



“Your money or your life!” says the highwayman. But that is not half the story. It is a challenge to the one which disease gives to a careless traveler upon the highway of health.

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance. BY M. M'D. BODKIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XXII.

“O HEAVEN, O EARTH, BEAR WITNESS!” —The Tempest. “Though I am not naturally honest, I am sometimes by chance.” —Winter's Tale.

“It shall be level to your judgment ‘pear As day doth to your eye’ —Hamlet. “Perfectly inexplicable,” said Mr. Lawless, with a solemn gravity that made even perplexity respectable.

Curran was pacing the room impatiently, too angry to speak or listen. When the party had reassessed for consultation, the Doctor's story of the sudden disappearance of the despatch-box in which the papers were locked, had struck Curran fuming about his study like a bumble bee on a pane of glass.

Mr. Lawless further aggravated him by dining into his case insupportable platitudes about the manner of the robbery. The rest of the party stood a little apart, silent and disturbed.

That bland and kind-hearted gentleman, Mr. Leonard M'Nally, with tears in his eyes and his voice, mingled mild condolence with confident hopes that the missing documents would be immediately recovered.

“Nonsense,” cried Curran, impatiently, in answer to a wise suggestion of Mr. Lawless that they should advise for the documents and offer a reward for their recovery. “Nonsense, man, don't talk double-distilled nonsense like that.

“I fear you are leaning on a broken reed,” said the Doctor. “For some things my memory is strangely good, for others abominable. I have little or none for names, dates, or places.” This answer sent Curran pacing up and down again in a brown study.

There was a gloomy silence in the room. Outside could be heard the pattering footsteps and merry carolous laughter of Curran's pretty little daughter, Sally, and her play-fellow, Bobbie Emmet, who were sporting together in the hall.

Suddenly a thundering knock at the door seemed to shake the house. Then the bell was set fiercely ringing.

Curran had his hand impatiently on the study door when the door opened and a beautiful large green lid to his eye. He is standing on one foot in the hall.

“A gentleman for Mr. Maurice Blake, Pappy,” she said, with great self-importance. “A big, grand gentleman with a beautiful large green lid to his eye. He is standing on one foot in the hall.”

“Take him into the dining-room, Blake,” said Curran, as if worth listening to. Sarah and you, Robert, can run up to the schoolroom with me. I don't want you loose about the house.”

In the hall Maurice found a tall and broad-shouldered personage richly, even extravagantly, dressed. His silks, and lace, and velvet were of the newest and the best, and set off his stalwart figure to advantage. But his hat was pulled down over his brows, and a green patch rested upon his right eye. His face, which would be seen of it, was florid, but his hair jet black. He wore a heavy cloak, which was trussed in a bundle over his right arm.

“You wished to see me,” said Maurice, with a courteous bow. “I am Maurice Blake.”

“I know it,” said the other in a low voice. “I am not likely to forget you.” The words had a curious sound, as if some strong feeling forced itself into them in spite of the speaker's will. Something in the tone awakened a faint vibration in Maurice Blake's memory.

“You wish to speak to me?” he repeated. “Only a word or two, if you don't mind,” replied the other, almost humbly. “I want to pay an old debt.”

A little startled by voice and words, Maurice motioned him towards the dining-room door, and followed into the room, on his guard against attack or surprise.

As he closed the door the intruder turned and faced him. “Don't you know me, sir?” he said.

He had taken off his hat, and brushed the black hair from his face, and the strong light fell full on his strongly-marked face and powerful features.

“Best leave the weak point in his cousin's case. He had shot his arrow straight and hit the blot.

“The court was crowded out to the doors and up to the ceiling. The trial awakened the keenest excitement in Dublin. It hit the line of cleavage in political matters so closely that the personal interest was lost in keen political excitement.

Maurice Blake was respected by all who knew him; Mark Blake was hated. Yet were the Castle partisans eager for Mark's success as a triumph for bigotry and oppression. As an apostate from “Papay” he had a special claim on their favor.

“The court was thronged with his partisans. The sympathizers of Maurice, united in friendship for the most part, assembled in a vast crowd outside in the great hall, were refused admission to the court.

“The Right Hon. Arthur Wolfe, her Majesty's Attorney-General, led for the defendant. In the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Sir James Fitzgibbon, he had no unfavorable judge. The High Sheriff had obligingly provided a jury of sycophants, “by special appointment” to the Castle.

“Mr. Leonard M'Nally opened the pleadings for the plaintiff. Then Curran laid a brief, clear summary of the facts before the judge and jury. Maurice Blake was not a little startled to hear him declare in calm, emphatic voice that after the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, he married the mother of my client, and my client, as sole issue of that marriage, is indubitably heir-at-law to all the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Cloonlara, for the recovery of which the present action is brought.”

“Maurice noted, too, that this calm statement provoked a short, scornful laugh from Mark, who was seated beside his solicitor in court, and the Right Honorable the Attorney-General himself, fumbled his papers nervously. But Mr. M'Nally noted his assent and assurance to the judge and jury, till his wig, which was too small for him, tumbled off his head.

“The evidence was got through quickly. Sir Valentine's letter from America was admitted on the other side without demur. “It is part of our case,” said the Attorney-General blandly.

“Mr. Denver was called for the plaintiff, and gave his evidence clearly and briefly in reply to Curran in direct examination. He proved the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, the sending of his own letter, and the receipt of the reply in Sir Valentine's handwriting, and the certificate of death, all which documents were entered without objection, on the part of the defendant, in evidence for the plaintiff.”

“Mr. Denver was asked nothing, and he said nothing, in the direct examination about the day or the hour of her death. “But the Attorney-General especially repaired that omission with half-a-dozen home questions. He struck straight at the weak spot of the plaintiff's case with singular directness. He wasted no time on any point but one.

“Not an hour and wife,” Mr. M'Nally interposed indignantly. “Not man and wife, my good friend, I'm afraid. Unfortunately, the real wife was alive here in Dublin at the time.”

Curran said nothing. He was wrapped in a brown study. The whole and part and light of his mind was turned in on itself. His face was expressionless as a dead wall.

“Mr. M'Nally went on in a plaintive voice, speaking half to his inattentive hearer, half to the others. “It is very bad, though I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through the case even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our danger lies. The charges the doctor need not be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps,” he added, very slowly and meaningly, “his memory may chance not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as his is here.”

“Nonsense,” Mr. M'Nally, broke in Curran brusquely, noting the contents of the fold of his brief.

“Perfect, perfect!” he cried, delightedly. “I don't ask you where you got them, Mr. Blake, but I think I should say, I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through the case even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our danger lies. The charges the doctor need not be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps,” he added, very slowly and meaningly, “his memory may chance not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as his is here.”

“Certainly,” said the Doctor, “the dates are accurate.”

“The confession itself is dated the 15th of June,” said Curran. “You have not noted down the date of death, but I assume you can prove it was the same night.”

“Oh, no,” replied the Doctor, smiling; “it was noon the next day. I did not tell you that, and you hear tell that I was called away that night, and I was amazed to find her still living when I returned in the morning. But I am quite certain of the time. I remember that as she breathed her last the great church clock pealed out its twelve deep strokes, slow and solemn as a funeral bell, I thought.”

He broke off abruptly, for something very like a curse came from Curran's lips, and he was fluttering over the sheets of his brief furiously.

“The crown doctored the date of the letter to Sir Valentine. You say not one word about her dying on the 10th. You write: ‘Dear Friend, I have startling news to tell you. Your wife, whom you believed long since dead, survived up to a few days ago. On the night of the 15th of June instant, I was sent for to see her in hospital. I found her in a dying condition. She had just strength to dictate a confession of her sins against you and God, and utter an earnest prayer for your forgiveness.’”

“I can understand your slip, Doctor,” he went on more kindly, noting the agony of remorse and confusion on the other's face. “No one could guess when you wrote that, that a few hours would

make such a difference. But it has become a question of points, may be of minutes now. Who can tell the hour of Sir Valentine's second marriage?”

“No answer. Dead silence in the room. The doctor was very pale. And Maurice Blake had come beside him and held his hand in a friendly grasp.

“Mr. M'Nally was rapidly scribbling a note on his brief with a face of the deepest commiseration; Mr. Lawless looked on in blank and solemn amazement, while Christy Calkin had fallen quietly into the background close to the door.

“Curran spoke again impatiently. “Am I to have no answer? Isn't there some one here from America who was present at the marriage?”

“Christy,” cried Maurice, for Christy was slipping unobtrusively out of the room.

He turned, with his hand on the door-knob, and faced Curran's look of anger and amazement steadily.

“Best leave the weak point in his cousin's case. He had shot his arrow straight and hit the blot.

“The court was crowded out to the doors and up to the ceiling. The trial awakened the keenest excitement in Dublin. It hit the line of cleavage in political matters so closely that the personal interest was lost in keen political excitement.

Maurice Blake was respected by all who knew him; Mark Blake was hated. Yet were the Castle partisans eager for Mark's success as a triumph for bigotry and oppression. As an apostate from “Papay” he had a special claim on their favor.

“The court was thronged with his partisans. The sympathizers of Maurice, united in friendship for the most part, assembled in a vast crowd outside in the great hall, were refused admission to the court.

“The Right Hon. Arthur Wolfe, her Majesty's Attorney-General, led for the defendant. In the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Sir James Fitzgibbon, he had no unfavorable judge. The High Sheriff had obligingly provided a jury of sycophants, “by special appointment” to the Castle.

“Mr. Leonard M'Nally opened the pleadings for the plaintiff. Then Curran laid a brief, clear summary of the facts before the judge and jury. Maurice Blake was not a little startled to hear him declare in calm, emphatic voice that after the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, he married the mother of my client, and my client, as sole issue of that marriage, is indubitably heir-at-law to all the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Cloonlara, for the recovery of which the present action is brought.”

“Maurice noted, too, that this calm statement provoked a short, scornful laugh from Mark, who was seated beside his solicitor in court, and the Right Honorable the Attorney-General himself, fumbled his papers nervously. But Mr. M'Nally noted his assent and assurance to the judge and jury, till his wig, which was too small for him, tumbled off his head.

“The evidence was got through quickly. Sir Valentine's letter from America was admitted on the other side without demur. “It is part of our case,” said the Attorney-General blandly.

“Mr. Denver was called for the plaintiff, and gave his evidence clearly and briefly in reply to Curran in direct examination. He proved the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, the sending of his own letter, and the receipt of the reply in Sir Valentine's handwriting, and the certificate of death, all which documents were entered without objection, on the part of the defendant, in evidence for the plaintiff.”

“Mr. Denver was asked nothing, and he said nothing, in the direct examination about the day or the hour of her death. “But the Attorney-General especially repaired that omission with half-a-dozen home questions. He struck straight at the weak spot of the plaintiff's case with singular directness. He wasted no time on any point but one.

“Not an hour and wife,” Mr. M'Nally interposed indignantly. “Not man and wife, my good friend, I'm afraid. Unfortunately, the real wife was alive here in Dublin at the time.”

Curran said nothing. He was wrapped in a brown study. The whole and part and light of his mind was turned in on itself. His face was expressionless as a dead wall.

“Mr. M'Nally went on in a plaintive voice, speaking half to his inattentive hearer, half to the others. “It is very bad, though I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through the case even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our danger lies. The charges the doctor need not be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps,” he added, very slowly and meaningly, “his memory may chance not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as his is here.”

“Nonsense,” Mr. M'Nally, broke in Curran brusquely, noting the contents of the fold of his brief.

“Perfect, perfect!” he cried, delightedly. “I don't ask you where you got them, Mr. Blake, but I think I should say, I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through the case even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our danger lies. The charges the doctor need not be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps,” he added, very slowly and meaningly, “his memory may chance not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as his is here.”

“Best leave the weak point in his cousin's case. He had shot his arrow straight and hit the blot.

“The court was crowded out to the doors and up to the ceiling. The trial awakened the keenest excitement in Dublin. It hit the line of cleavage in political matters so closely that the personal interest was lost in keen political excitement.

Maurice Blake was respected by all who knew him; Mark Blake was hated. Yet were the Castle partisans eager for Mark's success as a triumph for bigotry and oppression. As an apostate from “Papay” he had a special claim on their favor.

“The court was thronged with his partisans. The sympathizers of Maurice, united in friendship for the most part, assembled in a vast crowd outside in the great hall, were refused admission to the court.

“The Right Hon. Arthur Wolfe, her Majesty's Attorney-General, led for the defendant. In the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Sir James Fitzgibbon, he had no unfavorable judge. The High Sheriff had obligingly provided a jury of sycophants, “by special appointment” to the Castle.

“Mr. Leonard M'Nally opened the pleadings for the plaintiff. Then Curran laid a brief, clear summary of the facts before the judge and jury. Maurice Blake was not a little startled to hear him declare in calm, emphatic voice that after the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, he married the mother of my client, and my client, as sole issue of that marriage, is indubitably heir-at-law to all the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Cloonlara, for the recovery of which the present action is brought.”

“Maurice noted, too, that this calm statement provoked a short, scornful laugh from Mark, who was seated beside his solicitor in court, and the Right Honorable the Attorney-General himself, fumbled his papers nervously. But Mr. M'Nally noted his assent and assurance to the judge and jury, till his wig, which was too small for him, tumbled off his head.

“The evidence was got through quickly. Sir Valentine's letter from America was admitted on the other side without demur. “It is part of our case,” said the Attorney-General blandly.

“Mr. Denver was called for the plaintiff, and gave his evidence clearly and briefly in reply to Curran in direct examination. He proved the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, the sending of his own letter, and the receipt of the reply in Sir Valentine's handwriting, and the certificate of death, all which documents were entered without objection, on the part of the defendant, in evidence for the plaintiff.”

“Mr. Denver was asked nothing, and he said nothing, in the direct examination about the day or the hour of her death. “But the Attorney-General especially repaired that omission with half-a-dozen home questions. He struck straight at the weak spot of the plaintiff's case with singular directness. He wasted no time on any point but one.

“Not an hour and wife,” Mr. M'Nally interposed indignantly. “Not man and wife, my good friend, I'm afraid. Unfortunately, the real wife was alive here in Dublin at the time.”

Curran said nothing. He was wrapped in a brown study. The whole and part and light of his mind was turned in on itself. His face was expressionless as a dead wall.

“Mr. M'Nally went on in a plaintive voice, speaking half to his inattentive hearer, half to the others. “It is very bad, though I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through the case even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our danger lies. The charges the doctor need not be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps,” he added, very slowly and meaningly, “his memory may chance not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as his is here.”

“Nonsense,” Mr. M'Nally, broke in Curran brusquely, noting the contents of the fold of his brief.

“Perfect, perfect!” he cried, delightedly. “I don't ask you where you got them, Mr. Blake, but I think I should say, I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through the case even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our danger lies. The charges the doctor need not be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps,” he added, very slowly and meaningly, “his memory may chance not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as his is here.”

“Certainly,” said the Doctor, “the dates are accurate.”

“The confession itself is dated the 15th of June,” said Curran. “You have not noted down the date of death, but I assume you can prove it was the same night.”

“Oh, no,” replied the Doctor, smiling; “it was noon the next day. I did not tell you that, and you hear tell that I was called away that night, and I was amazed to find her still living when I returned in the morning. But I am quite certain of the time. I remember that as she breathed her last the great church clock pealed out its twelve deep strokes, slow and solemn as a funeral bell, I thought.”

He broke off abruptly, for something very like a curse came from Curran's lips, and he was fluttering over the sheets of his brief furiously.

“The crown doctored the date of the letter to Sir Valentine. You say not one word about her dying on the 10th. You write: ‘Dear Friend, I have startling news to tell you. Your wife, whom you believed long since dead, survived up to a few days ago. On the night of the 15th of June instant, I was sent for to see her in hospital. I found her in a dying condition. She had just strength to dictate a confession of her sins against you and God, and utter an earnest prayer for your forgiveness.’”

“I can understand your slip, Doctor,” he went on more kindly, noting the agony of remorse and confusion on the other's face. “No one could guess when you wrote that, that a few hours would

make such a difference. But it has become a question of points, may be of minutes now. Who can tell the hour of Sir Valentine's second marriage?”

“No answer. Dead silence in the room. The doctor was very pale. And Maurice Blake had come beside him and held his hand in a friendly grasp.

“Mr. M'Nally was rapidly scribbling a note on his brief with a face of the deepest commiseration; Mr. Lawless looked on in blank and solemn amazement, while Christy Calkin had fallen quietly into the background close to the door.

“Curran spoke again impatiently. “Am I to have no answer? Isn't there some one here from America who was present at the marriage?”

“Christy,” cried Maurice, for Christy was slipping unobtrusively out of the room.

He turned, with his hand on the door-knob, and faced Curran's look of anger and amazement steadily.

“Best leave the weak point in his cousin's case. He had shot his arrow straight and hit the blot.

“The court was crowded out to the doors and up to the ceiling. The trial awakened the keenest excitement in Dublin. It hit the line of cleavage in political matters so closely that the personal interest was lost in keen political excitement.

Maurice Blake was respected by all who knew him; Mark Blake was hated. Yet were the Castle partisans eager for Mark's success as a triumph for bigotry and oppression. As an apostate from “Papay” he had a special claim on their favor.

“The court was thronged with his partisans. The sympathizers of Maurice, united in friendship for the most part, assembled in a vast crowd outside in the great hall, were refused admission to the court.

“The Right Hon. Arthur Wolfe, her Majesty's Attorney-General, led for the defendant. In the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, Sir James Fitzgibbon, he had no unfavorable judge. The High Sheriff had obligingly provided a jury of sycophants, “by special appointment” to the Castle.

“Mr. Leonard M'Nally opened the pleadings for the plaintiff. Then Curran laid a brief, clear summary of the facts before the judge and jury. Maurice Blake was not a little startled to hear him declare in calm, emphatic voice that after the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, he married the mother of my client, and my client, as sole issue of that marriage, is indubitably heir-at-law to all the lands, tenements, and hereditaments of Cloonlara, for the recovery of which the present action is brought.”

“Maurice noted, too, that this calm statement provoked a short, scornful laugh from Mark, who was seated beside his solicitor in court, and the Right Honorable the Attorney-General himself, fumbled his papers nervously. But Mr. M'Nally noted his assent and assurance to the judge and jury, till his wig, which was too small for him, tumbled off his head.

“The evidence was got through quickly. Sir Valentine's letter from America was admitted on the other side without demur. “It is part of our case,” said the Attorney-General blandly.

“Mr. Denver was called for the plaintiff, and gave his evidence clearly and briefly in reply to Curran in direct examination. He proved the death of Sir Valentine Blake's first wife, the sending of his own letter, and the receipt of the reply in Sir Valentine's handwriting, and the certificate of death, all which documents were entered without objection, on the part of the defendant, in evidence for the plaintiff.”

“Mr. Denver was asked nothing, and he said nothing, in the direct examination about the day or the hour of her death. “But the Attorney-General especially repaired that omission with half-a-dozen home questions. He struck straight at the weak spot of the plaintiff's case with singular directness. He wasted no time on any point but one.

“Not an hour and wife,” Mr. M'Nally interposed indignantly. “Not man and wife, my good friend, I'm afraid. Unfortunately, the real wife was alive here in Dublin at the time.”

Curran said nothing. He was wrapped in a brown study. The whole and part and light of his mind was turned in on itself. His face was expressionless as a dead wall.

“Mr. M'Nally went on in a plaintive voice, speaking half to his inattentive hearer, half to the others. “It is very bad, though I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through the case even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our danger lies. The charges the doctor need not be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps,” he added, very slowly and meaningly, “his memory may chance not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as his is here.”

“Nonsense,” Mr. M'Nally, broke in Curran brusquely, noting the contents of the fold of his brief.

“Perfect, perfect!” he cried, delightedly. “I don't ask you where you got them, Mr. Blake, but I think I should say, I don't think we need quite despair. We may stumble safely through the case even yet. A blot is never a blot, you know, until it is hit, and the other side do not know in what direction our danger lies. The charges the doctor need not be examined at all, nor our good friend here. Perhaps,” he added, very slowly and meaningly, “his memory may chance not to be quite so clear in the witness-box as his is here.”

THE POET'S SACRIFICE: TER OF THE HEAD

(The Poet Goldsmith loves Mary young and beautiful London widow, but being twice her age, unattractive, he feels the usual hesitations of his attachment. He outwardly only the family friend, but he has divided his feelings, and he delivers through Goldsmith's pen, a touching and touching letter which her devotion with the best hand and affection has not her heroic usefulness. Mrs. Bunbury saves her from herself; and with more unselfish love he has the country house of Mrs. Bunbury, where she is visiting, to play of Captain Gwyn, the sutor for her, favored by her mother at a young age. Goldsmith has consented to do in persuading her to make a sacrifice.)

The opportunity for making tempt in this direction occurred after the fourth of the month visit. He found himself Mary in the still-room. She put on an apron in order to covers on the jars of preserves. As she stood in the mirror many scented water, she preserved fruits and green bowls of hot porridge, with sweet herbs and crying suspended from the ceiling Bunbury, passing along with his dogs, glanced in.

“What a housewife woman come?” he cried. Curran dears; the head of the Queen will need to be deft.”

Mary laughed, throwing thyme at him, and Olivia fore the dog's paw sound, she fished out of the jar, and gazed at him, with a look of spirit of this just about her so heartily as your sister band.”

“Tis foolish on their she. “But Little Comedon the watch for a subject and Charles is an active in her folly. This part, think, a trifle threadbare.”

“Colonel Gwyn is a good deserves the respect of said he.

“Indeed, I agree with you. I agree with you do not know a man who more highly. Had I no to feel flattered by his at —No—no; you have feel flattered by the at man, from the Prince do I say up?” he replied.

“I would be treason laughed. “Well, let Gwyn be. What a pity Newton did not give us treating waiters for pi discovery would have made to us than his the tion, which, I hold, never woman a day's work.”

“I do not want to let be,” said he, quietly trary, I came down he talk about him.”

“Ah, I perceive that speaking with my mot continuing her work. “Mary, dear, I have about you very earnestly.”

“Only of late,” she flattered myself that I thoughts long ago as you “I have always thot the truest affection, do latterly you have never thoughts.”

She ceased her work toward him gratefully. He left his seat and w “My sweet Jessamine, “I have thought of you great uneasiness, of toward you as—as—might feel, or an old happiness in the fut upon yours, and, alas the world is full of sin.

“I know that,” she “Ah, you know that experience of the snare not come to my help have been mine?”

“Dear child, there be attached to your affair,” said he. “It heart that led you to thank God you have heart in your bosom just the tenderness of makes me fear for you.”

“Nay; it can be occasion,” said she. Colonel Gwyn away I Mary,” he said. “A good man—he is a your future would be able to shelter you —from the dangers own heart may lead led you before.”

“You must have the cause of Colonel “Yes,” he replied to be a good man, his wife you would dangers which surround you in the world.”

“Ah! my dear I have seen enough know that a woman from the dangers of day she dangers. The case that the d to boost her on that “Often—often, be so with you, den not if you marry Co. “Even if I do not I fear that you have man all at once, D counsel a poor, w standpoint of h mother.”

“Nay, God know “A selected reading Bride,” by F. Franklons & Co., Publishers.

Mr. Rebecca P. Gardner, of Clifton, York Co., Va., writes: “I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I had to give myself, as nothing else did, to my stomach. I tried almost everything that people would tell me about, and nothing did me any good. I reached only by friends. I took two bottles of the ‘Golden Medical Discovery,’ and thank God, and now weigh 125 pounds. I have a bottle of your ‘Favorite Prescription’ now, and that is a wonderful medicine for female weakness. Thank God that he created such a man as you.”

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH Pain-Killer. A Medicinal Chest in Itself. Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA. 25 and 50 cent Bottles. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE. PERRY DAVIS'

CALVERT'S CARBOLIC OINTMENT. It is recognized as a remedy for Chafed Skin, Itches, Scalds, Cuts, Sore Eyes, Chapped Hands, Chubbliness, Nettle Rash, Rheumatic Pains, Throat Glands, Ringworm, and many other ailments generally. Large Pots, 1/3 each, at Chemists, etc., with instructions. Illustrated Pamphlet of Calvert's Carbolic Preparations sent post free on application. F. C. CALVERT & Co., Manchester.

EVER READY DRESS STAYS! THE SILK STITCHED “EVER READYS” DRESSES. Light, Elastic, Durable.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR. 372 Richmond Street. Good Business Suits from \$15 upward. The best goods and careful workmanship. —DR. TAYLOR'S— ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, GOUT, GRAVEL, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, MIGRAINE, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, COLIC, DIARRHOEA, DYSPEPSIA, CHOLERA, HOARSENESS, BRUISES, SWELLINGS, BURNS, SCALDS, WOUNDS, AND ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE SKIN. FREE.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY COMPANY OF TORONTO (Limited). SPECIALTIES—High-Class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales, XXX Porter and Stout, Pilsener Lager of World-Wide Reputation. E. O'KEEFE, President. W. HAWKE, Vice President.

CANCER! Tumors and all Blood Disorders conquered; set matter at home. No knife or plastic and all particulars by mail or at office; much valuable matter in 100 pages book, all free. Write Dept. “C. R.” The Abbot Myron Mason Medical Co., 577 Sherbourne Street, Toronto

DR. WAUGH, 87 TALBOT ST., LONDON, ENGL. Specialties—Nervous Diseases.

DR. WOODRUFF, No. 185 Queen's Avenue, E. Defective vision, impaired hearing, nasal catarrh and rheumatism treated. Eyes tested. Glasses adjusted. Hours: 12 to 6.

DR. CHASE