

The Remedies With a Record

Father Morriscy's "No. 10" For Throat and Lungs

During his many years of practice Father Morriscy successfully treated thousands who were suffering from Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Inflammation of the Lungs. His favorite prescription was a Cough Mixture and Lung Tonic that came to be called "Father Morriscy's No. 10."

Unlike the majority of cough mixtures, "Father Morriscy's No. 10" does not depend on such drugs as Opium and Morphine to deaden the irritation and give temporary relief—in fact, there is not a trace of any of these dangerous drugs in it.

The simple but effective remedies provided by Nature herself were selected and combined by Father Morriscy, with remarkable skill, into a medicine that has earned the name of a "Lung Tonic" as well as a Cough Cure. It soothes the inflamed membrane of the throat or lungs, removes the irritation or mucus that causes the coughing, relieves the congestion, and restores the parts to a healthy condition. More than that, "No. 10" tones up and strengthens the whole system and fortifies it against future colds.

For ordinary winter coughs and colds "No. 10" is unsurpassed and is one of the safest remedies you can use. Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

Read what it has done for these two sufferers:

Elm Tree, La Plante, N.B.

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
I had been ailing for some time and in a low, run-down condition; two experienced physicians were consulted and gave me case after case as hopeless. I determined to try Father Morriscy's Lung Tonic, and had scarcely finished one bottle when I felt my strength returning. I persevered in the treatment, and am now perfectly well, and would recommend the Lung Tonic to all who are afflicted as I was.
MRS. FELIX N. BOUDREAU.

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
Pictou, N.S.

I can testify to the benefit derived from Father Morriscy's cure for Bronchial Trouble. For some time I was a sufferer from this trouble, and could get no relief from it, until I used his medicine. On taking Father Morriscy's medicine, to my surprise, I began to improve, and was completely cured. With a grateful heart I give this testimonial to the great value of Father Morriscy's prescriptions.
JOHN GRATTAN.

Father Morriscy's "No. 7" For Kidney and Rheumatism

When the slightest exposure to dampness or cold brings rheumatic aches to joints or muscles, it's a sure sign that the blood is wrong. It's loaded with Uric Acid, poisonous and exceedingly irritating—formed from the worn out tissues and waste matter taken up by the blood from different parts of the body. When things are working right this poison is immediately filtered from the blood by the kidneys and got rid of. But sometimes the kidneys do not keep up with their work—the blood gets overloaded with Uric Acid, and it collects in the fibres of the muscles—in the joints—in the valves of the heart. Then there's a case of Rheumatism, caused simply by defective action of the kidneys, and brought on by exposure.

Father Morriscy had a wide experience in treating Rheumatism, and an exceptionally successful one. The prescription on which he depended was one of his own, called "Father Morriscy's No. 7." It acts directly on the kidneys, and has a toning, invigorating effect on these organs, helping them to clear themselves of the accumulated Uric Acid and to get working properly once more. Then they quickly purify the blood—and the cause of the Rheumatism is gone. The joints limber up, the pains go away and the disease is eradicated from the system.
Price 50c. a box.

Hundreds of letters like these have been received from those who have been benefited and cured:

Blackville, N.B.

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
I have used Father Morriscy's medicine for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble and found it the best medicine I ever used.
JAMES CAVANAUGH.

St. John, N.B., Nov. 17, 1910.

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
I sought the advice of the late Father Morriscy about two years ago. I was suffering from Rheumatism, aggravated by cold, and had been treated by local physicians without any result whatever. I then read of Father Morriscy's medicine, and bought a bottle. I used it as directed, and in a few days I was cured. I shall deem it an honor to have it connected with the name of the late Father Morriscy in any way, however remote.
Yours truly,
PATRICK BYRNE.



Rev. Father Morriscy

FATHER MORRISCY'S LINIMENT FOR ACHES AND PAINS

In treating Coughs and Colds with "No. 10," or Rheumatism with "No. 7," it helps a great deal to rub the affected parts with Father Morriscy's Liniment. For sore throat and cold in the chest a piece of flannel should be wrung out of hot water, sprinkled with a few drops of the liniment, and applied after the rubbing. For Rheumatism the liniment should be warmed and rubbed in freely, morning and evening.

The genuine Father Morriscy remedies are being put up by the same druggists, in exactly the same way, as they were prepared during the priest-physician's lifetime. What they accomplished then for hundreds of sufferers they will do for you now. You know something of their record in years past; you can depend on them now. Get them at your dealer's or from

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD.

Mr. Stanley K. Smith, Gen. Secretary Chatham Y.M.C.A., writes on July 3, 1909:

"Having used Father Morriscy's Liniment in my capacity as Physical Director of the Chatham Y.M.C.A., for rubbing down after a hard run or severe exercise, I can heartily recommend the liniment to runners, athletes or anyone whose muscles are subject to strain. During the season the Y.M.C.A. have placed a large number of athletes in the field and the majority used nothing but Father Morriscy's Liniment. For removing stiffness and soreness of the muscles, it is unequalled."

What they accomplished then for hundreds of sufferers they will do for you now. You know something of their record in years past; you can depend on them now. Get them at your dealer's or from

FATHER MORRISCY MEDICINE CO., LTD. CHATHAM, N.B.

'Mercy, My Lord.'

Mercy, Not for Me, but the Wife.

About the commencement of the present century there stood, near the centre of a rather extensive hamlet, not many miles distant from a northern seaport town, a large, substantially-built, but somewhat straggling building, known as Craig Farm (popularly Crook Farm) House. The farm consisted of about one hundred acres of tolerable arable and meadow land and at the time I have indicated, belonged to a farmer of the name of Armstrong. He had purchased it about three years previously, at a sale held in pursuance of a decree of the High Court of Chancery, for the purpose of liquidating certain costs incurred in the suit of Craig versus "raig," which the said High Court had awarded so long and successfully, as to enable the solicitor to the victorious claimant to incarcerate his triumphant client for several years in the Fleet, in "satisfaction" of the charges of victory remaining due from the proceeds of the sale of Craig Farm. ad been deducted from the gross sale. Farmer Armstrong was married, but childless; his dame, like himself, was a native of Devonshire; they bore the character of a plodding, actuary, morose-mannered couple, seldom leaving the farm except to attend market, and rarely seen at church or chapel, they naturally and hence became objects of suspicion and dislike to the prying, gossiping villagers, to whom mystery or reserve of any kind was of course exceedingly annoying and unpleasant.

Soon after Armstrong was settled in his new purchase, another stranger arrived, and took up his abode in the east apartments of the house. The newcomer, a man of about fifty years of age, and evidently from his dress and gait, a sea-faring man, was as reserved and unsocial as his landlord's name, or at least that which he chose to be known by, was Wilson. He had one child, a daughter, about sixteen years of age, whom he placed at a boarding-school in the adjacent town. He seldom saw her; the intercourse between the father and daughter being principally carried on through Mary Strungnell, a widow of about thirty years of age, and a native of the place. She was engaged as a servant to Mr. Wilson, and seldom left Craig Farm except on Sunday afternoons, when, if the weather was at all favourable, she paid a visit to an aunt living in the town; here saw Mrs. Wilson; and returned home usually at half-past ten o'clock—later rather than earlier. Armstrong was occasionally absent from his home for several days together, on business, it was rumored, for Wilson; and on the Sunday in the first week of January 1802, both he and his wife had been away for upwards of a week, and were not yet returned.

About a quarter-past ten o'clock on that evening the early-retiring inhabitants of the hamlet were roused from their slumbers by a loud, continuous knocking at the front door of Armstrong's house; louder and louder, more and more vehement and impatient mode of obtaining admission, than knocking seemed likely to prove. Johnson, the constable of the parish, a man of great shrewdness, at once proposed to break the door. Armstrong, who, as well as his wife, was deeply pale, and trembling violently, either with cold or agitation, hesitatingly consented, and crowbars being speedily procured, an entrance was forced, and in rushed a score of excited men. Armstrong's wife, it was afterwards remembered, caught hold of her husband's arm in a hurried, frightened manner, whispered hastily in his ear, and then both fled toward the house.

"Now, farmer," cried Johnson, as

patient, resounded the blows upon the stillness of the night, till the soundest sleepers were awakened. Windows were hastily thrown open, and presently numerous steps approached the scene of growing hubbub. The unwelcome noise was caused, it was found, by Farmer Armstrong, who accompanied by his wife, was thus deriding vehemently upon the door with a heavy black-thorn stick. Still no answer was obtained Mrs. Strungnell, it was supposed, had not returned from town; but where was Mr. Wilson, who was almost always at home both day and night? Presently a lad called out that a white sheet or cloth of some sort was hanging out of one of the back windows. This announcement, confirming the vague apprehension which had begun to germinate in the wise heads of the villagers, disposed them to adopt a more

Asaya-Neurall
THE NEW REMEDY FOR Nervous Exhaustion
Physicians agree that a vigorous nervous system is essential to the successful treatment of Consumption. "ASAYA-NEURALL" feeds the nerves with Lecithin (obtained from eggs), the element required for nerve repair. Its use maintains full nerve vigor, restores courage when hope is failing, and thus lends incalculable aid in throwing off the disease.
\$1.50 per bottle. Local agent.
M. CONNORS.

effectual mode of obtaining admission, than knocking seemed likely to prove. Johnson, the constable of the parish, a man of great shrewdness, at once proposed to break the door. Armstrong, who, as well as his wife, was deeply pale, and trembling violently, either with cold or agitation, hesitatingly consented, and crowbars being speedily procured, an entrance was forced, and in rushed a score of excited men. Armstrong's wife, it was afterwards remembered, caught hold of her husband's arm in a hurried, frightened manner, whispered hastily in his ear, and then both fled toward the house.

Billousness
Torpid Liver, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Sick Headache — all cured by a regular morning glass of
Abbey's Effervescent Salt
25c and 60c. At dealers.

soon as he had procured a light, "lead the way upstairs." Armstrong who appeared to have recovered from his panic, darted at once up the stairs, followed by the whole body of rustics. On reaching the landing-place, he knocked at Mr. Wilson's bedroom door. No answer was returned. Armstrong seemed to hesitate, but the constable at once lifted the latch; they entered, and then a melancholy spectacle presented itself. Wilson, completely dressed, lay extended on the floor a lifeless corpse. He had been stabbed in two places in the breast with some sharp-pointed instrument. Life was extinct. The window was open. On further investigation, several bundles containing many of Wilson's valuables in jewelry and plate, together with clothes, shirts, silk handkerchiefs, were found. The wardrobe and a secretary bureau had been forced open. The assassins had, it seemed, been disturbed, and had hurried off by the window without their plunder. A hat was also picked up in the room; a shiny, black hat, much too small for the deceased. The constable snatched it up, and attempted to clap it on Armstrong's head, but it was not nearly large enough. This, together with the bundles, dissipated a suspicion which had been growing in Johnson's mind, and he roughly exclaimed, "You need not look so scared, farmer; it's not you; that's quite clear."

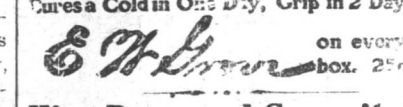
To this remark neither Armstrong, or his wife answered a syllable, but continued to gaze at the corpse, the bundles, and the broken locks, in bewilderment, terror and astonishment. Presently some one asked if any body had seen Mrs. Strungnell? The question roused Armstrong, and he said, "she is not come home; her door is locked."

"How do you know that?" cried the



constable, turning sharply round, and looking keenly in his face. "How do you know that?"
"Because—because," stammered Armstrong, "because she always locks it when she goes out."
"Which is her room?"
"The next to this."
They hastened out and found the next door was fast.
"Are you there, Mrs. Strungnell?" shouted Johnson.
"There was no reply."
"She is never home till half-past ten o'clock on Sunday evenings," remarked Armstrong in a calmer voice. "The key is in the lock on the inside," cried a young man who had been striving to peep through the key-hole.
Armstrong, it was afterwards sworn, started as if he had been shot; and his wife again clutched his arm with the same nervous, frenzied grip as before.
(To be continued.)

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days.



His 'Personal Security'

Baronet Easy in Money Matters, Met Match in Banker-Poet.

A baronet, who used to excuse his carelessness in meeting his financial obligations by saying that he had not the soul of an accountant, met his match in Rogers, who was known in London as the banker-poet. Ralph Nevill tells, in "The Merry Past," of the baronet being ushered into Rogers' private office, where his easy demeanor and air of fashion favorably impressed the banker, who courteously inquired what his visitor's needs might be.

"I want about two or three thousand pounds," replied the visitor. "Can your house accommodate me?"
"Without doubt, sir. We shall have great pleasure in doing so. May I ask you what security?"
"Oh, personal security, personal security," replied Sir Frederick, carelessly.

Mr. Rogers smiled. "Will you walk this way, sir?"
He then opened a small door and led the way through the various apartments and passages until they arrived at a small room fitted up with fireproof vaults. Taking a small key from his waistcoat pocket, and opening a large iron safe or closet, he courteously waved his hand toward it and said:
"I must trouble you to walk in here, Sir Frederick."

Now Cured of Rheumatism

Cost him \$100.00 for medicine which failed—Cured by DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS.
Mr. James Clark, Madstone, Sask., writes: "I suffered for four years with rheumatism in my shoulders and could not lift my arms above the head. I tried nearly all the advertised remedies but none of them gave me relief. It cost me at least \$100.00 for medicines before I used Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.
"With the use of this medicine, I soon found relief. I followed up this treatment for six months and was then quite free from rheumatism. While using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills I also used Dr. Chase's Backache Remedy when so stiff that I could scarcely bend. They always found the weak spot and gave relief while the internal treatment was bringing about a thorough cure."
The success of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills has been phenomenal. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all Dealers or Edmandson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Dr. Chase's Recipes will be sent free on request.

AT THE BAR OF ANOTHER WORLD

(Concluded.)
"WHY, my lord, only this—that he was as innocent of the crime for which you hanged him as the child yet unborn! I did the deed! I put the watch in his trunk! And to the unutterable horror of the court he related the whole particulars of the transaction, the origin of his grudge against Harvey, and his delight in bringing him to the gallows."
"Inhuman, execrable villain!" gasped the judge in extreme excitement.
"Cleverly done, though!" Was it not, my lord? rejoined the ruffian with bitter irony. "The evidence, you

know, was irresistible; the crime as clear as the sun at noonday; and if in such plain cases, the just and necessary law was not enforced, society would be dissolved, and there would be no security for property! These were your words, I think. How on that occasion I admired your lordship's judgment and eloquence! Society would be dissolved if an innocent man were not hanged! Ha! -- ha! -- ha! Capital! -- capital!" shouted the ferocious felon with demonic glee, as he marked the effect of his words on the countenance of the judge.
"Remove the prisoner!" cried the sheriff. An officer was about to do so; but the judge motioned him to desist. His lordship's features worked convulsively. He seemed striving to speak, but the words would not come.
"I suppose, my lord," continued Cartwright in low and hissing tones, as the shadow of unutterable despair grew and settled on his face.—"I suppose you know that his wife destroyed herself. The coroner's jury said she had fallen accidentally into the water. I know better. She drowned herself under the agonies of a broken heart! I saw her corpse, with the dead baby in its arms; and then I felt, kwee, that I was lost! Lost, doomed to everlasting perdition! But, my lord, — and here the wretch broke into a howl wild and terrific—"we shall go down together—down to where your deserts are known. A—h—h! that pinches you, does it? Hound of a judge! legal murderer! coward! I spurn and spit upon thee!" The rest of the appalling obijuration was in-

articulate, as the monster, foaming and sputtering, was dragged by an officer from the dock.
Judge A— had fallen forwards on his face, fainting and speechless with the violence of his emotions. The black cap had dropped from his brow. His hands were stretched out across the bench, and various members of the bar rushed to his assistance. The court broke up in frightful commotion.
Two days afterward the county paper had the following announcement:—
"Died at the Royal Hotel,— on the 27th instant, Judge A— from an access of fever supervening upon disorder from which he had imperceptibly recovered."
The Prophecy Was Fulfilled.

"RUN DOWN"

Does This Describe Your Case. If so Read the Following Letter.
114 Bellevue Av., Toronto.
Dear Sir:—
Some time ago I was persuaded to purchase four boxes of Dr. Bovel's Iron Tonic Pills. At the time I had little faith in them, as I had been a sufferer from nervous trouble for several years. At the same time I was very much run down and out of sorts. I am now pleased to say that after using eight boxes of your pills I am entirely built up, and have to thank your company for my good health.
Yours truly,
MRS. S. M. FLYNN.

The above letter describes so well the condition of a person whose nerves are weak and exhausted that little need be added.
The danger of such a state of health is sometimes overlooked by persons who do not realize that the next step is some form of paralysis which leaves one helpless in mind and body.

Dr. Bovel's Iron Tonic Pills are sold by all druggists and dealers at 25c per box.
If your Druggist or Dealer cannot supply you send 25c. (in stamp) to us direct.
BOVEL MANFG. CO'Y.
St. John's, Nfld., or Montreal, Can.

Redmond Received Great Ovation

DUBLIN, Ireland, Nov. 13.—John E. Redmond, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary party, returning from a tour of the United States received a great ovation, both at Cork and Dublin to-day. He arrived on the steamer "Celtic" at Queenstown last night, and on his way to Dublin was cheered by large crowds at all the stations. He addressed meetings at both cities, expressing gratitude at the success of his American mission. Mr. Redmond protested against the attempts of the O'Brienites to divide the Nationalist party at this momentous crisis.

Never in the life time of people, he said, had such an opportunity arisen; and he was going to London immediately with the single purpose to extract the best terms possible for Ireland out of the necessities of the English statesmen. He believed that the struggle would be very short, and would result in the removal of the only obstacle to Ireland's attainment of the priceless gift of national liberty.
Great processions with bands and banners welcomed Mr. Redmond at Cork and Dublin. There was no sign of counter-demonstrations by the O'Brien adherents.

Amateur Gymnastics.

The Official Handbook of the Inter-Collegiate Association of Amateur Gymnasts of America for 1910-11 has just been published in the Spalding Athletic Library; it is edited by Percy R. Carpenter, of Amherst College, and contains complete records of the Intercollegiate meets since 1899 and the official rules governing apparatus, the work of contestants, coaching, order of events, prices, etc. The constitution and by-laws are given, and a review of the season of 1910. The letter contains the events gymnastics in the college world and will be found very interesting.
The book will be sent to any address in the United States or Canada by the American Sports Publishing Co., 21 Warren Street, New York, upon receipt of 10 cents.

It is claimed for a Cumberland man who has just died in Stirling, Asyria at the age of 70, that he had read the Bible from beginning to end about 300 times.

ANOTHER WOMAN CURED

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Gardiner, Maine.—"I have been a great sufferer from organic troubles and a severe female weakness. The doctor said I would have to go to the hospital for an operation, but I could not bear to think of it. I decided to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made exclusively from roots and herbs, a fair trial. This famous medicine for women has for thirty years proved to be the most valuable tonic and renewer of the female organism. Women residing in almost every city and town in the United States bear willing testimony to the wonderful virtue of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It cures female ill, and creates radiant, buoyant female health. If you are ill, for your own sake as well as those you love, give it a trial.
Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice is free, and always helpful."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is sold by all druggists and dealers at 25c per box. If your Druggist or Dealer cannot supply you send 25c. (in stamp) to us direct.