat moody that night, he was being pestered by every one to marry, and all the nobles had favorite ladies to suggest. Erkenwald, too, he supposed, would suggest a preference soon. He glanced toward the Mayor—and it was at that moment a pair of beautiful shapely hands placed a platter before Erkenwald. The King's pleased glances lifted from the hands to the face of Bathildes, fair, holy, sweet, with downcast eyes. Wistfully Clovis considered, if only some Princess, suggested as a bride for him, had a face like that, what a joy it would be to love and win her. His eyes followed the girl as she left the hall. Not a man present but noted the King's glance, and drew his own conclusions. Bishop Owen breathed a prayer, but he knew the maid and her goodness—believed, too, in the King's goodness. Erkenwald was thoughtful; the girl was his property, surely something of advantage to himself was pending. A certain Duke shrugged indifferent shoulders; after all, a little love affair would not effect the alliance he had in view for Clovis with a Princess of great possessions. Another noble, outwardly grave, laughed in his heart; apparently the King was not aware that this girl was as cold, as inaccessible, as mountain snow.

The banquet was over, most of the nobles were gone, but the King, as though desiring confidential speech with him, drew Erkenwald aside into an alcove at one end of the hall. Presently came Bathildes, supposing the place empty, desiring to make sure the tables were entirely cleared, before she distributed the basket of food she carried to the poor who waited outside.

"The King strode forward. "Wait," he commanded, sharply. She turned at his voice, surprised, but waited, obediently. "There is something of importance I wish to know," he said as he stood beside her. There was a moment's silence; the girl's blue eyes rested inquiringly on the King's face. Then Clovis nodded as though satisfied. "But what is this?" he asked, touching the hamper she carried. "Food for the poor," she responded. "After a banquet so many crowd to the palace gate who are almost starving."

The King took it from her and beckoned Erkenwald to approach. "You may distribute this," he told him graciously. Meekly the Mayor took the hamper, leaving the King and Bathildes together. It was Bathildes who spoke first. "You said," she reminded him gravely, "something about a matter of importance you wished to know?" "Yes," Clovis responded almost brusquely, "It was the color of your eyes."

"And now that you know, that will be all?" she suggested, while the said eyes were as brave sentiments, clad in blue steel, challenging passionate looks of the King. But he changed his looks; he bowed courteously, "It will be all," he insisted, and turned away, while Bathildes continued her menial tasks. She was now quite sure she had nothing to fear from the King, and she was grateful, for though he could not have hurt her soul, he could have hurt her name and life, and suddenly her own heart leaped into flaming and chaste love for him because of his gentle chivalry. Assiduously she tried to avoid him after that, but he managed now and then to speak with her, quite openly, and she decided, for her own peace of soul, she must go away. When she asked per-

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