#### AILEY MOORE

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

BY RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WE

CHAPTER XIV

THE TRIAL, AND MANY THINGS CON NECTED THEREWITH

There were many interests con-cerned in the trial of Gerald Moore and therefore many agencies em-ployed in bringing matters to a crisis Of course each was influenced by some motive, and each aimed at some some motive, and each aimed at ton-end — public justice being an infla-itesimal part of either the object or the impulse by which people were swayed. Mr. Joyce Snapper desired the pleasure of ruining the accused, use he was fond of ruining every because he was fond or rulining every thing and every one, and because, in this case, his pride if so it can be called, aided his propensity. Mr. Sal-mer hated the prisoner, because he found him his superior, and because he crossed his religious views. Mrs. was handsome and a Papist, and be-cause he ridiculed her pretensions stolic inspiration, a quality which she found essential to combat Romanism" in Kinmacarra. And a whole legion of other poople wanted "Guilty," to guard against some personal evil, or to gain some personal

We fear we cannot exempt the "personal motives and considera-tions." From time ample" is absolutely essential as an illustration of Government's activity, and a victim most desirable to prove a Government's impartiality. must be quoted to have been hanged from time to time to demonstrate that justice sleeps not; and a "friend" must necessarily bleed to establish the opinion that "Government" does not favor his class.

good. No one cared for justice.

The friends of Mr. Moore had numerous motives, too: but they almost all of them resolved themselves into affection for himself and Ailey, and hatred of Mr. Joyce Snap-The lord of Kinmacarra was goose, it was believed, in everything unless the gender, and people minded him only as he wrought through Mr. Joyce Snapper. We (the writer) may state this opinion without sharing it, and only for this circumstance we might have passed such opinion by

There was a great array of lawyers on each side—an immense army of "wigs, Whigs and wags," as a very witty gentleman observed when he heard the list read over.. How and why the Crown made such an exer-tion to convict, we have already intimsted; how and why Mr. Gerald Moore made such an exertion, the half knows, and to know the remainder, he must have patience. Having said so much, the way is cleared for progress.

Some innocent people imagine that the scenes enacted in a court house are all extempore, and that the ingenious question, the witty retort, the luminous aggregate of interrogatories, &c., are all fresh from 'laboratory of the brain;" but they are very much mistaken. There is great rehearsal for a trial; in fact, a frightful rehearsal—a rehearsal so wonderfully laborious, that it is wonderful, like a certain Drury lane player of sixty years ago, they do not know the parts too well to remember them. Every witness rehearses, and wonders very much that there are not many more people out of their senses than at present fill our lunatic asylums.

We congratulate, from our own convictions, the Crown Solicitor, upon his position and duties. He is the only man at the bar not exposed to the tiresome worry of " preparing witnesses." By a fortunate appointment, his business is to be paid for going through this purgatory, and to make out other fellows to bear the flames. Happy Crown Solicitor!

In the back room of an hotel, two nights before the trial, were five or six gentlemen, each and all remark able for their power of "preparing lights on the table, which was piece, over which was a large mirror everal decanters were on the table also, and a dozen glasses, generally port. An old gentleman, the Crown Solicitor, was asleep on the sofa; a very young gentleman, with very full whiskers, and large blue eyes, sat in an arm chair near the fire place, and was rubbing down a cat,—a real tortoiseshell cat; a worn-looking person, with shabby brown coat, sat at the corner of the table, writing; a smart, intelligent-looking man, fifty, stood by the back of a chair, and looked at the scrivener; and the sixth, a man with a very short neck, broad shoulders, and tremendous length of arms and hands, stood with smoked a pipe of "Cavendish," and perspired profusely.

Finished," said the worn out looking scrivener.
"Very good," said the intelligent-

looking man.
"Well, how will it go?" inquired

the man who rubbed down the cat. "Much depends on Boran's testimony. We can easily keep his trial back, and his testimony will be available until he's convicted," said

"The rascal!" cried the smoker, taking the pipe out of his mouth, and spitting into the fire.

gers at the smoker. Boran is very bad," timidly re-

marked the scrivener.
"My father, I believe, saw him yesterday," said the young gentleman Here a knock was heard at the

"Come in ?" roared the smoker. The man with the cat looked dis-gusted, and looked at the sofa also.
"A message from the gaoler," said

the servant. "What the d—l are you all about," cried the Crown Solicitor, opening

his eyes.
"The prisoner Boran is dead," said

the messenger.
"Dead!" shouted all together Even the man with the cat and the scrivener were moved.

"He tore off the bandages of his arm," replied the messenger, "and when discovered had nearly died from hemorrhage."
"Lost!" said the Crown Solicitor

And then all looked at each other nd were silent. In fact there was a long pause.
"The circumstances are still

strong against the accused," timidly remarked the scrivener. "The hour of his arriving home that night makes the proof of an alibi impossible. The two Fordes saw him, and one of them swears to his having fired the shot. The property found there and the beggar-

man will prove the conspiracy."

"The beggarman be d—d," remarked the man of fifty; " he knows more or less than he says; I swear he knows more, but 'the infernal devil' is not superior to him."

"The case will go on, of course

demanded the man with the cigar.
"Confound the whole squad ou," cried the man on the sofa; "go on to something else. Are we to sit here singing the obsequies of some clown from Connemarra or ome pickpocket from Cork street

Go on." he said. There was a dead silence. "Con icuere omnes." A great man had spoken-i. e. the man who pays the We would like to s damage. man who has an unchangeable opinion against the learned gentleman on the sofa, simply to advise him to a more rational course—that is if he expects anything whatever, justice or generosity, or tolerance from the man on the sofa.

We would not conceal from the reader, too, that Mr. Gerald Moore's counsel had a long sitting and a igorous discussion; but they were all doing their own business, not the business of the Crown." Every one of them was remarkable also for trong opinions on certain subjects, which strong opinions were reprobated by their "learned friends on the other side." For sake of the charity, humanity, and so on, of the portion of the bar which we have the honor just now to picture, we must say that their opposition to each other is not all so great as many people may suppose. In truth and faith, the honest people differ only on the question of means—ends are all identical. One man thinks "the practice" is best consulted for by one set of tactics; another man thinks "the price" is best consulted for another set; but this is their only difference, which surely is nothing about which to quarrel. "Practice is the darling petted, pursued, flat tered, worshipped; "practice" is the most wonderful harmonizer of rehearse, both together and separately all discord and the most powerful -itis nothing but rehearse-rehearse; expositor of all enigmatical forensic phrenzy, that philo

has ever revealed.
"Well, Moore," said a gentleman with a massive head, auburn hair, and clear gray eye, "well, shall we hang your namesake?" he demanded.

What think you?" the learned counsel addressed reply. "Oh, Mr. Leader," replied the first speaker, "you are an authority."

"An authority for giving my friends 'rope,'" replied Counsellor

Moore.
"Good reason for giving them rope' sometimes, not to be strangled yourself, or pulled beyond your depth, my angler," retorted the first.
"Oh, hang such wit," replied Mr.

Nay, you might give it rope." "And so I do. I only wish it would

use it." 'Come!" said a tall, powerful-look ing lawyer, "give me the cross-ex-amination of 'Shaun a Dherk.'" 'I'm in there," remarked Mr.

Moore; "but you may have 'Shaun

if you please. Take care of him, he's stinging and poisonous." Don't fear; Shaun is an old neighbor of mine, and paid me the

honor of a visit more than once. I'll

manage Shaun.' Hear, hear, here," cried all. An so the morning of the great criminal trial broke upon the city, which had waked before its time to vatch the result of interests and exertions of which every one was aware. Long before the hour for opening the court-house, the gate were besieged; and a strong guard of "Peelers" could with difficulty keep order. Crowds of women mingled with the men; and every one remarked that so many young and handsome faces had never been seen at her Majesty's town of assize. There was a large sprinkling of priests, too, more than had ever been seen before on any like occasion ; and there was quite a gathering of the gentry. In fact, it was a great display, and the police during that day rose into unwonted importance.

The attorneys are a great race during an assize. Men of one idea; they run, they fly, whithersoever the idea directs, and their bags—the attorney's bag—fat or lean, according to the circumstances of its master's kitchen, is held by the neck so firm. the attorney's bag wants to get to "court" in spite of its lawful mas-ter, and to bid defiance to any and all other bags. Then the "counsellors" and their bags, and their strut and rollicking air, to show that their minds are full of fun, which they don't feel, and their pockets full of cash, which they never counted. Every great counsellor have five or six small sized attorneys running at his heels, all designed to show what a first-rate adviser or pleader he is, and how full of business. The "management" of the profession is

a great element of success—and why not, pray? Does not the "management" of things, so as to represent his own cause to the eye of the public, prove his capacity to "manage" the cause of the public, so as to affect the jury or the judge.

We could of course make due re-

port of the proceedings of the crowd—the "cheers" for "Repale," and the loving "hurra for O'Connell!" how the local genius revenged itself upon local bigotry or folly; and with the irony for which a Tipperary mob is remarkable, celebrated the "beauty" of some fright—the "justice" of some villain, and the "sanc tity" of some debauchee; but we may at another time have a better opportunity and more heart for such bor. At present we do not wish by the humor of our friends outside to mock the grave condition of our friends within; for reader, our case

and our characters are as real as written history.

Moreover, we may as well allow the mounted police to come along the main street—the absurd halberdiers, with their silver-laced hats, white coats, yellow vests, and legpet, to be heard at some distance announcing the coming judge (a dis loyel fellow said the braying trumpet was a very fit instrument for preceding the judge of ass size,) the sheriff's white wand pointing out of the window of the judge's carriage, and the rush behind and before, and at the side of the same, "and so on," as our friend Mr. Joyce Snapper used

so effectively to remark.

The Right Hon. — was on the bench, and beside him was the Lord of Kinmacarra. Drawn perpendi-cular to the bench, at each end of same, were two lines of lawyersyoung and old-enough to complicate any case, and to make anything legal, or the contrary. Behind the earned gentlemen, left of the judge, learned gentlemen, left of the jack, were the jury. Opposite his lordship were the witness table, the dock, and the gallery, which looked all faces. About the bench, in var ious places, were bronzed "orangewith baskets of soda and confection ery; and in a box, from which the mysterious rod shot forth-shot forth nearly as far as the dock, was the sheriff.

The press was also in attendance, and examined or made their points to catch the electric sparks of wit which were to flash from themselves, or to seize those thoughts of others which they deigned to immortalize.

All ready," whispered Mr. Frylie,

the Attorney-General.
"Hem, hem!" said his antagonist.
Mr. Bonnell. And then there was a great unrolling of "briefs" (why on earth are they called "briefs?") and gentlemen put up their glasses to their eyes—and they raised up the and attention. The public is to understand that it is in a few minutes they make the preparation for these noble manifestations which the public is to see by-and-by. The amiable public, of course, believes all this-and so we chronicle the fact.

Reginald Moore stood within the dock, such as everyone had always seen him. The expression of firm ness, perhaps pride, so natural to him was, ever so little, deepened, and he was scrupulously neat attire. He stood easily and freely and looked towards the bench. Father Mick was near Mr. Bonnell and all our friends, or nearly all, were here and there around the witness-table. Shaun a Dherk was not silence was extreme.

visible, nor was Mr. McCann. The Mr. Frylie rose and opened the charge; every word was heard with a distinctness almost painful. The right hon. gentlemen was earnest and impassioned, and developed the case with much clearness. Occasionally Bonnell played upon his irascibility by a humorous commentary, but all agreed that he was perfectly master of the case, and put the various circumstances, each in its own place, with fine order. He spoke of the causes of enmity be-tween the accused and the murdered man; of the gloomy character of the prisoner's mind; of what importance certain

the prisoner it was to obtain a bond; how the prisoner was seen on the night of the murder, and by more witnesses than one, to pass near the place of assassination; he had been seen by one respectable laborer in the act of firing the shot; the hour was defined by his return home, the servant being ready to swear to his arrival within a few minutes of the murder. His handkerchief was found on the spot where the murder had been committed; and he could

efficiency of Mr. Joyce Snapper, J. P., S. T. M., who, notwithstanding the apparent high character of the prisoner, his pretensions, and his popu-larity, boldly pursued this case until he brought it to its present position.

"And let me say," concluded the caudid and ingenious Mr. Frylie,
"that it is not creditable to the claims of the prisoner to behold on his part an array of council, which it is said cost one hundred pounds and more, while he holds in his possession the arrears of many years' rent due to a noble lord, whose name I need not mention. I call upon the jury to do their duty, and to vindi-cate by their verdict the fallen character of their noble county, and the blood of an honorable son of their

Mr. Frylie was heard with awe and they looked at him, when he closed, as one would look at his father's murderer, a regiment of

soldiers being present.

Mr. Forde was the first witness called by the Crown; and Mr. Forde most readily answered the summons. In fact, Mr. Forde ran up "upon the table" most hurriedly, and rather wildly some thought from the perturbation of his spirits, and some, more charitably, from his anxiety to see " jus-

tice" done to the law.

Mr. Forde looked badly, or as the popular voice declared, "villainous-ly." He was pale and worn-looking, ter or black scheming expression of the "souper," all the "low" people said, was stamped on his face and hung round his bearing. This may been all imagination in the case of Mr. Forde; but we will back the assertion against all gainsayers, that nothing spoils a body-we mean a mere physical body—more than souperism. Of the soul there is no question, because they are all of them, as every one knows, knocking at the gates of hell with their eyes wide open. But the body—eyes, hands, feet, trunk, and gait, are all spoiled without hope of renovation. of the few there are of them, we have seen a fair representation, and vellowish white look of sullen reso lution, and the mean, cur-like of the wretches, we had never before neld. Idle, untrusted even by the high priests of error that paid the Judases the price of their souls; huddled together in some "colony," where they fester in houses built for their apostacy, they are shunned by all and they shun all, until fortune or repentance, or death, takes them away from public scorn, and enables them to raise their heads and look at the sun, or hides them in kindred corruption under the green sod

Well. Mr. Forde was an object of great curiosity, and many glasses were raised to many eyes for the purpose of scanning him more closely We beg to say, parenthetically, how-ever, that the glasses do not help half the people that use them, only to the small good of grinning gracefully but "Rien ici bas qui n'ait en soi sa vanite," as the philosophical Victor Hugo says, and we agree with him.

Mr. Forde was ready to swear, just as he had been prepared to swear; indeed, he was like a hound in a leash and occasionally ran ahead of the learned Crown counsel's wishes But the learned counsel "pulled him up," and then he would run back again, sorely tormenting the learned gentleman by the ready rapidity of his return. He was a most willing witness-all he wanted to know was what precisely he was expected to do; and his anxiety on this head fre quently made him do more and less

than was desirable. Mr. Forde had seen Gerald Moore papers—and they commenced to the night of the murder; had seen read them all with great rapidity him go in the direction of the "lodge" of Kinmacarra; had heard the report of a pistol; had found Skerin shot through the side, had also found Gerald Moore's handkerchief on th spot; and no one can conjecture what other things he would have seen and known, if the learned counsel had thought fit that he should have seen and known them.

Mr. Forde wiped his face with the tail of his broadcloth bodycoat, when 'Crown" sat down to rest him self and to suck a "Chaney" orange And in truth Mr. Forde had good reason to take that little refreshment because he had hard work to en counter when he turned to the cross examination. Mr. Bonnell put on pair of formidable spectacles, and he eyed Mr. Forde most fearfully. Forde had great misgivings, and was near "blessing" himself, when the first question showed him some of the ground which he had to travel As we remarked before, all the people of Ireland "bless" themselves in all circumstances of joy, sorrow, surprise, or pity. It is a "superstition" of theirs to be fond of the sign of salvation; and so frequently do they use it, that really, like St. Pant it is along the "surprise of the "surprise of the surprise of th quently do they use it, that like St. Paul, it is clear they in the cross." One of the weaknesses which they inherit from Tertullian and the early church is to cross themselves before and after food, commencing and ending all and every prayer-when the clock strikes, or the tolling bell tells the story of a new citizen's entrance into the world of spirits. Even the little fellows tumbling into the river for a pieasant bath, or with wry faces taking physic for their body's health, they every one of them, "arm" them-selves with the "sign of the cross." Fifteen hundred years ago the "un-enlightened" Fathers of the Church had the same unmeaning practices, and 1600 years ago they celebrated it as a duty and an educational study, which things show that it would not, in the face of such evidence, but have been very well for "humanity," congratulate the country upon the as our alies say, had the Earl of

Shaftesbury lived early enough have been the schoolmaster of St. Augustine, St. Jerome, Tertullian, rigen, St. Ignatius and so forth.

We remember to have met a Protestant "clergyman" once upon a time—he is now our dear friend and a good Catholic layman; and this gentleman was not a little staggered in his stiff heresy by a scene in a country chapel — and "crossing" had much to do with it. "Crossing" is an act of faith. In danger it proclaims confidence in God's power; in joy it professes gratitude for God's goodness; in sorrow it is submis sion to His will; before all actions and enjoyments, before and after all spiritual exercises, it tells the Christian and the looker on, that from Calvary all things have come unto us " In the Cross, oh! my soul, there

are treasurers of grace," is a line babbled by the infant, and spoken by the child of sorrow, when the green fades from his existence, parched hope crumbles, and he lies on his face by the Cedron's side, amid the dark shadows of Gethsemani. The old women of Ireland, moreover, are quite convinced that it drives away the "devil and his angels," and therefore cross themselves whenever they meet a bad person. They say also, that the Reformation banished the "sign of the Cross;" as from the "enlightened" distaste of Satan, and from his fondness for the Re formers' company, he would not have any such obstacle thrown between them and himself. And fin-ally, they say that every "true Protestant" has good reason to be dis gusted and indignant at the effort to restore the said sign in the ceremonials of the English church, for no thing can be so destructive of the "spirit" which has always reigned in that institution.

Mr. Forde, then, had almost made the sign of the Cross at Mr. Bonnell's first question. "You are one of the class of apos-

ates, called Soupers?" "I'm a Protestun."

"You have been once tried for petty

"Yis, an' freed." "Oh! yes, certainly. You have been denounced by your former parish priest for drunkenness and lebauchery?"

I wus spoke uv from the altar. 'For an attack on the virtue of child and an orphan?"

No answer. "On your oath, had you not been the vagabond of the parish, before you became a saint and a servant of

Mr. Joyce Snapper?" 'Don't answer that question." said Mr. Solicitor General.

Mr. Forde breathed more freely. Where were you the moment the shot was fired?" thundered out Mr. Bonnell, while the spectacles looked to Ford like the glaring eyes of

wild animal. 'I was-I was comin' from home. "Come, sir, I know you, and you are in my hands. The fellow who nakes his broken health and rotten character sound by his apostacy, is great lover of justice. Where were you the moment, the very moment he did what he did, not for the he shot was fired?"

I—I—was where I said I was. "Don't be confused," said the Crown. 'Pray, sir don't interfere," retorted

Mr. Bonnell. "The moment, the very moment, mind?" "I was about a quarter of a mile

away. Which side did the sound come from?

'I don't know." On your oath, do you know nan that shot Mr. Skerin?'

"Do you know Shaun a Dherk?" Here the Court became still, so still, that one felt as though every thing had suddenly become dark. saw him sometimes with the

masther.' 'Who is the master?"

"Mr. Snapper." "Had you any conversation with Shaun a Dherk before the murder?"

"Did you ever speak of your hatred of the prisoner, Mr. Moore? "Did you ever say, it would be well

if he were out of the country?"
"I said he was a disturber, bekase he put the people up not to let the Bible readers in."

"Did you ever say the master would "lose a fall," or send him to Botany The witness looked astounded.

'Come, answer the question."

Shaun a Dherk was not very far from the witness-table. He come in a few minutes before. Halflooking round, in his amazemen Forde saw the beggarman. His, the beggarman's, face was apparently assuring. Forde felt the question was only a guess of Mr. Bonnell, he herefore looked that gentleman in the face, and boldly answered-

"I never said it. should suffer no inconvenience in the "You positively swear you found the pocket handkerchief on the ground, the night of the murder?"

"Neither before nor after?"

"You were at Mr. Moore's house on a message of charity, a few weeks after the murder?"

"That will do."

"Pale as a ghost," remarked Eddy Browne, as Forde passed him by on his way to the arms of the police.

There were various little passes of arms between the prisoner's counsel and the Crown; also various ques tions as to property, and the means the same which had been adopted by Mr. Forde, but we do not deem it necessary to chronicle them all. Mr. Forde lived with the

police, and his wife and two children lived with them, too, so there was a very legitimate presumption that Mr. Forde did not acquire the wealth of this world by the common and humble ways of laborious industry.

When Mr. Forde had descended from the table, curiosity pricked up its ears to hear the name of the next witness, and expectation, if disap-pointed not disagreeably, for the next witness was Mr. Joyce Snapper. Mr. Joyce Snapper was very nicely dressed, as was his custom; at least it was his custom to wear what he thought and believed was beautiful and exquisite; but as we remarked before, fine clothes ruined Mr. Joyce Snapper. Besides that the worthy Justice of the Peace and S. M. had a slight impression that the case was as described, an incident was added upon the present occasion, indeed two incidents, which were calculated first of these was, that he had not been at all prepared for appearing second "on the table," and was inluced to do so by an interview with Shaun a Dherk, who crossed the court to speak to him just before the closing portion of Mr. Forde's testi-mony. And the second was, that in jumping across the barrister's box, he (Mr. Snapper) brought with him, Mr. Solicitor General's wig, exposing a very questionable cranium by the procedure. In fact, some malicious person, or persons, had tied Mr loyce Snapper, tail to the cue of th venerable law-officer's horse-hair cap; and by that very unjustifiable conduct exposed two respectable men to very uproarious laughter. It is "credibly believed" that many persons would have been fined, and severe measures pursued to discover the dilinquent, if happily, "the Court joining in the merriment." as the papers reported, had not given the whole thing the character of an inno-

cent frolic.
Mr. Joyce Snapper, then, was very red, and, indeed, profusely perspiring, when he took his seat in proper form and in the proper place. Mr. Crown Solicitor rehabilitate the outside of his head, and commenced to put the questions suggested by Mr. Joyce Snapper ere he left his place in the He knew the witness Forde. Forde

was a most faithful, loyal man; had never found Forde a liar, a cheat, or a dissembler. Forde had been of great service in diffusing the society's tracts, and carrying out ejectments ; he was much persecuted for his 'opinions;" knows that the murdered man had a bond, of which the father once himself offered to purchase the bond, and is therefore sure that the murdered man possessed such a doc-ument. That bond had never been ument. That found; had heard the poor man named " Shaun a Dherk ' that poor man was a loyal, sober conscientious, and, indeed, most val uable man to the country; he had known him for years, and would have recommended him to the considera-tion of the local magistracy, but the magistrates, but for justice and for his country:" and he, witness, be

lieved him.
In the cross examination, Mr. Joyce Snapper swore, with the can-dor usual to such public characters. that he had no enmity to the prison er; had never threatened " him out of the country;" he believed the Gospel-of course according to his own judgment of what it demand ed-that he believed was true Chris tianity, and a great guard to Christian morality; he had never taken gifts for the exercise of his influence but confesses that he feared both the prisoner and the parish priest cottiers; would have spared them if they had embraced the Established Church; their sincerity or insincerity was nothing to him: Gosnel truth ity was nothing to him; Gospel truth would have their children.

"I appeal to the Court," cried Mr. Solicitor General, "against this vague course of the learned gentleman on the other side; the learned gentleman can put no such questions to the witness.'

are Lord Kinmacarra's "You are Lord Kinmacarra's agent?" demanded Mr. Bonnell, and seeming to pay no attention to the Crown.

"You look upon the prisoner's late emesne and mansion as very beautiful ?"

"Miss Moore is said to be very

eautiful?

Yes." " And amiable ?"

" She is, indeed !" " And highly accomplished?" Undoubtedly."

"And you wish to marry Miss Moore? Amid the roars of laughter Mr loyce Snapper answered " And you promised that Mr. Moore

event of your entering the family?' "Something of that kind."
"And then Mr. Moore having held inder an abatement-his real rent being a large sum annually less than

appeared in his receipts - he was prosecuted for a large sum which he had no reason to think was due?" "Don't answer that question!"

roared the Crown. " That will do, Mr. Joyce Snapper,

remarked Mr. Bonnell.

The servant-maid, Ann M'Kay; was nearly consistent as to her story of Gerald Moore's return home. The police, surgeon, and Lord Kinmacarra, all swore their share, and the case for the Crown finally closed at sixteen minutes to seven o'clock p. m., when every one drew a long breath, and al most every one weighed the evidence,

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A was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't

So I told him wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

You see

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing
self, lots of people may think about my Washing
man who owned it thought about the horse and about the
man who owned it.
But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write

out wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full et very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no their machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes. Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges not break buttons the way all other machines do. It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the child should be soap water clear through the fibres of the child should be soap water that the said I to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I won't wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month. I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that's say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save sycents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman'e wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you li ti saves you to cents a week can de so cents a week washer that it is a week till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line to-day, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me parsonally—I. Q. Morrie, Manager,