

Inflammation

From a Heavy Pleuritic Pains in Constant Cough

That goes through all that I last winter will appreciate the a remedy that cures like Ner-... Von Hayden, the well-known... out late at night, and playing... id drafty places brought on a se-... Vere cold that settled on my chest. I... had a harsh racking cough and severe... chest and shoulders, morning and... and strengthened. Since using Ner-... Realizing that such a heavy cold had... run down my system, I took Ferroze... at meals, and was completely built u... line I have no more colds or pleurisy... and enjoy perfect health."... It's because Nerviline contains the... purest and most healing essences and... medicinal principles, because it has... the power of sinking through the pores... to the kernel of the pain—these are... the reasons why it breaks up colds... cures lumbago, stiffness, neuralgia... sciatica, and rheumatism. Refuse any... substitute your dealer may suggest—... insist on Nerviline only. Large bot-... tles, 50c, trial size 25c. Sold every-... where, or The Catarrhons Co., King-... ston, Ont.

Nerviline CURES CHEST COLDS

Transformation

Involving a Dramatic Scene on St. Patrick's Day.

By THOMAS G. O'GRADY Copyright by American Press Association, 1911.

Pat Doolan and Maggie McShane were a young couple living in Killarney town, Ireland, and at the time this story begins were not out of their teens. Pat was a fine strapping young fellow and good looking, though he was so poor that his clothes were ragged—it's not every man whose manly beauty will show to advantage when his bare knees are peeping through his trousers and a tuft of his curly hair protrudes through a hole in his hat. But when Pat smiled that good natured smile of his clothes were forgotten and he was taken right into the hearts of those he smiled upon. As for Maggie, she was a housemaid in a family whose place bordered on one of the lakes, and she was always well dressed. She had a real Irish complexion, as white as milk and as red as a rose. There was so much mingling between the white and the red that it was impossible to tell where the one began and the other ended.

would hand it out, saying, with a twinkle in his eye: "Go buy a new suit of clothes."

The trouble with Pat was not that he was lazy, but that he was the kind of young man who needed opportunity. And what opportunity was there for him in a region where the land had all been taken up long ago by the gentry? Was not the road leading around the lakes so hemmed in by the estates of the aristocracy that the beauty of the scenery was shut off completely? What was a young man to do who had neither land nor money and whose only work—if he could get it—would be dressing himself in livery and waiting on a master?

"Maggie," said Pat one day when he and his sweetheart were sitting on the bank of the lake near Maggie's mistress' estate, "O'm goin' to Ameriky."

"Yes, O'm goin' to Ameriky, where they say gold dollars as big as cart wheels are rollin' around in the streets and all a fellow has to do is to pick 'em up. Whin O've collected a lot of 'em O'll send for ye."

"Walk. What were me legs given me for? Shurely not for dancin', because O've no lilligant clothes, no grasshopper coat, for balls and parties. O'll walk to Queenstown and go in the first ship that'll take me."

Maggie had none of that happy-go-lucky disposition which was at the bottom of all her lover's actions. But Pat's disposition was not only happy-go-lucky; he was a natural gambler. His proposed move to America seemed to Maggie a jump in the dark. Pat was looking at the chances. There were surely none for him in Ireland, and there might be some for him in America. Ergo, America was the place for him. As to his getting there, why, any one can go anywhere. All he has to do is to go.

On the morning before Pat's departure he stood with Maggie on the banks of the lake where they had stood so often before and would probably never stand together again. They were looking out on the beautiful scenery, though it is questionable if they saw it. The mingled boughs of beeches, elms and oaks were putting on their summer apparel. Ivy vines springing from a tangle of holly and arbutus clung to the taller trunks. Beyond all this was the placid bosom of the lake, contrasting with the emotions in the hearts of the parting lovers.

"Don't be cryin' loike that, Maggie, dear," said Pat. "This is a beautiful scene and one we both love, to be sure, but whin ye see me ag'in ye'll be lookin' on a man dressed loike a gintleman. They say a man can do anything he likes in that free land, and whin O'll be werrin' the wig and gown of a judge or the uniform of a general. How would ye loike to see me marshallin' a regiment o' sojers? Mebbe O'll be governor or president o' some'n loike that."

"Oh, Pat, ye have sich wild dreams!" The Pat, who kissed her, took up his pack, slung it on to the other end of a staff and was about to set forth on his journey when Maggie handed him an envelope.

"It's for me cousin Bridget, who went to Ameriky last year. She's workin' in one o' the hotels in Ameriky."

"Which wan?" "O! don't know. If ye don't find her the week after landin' open it and read what the writin' says."

Pat spent a couple of years with a plumber learning the trade. The apprentice was smart and not only became a plumber, but a boss plumber, and four years after having landed set up for himself.

popular with his associates, and, since popularity is an essential feature of leadership, he became a leader in a small way. A politician, perceiving his influence, took him up and made him one of his lieutenants. Pat developed fine political instincts. He had the art of turning down all grumblers among his adherents with that imperturbable smile of his. This is a power in politics. If he was obliged to give four plums to eight heifers, all of whom had worked equally well for the ticket, he would give four of them a plum each, while every one of the other four men received a smile, an encomium and a promise for "next time."

Pat did not forget Maggie. Several times he made ready to send for her, but every time something happened to prevent. Then he began to make money, and it occurred to him that it would be a fine thing to go over, marry Maggie in Ireland and bring her home, just as the quality do. He wrote to her to that effect, but she wrote back that such a plan would be too great a waste of funds. So in the end Pat sent her a draft for plenty to buy her a first class ticket, but Maggie, who was of a frugal turn of mind and could not realize Pat's change of condition, would not come over in any berth above second class.

Now, it happened that when Maggie reached New York Pat was engaged in matters that required all his attention. He sent one of his workmen to meet her, but it happened that the man was a very stupid person. And as for Maggie, she had never looked upon a town bigger than Killarney, never seen a body of water bigger than the lake on which she had lived and, having always been a housemaid, had no head for taking care of herself. She missed the man who had been sent to meet her. Fortunately her affairs for passing the immigrant authorities were in first class condition, and she had no trouble with them. But when she was landed at the dock in a strange city, with no one to tell her where to go, her heart sank within her.

Some one looked in a directory for her and found the address of Pat's shop. Then he put Maggie and her belongings on to a trolley car, told her to ask for a transfer, take another line and so mystified her that she didn't know what to do. Riding up the street, she saw floating in the breeze the green banner of Ireland, harp and all. It was a welcome sight. When the car reached a broad thoroughfare it was stopped by a crowd. Maggie got out and was told a procession was about to pass. Some one invited her to get up on a stoop, where she could see, and she accepted.

Presently she heard music coming, and a man on horseback approached. He wore a "grasshopper coat" and a silk hat, and a green sash covered with rosettes hung from his left shoulder.

"Arrah, mungshia," exclaimed Maggie, "it's my Pat!" There was Pat sure enough caracoling as marshal of a dozen or more Irish societies celebrating St. Patrick's day.

"Pat," cried Maggie, "it's good luck I've seen you." Pat could not have heard her, but at that moment he happened to turn his eyes toward her and saw her gesticulating at him. He rubbed his eyes and, being satisfied that she was really his Maggie, waved his baton for a halt, threw himself from his horse and elbowed his way through the crowd toward her. Then when the grand marshal took the Irish immigrant in his arms and smothered her with kisses a shout arose from a thousand throats.

After the wedding, which occurred the same evening, Pat remembered the letter he had brought for her cousin Bridget. He was about to hand it to her when he checked himself.

"What's in it anyway?" he said. "Tearing it open, he took out a five pound note. Maggie had supplied him with her savings, hoping when he reached the foreign shore and did not find Bridget he would use it. This time when Pat took Maggie to his arms a tear stood in his eye.

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THE UNDERSIGNED offers for sale that desirable situated farm known as the east half lot 25, con. 3, Plympton, consisting of 100 acres. On the premises are a large frame house, large barn with basement stable, cement floors, water inside, situated on a good gravel road half mile from Wauchope, convenient to both church and school. For further particulars apply to proprietor, W. C. PEACOCK, High River, Alta., or R. A. RAMSAY, Wauchope, Ont.

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THE UNDERSIGNED OFFERS FOR SALE THAT desirable situated farm known as the east half of Lot 19, Con. 4, S. E. R., Warwick, consisting of 100 acres. On the premises are a large and comfortable frame house, good barn and stable and outbuildings of good shape. Well fenced and watered, and situated outside the corporation of Watford. If not out will be rented on reasonable terms. A considerable portion of the property is freshly seeded down. For further particulars apply to the proprietor, W. S. THOMPSON, Watford, Ont.

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100 ACRES, being west half of Lot 7, Con. 14, Brook. On the premises are a cottage 24 by 25 feet, barn 40 by 60 feet with concrete foundation, drive shed 20 by 40 feet, all newly new. There are about 50 acres under cultivation, 20 of bush, balance in pasture. Well fenced and drained. Plenty of water. Young orchard. Situated close to church and school. About 5 miles from Watford. For further particulars apply to the premises, THOS. SEAGSON, R. F. D. 6, Sutorville.

FARM FOR SALE.

120 ACRES, being the east half and twenty acres of the west half of Lot 11, Concession 20, Township of Brook. On the premises are a frame house, bank barn 42 by 50 feet with basement stable, also separate horse stable; abundant water supply; convenient to both church and school. MRS. W. M. MITCHELL, Front St., Watford.

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