# GOOD ATINT BETSY

ISAN FRANCISCO MONITOI

The shadows of twilight had gather of around the Carcon plantation. The tail trees in front of old Aunt Betay's cabin loomed up like great gay ghosts, and the few bunches of goldenrod by the broad fence nodded to and fro maliciously. But Aunt Betay was not afraid of ghosts, so she did not carcon the trees waved or the weed nodd. She placed her brass candlestick on the three legged table, and striking a match, rejonced in the wan light of the little cabin.

Annt Betsy's home was poor like the other cabins on the great plantation, but it was clean and ceat. In one corner atood a bed with its bright patch-work, and beside it, in a little cradle, slept a tiny black obild of four or five years. The great fireplace was open winter and summer, for Betsy did her cooking here, and the pans and exillites, her only ordinary utonsils, were hung with ordinary procision on cither side. On the shelt which served as a mantelpiece bou quots of autumn leaves, green gold and scarlet, in improvised vases of broken crockery, and above all, a large picture of Our Blessed Mother—in strange contrast to the reat of her pessessions—brightened the humble home with pictures of wood and meadow and thoughts of heaven.

After lighting her candle, Betsy closed her cabin door and drow the calico curtain across that small windows with unusual caution. Then, stooping dawn hefore the great fire-place, she carefully removed several of the rough, uneven stones of the hearth and drew from beneath an old the box. This done, she returned to the table, and does her cabin does a be raised the lid and began to remove the contents.

A photograph, a rosary of some old gens, an old Bible, a lock of soft gray

The cross of the liber below the contox.

A photograph, a rosary of some old gems, an old Bible, a lock of soft gray hair folded jealously in its time-worn wrapper, several documents and some scraps of stilken material revealed themselves as Petsy's hand plied nor vously to and fro.

Kiesing the lock of hair and the crucifix while a evapicious moisture dimmed her small shiny eyes, the old negress replaced the treasures and fastened the lid on the box. Then to the oradie, with a tender kiss to the little black face lying all unconscious against the soft white millows, and Betsy, folding the box in her blue cotton apron and closing the door noiselessly after her started towards a thicket below the negre quarters.

The crescent moon, the secret teller, sailed out from behind a mass of clouds while far above the thicket the lights shimp brightly through the open wind was of the Carson massion made a mocking contrast to its suggest vive light.

"Massa Carson an't nebber gwine tog the contract of the starter of this." was Betsy's whisanced.

sailed out from behind a mass of clouds white far above the thicket the lights shining brightly through the open wind-we of the Carson massion made a mocking contrast to its suggest ive light.

"Massa Carson ain't nebber gwine ter get this,' was Betsy's whispered sollioquy; when Massa Frank and Miss Nelly comes, den old Betsy's gwine to know a thing or two some white folks don't count on."

Betsy toon a small trowel such as stone-masens use, from her pocket, and began to day a hole beneath the great oak that steved at the entrance of the thicket. Chink! think: it grated against the stones and sand, when suddenly Betsy stopped, for a step sounded beside her.

"My good laws!" Miss Jonnie!" she exclaimed, as her eyes met those of the overseer's daughter, "I thought you was a sperrit."

"Oh, no, Aunt Betsy," laughed the girl, "I'm not a spirit yet. You seem more the ghoul of the two-What can you be looking for?"

"Diggin' out roots an' yarbs," answered Betsy with commondable alacity, "Little Cato am sick and I'm gwine to make him some yarb tea."

"I'm sorry Cato is sick," said the girl vith a questioning smile, as she passed on toward the house, now and again turning to question with her eyes the bended form. Betsy continued her labor for awhile; but when the girl was out of sight her stood up suddenly. "I'se got my "spicions dat dat gal ain't tor be depended on, an' I'll berry it farther down 'mong de briers."

She plunged into the darkness of the thick, and after some length of timed he atall cottonwood and started homoward.

The next morning Cato was indeed sick: he tossed and raved in his tiny

Indian a sair constructs are several to make a sair consistency. The next morning Cato was indeed sick; he tossed and raved in his tiny cradle until poor Botsy was almost distracted. "Yarb tea" of every description was reserved to with no apparant effect, for the child still moaned and cried as before. When the sun was high in the heavens a short, quick stop sounded on the stones before the cabin, and a woolly head thrust itself into one of the small windows.
"Annt Botsy." shouted a shrill

"Aunt Botsy," shouted a shrill lice, "Miss Carson want you."

voice, "Miss Carson want you "O laws, Wash?" exclaimed Betsy, "I can t go: Cato am too siok." "She said you mus' come right off: "Il stay wid Cato till you get back," he added, softenest at the sight of so

much unspoken anguish.

Poor Betsy left the cabin with a heavy heart, for her little grandehild was dearer to her than aught in this world. Yet hier mistrees's mandate was law to the poor slave, and with tears streaming from her black eyes, she entered her master's door.

Fir. and Mrs. Carson and the over-

"ir. and Mrs. Carson and the overseor's daughter were standing in the
hall.

Botay," said Mrs. Carson, sternly,
"did you bury anything in the thiebet
last night?"

"I didn't berry nuffin' belongin' to
you," answered Betry, with sobs of
mingled fear and resolution.
"Take care, Betay—toll me just
what you did bury."
Betay remained silent.
"Are you going to tell?"
"Are you going to tell?"
Betay remained silent.
"Are you going to tell?"
"Yell, then since you will not tell
have determined to look you up until
you are driven into some sort of subjection. I must be obeyed in my own
house."

Mrs. Carson threw a cloth over
Betay eyes, lest knowing the piace of
her imprisonment the instinct of her
race might teach her a mode of esc-pe
"Oh, lawe, laws I missis let me go,"
wailed the poor creature; "let me go
back to Cato. Ho's gwine ter die; let
me stay wid h'm, please."

But her cries were unheeded.
Dragged forcibly away and thrust into
a dark damp closet, old Betay might
plead to God alono.
"Oh, my God!" she cried. "help
ne out! Send an angel to help
ne out the free on any
network of the cried. "help
ne out! Send an angel to help
ne out is free or and the her anger
rose and sloe kicked the oftor in her
fury and struck it

dross.

Still no answer to her fierce appeal and despairing and exhausted, poor Betsy sank down upon the damp floor. dazed and hopless, she maned wildly for Cato, while the day wore on.

When the ovening came the overseer opened the door and brought the supper of corn bread and water.

"For the love of God masza," she oried, sinking down on her knees, "let me go to Cato."

The door slammed in her face was the merciless rejoinder and Botsy was again alone with her grief.

For three long days this imprisonment lasted and the faithful slave, finding her appeals of no avail yielded to a dogged sort of despair.

The third day, however, a great commotion, running hither and thither, slamming doors, boxes and furniture moved back and forth revealed a general confusion throughout the house. At length darkness set in as Betsy know by a clink in the wall of her prison and the sounds died away.

"Oh, my God! where am Cato now?" sobbed the poor slave with a roturn of better felling. "Ain't I nebber going to reo him no more?"

Far off across the cetton fields the braying of apack of blood-hounds on a neighboring plantation broke on her ear and Batsy shuddered involuntarily. Then a light step sounded outside the door, the bolt was noiselessly pushed back and the familiar voice of Wash whispered:

"Come long, Aunt Betsy, Massa and Miss Carson gone to Georgia. Come long quiek, an's see Cato."

Betsy needed no second bidding, but darted forward like a wounded stag, she fillowed the boy through the dark hall. No thought of what she was doing or the consequences of her rash deed, no—no—where was Cato? The boy led the way group out through the darkness, past the cluster of estins ill he reached the mother's door.

Betsy farly flew to the bedside where Cato in the consequences of her rash deed, no—no—where was Cato? The boy led the way group out through the dark hall. No thought of what she was doing or the consequences of her rash deed, no—no—where was Cato? The boy led the way group out through the dark should be shown that the c

the dark river on the state and other shore.

Betsy's grief was so violent that the black women had to drag her away at times, and use all their secret arts to bind the poor old body and soul to-

gother.

While she could minister to all that was left of her boy persuasion was useless to effect her return to her durgeon, and Wash's mother began to fear for her boy's imprudent kindness; but when little Cate was laid away amouthe slaves, Betsy, with an instinct and sones of thankfulness, finer than many an intelligent woman's, returned speechless and removed to her cheerless risen.

speechless and removed less prison.
Time flow by. All threats and ap-peals failed to bring out the secret of Betsy's treasure, while the thicket was searched with no better success.

Botsy's treasure, while the thicket was searched with no better success.

"I don't believe it could amount to much," said Mr. Carson to his wife, after some months had passed," if she had anything of real value she'd never bury it there."

"I don't know,' replied his more wary wife. "You know poople take of Uncle Bon having made a later will giving all his property to Frank, but it cannot be found. It would be well for us to secure it if it still eyests, for if we lose the place we are begarar."

"Don't trouble yourself, my doar,

if we lose the place we are organization of the hole of the control of the contro

and greater trouble stared them in the lace. The great civil war was ince

and guester trouble stared them in the face. The great ovil war was just bursting out in all its fary.

Day after day troops went forth to swell the Confederate ranks and Mr. Carson saw that he could no longer of the could no longer of the could not be suffered to the could not longer head adject to his weeping wife and left the old plantation.

Betsy had long ago been liberated from her prison and went about her tasks with a sad heart. Her poor cabin so lonely now, so cheerless without the little black face that used to smile on the poor slave as she passed

cabin so lonely now, so cheerless without the little black face that used to
smile on the poor slave as she passed
in and out on her daily labours—the
empty eradle, the broken toys, were
almost more than she could bear.
Goldan Summer reigned over the
land and one by one the slaves encouraged by the presence of the Fedoral troops camping in the neighborhood, ran away until but three or
four women remained.

Mrs. Carson went about the house
with tearful oyes and with pale face,
for with the troops but a few miles
away, she could searcely escape plunder. One day in fact a party of
Federals driven almost to despair by
continued privation and defeat, rode
up to the door and demanded some
hing to eat.

"I have scarcely anything for myself," said the poor frightened mistress.

"Well. we don't care; give us

"I have searcely anything for mysalf," said the poor frightened mistress.

"Well, we don't care; give us what you have."

The black women carried out part of the little store of provisions and the men rode sulkily away; but that night when the silence of midnight reigned over the earth the Carson mansion was in flames.

The negre women rushed to and fro wringing their hands and wailing dismally, while Mrs. Carson ran in and out, frantic with grief and vainly striving to save a few of her treasures.

But all in vain for long before the rosy flush of dawn the house was anass of smouldering ruins.

Mrs. Carson cank down beside at all tree and wept alone and unheeded for some time. By and by a large brown hand was laid on her shoulder and a pair of shiny oyes looked into hers.

"Come long wif me, missis Bet-

and a pair of shiny eyes looked into hers.

"Come long wif me, missis Betsy's cabin ain't berry fine but it's better dan de damp groun."

Mrs. Carson was awed. Here was a poor, ignorant slave who had learned the divine lesson of Christian forgiveness. She could not speak but her tears were more eloquent than words as she followed Butsy into the little cabin.

as she followed Busy into the little cabin.

Betsy insisted on Mrs. Carson's occupying ber bed and the faithful creature throw some quilts on the floor for herself and thus they spent their first right—and many more nights for, homeless and friendless, Mrs. Carson was obliged to remain with Betsy. The Federals were still camped about and she, being a robel-woman, could not obtain a passport northward. Then, too, she was one of those characters who sink completely down when troubles come.

But Betsy was not idle. Day indy out she garnered the Autumn harvest, or what she could do of it, and hoarded with greedy care in the cabin all the produce of the Carson gardon.

Glorious Autumn robed the far off

and hoarded with greedy care in the cabin all the produce of the Carson gardon.

Glorious Autumn robed the far off woods and fields in their brightest colours, and the thicket was a mass of brown red leaves—a wealth for Betsy who often wandered out to the slaves' hursl ground and decked a tiny mound with the fairest of them all. Sad nows, too, came to Mrs. Carson, for her husband was slain in one of the great battles and she sank anew under this fresh grief.

The Federals drew nearer; and once in a while a Cavalry soldier or two passed Betsy's door but no one offered to molest her. There was upon her the sanctity of sorrow—the buckler of privation.

One day a tall, fine looking soldier a drink of water. Betsy brought out the gourd dipper and filled it at the sparking spring.

"Thank you," said the man as he took the gourd from Betsy's hand.

Her oyes met his. "Massa Frank!" He oroped the gourd and looked intently at the animated black face for

He dropped the gourd and looked intently at the animated black face for a few seconds.

a fow seconds.

"This—this," he hesitated, "cannot be the old Carson plantation and you are not Annt Betsy?"

"Why, bless de Lord yes," she answered, clapping her hands. "Dis am de berry place an dis am ole Betsy shore nuff."

He diemounted switcher a

am de berry place an' dis am ole Betsy shore nufi."

He dismounted quickly and grasped Betsy's hand warmly.

"Where is my uncle, Betsy? he asked at length in a trembling voice.

"Ole Massa Ben been dead nigh onto three years," she replied "Massa Jim Carson been libbin' here abber since. Miss Liza's in dar," she continued, pointing to the cabin.

"De troops set de house on fire and obbory things los' ceptin' an ole tin lox dat I berried fore de war. Massa Ben told me nebber to give it to nobody ceptin' you, so I berred it down yender in the old thicket."

Betsy hurried into the cabin and returned with the old trowel, and the two set out in the direction of the old thicket, where Betsy's sharp eye son discovered the brown-leaved tree that sheltered her treasure.

She dug away silently for some

moments and presently the to be was uncarthed safe and sound.

Frank opened it reverently while tears streamed from his eyes as he gard on the pettere of his under a face and the lock of soit selvered hair.

"Poor dear uncle," he said sadly."

What a brute I was to quarred with him. Oh, if he were only here to day. But what is this I'he exclaimed, as a large document fell from between the time stained leaves of the old Bible.

Bible.

He picked it up and examined it while a strange expression which Bettsy did not fail to note crossed his face.

face,

"Praise de Lord! Praise de Lord,"

she orled excitedly.

"It's a will, exclaimed Frank,
dated just two months before my
uncle's death, leaving me the plantation and all his property in New York
etts."

city."

"Oh, Massa Frank, but I'se glad!

I'j.s' feel like shoutin and screamin,"
and Betsy fairly did scream "I knowd things 'd turn out all right.
I's jest been a waitin' for de Lord to set 'em right."

"Translat."

Together they entered the little cabin where Frank greeted his grief-stricken sister in law kindly and affectionately. Mrs. Carson was deeply affected and embarraceed by his arrival and the good news, for she had acted with great duplicity towards him. But as Betsy said, "the Lord set all things right," and when the great war was over Frank took Mrs. Oarson and Betsy to his New York home.

Oarson and Betsy to his New 10rk home.

Long ago Betsy was laid away beside her little grandchild at the old plantation home, and over her humble grave Frank erected a suitable momorial to the faithful black creature who served him so unselfishly and so well.

#### A CLERGYMAN'S TESTIMONY

Rev. Thos. Geoghegan Makes a Personal Investigation.

AND IS OUTTE SATISFIED

That Koolenny Cure Has Done and Will Do All That is Claimed for 11--He Investigated Twenty-Five Cases.

Hamilton, Sept. 25, 1895. S. S. Ryckman Esq., M.P., Hamilton

S. S. Ryokman. Esq. M.P. Hamilton:

Dear Sir.—Acting upon your suggestion, I made personal inquirter from 25 persons of different ages and various social conditions who had been suffering from rhounatism and kindred diseases, as to the effect of your medicine upon them. From each and every one the testimony was the same: "Kootenay Care has cared me." Soveral very striking cases of chronic rhounatign, paralysis, loss of sight and hearing came under my notice, and had it not been for the personal testimony of the patients themselves I could not have believed that such results were possible. From young and old came the same hearty and gratoful testimony of pain removed, health restored and now lease of life gained. Wishing you continued success, I am yours faithfully.

THOS. GEOGHEGAN.

St. Peter's Mission House, Hamilton.

Father McWilliams's Jubilee.

Father McWilliams's Jubilee.

On Tuesday before last Rev. Father McWilliams, pastor of St. Patrick's church. Railton. celebrated the twenty-litth ant-versary of his ordination to the loly priesthed. On the previous evening a few of his intimate V-lends assembled at the presbytery an. presented him with a beautiful silver service as a souvenir of the occasion and a token of their esteem and affection. On the following morning at 10-30 o clock the holy sacrifice of the mass was offered up by Father McWilliams in the presence of the entire congregation. The esteem an which the pastor is held was apparent from the large rumber of his parishioners who approached the holy table on that morning. Rev. Fathers Spratt, Wolfe Island; Twohop, of Westport Carey, of Brewers a Mills: Killeen. of Bedford, and O Brene, of the cathedral, were present in the sanctuary. Father McWilliams friends clsewhere join in offering congratulations and good wisbes that he may continue many years in the excretise of the duties of his secrad ministry.

## UNSANITARY WALL COATINGS CONDEMNED BY THE BIBLE.

"And behold if the plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks, greenish or reddish, then the priest shall go out of the house to the deor of the house, and shut up the house seven days."

And he shall cause the house to be scraped within rour-d about, and they shall pour out the dust that they scrape off without the city into an unclear

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastina Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont. giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent an order on the Alabastina dealer in the town for a package of Alabastina, enough to cover yo square. To sail who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, and who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the soliving of which may earn you \$50.00.

To test a wall ceating, take a snall quantity of it, mix in equal quantity of boiling water, and if it does not set when left in the dish over night, and finally form a stone-like cement without shrinking, it is a kaisomine, and dependent upon glue to hold it to the wall, the feature sostrongly objected to by sanilarians.

This matter of looking to the sanilary to the content of wall coatings seems to be considered to the wall, the feature sostrongly objected to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and Kalonines for walls, and recommends Alabastine as being sanilary, pure, porous permanent, economical and beautiful Alabastine is ready for use by mixing in cold water. To each of the first three persons in

#### A WONDROUS CHANGE

r Health Was Barly Shallered Suffered from a Bad Cough and Constant Palm to the S Pale and Almost Bluodless Herj Staith Again Scatored.

na the Santa's Fes. 60 - 1

1100 to 800 to 10 to 11

"I know that if I had not be out tak
ing Dr. William's Pe'k Pills I we did a
to treef much longer. These words
ware the red by Mes Messeys disagiate
of Mr. Johnston Mossop, of this boxe,
and a young hady settermed by popular
among her friends and acquaintances,
Miss Mossop had been alling for several
years, and her recovery to health is a
matter of general repoteing among her
friends. To a reporter she gave her
story as follows: "I scarcedy know how
my finess began. The first symptom
was a feeling of the Chies upon the slight
est section. The color left my face,
and I became as pale as a corpse. Then
was attacked with a pain in my left
side and coughed a great deal. At first
to a remise, were truck but her to yet



Couldnot Go pop Stairs Without Resting

Culd not Golph Stairs With an Restinging and I was under his care for about a year. But the treatment did not do me any good, and I was steadily growing weaker and weaker. I was unable to go upstairs without having to sit down and rest when I got there, and the pain in my side became more and more intense. I kept wasting away and lost all interest in life, and at last was so low that recorry was not expected. At this juncture my mother saw an article in a newspaper relating to the cure of a young lady whose case was almost identical with my own. and whose cure was due to Dr Williams Pink Pills, and this prompted a trial of that medicine. By the time a couple of boxes were used there was a feeling of improvement and I entimed until now and the sum of the country of the pills until 1 had taken nine boxes, all the time gaining rapidly, until now! fool that I have recovered my clid time health. I can now walk a long distance without being treed, and I am no longer troubled with that terrible pain in my side. My appetite has returned and I can move calanosty, and I know that that had I not begun taking Pink I have. Mossop says she cannot express the greatithed who feels towards the

know that had I not begun taking Pink Pills I would not have lived much longer."

Ars. Mossop says she cannot express the gratitude she fecis towards this grand medicine which has restored her loved daughter's health, and will always sheak of it in terms of praise.

Dr. Williams Pink Pills are especially valuable to women. They build up the blood, restore the nerves, and cradicate those troubles which make the lives of so many women, oldand young, a burden. Dizzinoss, palpitation of the heart, nervous headache and nervous prestraion speedity yield to this wonderful headleine. They are sold only in boxes, the trade mark and verapper printed in red ink, at 60 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.69 and may be had of druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont.

Wealthy Parent: "What! Engaged yourself to young Tapester? Outrageous! The idea of a Van Juneberry marrying a meros shopman." Daughter: "But he isn't a shopman, now, papa. He is a gentleman of leistro." Parent: "Eh." Daughter: "Yes, he's been discharged."

They Nayer Fail.—Mr. S. M. Bough

THEN NEVEE FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Bough ner Langten, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles. but by using Parmelee's Pills. I was completely cared, and although four years elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are antibilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints. Dyspepsia. Costiveness. Headache. Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

No ancient pagan writer contains, in any part of his works, a single allusion indicating that he recalled his childhood's days with pleasure, while references to the joys of childhood are in modern authors innumerable. The ancients had no childhood. Their boys were little old men: their girls were little old women. Christianty has given the world real boys and girls, rejoicing in their young life.

#### THE PRIZES AWARDED.

THE PRIZES AWARDED.

The final awards in this literary competition offered by the Dr Williams' Medieme Co. of Brocaville, Ont., have just been announced. The decision as to the order of merit of the ive stories selected was left to a voto of the readers, and that great interest was taken in the matter is shown by the fact that 16,728 votes were recorded. "A Night on Crookback," by Dua, Mrs. R. S. Smellio Toronto) received 4635 votes, the largest number cast and a awarded first prize. "The Lady of Beauce," by Othmas, (Thos. Swift, Ottawai comes second with 403 votes. "The Fall of York, by Alican Douglas Brodie, T. Herbert, Chestnut, Toronto,) takes the third with 3041 votes. "The Holouse of Eulalio" by Margery Tooker. (Mrs. C. F. Fraser, Halifax, N. S..) has the fourth place with 2500 votes. "The Now Eden," by Iagoo. (C. B. Keenleyside, Brantford, 2166 votes is awarded sth prize. The prizes are \$100, \$77, \$50, \$40 and \$25. Tho Jr. Williams' Mediane Co. deserves much credit for so liberally assisting in developing a Canadian iterary talent.

GEO. J. FOY,

- 1910/BCB - 2 -

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22. 27, 23, 20, 31.

N.B.—There are branch postoffices in every part of the city. Residents of each district, should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care on onlift their correspondents to make orders

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PURE WATER.

In addition to the many modern in-provements recently introduced into the O'Keefe Browery, the latest is a powerful water filter, erected by the New York Filter Co., having a capacity of two thousand gallons per hour, and rendering the water absolutely pure before being used y pure before tream r and Lager, cony of analysis just

taken:

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Dear Sirs,—I heroby certify that I have made an analysis of water taken from your filter and find it of first-class purity, telng bright, clear and it ee from all suspended impurities.

spended impurities.
Yours truly,
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