

CARROLL O'DONOGHUE

CHRISTINE FABER

Author of "A Mother's Sacrifice," etc. CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED

"I thought we were going to Tralee," he said, halting within a step of the doorway; "that's what I understood from Mr. Maloney, and that the horse was to be stabled there."

"And who said we weren't?" said Tighe, turning round with an assumption of fierceness before which Moore shrunk. "Didn't you tell me you were never in Tralee?"

"I did," answered the man with a crestfallen look; "but my common sense tells me that this isn't the town of Tralee."

"Well, maybe yer common sense would tell you how far out o' the town we are," mocked Tighe; "an' maybe that same common sense that you brag av would tell you I have a very good reason for what I'm doin'—an' one that's o' Mr. Maloney's interest. Now, tell me one thing:—going very close to the groom, and continuing his intimidating manner,—didn't Mr. Maloney himself tell you to be attentive to my directions?"

"He did."

"Very well then; maybe you're sharp enough to know that there's a great deal dependin' on this race; or maybe you haven't the gumption to see that there's somethin' to be put in yer own pocket if you have discretion in the matter. Which is it now?"

"That was a shrewd way of detecting whether Arty Moore, Ned Maloney's groom, was too faithful to the miser's interests to be bribed into betraying them. But the groom's principles were not of the staunchest kind, and there was no very cogent reason why he should be faithful to old Maloney at the risk of a pecuniary loss to himself; with a snap of his black eyes, he answered:

"Trust me for that; I'm not particular which master I serve, so long as the money's to the fore."

Tighe turned upon him with well assumed indignation. "Hould, you traitor! it is that the way you're servin' the poor, lonely old man that trusts you? It'll not overtake me to let him know your character."

"Oh, Mr. Carmody, for the love of God don't!" and the trembling wretch was almost on his knees at Tighe's feet; "I meant nothing by it; the words only escaped me; but Mr. Maloney'd believe them, and I'd lose my place; it's an easy one, and a pretty good one so far, and I have a wife and family depending on me."

Tighe pretended to be unmoved for a few seconds; then he seemed to yield only for the sake of the dependent family. "Will you swear to be true to Mr. Maloney's interests be moindin' strictly what I tell you?"

"I will, I swear solemnly I will!" answered the groom.

"Very well, then; you're not to answer any one a single question about this horse, save that you're his groom, an' nothin' more; you're nayther to tell the name of the baste, who is his owner, nor the man that's to ride him; if the ould b' himself was to stand afore an' demand such information, you're to refuse to give it, both now, durin' these few days afore the race, and till after the race is over. Do you consent to all that?"

"I do, willingly," was the earnest answer.

The stable to which the horse was led was hardly as comfortable as the one from which he had been taken, but at least it was sufficient for the proper housing of the steed; and the sight of old Maloney's bank-notes, that Tighe ostentatiously displayed, made the owner of the stable, which was annexed to a little shebeen, very willing to make every addition in the way of provender. Tighe was satisfied, and having renewed his injunctions of secrecy to the groom, he departed.

His first impulse was to seek Mr. Joe Canty; his next to depute Corny O'Toole to deliver the message; for this step he had an important reason; it might be rather an awkward *contretemps* to have Mr. Canty on the morning of the race recognize in the jockey who would step forth to ride for Quarter-master Garfield the person who had been the bearer of a message from Mr. Maloney, the owner of the horse that Canty expected to ride; it might cause suspicion of foul play, sufficient to arrest Tighe's part in the race even before he had begun it. Thus deciding, he turned his steps to Corny O'Toole, faithful Mastr, who never lost sight of his master, closely following. He found that the little stranger had departed not an hour before, having sufficiently recovered under Corny's skillful treatment, and he found Corny himself in a very contented frame of mind over a piece of bacon and a dish of smoking potatoes.

"Just in time, my boy!" and the little man, with refreshing promptness, arranged a place for Tighe at the homely table. The meal was heartily welcomed by the tired Tighe a Vohr, and the palatable fare. (Corny was an excellent cook) together with the contents of a little black bottle, which came forth from a recess in the closet after the table was cleared, put Tighe into very sanguine spirits. He related his success with Maloney and the groom, at which Corny signified his delight and admiration by slapping his knees, rubbing his hands together, and giving forth frequent low, prolonged chuckles. Then

Tighe paused, and took another draught from his glass. Knowing the little man's peculiarities, he was doubtful of gaining his consent to take the message to Mr. Canty.

"I had an interview wid me mother, Corny."

"Did you now?" Mr. O'Toole imbibed from his glass, the rosy color of the liquor perhaps helping to make the blush which came into his wrinkled face.

"I did that, Corny; an' you were mentiont; yis, Corny, you were mentiont be the mother an' the son."

Mr. O'Toole arose. "I trust, Mr. Carmody, that no allusions were made to disturb your mother's widowed feelings; rather would I bear my own unhappy sentiments to the grave; yis, sir!" and he stood erect, glowing with the consciousness of his noble rectitude.

"Sit down, Corny, an' let me tell you; the mention o' you put me into a very feelin' mood intirely; she was touched, Corny, by yer sentiments for her." And Tighe's conscience was quite innocent of any falsehood this time; for, as he afterward expressed to Shaun, "sure me mention o' Corny did touch her, only, begorra, it touched her in the way that Corny wouldn't loike. Yis," pursued Tighe, "an' in toime, Corny, when the rale goodness o' yer noble heart becomes fully known to her, an' she has her eyes opened to all that she missed when she tuk Timothy Carmody in preference to yerself—"

"Not in preference, Mr. Carmody," broke in the little man, with dignity, "but because I didn't ask her in time."

"I beg yer pardon, Corny, that's what I meant. Well, as I was sayin', when she has her eyes opened to all this, she'll be proud an' happy to become Mrs. O'Toole." He stood up and shook Corny's hand with prolonged vigor. Mr. O'Toole replenished the glasses.

"We'll drink, Tighe, to your mother's health."

"To the future Mrs. O'Toole," responded Tighe a Vohr. Corny was in a state of the highest satisfaction,—pleased with himself, with his visitor, and with his surroundings; and Tighe, in the same happy state, judged it would be a very good time to broach the true object of his visit.

Mr. O'Toole looked a little doubtful: "I don't know, my boy, how I'll bring myself to do that. I haven't been in society since you mother married, and I haven't much mind for talking to any of these sporting characters."

"The devil a hap'orth you'll have to say to any o' them but Mr. Canty himself, an' this, barrin' he draws you into any remarks o' his own, you have nothin' to tell him but that Mr. Maloney desires him to go down there to see the horse; an' you hadn't moind puttin' the message in very strong words ayther; for if he won't believe you, an' if he will go down to see old Maloney, faith it's a quare welcome he'll get both from the people in Dhrumma-an' the miser himself!" and Tighe laughed heartily as his imagination vividly pictured the crowd that would surround unsuspecting Mr. Canty, entreating him to return.

"May be he'd ask me if I came straight from Mr. Maloney," said Corny; "what will I answer then?"

"The thruth, Corny," responded Tighe, with the energy of conscious virtue; "always speak the thruth. Lies is bad ivery way, as degradin' to the man that tells them as to the man that listens; and there's nothin' loike the voice o' a good conscience for makin' a man feel himself afore the world, an' o' importhance in his own eyes."

"Right, my boy; every way right!" responded Mr. O'Toole. "Tell him, Corny, that the messenger who kem direct from Mr. Maloney is at yer house, but for some reason he couldn't take the message himself, but gev it to you; an' that'll be the thruth, anyway; sure I have the best o' reasons for no wishin' to meet Mr. Canty this whileyet."

At length it was settled; Corny agreed to take the message to the "Blennerhasset Arms," the most probable whereabouts of Mr. Canty, and Tighe departed to seek Garfield for the purpose of bringing him out to view "Brian Boru."

CHAPTER XXV.

MR. CANTY

A soft, bright morning, a country redolent of balmy air and new-mown hay, and the perfume of a thousand wild, but sweet-scented flowers, that decked the fields on every side, together with the prospect of winning his money and redeeming his honor, all conspired to put William Garfield, quarter-master in her Majesty's—Regiment, in excellent spirits, as in company with Tighe a Vohr, and both mounted on horses capable of a fair gallop, they cantered through the stretch of country which led to the stable of "Brian Boru." The Englishman was in a humor to remark Tighe's laughable and original remarks about the locality through which they were riding, the people, their habits, and everything that Tighe could facetiously twist or make up into a story of laughable absurdity or startling interest. His conversation, however, was not without a frequent random remark regarding the Widow Moore, a careless observation containing some item of news about her that was of profound interest to the love-smitten soldier;

and once the artful fellow insinuated how report had it that the widow was excited about the coming race, and anxious for Garfield's success. The soldier was in a glow of anticipation and pleasure.

"Only win for me, my dear fellow," he said, clapping his hand familiarly for an instant on Tighe's shoulder, "and you will make me your lasting friend, willing and eager to serve you in everything."

"The devil a fear o' me loasin' for you; I never lost a race yet. But wait till you see 'Brian Boru'! if his beauty doesn't quicken the soight in yer eyes me name's not Tim Carmody! only I've a word of caution; don't dhrup any remark afore the groom that you'll find will be the horse—don't even call the horse by name; for the groom is a fellow not much to be trusted, I think, an' if he suspected that you were the man I was to ride for, he wouldn't kape the sacrynce I want to kape till the day o' the race. You can let on to be a careless frind o' mine that's jist come out for divarison's sake to have a look at the baste."

The soldier was strictly obedient to Tighe's injunctions, and though the lighting up of his face, and his start of delighted surprise when the magnificent animal was led out, betrayed his admiration, he was careful not to drop a syllable of remark. Tighe lightly mounted "Brian Boru" and proceeded to still further surprise and delight the soldier by an exhibition of his skillful horsemanship. Garfield was in an ecstasy of joyous anticipation; he could hardly wait for the exhibition to be concluded, and until Tighe and himself were in the silent open country again, on their return, when he burst forth:

"I feel as if I owe you an apology, my frind, for my past distrust of you; yis, I own,—becomng more frank as he looked into Tighe's wondering and apparently artless eyes—that until this morning I did not entirely trust you; there was a lurking doubt which I could not explain to myself that perhaps you were deceiving me; but this morning, Mr. Carmody, has obliterated all that. I believe you fully now, and I thank you from my heart!"

"That's always the way," responded Tighe; "thim that's innocent is suspected, an' thim that's guilty escapes."

"I did not forget, Mr. Carmody," resumed the soldier, "my promise to you, and out of gratitude I shall fulfill it this very day. I hope I shall be as successful for you as you have been so far for me. Come to the barracks tonight, and I shall have an answer for you."

Almost at that same moment Corny O'Toole was having his interview with Mr. Joe Canty in the coffee-room of the "Blennerhasset Arms." He had sought that gentleman on the previous evening, but without success, either at the "Arms" or at Mr. Canty's residence and at the latter place, as he told that he would surely find him at the "Arms" by a certain hour the next morning.

Mr. Joe Canty was the type of a sporting man; not too tall, lithe, wiry, with a look about the legs as if they were always holding themselves in readiness to mount, and a dash and swagger about his bearing that marked the trickster and the dare-devil. From his small, keen eyes, to the tawny mustache which shaded his upper lip, there was an expression of half scorn, as if he were constantly mocking his surroundings, and treating to mental sarcasm his very associates. He was popular among sporting circles, because of his abilities in that line; and the latter, sharpened by an extraordinary shrewdness, had made him a most successful candidate on betting interests. He was surrounded by an eager group of his own class, when it was signified to him that some one wished to see him.

"Let the person come in here," he said, "to engage in his animated description of some race, to care to cease or to break the thread of his voluble account by leaving the company."

Corny O'Toole was ushered in; his drab gaiters, bringing into more prominent view his ungainly feet, were surmounted by pantaloons that, having shrunk in size, stood sufficiently above his gaiters to reveal to a considerable extent a pair of brown stockings; the color of the unmentionables, once black, had become a dingy brown from age and wear, and gave evidence in the several light-colored spots on their surface of hard and valuable service. The upper part of his body was incased in a tight-fitting body-coat; a quarter of a century before it probably fitted its wearer, and could boast of being cut in the style of the day; but now it bore an antiquated look as if it had been handed down from the ark, and it was so tight and short a fit for him whose stout, wide back it covered that it suggested the idea of a straight-jacket. His shirt-bosom, innocent of starch, hung limp and abundant on his breast, and the equally limp collar about his neck was ornamented in front by a flaring crimson bow. His sidecloaks, oiled and curled, were plastered in greasy twists against the sides of his yellow, wrinkled face. The sight of this strange, comical, antiquated figure provoked a smile that before long deepened into a broad grin upon every face. Corny had not forgotten his old-time bow, when he was a younger and more gallant man, and with this profound salaam he saluted the com-

pany, giving a supplementary courtesy to Mr. Canty, whose person he knew. "Your servant, sir; and I would like a word with you."

Mr. Canty drew himself up, the interruption which Corny's entrance had proved to his story having put him in no gracious mood. "Speak out," he said haughtily; "what is it you want?"

Mr. O'Toole's dignity was hurt; fondly imagining that he was gifted with literary genius, his absurd conceit led him to fancy, also, that others must read his mental superiority in the very poise of his form and the expression of his face. This humiliating slight to which Mr. Canty was subjecting him was very galling. He flushed and trembled. "Mr. Canty," he said, in deeply indignant tones, "I came here with a message from Mr. Maloney, of Dhrummacol; if you were the gentleman I thought you were, I'd deliver it to you, s'r, in full; but since you not, I'll put you to the trouble of asking questions," and Corny assumed his most fierce and dignified attitude.

A half-suppressed laugh went from his suppressed mouth, while the circle of amused listeners drew closer to Corny, their faces expressing an eager anticipation of something ludicrous and racy. Mr. Canty did not join in the laugh—he was too much nettled by the situation in which he found himself; and with a still more haughty, surly air, he answered:

"Your message is your own concern, sir; whether you deliver it or not is immaterial to me."

"Very well, Mr. Canty, you can take your own risks of what'll happen to you before long!" and Mr. O'Toole, with a most ludicrously dignified bow, was turning away.

"For shame!" echoed a couple of voices; the message may be of importance; question him, or give one of us permission to do so."

"Act your pleasure, gentlemen," responded Canty, curtly; and one of the foremost of the group, shrewdly divining Mr. O'Toole's vanity, pretended to pander to it by as absurd an air of deference as ever marked the mien of O'Toole himself.

"I beg you, my dear sir, to overlook the gross incivility with which you have been received, and state your message to me."

Corny was mollified and pleased; his wizened face relaxed its severe expression, and he smiled upon the speaker.

"Mr. Maloney desires Mr. Canty not to go down to Dhrummacol to see his horse, 'Charmer.' The animal is kind of touchy, and won't bar looking at, nor trial. On the morning of the race Mr. Maloney'll have him here in time."

Mr. Canty's supercilious air changed to one of violent indignation. "Does Mr. Maloney suppose that I'm going to obey any such message as that—not see the horse and 'm going to ride till the very morning I'm expected to mount him? you can pay my respects to the gentleman, and tell him I shall have the pleasure of introducing myself to him to-morrow afternoon."

"You had better not," answered Corny, turning upon him with an air which meant to be intimidating, but which was only a most laughable assumption of fierceness.

"Indeed!" sneered Canty; "pray who are you who have been deputed to direct my movements?"

"Who am I?"—all the little man's spirit was aroused; the blood of the princely O'Tooles tingled in his veins, and gave courage and animation to his voice. "Who am I?" he repeated; "a better man than ever you were!—I come of the house of O'Toole, where kings and princes had their rise and fall; my pedigree is unstained, and my ancestry is one that my posterity can boast of; among my posthumous descendants"—in his excitement Corny was confusing his words—

"I was a great-grand-aunt who, with her own hands and her own noble exertions, educated three hundred young men for the priesthood; they went in a body to Rome, and were received in the Vatican by the Pope himself. Yis, gentlemen,—contending with greater emphasis—"the Holy Father entertained them and drank with them all, to the health of my noble grand-aunt."

A shout of laughter cut Corny short. Every man was holding his sides, and squirming and contorting his body with the most violent ebullition of mirth. Even Canty was forced to join in the merriment. Corny was enraged; to have this glowing account of himself and his race, which he intended should be received as a convincing proof of his titles to blood and breeding, thus mockingly interpreted was more than his O'Toole spirit could bear. He turned with renewed indignation on Canty:

"Now let me tell you, sir, who you are. You are the grandson of a tinkler who went mending his wares over the country; your father wasn't much better, and your mother was the daughter of an ignorant shebeen-keeper; and as for yourself, you have the breeding of a knave who wouldn't mind betraying his own father, providing it put a pound in your pocket!"

This home-thrust, pointing so directly at the base part which Canty had played in allowing himself to be bought from an engagement to ride for Garfield, stung the sport to the quick. He sprang at Corny, but a dozen hands pulled him back before he could strike the blow aimed with desperate force at

the little man's face; and more than one voice urged Corny to depart, a request with which Mr. O'Toole, whose courage, while it was equal to a war of words, dwindled before a display of muscular force, eagerly complied; the flowing tails of his body-coat were speedily seen flying through the open doorway.

TO BE CONTINUED

A VICTORY OF PRAYER

A hot summer's day was drawing to a close, and the setting sun cast a crimson glow on the walls of a somewhat gloomy castle, which, vacated by the proprietors, had been hastily converted into a military hospital. A few days before, a terrible battle had been fought in the immediate neighborhood, and a great many wounded soldiers from among the ranks, both of conquerors and conquered, had been carried to the castle. Groans of agony resounded within its precincts as one after another of the stricken men awaited their turn to have their wounds dressed. Swiftly and noiselessly the attendants moved to and fro, executing the briefly worded orders of the medical men, given in low but peremptory tones. At length the last man had received attention, and the wearied doctors and their assistants withdrew, leaving their parents under the care of the Sisters of Mercy, who would remain with them all night.

In a small chamber upstairs lay an officer of high rank in the Prussian army, both of whose legs had been shattered by the bursting of a shell. The injured limb had been skillfully amputated, but the great loss of blood consequent to the operation had been such as to leave little hope of his recovery; in fact, the surgeon told the nurse that the sufferer could hardly live through the night.

Kneeling by the open window, her pale features lighted up by the slight afterglow of the sun which had already sunk in the west, the Sister devoutly recited the Rosary, praying earnestly for the soul that was soon to pass into eternity.

The sick man made a slight movement, and the Sister went softly to his side and asked him if he felt any easier. She spoke in the Polish language; for the wounded officer was a Polish count's woman. She was his fellow-countrywoman. She was one of a small party of Sisters that had been sent from a convent in Posen to the seat of War to tend the sick and wounded, whether friends or foes.

"I have difficulty in breathing, Sister," he replied; "otherwise I am not in pain."

"Still I send for a priest, Count," she next inquired. "You may, perhaps, wish to make your confession. To have one's conscience at peace is often a step toward the recovery of physical health and strength, you know."

The officer smiled faintly and said: "Speak frankly, Sister; confess that you do not enter a church. I should not depart out of this world unprepared. Am I not right?"

The nurse answered evasively: "Our life is in the hands of God, and none of us know how soon the end may come. Therefore it is well to be prepared to appear before our Judge with a calm conscience."

"Then you think a man dies more peacefully after confession?"

"Yes, I am quite sure of it. A clean conscience and prayer give peace to the heart and inspire one with the hope of a better life hereafter."

"But, Sister, I have got out of the habit of praying, and I never go to confession, never enter a church. I have forgotten how to pray."

"If you will allow me, I will help you, Count. We will pray together."

"Then you believe in the power of prayer?"

"Most assuredly I do. With my whole soul I believe that God hears and answers our inmost heart. To prove to you how firmly I believe it, let me tell you that for thirty years I have daily said a decade of the Rosary for the conversion of a certain person, and I shall continue to do so until my dying day, although it is highly improbable that I shall ever know whether my petition has been granted. But, trusting in the all-sufficient merits of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, I feel confident that I have not prayed in vain."

"Who is the fortunate individual for whom you intercede so perseveringly? May I know his name?"

"I have never seen the unhappy man who has forsaken his God. I do not know his name—at least I know only that his Christian name is Louis, and that he belongs to a family of rank, who are known to be devout Catholics."

"Louis! Louis!" the Count murmured. "Tell me, Sister, what has induced you to pray for this erring Louis if he is quite a stranger to you?"

"It is a long story, Count. I am afraid it would weary you."

"Nothing of the sort. Tell me your story; it will serve to while away the time that must elapse before I either regain a little strength or pass from hence."

Why Worry About the Many Little Details that take up your valuable time when these can be attended to for you by us.

The care of your Bonds and Securities, the collection of Interest and Principal of your Mortgages, the payment of all Insurance Premiums, the care of and rental of your properties, the investment of your money guaranteed against loss and at a good rate of interest, and many other matters.

Our charges are moderate and our service is accurate.

Write to us or call at one of our offices.

Capital Trust Corporation, Limited

OTTAWA TORONTO

BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS

MURPHY, GUNN & MURPHY BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES Solicitors for The Home Bank of Canada Solicitors for the Roman Catholic Episcopal Corporation Suite 53, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, CANADA Phone 170

FOY, KNOX & MONAHAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES, ETC.

A. E. Knox T. Louis Monahan E. L. Middleton George Keogh Cable Address: "Foy" Telephones: Main 461 Main 652 Offices: Continental Life Building CORNER BAY AND RICHMOND STREETS TORONTO

DAY, FERGUSON & CO. BARRISTERS

James E. Day 226 St. Adelaide St. West John M. Ferguson 35 Adelaide St. West Joseph P. Walsh TORONTO, CANADA

LUNNEY & LANNAN BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES

Harry W. Lunney, K.C., B.A., B.C.L., Alphonse Lannan, LL.B. CALGARY, ALBERTA

JOHN H. McELDERRY BARRISTER SOLICITOR

NOTARY PUBLIC CONVEYANCER Money to Loan Telephone 1033 HERALD BLDG. ROOM GUELPH, ONT.

Residence Park 1205, Cable Address "London," 2265 W. Hillcrest 1957 Park 4234 W. Main 1387

Lee, O'Donoghue & Harkins

Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries, Etc. W. T. J. Lee, B.C.L. J. G. O'Donoghue, K.C. Harkins Harkins E. G. O'Donoghue, K.C. Offices: 241-242 Confederation Life Chambers S. W. Corner Queen and Victoria Sts. TORONTO, CANADA

V. T. FOLEY BARRISTER-AT-LAW

HURON AND ERIE BUILDING CHATHAM, ONT.

DENTAL

MICHAEL J. MULVIHILL L. D. S., D. D. S. 25 PEMBROKE STREET W. PEMBROKE, ONT. PHONE 175

ARCHITECTS

WATT & BLACKWELL Members Ontario Association ARCHITECTS Sixth Floor, Bank of Toronto Chambers LONDON, ONT.

Members Ontario Association of Architects

Millson, Burgess & Hazelgrove REGISTERED ARCHITECTS 209 Sparks St. OTTAWA, ONT.

Specialists in Ecclesiastical and Institutional Construction.

EDUCATIONAL

St. Jerome's College

Founded 1864 KITCHENER, ON Business College Department, High School & Academic Department, College and Philosophical Department. Address: REV. W. A. BENINGER, C.R., President

FUNERAL DIRECTORS

John Ferguson & Sons 180 KING ST. The Leading Undertakers & Embalmers Open Night and Day Telephone—House 373, Factory 643

E. G. Killingsworth FUNERAL DIRECTOR

Open Day and Night 389 Burwell St. Phone 3971

87 YONGE ST., TORONTO PHONE MAIN 4030

Hennessey

"Something More Than a Drug St." DRUGS CUT FLOWERS PERFUMES CANDLES Order by Phone—we deliver

That Mortgage



"I am going to take out a participating endowment policy in the Mutual Life," said John. "In ten years we'll have three thousand dollars to pay off our mortgage."

"Good idea," replied Mary. "I'm sure the interest and premium combined won't cost us as much as we paid for the apartment. And Mutual profits help pay the premium. It's protection, and a good way to save."

The Mutual Life of Canada WATERLOO, ONTARIO The Net Cost Life Insurance Company 165

EDDY'S MATCHES

The leading hotels, clubs, restaurants, railroads and steamships use EDDY'S MATCHES because of their efficiency and economy ALWAYS ASK FOR THEM BY NAME

"Metallic" Ceilings

Never crack or fall off Send for our Free Booklet "The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited 1194 King St. W., Toronto

Fit for a Queen

For the same of cool comfort—delight in the use of the beautiful—to get away from the commonplace in your linen, write to Robinson & Cleaver, Belfast, Ireland.

Get the pure Irish Linens and get it at the best price—the same price as you pay for imitations in Canada. The genuine Irish article costs not a cent more. There is no reason for you to have anything else. Take the few days to write us. You are buying for a lifetime. We will gladly send you samples, catalogue and price lists, postpaid, without obligation to you.

Robinson & Cleaver Limited BELFAST - IRELAND The Royal Irish Linen Warehouse BY APPOINTMENT

LONDON OPTICAL Co.

Have Your Eyes Examined Dominion Savings Building Richmond St. Phone 6180

F. E. LUKE OPTOMETRIST AND OPTICIAN

167 YONGE ST. TORONTO (Upstairs Opp. Simpson's) Eyes Examined and Glass Eyes Fitted

Stained Glass Memorial Windows

We make a specialty of Catholic Church Windows. B. Leonard 5351 John St. Quebec, Que.

PILES

Do not suffer another day with itching, burning, bleeding or protruding Piles. No surgical operation. Dr. Chase's Ointment will relieve you at once and afford lasting benefit. 6c. a box all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Sample box free if you mention this paper and enclose 2c. stamp for postage. Newfoundland Representative: Gerald B. Doyle, St. Johns.