

AILEY MOORE

MALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVILS, MURDER AND SUICIDE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRELAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER LANDS

BY EDWARD R. O. BRENN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WEST

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED

"Shall I ring for a cup of coffee then?" asked Frank. "Thank you, I will take a cup of coffee," replied Father Tom.

The Rev. Mr. Korner poked the fire; filled his glass of wine and drank it. He then radiantly looked Frank in the face, as if to say, "I am ready."

"The priest very quietly said, 'Well, sir?'" "You must know I am not a Catholic," said Frank, addressing Father Tom.

"In the south of Ireland." "You were present, sir?" said the clergyman.

"Yes," answered young Tyrrell. "A young lady," Tyrrell continued, "had been constantly attacked by a huge rat. Night after night, and day after day, it assailed her."

"Well," said Mr. Korner, as if to demand, "What on earth of that?" "It passed over the sea in pursuit of her, and was found again in her own abode on her return home."

"An 'obsession,'" remarked Father Tom, in his usual soft voice. "Precisely so, reverend sir. The 'obsession' continued six months and a half. The girl's face and neck were one wound—one frightful collection of lacerations and scars. She had been driven mad. I saw her in that condition with my own eyes—black, torn, bleeding, and desperate."

"Well?" again said Korner. "And I saw her well and happy?" "Thank God," said the priest.

"The rat left her?" "The rat left her?" said Korner. "I saw proof of the evidence of my senses," continued Frank, "that the monster attacked her as usual at a certain hour! I saw the lady 'exorcised,'" he said, turning to the Catholic clergyman; "and I have seen her ever since well and happy."

The minister looked under the grate, where for some time he had been peering something white with the point of the poker.

"Well," said he, straightening his body again, "and pray what proof had you, and how many saw the phenomenon?—and give us all, in fact," said Korner.

"Certainly," said Frank, with a smile. Mr. Korner had become very familiar in his manners, and very red in the face, as we have remarked before.

"Well, sir," said Frank, "the demon, as I firmly believe it was, always attacked her when she was left alone, or in the dark of the dreary night. Of the latter fact, we had the solemn declaration of an innocent and sensible girl to convince us. She often heard its approach and its departure. We formed a mixed jury of Protestants and Catholics; we brought the young lady to a room entirely denuded of furniture; we firmly nailed an arm chair in the midst of the room; we put a strait waistcoat on the young person, and a soldier's stick under her neck—this last precaution being taken to save her throat, in the expected assault. We placed her in the chair, and tied one ankle to the chair-leg; we left her in a state of utter incapacity to stir body, hand, arm, or head. The left foot alone remained free to enable her to give notice of any attack by knocking on the floor."

"Very shocking!" said Korner. "Well, sir?" said Father Tom, in an under tone.

"We then taped the window-sashes, sealed them; we stopped the entrance to the chimney, and sealed it. We locked the door, sealed the keyhole, and left her to her fate," said Frank.

"But you did?" said Korner. "Awful," ejaculated Father Tom. "How many of you put your seals on the door?" asked Mr. Korner. "Myself and two others," answered Frank Tyrrell.

"And then, sir?" demanded Father Tom, in the usual low tone. "We had not waited long when a knocking was heard over-head—we had retired to the room underneath."

Frank. "The confessor of the young lady was accompanied by two other clergymen. And having by great exertion restored the poor thing, the room was prepared for the Mass. I must confess, Mr. Korner," he said, addressing the Protestant clergyman, "I felt subdued—awed in the presence of the invisible world. The room was not strongly lighted, and it was a dark November day; and when the candles were placed on the white covered altar, and the large Mass book on the right-hand side, and the shining chalice in the middle, and the priest stood there clad in white, and the poor pale girl knelt before him, and he commenced, in the language of departed generations, the 'Judica deus,' 'Judge me, O God! I felt like one going to stand his trial for eternity.'"

The Catholic clergyman crossed himself involuntarily; the Rev. Mr. Korner gave the fire a poke.

"At the close of the Mass," Frank continued, "the young lady received Communion; for she had never, you know, ceased to be exceedingly religious."

"Very good," said the priest. "Shortly after, the 'exorcism' commenced. Turned towards the lady, who knelt before him, while he stood witness of the deed, the clergyman took a large book in his hands, and with a look like one who commanded earth and hell in the name of God, he raised his right hand aloft, making the sign of the cross. Then he 'commanded' the spirit to be gone, 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost; then he announced that the 'mystery of the Cross,' the faith of the Apostles, and the blood of the martyrs, commanded the evil one's departure. He adjured the demon, 'in the name of the immaculate Lamb; he cried aloud that the 'Word made flesh' commanded the evil one to fly; Jesus, the Nazarene, commanded it; and Jesus, born of the Virgin." She, the girl, fell on the floor—pale, cold and rigid she was; and then she shrieked—such shrieks as I never had heard or imagined. Convulsions followed so terrific, that five women were unable to keep her steady by their weight; she raised them off the floor, as children are raised by their nurses."

Father Tom shook from head to foot, and Mr. Korner snuffed the candles.

"I remarked," continued Frank, "that when the 'adjurations' were pronounced, the most terrible effects seemed to follow. The girl shrieked then, and tore away through the women who held her, as though she was flying from the embrace of fire! An amiable-looking clergyman, whom I now well know, suggested to the Exorcist to change the 'adjurations,' and the strong expressions, which appeared to produce these effects, and to use some indifferent Latin words in the same tone of voice. I thanked him from my heart—for the thought just struck me; not that I was savage enough to doubt the poor sufferer, but people, sir," he said, turning to Father Tom—"people will look for perfect satisfaction. Three times the priest pronounced the words of his ritual, and at each adjuration she appeared as if suddenly flung into hell; between each of them he pronounced some rules of syntax, precisely in the same tone, and she lay apparently calm and exhausted."

"Thank God!" cried Father Tom, in ecstasy.

"Hem?" cried Mr. Korner. "I remarked precisely the same effects, apparently produced by blessed water," continued Frank, "and the same good priest was determined to tranquillize me, it would appear. When the effects had been produced by the blessed water, he substituted common water; and I assure you, on my honor, no change whatever followed the use of it. The clergyman then returned to the use of the blessed water, and having cast it upon her, she shrieked and bounded with the power of ten devils. This experiment was repeated three times, and each change from one water to the other was followed by precisely the same change of effects."

"Well, the upshot was?" said Mr. Korner. "The young lady remained calm, tranquil and happy, and has so continued to this hour."

"Where does she live?" asked Korner. "Well, pardon me; but I like to know dates and persons."

"No difficulty regarding her," said Frank. "How?" "You have travelled with her to-day."

"My God!" cried Korner. "A fact," said Frank. "She is going to reside with a friend in Grosvenor square, London."

"Grosvenor square!" again cried Mr. Korner; "oh, that changes the matter somewhat. She's respectable?"

"Quite."

"You are a Protestant?" said Father Tom, looking at Frank with great sweetness.

"No, not that exactly," said Frank; "I am going to be something, I think, after witnessing the case of Emma Crane."

CHAPTER XXV

BOMB IN 1846

The 8th of September, 1846, was a great day in Rome. No triumph of consul or imperator ever awakened the echo of that day's joy, or shadowed the magnificence of its pageant. Standards of every color waved among garlands of odorous flowers, and the

music and song of jubilee swelled up to heaven from church, chapel, street, and square. The population now rushed to the altars; feet to sing canticles of thanksgiving, and then in tens of thousands thronged the public ways from morning till late evening, giving expression to an enthusiasm which indulgence seemed only to strengthen. How magnificent Rome looked on that day! and how beautiful it was to see her gathered around the Sovereignty of nineteen centuries, and praying to the Mother of the Church to preserve it forever. Viva Pio Nono! was her cry; and the name in whose virtue she prayed for the chair of Peter was the name of the Virgin Mary.

Just three months and one day had passed over since the death of Gregory XVI.; and even those who beheld the gradual operation of the Papal counsels wondered at the changes which had been wrought already. Prosperity seemed to have entered every home, and happiness to have entered every heart. Conspiracies were no longer apprehended, and prisons and punishments no longer feared; confidence in the present and hope in the future seemed to inspire commerce, industry patriotism and religion.

Only six or seven weeks had passed since the Supreme Pontiff had opened the prison doors to proclaim liberty to the captive, and stood on the frontiers of his kingdom to welcome back the exile. He longed to embrace the repentant children who pleaded the love of Rome for the violation of their allegiance, and who, having been taught by experience the folly of treason, had sought the opportunity of expiating their crime by service to their country.

And the father of the faithful had good reason to be gratified at his magnanimous resolution, and at the apparent devotedness with which the prodigals knelt around his throne. No form of promise was sufficient for their contrition, and they resorted to the most extraordinary declarations, in order to satisfy the passionate ardor of their gratitude. One swore "by the head of himself and his family" to be faithful; another that "he would spill the last drop of his blood" for the Holy Father; another renounced his place in Paradise, if ever he proved unfaithful to the oath of honor which he had sworn; and the famous conspirators, Henzi and Galletti, became so affected that, language being denied to them, they expressed their feelings in the deep sobs of manhood.

The Piazza del Popolo upon that day spoke eloquently the enthusiasm of "the people," after whom it has been named. At early dawn were seen the outlines of a triumphal arch, more beautiful and majestic than that of Constantine; and as the growing light expanded the arms of the grand arch, the figure of Pius IX. stood revealed, crowning the representations of "Hope" and "Victory,"—with "Justice," at his right hand, and surrounded by the emblems of "Art," "Industry," and "Commerce." Facing the long and magnificent street called the "Corso," was the inscription:

HONOR AND GLORY TO PIUS THE NINTH, FOR WHOM ONE DAY SUFFICED TO GIVE CONSOLATION TO HIS SUBJECTS AND TO ASTONISH MANKIND

And on the side which faced the gate of the Piazza, the grateful soul of Rome announced that this arch was to give honor "To Pius the Ninth, thirty-one days of whose wonderful pontificate would be sufficient to accumulate glories upon the most protracted reign; who, by a spontaneous act of magnanimous clemency, destroyed the ancient hatreds of party, planting the standard of peace upon the Church of Christ; Rome, mindful, grateful, applauding, dutiful, dedicated (this arch) on the 8th day of September, 1846."

One of the first who came to view the pageant was a gray-haired man of sixty-six or more. He was soon followed by a younger and more powerful looking person—that is, by a man of forty-two. This latter was muffled in his cloak, and his hat was slouched over eyes characteristically large and flashing.

Although not yet 5 o'clock in the morning, the Piazza commenced to fill. Strangers appeared anxious to be near the spot which was to place the Pontiff in the heart's affections of Rome, and where Rome was to glory in crowning her son and sovereign. The fair haired German, the grave Spaniard, the ever active, apparently impulsive, but still resolute Frenchman; the Englishman, with folded arms, looking reservedly, and ever so little contemptuously at the whole people and preparations; and the Scotchman, calculating the probable cost at which he might pick up many things belonging to the triumphal arch, in order to present them to his friends, or any others who could pay a fair price for his trouble and success; all were there gathered.

At 7 o'clock the blazing glory of an Italian sun flung its wreath of golden light around a scene which Rome had never before beheld, and which it is probable her future history will not equal. The Pinchin hill is on the left of the Piazza, and from its lofty eminence tens of thousands look down in expectation upon countless thousands below; while these again, gazing along a street of palaces, contemplate the thousands gathering still, who, with radiant smiles and hearty cheers, pass under flowered archways which span the street—away, away, as far as the eye can reach. The Contadini, in their

romantic costume; the women and girls in their veils of pure white; and the men with their turned-up hats and the flaunting feathers or gay flowers; the black gowns and broad beavers of the clergy; the shaven crown and brown habit of the monk, the long-bearded Capuchin, the pale and severe Jesuit, the white-robed Dominicans, the young and fresh students from the universities and colleges, the assemblages of men from every clime, and the sounds of every tongue, at once reminded you that you were in the capital of the human race and the Christian religion, and that the rule of the Messiah was from "the rising to the setting of the sun," and "from sea to sea."

The man mentioned above got very near the triumphal arch, and was anxiously gazing on the various inscriptions, occasionally turning to some one near, particularly to the younger or middle aged man whom we have introduced to the reader. Having succeeded in satisfying his curiosity, he began to look about among his companions, many of whom he questioned as to where the Pope would stand, and the exact route he would take, and the number who would immediately surround him; in fact, the old man was so curious, and so precise, that had he been younger, or Pio IX. less popular, he might have endangered his liberty by his extreme curiosity.

"You are very inquisitive," said the man in the cloak.

"Poor Imola!" was the old man's reply. "You are from Imola?"

"Not exactly, but I know it well—very well," said the old man. "You saw Pio IX. there?" remarked another.

"Every one that was poor saw Monsignore Mastai—poor Imola!" "Ah! he was very good," remarked a young woman.

"Per Bacco!" said the old man "he was poorer than any beggar in Imola."

"Really?" "Really? why, cara mia, he often wanted his dinner." "His dinner!—Monsignore Mastai—that is, our Holy Father want his dinner!"

"Not two months before he became the head of the Christian Church, he sold his clock to entertain a guest—he had not the price of a flask of Orvietto."

"Dio Mio!" "Beyond doubt," said the old man; "and he found his majordomo thrusting the butler out of the house for the loss of his last silver cup, which he himself had stolen and made away with."

"Made away with?" "Yes, per Bacco! the monsignore had got it sold and given the price of it to the poor, unknown to the majordomo; because, you see, monsignore had nothing else to give, and the majordomo thought that his fellow-servant had stolen it."

"Well?" said three of them together. "Well, Monsignore Mastai—that is, the Pope—heard the uproar in the hall."

"And—" said the girl. "And he came down and accused himself," said the old man, triumphantly. "Oh! monsignore—that is, the Pope," said the old man, "has been sent by God, I am sure."

"That he has," said the young woman. "You know monsignore, too?" said the old man, turning to the young woman.

"But do not be calling the Holy Father 'monsignore,'" said the young woman, in reply; "I do know the Holy Father, because he knows every one, and makes every unhappy one know him."

"The man in the cloak looked at her earnestly. "You are right," said the man in the cloak. "I am," she answered. "Two or three days ago, my poor old mother was hungry, and I prayed. Oh, we both prayed so to the Madonna! but I could get no immediate employment, and I did not know what to do. At last I made up my mind to go to the Jews. You see," she continued, "I had my gold cross, which I always wear on festival days," and she pointed to a rich though cheap golden cross, which she wore. "I determined to sell it for my mother, but only for my mother, for I do so love the little gold cross! and it has come down to me through so many generations. I went to the Jew, and I showed him my treasure, and my heart bled when he took it into his hands, and turned it over and over and the tears flowed down my cheeks, so that even the Jew seemed to pity me, for he was not hard, and he gave me the full value of it very nearly. Well, I ran home very fast, and I must have looked wild, for my heart beat, and I felt a tearing within me; but passing through the 'Via degli Apostoli,' my eyes met the Madonna's figure, and I remembered the sword that pierced her. I turned only into one shop to buy bread, and a little wine, and then I ran for home, where I found my mother weak, oh very weak. 'Madre mia!' I cried, 'here's your wine and bread! God has sent us wine and bread, and we shall soon have plenty.' She looked up at me, and demanded where I got it, and I was obliged to tell her all; but I comforted her by saying that Pio IX. would now get bread for his people; and that I was sure the good Jew would give me back my cross, and that the Madonna would pray to her Son for his conversion. 'Will you believe it?' at that moment a golden piece fell at my feet, as if from heaven! I cried aloud, 'A miracle!' and I turned to the door, from which a shadow had just departed. Why,

mother almost got well, and I got my cross, my darling cross, again." "But the Pope?" asked a young and handsome man, a foreigner, who had joined the group just as she commenced her narrative.

"You shall see," she said; and with a care quite reverential, she drew forth from her bosom a silk pocket-book, evidently made for a special purpose, and deliberately undoing various strings, she produced a neatly-folded note, containing the following words:

"My dear daughter—You were right to hope in God; He never abandons filial piety. You are right to hope in Pio IX.; he will take care that you and your mother shall not die of hunger."

An amiable-looking Englishman offered the girl a hundred Roman crowns for the document; the creature reddened to the temples, and her eyes flashed—it was only momentary, and then, in a calm, low, though majestic tone, she replied—

"No, signore, I thank you." The old man and the man in the cloak seemed inclined to take the offer as an offence, but they only gave vent to their mixed feelings by crying at the top of their voices, in chorus, "Viva Pio Nono! Viva Pio Nono!" In a moment the whole crowd took up the note, and "Viva Pio IX.," thundered from thousands of voices in the Piazza; then it was taken along the crowded Corso, until on and on it went to awaken the repose of the Via Sacra, and finally to rest in the old arms of the gigantic Colosseum.

We would fain dwell upon the pageant, and upon the heaven-like man that gave it soul. The thunders of St. Angelo were only a mimicry of the roar of human enthusiasm, and military pomp faded in the midst of embodiment of national love, such as never met the eyes of a conqueror. When his Holiness appeared, heaven seemed to have opened, and the flowers of paradise seemed to rain on his way. He looked like one carried along by the very force of popular devotedness, and he seemed a vision of heaven rather than a fellow sharer of the busy life around him, for Pio IX. looks almost transparent in celestial brightness, and his smile is something which never has been seen only on his face. The heart of the Father yielded in the midst of these wonderful scenes, and the Sovereign Pontiff wept. Did he, like Him of whom he is the viceregent, see the chalice of the future in the glory of the present? Alas! perhaps he did!

TO BE CONTINUED

FAY'S TOMMY SAVAGE

At one time it seemed to Fay that nobody in all the wide world belonged to her. She was then one of the girls working in the Hillis department store.

She first saw Tommy Savage one morning soon after the observation tower had been built. Crowds of shoppers and sightseers filled the store that day; but, Fay, at her counter, was very lonely.

Fay sold baby things. She liked the counter, because she loved babies. In her old home at Mapleville, she had often been invited to parties; but when those entertainments took place at a house where there was a baby, she almost always slipped out of the parlor in order to see the child put to bed. No game for young people could be so delightful to her as that of rocking a baby in its little nightgown.

There were no babies at the house where she boarded; and of course she could not stop to play with those she saw in the street. When she first came to the city, she thought that people would soon begin speaking to her, and would then ask her to their houses; that was the way people did in Mapleville. But at last—that morning when she was very lonely—she said to herself:

"Well, I guess I'm not going to make friends here at all." She had just put away some pretty little undershirts, which had been strewed over the counter. As she closed the book, she turned; and there was Tommy Savage.

He was laughing and jumping so that his mother could hardly hold him. He smiled at Fay in such a friendly manner that the girl laughed. He was a baby with blue eyes and curly golden hair.

"I have to buy shoes for him," the mother explained, "and of course new stockings come first. It takes him just two days to kick a pair into holes."

Fay had seen the lady before, at the big church to which she went on Sundays. But Mrs. Savage had never happened to notice her. Tommy did not wait for an introduction. He liked the bright, pretty hair of the strange girl, the blue satin ribbon in it, and her sweet brown eyes. He put out both his hands to her.

She lifted him to the counter; and her arms felt the sweet thrill that always ran through them when she held a child—partly joy, partly fear lest she let the little thing fall. "Is the tea room ready in the new tower?" asked Mrs. Savage, after she had bought the stockings. And Fay walked to the end of the counter with her, in order to point out the way.

There she found Tommy Savage. With him, besides his mother, was a boy of eight or ten years old. "Mrs. Savage was saying to the boy, 'I think I'll have my lunch now. Hal. You watch Tommy. Mamma'd take him to the table, only he will snatch the dishes. Aren't you ashamed Tommy?'"

Tommy crowded, as if he had been complimented. When Fay drew nearer, he made a leap, and got both fists full of her pretty hair, near the blue satin band. She and his mother laughed, while Mrs. Savage gently freed Fay's hair from the tiny fingers. "I'm afraid they ought to be slapped!" she said.

"Oh, don't!" cried Fay, quite in distress. Then she added, eagerly, "I couldn't help hearing what you said about going to lunch. I'd love to keep him for you."

"Why, thank you!" Mrs. Savage answered. "I'm sure it's ever so kind—but this is his little uncle. He's been to lunch, and he'll take good care of Tommy. Won't you Hal?"

Although Mrs. Savage was so gentle and sweet in her manner, Fay could see that she did not like to have strangers touch her child. The feeling of loneliness swept over the girl again.

"But it's very silly of me to feel that way," she thought. "For all she knows, I have been exposed to scarlet fever or something—I couldn't blame her!" After deciding that she must not speak again to Tommy, Fay walked to the other side of the porch.

Suddenly Fay looked down, past all the twenty stories, to the street where the trolley cars ran. Until then, she had not realized how far it was. She felt along her spine the strange shivering that always came to her when she looked down from a high place. For a moment all the color went from her cheeks.

As it was the luncheon hour, no one else had come to the porch. Hal and the baby remained where they had been left. When Fay turned toward the staircase, she heard a squeal of excitement from Tommy Savage.

In some way, Hal had managed to lift the heavy baby to the flat top of the wooden wall. Holding him there, he was trying to make Tommy see the trolley cars, far below.

Fay checked her scream; she knew she must not startle them until her arms were round Tommy. "But then I'll tell that boy a few things!" she thought, and took one step toward the children.

Tommy Savage made a sudden leap outward. Hal shrieked. "Don't dare let go of him!" cried Fay. "Hold him till I come!"

"I can't!" With that, Hal fell backward to the floor. The baby was gone.

"He wouldn't sit still!" wailed Hal. Fay shut her eyes a moment. Her mouth worked curiously; she was afraid to think of what had happened, and she did not want to see. But something drew her to the wall and made her look over.

Her heart beat very hard; there was a sharp pain in her chest; she could not breathe as she looked down. From the observation porch the roof, glossy with paint, sloped downward and outward, on all sides, to a cornice and a gutter. There the main wall of the tower began. When he fell from the porch, Tommy would of course roll down the roof to the gutter. Then—

He was nowhere in sight. From where she stood everything looked blurred and strange. Overhead, the shower gathered rapidly; the clouds were dark and she heard thunder. Far below her, near the street, in a mesh of electric wires, she could see something hanging, white and limp.

It was only a newspaper, dropped no doubt by some workman on the tower. Suddenly, from no great distance, came a tiny cry; and her first thought was, "Why, I was mistaken; Tommy didn't fall." But she had not been mistaken, and presently she caught a glimpse of Tommy's dress, and realized what had happened.

When Tommy had fallen over the wall of the porch he had rolled down the roof, and had bounded across the cornice and gutter. From the gutter, where the roof ended, he might have plunged to the street. But his fall had been stayed.

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