A FAIR EMIGRANT

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND AUTHOR of MARCELLA GRACE : " A NOVEL." CHAPTER XXII—CONTINUED

"What is your place?" asked

Shana smiling.
"The place of a tenant with his landlord," Bawn said, with an answering smile. And then she added You must remember that am a humble working farmer, Miss Fingall," looking at her bared arms and her apron, "while ye young lady of gentle blood." " while you are

You do not speak at all like a common farmer person," said Shana.
"I try to behave nicely in the presence of my betters," returned Bawn, with an irrepressible gleam of fun in her eyes. But I do not mean that I am quite uneducated

'I suppose America is a very levelling place," said Shana.

" Well, I do not object to that if all farmers' daughters are like you And the next time I come I hope you will sit while you are making my If she will not promise that what am I to do with Gran's invitation, Rosheen? My grandmother sends you a message, Miss Ingram, to beg you will come one day and pay her a visit. She appreciates the boon that your coming has been to

her granddaughters -Bawn cast down her eyes and smiled demurely. The patronizing tone of the invitation pleased her well If she could fit fairly into the place of an inferior among these people her work would progress the more easily.

She is very kind."

She is generally very lonely, and always glad to see a visitor. At present my cousin Rory is at home, and a young lady is staying there and Tor is more lively than usual My cousin will take us about a little and show you that side of the coun

try."
"That would be too much trouble.

Miss Fingall."
"Oh! Rory is always ready to do anything good-natured," said Rosheen. We have been telling him already about you, and he is quite interested in the idea of a woman's doing so clever a thing as you are doing. And he has been to America, too; only just come

He went in the interests of the emigrants," said Shana, rising and buttoning her gloves. "He wanted to inform himself thoroughly as to how they are treated on board ship He is going to make a fuss about it in Parliament. That will give you an idea of what he is made of, Miss Ingram. He will not think it much to show you the caves and the headlands."

'It was a gallant thing to do," said Bawn, with a sudden vivid recollec tion of having heard another man say that he had taken a similar step and for the same purpose. The coin cidence struck her as remarkable but she had not time to think of it as her guests were about to leave her, and kept talking to her all the way across the fields and through the gate that opened on the boreen that was to lead them to the old road by the river down by the glen

But after they had been some min utes out of sight she asked herself Do all the young men of the Brit ish Isles go out in emigrant steamer to learn how the emigrants are treated, and with the intention of talking

about it in Parliament?" She stood looking over the gate which was all out of joint, one shoulder up and one down, and, still gazing at the road along which Shana and Rosheen had just tripped out of gight, she felt a lively desire to go to Tor, and see this other man who had the same aims in and ideas about life as Somerled of the ocean steamer that had sailed away from her And while her thoughts thus went out to the unknown Tor, her eyes marked the wild beauty of the peep of mountain road descried under the arches o trees festooned with boughs of the scarlet-berried ash. How richly vividly green were the hedges, with their fringes of grass and ferns encroaching on the way! What a delicious touch of purple lurked at the bottom of that leafy tunnel, boring into infinite distance! Three little red cows had taken shelter from the afternoon sun beneath a row of bushy, thick-set oaks, and stood kneedeep in a golden pool, making foreground for a gray mountain bluff half swathed in ragged clouds, dazzling with light and blotted with transpar-

ent shadow. Bawn, whose eyes were accustomed to wider and more monotonous pic-tures, delighted in these sparkling vignettes of scenery, fresh, crisp, and deep-colored, and full of a wayward

An hour later she was watching he men, the only two laborers she had as yet picked up to keep her land in order, who were filling the gaps in the thorn hedges through which neighborly sheep and goats had been accustomed to jump every day, just to see that the Shanganagh crops were coming up, and to test, by tast ing, the excellence of the corn.

She was in the act of looking over the hedges to comfort a large ewe who, with two little lambs at her heels, was standing with disappointed meekness beyond the fast-closing gap when the sound of wheels caught he ear, and she saw a car coming up the road—a little green car which she thought she had seen before

She tilted forward a large white sun bonnet that had been hanging by its strings on the back of he neck, and placidly went on watching her men with one eye, and consoling the motherly ewe with the other.

"Miss Ingram-you see I have heard your name—I intended to send in my card, but-a-meeting the nistress before I reached the threshhold—a—I may say I am Major Batt, of Lisnawilly, and I have called to pay my respects to a fair strangerto acquire if I can be of any assistance in helping you to stock—a—or furnish—a—or anything of that kind '

You are too good, Major Batt,' said Bawn from the depths of her sun-bonnet. "May I ask if you have sun-bonnet. "May I ask if you have got anything to sell? I want a number of good milch cows—as yet I have only got one—a fast-trotting pony and some kind of light cart of phaeton in which I can drive mysel about, some farmer's carts and a couple of strong horses, a few hones industrious farm-servants and quantity of rakes, spades, pitch forks, and other implements, and multitude of cocks and hens.

'Really, Miss Ingram—a—I did not call altogether with a view to busi ness, believe me, yet perhaps I can accommodate you. I have two fine heifers, an excellent pony, and my housekeeper has a farmyard full o turkeys and geese. But, as I said before, this visit is meant to welcome the fair tenant of Shanganah Farm. And he looked towards the house, a if he would suggest that they should repair thither, that he expected to be eceived under her roof.

But Bawn was not going to have Major Batt in her shanty. "You must excuse me," she said

'I cannot leave my work, but if you yould like a little refreshment, we churned this morning and there is ome excellent buttermilk

Miss Ingram—a—I consider outtermilk as excellent nutriment for

pigs. "Oh! is it? Thank you for the hint. Anything of that kind is so precious to me. By the way, as you have mentioned them, perhaps you would look at my pigs, Major Batt Pigs seem to be creatures most easily procurable in Glenmalurcan. Andy will show them to you, if you would like to see them Andy, show

Major Batt to the pig-stye Andy dropped a great armful of dry thorn, with a covert grin at his comrade, and saying, "This way, sir," trudged off with the unwilling major expostulating and grumbling

in his wake. Now, Andy," said the latter, as they paused at the new wooder piggery which had been built during the last few days within a desirable distance from the house, "tell me what do you think of her?"

Tundheranouns! sich a beautiful creature niver walked about a stye Didn't I sell her to the misthress my The makin's of as lovel flitches as iver hung out of a roof. 'Tut, man! I was speaking of your mistress

"Oh! bad scran to the bit I under stood you," said Andy. "It's not fo me to be passin' remarks on the likes o' the misthress. It's aisy enough to see what she is.'

"Not when she wears that sun bonnet, eh, Andy? Now, tell me, like a decent man, is she pitted with

Andy burst into a roar of laughter. then, eyeing the major slily,

"Oh! begorra, major, ye have hit the nail on the head An' it's a tar'ble pity, isn't it, now? Only for them pock-marks-bad luck to them! she'd be as purty as she's good."

"I have won my bet, then," said the major triumphantly, patting his pocket as he strutted away from the pigs to take leave of their inhos pitable owner, "though 'pon my soul I am not sure that I am glad, after all. There is something aggravatingly interesting about her American

"The impident ould naygur!" said Andy to himself, as he followed him back to the field, "to be passin' his emarks about her at all, at all. He'll be laughed out of his skin for this.

thank God! or my name isn't Andy."
"And, O Major Batt!" cried Bawn. still from the recesses of the sun-bonnet, calling after the major, who was marching towards the gate, halfoffended and half-elated, "I will have that pony and those turkeys and

What is the matter with you Andy ?" she said, turning once more to her labourers, where they had be

gun to fill another gap.
"Nothin' misthress. The laughin takes me that bad sometimes that do shake as if I had the policy (palsy). Oh! murther, murther misthress! I forgot to give the majo his buttermilk."

Would he not have liked it. Andy ?" asked Bawn gravely. 'Troth, an' it's a taste of Inishown

e'd have been likin' betther. Bawn said no more, but thought he would ask Betty in the evening what was the meaning of the word

CHAPTER XXIII

AN ALARM Bawn was busy feeding Major Batt's turkeys, which, with the pony and some other chattels, had duly arrived from Linawilly and been paid for at the highest market price when a boy put a note in her hand saying he had run with it all the way rom Tor Castle. Gran had writter the invitation for which Shana had

prepared Miss Ingram. All the Clan Fingall were evident y full of curiosity to see something of the enterprising young woman who had come from Minnesota, un protected and alone, to pay them the ent of which some of them stood in

Bawn looked at the delicate, slant ing lines of the handwriting, and thought she knew exactly the esti-

mation in which she was held by the aged gentlewoman who had penned them.

"I shall be in her eyes a bold American female, honest, perhaps, but hardly proper, tolerated and even welcomed for the sake of my usefulness to her dainty grand daughters,

contentedly.

She wrote her acceptance of the nvitation and got through her day little excitement at prospect of the norrow's experience just quickening er pulses. Two or three times dur the course of the evening she sked herself what was the meaning of that faint qualm of fear that at intervals thrilled through her who knew not fear; but it was not until she awakened suddenly in the dead of night that she was confronted by he real shape of the thing that had peen haunting her, and, staring at he blank space of her uncurtained window, saw the form of her latent

What if the master of Tor, the cousin of her young landlords, the man who had been in America and was just returned from London should prove to be one and the same with Somerled of the steamer?

Could anything be more unlikely She had always hitherto been quite free from nervous fancies, triumph antly believed herself utterly devoice of that kind of imagination that raises troublesome phantoms and sees obstacles where none exist. Yet now it seemed that she was earning the trick of seeing ghosts.

Into her life the truism had not yet found its way that the world is in reality very small; to her it still eemed vast as an eternity. London never seen by her, and Paris quite unknown, both appeared as far away from her as St. Paul—even further because she had never travelled along the tracks that lead to them.

What evidence was there in favor of the idea that fortune had played her such an unheard-of trick as this except that both men had been to America in the interests of poor emi grants, and that each thought of bringing their cause before the world in Parliament? Her visitors had not even stated that their ousin's visit to America had been

erv recent. Over and over the slight evidence she went again till she convinced herself that she had nothing to fear from this phantom of trouble. For would be a great trouble. Her eart beat fast in the stillness as she hought over the maze of embarrass nent in which she should find her elf involved if Fingall of Tor nephew of Roderick supposed to have een murdered by her father, should prove to be one and the same with the lover whom it had cost her so nuch to repulse.

By an effort of will she decided to think no more about the matter, and fell asleep; but in the morning the same menacing possibility reappear ed before her mind's eye, and she asked herself how could she mee the man at Tor, if he should prove to be identical with the man wh had called himself by the fantastic name of Somerled? What could she venture to say to him? How could she endure his disgust at her treach What if he should punish her ery? by warning his family that she was woman who pretended to be what she was not-could insinuate false her friends-and would probably slip away some morning without paying them the much-de sired rent?

She began to cast about for som excuse for declining Gran's invitation to Tor, and, feeling that nothing short of physical incapacity would be held sufficient reason for her de-clining such an honor, she considered within herself how she could set about spraining her ankle. then if she were to sprain it badly what a complete hindrance to al cherished projects

No. She would let no cowardly trepidation induce her to inflict a bodily hurt upon herself. She would go forth boldly; and yet-no, she would not go. Never before had she peen the victim of such a fit of iresolution. At last she wrote a not giving what she perceived to be a very insufficient reason for failing to gratify the Lady of Tor, and sent for Andy's little boy to act as her mes

No sooner was this done than th utter absurdity of her conduct struck her in the most forcible light She had come all the way from Minnesota to do a certain thing, she found herself excellently placed for doing it and a good opportunity had occurred for making acquaintance with people who might perhaps un consciously help towards the achere she was withdrawing from tak ing a most natural step because she

saw a "bogie" in her path Let her think rationally and ac with common sense Her friend Somerled had gone into infinite space. Time would never bring him back to her who had barred her heart against him. Nothing wa unlikely in the whole wide world as that they two should ever

meet again.

As for him they called Rory, he was probably in every way the reverse of that person who was so painfully occupying her thoughts though perhaps masterful enough to oblige his feminine kindred to look

to him as a sort of god. At all events she must go, and see, and know. A little change would shake er out of this incredibly fantastic

And the note was burned, and the little lame boy."

Note that the note was burned, and the little lame boy."

"Deed they do not. Why, every bave carried it departed with his boy I've got would stand on his head

pocket full of apples from the sweet. for a little lame boy," said Brother. Pleased that the boy was so satisfied, | CAN BE SAVED

In the afternoon, in a small vehicle drawn by Major Batt's pony, mistress of Shanganagh travelled the golden valley under the long wall of purple mountains, and felt the river flowing with her all the way to the reflected Miss Ingram

sea, which after a time had to be left behind while glen after glen threaded, before a wider, wilder more magnificent ocean could be sighted. The cliffs grew steeper and bolder; travelling the road was like climbing up and down flights of stairs; the way went by the edge of long headlands sweeping to wave that foamed perpetually, and on the sides of the ravines mowers were cutting the late grass, having been lowered by ropes to the spot where they stood.

The deep hollows were filled with purple shadow, and Sanda lay like a half burnt out cinder on the darken ing sea. A bank of smouldering fir backed the murky, fantastic silhou-ette of Jura, and a light had sprung up on the thirteen-miles-distant Scottish coast. The roar of Tor be gan to be heard, and as Bawn reached the summit of a hill and felt the keen autumn air blow on her she drew her breath quickly, startled at the lowering beauty of the sunset reddened nightfall.

TO BE CONTINUED

LITTLE HERBERT

A TRUE STORY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander Is there anything more pathetic han a crippled boy ?—a bright-eyed. curly-haired lad who ought to be oounding along with his companions
—to see him moving painfully on a rutch, gasping for breath, yet so illed with the ardor of youth that he wants to be "in the swim," lame or whole? Such was little Herbert only ten years old, a child who would never walk without a miracle, but ambitious enough to master a bicycle and with the strength of one foo

making it "go."

Herbert lived in the South. He was a lovable little chap, deeply sen sitive on account of his lameness and for this very reason loth to go to school, where more than once he vas laughed at and pointed at, cruel as it may seem. The small boy has no heart, so Herbert was the subject of many an unkind jeer, until at last he refused with tears to go back to school

This was not to his parents' liking, because they wisely knew that unless ne was educated, his life would be miserable, as it is hard enough for a cripple to get through the world ven if he has the resources of books and education.

One day the little fellow stumbled and fell. A loud laugh greeted the accident, which occurred near the ward school where the boys playing Suddenly two lads about his own age who were passing by to him and helped him on his feet got his crutch and brushed the dus rom his clothes. "Don't cry, chum," said one o

them : "you couldn't help falling. Herbert's eyes, which were full of ears, flashed as he replied : "It ain't the fall, it's being laughed

"Those fellows are scoundrels, said the other. "Come along with as; we're Catholics, and we never laugh because folks are lame. "Do you go to school and do the

boys never laugh at a little lame poy ?" said Herbert pathetically. "Never!" said the lad with empha-

sis; "it would be a sin."
A sin?" said Herbert, who ow moving on between his two "What's that?" "Come along with us to Brother Virgil's school. He'll tell you that

and lots more. "I'm afraid of Catholics," said Herbert after a pause. "Why, they wor-ship images and do other bad The boys broke into a ring ing laugh.

"Oh! Who stuffed you with that? ne said. "Come along and see." "He doesn't know any better," said the other. "He's a Protestant. They don't know nothin' about re

ligion. They just go to church once week to sing and hear the preacher. If it rains they needn't go at all. Their churches are locked up all the time, and there's nothin' in them inside but pews. I sneaked in once and I was glad to get out."

Herbert said rather sadly: never go to church because I'm

Just then the boys were in sight of the school of the Xaverian Brothers It was just before the afternoon ses sion, and the boys were in the play ground running and leaping and making a tremendous noise A bell rang and there was instant silence The boys trooped into the building ome of them waving their caps cowards the trio, who waved back "That's our school," said Fred,

and that's Brother Virgil at the The Brother was a pleasant-faced

nan with kindly eyes.
"Hello," he said, taking Herbert's
hand. "Who is this little gentleman a "Why, Brother, he fell, and we

helped him up, and he came along with us," said Fred. "We don't know his name.' Herbert's heart went out to the Brother as he said: "Fred told me your school never

Virgil heartily. "I'd like chap that would laugh." "I'd like to see the

"May I come to your school? id Herbert. "The boys at the said Herbert. Fifth Ward laugh, and they kick my leg cause it sticks straight out in the aisle

and when I holler a little 'cause it hurts they snicker and the teacher "There will be none of that here You haven't told me your name, but you'll be the pet of the whole building," and the big Brother putting his arm gently around the slender little

form with a mother's tenderness. 'My name is Herbert Thirlstane but . " and he hesitated, "mayb you won't take me into your school I'm a Protestant, and I'm ten years old," and Herbert hung back.

"He said he was afraid of Catholics," said Jack, who had not spoken pefore, "but he doesn't know any." Brother Virgil laughed a merry augh and held out his hand. "He won't say that to-morrow

Will you come, my son?' The clear eyes and honest, frank smile were enough. Herbert laid his hand trustingly on Brother Virgi

and hopped along on his crutch at his

ide, while Jack and Fred followed Herbert noted with joy that scarce y any of the boys looked up from their writing, and he was given a place near the door, with Jack and Fred close by, and told in a whisper to watch and listen and not to do an ork or join in any exercise.

Herbert watched everything with nterest and noticed the perfect order and respectful attention of the

Why, they seemed to love Brother Their eyes brightened when Virgil he addressed them personal y, and every lad seemed a particular favour

Walking around the room, Brother Virgil laid his hand on Herbert's

"Feel at home yet?" 'Sure!" said Herbert, and he did After the exercises were over

Brother Virgil said: "Boys, we have a new scholar; he is to be treated like a prince, and any boy that doesn't do it needn't ome near me. Understand? Hi ame is Herbert."

'Rah for Herbert!" was shouted. and as school was dismissed about a dozen eager boyish faces were thrust nto Herbert's and a dozen queries : "Can I take you home ?

"Have you any books to carry?"
"Wish you rode a bicycle." "Do you live far ?"

Herbert was abashed. They ll so sincere, and Brother Virgi stood smiling at him. Finally he stood up, balancing him elf on his crutch.

Thank you boys. I like every one 'Rah for Herbert! 'Rah!'' wa he answer, and Herbert took his cap from one of the boys, and with Fred and Jack for a guard of honou

bade good-by to Brother Virgil. "I'll be back to-morrow, sir, thank That evening at home the family was deafened by Herbert's account of his experience, nor would he give his father any peace until he took his hat and went down to the school of the Xavierian Brothers, where

Brother Virgil, at the request of Mr. Thirlstane, entered Herbert amon the pupils of the institution. Brother Virgil smiled as the paren eviewed the glowing account of

Herbert. 'You see," said the father, "my son's unfortunate lameness has made nim extremely sensitive, and the boys at the ward school perhaps un intentionally hurt his feelings, and when he was a little awkward laughed at him. I cannot subject ne little fellow any longer to such a thing, and although we are all Protestants. I feel he is safe in a Catho lic school. I wonder I did not think

of this long ago." 'You may be sure," Brother Virgil answered "that he will never be laughed at here. Our boys are taught kindness and love, especially to one afflicted. We will do our best to improve his mind, and he will be treated like a prince. The boys already like him immensely."

Mr. Thirlstane was quite charmed with the good Brother, and left in the best of spirits, and on his return nome told them all that Herbert was entered as a scholar and must begin next morning. Herbert was de-lighted; he could hardly wait; his sleep was broken over and over again by his eagerness to meet Jack

nd Fred. Next day Herbert, in a new suit. which he insisted on wearing appeared at the school. Jack and Fred met him on the way and carried his books and kept pace with his slow movements, for walking with a crutch is a slow and painful opera

Arriving at the school, everything mpressed little Herbert, who was mall for his ten years.

The Catholic prayers that began class, the devout aspiration when the clock struck! He noticed a Crucifix on the wall and a beautifu picture of Our Lady, which attracted him continually, but he saw no signs of any one worshipping either.

His studies were agreeable and the explanations that accompanied them most interesting to the little fellow who developed great intelligence He listened to the catechism and Bible history, and felt a great wish to join the classes. It was his first revelation of God and religion. He had an innocent mind, and the good seed fell and germinated in his

heart. Very soon Herbert asked his father if he couldn't go to church with the other boys, they were so good to him and he liked the service.

his father readily granted his request. The little boy would come nome and tell his father and mothe all about school, about the Catholi devotions, of the service in church He began to study the catechism and to think it over in his young mind.

One day he said to his father "Father, what church do you be

Well, son, I declare, I don't be ong to any particular church. I try o lead a good, honest life. That's all the Heavenly Father wants, isn't

But what do you believe, father?" "Believe? I don't know what you

Well. I mean, don't you believe in eing baptized? Brother Virgil says we all must be baptized or we will

'Pon my word, Herbert, it never

"But, father, we've got to die, and then God will expect us to give an account of our lives, that He may revard us if we are good. The Cathoic catechism tells a lot of things that are solid truth, and, father, I'd love to be a Catholic. "Let me look at that catechism.

on; it has made you think a lot.' Herbert gave the little catechism to his father and told Brother Virgil bout it the next day. The good Brother sent the gentleman "The Faith of Our Fathers" and "Catholic Belief," and Herbert's father and mother began seriously to study Catholicity. In the meantime Herbert asked Brother Virgil if he could not be baptized and make his First Holy Communion. There was no

objection on the part of the family, so after studying his catechism and preparing fervently, Herbert was baptized and made his First Comnunion on Easter Sunday. His dispositions were truly angelic, and now his whole prayer seemed directed to winning his family to partake of his own blessed happin He made his father call on the parish priest, who received him very cour teously, and at his request prepared

him for baptism and the other

raments. Herbert had learned with difficulty o ride a bicycle, the boys helping him and guiding him with extra Awkward and ordinary patience. timid at first, he finally grew expert and with one foot managed the bicycle with great dexterity. He had no trouble now in getting any

Herbert's father and mother wer arefully instructed by the Rev Father G, who at last received them with their eldest daughter into the Church, baptized them and gave them their First Holy Commun

the next day. They also requested that the tw youngest children should be bap-tized, which was done, and then a narried sister brought her two chil dren to be baptized, one eight nonths, the other two years, and she herself at Herbert's solicitation placed herself under instruction and

finally entered the Church. Now the whole family, nine is number, were in the Church through this little crippled boy, and nothing could describe their happiness nor Herbert's delight and gratitude to God. These good people fully appr ciated the part this afflicted little boy had in the affair of their salvation and loved him most tenderly He was exceedingly frail, but never omplained; his pale face and inreasing weakness were a source ntense anxiety to his parents and of deep interest to the good Brothers and the boys of St. one loved him. He was an excellent student, a successful peacemaker, and when he felt well was full of

jokes and fun.

When he was not able to go to chool the boys would visit him, and he would write notes to the Brothers and they would pay him pleasan

visits. One day some one stole his "iron horse" as he called his bicycle, and Herbert was deeply grieved. The little fellow had only his crutch now but his father promised he would have a new bicycle at Christmas.

The blue eyes looked up from the pale face with a strange sweetness and the look struck a chill into the arent's heart.

I won't need it then, daddy," h said, shaking his head wisely. Something choked an answer in the father's throat, and he hastily left the room.

Could it be he would lose his son

He did not dare to think of such thing. He was more devoted to the ooy than ever. Just seven months after his First Communion, when Herbert eleven years old, he was taken to his ather's lumber mill where he

father's watched the workmen with great in erest. Suddenly a splinter of iron flew into the boy's face, grazed his throat and the jugular vein, which im-mediately began to bleed slowly, but profusely in heavy drops. The boy was taken home at once and the doo tor called. He suffered no pain, bu smiled at the efforts of the anxio surgeon to staunch the blood Strange to say, the efforts of the

pert noticed the day. "This is Friday, the day our dea Lord bled to death for us on the Cross," he said. And he was as calm as an angel. His anxious famil wept and could not bring themselve to believe a little scratch was going to be so serious, but the surgeon told them Herbert's physical condi tion would stand no strain, and i might be a grave matter.

surgeon were quite unavailing Drop after drop the life blood came

It was Friday afternoon at 1.30. He

AND CURED OF DRINK

Good News to Mothers, Wives,

Sisters

To have seen one you love, going down this road to ruin, and to have heard him try to laugh and joke away your fears, while you watched the drink habit fasten on him; is to have known suffering and to have borne a sorrow to which physical pain is nothing. And when at last he comes to that turn in the road that, sooner or later must come, and wakes to the fact that he is a slave to the drink you think everything will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; thing will come right. He will fight the habit and you will help him escape it; but he can not do it. Drink has under-mined his constitution, inflamed his stomach and nerves until the craving must be satisfied. And after you have hoped and then despaired more times than you can count you realize that he must be helped. The diseased condition of the stomach and nerves must be cured by something that will soothe the

cured by something that will soothe the inflamed stomach and quiet the shaking nerves, removing all taste for liquor.

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"I was so anyious to get my husband."

"I did for Mrs. G. of Vancouver:
"I was so anxious to get my husband cured that I went up to Harrison's Drug Store and got your Remedy there. I had no trouble giving it without his knowledge. I greatly thank you for all the peace and happiness that it has brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he brought already into my home. The cost was nothing according to what he would spend in drinking. The curse of drink was putting me into my grave, but now I feel happy. May the Lord be with you and help you in curing the evil. I don't want my name published."

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