KILDARE

Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XVIII. Continued. The Lady Nora was standing in the center of the bare and miserable cell, and her face

was turned toward him. The lawyer studied her countenance to detect in it some signs of terror or of submis-

In vain. The bright, spirited eyes looked at him in a haughty contempt. The proud, sweet face glowed with the indignation of an untamed soul. There was no craven submis elen in the slight, erect figure, no slavish fear in the poise of the haughty head. Bright and proud and fearless as she had always been, so Was she now, in spite of her misfortunes and adversities. There was a brave soul under that soft and dainty exertor.

"My poor child!" sighed the lawyer, setting down his light and standing with his back against the door. "My poor Nora! It makes my heart bleed to find you here!" And he glanced at her miserable surrourd-

The girl's proud lips curled in disdain, "Hypocrite!" she said, in her sweet, high voice, and with a scornful emphasis.

The lawyer repeated the word with appar-

ently sorrowful aurprise. "You do not like the name?" said the Lidy Nora. "I wish I knew a word with the same meaning, but with a thousand times the ferce ! Base hypocrite ! False guardian ! False friend ! I have found you out at last !" The lawyer looked at her in seeming

"And this is the spirit in which I find you?" he cried. "Still disobedient, still rebellious, still contamacions! I came here tonight. Nora, hoping to find you in an humble and submissive state of mind. I have a horse and carriage at the door, and I expected to take you home with me! You will break my heart, Nora. I, who stand in a parent's place to you, am doomed, it seems, to experience a parent's despest serrow, the ingratitude of a well-loved child! O Nora! Nora!"

A stern smile gathered about the girl's beautiful mouth. A stern look gleamed like the firsh of an unsheathed sword from her BUDDY eyes.

"I do not wonder that I was deceived !" she said slowly. "You would have deceived one more suspicious than I, Michael Kildare. Even now, did I not know you so well, I might think you well-meaning !" And am I not Nora ?"

The stern smile on Nora's lips deepened. "Ask yourself that question !" she said. Michael Kildare, it was a bad day for you when you shut me up in this house! It was a bad day for you when you doomed me to this dark and wretched solitude!"

The lawyer's face changed, dispite his great self-control.

" What do you mean?" he asked hastily. "I mean, Michael Kildare, that I have learned in this prison cell to think and reason as I never thought and reasoned before. and I have thought out many things of which you would not dream. From my earliest childhood you were a favorite guest at Kildare Osatle. You were my father's lawyer and trusted confidential friend, When papa died, leaving my property to the care of Sir Russel Ryan, he yet made you an associate guardian of my property and person. You pretended te love me with a father's love, and all the while you nourished schemes against me !"

Michael Kildare's face grew pale, and a dangerous glitter appeared in his eyes. 'You talk wildly!" he said, in a strange

voice. "I speak the truth," said the young Lady Nora boldly, and with sternly flashing eyes. "You have had designs against me all these

The lawyer started and an apprehensive

"This appearance of the present Lord of Kildare-the pretended lord-has been looked forward to by you for years !" exclaimed the girl, with passionate emphasis. "Have I net noticed discrepancies in your statements? And yet I would have been deceived to the end, but for the conversation which I accidentally overheard in your library. I should have gone on, receiving your caresses and kindly words as coming from a loving heart, and the man you champion would have flour-ished upon that of which you and he have despoiled me! Shall I tell you of what I have suspected until suspicion has grown pesitive belief?"

"Yes; tell me!" said the lawyer, watch-

"I co; to'll me!" said the lawyer, watching her with his glittering eyes.
"Listen, then," said the young Lady Nors, reading in his guilty face the confirmation of all her werst suspicions. "Listen to what I know! In the first place, Michael Kildare, your love for me has been all pretense, all seeming—"
" By heaven, no, Nora!"

The young girl paid no heed to the inter-

ruption.
"In the second place," she said, "you have planned Redmond Kildare's whole life, from the hour in which you first knew of his existence! In his infancy you planned to make him some day Earl of Kildare. This has been your great object in life. You have schemed and hoped and worked to this end.
You have lived a life of hypoorisy, with this
aim always in view. You intended to sweep
away every ebstacle between Redmond Kildare and the prize you meant him to win, but you waited, with matchless patience, until the only obstacle in the path was one weak delicate girl, who trusted you, and who had been intrusted to your care. While my grandfather lived, and father lived, you kept silent. When their death left the way comparatively clear, then you made your treacherone, villainous move !"

Michael Kildare's face grew livid. His eyes started from their sockets. An apparition from the tomb could not have terrified him more than these words from the young

girl's lips. Seeing that her shafts had struck home, the Lady Nera continued, with awful stern-

" Michael Kildare, I know, from that conversation I overhead, that this young man Redmond has no right to the place he has stolen. It is still mine in the sight of God. It must be mine again in the sight of man ! "You know on what terms it can be again yours, Nora," said the lawyer, shivering.
"I will never lend my aid to strengthen
that usurper's claims!" cried the young girl.

"Did I not love another, I could not marry

The declaration struck the lawver with all the force of a great and unalterable truth. The gray paller on his face took a sickly, greenish that. A rod flame leaped to his eyes, and a ghastly, awful smile convulsed this visage.

At that moment he was terrible to look

Even the Lady Nora receiled a step, with a sensation of terror. He looked to her, with of beggars which infests all the Irish and all his settness and smoothness thrown aside, like the incarnation of evil like the embodi-

ment of some deadly and awful purpose, "He stands revealed at last!" sheathought in the depths of her soul. "My God! he ance.

is capable of anything !"

The girl fixed her eyes upon him with

scathing brightness, and demanded abruptly: " Michael Kildare, what secret the is there between you and Redmond Kildare ?' The lawyer answered only by a sudden hies.

"Is it that he has promised you money to help him? Will he share with you his ill-gotten gains? Or is there some deeper mystery behind all this ?"

Michael Kildare glared at his young kins-

woman with a demon's fury.

'You know toe much, Nora," he hissed.

'It had been better for you to have played against me a woman's cunning, had you meant to win, instead of this out-spoken boldprize. The hand plainly exhibited may be cut off! Do you understand ?"

"I understand," said the young girl gravely. "But I have not a coward's woul-like you! I have spoken out boldly and fear-lessly, for I am a stranger to what you call a woman's 'cunning,' and what I term hypoorisy! I know you as you are, Michael Kildare, and you perhaps know me at last as

"And what do you intend to do with your precious discoveries?" ansered Kildare, still in his hissing voice.

" I do not choose to declare my plans !" "You have plans, then? You mean to escape, perhaps—to slip over to England—to see Sir Russel Ryan ? and once in the presence of Sir Russel, the atern, immaculate, puritan-aculed Anglo-Irishman, you will unbosom yourself of your suspicions! You will tell him all that you have said to me to-night? You will repeat the conversation you over-heard in my house? You will deneunce Lord Kildare and me as conspirators, and demand that Redmond's claims to Point Kildars be centested? This is your programme ?"

The Lady Nora did not reply.
Kildare took her silent as consent, and the red flame in his eyes danced and glowed like a wrecker's fire. And the demoniac look on his visage grew more in-

patch up a truce," he zaid, in a low faltoring

"Then you must purpose something new," said the Lady Nora. "You have my deci-elon in regard to this fellow conspirator of yours, Redwood Kildare. I am ready to about the grounds. The stillest way is the bear this imprisonment as long as your patience holds out. Sooner or later, of course, you will be compelled to grant me my freedom. You cannot hide a woman like me away from her friends a long time with. ror and amazement, confronted not only by out inquiries being made for her. Lord Ohis mother, but by the Dublin lawyer, whom Nell will demand my whereabouts. Lady he had formerly known, and who he reco-Kathleen will inquire for me. Suspicion will gnized in an instant. light upon you, and you will be compelled to

produce me." As her latest remark showed, the young girl apprehended nothing worse at the hands of her kinsman than a prolonged captivity. As well as she was beginning to know this mild-eyed, smooth-faced man, she did self. not yet half comprehend his capabilities for

wickedness. Kildare, with the smile we have deacribed seemingly frozen on his face, slowly took up the light, and as slowly opened the door and sidled out, keeping his blazing eyes fixed on Nora.

Once outside the door, he closed it abruptly, looked it, and descended the stairs.

"The saints be between us and harm," she cjaculated. "Why, your honor looks as if you had seen a ghost."

the lawyer grimly. "My ward causes me a regarded a lawyer as his natural enemy. great deal of trouble, Mrs. Fogarty. We "I know all about you," continued Mr. great deal of trouble, Mrs. Fogarty. We shall have to keep up this system of broad and Kildare, fixing his cat-like gaze full upon the water and close confinement. But I am fugitive. "I know that you are an escaped her spirit."

"If I couldn't break her spirit, I'd break one's hair stand on end. Last night I expected to see the police rush in all the way from | money !" Dublin, let alone the neighbors. You'll never de anything with her, your honor, and may as well let her out at wonst."

"You think so?" "I do. If she won't marry the man she'd ought, why you'll have to let her throw herself away, your honor. She ain't to be

driven.' A look came upon the lawyer's face that made the old woman tremble.
"She will make me trouble," he muttered,

"unless I do something. I wish I had the right sort of a man to help me plan and act. The fugitive, still incred I wish-"

"Sure, the devil will send the man you're wanting," said Mrs. Fogarty, convinced that the "help" Kıldare required was of a description which the father of evil would delight in. give you twenty pounds for doing a bit wanting," said Mrs. Fogarty, convinced that the "help" Kildare required was of a descrip-"You've only to look around."

At this juncture a stealthy step was heard on the steps without. The lawyer and the widow were alike silent.

The former instinctively shielded the light with his person. Then the door was softly tried from the outside. It did not yield. The next minute there was a low, grating, rasping sound in the

lock, as of one turning the key with a burglar's impliments. The lawyer drew a pistol ready for use. Mrs. Fogarty turned sick with terror. Presently the door was pushed softly ajar. It opened more and more widely, and a man's

form wriggled through the aperture into the hall. There was one moment of wild astonishment on either side, and the intruder was food and drink. You looked famished !" about to retreat, and Rildare, who had shrunk back to the wall, was about to fire,

when Mrs. Fogarty, with a shrick of joy, bounded toward the door, crying out : "It's Tim! It's my boy Tim come home!"

It was indeed Tim Fogarty, alias Murple, Bassantyne's quondam valet, and in most wretched pulse. And at sight of his villateous face, Kildare put up his pistol, and his face glowed with delight. "The devil has sent me the help I want!"

he mattered. "And just in time!"

CHAPTER XIX.

A VILLAINOUS COMPACT. As we have said, Tim Fogarty, alias

Murple, was in most wretched guise. During the fortnight which had elapsed since his hurried flight from the hotel in Dublin, after his recognition of Lame Bill, he had passed through the several stages of seediness and poverty, and now presented a strong family resemblance to the great tribe English cities.

English cities.

He was ragged and dirty, unshaven and unshorn, and this neglect of his personal appearance added to his usual similater appearance.

"De you know what that last sentence of the courage and the affection to reception and a tray laden with cold meat, bread, and a

| your implies?" asked Michael Kildare, in a | and to claim him. It was no wonder that bettle of ale, she baving a weakness for Dubthisk, parring whisper.

"Whatever it implies, I adhere to it."

Asserted the Lady Nora, with undaunted courage.

Again that chastly, sinister, awind smile others to assist him in carrying out his nefari
the smooth, mild-faced, gentie-scenning faw.

Yer, scanning him so closely through gentle, fell to eating as if nearly starved. The lawyer watched him as he ate, and studied his countenance closely.

"He has more of the animal in him than a countenance closely."

"He has more of the animal in him than a countenance closely."

had indeed gene to Drogheds, but here he had failen in with some jolly ale-house frequenters, made their acquaintance, and remained to cultivate their society until his money was all spent in drinking and gaming. The end of the fortnight found him still at Drogheds, poor and penniless, his best garments disposed of for board, and utter desti-tution etaring him in the face.

At this crisis of affairs, he had decided to write to Bassantyne to send him money, and ness! A covered uand might have grasped a | was indeed on his way to a stationer's to invest his last three-pence in paper, pen, and stamp for the purpose, when to his herror he encountered his old enemy, Lame Bill, face to face.

Losing his courage utterly at this recontre, and comprehending in an instant that Lame Bill was searching for him, Fogarty turned and fied down the nearest street, darting into alleys and hell-ways, and never resting until he had completely distanced Lame Bill, who had sprung after him in quick pursuit.

The fugitive did net return to the inn where he had been lounging, but, with a wholesome horror of the law, with which Lame Bill was now associated in his eyes, he struck out for the open country, and made his way by slow and circuitous routes to Clondalkin, begging his food as he went, and sleeping at night in rick yards or under hedges.

He had arrived at Clondalkin a half hour before midnight on this night of Michael Kildare's visit to his ward. At an ale-house, where he had halted to beg a drink, in the outskirts of the village, he had cautiously made inquiries for Mrs. Fogarty, and was told that she lived at Yew Cottage, a place he well knew as belonging to his aunt, Mr. K'ldare's city housekeeper.

The new acts notices experi.

The new had stolen with slow and preeping steps to Yew Cottage. The lawyer's herse and phaeton were hidden in the shrubbery, und he did not detect their presence. No light "I would like to give you a last chance to showed from within the dwelling.

"The eld lady is asleep !" he said to himself, as he stealthily crept up the steps. "If I knock and arouse her, the neighbors may hear. Lame Bill may be watching in the best way. Once in, I can find my way to the old lady. So here goes!"

It was thus that he stole into the cottage

like a burglar, and found himself, to his terhis mother, but by the Dublin lawyer, whom

That this encounter with Mr. Kildare boded him no good, he seemed to feel instinctively, for he tried desperately to break looss from his mother's clinging embrace, treating her with a roughness which he might have bestowed upon Lame Bill him-

"Let me go, will you?" he cried, half choked and wholly maddened. "Let go your hold, I say. Do you want to hang me?

He tore from his neck her long stout arms, and was about to make his escape, when the lawyer quietly closed and locked the door, withdrawing the key.

"What are you afraid of, Tim?" asked Mr, Kildare in his seft, mellifluous tones.

"I am in the humor to make one," said sion in his eyes. As he had no money, he some strange quarter, have got wind of your

afraid that even those things will not break convict, and that the Dublin police, through presence in the country. I know, too, that her head, as my old man used to say of me," they are looking for you and a fellow-convict said Mrs. Fogarty coarsely. "The girl's as obstinate as a mule, and has nearly worn the life out of me. And the way she's shricked know that a heavy reward is offered for this for help at times has been enough to make man's capture and yours, and that more than one person is accious to handle the reward

The fugitive breathed hard. A dangerous look appeared on his savage face. He worked his hands nervously.

"You know too much !" he muttered. The lawyer smiled.

"Not so," he answered. "I like a fellew of plack. I like you, Tim Fogarty. You have only to say the word, and you and I can be friends, and on the best of terms. More than that; while I am protecting you, I can put you in the way of making a bit of money,

The fugitive, still incredulous, started at the lawyer, and with a greedy look in his

of work-good luck to him ! You'll de as he says, Tim., dear !'

"Is it in earnet he is?" asked Fogarty doubtfully.
"Yes; I am in sarnest," declared the law-

yer, with a sincerity the fugitive could no longer doubt. "I have got a little irregular sort of business on hand, and I want somebody to help me in it !"
"Irregular, eh !" muttered Tim. "Well,
I'm your man! I'm used to 'irregular' busi-

ness, I am! Anything in the way of a houseburning? That's what I took my v'y'ge for, you may remember. Or would you want something that another chap owns? I'm good at lagging-"

"I'll tell you what I want, but not just yet," said Mr. Kildare. "Just now you want "I am, very near," asserted Fogarty. "I've had nothing to eat since ncon?"

"Then the first thing to be done is to give you some food," said the lawyer. "Mrs. Fogarty, the shutters are closed in the parlor, and Tim and I will go in there and wait, while you bring up same supper." As he spoke he opened the parlor door and

passed into the room, taking the candis with him. Tim Fegarty, alias Murple, followed him. Mrs. Fogarty, muttering to herself, descended to the basement in the darkness, in search of another candle and food for her

Left to themselves, the two men whose stations in life so widely differed—the one being a lawyer of reputation, honored, respected, and esteemed; the other being a run-away convict, and, like Cain, "his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him"—sat down, facing each other. And presently, without Kildare's having revealed his plans, the twe men had arrived at an understanding with each other, so far that Fogarty trusted the lawyer and felt at ease in his presence, and Kilders came to the conclusion that by playing upon the fears and the greed of the excepted convict he could mould him to his will.

It was a wonder that even his mother had Mrs. Fogarty came up with another light

ouners to assist him in carrying out his nefarious plans.

Fogarty, or Murple, had not followed the circuitous route of flight laid out for him by Bassantyne, and which had been intended to bring him at its close to Ballyconner. He had intended to follow it to the latter and lade. though I don't intend to do that. And here's Mrs. Fogarty, Mrs. Liffey's sister, also a gentlewoman by birth, but of coarse neture and valgar soul, ready to do anything bad for money. And here's Mrs. Fogarty's son, who sught to be a respectable tradesman, or even an architect, like Mr. Liffey, or a professional man; and what is he? No street gamin grown to manhood could have have greater aptitude for orime than Tim Fogarty. And

no street thief has a viler record then be And perhaps, as far as I am concerned, it is just as well. If I were to marry Mrs. Liffey no one would ever need to know that this wretch Fogarty is her pephew. But I do not intend to marry her, and I shall get rid of her just when she ceases to be useful to me. So with this fellow. Meanwhile he can be very useful to me!'

None of these dark reflactions, however, appeared in the gentle, soft-featured face of the elderly lawyer. Instead, a benevolent smile glowed on his delicate visage, and he stroked his chin leisurely with one small, white hand.

Sitting there with that soft, benevolent smile, watching the famishing man at his re past, Michael Kildare might have sat for the picture of some great philanthropist, or might have served as a model for the incarnation of the virtue of philanthropy itself. Yet his soul was as black as that of the

convict beside him. When Fogarty had appeared his hunger and cleared the tray, the lawyer said:
"Now you may leave us, Mrs. Fogarty.
Tim and I have business to talk over. You will have the rest of the night to talk

with him, you know," The widew assented, and took up the tray and the extra light and withdrew. When the sound of her footsteps had died

out of the hall, and Mrs. Fogarty had gone

up to her own room, Mr. Kildare quietly looked the parlor door, and draw his chair close to that of the fugitive. "Now let us understand each other, my friend," he said. "I have got a big job on hand for you. You will have to work cautiously, and in disguise. When you shall have finished the job, I shall require you to leave

"Oa twenty pound?" "No; if the job is well done, you shall have enough to take you across the ocean and set you up in some decent business. But it

must be understood that you will go."
"Oh, yes, I'll go," said Fegarty glibly, adding mentally that he would go down to Wicklow, and hide at Ballyconnor, where he would be safe as in America. " and now

what is the business?" The lawyer hesitated. He was not a man to put himself into the power of another; yet here it became absolutely necessary, for the furtherance of his plans, to make a confidant in some sort of this man.

After a little silence spent in a close study of Fogarty's countenance, Mr. Kildare drew still nearer to the fugitive convict and said : "You may know, Tim, that I am an assoclate guardian of my young kinswomam, the Lady Nora Kildare-

"Yes; I know."
"Another claimant has lately arisen to Point Kildare, and this new claimant is now the Eurland in full possession—"

"I know that too," interrupted Fogarty hastily and enguardedly.
"You do? Ab, you saw it in the papers? It's the great sensation of the day, that and the Lidy Kathleen Connor's singular and sudden marriage. They form the chief subject of conversation at every club, party, asnhly, or ale-hou**se.** Every some allusion to these to sensations. High and low alike discuss them. The new Earl of Kildare will be the lion of the season, if he will only show himself. He is a handsome fellow; and worthy of his exalted position !" "Is he at Kildare Castle now!" asked

Fogarty.

"No; he is in Dublin on business. I see him often. In fact, I wanted him to stay at my house, as I am his kinsman and am to be his lawyer, but he preferred a hotel. But to return to the point. My ward, the Lady Nora Kildare, is now my especial charge, Sir Russel Ryan giving up his post with the loss of her property. It has been my wish that Nora should marry her cousin, but she refuses. She is an obstinate, self-willed creature, and has made me much trouble."

(Te be continued.)

DON'T LET IT ESCAPE, IT MAY BE YOUR TURN.

With well-known regularity the 236th Grand Monthly Drawing of The Louisiana State Lot-tery took place at New Orleans, on January 14th, 1890, under the usual supervision of Generals G. T. Beauregard of Louisiana, and Jubal A. Early of Virginia. Ticket No. 93,262 drew the first capital prize of \$300,000. Ticket No. 12,122 draw the second capital prize of \$100,000, and was sold in fractional twentieths at \$1 each, sent to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., one was held by Eli Zane, Philadelphia, Pa.; one by Robert T. Parker, St. James, Mo.; one by Thomas Marriott, Leavenworth, Kan.; one by John J. Conley, Boston, Mass.; one by Hans Lagoni, Dwight, Ill.; one by H. W. Cartier, Minneapolia, Minn.; one by C. N. Duross, Detroit, Mich.; one by Nevada Bank, San Francisco, Cal.; one by Second National Bank of Jackson, Tenn., etc., etc. Ticket No. 64, 301 days the third capital prings of \$50,000 cap. of Jackson, Tenn., etc., etc. Ticket No. 64,301 drew the third cepital prize of \$50,000, also sold in fractional parts, in like manner at \$1 each; one to Wm. E. Westlake, Peoris, Ill.; one to Jacob Abbott, 435 Aisquith at., Baltimore, Md.; one to Henry Ozike, 153 West 3d st., Cinciunati. Ohio.; one to a depositor, Union National Bank, New Orleans, La.; one to Honnah Lay & Co., Traverse Civy, Mich.; one to John Daly, 462 Washington St. New York City; one to Charles G. Lynch, Boston, Mass., etc., etc. The next drawing will take place Tuesday, March 11th, of which all information will be furnished on application to M. A. will 'e furnished on application to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La.

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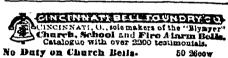
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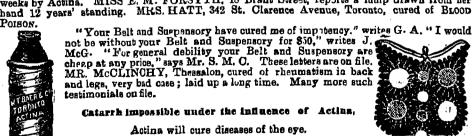


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