

# ONE LOVE TOO MANY

Or THE FUGITIVE BRIDE  
By F. W. CHAPPELL.

Suddenly upon the terrible hush broke the discordant voice of Leonard Harris.

"This is murder! Secure the murderers!"

The spell was broken, men began to move toward the group with murmuring hearts. And then it was that Marshall showed himself to be a man.

He sprang to his wife's side, threw his arm around her, and snatching the knife from her rigid fingers, he cried:

"Touch her who dares! This is my sin, not hers!"

But the murmuring crowd approached, and with a bound he broke through it with Bel, brandishing the bloody knife to clear a way.

He ran with her through Jim Pointer's room, pushing him aside as he arose dazedly pale to meet them, dashed through the door and ran to the front gate. This he opened wide with the hope of misleading their pursuers, and then turned suddenly inside the fence, and kept by it until he reached the back entrance.

Through this he passed quickly, and still dragging almost carrying Bel, sped on through the fields until he reached old Phibby's cabin.

He shook the closed door violently. "Let me in, mammy!" he cried. "Quick, for God's sake!"

They heard her rising slowly, and in the instant of their waiting he whispered, clasping her closely:

"Oh, Bel! did you love me so? I will save you if it costs my life to do it."

She did not speak, but clung to him, shivering violently.

At this moment the door opened, and he pushed her in, saying, hurriedly:

"Keep her for me, mammy, till I go for a shovel and some money," and shutting the door upon her, he sped away in the direction of his own house.

## CHAPTER XII.

"What does this mean, Bel Pateh?" asked the old woman, looking darkly upon the trembling girl.

"I have killed Dore Valine!" she answered, shuddering.

"Oh, my Land! oh, my blessed Land and Savioh!" shrieked Phibby. "You've killed Miss Do! Valine? Murder! I knowed it! I knowed it! I knowed it! My po' child! I knowed he'd run away with a bad woman."

"Sorrow along o' dis 'oman. An' it's come a' ready! Oh, you terrible sinners, does you know what you've brought dat po' boy to? Does you know dat you've flung down de 'spectable name o' Marshall into de way of a poor girl?"

"Oh, my Land, why did you let me live to see dis day? Look here!" she cried, suddenly ceasing her lamentations, as if struck with a new thought. "Listen to me, Bel Pateh!"

She came near and said quickly, but in low tones: "Does you love Mars Charley?"

"Do I love him?" cried the poor girl wildly. "Oh, my God! what a question!"

"Well," whispered the old woman. "If you truly loves him you can save him yet. Is you willin' to sac'ifice yourself for his sake?"

"Oh," cried Bel, "I would die for him!"

"Well, den, you mus' git away from here for dat po' child comes back."

"Oh," said the girl, gasping and pressing her hand against her heart.

# ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Little Wrapper Below.

ERS FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION. FOR BRUISES. FOR RHEUMATISM. FOR GOUT. FOR GRAVEL. FOR NEURALGIA. FOR MIGRAINE. FOR INDIGESTION. FOR ACIDITY. FOR FLATULENCE. FOR COLIC. FOR SPASMS. FOR CONVULSIONS. FOR EPILEPSY. FOR HYSTERIA. FOR ANEMIA. FOR CHLOROSIS. FOR LEUKEMIA. FOR LYMPHOMA. FOR SARCOMA. FOR CARCINOMA. FOR ALL THE AFFECTIONS OF THE BLOOD.

"I cannot! I cannot!"

"Look here, 'oman!" said Phibby, sternly. "Is it fitten dat Charley Marshall should be 'bleeged to stan' by an' see his wife hang'd by de neck till she is dead?"

"Oh, Aunt Phibby!" cried Bel, catching her dress, "have you no pity for me?"

"I has pity for my chile," said Phibby. "But, 'ere you go, 'where could I go?"

"Anywhar!" cried the inexorable old creature, "go hide yo'self an' yo' sin anywhar undeh de uth or under de watahs. On'y save my chile from de murder!"

Poor Bel shivered violently, and turned toward the door.

"I will save him," she said in hollow tones.

"Come back!" commanded Phibby. "You mus' take off dat white dress; you'd be too easy track'd in dat."

The girl stood still, and allowed the woman to unfasten and slip off her wedding robes, and to throw over her a coarse homespun gown of her own. Then she tied hurriedly around the small head an old bandanna handkerchief, pushing aside roughly, as she did so, the beautiful dark hair, which so short time before had been proudly decked for Charley's eyes.

Then she pushed the girl towards the door, but Bel stopped.

"Oh, my God!" she cried, "pity me! Must I go, Aunt Phibby? Oh, must I go?"

"O' cou'se you mus', an' dat party quick for Mars Charley git back."

"But, Aunt Phibby, he loves me! he took my part against them all over yonder. He did not even look at her. He did not even look at her. He did not even look at her."

"Do not fear for yourself, Bel, hurriedly said Bel, turning suddenly cold: "they shall not be found, but the remembrance of me shall haunt you to your dying day."

She stood an instant on the threshold. Old Phibby heard her cry under her breath, "Oh, Charley! my Charley!" and then the door stood open and vacant, and she saw her no more.

She had shrunk a little at Bel's last words to her: perhaps had the poor girl taken that tone from the beginning, she had not dared to brook her master's wife into taking this hasty step. But the woman knew that her own safety depended on speedy action. She raised the white shining dress still warm with the presence of its hapless wearer and rolling it quickly in a bundle, she tossed it up into the open garret of her room.

She left the front door ajar, and went hastily out at the back, for she had already determined upon her plan of action. At that moment she heard her master's voice.

"Bel," he said, and not perceiving her, cried in louder, though cautious tones, "Bel, where are you? I hear voices approaching; there is no time to be lost. Receiving no answer, he called aloud, "Mammy! mammy!"

She entered hastily.

"What's de matter, Mars Charley?" she asked, looking, for she dreaded his wrath, should he suspect her.

"Where is Bel?"

"What's Miss Bel?" she repeated, giving her at last the long-expected title. "The girl who's run away with a bad woman."

dainties, the fires burned low, the windows and doors stood open, and chairs and tables were huddled where they had been thrust aside by the impatient crowd. Upon the carpet was the stain of blood where Dore Valine had fallen, but there was no one in all the rooms. Even the body of the murdered girl had been removed.

Marshall ran from room to room still calling "Bel! Bel!" but no answer came but the echo of his own frightened voice. He ran to her own chamber from whose door he had so proudly led her but a short time before. He felt a little thrill, even in the midst of his tears, as he passed upon the threshold of this temple of her maiden dreams. Everything within was chaste, plain, almost severe, though upon this room Jim Pointer had lavished the cost he begrudged the rest. Its riches, its still, white purity spoke to him in such strong language of its owner, that he almost felt her presence, and called again loudly, "Bel! Bel!" but as before the blank stillness gave him no reply.

He turned again, and at the foot of the steps met Jim Pointer.

"Where is she, Jim?" he cried. "What have you done with my wife?"

"Better say, Charley Marshall," said Jim, fiercely, and for once forgetting his long habits of respect, "betty, say, villain, what have you done with my child? Didn't I see you with my own eyes dragging her away? Tell me, man, what have you done with my child?"

Marshall pushed him aside.

"Good Heavens where is she if she is not here!" and he rushed again into the dark night without. Not once had he asked for or even thought of poor Isadore Valine. He had not so much as looked toward the spot where she had fallen, nor even in his own mind wondered what they had done with the poor play of her who but an hour ago had been laughing within reach of his hand. Alas! what she had given her life without the poor recompense of being mourned.

By this time the rain had begun to fall, but Mr. Marshall and many others continued to scour the fields, the roads, the river, and in the end all night long through the rain grew heavier, and finally poured down in torrents, did these distracted searchers keep their search. But the girl had disappeared as entirely as if the earth had opened and swallowed her.

For reasons of their own the search of the populace for her soon slackened. In old times they had the habit of husband and father look blindly but eagerly for the lost bride. But at last they were constrained to give up.

An old skiff was found a few days after her flight. It was turned bottom upward upon the sandbar some two miles below. The oars were gone, but tangled in the oar locks was found a pale tea rose, such as Bel had worn on that fatal night, and clinging to its stem a strand of long, dark hair. These mute witnesses were brought to the search, and then fell as one dead upon the shore.

After that hope was abandoned, yet both husband and father kept emissaries in search of her or what was left of her, and their advertisements in a dozen papers, appealing to her or to others who might have seen her. But all to no avail. They knew she was dead somewhere down the deep river, and that her fair body lay swaying and tossing under the waves, caught by her dress or her long, beautiful hair upon some rack heap of grass. Still, they continued to keep up their search, and to fill the papers with their pathetic messages to the dead.

Jim Pointer thought blind till that night of his daughter's sufferings, and he thought through the whole years of his trials and temptations, and could not forgive their author. With a word of explanation, he sent his farm books, all nearly made out in Bel's handwriting many of them, and all of them a record her supervision, to his emissaries, and thus he kept up his house just as it was, and all he removed to a small cabin on a farm of his own, a mile or more away. He did not speak to Marshall when they met. The latter, too, broken-spirited and full of grief, made no attempt at a reconciliation.

But Charley Marshall! he was now, nearly for his careless sins, and did not seem likely he would feel inclined to indulge again in his old proclivities. Ah, no! the remembrance of his olden enjoyments turned him sick at heart. There was no more of any kind, made no attempt at a reconciliation.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There were several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Bel's welfare. What would he do to her did he know that she had actually driven the girl to her fate? She trembled and mourned in silence, for she dared confide in none.

As for Harris, whose that unhappy night, he had moped awhile around the neighborhood, and finally disappeared.

People said he had made away with himself in despair that he had been the first voice to utter poor Bel's condemnation—his first hand to drive her to frenzy and death. Be that as it may, he had certainly grown more than ever gloomy and restless, and most unbearably ill-tempered from the time of her disappearance until he, too, dropped out of the small world that knew him. There was but little search made for him, however, and but little sorrow that he was gone. Only his mother wept at night over the unknown fate of his first-born.

## CHAPTER XIII.

Meanwhile, what had been the end of Bel Marshall's sudden and unprepared flight? Half distraught with the horror of her deed and the bitter pang of parting with Charley, she yet retained sufficient self command to know that in haste alone lay the chance of her escape. And with the thought that she was saving him from the shame and grief of her presence, she ran from Phibby's door straight out into the gloomy night, not caring, not considering whether her footsteps led so that only her lone lantern way from him she loved. She was familiar with every log and tree in the field, and dark as it was, instinctively she reached the bank, and there she reached the fence along the river. Over this she climbed with the ease born of her hoiden's childhood among the little negroes of Marshall House. Standing at last upon the bank, she stopped a moment, listening to the million roar of the great river, and shuddering as there flashed through her mind the thought of how suddenly and easily she might and all her sorrows thereafter. But she turned away quickly, shocked at her own thought, for hers was not a suicidal temperament, nor, in fact, a nature to commit any great sin except upon what to her intense feelings seemed an overwhelming provocation. She was about to start on down the river when suddenly upon her ear fell the muffled beat of paddle wheels, and far out in the waters she saw the lights of a large steamer. The wheels kept on turning, but with a stifled and intermittent sound unlike that of a boat in motion.

It is around upon a heap of thought, and then in an instant she had formed her plan of escape. She remembered an old skiff which had lain tied to a rack heap in front of her father's place, and which the negroes used occasionally to carry their small produce to the town across the river, and running hastily along the bank she soon perceived the dim outlines of the heap of wave-washed debris. She walked carefully on upon the heap, feeling each footstep before trusting her weight upon the decaying logs. At last, partly by feeling, partly by the faint glimmer from the far-off lights of the steamer, but more through memory and instinct, she found the boat. She untied the clumsy rope which held it to a rough snag, swung lightly in, seized the broken oars, pushed with one of them against the logs and was launched alone upon the dark bosom of the river.

She had lived all her life by the water, and was not at a loss how to manage the boat, so, though she found it difficult, it was by no means an impossible task to guide toward the great steamer still puffing upon the bar.

As she approached she could hear the loud and profane voices of the black hands conversing of the hard luck which had put them aground at that time of night, when they might be steaming on their way a dozen or so more miles nearer St. Louis, and saw at the same time that the boat lay head downward with her bow upon the sands.

"The girl pulled slowly and cautiously nearer, carefully avoiding the long rays of light which fell from the open furnaces and bright, twinkling lamps. By their light she saw the boat's name, Hesperides, painted in large letters upon the wheelhouse. Pausing a moment to reconnoiter, she perceived

ed that the stern lay in comparative darkness, and roved carefully around till she found a spot which appeared suitably dark and deserted for her purpose. She made her way still more cautiously to the low guards which she caught with her left hand. With her right she threw away first one oar and then the other, stepped on the projecting edge of the deck, pushed the skiff away with her foot, and climbing over the guards, stood alone in the dark shadow of the wheelhouse.

She walked noiselessly forward in search of a hiding place, which she found behind some water barrels. There she crouched for a long time—ages, it seemed to her. Not until this period of inactivity did she begin to realize the utter loneliness and misery of her state. The night air was chill and penetrating, the rain had begun to fall heavily.

"It will wash away my footprints," she thought; "the morning will not leave him one trace of me."

A deep sob broke from her breast, but no tears came with it.

She began to tremble with the cold. Her feet, protected only by thin slippers of satin, seemed heavy and cold as lead. She grew strangely drowsy and faint, but rousing herself with an effort, got up and walked softly up and down the narrow space in the shadow.

For long the boat was cased from the bar, got under weigh, and went sailing swiftly down the river. A few miles down she saw her forsaken skiff rocking and trembling in the great billows of the steamer's mighty wheels. She strained her eyes after it until it fell again into the outer darkness, unilluminated by the passing boat.

She waited and watched through the dreary hours of the night, not knowing what to do when the morning should come and discover her to the people on board.

Mr. John Harvey, Mayor of Amherst, Ont., states:—"Only persons who have experienced the torture of itching piles can form any idea of what I suffered from this horrible disease. I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and can positively say that it has completely cured me. I tried many many so-called cures for piles, but none of them did me any good. I can truly say that the cure for piles is on the face of the earth like Dr. Chase's Ointment for this purpose. I would not be without it for any amount of money, and can heartily recommend it to all sufferers, as it is the best thing I ever used."

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

# WINCHESTER

REPEATING SHOT GUNS  
are cheap in price, but in price only. "Take Down" guns that at \$27.00 and Solid Frame guns at \$25.00, but they will outshoot and outlast the highest priced double barreled guns, and they are as safe, reliable and handy besides. Winchester Shot Guns are made of the very best materials that can be procured, a thoroughly modern system of manufacture permitting them to be sold at buyable prices.

FREE—Send name and address on a postal card for 164 page illustrated catalogue. WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO., NEW HAVEN, CT.

WHY you should buy "Pay Roll" Chewing Tobacco. Because it is the best quality. Because it is the largest, highest grade 10c plug.

Because the tags are valuable for premiums UNTIL JANUARY 1st, 1904. Because we guarantee every plug, and Because your dealer is authorized to refund your money if you are not satisfied.

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., LTD.



Baby's Own Soap  
is a guard against all skin troubles in children. It cleanses, softens, soothes and prevents chafing and sores.

IT IS AS GOOD FOR THE OLD AS THE YOUNG.  
ALBERT TOILET SOAP CO., MONTREAL.

SPEED STYLE COMFORT  
Dunlop Carriage Tires  
Solid Rubber and Pneumatic Tires for Cycles Autos and Carriages.

Let us tell you how little it costs to get the best—by letter and catalogue.  
DUNLOP TIRE CO. TORONTO.

As she approached she could hear the loud and profane voices of the black hands conversing of the hard luck which had put them aground at that time of night, when they might be steaming on their way a dozen or so more miles nearer St. Louis, and saw at the same time that the boat lay head downward with her bow upon the sands.

"The girl pulled slowly and cautiously nearer, carefully avoiding the long rays of light which fell from the open furnaces and bright, twinkling lamps. By their light she saw the boat's name, Hesperides, painted in large letters upon the wheelhouse. Pausing a moment to reconnoiter, she perceived

ed that the stern lay in comparative darkness, and roved carefully around till she found a spot which appeared suitably dark and deserted for her purpose. She made her way still more cautiously to the low guards which she caught with her left hand. With her right she threw away first one oar and then the other, stepped on the projecting edge of the deck, pushed the skiff away with her foot, and climbing over the guards, stood alone in the dark shadow of the wheelhouse.

She walked noiselessly forward in search of a hiding place, which she found behind some water barrels. There she crouched for a long time—ages, it seemed to her. Not until this period of inactivity did she begin to realize the utter loneliness and misery of her state. The night air was chill and penetrating, the rain had begun to fall heavily.

"It will wash away my footprints," she thought; "the morning will not leave him one trace of me."

A deep sob broke from her breast, but no tears came with it.

She began to tremble with the cold. Her feet, protected only by thin slippers of satin, seemed heavy and cold as lead. She grew strangely drowsy and faint, but rousing herself with an effort, got up and walked softly up and down the narrow space in the shadow.

For long the boat was cased from the bar, got under weigh, and went sailing swiftly down the river. A few miles down she saw her forsaken skiff rocking and trembling in the great billows of the steamer's mighty wheels. She strained her eyes after it until it fell again into the outer darkness, unilluminated by the passing boat.

She waited and watched through the dreary hours of the night, not knowing what to do when the morning should come and discover her to the people on board.

Mr. John Harvey, Mayor of Amherst, Ont., states:—"Only persons who have experienced the torture of itching piles can form any idea of what I suffered from this horrible disease. I was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and can positively say that it has completely cured me. I tried many many so-called cures for piles, but none of them did me any good. I can truly say that the cure for piles is on the face of the earth like Dr. Chase's Ointment for this purpose. I would not be without it for any amount of money, and can heartily recommend it to all sufferers, as it is the best thing I ever used."

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

There are several imitations of Dr. Chase's Ointment, but so far it is the only preparation extant which is a positive and certain cure for piles of every form. You can rely on it absolutely, and it is only a waste of time and money to try imitations. 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Toronto.

## Livery Stable.

I have lately installed a number of good horses, up-to-date carriages and harness, and can supply the best turnouts in town.

Charges Reasonable  
Hack to any part of the town and from all regular trains.

O. McGowan.

## CUSTOM TAILORING

Mr. J. R. McDonald has moved to the rooms over J. Demers' grocery store where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends. PRESSING, CLEANING, REPAIRING executed with promptness and dispatch.

J. R. McDonald.

Wanted  
Capable and intelligent young men to learn shorthand. We cannot begin to supply the demand for such writers, and a class of work gives better opportunities for advancement.

Send for pamphlet "Male Shorthand Wanted," showing the demand and the opening a stenographic position gives for rising in the world.

Students enter at any time. S. KERR & SON. ODDFELLOWS' HALL.

## Do You Use a Liniment?

Then you want the best. The best Liniment, and other things being equal, is the strongest and—

GATES' Acadian Liniment

is certainly the strongest in the market. The most reliable constantly on hand will save many an ache and pain. Liniment the best found Gatt, for both human and beast.

Everywhere by S. KERR & SON. Middleton, N.S.

ware, Enamelware, Ironware

received a large stock of tinware, enamelware, and ironware. I have just and am prepared to sell at low prices to suit the times. All kinds of tinware made up at notice.

ING A SPECIAL REPAIR MASS FRA

Any one who has a broken or damaged piece of tinware, enamelware, or ironware, can have it repaired at