

LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD

An Historical Romance.

By M. M. DODDIN, Q. C.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

"There is a man outside in the hall," the butler said, "with a message from Master Mark, which he'll give to no one, he says, except to your honor's own hand."

"Let him in at once," cried Sir Miles eagerly, and he had scarcely spoken when a tall thin man with red hair, who had apparently been waiting at the door, walked into the room, straight up to where Sir Miles sat at the head of the table, and put a thick, formal-looking document into his hand.

"From your son," he said with a leer—"a kind remembrance. Excuse me," he went on, rapidly drawing a second document from his pocket, "that is the copy and this is the original, and I don't think I ever done a neater service."

He was gone from the room like a flash, but not before the experienced eye and ear of the butler took in the situation.

Natural instinct in the Irish follower proved stronger than acquired propriety. The stout butler sprang after the bailiff like a dog after food, and a coat tail came away in his grip as the other fled through the open door.

But the butler's cry of "Bailiff! bailiff!" brought half a dozen men who were working about the grounds on the track. In a minute, the red-headed man was flying down the avenue with the posse coming in full chase after him, Tandy leading the van, yelling with delight.

If the King's wife did not always run in the West of Ireland in those days, the man that served it did. But no sound of the shrill shouting reached the dull, cold ear of the owner of that stately mansion and wide demesne. Sir Miles Blake lay on his back on the thick carpet, with the over-turned chair beside him, and the fire's ruddy glow fell on the cold, pale face, and a slight foam on the blue, half-closed lips, and the glazed eyes stared blankly upwards. Clutched tight and crumpled in his right hand was the document that had slain him, as surely and swiftly as knife or poison.

Started by the strange manner of the man, but not catching his words, Sir Miles had opened the paper anxiously, when the bailiff handed it to him, fearing bad news of his son. He saw at once that it was a legal document. The words "High Court of Chancery," "Bill of Discovery," "Mark Blake, plaintiff; Sir Miles Blake, Bart., defendant," caught his eye. He read on eagerly, not quite able to catch the drift of the legal jargon as he read. The phrase "Statutes for the prevention of the further growth of Popery" occurred half-a-dozen times in the body of the paper.

But he did not quite realize what it all meant until he came to the words—"The said Mark Blake, the plaintiff, has duly conformed to the Protestant religion as by law established." Then it flashed upon him that his only son, whom he had so loved and trusted, had basely apostatized from the old faith, and claimed the estates of his Catholic father as the legal price of his apostasy.

The old man's mind reeled under the shock. A thousand thoughts and memories half formed themselves in his brain, then whirled together in maddening confusion. The blood surged through his veins. His forehead throbbled painfully. His heart, where death had so long lurked, beat tumultuously, as if it would burst his bosom; then his beating fell away to a feeble flutter—then ceased. Darkness was closing fast upon him. The bright, sunlit casement became a glimmering square. With one last, convulsive struggle the soul fled from the feeble body out into the life that stretches beyond the portals of death. The body fell back, overturning the chair in its fall, and lay with outstretched hands on the carpet—quite still.

Half an hour passed, and there was no sound in the room. Tandy, returning from the successful chase, and the ducking of the process-server in the pond, looked in at the window, his white face scarcely less white than the corpse at which he looked. But he turned away without word or sign. The stillness of the room seemed to grow more intense and solemn from death's presence there.

An hour later Maurice Blake came striding up the avenue in the sunlight, in the full joyous vitality of young manhood. His skates were thrown carelessly over his shoulder, his cheeks flushed, and his eyes bright with healthful exercise. He seemed to bring fresh, breezy life with him into the silent chamber of death. But a cold chill struck at his heart as he entered. He heard no cheery word of greeting; he missed the kindly face of the man whom he had grown to love like a father. In an instant his quick eye caught the prone and pitiful

figure, with ghastly face and dishevelled white hair. One glance was enough—he had seen death too often in all forms—the mistake it now. He knew it was a corpse on which he gazed. He took the paper from the clenched right hand, and glanced at it, and read there that the son had slain the father.

It was a dismal day in Cloonlara. The news spread all over the estate that the old man was gone. The grief with which the news was heard was his highest praise.

"God be with him," "The heaven be his bed this night," "It's a long day till we see the likes of him again," "It's hard times that's coming on us now," "Glory be to God!" were the phrases heard on all sides, mingled with prayers, deep and fervent, for the repose of the dead man's soul.

Early next morning Maurice roused himself from the stupor into which the suddenness of the blow had thrown him. He remembered to have heard Sir Miles more than once express the wish that, when death came, Father O'Carroll might be present at his bedside and his grave. But he had no notion of the priest's whereabouts.

Christy Culkin was as ignorant on the subject as himself. Thady O'Flynn, the one person sure to know, was nowhere to be found. At length, by mere accident, Christy happened to see a priest, who he recognized as being the priest who had been at the priest-hunters.

With some trouble Christy got the farmer's wife to trust him, and tell him what she knew. Thady O'Flynn had been with the priest three hours before. She caught the words, the "old master," and "Cloonlara," spoken between them, and then his reverence had ordered the horse to be saddled and set off at full speed.

"He must have been at the gate of the big house ten minutes after you left it," she said to Christy.

Pleased that his task was fulfilled, yet half vexed that he had his journey for nothing, Christy only waited to give a drink of "white water" to Phooka, and then turned him for home.

The gallant horse had not a hair turned by the twelve miles quick journey. His skin shone like black satin. He was fresher than when he started, and arched his neck and tossed his head with sprightly impatience, and danced along the road when Christy, tightening the reins, forced him to a slower pace on their return; for Christy had learned in a hard school in his own life, the meaning and death the punishment, that horse power should never be wasted, because one can never tell when it may be needed.

Another lesson, too, Christy had learned in that same school—that eyes and ears should be sentinels for ever on duty, which lesson he now unfortunately neglected. He rode with bowed head, buried in thought.

He was suddenly and harshly roused from his reverie. A short turn of the road brought him plump into the centre of a troop of men.

Strong hands held the horses' reins on either side. A dozen muskets covered his body. A hoarse voice commanded him with a savage curse to dismount.

Christy's presence of mind came back to him in an instant. Instinctively his hand went down to his sword-hilt. But the first conscious thought rebuked his folly, and told him that resistance meant death.

He noted with a single look both of Hempenstal and Lord Dulwich were of the party. Lord Dulwich stood a little behind his men. But Hempenstal pressed eagerly forward with a huge horse pistol levelled, delighted at the capture of his old enemy, eager for his death.

"Will you come down," he shouted fiercely, "what he had his sword in his hand, and a leaden messenger to fetch you down."

Christy eyed him contemptuously. "I want a word with your master," he said, as quietly as if death were not peering at him out of the muzzles of a score of muskets and pistols on full cock.

He conquered truculence, as it always does. "My lord, the prisoner would speak with you," growled Hempenstal.

"Let him first throw down his arms," answered Lord Dulwich without moving. Christy clucked his sword from his sheath and his pistols from the holsters, and flung them all down, clashing together on the strip of sward by the road side.

"Well," demanded Lord Dulwich, now for the first time approaching. "By what authority am I stopped upon the high road," demanded Christy, meeting the supercilious glance firmly.

"By mine," retorted Lord Dulwich. "My will, as you will find, is warrant sufficient. You must be searched. Dismount and submit. Insolence will not serve you here."

With a meekness very curious to any one who knew the man, Christy leaped from his horse, and submitted himself to be searched. Nothing was found. But Hempenstal laid a heavy hand on his shoulder.

"If the power of the King is resisted, on the traitor's own head be it." "But the horse?" persisted Christy. "The horse is mine," said Lord Dulwich.

He dismounted as he spoke, and sprang into Phooka's empty saddle. "You may be trudging on foot. But take my advice and keep clear of Cloonlara. Stay!" he cried, for Christy, as if in humble compliance with his command, was moving submissively back the road for the law, as well as well have all legal formalities complied with. The horse is now paying for you. You are a Papist?"

"I am a Catholic," said Christy, firmly, and the troop laughed uproariously, Hempenstal leading the chorus. "Call it what you will," retorted Lord Dulwich, "the thing is the same. You know the law. Five pounds is the price of the best horse a Papist can ride. There's your money, my good man, and the horse is mine."

He took five sovereigns from his pocket and flung them in the dust of the road at Christy's feet.

Without a word the other stooped, picked the gold up out of the dust, and quietly put it in his pocket. There was still the curious half smile on his face which had led him to the possession of his horse.

"Any message for Cloonlara, my lord?" he asked, with perfect coolness. "I'll be my own messenger," said Lord Dulwich, and I doubt if the message I bring is likely to please your master. I'll take his opinion on my last bargain of horse-flesh."

"Perhaps," muttered Christy between his teeth. He said no more, but turning at right angles to the road he climbed a five-foot coped and dashed wall that bounded it, and fled quickly across the fields, in direction almost straight away from Cloonlara.

"There goes a coward," cried Lord Dulwich, pointing after him the finger of scorn; "there goes a mean and cowardly dog, Hempenstal. Did you notice how eagerly he picked the gold out of the dirt? See how eagerly he makes off with his life and his booty. Yet his master would swear to his courage and fidelity."

Lord Dulwich was plainly delighted. The thought that he believed to be brave, proved a dastard in an emergency, was specially pleasant to him. "I wish you would let me send a messenger to stop him," grumbled the surly jester. "I'd have paid him for the horse in lead, not gold, if he had my way. Within range yet," he added, glancing at the swiftly-retreating figure and shouldering his musket.

"No, Hempenstal, no, I say," cried Lord Dulwich. "The dog's not worth powder and ball. We have other game to hunt. We've caught the priest and he's not been in the same trap. If they struggle it is their own look-out, not ours. We have them safe, dead or alive. Quick, get your men into motion."

The whole party swept forward at a hand gallop straight for Cloonlara. The dog had not been in the same trap in motion when a wild shrill cry pierced the air, heard clear over the clang of horses' hoofs and the jangle of men's accoutrements.

Lord Dulwich stopped short in the road, and his men halted with him. Again the same keen sound rang out from the cry of some wild beast or bird. Suddenly Phooka, with Lord Dulwich on his back, turned sharp at right angles to the road, took three strides at the solid built five foot wall that fenced it, and was over like a bird.

The troopers could just see the two polished shoes on his hind feet shining for a second at the top of the wall below. He cleared it almost in a standing leap. Then horse and rider disappeared.

The suddenness of the thing took away Lord Dulwich's breath and nerve. Practised horseman as he was, the deep drop on the far side of the wall flung him forward half out of the saddle.

As the horse tossed back his head it struck the top of the wall below. Horse and rider alighted on the far side of a deep stream, twenty feet from bank to bank.

Fifty paces further Phooka checked his wild speed so sharply that Lord Dulwich lost his balance at last, and tumbled in a heap to the ground.

The horse had stopped as suddenly as he had started, under shelter of a hedge-row, close beside a tall, gaunt man, who stretched his hand to him and patted him caressingly.

"You were not left long in doubt who the man was." "Get up," said Christy Culkin, pushing the prostrate body with his foot. At the same time stooping over, he quickly and quietly divested him of his silver-mounted pistol and sword.

"Let him go by the road side at your lordship's request," he explained; "exchange is no robbery." "You are not going to murder me?" faltered Lord Dulwich. His face, streaked with blood like an Indian in his war paint, wore a look of such comical terror that Christy laughed outright.

"So he would buy you for £5, my beauty," he broke off, addressing the horse, which had dropped its nose into his hand, insisting on notice. "Fity he could not buy that true heart, and that quick ear of yours that hears a friend's try miles away and brings you straight to him."

He sprang into the saddle, patting the arched neck of the horse, which turned its head round playfully as if to bite his fingers.

Lord Dulwich still stood stock still, a pitiable spectacle. "Any message to my master?" inquired Christy smiling grimly. "You see I am likely to meet him first after all, and you will not have a chance a showing off your bargain in horseflesh. Anyhow, I will have a welcome ready for your lordship."

Lord Dulwich strangled a curse between his teeth, only a hoarse mutter came from his pale lips. "Cool bye, my lord," cried Christy gaily, for Phooka grow impatient.

He leaned slightly forward, gripped the saddle with his knees, and with a light shake of the reins gave the impatient horse leave to be off. In a swift swinging gallop they swept across the field, flew over the ditch and gripe that bounded it, and disappeared.

Slowly and sulkily Lord Dulwich set out on his return journey. It took him a full half hour to retrace the distance it had taken him five minutes to come. He found his men awaiting impatiently on the road, scooped in between the two high walls, where he had left them. Their amazement and curiosity can scarcely be imagined when they saw the bedraggled and mud-spattered figure of their captain, scrambling across the wall over which he had down so jauntily half an hour before.

But he gave their curiosity no fair play. Something he muttered about being set upon by a party of rebels, and robbed of his horse and weapons. That was all. "We waste time here," he broke in abruptly, when Hempenstal hazarded further question. "Get the men in motion at once."

"For Cloonlara?" said Hempenstal. "No," answered Lord Dulwich shortly, "for barracks." So the baffled bloodhounds trotted home disconsolately to the kennels.

The morning after the funeral Maurice Blake bade a cordial good-bye to Father O'Carroll, and scarcely less cordial to the old steward who had taken over the sole management on Sir Miles's death, with gloomy forebodings of dismal changes when the new master should arrive.

Christy had gone by himself to Ballinacloe to catch the "Fly Boat," that plied to Dublin, so-called because it "flew" along the canal at the rate of five and a-half miles an hour.

As Maurice rode down the avenue he reined his horse again on the rising ground, as he had reined him on entering it, and looked back on the fair wide landscape, white in the winter sunshine, that changed the hoar frost on the trees to diamonds and gleamed cold and bright on wood, and lake, and pasture, and stately manor, grading the centre of the picture.

The thought came to him that all this fair inheritance had passed to the renegade and paricide, that the poor people, tender and faithful, whose clustering homes, scattered over the wide landscape, shone white in the sunlight, had passed to the hands of the worst. They were dependent for their lives on the pity of him who had shown no pity to the white hairs of his own broken-hearted father.

For the first time Maurice Blake's heart rebelled wholly against his father's belief, for ever, on his father's ancestral home, now passed to such unworthy hands.

He looked round no more until the swift, free stride of his steed had carried him many miles from the place, and an interposing hill shut it from his view.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"ECCE HOMO."

By D. CARROLL.

whole attention; and though neither was obliged to work for his daily bread, yet the sale of a picture was hailed with as much joy as it would have been by any starving wielder of the brush. In the summer when the green fields lured us from our easels, we would seek some pleasant retreat to dream, and to pass away the hours in converse.

I remember as distinctly as though it had been but a day, one afternoon we had spent in the valley. It was a glorious day, warm and beautiful, and Rafaello, lying prone upon the earth, had spoken of his dream, the one longing of his life—the desire to paint an "Ecce Homo" such as had never been painted since the days of the old masters.

The sun shone on his face as he spoke, and that face came between me and the pages as I write, it was so full of light and resolution.

"No one at the present time has painted that divine Face as it really looked when the time of His agony had come—when they led Him to the crucifix. No one can, and yet—my God! we can only imagine what a divine Being would suffer, for He was divine, the most perfect Being that ever trod the earth. And how they mocked Him! How they scorned Him! How they crucified Him!"

Rafaello, when he spoke like this, was something to wonder at and admire, although I knew he was most devout, and sometimes, to my slow imagination, rather an extremist in his religious tendencies.

He would often talk to me of the beauties of the Catholic belief, and try to persuade me, who acknowledged no Church whatever, that this was the fold which I should enter. In those days I did not agree with him, although I never failed to accompany him to his devotions within the sacred portal.

The ceremonies, the ornaments, the rich vestments of gold, and white, and purple, the lights, the soft monotone of the chanting priest, all pleased my artistic sense; but I refused then to look at it in any other way than that all these embellishments were intended to appeal to the eyes and imaginations of the unwary, like the glittering candle light which proves the funeral pyre of the deluded moth.

"The Catholic religion is all sentiment," I would say to my companion, and the eloquent words of denial would fall rapidly from his lips.

That afternoon he spoke of the "Ecce Homo," as I have said, and continued in the same strain as he had begun.

"You remember that statue of the Sacred Heart which you saw in the church? Do you think that looks like a Divine Being? I say no—no, it does not. The face is not what I would picture it to be. The sculptor who wrought that was Peronelli—Peronelli. The wonderful Peronelli—Peronelli. The man who never bent a knee in prayer; who never understood the story of the Via Crucis, and whom I have heard many a time blaspheme His name! But enough of Peronelli!"

"Peronelli is dead—let him rest in peace," I said, and Rafaello did not answer as he smoothed a spray of delicate iris lilies in his fingers. The sculptor whose work we were discussing had died shortly before my coming to Florence, but I had heard that he had been a slight difficulty between him and my friend, arising from an incident which happened at the church's very doors. Peronelli, blindly intoxicated, trying to force his way into the church, was ejected by Rafaello, during the religious service. Rafaello had never spoken of it to me, but I could imagine how shocked he was to see that reeling form in God's temple, and how gently and yet firmly he led him out.

"Did you ever wish," he continued, "but then you didn't, I am sure—but I have wished it many a time—that I had lived in those days when the Saviour walked the earth and taught and healed. How grand it would have been to have followed Him about, listening to His voice, and then—here Rafaello sat upright, his beautiful, changing face shadowed by the intensity of his thoughts—"to have shared in that terrible journey to the Hill of Sacrifice; and those barbarians, I can see them all there, jerking Him with their foul tongues, striking Him with their leprous hands, and lastly nailing Him to that infamous gibbet! I can hear the thud of those fearful hammers driving the heavy nails through the delicate bones of His hands; and then, in a little while to hear Him, speaking in a voice full of anguish: 'My God! My God! Why hast thou forsaken Me?'"

"You rave," I said calmly and with cynicism; but I remember even now how my heart beat at my friend's words. His flashing eyes, the unearthly expression of his face which evinced such great love for his God, moved me against my will.

"Forgive me, I forgot myself sometimes," he said gently, "and I must weary you poor fellow."

"Worry me? No, he did not weary me, for he was too much in earnest, and I knew he spoke from his heart. He was gifted with extraordinary eloquence, and it was a positive delight to listen to the sound of his voice, which was soft, caressing and full of pathos, breaking of music; yet, strange to say, the gift of song was not his. It seemed odd to me at the time that he should love, should speak so tenderly of a Person he had never seen, and be so filled with this great love of the Saviour, that all human affection was artificial beside it."

"I want to paint a picture of the thorn-crowned Head, one which will make men pause and think of all He suffered for them, and perhaps move them to make some reparation. I

have wasted too much time already, I shall begin to-morrow, and you will help me."

"Help you," I said, and Rafaello laughed the liquid laugh of his race, he linked his arm in mine and together we went home.

That evening we sat in the purple twilight, musing, while the soft tinkling of a mandolin and the echo of a maracas voice singing an amorous Italian strain came to us, mellowed by the distance, and a crowd of merry-makers passing beneath our casement saw the face of Rafaello framed by the jasmine flowers and called to him; while a dusky creature flung up to him the pomgranate flower she had worn at her throat.

Rafaello smiled, a smile half scornful, half tender, and left the blessing neglected where it had fallen; no woman's face or smile, among the beautiful women of Florence, had ever moved his pure serenity of heart, though many admired him, and he plainly shown their admiration.

I spoke that night on this very subject, and I remember, he answered his characteristic fashion.

"There is but one woman in the world that I have ever loved, and that woman, peerlessly beautiful with a face of English beauty, as pure as an English lily, was my mother. When she died she commended me to the care of my Mother, the Virgin Mary, and made me promise never to forsake her, nor cease to love her, the Spotless One. I have not forgotten that promise, and prefer the divine love to the selfish, vain attachment which men call human love."

I have said before that he was very devout, and our conversation, no matter where or when it would take place, if we two were alone together, would inevitably turn upon religion.

Some people my companion would have deemed a fanatic, but every one who has come in contact with him knows that the Italians are an innately religious people.

To see Rafaello and myself, stand with our covered heads (he insisted on my complying) while the bells rang Angelus hour might have, nay, we have, caused comment in any country, but passed unnoticed in Rome.

The days that followed were ones for him, and knowing that he wished to be undisturbed, I went quiet about my own affairs during wing hours. Our evenings we would spend at church or reading, for fellow artist would never work by artificial light, and laid aside his brush and colors when the sun sank behind the hills.

In the still church, with its lamp which swung before the tabernacle, I would feel strangely at ease, while he knelt before the small altar of the Sacred Heart, like a figure cast in stone, so still, so rapt was he.

Now at this distant date, now the Church calls me her child, I believe that God designed our friendship, the means of turning me from the blindness, as the instrument of conversion; and surely no man I have ever known, had he not been united to a pure soul, would have proved own destruction.

One evening, when we came to the shadowy church, Rafaello said to me, "I will show you my work, but I would feel strangely at ease, while he knelt before the small altar of the Sacred Heart, like a figure cast in stone, so still, so rapt was he."

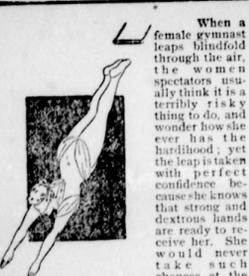
Now at this distant date, now the Church calls me her child, I believe that God designed our friendship, the means of turning me from the blindness, as the instrument of conversion; and surely no man I have ever known, had he not been united to a pure soul, would have proved own destruction.

One evening, when we came to the shadowy church, Rafaello said to me, "I will show you my work, but I would feel strangely at ease, while he knelt before the small altar of the Sacred Heart, like a figure cast in stone, so still, so rapt was he."

Now at this distant date, now the Church calls me her child, I believe that God designed our friendship, the means of turning me from the blindness, as the instrument of conversion; and surely no man I have ever known, had he not been united to a pure soul, would have proved own destruction.

One evening, when we came to the shadowy church, Rafaello said to me, "I will show you my work, but I would feel strangely at ease, while he knelt before the small altar of the Sacred Heart, like a figure cast in stone, so still, so rapt was he."

Now at this distant date, now the Church calls me her child, I believe that God designed our friendship, the means of turning me from the blindness, as the instrument of conversion; and surely no man I have ever known, had he not been united to a pure soul, would have proved own destruction.



When a female gymnast leaps blindfold through the air, the spectators usually think it is a terribly risky thing to do, and wonder how she ever has the hardihood, yet the leaptaken with perfect confidence because she knows that strong and dextrous hands are ready to receive her. She would never take such chances at the hands of any but a trained and skillful athlete. That is where she is really more prudent than many of her sex.

Women who would shudder at the risks of a gymnastic performance take vastly more dangerous chances by trusting their life and health to the advice of some incompetent, uneducated person when they are suffering from weakness or disease.

Only a skilled, experienced physician is competent to prescribe remedies for the complicated ailments of the feminine organism. No mere nurse is fitted to deal with diseases which demand the utmost resources of medical science.

For nearly twenty years Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., has given special expert attention and study to the treatment of women's diseases. No physician in the United States has had more remarkable success in this particular field of practice.

His "Favorite Prescription" has cured more cases of obstinate female diseases than any other known remedy. No other medicine in the world so completely restores organic health and strength to suffering women.

Mrs. Jacob Schaffer, of Freeburg, Northampton Co., Pa., writes: "It is with pleasure that I write to let you know the great good I have received from your medicine and the soft treatment at home. I was troubled with female weakness, severe that I could not get up, sometimes so that I could not get to bed at night. I tried different doctors but they could not help me. Then my husband advised me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. After taking six bottles, I feel like a new woman. Thanks for your advice."

A VALUABLE WORK.
Life Mde. P'Youville,
Foundress of the
Grey Nuns.
By Mgr. Ramsay.

Cloth Illustrated, 75c
Imitation Cloth, (Without Ill.) 50c

CANDLES
For Candlemas Day.

Please send your orders as early as possible so as to enable us to send your supply in time for February 25th.

OUR SANCTUARY OIL is the Best in the Market.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.
CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.
123 Church St., Montreal, Que.
109 Notre Dame St., Toronto, Ont.

Preserve Your Teeth
And teach the children to do so by using
CALVERT'S CARBOLIC TOOTH POWDER
64, 1, and 1 1/2 5-Tins, or
CARBOLIC TOOTH PASTE
64, 1, and 1 1/2 Pots.

They have the largest sale of any Dentifrices
AVOID IMITATIONS, which are
NUMEROUS & UNRELIABLE.
F. C. CALVERT & CO., Manchester.

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS
BAD BACK PAIN.
Being troubled off and on with pain in my back, caused by a cold, I bought several kinds of pills I had seen advertised and to put the truth in a nutshell, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are the only pills that have proved effectual in my case.
JOHN DEVLIN,
Unionville, Ont.
Dr. Chase's K-L Pills are always effectual in the worst cases of Constipation, Stomach Troubles, Back Pains, Rheumatism, and all Blood Disorders or Impurities.
ONE PILL A DOSE.
25 CENTS A BOX.

THE O'KEEFE BREWERY CO. OF TORONTO
SPECIALTIES - (Limited.)
High-class English and Bavarian Hopped Ales
XXX, Porter and Stout
Pilsener Lager of World-wide Reputation.
E. O'Keefe, President. W. Hawer, Vice-President.

UNDERTAKING.
JOHN FERGUSON & SONS
110 KING STREET, E.
The Leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open
Evenings - Home 221, Portage Ave.

DR. FERGUSON'S ASTHMA CURE
so that you need not sit up all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. On receipt of name and P.O. address will mail Trial Bottle. Dr. J. Tait, Bros. Med. Co., 186 West Adelaide Street, Toronto, Ontario.

ASTHMA
FREE