

Took Hood's in the Spring

It Completely Cured a Dreadful Scrofula Humor

From Which He Had Suffered From Boyhood.

If you want a good medicine for your blood, you should take one which absolutely cures blood diseases. The following testimonial and thousands more like it prove that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the greatest blood purifier ever discovered.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.": "Gentlemen:—I have had a scrofulous humor since I was a boy. Four years ago it culminated in an abscess as large as an apple on the left side of my neck, and extended the whole length of my jaw from the chin to the ear.

Commenced to Take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Up to that time I had not had any appetite, and in particular ate very little breakfast. Soon after commencing with Hood's Sarsaparilla, I began to feel better in every way and my appetite improved.

"Thank God, she's better," Mary answered; "but she's been very bad, and it's hard work the mistress and Miss Cecil and I have had to bring her through. The doctor says good nursing done it, and it's true for her. She's had the best of it, sure."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the best Spring Medicine. All druggists. \$1.50 per bottle. C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

are purely vegetable, reliable, beneficial. 25c.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses.

For further particulars apply to Rev. THEO. SEPEZ, President.

ASSUMPTION COLLEGE, SANDWICH

Ont.—The studies embrace the Classical and Commercial courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$100 per annum.

THE PINES URSLINE ACADEMY

CHATHAM, ONT.

The Educational Course comprises every branch suitable for young ladies.

THE LONDON BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

and Academy of Shorthand and Typewriting

(Formerly London Commercial College.) 212-211 Dundas Street.

We solicit the same liberal patronage which the readers of THE RECORD extended to us in the past. Satisfaction guaranteed.

NORTHERN Business College

was founded in 1887, and is the only business college in Canada to give thorough business training.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS,

The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers.

Telephone—House, 373; Factory, 545.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS

This has a larger sale than any book of the kind now in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine.

MUSTARD - THAT'S - MUSTARD

Dunn's Mustard

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM HIGH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED

SOLD IN 5c. and 10c. TINS.

Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

PLUMBING WORK

in operation, can be seen at our warehouse

Opp. Masonic Temple.

SMITH BROS.

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers

London, Ont., Telephone 333.

Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters.

FAIR CANADA, 250-251 A FAREWELL

to Ireland, etc. Two new and pretty songs

Send for same to WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.,

153 Yonge Street, Toronto.

A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID, Author of "Armina," "Philip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXI

"I AM GERALD TYRCONNEL."

Miss Marriott proved a true prophet. The news of his sister's serious illness brought Gerald Tyrconnel to Rome as fast as steam could carry him. There had always subsisted a tender affection between the brother and sister; and, knowing her delicate constitution, he did not wait to be told that she was in danger, but, without a moment's delay in starting, hastened at once to her bedside.

He entered Rome after nightfall, and drove directly to his mother's lodgings. The dark old palace seemed full of gloom as he entered under the vast, echoing arch, and asked the porter who emerged from Mrs. Tyrconnel's apartment. He dared not enquire how Kathleen was, but his heart was beating painfully with a sense of foreboding as he climbed the stone staircase and finally rang the bell of the door indicated.

It was opened by his mother's maid, who greeted him with a welcome such as only an Irish servant can utter. "O Mr. Gerald! but it's glad I am to see you!" she cried. "And Miss Kathleen will be happy! Don't I see how she's fretting for you all the time!"

"How is she, Mary?" he asked, reassured somewhat by the last words. "Thank God, she's better," Mary answered; "but she's been very bad, and it's hard work the mistress and Miss Cecil and I have had to bring her through. The doctor says good nursing done it, and it's true for her. She's had the best of it, sure."

"Miss Cecil!" repeated Tyrconnel, wondering if he heard aright. "Sure that's Miss Lorimer," said Mary. "She's been here nearly all the time, and an angel of a young lady she is. She's got a way wid her that takes the heart out of your breast. But come in here, Mr. Gerald, while I go and tell the mistress you've come."

She opened a door, and Gerald passed into a large, dim room, where at first he could see nothing but the glow of the fire at what seemed a remote distance. But he had not advanced more than half-way down the length of the apartment, when a figure rose from the depths of a large chair and came to meet him.

"Your patient is much better, doctor," said a voice which sent a thrill through him with its remembered tones. "I left her sleeping, and have been very near sleeping myself here in the dark."

The speaker was a good deal surprised when the supposed doctor held out his hand. "I am very grateful to hear that she is better," was the reply of a voice that she too remembered. "But instead of being the doctor I am Gerald Tyrconnel. You, I think, are Miss Lorimer, and I am glad that my first words to you are words of thanks for your kindness to my sister."

"O Mr. Tyrconnel!" said Cecil. "The want of light must excuse my mistake. I am very glad you have come, for I am sure that your presence will be Kathleen's best medicine. And I am glad also that you have come just when we have good news for you. Yes, your sister is much better."

"Thank God!" said Tyrconnel. "I am infinitely relieved to hear it; for I have feared—everything. She is very fragile, as you have no doubt perceived."

"Yes; for a few days the doctors—we all—were very apprehensive. But to-day I can perceive that she is improving. I fear, however, that you cannot hope to see her to-night; it would excite her too much."

"I am very willing to wait. It is enough to know that she is better."

"Meanwhile has Mrs. Tyrconnel heard that you are here? I think she is with Kathleen. I will send her to you and take her place."

"She turned to go, anxious to avoid the meeting between mother and son, and Tyrconnel made no effort to detain her. But as he moved across the floor to open the door for her, he said, in a voice full of feeling: "I cannot say how happy I am to renew the acquaintance which made my last voyage across the Atlantic such a bright memory in my life; nor can I tell you how grateful I am for your goodness to my sister. Words

are very poor in expressing such obligations."

"There are no obligations involved," returned Cecil quickly. "I owe your sister a great deal—when she is better she will tell you in what way—and I have become warmly attached to her. I am here, therefore, because it is a pleasure to me to be with her. No thanks are due to me; on the contrary, I have to thank your mother for allowing me to help her."

With a bend of her head, and a smile which even the dim light revealed full of sweetness, she passed him and was gone.

Tyrconnel walked slowly back the length of the apartment to the fire, and there he stood, looking at the chair from which Cecil had risen, and so lost in thought that he did not heed the entrance of a servant with lights, until his mother followed a few minutes later.

Her welcome was more cordial than he had ventured to expect. In truth, she had been so wretched over one child that her heart was unconsciously softened toward the other, and she could not but be glad that Kathleen should have the great happiness of seeing her brother. She described the girl's illness minutely, dwelt upon its symptoms, told what the doctors said, and finally spoke of Cecil.

"I hardly know what I should have done without Miss Lorimer," she said. "At first I was averse to letting her assist me in nursing Kathleen, but she seemed so anxious that I finally yielded, and she has proved a treasure—so capable, so prompt, so devoted. I have never felt more grateful to any one than I do to her; for she has really sustained me during this terrible time of anxiety."

"Why did you not summon me at once?" asked Tyrconnel. "I should not be here now if I had not feared what illness with Kathleen must mean."

"It did not seem necessary; the doctors said all along that there was no danger, but I knew that they were anxious."

"And she is positively better?" "Very much better, but I dare not let her know to-night that you are here. It would excite her too much. Are you ill yourself?" she asked, in a tone of concern, as it struck her how pale he was. "You really look so."

"Oh, I am quite well," he answered; "but of course I have been very anxious, and have had a hurried and fatiguing journey. I shall sleep well to-night."

He did sleep well, but in his dreams he found himself again and again advancing down a long room—once it seemed one of the vast galleries of the Vatican—to meet Cecil Lorimer, who came toward him with outstretched hand. Just before awaking he dreamed of her as he had seen her last on the deck of the steamer, when he had said to himself with sadness of heart that he should never see her again—and woke with a thrill to hear the bells of Rome ringing the Angelus.

He rose at once, and having, like most Irishmen who are worthy of the name, a deep strain of religious feeling in his nature, he went out to find a church in which to return thanks for the good news that had greeted him at the end of his journey, and to render to God that act of homage which, due everywhere, seems specially due in the Eternal City of His Vicar.

There is not any part of Rome where one need go far to find a church. Tyrconnel found the ever open portal very near at hand, and entering, passed down the dim nave until he found a Mass in progress in one of the chapels. About twenty persons were gathered before the altar, and as he knelt just within the gates his eye was attracted by the figure of a lady kneeling in front of him. It hardly required the grace of her form and bearing to tell him that it was Cecil Lorimer. Instinct told him that at once, and his surprise was great to perceive that she seemed to be a Catholic. He was very certain that when they were on the ship together she had not been a Catholic, and he watched her now with a wonder which amounted to a distraction, perceiving that that note of the Roman group around was more devout in manner than herself. "She must be a Catholic; and yet, if so, it is strange Kathleen should never have mentioned it," he thought; "not knowing that after their visit to the Vatican Kathleen had been too ill to write to him."

After the Mass was over he waited and met Cecil—very much to her surprise—at the door of the church. "I hope that I need not introduce myself again by day light," he said, as he advanced toward her. "But I could not blame you if it were necessary, for we scarcely saw each other last night."

"I should blame myself, however, if it were necessary," replied Cecil, with a smile. "Do you think I have forgotten all our days of pleasant companionship on the ship? I told you then that we should meet again some day. I think, if I remember right, that it was you who doubted it."

"I had forgotten for the time that all roads lead to Rome," he said. "Yet even in Rome there are different paths, and I am very happy that yours and my sister's chance to meet."

"It has been a great pleasure—I may say a great privilege—to me to know her," Miss Lorimer answered. "It is in great measure owing to my acquaintance with her that I have found the road which leads to the true Rome—the City of St. Peter."

Involuntarily Tyrconnel held out his hand with a warm gesture of congratulation. "I thought you must be a Catholic when I saw you in the church," he said. "And yet it seemed almost incredible, for you certainly were not one when we parted."

She shook her head. "Certainly I was not," she answered. "If you remember the night of the collision with the iceberg, you must also remember that I was far more of a heathen than anything else. But I think I was rather a high minded heathen. That is all which could be said for me. I believed in justice and honor and truth and other noble abstractions, but I knew as little as possible of God, from whom they derive their meaning."

"I do not remember that you impressed me at all as a heathen," said Tyrconnel, smiling. "I do remember exceedingly well the doctrine that you preached of the possibility of accomplishing anything by will and effort. I thought it rather impracticable—the views, if you will excuse me, of one who had no experience of the difficulties of life. But since then, in my moments of darkest discouragement, your words have recurred to me and strengthened my resolution. I have fancied once or twice that you might like to know this; for I think I perceived in you a very strong desire to benefit your fellow creatures."

She looked at him with a glow in her eyes—the glow which springs from deeply touched feeling. "I like very much to know it," she said, "especially since I have heard what difficulties you are struggling with. I never fancied that any words of mine could help a man in such a struggle—for you are right in thinking that I have little practical experience of the difficulties of life—but I am more than glad if they have done so, I am grateful."

"Nay, it is I who should be—who am—grateful," he said. "Kathleen has told you, I see, something of what I have been trying to do, so you may imagine how much I have needed encouragement—but what an egotist I am to be talking of myself, without asking if you have seen her this morning! I presume that you remained with my mother last night?"

"Yes, and I went to Kathleen's bedside just before I came out. She was sleeping so calmly and sweetly that I have finally laid aside all fear. And I am glad to think what a happiness it is before her when she knows that you are here."

"They had reached the archway of the old palace, and there she paused. "I will bid you good-morning here," she said. "While it is still early—no fashionable people about to be shocked—I shall go home."

"You do not mean that you will walk?" "I think so—I am fond of walking, but if I grow tired I can take a carriage on the way. Tell Kathleen that I will see her soon again; and when you are at leisure, Mr. Tyrconnel, I shall be happy to see you."

"But this will never do," he said. "If you will not allow me to accompany you—" "She shook her head, smiling. "That would not answer at all," she replied.

"Then you must let me call a carriage for you. I am not very well versed in social customs, but I hardly think it is the thing for you to walk across Rome unattended. Come in, and I will send the concierge—what do they call him in Italian?—for a carriage, if you will not return to my mother's apartment and take breakfast with us."

"No," she said; "I really must go home now. When I went into the church I meant it only for a stopping-place on my journey. I am sometimes unconventional when I can safely be so, and enjoyed the thought of walking across Rome alone in the early morning."

"I am sorry to interfere with anything which you would enjoy, but I really think my plan is best."

"I suppose it is," she answered, with a little sigh, as she entered the court. "Send for the carriage, please."

The carriage was sent for—could not of course be found at once, and Tyrconnel had a few more minutes of conversation in the shadow of the dark old archway. Then a cab drove up; he placed Cecil in it, and after it drove away bounded as lightly as a boy up the stairs to his mother's apartment.

CHAPTER XXII

"WITH EMPTY HANDS."

The days that followed Tyrconnel's arrival in Rome were very pleasant. His presence helped Kathleen to recover rapidly; and, first around her convalescent couch, afterward in excursions and drives on sunny days to various points about Rome, some delightful hours were spent by a party that combined many agreeable elements. Beside the Tyrconnels and Miss Lorimer, Grace Marriott and Craven, Mrs. Severn and Lionel Erie made up a group of altogether sympathetic quality; and, according to the usual habit of people in a place where there is nothing to do but meet, hardly a day passed without bringing them together in one way or another.

There is so much to see and do in Rome—galleries, ruins, churches, villas, to visit; the Pincian to lounge upon and review all the world, hospitable salons in which to meet—he must be dull indeed who does not find the charm of the Eternal City grow upon him day by day.

It was an old charm to Gerald Tyrconnel; but now there was a fresh one interwoven with it, which deepened constantly. He scarcely dared give it a name to himself; and yet he knew that if it had cost him a struggle to part with Cecil Lorimer when he had known her before, the struggle would be tenfold greater now. But he did not think of parting, in these

sunny, charming hours of delightful companionship. The present sufficed him. He shook off the memory of the sad, dark days he had left in Ireland—the difficulties there to which he must return—and gladdened Kathleen's heart by his cheerfulness of manner and bearing. Only now and then a cloud seemed to fall upon him, and it chanced that one of these moments of despondency brought forth a confidence to Cecil which interested and touched her.

They were standing together on the platform in front of San Pietro in Montorio, where they had gone by Kathleen's request; and the tombs in the church of "sad Ulster's princes" had so affected Tyrconnel that the shadow was still resting over him when Cecil and he came out into the sunshine to admire the wonderful view of the city which this terrace commands. It was a scene which usually would have awakened in him a quick response of delight and admiration, for all ancient and modern Rome lies spread before the gaze. But now he looked at it with almost unheeding eyes; for his mental glance was fixed on that beautiful Isle of Sorrow across the seas, where such woe has reigned for centuries.

"Looking over the earth, looking over history, where can one find anything to equal her in the greatness and duration of her sorrows?" he said. "She is the martyr among nations, on whom God has laid His severest trials, as if to prove the majesty and constancy of her faith."

"And in proving it she has been made such a spectacle for the edification of mankind," said Cecil, "that it seems to me one can hardly regret the suffering which has called forth such heroic virtue."

"If it were all heroic virtue!" he remarked. "But that is too much to expect. There is a human side that saddens one because it is made up of desperation and crime. Great wrongs madden at last, and great suffering leads to despair if it does not lead to sanctity. Collectively, the people of Ireland have for centuries shown the spirit of saints; but always there has been an element in which the usual fruit of oppression is seen in desperate deeds, and that element has increased of late. The long suffering people have now to endure, besides the tyranny of their oppressors, the worse tyranny—worse because encompassing their lives more closely—of the secret societies banded together for crime."

"It must be terrible!" said Cecil, in a tone of deepest sympathy. "It is terrible," he answered. "And here is where I find my efforts most bared. The men who compose these societies, and especially those who lead them, are entirely revolutionary and socialistic in spirit. They do not desire that any good feeling should be established between landlord and tenant. The bitterness that exists—the hatred which the very name of landlord produces in the Irish peasant's breast—serves their ends exactly. And so a good landlord is more abhorrent in their eyes than a bad one. The people—our long suffering, true-hearted Catholic people—are not with them, but they are terrorized by them. Brave as they are by nature, they are not brave enough to defy these midnight murderers. Considering the deeds of blood so constantly perpetrated, it is too much to expect that they should not be intimidated. And so, as I have said, at every turn I find my efforts baffled."

"Do they interfere between you and your tenants?" asked Cecil. "Constantly," he answered. "I have received many threatening letters warning me that if I did not do certain things, or leave certain other things undone, I should draw down on my head the vengeance of this secret power. I never paid the slightest attention to such warnings. But it is a very different matter with the people. When a man is told that he shall not take a holding because another disaffected and thoroughly bad tenant has been obliged to give it up, he simply dare not touch it. If he is told that he must withhold the rent, he dare not pay it. So that our unhappy land seems given over to hopeless misery, and our attempts to do good are frustrated in all directions."

"But you should not lose courage," said Cecil. "Oh, you should keep a strong heart, for such a battle is worth fighting and winning! To lift people from a slough of misery, to make their lives better, to relieve them from a burden of despair, to show them the way to comfort, and help them to walk in it—surely there could not be a work in this world better worth doing, nor one more pleasing to God."

"You are right," replied Tyrconnel, catching somewhat of the glow of her enthusiasm, but with the sadness which had evermastered him still evident in look and tone. "Those are the things I have said to myself, that I say to myself still; but I have learned that to do them is all but impossible. When we crossed the ocean together I knew that I was going to a hard task, but I did not know how hard it would prove. I was aware that I should have to reckon with the bitter opposition of my mother when I attempted any change in the management of the estate—perhaps Kathleen has told you that it had been horribly mismanaged for many years?"

"Yes, she told me that there were many abuses and oppressions which you have endeavored to abolish."

"I can give you no idea of their extent. It was, like numberless other estates in Ireland, rack-rented to the last degree, impoverished, with nothing spent on the land and everything taken out of it; cottages in ruins, the

tenants hopeless, broken-spirited—a picture of wretchedness and the abuse of power. I expected, as I said, opposition from my mother when I attempted to change all this; but I did not expect to find the people so sullen, and the secret societies so antagonistic to me. Between all these, and with hands tied by the lack of that potent factor called money, I confess to you that my heart and my courage alike have nearly failed."

There was something so touching to Cecil in these last words—they were so evidently wrung from the speaker, so simply, so unconsciously said—that she would have liked to put out her hand and touch his in token of sympathy. But that being impossible, she said in a voice of great feeling: "I am glad that you say 'nearly' failed only, for you must not let them fail. It is such a great thing in this world of selfishness to try, even to do something altogether worth doing. Though you cannot at once see the fruits of your efforts, it is a great privilege to be allowed to make them. Don't lose courage, then, even if the fight is hard. When you mean only good to your people, it cannot be but that you will win their confidence at last."

"I endeavor to reassure myself with that reflection," he answered; "but, you see, I have so little power to do what I desire for their benefit. Even if the rents were not withheld—as they are in several cases, one or two of which will give me a great deal of trouble, I fear—I cannot press a people so desperately poor. I have voluntarily lowered the rent of almost every tenant, so that my income is much diminished, and out of this income I have to pay heavy debts. This leaves absolutely no margin for the improvements I have wished to make in the estate—the improvements that must be made if it is ever to become such an estate as a Christian man can in conscience possess."

"Then money could help you?" said Cecil. "It could strengthen your hands and aid you to accomplish your ends?"

He laughed slightly. "What is there in this world," he asked, "in which money cannot help? God, no doubt, can work without it when He wills to do so; but usually He works by human means, of which it is one of the most powerful. Yes, money could do much for me. It would build habitations fit for men and women to live in, and establish industries that would enable a starving people to earn their bread at home instead of being driven to cross the seas for it; it would make what is now a wilderness blossom like the rose—ah, do not lead me to say all that it could do for I should weary you. My day-dreams are so many! From my early boyhood I brooded over these things; I saw the suffering, the desperate, hopeless poverty of the people ever before my eyes; I saw them driven forth in sorrow and sadness as exiles from the land which they love, with passionate devotion I dreamed of providing employment for all who wanted it, of well-cultivated lands and comfortable cottages, and discontent banished from one corner of the land. And then I dreamed of the money which would be required to bring about this change. 'I will go to the other side of the world and make it,' I said to myself, 'so that I may be ready when the opportunity comes.' I went, but the opportunity came sooner than I expected, before the fortune was made; and I returned as I had gone—with empty hands."

His voice sank a little over the last words, as if he realized afresh the depressing fact of their emptiness; and Cecil's heart gave a sudden throb of self reproach as she remembered how she had once said of him, lightly and carelessly, "It seems a very pitiful thing to do—to give one's best years just to accumulate money." And this was the reason for which he desired to accumulate it—that he might lessen the misery of his people, and do such good as she had only vaguely pondered. She felt as if she must beg his pardon for that past rash judgment—this man who was doing with empty hands more than her full ones had ever accomplished! But before she could frame words to express her rush of feeling, Kathleen came out of the church and joined them. "Oh, what a scene!" she cried, with a deep, soft sigh of delight, as she leaned against the parapet by Cecil's side and looked out over the picture which lay before them—the circling heights of ancient Rome crowned with ruins, palaces and churches; the Campus Martius covered with the roofs and towers of the medieval city; the Castle of San Angelo overlooking the Tiber; and the vastness of the Vatican rising above the crowded houses of the Borgo; while the rounded, wonderful outlines of St. Peter's dome stood out against the soft blue background of the distant hills.

"St. Peter had his See at his feet when he came here to die," said Tyrconnel. "It must have been a marvellous sight upon that day, and more marvellous still to the eye of faith piercing the future. Was a vision vouchsafed him of the glory of that future—the centuries in which his successors should rule with unquestioned sway over all the kingdoms and nations of the earth, of the light pouring forth from this centre over the whole world, of the shrine and refuge that it should prove to the oppressed of all lands? Truly, if so, he might have said a *Nunc dimittis*."

"Whether the vision was vouchsafed him or not, I am sure he said it," replied Cecil. "That impetuous,

vehement, loving heart to count pain or dejection of rejoicing his Master's own road have been with a joy stood here and looked up to the power into the eyes if he did not foresee

"History is made here," quoted toward that majestic above the tomb of ignominious death Janiculum. "Some thought I can understand capable of reading history can be blind the See of Peter I can fail to see thus introduced in which cannot be human ground which reigns in the Vatican even an inferior power dares to do material strength ish prisoner dying few exceptions, this with the long line which history offers yet there are people no meaning."

"And I was one day," said Cecil, humility in her face. "No," said Tyrconnel, "you were one of think at all—on the When you began to truth in its complete. She smiled a little said, 'I am glad to stand his Catholic. And this being so, him to obtain a great will make a pilgrim the purpose.'"

"Let us go on quickly," and we for you. I am always Peter's. Come." TO BE CONTINUED

THE SYNAGOGUE

CHURCH

In "Christ and the Synagogue" the following occurs: "The cradle of Christianity. This separation everything un-naturally bound to one another, and love of Israel and ever a number of were enough of synagogues and Jehovah with the prayers and the ings as were us synagogues of Palestine. Here, in the temples of heathen stitution and idolatry preserved all the forms of his divinity. In the drunken and amid the mad the Jews observed feast days in the and off-times of On these days the and the deriding in the synagogue solemn hymns, Scriptures, and listen to a sermon some passing privilege in to speak often was.

These synagogues far and wide as they served stations, already in a hundred ways, of the gospel, so that them by the mission Christ.

It was to these Paul and his companions on reaching a city were often teaching scorned given at least of frequently these down the wide R see how Christ given to the Ge measurably great fullness of time.

The Jews of it were much more than those of Palestine dispersion. ever persistent Hellenic culture science yielded fluence, and ins ward into Jew hope, as the h locking forward Israel.

But they were Hellenic in lar but they were of a coming Mes star, this hope ing them on, come when it over Jerusalem from the island the distant edge Palestine, a con nation. They wherever they converts to their an almost univ hearts of men, Christ came as

It may save be informed blood purifier, the kind most cal profession. as such, the mitted at the C

Dr. Chase's Syrup of LINSEED and TURPENTINE cures All Throat and Lung Troubles. Teaspoonful Doses. PRICE 25 CENTS

TOVE & DIGMAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 115 Talbot Street, London. Private funds to loan.

THOMAS J. ANDERSON, BARRISTER, 1, St. John's Office, Edge Block, South East corner Dundas and Richmond Streets. Money to loan.

Mustard - THAT'S - Mustard

Dunn's Mustard

MADE ABSOLUTELY PURE FROM HIGH FLAVOURED ENGLISH SEED

SOLD IN 5c. and 10c. TINS.

Ask for Dunn's Pure Mustard

PLUMBING WORK

in operation, can be seen at our warehouse

Opp. Masonic Temple.

SMITH BROS.

Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers

London, Ont., Telephone 333.

Sole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters.

FAIR CANADA, 250-251 A FAREWELL

to Ireland, etc. Two new and pretty songs

Send for same to WHALEY, ROYCE & CO.,

153 Yonge Street, Toronto.

939 If