

Fate and Marriage

(By Clara Mulholland.)

CHAPTER XVII

Mrs. Danvers sat alone at the breakfast table in the sunny dining room at Riverside. Beside her plate was a pile of letters, all of which she had already opened, read, and laid aside for further consideration. Two notes—one in a long, narrow envelope, short and business-like, the other written in a lady's hand on delicate blue paper, scented and ornamented with a coronet and monogram—seemed to interest her more than the others, and she read and re-read them several times.

"I wish Margaret would come in," she said at last, with a little impatient movement on her chair. "I am longing to consult her about all this letter," taking up the long, narrow envelope, "please me. Although I fear," studying the writing, "he may be a little too much of a gentleman for what we want. Still, that is an agreeable fault, and if he does not mind, I don't see why we should not let Margaret decide. It's more her affair than mine. And then," turning over the perfumed epistle, "her ladyship's request must be considered."

She rose up, and walking to the window, looked out down the short drive to the big gate leading on to the high road. But there was nothing to be seen or heard, absolute stillness reigned over everything, and Mrs. Danvers grew anxious. "These morning rides become longer and longer," she murmured, going back to the table; "but I have never known her to be so long away as this. I trust nothing has happened, and I really want my tea."

The sun shone in upon the snowy cloth and dazzling silver. The old Queen Anne urn boiled and steamed merrily, and at last Mrs. Danvers began to make the tea.

"She must just have some fresh when she comes in, that's all!"

A pair of soft hands were laid across her eyes, and a fresh, sweet voice cried gaily:

"Guess who's here, auntie, and pray, pray don't be too hard on your poor aunt, for it was not her fault."

Mrs. Danvers drew the white fingers to her lips. "You deserve a scolding. I'm half-famished, sweet Meg," but she smiled and turned a pair of loving eyes upon the delinquent as she spoke.

"I'm deeply grieved. You should not have waited."

"No. But how odd you look, Margaret. You are quite pale, and there is dust on your habit."

"Oh, that's nothing. A brush will put that right. Don't look so scared, auntie, and please do give me a cup of tea."

"Something has happened, Meg?"

"Well, yes," laughing. "I've had almost an accident. Certainly," sinking into a chair, "an adventure."

Mrs. Danvers started, and grew pale. "You are hurt, Meg, I feel sure. You know I hate these rides alone."

"Yes, I know you do. But then, you would wrap me up in cotton wool all the days of my life, and make me a real Molly Coddle, quite forgetting what a robust person I have grown since I became a lady farmer."

Mrs. Danvers looked closely at the girl as she helped her to eggs and bacon, and laid a piece of thin toast upon her plate. Margaret drank her tea eagerly, but merely toyed with the food.

"If you are not hurt you are much shaken, child," her aunt remarked after a while. "Tell me what is wrong."

"Nothing much. Sultan for the first time in his life misbehaved himself. A tramp by the roadside, a curious-looking woman, with a big white bundle of something on her back, staggered suddenly across our path as we were jolting quietly along a lane—I sitting very carefully, the reins upon his neck. Terrified, Sultan sprang to one side, and before I realized anything he jumped the hedge, and landed safely on his four legs in the field beyond. I was, of course, thrown, but in such a fashion that I could not get away from the saddle. The old horse stood perfectly still, and, turning, tried to lick my face as though to comfort and console me. I lay across his back, my elbows on the ground."

"You might have been killed, child."

"Certainly. Had Sultan bolted or reared, with a tremendous laugh, 'your truant would have had a bad time.'"

"Thank God he did neither. But how did you get up, darling? Did the tramp come to your assistance?"

"Not likely." Margaret turned her clear grey eyes, and looked straight into her aunt's anxious face. "A gentleman came past most opportunely, and promptly put me on my feet again. He then led Sultan round the gate and out on to the road, where he helped me to mount; and so here I am, safe, though shaken."

"God bless him, whoever he was. Was he quite a stranger, Margaret?"

"Yes; I had never seen him before."

"And did you not ask his name?"

"No, that was not necessary."

Mrs. Danvers looked up quickly. "I should have thought it only polite."

"Had I not known it already, yes," thought Margaret, "but after our meeting the other day we did not require to learn each other's names. We knew each other at once." Then, rising from her chair, she said, "I have asked him to call, auntie, dear, so you'll know who he is before long. You must do the polite for me."

"Willingly. I'd like to be as civil as possible to anyone who rendered you such a service. Will he come soon do you think?"

"Probably." Margaret moved towards the door. "He gave me to understand that he would come very soon."

"I am glad to hear that. And now, Margaret, before you go to your room, I have two important letters to consult you about."

"Won't they keep till I am clothed and in my right mind again, auntie dear?"

Mrs. Danvers smiled. "No, dear; such things must be decided at once."

"Who are these important documents from?"

"One is from your step-mother; the other is from a young man offering himself as steward on the farm."

"Oh, indeed?" Margaret's eyes were on the carpet, and her color deepened slightly in her cheeks. "And what may I ask, does my lady, my step-mother write about? It is not often she honors you or me, auntie dear."

"No. She is not a frequent correspondent, certainly. She generally wants me to do something urgently when she writes."

Margaret's eyebrows went up, and her lips twitched. "And what may she want now, pray?"

"Change of air for Hugo. He's ailing, it seems, and as it is the season and her social engagements are many she cannot spare time to go with the child anywhere herself, and so wishes me to take him. This is the only place that Linton will hear of his going to with only a nurse. If it had been Elizabeth or Peggy he would not have minded, she says, but Hugo is his son and heir, and so every care must be taken of him."

"Poor little boy! He's withering away for want of love and tenderness. It is doubtful whether he'll ever grow to be a man. Oh, auntie, vehemently, 'why does God give children to women without hearts or affections?'"

"That is a question I cannot answer, darling. But God knows best. He has some good reason for all He does. But now what shall I say to her ladyship? Is Hugo to come here or not?"

"Of course he must come," the girl cried quickly. "We'll love him and pet him and he'll grow strong and well."

"I am glad you are willing to have the boy. Lady Linton says he has a great fancy for you."

"It pleases her to say so now. However—well, she's a little changeable, but she can say a sweet thing when it suits her. And now, what about the other letter? You have had several answers to your advertisement, I see."

"Quite a heap," her eyes turning towards the letters near her plate. "But there is one here that pleases me more than any of the others. It is from a young man—he says he is twenty-five—who has seen a good deal and worked on a big farm in New Zealand. He writes a good hand, and his letter is that of a gentleman; so much so that I almost fear—"

"Oh, you need not be afraid, auntie. From what I have seen of him he will."

"You?" Mrs. Danvers stared at her niece. "My dear, do you know what you are saying?"

Margaret laughed gaily, and put up her hands to her blushing cheeks. "Oh, yes, you forget that I have met—"

The door opened, and the parlor-maid entered. "If you please, ma'am," she said to Mrs. Danvers, "there is a gentleman, a Mr. Fane, in the morning-room. He wishes to see you on business."

Margaret turned away with a comical expression in her grey eyes. Her aunt's astonishment at her knowledge of the would-be steward amused her immensely.

"Well, really, Mr. Fane has not let the grass grow under his feet," Mrs. Danvers exclaimed with some annoyance. "I had no idea he would come after his letter in such hot haste as this. I have not at all made up my mind yet as to what I shall say to him."

"Oh, yes, you have. I told him to come to see you at once, and I hope that you will engage him as steward, auntie dear. He is just the man you want."

Mrs. Danvers laid down her letters and looked at Margaret with bewildered eyes. "It is difficult, my dear," she said with a little asperity, "to know sometimes whether you are in fun or earnest. Which is it now?"

"Earnest, auntie. Downright earnest."

"Then tell me what you know about Mr. Fane?"

"Not much in one way, a great deal in another. I only spoke to him for about five minutes. But he impressed me very favorably, and if one could turn doves into another, I should certainly do all I can to procure him the situation he desires to get."

"You are tantalizing, Margaret, and try my patience severely. What do you mean and talk to Mr. Fane?"

The girl put her arms round her aunt, and pressed her lips against her cheek. "Forgive me, dear. I know I am a torment. But—well, you see, it was Mr. Fane who came to my rescue this morning, and so I think I owe him a debt of gratitude."

"Certainly. But—"

The door opened and shut. Margaret was gone.

Mrs. Danvers sank into a chair and sat there for a few moments, her brows knit together in deep thought. Then, rising slowly to her feet, she gathered up all her letters and left the room.

"Margaret is in a strange humor. I can hardly make her out," she mused as she went along through the oak-paneled hall. "I see no reason why I should engage a steward out of gratitude. Unless a man knows his work we should get on better without him. But the dear girl does not think of that. One good turn deserves another," smiling. "Well, so it does, but I cannot afford to sacrifice everything to that idea. I am getting old, and I want a clever, sensible steward about the place—not a young dandy of five-and-twenty."

When she entered the morning-room John was standing at the window, his eyes upon a portrait of Margaret that looked out at him from a pretty frame upon an easel with the sweet, direct gaze habitual to her. It was a charming picture, and absorbed in contemplating it, the young man did not hear the door open, and was unconscious of Mrs. Danvers' presence. All she was almost a, his side. Then, with a somewhat guilty look he stepped back and making her a low bow, said quickly:

"I trust you will forgive me for intruding upon you so early, Mrs. Danvers, but Miss Fane assured me that this was the best time to find you disengaged."

Mrs. Danvers smiled and held out her hand. She liked the young man's manner, and his looks pleased her. He was not a dandy, and although he appeared well-bred and intelligent there was nothing of the fine gentleman about him.

"He would be amenable to orders," she reflected, knowing how much she liked her own way. "And if he has had any experience at all he would be sure to suit me. Miss Fane was quite right," she said aloud. "The morning is the best time for me. But before we speak of business, Mr. Fane, I must thank you for your kindness in coming to the rescue of my niece just now. Believe me, I am most grateful."

John smiled, and reddened a little. "It was only a pleasure to help Miss Fane out of her difficulty. I am indeed glad that I happened to pass that way at the time."

"And so am I, most sincerely glad."

She looked at him closely, then, asking him to sit down, took a chair beside the writing-table, and drew his letter from his envelope.

"I received this, as you know, this morning, Mr. Fane, and I hope you will not mind if I now ask you a few important and businesslike questions."

"Not at all. Pray ask me anything you please," he answered frankly. "I have come prepared for a regular cross-examination. It is only right, since I am a complete stranger to you."

CHAPTER XVIII

"Well, dear, and so she has finally decided to engage you as steward of Riverside?" Isabel asked a few hours later, as John and his mother sat together under a big mulberry tree on the lawn.

"Yes, I am glad to say she has," John cried with unusual animation. "And do you know, mother, I think I'll get on well with Mrs. Danvers. She's downright and plain-spoken, and that suits me."

Isabel pressed his hand, and smiled. "Did she ask about your family, John? Remark on your name? It must have seemed a strange coincidence that it was the same as her niece's."

"I suppose it did. She did not say much about it, however. I told her that I came from New Zealand, that my father was dead, and that you had married again, and she seemed quite satisfied."

"Then you did not breathe a word of your relationship to—of your claims on her brother-in-law's title and estates?"

John thrust his hands into his pockets, and, leaning back in his chair, looked up gloomily at the thick green foliage above his head. "No; of all that I said nothing, mother. It cost me a good deal to be silent, but I thought it best to keep all that to myself, for the present at least."

"You were wise, dear. It could only prejudice them all against you. In fact, John, dear," laying a trembling hand upon his arm, "I am beginning to think it would be better to let bygones be bygones. You have no case. Give it up, and devote your mind and thoughts to your work. It will be happier for us all if you would."

"There spoke Jerry Otway," answered John bitterly. "Oh, mother, if you had not taken his advice in the years gone by we might be all in a different position to-day."

"I sometimes am tempted to think so too," she answered, after a pause. "But then, you've got to remember, John, that it was to save me and you and Beryl from sorrow and disgrace that Jerry so advised me. I had no proof of anything then, more than now. He has been good to us, and taken care of us. He has educated and looked after you and your sister with a truly fatherly tenderness, so do not blame him, dear, and try, if you can, to be content with things as they are. Promise to struggle no more against Fate, and believe me, it is the best thing to do."

John looked up in surprise. His mother spoke regretfully, but with unusual firmness and decision. "That is a promise I could never make," he said. "But for the present I mean to keep quiet, talk less about it all, and devote myself to my work. There is nothing more to be done now. Time may help to unravel the mystery."

"Perhaps we'll hope for the best," Isabel said in a tone of relief. "And there's another thing, John," laying her hand gently on his, "I would like to say to you. Do be less aggressive in your manner to Jerry. He loves you, and has been good to you. Try to make him some return for all he has done for us."

"That I will certainly promise," John replied, his quick, sympathetic instinct telling him that it had caused his gentle mother considerable pain to make this request. "I know Jerry's good points, but—"

"That will do," Isabel flushed up. "Be kind and polite in your manner, and show him all the respect possible. It is not much to ask, John. See how Beryl loves him."

"Oh, Beryl is different. She—"

"John! John! Oh, there you are!" cried Beryl, a good voice, and, looking like some brilliant flower in her airy blue muslin and lace, the girl tripped over the grass and seated herself in a low chair by her brother's side. "Now," settling herself comfortably, "please tell me all about it."

"Well, Mrs. Danvers has engaged me as head man and general factotum at Riverside," laughed John.

"You know that is not what I care to hear about. That was a foregone conclusion. No one could resist you. But what I want to know is how you saved Miss Fane's life."

"Steady!" John cried. "Don't lose your head, Beryl. Miss Fane was not in danger of death."

"Jerry says you pulled her out of a ditch."

"That's quite true, but it was easily done. She was a little dusty, but did not even scratch her hand."

"Oh, dear! That's not much. So you have not done enough to earn her everlasting gratitude, after all I am," with outing lips, "disappointed. I saw endless invitations and visits in token of her friendship for us all."

John glanced at his sister and laughed. "Mrs. Danvers and Miss Fane live as quietly as we do ourselves, I fancy. They do not give entertainments, you frivolous little person."

Beryl's face fell. "How dull! If I were the Honorable Miss Fane, with a house and property, I'd have any amount of fun."

"Don't be too sure of what you would do in that position," John remarked. "I don't imagine the ladies at Riverside have too much money to spend."

"There's not much good in being an honorable, then," Beryl answered, with a becoming toss of her golden head. "One might as well be plain Miss Fane, like me."

"That is hardly the word to apply to you, you saucy puss," John cried, with a smile. "And pray, why do you dressed like a butterfly this morning?"

"Command me to a brother for making rude remarks," returned Beryl gaily, as she shook out her muslin skirt, "and forgetting a sister's engagements. I am going to End Fairfax to-day."

"But you are not going to travel in that get-up, surely?" asked John, who had a keen sense of the fitness of things.

"Certainly. It is a short journey, and I want to look as smart as possible when I arrive at Kensington."

"The Honorable Miss Fane traveled in a dark serge, Beryl!"

"So she did. But you need not think that I am going to take her as my model. Why should I? We are quite different styles. Besides, I'd rather have a line of my own than go in for servile imitation. So there, Master John!" And she sprang from her chair and danced lightly up the path into the cottage.

"Do you like Miss Fane on further acquaintance, John?" his mother asked abruptly, her eyes following her pretty daughter into the house.

"She is very, very nice," John answered with warmth. "I like her immensely. She is so simple and straightforward."

"Shall you see much of her, John?" Isabel asked in a tremulous voice. "Does she have anything to do with the farm?"

"I don't know; but, mother, why do you ask?"

"For reasons. Oh, John, don't you know? This girl—Lord Linton's daughter—you must see it could never be dear—and might lead to much sorrow."

John did not answer, but he rose from his chair, and putting his hands on her shoulders, kissed her upon each cheek.

"You understand what I mean, mother."

"To be sure I do, you timid little soul. But don't fret over such nonsense. I am in no danger. The Honorable Miss Fane knows her place, and I—well, I know mine. I am only a very insignificant person, remember—her aunt's steward."

Then, stooping, John kissed her again, and went away.

(To be continued.)

Chats With Young Men

The late Governor Burnett, of California, who was for years the president of a bank, once expressed this opinion of clerks, which has in it several hints for the young man of today:

"The discipline in a bank must be as rigid as that in the army. If an employee willfully and deliberately disobeys orders, he should be discharged. If, when caught in a mistake, he manifests no feeling, no regret, but takes it coolly and indifferently, it shows that he has deliberately trained his feelings to bear reproach, and he is not to be trusted. If he shirks his duty and throws an unfair proportion of the work upon others, he exhibits an unjust disposition, and should be discharged. If he is late in coming to the bank, so as to save his time, he should be watched. If he is too fond of display, and carries a little cane for show, you had better conclude—"

Little cane,
Little brain,
Little work,
And big shirk.

"He will spend too much time on the streets, to show himself. If he is a fast young man in any way, he is unworthy. If he expends all his salary and saves up nothing, he is unfit. It will do him no good to increase his salary, because he will be just as poor at the end of the year as he was at the beginning. In fact, an increase of compensation is a positive injury to him, because it increases his fast habits in proportion."

"But a young man of correct habits, pleasant manners, fair health, and good temper, who saves a portion of his income, may be safely trusted to bear the continued strain of good economy is clear proof of integrity, sound common sense and self-control. Occasionally a young man may be found who is competent, sober, economical and industrious, and who will yet steal from sheer avarice, but such cases are rare. An inordinate love of pleasure is the ruin of many a young man. Extravagance in dress and living is the great besetting sin of the times in almost every portion of the world."

The man of business who devotes his surplus wealth to the promotion of education or of art, or to the alleviation of suffering, is doing public service. So, too, among business men and lawyers and journalists, among the men engaged in the most energetic and active pursuits, we find those who are always ready to serve on committees to raise money for charitable or public purposes, to advance important measures of legislation, and to reform the evils which are specially rife in great municipalities. To do this they give their money, as well as their time and strength, which are of more value than money, to objects wholly outside of labor by which they support themselves or their families or gratify their own tastes or ambitions. Thus they meet the test of what constitutes usefulness in a citizen by rendering to the country, to the public and to their fellow citizens, service which has no personal reward in it, but which advances the good of others and contributes to the welfare of the community—Henry Cabot Lodge, in "Success" for November.

A great many young people cannot do this when they first start out, where the real bent lies, they cannot tell what they can do best, but, as they develop more, their strong qualities come out—their predominant faculties push their way to the front. Again, a college course or an advanced course of education develops faculties which had lain dormant, perhaps from disuse. In other words, the entire setting of the mental faculties often changes a great deal during one's physical and mental development, so that what the boy can do best may not be the best of the man at all.

The relation of the faculties is greatly changed by the special training of one set of brain faculties, so that what was dominant at the outset of an education or a course of training may become subordinated by other faculties which have pushed themselves forward in the course of development.

No man should stick to his last if he is convinced that there is a possibility of satisfying his inclination elsewhere. No man should stick to his last if a change is possible, when he is conscious that he is getting his living by his weakness instead of his strength.

No man should stick to his last when a better and higher way is open to him. No man should stick to his last when he finds that to do so will cramp his better life and handicap his career—Orison Swett Marden, in "Success" for November.

The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning. It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto.
DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted might say, every physician of repute, without perceptible benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.
Yours truly,
GEO. FOGG

Tremont House, Yonge Street, Nov. 1, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto.
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure that I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say that your Benedictine Salve has done more for me in one week than anything I have done for the last five years. My ailment was muscular rheumatism. I applied the salve as directed, and I got speedy relief. I can assure you that at the present time I am free of pain. I can recommend any person afflicted with Rheumatism to give it a trial. I am,
Yours truly, (Signed) S. JOHNEQU

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, City.
DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks, a friend recommended your salve. I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal.
Yours sincerely,
JOHN MCGROGGA

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.
DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I could be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago.
I am, your truly,
(MRS.) JAS. COSOROV

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.
DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.
Yours sincerely,
JOS. WESTMAN

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto.
DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. SIMPSON

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., 193 King Street East.
I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my left arm, my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve you are entitled to this testimonial in removing rheumatic pains.
Yours sincerely,
M. A. COWAN
Toronto, Dec. 8th, 1901

ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry
266 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto.
DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I was able to go to work again, and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, read him to me and I will prove it to him.
Yours forever thankful,
PETER AUSTEN
Toronto, April 14, 1902

Mr. John O'Connor.
DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.
Yours truly,
MRS. JAMES FLEMING
13 Spruce Street, Toronto
Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

J. O'Connor, Esq., City.
DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve.
For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.
Respectfully yours,
W. J. CHAMBERLAIN
114 George Street, Toronto, June 17th, 1901

John O'Connor, Esq.,
DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve.
Yours sincerely,
T. WALKER, Blacksmith
Address C.R.

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