

**Her Ladyship**

(Katharine Tynan, in Mosher's Magazine.)

Her Ladyship had eyes like the most velvety brown pansy. There was something appealing, something sad, in their gaze, that had made her sympathetic heart go out to her Ladyship many a time.

Not that there could be anything in her lot to call for sympathy; bless you, no.

His Lordship was the proudest, statelyest, noblest gentleman imaginable. It was plain to be seen that her Ladyship doted on him. And as for him no one could doubt, watching this proud fond gaze upon her, that the very sun shone out of her bronze head for him.

She was quite as stately as he was, if it were not for the appeal in her eyes. A tall pale girl—not in the least lily-like; indeed her soft warm smile was rather like the tint of a white rose which has a golden pink at its heart, than that of the colder flower.

But for the appealing eyes, the pride of her air had matched her Lord's. She was proud indeed, by right, being the grand-daughter of old Lady Warrender, the proudest and most exclusive woman in England. A horrible old woman, some people said, and explained the Countess' appealing eyes by the fact that her tender girlhood had been spent under the shadow of those insolent and frowning glances.

The old woman had driven her son, poor Archie, away from her, said the middle-aged men who had been at Eton with Archie Warrender, the Countess' father, and remembered his winning ways, his sunny curls, his frank and gentle eyes. Poor Archie! Some time on the threshold of manhood, when the rest of them were leaving their fling at all the gaieties of life, Archie threw off his mother's yoke, and disappeared.

A few years passed and old Lady Warrender again showed her face in society. Archie was dead, and had left her his little girl to bring up, a soft pale child with frightened brown eyes. He had married the daughter of a Devonshire parson. The old lady was quite frank about it to everyone. She had not approved of the marriage, and she and her son had parted. Now that the child's father and mother were dead she was resolved to do her duty by Archie's daughter.

The child, listening to more or less veiled conversations about herself between her grandmother and the world, drank closer as though she would beside herself in some invisible corner, and her brown eyes fluttered like raindrops in the twilight.

She always wore white—thick creamy white—that made her eyes gleam, her head more russet, her hair fairer, and her soft lips redder. People said that Lady Warrender thought her grandchild was going to turn out a beauty, and had the wit to dress her to enhance her budding charms.

However, she had no chance to dazzle London with the girl's opening beauty, for at seventeen Love sent her Lordship by accident to the somewhat forbidding Lodge amid the gloomy woods where Lady Warrender was hiding away her pearl.

She could have nothing to object to in his Lordship. He was indeed almost a brilliant match for even Lady Warrender's grand-daughter. The pair were ecstatically in love with each other. It would have been idyllic to anybody but the fierce, proud old woman, who abhorred the very name of Love because of certain things which had happened long ago.

"You have done very creditably," she said to the shrinking girl. Any one who saw those brown eyes at that moment would have discovered the reason in them. "But remember he is immensely proud. Yes, I know, the Rev. Richard Lorimer of Dene-in-Arden, your maternal grandfather, was some one you need not be ashamed of. It was fortunate that he was nothing worse than a scholarly out-at-elbows country parson. St. Austell is very proud."

The girl winced as though the thin tones had actually stung like a whip. A shadow had fallen over the radiance of her beauty, which since her Lordship had come had seemed to light up as though by a golden light from within.

All that was over and done with, Lady Warrender was dead. Lord and Lady St. Austell had been married more than half a dozen years. They were more in love with each other than ever. Still her Ladyship, unconscious of betrayal, revealed to the sympathetic gaze, some trouble pushed out of sight.

It was not every one who saw that expression in Lady St. Austell's eyes; only those who had eyes to see it. Sometimes it was a tender-hearted mother of children who read the expression for eternal sorrow because the little heir to so many desirable things had only come to go, and the St. Austells were childless.

His Lordship was too good a lover not to be aware of that intangible something. Probably he too ascribed it to the loss of the heir. Anyhow he never spoke of it; but when the loneliness of the brown eyes became more than he could bear he would take her Ladyship's face between his two hands, and look down into those striking depths, and then with a little sigh would bid her Ladyship pack up and take Phyllis, her maid, with her, and be off to the quiet place in the West Country, which seemed to

have a balm for her Ladyship's cares. It was the Countess' fancy to go incognito, so to speak. Otherwise there was no reason why she should not have gone to one of the fine homes which his Lordship was master of. He, being made of finer stuff than most men, could understand why his wife should go away for rest to a little fishing village where she would be known as Mrs. St. Austell even if he himself was too much used to his circumstances of rank and importance to be conscious of any discomfort.

He could understand too, though it made him sigh, that his wife, when she made these excursions preferred his absence. He said to himself that even in the closest human relationships there must be room at times for the soul to be solitary. Not that he felt the need himself. But he was ready to be endlessly patient with the subtleties of a woman's nature. She wanted to get away and think, her Ladyship had cried out one day when it had seemed a little difficult for her to run away. He supposed that in those lonely places she had the little delicate spirit of the boy more closely to herself. Anyhow she always returned with her eyes almost satisfied. And her manner towards himself was exquisite as though she could not love him enough for bearing with her.

He could trust Phyllis to take care of her lady. Phyllis was West Country too, with the faithful eyes of a dog, that followed her Ladyship with an adoring worship in them. There was a certain resemblance between her Ladyship's eyes and Phyllis', only that her Ladyship's were like deep pools full of shadows and hidden lights, whereas Phyllis' were like an open pool in the moorland that showed all it held to the sky.

Phyllis had replaced the sour spinner who had been her Ladyship's maid before she was married, and afterwards till old Lady Warrender died. His Lordship himself dismissed Ellison, having noticed his wife's shrinking aversion for her. He had treated her with lavish generosity, as was his way; but the woman had left the house scowling and muttering to herself, and pretty Phyllis had come in.

It was the middle of the season, a blazing June weather with hardly a breath of air, when her Ladyship had a longing to be gone to her little refuge under the cliffs of Porthoe. She had been looking white and exhausted, with purple rings about her eyes, and it was his Lordship himself who suggested that she should go, and made light of the difficulties. He too would leave the gaieties behind and take the yacht over to France. The desire for the sea which besets the Londoner when hot weather comes in was upon him; and he imagined what it was with her.

After all there was nothing they need really wait for. He telegraphed to Southampton about the yacht, sent her Ladyship and her maid off to Paddington, and walked down to his club along a street which was furiously white at one side and deeply black on the other, he thought with a little trouble of the gratitude in his wife's eyes when he had bid her go. Why couldn't she share the trouble with him? he thought. The little lad was his too, and the sorrow his. Why couldn't they comfort each other? The blinds were down in St. Austell House. The yacht was getting up steam at Southampton. In a few hours more his Lordship would be on board. He came in to find a shabby looking letter on his table, marked "Important."

He opened it, expecting to find a begging letter. The thing smelt rankly of imprudence and imposture. When he had read it, he smiled contemptuously before setting light to it in the grate.

"What is the secret between your wife and your wife's maid?" it ran. "She is never at No. 7 the Beach, Porthoe, though her letters are received there. She is at Greenhurst Farm, Tremadoc, and passes for a single woman."

As he would have placed the note on the coals it fluttered from his hand and lay on the floor. He set his heel on it as though it lied before restoring it to the grate. It had no power to trouble his mind, this thing of lies and dire suggestions. Still he was angry that it should be possible for some creeping, writhing thing of the darkness to strike at his wife. It shocked and stung his pride.

Perhaps he had been wrong in allowing Lady St. Austell to lay down her rank so entirely when she made these excursions. It gave a chance to such creatures as the writer of this letter was. Anyhow the thing had spoiled the pleasure with which he was looking forward to the run before he went to Cherbourg. Stay! Why not take the yacht round to Porthoe? Alice would be glad to see him by this time. She had had nearly a week of her solitude. He would tell her about the letter, and they would try to discover who the writer could be. If he had seen Ellison's face as she passed out of his doors for the last time he would not have had much doubt.

The wind veered to the southeast in time to give them a good run to the west coast. They put in at Penzance. His Lordship was not inclined to give away the secret of his wife's resting place. He walked over the cliffs, a stiff walk of ten miles, to Porthoe. He found No. 7 the Beach, easily, and asked for Mrs. St. Austell.

The old woman who had come in answer to his knock stared at him. "She hasn't been here for a week come Thursday," she said. "She slept one night here, herself and her cousin. Then they be off inland. If you're

like to see her you may as well take her letters. The cousin calls for them twice a week. A great bundle there is, to be sure."

He received the bundle without a word, and noticed that two or three of his own letters were among them. No one would have supposed, as he turned away, lifting his hat to the old woman, that he had received a violent shock—not that he doubted Alice, of course; only that she had secrets from him; that it was all underhand, this giving one address and living at another; this passing off her maid as her cousin. It was incredible. He had been sure of his wife's dignity and sense of honor as he had been of Heaven.

He left the village behind him staring at its height and appearance, and having received vaguely an impression of the old woman's instructions to him to take the path over the Head and strike across the moor till he came to Potwhele and then ask further, he went on, forgetting that he had already had ten stiff miles of walking and gone some hours without a meal.

As he went on, the tumult of his thoughts became quieter. Of course Alice would have an explanation. He had never really doubted her. Her pride had gone no further than his hurt and his concern for her dignity.

He had left Plymouth so early and had walked so quickly that after all it was still early in the forenoon when he found himself climbing the hills, twisting, green lanes that led to Greenhurst Farm. He could see its golden ricks and twisted chimneys, its gables covered with ivy and honeysuckle, at the end of the lane now. The lane meandered along the side of a mild hill. There was a little valley below him with a stream sporting in it, so harmless that it might be crossed by stepping-stones. Beyond it was another mild green hill.

As he closed the last gate and came out on the velvety green space in front of the red-brick, Elizabethan farmhouse, he saw the figure of a girl churning at an old-fashioned churn. Up and down went the handle. He caught a glimpse of beautiful arms. The figure in its print frock was exquisite. The head—why \* \* \* the girl turned and looked at him, and he saw the scared face of his wife.

He shrank from the terror in her eyes as though she had dealt him a blow. He had no time to think what a beautiful dairy-maid she was.

"Come, child," he said. "Don't look so frightened. Come and tell me why you are masquerading here."

She dropped the handle of the churn. He took her hand, wet with the milk, and led her aside where the gate opened into an overgrown orchard. No one had come out of the farmhouse and they were alone, excepting for the shrieking black piglets that fed before them, and the hen with her downy chickens, and the turkey's brood.

He felt that his wife was trembling, and he made her sit down on a stone seat that had been built about an apple-trunk.

"Now," he said, still holding her hand. "You will never forgive me," she panted, and her eyes had the helpless fear of an animal or a child.

"I love you," he said, "and I can forgive you anything except fear of me."

"You will never forgive me," she repeated. "It will be as she said—you will turn away from me."

"As you said?"

"My grandmother. She terrified me into acquiescing in her deceit; and I loved you, oh, I loved you. Else perhaps I could have stood out against her. I couldn't lose you. Now, I have lost you forever."

She covered her face with her hands, and shook her head to foot.

"You have not lost me," he said, putting an arm about her. "I am always yours. Now tell me what was the deceit."

She looked at him then, dropping her hands into her lap. She had the expression of one at the stake.

"Child, child!" he cried out, "you are breaking my heart. Why do you say such things?"

"She said you would cast me off," she went on, looking at his working face. "I have always known that you would never forgive me. That is what I had to look forward to through all the delight of your love."

"You cared?" he said.

"Cared! Oh, Vernon, would I ever have consented to the deceit if I had not loved you better than honor and honesty and everything that is good?"

He sighed as though the weight of the world had been rolled off his breast. Then he caught her to his breast.

"You will never be afraid of me again!" he said. "You will come and go here openly, and Phyllis must take her place as your cousin. What do we care what people say? We are too proud for that."

She looked at his impassioned face with a wild surmise.

"You forgive me?"

"To think that you should have lived between two fears, all your days, except when you stole back here! Now I want to see them. There are to be no more secrets, child. And—I have just discovered I am hungry. I have been afoot since eight o'clock."

Then she believed him, and flung round his neck a pair of arms that smelt of cream.

"You will have a delicious meal," she said. "Trust Granny for that!"

Then they went into the farmhouse together.

**RETURNS TO THE FOLD**

At frequent intervals in recent years The Rock and other Protestant papers published in England have held up to the admiration of their readers the Rev. Count Campello, formerly a canon of St. Peter's, Rome, who gave up the faith and lectured in London against the Church. The Count has repented and returned to the fold, and The London Catholic Times invites its Protestant contemporaries to reproduce the following letter addressed to Cardinal Vaughan:

"Your Eminence, with a heart full of holy joy I write to inform you what has taken place here in Rome this morning, the 8th of December, feast of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, in the handsome chapel of the Collegio Pio-Latino Americano. After having gone through the holy spiritual exercises in this venerable college, I have had the supreme grace to solemnly abjure on this day at the hands of His Grace Archbishop Adami, Delegate to His Holiness Leo XIII., the Old Catholic sect to which since the year 1881 I have had the misfortune to belong. The happiness I experience at this moment, in which I find myself again as a prodigal son in the true Church of Jesus Christ, would not be complete if I did not inform Your Eminence of what has occurred, and through you all the English Catholics whom I have so much scandalized by my unhappy apostasy. Whilst I discharge this agreeable duty I cannot find words strong enough to condemn my past conduct and to express the depth of my sorrow for having given pain to all the faithful in England, and especially to Your Eminence and your worthy predecessor, Cardinal Manning, when by my presence in London I, as it were, triumphed in my infamy, otherwise my apostasy. God be thanked that by a special act of His mercy He has touched my heart and led me back to the Church which I should not have abandoned. May He grant me grace to lead back by my example those souls who through my unhappy work have been induced to wander from the right path, a fact which now causes me inconceivable remorse. I am certain that Your Eminence, following the example of our merciful Lord, will pardon me the serious annoyance I formerly gave you, and I hope that this my sincere return to the one true Church of the Saviour may move those distinguished Anglicans whom I have known to embrace the truth, and that my sad conduct may not confirm them in the error in which they were born and which but for me they would perhaps have abandoned owing to their virtuous lives, as did Newman, Faber, Manning and others not a few. I shall be immensely grateful to Your Eminence if you make public this expression of my most sincere feeling. Thus in my great sorrow for the erroneous course I have pursued I shall at least have the satisfaction of having done all in my power to make reparation where great scandal was formerly given through my blindness. With a heart overflowing with joy at finding myself reconciled with God and His Church, I pay my homage to Your Eminence's dignity and with profound reverence have the honor to remain Your Eminence's devoted servant in Christ,

"Rev. D. C. Enrico di Campello."

The letter is dated Collegio Pio-Latino Americano, 8th December, 1902.

"Why did they operate on that poor man when they knew the moment he was pulled out of the wreck that his injuries were fatal?" "I believe they wished to make sure that their diagnosis was right."

**LOSS OF FLESH,** cough, and pain on the chest may not mean consumption, but are bad signs. Allen's Lung Balm loosens the cough and heals inflamed air passages. Not a grain of opium in it.

**WHEN I WAS TWENTY-WAN.**

(By Seumas MacManus.)

It's a stormy night, me pipe's aight, and I sit me by the fire, There's devil a soul to disturb me but the cat with kittens by her, I'll hitch me chair—a good oak log—right up ag'in the brace, And cross me legs in comfort—so—an' smoke me pipe in peace. I'd like to have a shanach' now, with Rory or with Dan, Or any of the boys I knew when I was twenty-wan.

But no, for Rory's gone long since, an' Dan is gone likewise, An' many another—like that puff, they started for the skies! Ye're most an' old man now yourself—come Lammass, seventy-seven, An' the worl' is rowlin' ye quickly to the golden gates of Heaven. Faix, Mick, me boy, it's queer to think what droll things filled your span— There's changes, troth, an' strange ones too, since you were twenty-wan!

Ye mind the day that Una tripped with you unto the Althar, An' Father Pether laid on your 'the matrimonial halther? Ye mind her sweet wee face, aghra, dark hair, an' sioe-black eyes, That murdered many a stout lad's heart ere you bore off the prize? Ye carried a head as high them times as any in the lan'. For, throgs, ye were consaited, lad, when you were twenty-wan.

An' maybe with some reason, too for ye were strong an' hale, An' tall an' straight as a poplar, with a heart that couldn't quail; Ye were first at heavin' the shoulder-stone, an' first at caman play; An' you faytures was well-favored, to the naybors used to say, But howsomiver that may be, as laist it's thure, me man, The girls admired Mick Moran when he was twenty-wan.

An' och! how Irish girls have changed in years that have gone since then, They aren't, sure, the same at all, what used to be, me fren'; But copyin' after London dames, an' dressin' up like dolls, With under-skirts, an' over-skirts, an' frills, an' foldersols, With fringes, flounces, bustles; ay, an' gloves an' boots of tan,— The sorra dhrim of such, girls did, when I was twenty-wan.

No: Una looked far prettier in striped petticoats, I vow, She cut no heathen fringes to hide her sweet, white brow, The tightest stays she ever wore was my arm aroun' her waist, An' when my lips met hers, avis, it wasn't lint I'd taste; She wore a nate white bonneteen, but no hat like a pan, An' sorra take the bustle, when I was twenty-wan.

They're talkin' still of Irelan', her bitter wrongs an' woes; An' for redress they're callin'—prayin' to her foes; It seems to me—though I am old, an' maybe in the wrong— The rem'dy long ago we used was readier, an' more strong— In my young days, each took a pike an' rose up till a man; "Wrong, wrong!" ye say—well, blood was hot when I was twenty-wan.

The worl' has grown so mortal wise! an' wisdom's still the rage! Trath, Mick aghra, I sorely doubt ye're far bein' your age; Your musty old worl' notions, sure, iv' what is wrong an' right The lad's that's stammered with larnin' now, would just call blather-skite; But still, I say, if larnin' goes with cunnin', han' in lan', Give me the honest ignorance I foun' at twenty-wan!

Well, God be thankit! ye had cares an' troubles in yer day, But bore them, knowin' thoroughly 'the Man Above's good pay; An' ye weren't, throgs, mistaken— for now ye're old an' ripe, An' your days glide like the smoke-wreaths there, that's curlin' from your pipe; An' like that pipe you'll soon go out,—to ashes turn, me man, Just as ye've seen your comrades go since glorious Twenty-wan!

"A gossip."

**THE DRY PROFESSOR.** Under circumstances which The Liverpool Post reports, Professor Blank, who was born dry, and is prone to thrust his dryness upon others, recently achieved additional dryness for himself.

He was among a large party shooting on the moors of Scotland. Suddenly a heavy storm of rain came on. No shelter was at hand, and the sportsmen were drenched. All, at least, but Professor Blank. He had mysteriously disappeared when the rain came on, and rejoined the party when the sun was shining again. To their amazement, the erudite one was as dry as one of his own books.

"How did you manage to escape a wetting?" growled one of the dripping sportsmen. "As soon as the rain came on I went by off by myself," returned Professor Blank, blandly, "slipped off all my clothes, and sat down on them till the shower was over."

**The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age**  
**BENEDICTINE SALVE**

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

**A FEW TESTIMONIALS**

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.  
Yours truly,  
GEO. FOGG.  
Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am,  
Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNSON.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City:  
DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatics. I believe it has no equal.  
Yours sincerely,  
JOHN MCGROGGAN.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.  
DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly,  
(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 18, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.  
DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.  
Yours sincerely,  
JOS. WESTMAN.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.  
Yours respectfully,  
MRS. SIMPSON.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902.  
John O'Connor, Esq., 199 King Street East:  
I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but he gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you do the efficacy of Benedictine Salve, or are entitled to this testimonial in removing rheumatic pains.  
Yours sincerely,  
M. A. COWAN.  
Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,  
Yours, etc.,  
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901.  
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:  
DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him.  
Yours forever thankful,  
PETER AUSTEN.  
Toronto, April 10, 1902.

Mr. John O'Connor:  
DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.  
Yours truly,  
MRS. JAMES FLEMING.  
13 Spruce street, Toronto.  
Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City:  
DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.  
For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.  
Respectfully yours,  
J. J. CLARKE.  
72 Wolseley street, City.  
114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.:  
DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve.  
Yours sincerely,  
T. WALKER, Blacksmith.

Address C. R.  
**JOHN O'CONNOR,** 199 KING ST. E.  
FOR SALE BY  
WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.  
J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E.  
Price, \$1 per box.