AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCE-JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIBBING INCIDENTS IN OTHER

BY NICHARD B. O BRIEN, D. D. DRAN OF NEWCASTLE WES

CHAPTER XX

LONDON: THE MEETING It is hard to get used to London We have travelled a good deal; we have smoked a pipe among the Germans, and discussed politics with the French; we have luxuriated in an Italian autumn, and looked or felt for our nose at the Labrador; we have loitered about Blarney, and jostled our way through New Hans towns, Scotch towns, Swiss towns, Belgic and Flemish towns we have poked ourselves into, and have poked ourselves into, and profited by, and after a time, sym-pathized with and homogenized in— but we have been now a long portion of our life laboring vainly to get used to London; it is out of the question London and ourselves must continue

Everything, — the out of the way mber of houses, the gigantic grotesque, and absurd monuments, the eternal rattle of every kind of hine and vehicle—the barrow bus, buggy, brougham, cab, calashe carriage, car, cart, and all the other "B's" and "C's" innumerable—with the headlong drive and mad energy of man and beast, running and rush ing along the streets in endless line and apparently inextricable confuon! Ah! save us from London! Worse than the world like spread

and countless numbers of London, however, is the look of the population thereof. They seem all crazed. Every man's soul seems screwed up and his resolution taken to do some thing quite decisive as to himself and all mankind. His eyes are fixed, and his shoulders stoop to the angle most favorable to locomotion, and he drives, and he looks at you—if you be endeavoring to drag yourself in a contrary direction—as though you were one who might be an enemy His looks—as plain as looks can speak—say to you: "Take care you don't run in my way." Alas! for the men of London! And the women! do not speak of them! nor of the poor little children! Is it Mr. Thackeray says that we have now no childhood, nor the young woman hood so odorous of childhood's sweet memories, and bright with its dear If so, Mr. Thackeray is right; and what a sum of pure blis as been sacrificed! What scenes of beauty have been blotted out of exand, oh! what an unpurchasable inheritance has been dis sipated upon the poor. Good God! we have taught them to run-rush and struggle for—money! and they are mad. The heaven enlightened reason rules no more—only the beastly appetite; and if ever they shall find themselves unable to get the money, they will pay us back!
We, the teachers, by work and word;
we have robbed the poor of what
money cannot buy, and time may come when they will show us they have learned our bad lesson, at our own cost—if money can be found only in our coffers, they will have it.

What a gulf yawns between modern society in England and the security of progressing reason! But who

There is a quiet street as you turn up from the 'Bank," at least, if not quiet, it is less noisy than the way down to Cheapside, from which it is an escape; and along it, the day of which we write, two females were during which Mag gave her protegee rather rapidly passing. The elder a number of sound advices, and also rather rapidly passing. The elder was aged, and might be called very aged, if her active gait did not contradict the wrinkles in her face; and the younger was about nineteen, fair, soft, innocent and genteel-looking. The old lady carried a band-box before her, and a light bundle in her right hand; the girl carried a light bundle also, but was not otherwise burdened. We should say that the young person was handsome; indeed very handsome, and evidently an object of care and solicitude to her more aged companion.

'Mag," said the young lady, when they arrived in a quiet, very quiet street in the neighborhood of Moor fields-" Mag. do not distress your self; we have enough of time, this hour to come.

am strong an' hearty, Miss,

replied the elder, "an' tis better be sure than sorry, as the sayin' is." "Poor Mag, I am a sad weight upon you," said the young lady, with

Your mother's daughter is more to me than the light o' the sky, agra," answered Mag. "Little I can do for

answered Mag. "Little I can do for my darlin', but the heart is there, God knows." I am sorry I ever came here," said the young girl; "everything is so queer and so strange, and I feel

A bad, black town," said Mag, "is London, and on'y the devil is known there. Many a heart it broke, an' many a sowl it murdered. Och, Miss Lucy, you don't know, thank God, you don't know! but the poor little girls come here from Cork, an' Galway, an' ever so many places; an' they have no one, the poor angashores ! an' they go to a lodgin' an' they think 'places' an' money will come for askin'. Ah! I'll go they see an' hear what they never heard afore, an,—och, where's the use in talkin'?"

Well, Mag, you saved me from lging houses,' and from danger."
Good right I had agra gall (fair love). I carned my first wages from your graudmother, an' I looked at your angel-face in your cradle, an' I was dirty November—the whole city

nursed you, asthore."
"I wish I had died then, Mag."
"Oh, Miss Lucy, oh, alanav (child)
isn't there, 'Our Father, Who art in
Heaven,' an' 'our darlin' Lady,' an'
'our Guardian Angel,' an' all the Saints. Oh, have spirit, agra! My young mistress—your mother, miss and poor Mag's voice was not quite clear as she spoke, " is an angel, an' mamma will ask God to let her near

you, an' to watch you." Lucy shed a tear, turned her eyes apon old Mag, with an expression of

eep affection. "Oh, I'll see my Miss Lucy a happy lady yet !" said Mag, gayly, and dry ing up her tears. "Sure on'y ing up her tears. "Sure on'y I know that, she should never leave my little hole of a room

Little I could do for you, Mag,

said the young woman.
"Do for me! Och, glad, an' happy an' proud I'd be to rise in the dark the mornin', an' to watch the long night for the love o' you! Do for me, my cushla! (my pulse.) I would-n't feel the years in my heart, an' my hands would grow strong, whin thought I was workin' fur you; an good right I have, for my young mis-

tress was an angel, an' so were you."
"Well, Mag, God is good!"
"God is good? To be sure he is. a lanav; but God keep our little girls from London! Och, murdher!" he cried in a whisper, and she drew Lucy up close to her; "take care, she said, as a well-dressed girl passed by.
"What is the matter?" cried Lucy,

in alarm.

Hush, that's one of 'em !" One of whom ?"

"Oh, yeh! of our poor little girls! There now, Miss Lucy, they send 'em over here, an' they are very often not fit for service at home, although the service here is a thousand times arder to be done !

Mag spoke indignantly.

Well. Mag ?" "Well, they can't get service, an one afther another their little rags is pawned, for their bread; an' then hey're goin' to be turned out o' the lodgin', an' they have no where to

go, an'-"
"Oh, Mag! that young woman! "Sorra word o' lie in id, Miss Lucy.

Hundreds go to ruin that a way." "And their religion?"
"They stay away from Mass for a

Sunday or two, because they see no one goin'; they give up their prayers, because they see no one prayin' they begin to think on'y of them selves, an' atin', an' wearin', because they see no one thinkin' of anything else; an' then they are hungry, may

God protect us !"

" An', darlin'—"
" Well, Mag?"

Mind yourself; trust no one in

London, trust no one."

The companions here found them. selves near a fashionable-looking office. Of course we don't care to mention the street. Great quantities of polished brass shone outside, as protecting bars to the window-s arge one-and two large plates were hanging on either post of the en-

trance.
"This is the place," said Mag, tak ing a note. "Come in, in the Name

o' God." The young person called Lucy approached the young man who did business at the counter, and seemed to have been immediately recognized as having been there before. companions were both introduced to a private apartment on the right hand side of the entrance. "Please wait here a little," the

young man said, and retired. In the course of half an hour, a number of illustrative facts, a lady and gentleman entered the room The lady appeared about fifty, and the gentleman ten years older. were well dressed and wore a profusion of jewelry. The gentleman was florid, fat and gray; the lady had heavy eyes and eyebrows, a heavy chin, and big hands. Neither of them was very loveable. The lady bowed distantly, the gentleman more cordi-ally, and both looked sharply at the

old woman and her charge.
"You are 'L. N. '?" demanded the gentleman, again examining the

young girl. answered Lucy.

"You have been a gouvernante be-fore?" asked the lady, looking at Lucy through a gold-mounted glass. 'Deed, then, she hasn't," and wred Mag. "She's a born lady swered Mag. "Sha's a born lady, your ladyship," said the old woman, ardently; "an' no one that went be-fore her was in sarvice."

indeed!" remarked the Oh, strange lady, distantly. You play?" again demanded the

fat lady. Yes madam."

" And speak French ?"

"Oh, yes, my lady; and may the Lord watch your own, as you watch over the orphan! Ochone, my darlin', are you goin' from me ?"

The gentleman smiled, and the lady turned away a little disgusted We shall take care of her, my good woman," said the gentleman; "and Lady Petrail here will make her fortune.

"The Lord bless your honor, sir,

said poor Mag. Things so far went on satisfactori ly, and, after some few additional questions and answers, the gentleman called a cab. The old woman grew more vociferous as the moment of parting approached, and the young one herself began to feel alone and lonely. Her heart beat violently, and the whole world seemed to darken. London looked hideous—it.

wore the aspect of a monster jail. How the poor young woman prayed! Well for those that in hours like that of Lucy can turn into the heart, and, stretching forth their hands, ac-cept the chalice of God as a chalice of love!

A last embrace! a last blessing Lucy flung her arms around the neck of her old servant, and fer-vently kissed her. At the same

oment she felt poor Mag's purse moment she left poo.
drop into her bosom.
"No, no, no, a lanav," she whispered, seeing Lucy going to draw
pered, seeing Lucy going to draw forth the purse; "you are Miss Lucy, an' my own mistress, an' you shan't be askin' money of any one

till 'tis due, an' your own. "There now—that's a sthore now sure you'll have enough to give every one, and the poor ould servant, Mag, too, with the help o' God!" And Lucy was obliged to yield. She entered the cab with the lady;

the gentleman sat outside.

"The rint is gone," said Mag to herself; but the landlord is a good

man, on'y he's English—an,' at any rate, poor Miss Lucy isn't depending pon the fat lady."

And so poor Mag went home to a cold room in St. Gile's, and, like a good Christian and a friend, Mag offered up " a rosary " for her " dar-

ffered up " a rosary " for her

lin' Miss Lucy."

Meanwhile the cab drove rapidlyor as rapidly as it was possible, through the city. After various turns, various chances of "locks," mishaps, the carriage drew up before a fine house in a large square. The gentleman descended, and knocked at the door, the lady, who had spoken little, remained in the vehicle.

Lucy looked out for a moment and saw a servant in livery open th hall. There were four young ladies in the drawing-room window.

In a short time the young woman found herself in a really magnificent apartment. Gorgeous chandeliersmmense mirrors-ottomans and superb window hangings, which gave an air of regal comfort to the whole salon, and proclaimed the reign of gold and golden hours.

The four young ladies left the

room on the entrance of Lucy Neville and her companions; one of them smiled at her in a most sinis ter way, and she heard a roar of laughter a little after.
Lucy's heart beat fast, and she did

not know why.
"You would like to see your own room?" asked the lady, as amiably

as possible.
"If you please," was the answer.

"Oh, time enough," said the gentleman. "Ring for some re-freshment for Miss—" Neville."

" For Miss Nay-ville." "Oh! I thank you; I do not wish

"Oh! but you must," replied the gentleman. "By the bye," he added," your name is a charming name—and otherwise it would not suit you," he said.

Then he rang, and sat very near er, at which she was distressed.
She moved away to give him room, at which he hemmed a couple

of times. In a short while the servant in livery appeared, bearing cloth and tray magnificently furnished for lunch Lucy observed that this man looked at her, too, in a most sinister way and that he snoke to the fat lad with unbecoming familiarity. She grew more and more anxious, painfully, painfully so; and though she

" Hail, Mary, full of grace!" she cried to herself. "Mary, protect me!" she cried in her soul. 'Come, you really must take some

refreshment. You will excuse me, if you please

"Why, girl, that is absurd," said Lady Petrail, in a most unladylike You must eat and drink."

way. "You must eat and drink."

The voice was so coarse, the manner was so rude, and the face of the fat lady was so beastly, that Lucy Neville trembled from head to foot. She asked herself, who was Lady Petrail?

Poor girl, she was pale, and the seal of deep anguish was on her brow, but her heart was strong, and still she murmured, interiorly, "Hail,

Well for her, well for Lucy Neville she had died before that minute.

Poor people run to "town" to put their little capital into business which they do not know: artisans to compete with skill and roguery; scholars to dream of eminence, and starve in misery; servants to seek places" where crowds are quarreling for shelter; Irish maidens to look for patronage where there country and religion would more than counterbalance the perfections of an angel-and all, nearly all, go to perdition.

In the name of God, and by the virtue of your mothers, do not go to the metropolis, young girls of Ire-land! You are not fitted for its industry, its iniquity, its prejudices, its calculating libertinism. You will have few of the guards of virtue, and you will be compelled to witness vice until its ugliness becomes familiar. Slow it may be, but secure is the approach of cold indifference bringing the curse of insensibility by the hand. The honest mother's child will there know the richest treasure of her youth only as "folly," and the religion of her father's fire and the religion of her father's fireside as a "scandal." The life of a
reprobate and the death of the unhoping and hopeless have been the
for "grace." Bellinda promised a
great deal of "grace" at the "next
ball." Lady Petrail then helped all—
commencing with Lucy.

fate of many a girl who thought London "was a fine place to get a

Keep away from the large towns but above all, if you have no sure friend before you, keep away from

The young girl Lucy was allowed to go to "her room," with a full heart and a frighted imagination. The room was like the mansion, richly furnished, but too gaudy for true taste. She looked around, half in wonder, half in terror; her little bundles and her band-box were laid y in a modest corner, and looked as

little at home " as herself. She thought of bolting the door out became afraid of the fat lady; and to some dreamy idea of escape, or the possible necessity of an escape, she found the height of the window from the ground, and the fact that the window looked into a high walled yard, opposed an insurmountable ob

Lucy crept into a small dressing coom of the chamber, and she knell

down to pray. And how she prayed then! The whole of her young life was in one thought, and God's presence all along through it; and all her little frailiies her supposed transgressions, an her father's happy look, and her mother's gentle face, and the "old house at home," and its companions, and pleasures, and trials—they were all concentrated in an indivisable in stant; and Providence was among them, arranging and moulding, and directing and assuring, and the girl began to feel confidence. Then her mother seemed to stand near her, and her heart beat rapidly: and she thought of Mag's saying that her mother would "ask God for leave to come and watch her," and her tears began to flow, and she said, "Mother!" And then she was recalled, by this expression, to the light of her super natural life, and she raised her eye to heaven, while her soul seeme warm and expand in the sight of the Sternal, and she cried, " Hail, holy Queen !

A sigh-a sigh, not loud, but still sigh of agony, just beside her, startled and filled her with new ter-

ror. She suddenly rose.

Lucy was not deceived. A girl not much older than herself, stood near, a little behind. She was pale beautiful, and richly attired, and as Lucy, shaking with fear, was about to exclaim, the stranger placed he finger on her mouth, and pointing to the door, warned Lucy to be on he guard.

Lucy stood petrified.

"Do not fear me," the strange irl said; "but look and listen listen as if heaven and hell depended upon every word — hush!" said suddenly, "there's a ring. nothing, we have a moment. "there's a ring. It is

My God !-" "Hush, girl! hush!—by the God that made you, and the cross that redeemed you, neither eat nor drink in this house.'

Neither eat nor drink ?" "Listen! Everything you will get is drugged—deep drugged!" "Drugged!—drugged! How!

Hush! again I say. Drugged! to wither up the life of your life; to blacken the sun-light, and send you into corruption to rot; to make you curse the day you were born, and make God and man your enemy! Look at that bed !- look at this furniture!-look at my apparel! You

are in a house of ill fame Lucy heard no more—she fainted but she must have soon recovered, for she found herself lying in the did not know why, she would give the universe to be in the garret of tears fell hot and fast upon her neck. her without injuring her fame, we "Oh! can I not leave this? Can I

not-can I not? For God Al-" Hush! by your mother's soul! Hush! or we are undone! You may as well think of flying from the earth and air."

" But the law?" "Poor bird!—the patrons of this house—but no matter—"

The sentence was broken by the sudden entrance of Lady Petrail. She looked for a moment angrily and suspiciously. How, Belinda!" she said; "What's

to do here ?" "Oh! only Miss is crying after her mamma," said Belinda, laughing. "And you were comforting her, I

hope ?" Yes, she's pious, and I am engaging never to go to Church withou eh, Miss Neville?" she added, touching Lucy under the chin.

Lucy was astounded at the trans formation. But I believe Lucy belongs to the Pope, Bell," said the fat lady. is surprising how people can be so absurd," said Lady Petrail.

"Oh, our religion cures them of all such nonsense," answered Bell.
The fat lady laughed immoderately

and appeared quite re-assured.
"We'll give Lucy the first lesson to day at dinner," said her fat lady-Lucy shuddered, until she though

she should have dropped down.
"Yes," answered Bell, "the wild Irish don't understand that argument as well as the English; but if you succeed with Miss Neville as well a you have with me, she'll make a great saint—will she not?"

Here there was another laugh, after which Lady Petrail announced that dinner was coming up. A few minutes found the party sitting at table, in a fine room, but not in the grand saloon. There were two additional females, but no gentlemen present. Lady Petrail asked Bellinda Bellinda promised a

But Lucy declared she could not

Bellinda asked her to try a little wine, and the other ladies kindly filled her glass, all wished to take

wine with Lucy.

But Lucy would not drink. Every possible mode of persuasion was used, and raillery, and some

nger, and some threats. But Lucy, though deadly pale,

Dinner went on, and Lucy was the butt of the evening; occasionally she was told she would be glad to eat, perhaps before long; that many of her "country" got something to eat in London—but remarks like the latter were instantly suspended by a "no more of that!" peremptorily from Bellinda—she was called a "hoity toity," a "minx," a "fine lady," etc.; and at last Lady Petrail said she

should "leave the house."

Instantly Lucy started to her feet,

There was a roar of laughter then; and the laughter was very much in-creased when Lucy, yielding to the evident necessity of the case, was led back by the whole four to the chair from which she had escaped.

About ten minutes elapsed; Bellinda had gone away for a moment, as she said; there was an ominous silence, so that the tick of a small clock on the mantlepiece was sharply audible; the servant in livery lowered the gas in the chandelier; the fat lady moved away from the table s little, and one of the young ladies remaining rang, or turned the ivory bell-handle; the servant in livery again entered, looked at the fat lady

At the moment this scene was being enacted, a cab drove to the door of a neighboring hotel, and from it a gentleman in travelling costume descended. He found in the entrance a soldier who seemed to await a policeman just then engaged in the bar. The soldier turned round on hearing the stranger approach, and looked for a moment into his face, closely examining his person. He seemed struck with astonishmentfor he clapped his hands together and cried "Thanks be to God!

"What !" my fine fellow, 'tis you!" said the traveller. 'Oh, Mr. Moore, thank God!" was

the reply. What is the matter? you seem agitated !" 'Oh, come sir—come; you have

been sent by God!" Just let me see to the luggageonly one moment. Walter! three packages only; take them in. Well low, I owe you much. What alarms

or excites you?"
The soldier, who, it will be remembered, went over to Ireland at the time of the trial, was the man at the hotel door, and Gerald Moore was

the traveller.

From a description of the fa gentleman and of Lady Petrail which, an hour before, he had received from old Mag in St. Gile's, the soldier knew the place to which Lucy Neville had been carried, and the characters who dwelt there. He felt a sudden impulse to run toward - Square, and only when near it remembered the necessity of calling for a policeman. Gerald shuddered as he heard the whole affair; but he lost not a moment in making up his mind. He forbade a word spoken to any authority. He did not change his dress. He simply desired the honest soldier to go before him and show him the house, and felt to see that his arms were all

right in his breast pocket. are sufficient for them. Criminal

are always cowards! Come!" In a quarter of an hour Lucy Neville was leaning upon the arm of Gerald Moore, the soldier carrying Lucy's little bundles after them along the sideway. She had reason to remember poor Mag's prediction. "Your Mother will ask God to be

near you!" "I beg your pardon, sir," said Gerald, having accidentally jostled a lady and gentleman as he hurried

on to meet a cab. The gentleman turned sharply

"I should know that voice!" said the gentleman.
"Is it possible? Mr. Gerald Moor

n London," cried the lady.
"Miss Tyrrell!" exclaimed Gerald And thus Cecily Tyrrell met Gerald Moore. The next chapter will show what a wonderful story Cecily had

TO BE CONTINUED

LOVE OF THE CRUCIFIED

Some years ago we saw a little child come into a city church, alone, in the dusk of evening and make his way to the Crucifix. The agonized Christ looked down on the uplifted baby face that expressed such sweet compassion, and on the baby hand that held a few broken flowers. The little one reached up to the pedestal and with much difficulty, and stretch ing his tiny figure he managed to place the flowers on the wounded feet, so that the transfixing spike was covered. "Flowers for God poor God!" he said aloud, after the nanner of childhood, and bobbing down in a queer little courtesy, he went his way, his stout shoes clatter-

ing on the marble floor.

The other day, in another church, a big new Crucifix was placed in position and lined along the rail enposition and lined along the rail enclosing it were eight little boys, silent and reverent, their upturned gaze taking in the story of their

Saviour's suffering and death. At the foot of the cross they were learning the most sacred lesson ever taught to man. It was a sight that those pure, dutiful young things, so newly come themselves from the hands of God, offering their tribute if love to His crucified Son.—Sacred Heart Review.

WRECK OF THE FLYER

It was a lazy, sultry, sunny Sunday afternoon, one of the kind that tempts you to go far, far away into the country, select a nice, quiet spot under some leafy tree by a babbling brook, lay yourself down on God's green earth, and revel in the beauties of nature and of nature's God. It was a beautiful day for pleasure but was a seature day for pleasure but a terribly dull day for news, and what interest was the day to hold for us if it did not produce sufficient copy for the Monday morning edi-

We had been in the editorial room for the greater part of the morning, and it was now nearly three o'clock, dozen columns shy and no news in sight. Ed. Bennett, the city editor, lounged back in his big swivel chair, calmly waiting for something to hap pen. The table before him, dignifie by the title "Editorial Desk," litter of papers that had been ac cumulating for weeks. Under the pile somewhere was a Bible, which, if I be permitted to term, was one of Bennett's hobbies. He read it with the interest that you and I bring to our novel, and quoted from it like a clergyman delivering a sermon. The wall over his desk was bare

with the exception of a placard that told you to "Get Busy, and Keep It," a facsimile copy of Gray's "Elegy." Everything was character istic of the editor himself. Educated at the University of Hard Knocks, he had worked on some small Western paper till his style had attracted the attention of the editor of the Francisco Call, who had sent for him and given him a job as editoria writer. Subsequently, he had acted as sporting editor, dramatic critic done the courts, politics. and pretty nearly everything in the news paper game, till he was made city editor of the Courier.

His age was very difficult to determine; some thought him rather young for his position, but when it came to a show down many an older man wondered how "one small head could carry all he knew." In stature he was rather slight; his physique In stature told him to be a man who had seen done and suffered much. Many who saw him only in the office, and had seen him there at all hours of the day and night, thought there was no other phase to his life; but I happen to know that he has a wife, who is one of the finest little women that this earth is blessed with, and a little boy, who wants to be either a priest or an editor when he is "grow'd up," although he is not half old enough to realize the power wielded by the men in either of these vocations.

Evening was fast drawing on, yet no news or sign of news came in. Finally, along towards five o'clock, there came a long distance call from Pleasure Island, to the effect that a launch had capsized and the in mates, three in number, had been drowned.
"Blamed glad to hear it," said a

little, bald headed, wizen faced copy reader; "a few more of that stamp, and we'll be under way." We might squeeze a good story

out of that," said Bennett. Mac," he continued, "pad that out for a couple of columns."

I had just begun to take down the details of the unfortunate accident, when the telegraph editor, a very fine, though talkative, individual came sauntering down the aisle, a

oig black perfecto protruding from between his lips.
"Nice day, Ed." he remarked pausing at Bennett's desk; "too bad we didn't get that Flyer accident to-day instead of last Wednesday; ome of us could be down to the beach enjoying ourselves, instead of squatting here waiting for things to

happen."
"It would make a cracking good story," acknowledged Bennett; "we would be able to feature it in fine style, too. But," he continued slow-ly, "I would not want to cover that assignment to day; little Buddie and his mother have gone to a picnic, and they expect to take the Flyer home." He paused and looked at his watch. "She's due here in twenty minutes now.

'I confess I do feel a bit nervous," he said, when the telegraph editor had passed on. "If anything were to happen to that kid or his mother I don't know what I would do."

He brushed aside the pile of papers

and, picking up the Bible, opened it at rendom in an effort to divert his thoughts. It happened to be at the Book of Job. For a moment he read quickly, then he closed the book.

quickly, then he closed the book.

"I have often thought," he remarked, "what a wonderful will-power that Job had; losing his wealth, children, and all that a man holds dear, then, in spite of all his sorrow, to use his head a little, and acknowledge that since the Lord had given them all to him and had the first right on them, He could in all justice take them away whenever He saw fit. Now, that's a hero for you; yet if you put him in a novel to day, you could not find a publisher for it. Yet, for a thinking man, what a hero he really was!" He paused long he really was!"

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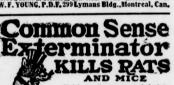
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