

The Remedies With a Record

Father Morrissey's "No. 10" For Throat and Lungs

During his many years of practice Father Morrissey successfully treated thousands who were suffering from Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Inflammation of the Lungs. His favorite prescription was a Cough Mixture and Lung Tonic that came to be called "Father Morrissey's No. 10."

Unlike the majority of cough mixtures, "Father Morrissey's No. 10" does not depend on such drugs as Opium and Morphine to deaden the irritation and give temporary relief—in fact, there is not a trace of any of these dangerous drugs in it.

The simple but effective remedies provided by Nature herself were selected and combined by Father Morrissey, with remarkable skill, into a medicine that has earned the name of a "Lung Tonic" as well as a Cough Cure. It soothes the inflamed membrane of the throat or lungs, removes the irritation or mucus that causes the coughing, relieves the congestion, and restores the parts to a healthy condition. More than that, "No. 10" tones up and strengthens the whole system and fortifies it against future colds.

For ordinary winter coughs and colds "No. 10" is unsurpassed and is one of the safest remedies you can use. Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

Read what it has done for two sufferers:

Elm Tree, La. Plant, N.B.
FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
I had been ailing for some time and in a low, run-down condition; two experienced physicians were consulted and gave me case up as hopeless. I determined to try Father Morrissey's Lung Tonic, and had scarcely finished one bottle when I felt my strength returning. I persevered in the treatment, and am now perfectly well, and would recommend the Lung Tonic to all who are afflicted as I was.
MRS. FELIX N. BOUDREAU.

Fiction, N.B.
FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
I can testify to the benefit derived from Father Morrissey's cure for Bronchial Trouble. For some time I was a sufferer from this trouble, and could get no relief from it, until I used his medicine prescribed. On taking Father Morrissey's medicine, to my surprise, I began to improve, and was completely cured. With a grateful heart I give this testimonial to the great value of Father Morrissey's prescriptions.
I remain,
JOHN GRATTAN.



Rev. Father Morrissey

FATHER MORRISSEY'S LINIMENT FOR ACHEs AND PAINS

In treating Coughs and Colds with "No. 10," or Rheumatism with "No. 7," it helps a great deal to rub the affected parts with Father Morrissey's Liniment. For sore throat and cold in the chest a piece of flannel, wet with the liniment, sprinkled with a few drops of the liniment, and applied after the rubbing. For Rheumatism the liniment should be warmed and rubbed in freely, morning and evening.

The genuine Father Morrissey remedies are being put up by the same druggists, in exactly the same way, as they were prepared during the priest-physician's lifetime. What they accomplished then for hundreds of years past; you will do for you now. You know something of their record in years past; you can depend on them now. Get them at your dealer's or from

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When the slightest exposure to dampness or cold brings rheumatic aches to joints or muscles, it's a sure sign that the blood is wrong. It's loaded with Uric Acid, poisonous and exceedingly irritating—formed from the worn out tissues and waste matter taken up by the blood from different parts of the body. When things are working right this poison is immediately filtered from the blood by the kidneys and got rid of. But sometimes the kidneys do not keep up with their work—the blood gets overloaded with Uric Acid, and it collects in the fibres of the muscles—in the joints—in the valves of the heart. Then there's a case of Rheumatism, caused simply by defective action of the kidneys, and brought on by exposure.

Father Morrissey had a wide experience in treating Rheumatism, and an exceptionally successful one. The prescription on which he depended was one of his own, called "Father Morrissey's No. 7." It acts directly on the kidneys, and has a toning, invigorating effect on these organs, helping them to clear themselves of the accumulated Uric Acid and to get working properly once more. Then they quickly purify the blood—and the cause of the Rheumatism is gone. The joints limber up, the pains go away and the disease is eradicated from the system. Price 50c. a box.

Hundreds of letters like these have been received from those who have been benefited and cured:

Blackville, N.B.
FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
I have used Father Morrissey's medicine for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble and found it the best medicine I ever used.
JAMES CAVANAUGH.

St. John, N.B., Nov. 17, 1900.
FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.
I sought the advice of the late Father Morrissey about two years ago. I was suffering from Rheumatism, aggravated by other complaints, and had been treated by local physicians without any result whatever. Almost totally discouraged, I consulted with the late Father Morrissey by letter and he prescribed for me. His medicines, while not effecting a permanent cure, besided me greatly. You are at perfect liberty to use my name, as I shall deem it an honor to have it connected with the skill of the late Father Morrissey in any way, however remote.
Yours truly,
PATRICK BYRNE.

Mr. Stanley K. Smith, Gen. Secretary Chatham Y.M.C.A., writes on July 3, 1909.
"Having used Father Morrissey's Liniment in my capacity as Physical Director of the Chatham Y.M.C.A. for rubbing down of runners or severe exercises, I can heartily recommend the liniment to runners, athletes or anyone whose muscles are subject to strain. During the season the Y.M.C.A. have placed a large number of athletes in the field and the majority need nothing else but this liniment. For removing stiffness and soreness of the muscles, it is unequalled."

CHATHAM, N.B.

Which Was The Heir?

CHAPTER XLII.
(Concluded.)

COTTIE woke from her spell and started for the door; but the earl caught her for a moment and held his thin hands upon her shoulder, looked keenly and searchingly into her face. Then he released her.

'Go, my boy,' he said; then come back straight to the castle.'

Fighting for breath, Cottie sped off and ran for the road. As she did so, she saw Sidney Bassington hurrying through the wood; but she scarcely noticed him, and had forgotten she had seen him before she had gone many yards.

The earl sank into a chair, and

leaned on his gold-headed stick, looked thoughtfully at Geoffrey and the man he was attending.

'Let him lie,' he said. 'You can do nothing until the doctor comes. Besides, what does it matter? There better that the poor wretch should die. But no; he will be wanted to tell his story, to prove the case. Now you, young sir, be good enough to attend to me and answer my questions,' he added, sternly, addressing Geoffrey. 'Do you know anything of these papers?'

He tapped the pocket-book and bent his glittering eyes on Geoffrey's face, somewhat bruised and bleeding by his encounter.

'No, my lord,' replied Geoffrey. 'This man must have stolen them. You will know best whether they are forgeries or not.'

'Leave that to me,' said the earl, curtly. 'You have been this boy's companion for some time. I want to know who and what you are—your evidence, too, will be of some value. You've given me your name as Bell; you have said that you are this boy's brother; but I suspect that that is false—it must be false. Who and what are you?'

Geoffrey stood, the colour coming and going in his face, his lips tightly set, his head bent beneath the weight of shame. Then he raised his head and looked at the earl steadily and sadly.

'I have no name, my lord,' he said. 'The name of Bell belongs to me as much as any other; for my father gave me none. That father was your brother, Lord Starborough. I am your nephew, the lad who used to stay at the castle years ago. When I learnt the secret and shame of my birth from Mr. Oldham, I left England. It was in Australia that I met the boy, Ronnie Lor-ton. We were fond of each other, and we agreed to pass as brothers. There, in a few words, is the story of my life. I had hoped that it need never have been told, but Fate has been too strong for me. I shall not long trouble you with my presence, my lord. I am going to leave England with the woman I love. The boy was to have

gone with me, but—he sighed heavily—Fate has taken him from me. His good fortune will separate us. There can be no friendship between such as I am and the heir to Starborough; though, go where I will, happen what may, the boy will always be dearer to me than a brother.'

He turned away to hide the tears which sprang to his eyes, the choking in his throat.

The earl regarded him calmly but keenly. Not for a moment had the old man lost his calmness and self-possession.

'So you are my brother Reginald's son, are you?' he said, with a stately dignity. 'I thought there was something familiar in your face. I am sorry for you. But for this stain on your birth it is you who would be my heir.' He looked at the tall, stalwart figure, the handsome face, with something approaching wistfulness. 'Yes, you would have been my heir. We are all the sport of the gods, who must laugh consummately over their human comedy! You'll be good enough to let me know of your future movements. You've been a friend of the boy's, have dealt kindly with him and have protected him. I am grateful, and you must permit me to show my gratitude.' He was silent for a moment, then he said again: 'You are my brother Reginald's son. Give me your hand. My brother Reginald and I quarrelled—he was mad about some girl—I tried to separate them. Ah, well! it is all past; but the evil consequences remain, and it is you who suffer. No matter, I will try and make it up to you as far as I can. You will not leave England until I give you

permission,' he added, sternly. 'Give me your hand on that.'

Geoffrey felt choking again as he advanced and held out his hand. The earl's fleshless fingers closed on it, and the glittering eyes seemed to soften for a moment, and something like a sigh escaped the thin, bloodless lips as the two men looked into each other's eyes.

'I'll carry this poor fellow into the other room,' said Geoffrey.

'You couldn't lift him,' said the earl; and his eyes glanced with admiration as Geoffrey picked up the emaciated form and carried it into the next room.

As he was returning, Mrs. Farren entered the cottage and groped her way to the middle of the room. The earl rose, and with stately courtesy took her arm and led her to the chair from which he had risen.

'I came to see you, Mrs. Farren,' he said. 'There has been an accident. Your son-in-law—Lane—is in the room next door, ill. Do not be alarmed. We have sent for a doctor. This young man has attended him.'

'He is in a faint,' said Geoffrey, 'and is very ill. I am afraid.'

He stopped dead short, for at the sound of his voice Mrs. Farren rose, with her hands outstretched groping her way towards him.

'Mr. Reginald!' she exclaimed. 'You've come back! And yet, no; Mr. Reginald is dead, I know. Who is it, then?'

'She recognizes you by your voice,' said the earl. 'It was she who went with your father—and mother when they disappeared. She aided and abetted them. But don't be hard upon her; she was fond of your father.'

Geoffrey took the woman's hand and pressed it.

'I am not the Reginald you knew,' he said; 'but his son. You are Mrs. Farren. I remember you—'

'His son!' she broke in. 'Mr. Reginald had a son! Then I ought to give this to you. I've kept it secret, as I promised your dying mother. I've kept it secret all these years. It was wrong—it was wrong! For it left his name and her name under a cloud. But I promised. Speak to me again!'

'I am the son of Mr. Reginald you know,' said Geoffrey scarcely knowing what to say.

She nodded with an air of satisfaction, and going to one of the old oak chests with which nearly every cottage in the district was furnished,

heftily unlocked it, and taking from it a paper, groped her way back to Geoffrey and put it in his hand. Geoffrey looked at it in a confused way.

'What is this?' he said.

She sank into a chair to which the earl led her and looked round with an expression of satisfaction in her slightest eyes.

'It is the marriage certificate. Your mother gave it to me when she was dying. You are the heir to Starborough—if you are Mr. Reginald's son—I have kept the secret for fear of offending the earl; and I tell it to you—I give it to you now. It is your right and due.'

Geoffrey stood as if he were turned to stone, his face flushed one moment and paling the next. It had come so sudden that he could scarcely credit the evidence of sight and hearing. To do him justice, at that moment he cared nothing about the heirship to the estates and title of Starborough; he was only conscious that he was no longer nameless, but that at the altar he could confer upon the woman he loved an honoured name.

The earl went slowly towards him and took the certificate from his hand.

For the first time in this history, his calmness and impassivity forsook him.

'By God!' he exclaimed, 'you are the heir! This is a certificate of marriage in due form. If you are my brother Reginald's son—my nephew—you are the heir to Starborough!'

Geoffrey fought for breath.

'I!' he gasped. 'The heir! Then—what about Ronnie? I'd rather—'

The earl waved the certificate.

'With this in existence the boy has no claim.'

He swung round upon Mrs. Farren.

'Were you present at the ceremony? Speak, woman!'

'I was,' she said. 'It was a secret marriage. Mr. Reginald was afraid of offending you—there was some talk of another heir—I hear Henry Lane and Mr. Sidney Bassington talking about it—Mr. Sidney Bassington promised him money—a large sum. But it does not matter what they say or do—I was present at the marriage, and there is the certificate.'

The earl laughed—a mirthless laugh, one full of cynical relief.

'Thank God! I'm soot of that fellow,' he said. 'A mean hound—a lawyer's clerk! I should have found it difficult to rest in my grave with that fellow reigning at Starborough. Come back with me to the castle,' he added, addressing Geoffrey.

Geoffrey passed his hand across his brow. He was confused and bewildered, but he still thought of Ronnie.

'But—Ronnie!' he said.

The earl shrugged his shoulders.

'He will come to the castle,' he said. 'You will find him there.'

(To be continued.)

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THERAPION.
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