

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

LADY KILDARE ;

Or, the Rival Claimants.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FUGITIVES ALABMED.

While these events were transpiring, and ohanging the whole course of the Lady Nora's existence, where was she who loved the young belieses with more than a sister's tenderness-where was the unfortunate Lady Kathleen ?

On parting with her step-sister at the Drogheda railway station in Dublin, the Lady Kathleen, as has been said, entered a cab with Bassantyne and her maid and drove directly to a hotel. Bissantyne's follow fugitive from justice sat upon the box with the driver, and on arriving at the hotel he escaped her observation in the mist and fog of the gloomy night.

A suits of rooms was speedily asoured, and the Lydy Kathleen, anompanied by her maid, retired to ber own private apartment.

Bissantyne, attended by the man who acted as his valet, depirted to his own quartors, which were a partion of her ladyship's suite. The doors between were, however, locked, and the Lady Kathleen put the key in her pocket.

The small parlor, with bedroom adjoining, which had been assigned to the young bride, were very bright and cheerful.

There was a fire in the grate, and the gas was burning in the cluster of ground glass globes which depended from the celling.

Gas of the Lady Kathleen's trunks was brought up, and Mary unpacked it. Her young mistress then removed her damo outer garments and donned a pair of pink velvet allppers and pink cashmere dressing-gown, and lossened her damp yellow hair, permitting it to flow in a golden mass over her shoulder, after the manner of the Lady Nora.

She then drew up a chair to the fire and warmed her hands over the blaze.

"You may ring, Mary," she said wearily when the maid's duties received an intermission. "I will have my supper up here." Mary obeyed, given the bell a vigorous

pall. "Will-will the master have his supper

here too !" the girl asked hesitatingly. "The 'master' !" said Lady Kathleen "You have no master, Mary. I am married to Mr. Bassanyne, it is true, but he is no more to me than a stranger. He will not take his supper with me,"

The waiter appearing, the Lady Kathleen sent down her order, and was presently eer-ved with her repast, which she insisted upon her maid sharing with her. After suppor she sat for hours by her fire thinking steadily, and at last arose wearily and went to bed.

She was early astir in the morning. About eight o'clock, as she sat by the fire in her parlor, dressed in her black traveling robe, after she had given her order for breakfest, a knock was heard at the door, and a waiter appeared, bringing her ladyship a note from Bassantyne.

It proved to be a demand to be allowed to breakfast with her, Bassantyne declaring that her conduct was calculated to bring suspicion upon him, and warning her that any disgrace that could come to him would be sure to fall also upon her.

To this missive the Lady Kathleen replied simply by the word " Come."

A few minutes later, Bassantyne made his appearance. He had attired himself with scrupulous care. His long beard was carefully combad and waved and divided into two long points, which nearly covered his basom. He came in bowing and amiling, with the grace of a dancing-master, seeming to possess not a care or anxiety in the world.

A swift glance around the room assured him that Lady Kathleen was alone, her maid being in the adjacent bedroom.

"Good morning, my beantiful wife !" he

love. They were allently engaged with their breakfast, when the door opened, and Marple, Bassantyne's valet, entered. The Lady Kathleen looked up, surveying

him with perceptible carlosity. Ho returned her glances with interest.

He was a coarse, brutal, hang-dog looking fellow dressed in seedy, eleuching black garments. His hair was cropped close to his head. His checks, unshaven and dark, gave to the lower half of his face a black-muzzled appearance. His forehead was low and retreating, and a long livid soar nearly traversed

it. This scar, of pscullar shape, although partly hidden by a pair of very bushy eyebrows, gave the man a strangely einister look,

The Lady Kathleen shuddered as she mat this man's fartive, cat-like glance. She wondered in her heart how Bassantyne could consort with a man like this, although she felt that Bassantyne was at heart no better than Murple,

"Come along and wait on the table, marple," said his master impatiently, with | Carriags and take down the Lady Kathleen's a glance toward the inner room. " Her ladyship's maid may pop out any miaute, and vou will arouse her suspicions. Ludy Kathlean, this is my valet, Marple, a good gauntlet. How can I bear Lame Bill's eyes servants enough, but a little queer. Been on mat Will he read my identity through down to the tap Murple !"

Tas man was pals and trambling, as if ho had recently received a nervous shock. He approached the table, and took up his station behind the Ludy Kathleen's chair, but his lips were blue and his eyes distended. Bissantyne began to experience a vague sense of alarm.

"If you don't quit drinking, Murple," he said threatening, "I'll turn you ous ! I swear I won't protect a man who does his best to imperil himself and me too! I have kept you with me because we were in the same boat, and I didn't care to lose sight of you. But I'll go the to Continent and lose myself and

you too. I won's live in constant fear-" "I haven't been drinking," said Murple hoargely. "I went down and sent the telegram to Ballyconnor that you told me to. Andon my way back I stepped into the tap-' "That's what I'm complaining of !" de-clared Bassantyne angrily. "Why must you

get drunk ?" "I am not drunk," asserted Murple, still

huskily. "I orderej a glass of half and half, and as I stood in the tap a-drinking of it, up comes a chap and orders a pint of Guinness, and he falle a looking at me, and I looks at him, and all of a sudden I recognizes him-" "You reopplized him !" oried Bassantyne

in a star:led voice, and full of excitement. "Yes, sir. He's a ticket-of leave chap we knowed him in Australy. He is Lame Bill-"

"Lame Bill ! ejaculated Bassantyne, In consternation, his jaw falling. "Yes sir; it's Lame Bill. I knowed him

the minute I fairly got my eyes onto him. although he was dressed like a gentleman !"

"Lime Bill !" repeated Bassan'yne, in in-reasing terror. "Why. the follow hates oreasing terror. "Why, the follow hates me as he hates policeman ! I knocked him down once, and he vowed to be revenged on me. Did he recognize you ?'

"I don't know. I'm pret:y well dirgaited, what with dyeing my hair black and my red face brown, and wearing these fore heavy black eyebruws in place of them red ones that got singed off years ago ! But the scar can't be disgulard, and I own my heart went down to my boots when Lame Bill says he, Queer scar you've got there, my man. It's like a scaron a chap I knowed in Australy !"

"He did recognize you, then !" "I think not," muttered Murple dublously. "I said something about never having been to Australy, and he sauntered off. And I come up to your room, and along comes the waiter talling me to come here. I think I've throwed Lune Bill of the scent. He has made up his mind that I sin't his man. But I'm sorry I come to Inland at all," he added, wipping his eye brows vigorously. "Why so ? You are an Englishman, and

look of admiration that was very near akin to) from her purse and laid it on the table. | municative could afford Lame Bill no decisive. Murple enapped it up greedily and put it in his pocket.

After a few minutes' further conversation with his fellow fugitive, Marple withdrew. A little later he stole out of the hotel by a rear way, and escaped unseep.

"I wonder whether Lame Bill knew him or did not know him !" muttered Bassantyne uneasily. "Pity about that scar; it's a mark you can's hide. I ought to have thrown Marple overboard, and I would have tbrown Murple overboard, and I would have Presently, there being a new arrival, and done so if I dared to. He threatened to split the clerk being busy, Lame Bill sauntered on me if I didn't keep him with me. He out, making his way to the tap-room. done so if I dared to. He threatened to split knew too much about me to be permitted to run loose."

He settled his necktie and walked slowly to the windew, leoking out.

agitatedly, "there's Lame Bill paoing to and fro on the walk, waiting for some one to come out ! Can ne be waiting for me ? Does he scent the truth ?'

Thequestion was still on his lips when two of the hotel servants entered to announce the trunk

"I must risk it," thought Bassantyne, in a mortal terror. "It's like running the my disguise ?"

The servants went out and Bassantyne ran again to the window, peering out cautious-

He beheld a lame man pacing to and fro on the pavement like a sentry on guard, his face turned toward the hotel entrance in ovident eager inquiry. He was unmistakably waiting for some one. Was he waiting for Bassantyne ?

Desperate, and almost mad with terror and anxiety, Bassantyne schooled his face to calmness, and turning to the Lady Kathleen, said :

" Take my arm, Kathleen. Lean on me. Everything depends on how we past this ordeal. There's a man waiting below who knows me, who hates me, and who would give ten years of his life to deliver me up to the police and handle the reward offered for me. My downfall is your ruin. We sink or we swim together. Come !

He extended his arm. The Lady Kathleen drew her well over her white face, as her maid came out of the inner room and preceded them down stairs, in obedience to a gesture from her mistress, and her ladyship then took Bissantyne's arm, and they passed down the stairs together.

CHAPTER XVII.

AT BALLYCONNOR.

The terror and dread of the Lady Kathleen, as she descended the trairs of the hotel in Dublin, leaning upon the arm of her claister and strangely wedded bridegroom, were fully equal to the terror convulsing the heart of the guilty Bassantyne. She realized that, as he had said, his ruin would be her destruction. In consequence of that mystery in her past, that strange and terrible secret whose existence she had declared to Lord Tresham, she had been compalied to accept the fraudulent Scottish marriage as binding, and from the hour in which she had so accepted him, any disgrace that should fall upon her husband must rest also upon her. "Be brave, Kathleen !" whispered Bas-

santyne, feeling her form tremble under its Kathleen preserved a resclute silence until wrappings. "A moment of weakness will the brief railway journey was concluded. ruin us now. For your own sake, be and they alighted from the coach at Wicklow. brave i"

The adjuration was heeded. The Lady Kathleen cast aside her momentary weakness and drew up her proud figure, and they passed out of the hotel lobby into the street, a waiter preceding them and opening the cab door.

upon the features of Bassantyne as ho ness to him slone. Have him in where all crossed the narrow section of sidewalk to of the rest of the household are. Lat the talk the waiting vehicle. He bent his head and the chatter of the much and the playing toward the Ludy Kathleen, seeming to listen of games he in the home circle. Then the

information. There were several guests with servants and couriers. Mr. Bassantyne had had a servant, but the clerk could not remember any peculiarity in the servant's appearance.

Thus checked in his investigations, Lame Bill studied anew the hotel rogister, and repeated to himself, as if to learn the address by heart, the names of Ballyconnor and Wicklow.

Here he prosecuted his inquiries with no

beiter aucouss. Finally, in the course of his apparently aimless wanderings, he came upon one of the "Our cab is waiting, Kathleen," he said. hotel servants who was able to enlighten him "We must be off. And as I live," he added in some degree.

The servant told him that scarred fore head was the the valet of Mr. Bissantyne, that his name was Murple, and that his master had discharged him that morning, and that Murple had gone home to his friends, who lived in county Antrim. This information, the servant added, had been given him by Murple himself, at the very moment of taking his departure. "An ! county Antrim !" said Lame Bill

carelessly, as he turned away and went out into the strict. " And he calls himself Marple ! I know he recognized me in the taproom, for I saw his eye fall before mine ! I don't believe he belongs to Actrim. In fact, I know him to be a Dablin man ! That very remark about Actrim about that he recognized me and has fled. Evidently he expectel I would make inquiries about him. As to his discharged by his master, that's all fudge. He ran away, and he may turn up at Bally-connor in good time. He won't lose a good place and good hiding, when he could save both by maneuvering. I've struck luck at last. I'd like to finger the reward for him and for Gentleman Bob 1 Old how that swell Bassantyne reminded me of Gentleman Bob ! But about Murple, or Hewville, or whatever name he calls under now, I'll just make my inquiries after him, and if I fail to find

him, I'll take a trip down to Ballyconnor !" With this resolve he set about his investigations.

Meanwhile, congratulating himself on having successfully met the danger that had menaced him, and unconscious that it might again arise with greater force to confront him, Bassantyne, with the Lady Kathleen and her maid, drove to the railway station, and was soon steaming down to Wicklow.

" I telegraphed early this morning to your steward toat we might be expected on this train, Kathleen," said Baseaniyne, when Dublin had been well left behind them, and a feeling of security began to replace his late anxieties and terrors. "I foresaw that you would consent to leave the city this morning, and I made all my arrangements to that end.'

"It is as well that you telegraphed." replied the Lady Kathleen, "but the house would have been ready for our reception in any case, as I wrote to Delaney, my steward, last week, telling him of my marriage and intended return to Ballyconnor. I expected then that Lady Nora would accompany me, but her guardians refused to leave her in my protection longer. Poor Nora !" she added, sighing drearily. "I wonder how all this is to end for her, and for me !"

Turning her face to the window, the Lady Kathleen preserved a resolute ellence until

(To be continued.)

When He Comes to See You.

When your sweetheast comes to see you, The calmness of an atter desperation was don't be foolish enough to confine your swiet-



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GNIM

STER

asid, with an afflotation of gavety. look none the worse for your journey." " Compliments can be spared between us,

returned the Lady Kithleen gravely. "Be seated. Breakfast is ordered, and will be served directly."

Bassantyne drew a chair toward the fire and sat down.

" I have a fancy that I saw a familiar face in the hotel lobby last night," he observed, with visible uneasiness. "It will be well to dispense with a hotel walter ; he might be a detective or apy in disguise. My man Murple, you know, can attend upon us, and that will keep him away from the tap, which he

likes to frequent." "Vory well," Baid the Lady Kathleen Indifferently. "Your man can attend upon 116.'

Bassantyne's gloomy face brightened a little.

"About your plans, Kathleen ?" he asked. "At what hour can we leave for Wick-low ?" "I sm not deoided," was the reply. "I

am a little troubled about poor Nors, although I know she is with true and loving friends. I think I will drive around and call upon her this morning."

"And risk my betrayal or discovery?" cried Bassentyne. "How thoughtless you are, Kathleen ! In a large city like Dublio, no doubt a watch is kept for me. We ought not to prolong our stay a minute beyond what is absolutely necessary. I have ordered a cab to be at the door in time to take us to the station for the next train."

A faint glow of displeasure tinged the Lady Kathleen's cheaks, but she made no ob-

jection. "You see, Kathleen," parsued Bassantyne, "that with the reward that is offered for my capture, 1 may well be uneasy and anxious. We can't be too careful. Of course I am well disguised, but then these detectives are sharp fellows, and if they look for me at all, they will look for me under a disguise. They won't expect to see a man on whose head a price is set wandering about and answering in every particular to the items in the hand-bills. They know that I graduated out in Australia, and that I am up to all kinds of dedges. But they will hardly suspect," he added, with a grim smile, " to find the bird they're wanting in the acknowledged husband of the proudest beauty in all Ireland. I'm safe here, If anywhere."

At this juncture the waiter was heard approaching in the corridor, and Bassantyne arose and walked to the window, where he stood with averted face and negligent attisude, while the attendant spread the table and set out upon it the dainty morning meal.

"You needn't wait," said Bassantyne carelessly, when the waiter had finished. "Send my man to me, and there's something for you.

He tossed the man a small siver coin, and again looked down into the street. The waiter went out, and Bassantyne then came forward, taking his seat at the table. The Lady Kathleen sat opposite to him,

behind the small coffee-urn.

She poured the coffee without speaking, her face as cold and grave as if carved in marble. There was a haughty coldness in her manner that effectually kept her sinister bridegroom at a distance. He dared not ad.

Ireland is, the safest place for you." Murples glances shifted uneasily under his masters gaza. He wipod his brows again on his red cotton handkerchief.

" I said I was an Eoglishman," he remark ed, after a brief pause, " but I ain't. I'm an Irishman, and the police will look for me in Ireland."

"The furies ! Why, you were known as 'Newville, the English cracksman,' in the colony !'

"Yes; but my name aln't Newville, any more than it's Marple, which is the new name you gave me. My real name's Tim Fogarty. My mother lives near Dublin, at Clondalkin, in lodgings and about. And it's her sister as is housekeeper to Mr. Michael K ldare, the lawyer. And the police must be on the lock out for me in Dablin." Baseantyne turned pale.

"You miserable idiot !" he ejaculated. "How dared you run your head directly into a noose like this? Why didn't you tell me the truth? You have ruined us both !" He got up and began to pace the room

hastily, with a great terror in his face. will never be taken alive !" he mut-41 F tered, the great drops starting on his forehead, "I will die by my own hand first!"

"The ignominy of the gallows will never be mine ! Fool ! Why did I resume my own honorable name when I returned to England -that name which has never been associated with guilt, and which an honorable family bears to day with pride, unconscious of my errora? I will die before the world, and those at the home I left years ago shall know that Nicol Bassantyne is the man of a dozen aliases and a dozen crimes, the man whose

lifa is forfeit to the state !" He plunged his hand into his pocket and half withdrew a little pistol case. In this he carried, ready for instant use, a pair of tiny loaded pistols.

Dropping the case back into his pocket, he hurried to and fro until he had regained his composure, and then he went to the mirror and regarded his reflection narrowly.

"He won't recognizs me unless he is on my track," he said. "And he can't suspect my presence here. It is not suspected that you and I are together, Murple. We must act promptly, and the danger may be averied.'

"How, sir ?" demanded Murple eagerly. "Instead of going directly to Wicklow with us," said Bassantyne, "you must mancuvre to throw Lame Bill off your trail, You must slip out of the hotel by some rear way, and make across the country to some station on the Drogheda line. Go to Drogheda, and from there go norses the coun-try to Mullingar. At one place or the other you must procure a wig, a gray one, and fit. yourself out like a village pedagogue. Then go afoot to Tailamore, and by sail to Athy, afoot again to Ballyconnor. It's a round-about way, but it'll tire out any degs of detectives, and Lame Bill ain't oute chough to track you by all those windings. Can you do this ?"

Murple's face glowed with reviving heps. "I can do it !" he ej soulated.

"Then be off at once. Loze no time. We shall bo safe, after all. Ba on your guard, Murple-and avoid the taps !" "I am out of money," said Murple hosi-

tatingly. "The Lady Kathleen will supply you,"

said Bassantyne coolly. "Yon'll want a ress a word of tenderness or familiarity to er, although his black eyes beamed with a The Lady Kathleen took the desired amount

to some low utlered remark from her lips, fow minutes that he gets with you by yourand with one black-gloved hand adjusted the solf will seem all the more deligntful, and be folds of her sacque with apparent marital care and tenderness.

keen black eyes were scanning the street to the right and to the left of him. His fugitive glances were not long in detocting what they sought.

At a little distance, a man was lounging

carlossly against a druggist's window, his face turned toward the hotel entrance, his eyes filled in carcless scrutiny upon Bassantyne, This man was a keen-cyed, surly-browed fellow, elender of figure and of medium height. He was dressed in black, and wore a white neck-cloth. He locked like a poor curate or would have done so but for the sinister expression of his dark countenance. "Lame Bill, sure enough !' muttered Bassantyne, his face growing paler. "How be

looks at me !" At this moment the longer aroused himself, and came slowly along the walk toward the cab, walking with a perceptible limp, and still keeping his eyes fixed upon Bassantyno. There was a puzzled expression in his gaze, which was not unmarked by the object of his attentions.

Yet Bassentyne, with a wonderful selfcontrol, sprang lighty into the cab, closed the door, and was borne away toward the station.

As the cab receded down the street, the lonnger halted, and looked after it for a few momente, still with that puzzled expression of countenance, and then suntered into the hotel, making his way to the office.

He found the clerk at his deak, and easily obtained a sight of the hotel register.

" That was a very striking-looking couple who went away just now," he remarked oasually, after a few successful overtures to acquaintanceship, and poring vainly over the list of recent arrivals. "The gentleman looked like the Grand Tark, with his long, waving beard. I suppose, new, he's a duke at the very least !

eantyne, one of the English Bassantynes. He's a Norfolk man, and has just married one of the greatest beautics of Ireland, the Lady Kathleen Connor, the last of the Connors of Bally councr."

The lounger ran his dirty forefingers along egistered list antil he cours to the name of Nicol Bassantyne and the Lady Kathleen Bassantyne. Halting his finger on those names, he started thoughtfully at the handwriting a little while, and then remarked : " How eddly things turn up! This Mr. Bassantyne reminded me semehow of a person I know in another part of the world. He might not feel fisttered perhaps, if he knew it. And so this gentleman is a rich Norfolk man, and marvied to an Irish heirces, and a titled lady to boot. That favory of mine was foolish enough. It was all along of meeting another party I once knew. And that reminds me," he added, tendering a cigar to the clerk, "that I met a man in the tap-room this morning, a fellow dressed in black, with a long soar across his forebead. Looked like a gentleman's servant. Who might be be, do you think !"

Bat the clerk, while inclined to be com-

will think you the most loving little creature in the world. Men are much more observant Yet, while he so busied himself, and while | iban they are credited with being, and the he assisted her ladyship into the cab, his man worth having as a hueband is the one who will appreciate your love for those of your own people and will see that as you make a small part in one home, you are ba-

coming adpated for the centeral tigure in another. Nover say that you don't expect a man to marry your whole family. I.'s vulgar. You do. That is, if you are a good daughter and a loving stever. You want him to be one with you in sympathy and in affection, and as you tuke his name, so you assume responsibilties as far as his people are concerned. You, two, are the most to each other-your love for exchahould be the greatest, but you cannot isolate yourselves and insist that you have no duties outside your own home. If you do this you become narrow and selfish, and you are quite too nlos a girl for that. So remember

when he comes, this bridegroom of yours, that his heart is bound the tighter to you if the ribbon used to hold it has written upon it in golden letters ' Love and consideration for those at home. "La Grippe" or Lightning

Catarrh

MR. EDITOR. - "La grippe," or Russian in-fluenza, as it is termed, is in reality an epidemic catarb, and is called by some physicians "ighting catarb," from the rapidity with which it sweeps over the country Allow us to draw the attention of your readers to the fact that Nasal Balm, as well as being a thorough core for all cases of the ordinary cold in head and catarrh, will give prompt relief in even the most severe cases of "la grippe" or Russian in-fluenza," as it will effectually clear the masal passages, allay irritation and relieve the dull, oppressive bradache accompanying the disease. No family should be without No family should be without a bottle of Nasal Bulm in the house, as cold in the head and Gatarrh are peculiarly liable to attack people at this season of the year, and Nasal Balm is the only prompt and speedy cure for these troubles ever offered the public. Easy to use and rgreeable. If you cannot get it at your at the very least 1" "Ob, no," replied the clork, rmiling, "although he had won a prize which more than one duke has sued for. He is a plain than one duke has sued for. He is a plain than one duke has sued for. He is a plain than one duke has sued for. He is a plain than one duke has sued for. He is a plain than one duke has sued for. He is a plain than one duke has sued for. He is a plain than one duke has sued for. He is a plain than one duke has sued for. He is a plain that immensely right a different the sent post free on receipt of price (50 cents and \$1 per bottle) by addressing. FULFORD & Co.,

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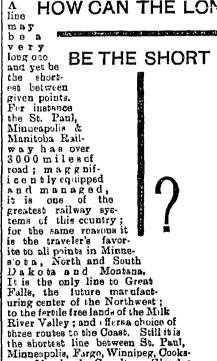
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