a fair interest? Well, ay, a fair

Oh, very well, sir; 8 per cent. And the security?"

interest would be 8 per cent.—buyou kept 10 off the last capital."

yes. And the security?"
"Gort na Coppul," answered Snap

"What place, sir?" persevered old Nick; his little old eyes sparkling, and his little old wig looking like a living, intelligent thing, it worked

AILEY MOORE

TALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH-LAKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER

CHAPTER XII

HOW MR. JAMES BORAN PLANNED A ABDUCTION, AND HOW MR. NICK BORAN, SENIOR, LAID OUT SOME O

Nothing could be more comfortable than the Lord of Kinmacarra's lib rary; it was, as Mr. Joyce Snapper frequently remarked, just the intel lectual retreat for a peer. It was on the eastern side of the mansion, that the earliest rays of the sun might light the page of knowledge; and it was in its very remotest corner, that the noise of vulgar pursuits might not "break clamorously in" upon the meditations of the student. The spartment was, moreover, large and well lighted; it was lighted from a charming dome on the and laterally from four fancy windows. There were many easy-chairs here and there: small con-venient tables, too; a huge antler in a corner; four vases of golden fish; an electrical machine (out of order) parrot under the dome, and a mon key chained in one of the window The most remarkable featur of the library was, that it contained no books; it had many and rare works beautifully imitated, both as to size and style of binding; and any uninitiated person might imagine the were real, the painter had done his work so skillfully, but, as has been didly declared, there were no "Burke's Peerage" lay or one of the tables, certainly, 'Murray's Guide" (an excellent book by the way) lay in its English red on one of the windows; but we have presumed to believe that the window and the table were not the libraryin which belief we hope we are rash or rebellious. We wish to have it understood

first part of the chapter, that such library as the Lord of Kinmacarra has many advantages over the libraries of other lords and gentle men of our acquaintance. For example, we know Lord Daftbury and the Right Hon. Chamber Spits, who have large collections of books which they do not read, and very many which they cannot read; and we humbly conceive that Lord Kinma carra's library far excels that of either, therefore. First, the booksthe real books-occupy most valu able space, while the painted ones permit one to have a great variety of curious shelves, cases, and presses be hind them .- no place more conven ient for cigar-boxes, exempli gratio for spurs, boxing-gloves, old hats rowdy disguises, etc.; in the second place, the real books exercise a most pernicious influence upon a man' reason, if he have them in large numbers, and will not read. It is true fact, and well worthy the con sideration of many patriotic peers and commoners, that students of this class imagine they ought to know because it is in their library and conclude that others are mistaken in everthing because they cannot haveda library like theirs Thus mental advantage and personal convenience often concur in favor of painted backs of books. must add, as we have so far troubled the reader with our philosophy on the subject, that we have many other arguments in favor of the painted at random on this delicate subject; but, on the contrary, we speak after profound thought, and after long exrience, of the nobility and gentry of various places and times.

One of the very best illustrations of the power of imagination and association is the state of the republican mind of America and of some of the Puseyite felk in England. We remember some years ago that an unfortunate editor of Connecticut was nearly murdered because he had had the temerity to say that the citizens of every class did not know everything: for our republican friends anded, if a citizen of the United States did not know a thing, who could know it?—that was the ques-And we have met more than Pusey, who believed in the future "union of the Churches," and looked forward to that time as the day of cope and resusciation for "the Cath olics." They, "poor things," were so "far back;" the Catholic clergy were so "poorly educated;" and the canons and ceremonies were so "poorly In fact, more than one ex cellent-hearted man thought of going "over to Rome" just for the down-right revolution he would make in the "practices" and the "whole spirit" of the Catholics—particularly in Ireland. Alas! for the poor gentleman; it was just like the Yankee, the idea of "superiority" was so firmly in his mind, that he believed his presence was quite enough to cause a fever of regeneration—but he discovered his error. Among the priests he found his superiors in everything. He found himself a child in theology; a mere review reader in history; and nowhere and nothing in the languages. Even the Cambridge gentleman found that sins and co-sines were familiar in Kerry; and the Oxford man, that good Latin was spoken in Tipperary; while our allies, or the Ultra-montanes, find at every step and in country a large number who shared the thoughts of France and occasionally, but frequently, "sought and could not find." John never saw

conceived. It is hard to say which is the more laughed at in Ireland—for the Irish will have their laugh—the Chambers and M'Nei class, that worries itself to death about Hibernian orthodoxy—or the Anglico Catholic Puseyite class, that imagines what it happens to see for the first time itself is still undiscovered by others, and that the superficialities of an English Prostant University are the educa of a Christian divine. The latter learn a good deal when they begin to teach, and, like Pascal, grow humble as they grow wise—and that is a

comfort, at any rate.

Thanks to his lordship of Kinma carra's library, we have had an opportunity of disburdening our souls of some of these arcana, and discharging a duty of our conscience. Public writers are very apt to mistake their spleen for their conscience, but our readers will please observe that we do not b to that ill-tempered portion of our

tribe. The Lord of Kinmacarra is in a The Lord of Kinmacarra is in a Turkish costume, and harmonizing is manners and his days—his lordship is smoking. His lordship's red cap, loose silken dressing gown, full and well shaped whiskers, blue eyes, and fresh complexion, looked well in a cloud of tobacco-smoke,—in fact, looked "heantiful" as Mr. Joyce looked "beautiful." as Mr. Joyce Snapper asseverated; and we see n reason to differ with the worthy S. T. M. The estimable peer, then, is smoking, and is in his library. He sits in one of the chairs besid one of the small tables, near one of the windows, and his lordship has one leg thrown over the other, quite gracefully; with the right hand he holds his great pipe; his left hand is extended towards one of the vases of golden fish, which he just touches with his forefinger; and ever and non, that is continually, he pours s volume of smoke at the vase, and towards a certain fixed or imaginary point in the same, which makes his engaged in storming the vase, and

It is difficult to realize how deeply occupied in a labor such as this on which we find his lordship's concentrated. Many valuable thoughts very likely pass at such a moment through the soul, unfortunately, they end where they begin-the mind is so absorbed in smoke. M. Michelet once said that deep philosophy may make its retreat in the brain of an ox, as he rolls his sensual, drowsylooking eye, and chews his cud; why not philosophy seek just as congenia an abode in the brain of his lordship

drawing his chibouque? His lordship was watching a most curious curl of the smoke—for smoke does produce most "interesting curls," if only seen by such eyes as his lordship's-when a most respect ful knock came to apprize him of the presence of some one who reverenced im very deeply; and, on the neces sary permission having been accorded, the individual—whose knock said that he had just presumed to knock, if his lordship pleased, and that he would cut the hand off him self, sooner than knock if his lordship please—this respectable in-al presented himself, and dividual proved no other than Mr. Joyce

Snapper thought it was

"Yes, my lord, your most humble servant.

"And you've-a-got the-money,

"Not exactly, my lord, as they say."
"To the d—l, Snapper, with what they say." You know I want the

money, eh? Don't you?' "Yes, my lord"
"And why don't you get it?"

"Why, my lord—"
"Why, my lord—Snapper, go be

"I will, my lord, but—" "Confound you — a —. I say, Snapper, you have that money your-

self."
"Me! my lord! Oh, my lord, I'd give your lordship, as the saying old Nick,

"D-n your 'saying is.'"

"Yes, my lord." Here the entry of a servant—the thing made up of red and yellow and blue—stopped the dialogue.

"Is your lordship at home for old

"Boran?" demanded his lordship. said Snapper, winking very hard at

the noble peer "Business? I'll ring," said his lord-

ship to the servant.
The servant retired. "It's old Boran, my lord, the richest

man in the south, and who has had the honor to have some transactions with your lordship before. and-'Ah! you bring him, eh?' No, my lord, but he would come

nimself, and wouldn't give without. "Pull that bell, Snapper." 'Yes, my lord.'

And the lord of: Kinmacarra
'pulled" his pipe, and Snapper sat over near the door, and the thing in red and yellow and blue stood in the

"Send up the—a—Snapper?"

"The man, my lord," replied Snapper, looking very stupid.
"Why, you—a—goose!"
"Oh! Mr. Boran, my lord," said Snapper. And Snapper then looked as if he himself was very ridiculous,

which was true, and as if his lord-ship of Kinmacarra was very bright and wise, which was not true.

The servant smiled imperceptibly. his place was to "see nothing," even to the things which his master, not

anything, only the amazing value of is services to the mansion and emesue of Kinmacarra—and he must have had eyes of no ordinary power to see that, it must be ad-

"Mr. Nicholas Boran, senior," se the servant, opening the door for the

third time.

But Mr. Nicholas Boran, senior, no oner looked into the ocean of smoke in which the "library" was enveloped, and his lordship and Snapper and the rest, than he turned Snapper and the rest, than he turned on his heel, and was walking rapidly

away.
"Mr, Boran!" cried Snapper.

peer.
"His lordship is calling you sir," said the servant, in a most emphatic way and loud voice, succeeded by malicious grin, however.

But Mr. Nicholas Boran. kept right on—the little foxy wig turned from side to side—the little stick marked time along the passage —and little old Nick said "Pheu! pheu!" which was intended to indicate that he wanted oxygen gas very much, and that he detested

Every one is despotic in his own way. Nick found a sword and club in his money, and a title to dictate stronger than that of the lord of the soil to smoke. Old Nick had a little ruler of the green acres of Kinma-carra; but, at all events, he was moving along the hall, when he was overtaken by Mr. Joyce Snapper. "Oh. Mr. Boran!"

"Oh, your granny!" politely answered Mr. Boran.
"His lordship is waiting for you."

'An' Justice Snapper ?" answered the old cynic. Will you see him in the drawing

room ?-there's no smoke there and 'Yes, certainly," said old Boran

suddenly stopping, while the eye of the old miser brightened with hidden fire. "Yes, certainly," he re-

"Mr. Joyce Snapper led Mr. Nick Boran then back by the way which he had come, led him again up the stairs, but by a different way - came the beginning of the fourth chapter -and at length introduced him into the drawing room, which has been already described.

Mr. Nick Boran, senior, wore white jean coat, leather gaiters, foxy vig, and the face which we took the liberty of photographing in the first chapter. He had a very hooked nose—Mr. Nick, senior; had—and thin, compressed lips, and small gray eyes, bright as diamonds, only the ray shot from them was like a needle point, but sharper; and more-over, there is no kind of humor or jest in saying that Mr. Nick Boran "wore his face," because it really was worn—worn out into threads all its wrinkles being like threads.

"You seldom come to—a — Kin-macarra Hall," remarked his lordship, in his lordship's most bland "Sir ?" demanded Mr. Nick Boran.

in his best contralto (contralto is the musical name for a high, goose-like "My lord," remarked, Mr. Snapper,

odding at Mr. Boran, and correcting that gentleman. 'You seldom come here," repeated

the nobleman. "As seldom as I can, sir," answered the matter of fact Mr. Boran. "His lordship, and so on," said Mr

Joyce Snapper, "would be glad, Mr. about that £2.000; you know I spoke to you about it."

said Mr. Boran, addressing himself to Lord Kinmacarra, and paying no kind of attention to Mr. Joyce Snapper.

"My lord," a second time remarked

Mr. Snapper. "I want — a — some money, by ve," answered his lordship; "but Jove," answered his lordship; Boran, you charge—a—confoundly, eh?—you charge high."

'Money is scarce, sir," remarked Nick, "and I think of raising the premium, you see."

"Ay, in throth."
"Oh, Mr. Boran!" cried the inter

esting Mr. Snapper.
"Is my rent paid?" asked Boran ressing himself to Snapper." Certainly," replied that gentle addressing

"And my lease cannot be broken?" No power on earth could touch it, as the saying is."

"Well, then," answered Daddy Boran, sententiously, "the money I speak about is my money, and this gentleman—"
"Nobleman."

And this gentleman," persisted old Boran—"this gentleman wants it. "But," he continued, turning to wants the Lord of Kinmacarra, "what would you think a fair interest for ready gold? Come now, a fair, fair

"Ah, Mr. Boran, don't bother his lordship, and so forth; what secu-"Now, Mr. Snapper, I must go away," said the excitable old gentleman, "if you stop my mouth in that way. I am speaking to the gentleom I brought four small bags of gold."

'The gold with you?" cried the noble borrower.

"Yes, sir," answered old Nick.
"You old villain!" muttered Snap-

per under his teeth.
"What would you deem or think, in your own mind, a right fair in terest on landed security?"

"Ob, that place—the Irish-name on, that place—the Irish-named place.",
"No use in that sir," firmly answered old Nick. "I wouldn't give a crown piece for the town land."

"A crown piece!" cried the peer.
"A crown piece!" again replied the uncompromising moneylender.

And why ?" "Och, there's a curse on the pla See sir," said old Nick Boran the eyes became fixed, and the little wig went up and down on his head ike a live thing, as we said before "The sixth remove from the man that sold that to the last Kinmacarra

was a drummer in the army of Crom well. His protection was first bought by the honest owner of the land; and after taking the money to guard O'Brien (that was the owner's name,) he sold him for a Papist. The Papist's great great grandchildren were working laborers on their own lands, which the drummer's great-great-grandchildren possessed by 'confiscation;' and so the sweat -the sweat, you see, of injustice a curse on the land, and--

"Why—a—a—my own ancestor say, Mr. Boran, don't the-a-land lords give employment-a-and

n't they—a—a——" Indulgent!" put in Mr. Snapper "Please, Snapper, I said not to in-terrupt," remarked his lordship, in a much more decided way than usual Bad luck to your interest, you —," again muttered the land agent.

"The landlords are good with their property—a—" slowly spoke the lord

Kinmacarra. "Yes, sir; but these common people have an odd way of talking. They say when a Cromwellian give employment, it is like paying a mar sixpence for grooming his own horse, after taking the horse from him, and then boasting of giving him employment. They have odd ways, employment. They have odd ways, faith, the common people," continued old Daddy Boran; "and the same people must be blotted out before they'll give em up; but that's not my bus ness. I won't have Gort na Coypul.' See!" the old sprite added, "my grandfather told me that he saw an O'Brien swing from the gallows-tree in 'Gort na Coppul. The Cromwellian was putting out his hand one day to catch O'Brien's youngest sister, when his arm was smashed beyond recovery by a blow of a spade handle; her brothe the real heir of 'Gort na Coppul was the man that struck him. He was hanged, and she died mad. And as sure as you're there, four times year they go around the land and the houses, and everything whithers where they go. Look at 'Gort na

Coppul,' sir, no one thrives there.' What will you have?

" Moorfield." Moorfield!" cried Snapper.

Yes," firmly continued old Boran "My lord, said Snapper, "I was engaged, as you may remember, about that"

"I want Moorfield, sir," said old I have the money in the Boran. house, and the interest will be 6 per cent.

Six per cent. ! " cried the peer. Curse on you!" muttered the

You-a-a-don't like the Moores?"

"A Christian likes every oneeven a Cromwellian he likes," answered old Dad. "The Moores had mahogany and I had deal furniture, you see; they had gigs and jaunting-cars, and I had a lop of straw in a cart; they had a lawn afore the house, and I had a potato-garden; they couldn't pay the arrears, and I could purchase the whole estate. The Moores were good, but they weren't able for Mr. Snapper; I am, and I want Moorfield."

As Daddy Nick was not to be ca-joled, nor frightened, and as Lord Kinmacarra wanted the money, the affair was soon settled. Mr. Joyce Snapper's amiable temper was much ruffled. The very last man on earth to seek Moorfield, he believed, was Daddy Boran. Daddy Boran always seemed to respect the Moores, he was a "Roman," and he did not want to be "hated by the neighbors," and £2,000 so much beyond his wish or will to lend, and, but, in fact, no theory could be better established than that Daddy Boran would not dream of Moorfield. Could it be true that the —invented practice to confound theory? However that may be, it often does so. Mr. Joyce Snapper had most judiciously and prudently attended to his own little domestic affairs in dealing with his patron. A most lawful " commission cent. he always charged on borrowed money, and on each lease he ob-tained a small premium; but we should like to see the man who works for nothing! Just so.

Lord Kinmacarra was delighted to be able to bet upon "the winning horse," at the Derby. Daddy Boran looked as delighted as he ever looked-which, truth compels us to say, is not saying much; and as for Mr. Joyce Snapper, smart work there will be among Mr. Snapper's serv-ants and dependents this evening,

Lord Kinmacarra. Young Nick was so like his father, the wig and some of the wrinkles excepted, that no one would live in the country were they more like. In fact, as it was, they were "horridly like." They never work to one another wardly spoke much to one another, rarely spoke to one another; and, indeed, always seemed disposed to quarrel both in tone and manner. This seeming was, however, only a "seemclined to quarrel, unless once. Nick once, we mean Nick the younger, had nearly made up his mind to go to the "pattern of Nothill," a thing. to the "pattern of Nothill," a thing which would cost a day's time, and very likely the price of some ginger-bread, if not of drink, too. Old Nick remarked that "that wasn't the way he made his money," which com-pletely settled the transaction "young Nick" never afterwards

any one else's.
"You settled that?" said young Nick, addressing his sire, in s cold tone, and looking in the direc-tion opposite to that where the father sat in the "cart."

" to his own mind, or

"young Nick" never afterwards even suggested such a thing as a

"Yis, you may go—' Coort,' now," answered the father in the same

'Ay, Coort, indeed!" was the cool Mr. Nick, Junior, had the advantage of seeing one way while his father saw another way. Conse-quently, Mr. Nick, Junior, first beheld a pair of mounted policemen or a distant eminence, and riding at great pace towards the Lord of Kinmacarra's. He never spoke of it, however, until the echo of their horse's hoofs awakened the old gentleman's attention. He listened, then looked in the direction of the

sound. What's this ?"

" The police. "They ride fast : oh, but they do!" At this moment the father and so ame out in the road : at the nex the mounted policemen overtool

By H-s, the man himself !" cried the corporal.
"Mr. Boran!" cried the sub con

stable. What is the matter?" cried old

Not good news, indeed, have we for you," answered the superior of

"Why, your son, Mr. James Boran,

Young Nick started. "Your son, sir, has fallen, griev-ously wounded, and in unfortunate

circumstances. TO BE CONTINUED

THE STRAY "In such a locality it was incredible, Father Anselm was saving as he and

experiences on the journey that ha fortuitously brought them together 'And yet it was just one of those cases which prove that the souls of men are, indeed, wandering sheep

needing eternal vigilance at all times and in all places.

"And yet not without reason do say that the episode was incredible in that locality. For, small as it was it was one of the oldest Catholic communities in the United States. When first built a century ago, the little church bid fair to be the first found

ation of a cathedral. But later the development of the state began to swing in a different direction and the community retained its original rural character.' "However, religion had been planted, and if the field remained small it was at least fertile. To the little church went the people from

miles around. And from these people went forth some of the most eminent priests of the state and country at large. "Hence all the more surprised was I to find there a man of Catholic parentage and baptism who at the age of fifty had never been to confession It seemed incredible and yet such was the case.

"I had gone to the place, drawn largely by interest in its historic fame. It seemed, indeed, carrying coals to Newcastle, to go thither as missionary. My labors promised to be chiefly of exhortation to the faith that was in my audience. I expected my superior had assigned me to such an easy mission because he saw that I was exhausted after recent arduous ly get some rest and refreshment in the little rural community, that my me out into the open to seek there
the refreshment and strength I

"And he judged rightly. I used to walk abroad considerably; getting many sermons from the village cobblestones, the trees and the run-

ning stocks.
"On many of these occasions Jess was often my cicerone. He's fairly addicted to you, Father Gallagher, the rector said after some of my ac-counts of our trips. My first acquaint ance with Jesse was, however, in his capacity as acolyte. He was a very prince of servers. He was deft. His Latin was prompt if not elegant. The Sisters had trained him when he first came to town about the age of twenty. Since then he had been handy man about the convent.

"The first I knew of his particular attitude toward the confessional-so much at variance from his fidelity in serving, indeed his apparent pietywas one day when venerable Sister Marcia, in whose chapel I use to say Mass occasionally, remarked "I won der if you can't disabuse Jesse' "Snapper," remarked Kinmacarra,
"I think you had better not interrupt. Well, Mr. Boran? Oh, ay—a

"Annual dependence this evening,
we opine.

Old Mr. Boran met "young Nick"
mind of his terror of the confess
the property of the confess of the co

". Terror of the confessional," I re-

sion,' said Sister Marcia, His family were among the backwoods people of this neighborhood. They were Catholics of a sort, but they rarely came

to town to Mass.

The mother died when Jesse was a young lad. The father was crippled by rheumatism. He was almost housebound for some time. Jesse practically supported himself and the father until the later's death. After that the boy came to town, and very soon to us. We found him handy, good-natured; docile; so we put him to many uses in this household of women. He was so obliging, so capwomen. He was so obliging, so cap-able in many ways, the Sisters grew fond of him. They and he always had kind words for each other. So naturally enough, in time we began to take an interest in the youth's spiritual condition. Old Louise anddenly went for him on

day: See here, Jesse, how often do you go to confession and Commun-

Then the youth by degrees came out-that he never went.

"It seemed a rather anomalou condition, considering his close affili ations with the convent and the rec-tory. But there was the fact. The man reared not so many miles from the church, now for several months handy man about the convent, had simply never been to confession What was more he evidently was not inclined to go: in fact, he was afraid

begin at home—for Father Gallagher the Sisters to work upon our faithful and usually accommodating see how simple he is. Simple ingenious—and yet with all a child's set will he refused to he inveigled into what had aroused his suspicion We have talked and persuaded. But somehow he cannot get the idea. And yet, as Sister Marcia said, he's good fellow and indeed pious. It's touching the way he keeps fresh flowers on the altars and does many a little thing that shows that his heart is all right, even if his poor head is still lacking. Do see if you cannot do something with him."
"The case appealed to me. As I

said, there was not much chance for many conversions. And Father Gallagher's flock were mostly white sheep. But here in Jesse was a unique patient whose salvation would at least justify me as a laborer sent into this particular vineyard.

"Evidently his case was a delicate one, since Father Gallagher and the

to choose wisely my opportunity. "It was a little slow in arriving. ship between Jesse and me was strengthening, making my eventual task the easier. I was gaining a knowledge of his mind and charac ter. I was, moreover, closely watch ing their manifestations, trying to discover on what snag this craft struck, to be thus diverted from the

channel of grace and absolution.
"I confess I did not immediately get much light on the situation, save indeed once or twice during our long walks, when a silence was wont to come over to Jesse, a somber ex pression in eyes and mien, I could never quite understand it. Not the result of mere physical weakness or weariness, nor the mere dull look of the lesser order of intellect. such was the impression that I re ceived. I began to believe that I was about to understand. Was my In one little convolution of its gray idea? Was I to pluck from his memory some rooted sorrow of some kind, which perhaps had to do with Jesse's shunning the confessional

"Finally one day I began to feel as the children do in the games when the seeker is 'hot." I had been asking him about his boyhood home. And by degrees we fell to talking of other things, of other sections of the state.

You're a more peaceful set down here than the moonshiners and other mountain folks,' I began with a ris me—a strange new light in his eyes

lynchings and such ungodly mur "As I spoke I was held by some thing in Jesse's face—a startled tor tured look, but a furtive one. With that sharpness of perception whetted even in the dullest during a moment of crisis he had read my face and evidently discovered therein nothing

ate dullness.
"'Likely because you have churches and priests and the good Sisters to help you keep straight,' I ventured to observe.

expression shifted to one of desper

'Reckon so," mumbled Jesse, as he plodded along, gazing straight ahead of him. But I saw that some-thing was on his mind. In a moment he resumed

Reckon we've got our own misdoin's—reckon we ain't no better than some of them feud people." 'I listened almost breathlessly. If I could only lead the way from these

generalizations to the special matte that I knew was in Jesse's longlocked heart. You don't make moonshine down here?' No, we ain't got any special sinfulness in the neighborhood. We just take it out in particular cussed-

"I was sure by this time that it was some particular 'cussedness

ness accordin' to a feller's own na-

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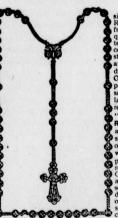
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