#### AILEY MOORE

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

ST RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WES

CHAPTER XIII THE ABDUCTION

There is a mysterious something about a "cross road," especially if one arm of it lead up a hill, and showing itself afar, is lost in trees, or in clouds, or in distance. Very near Clonmel there is a cross road of this description, at which side we wil not say—not because we are unable, but because we deem it proper not to become too particular. Once be-fore we warned the reader that we are mere chroniclers of facts and sketchers of characters; almost all be, therefore, unjustifiable and im-prudent to mark either places or times in such a manner as to become an embarassment, perhaps a danger to our neighbours.

Near this cross road was a "cabin, not very much superior to the man sion of Biddy Browne, the beggar woman, which mansion we have de scribed in a former chapter; and as its arrangements were also pretty much like those of the home which gave Peggy Hynes a place to die, we are saved the necessity of particular

At the door of this house, just a foot of the hill, there stands a the foot of the hill, there stands a small spare woman, with a very white cap, whom the reader will please to recognize as Biddy Browne herself, and her eyes are fixed on a certain spot upon the hill-side, over which a traveller is hastily passing. We like an object—a man—standing upon a hill side, all alone. The fine above him, like a crown-and looks "every inch a king," and "every

och" he may be one.
On the traveller's nearer approach. he appeared old and way-worn. He sometimes stopped to look around and sometimes he walked rapidly A beautiful country certainly lay at his feet, and it may be that familiar objects awoke recollections which the old man loved to indulge, while his amended pace might have been required in consequence of the delays ich were demanded by feeling.

We have just said that the scene beneath him was beautiful. The great old "Slieve na Mon" stretched its gigantic arms along the horizon on his left; on the right were the hills of the County Waterford, leaning against the majestic chain of mountains that fling their shadows into the county of Cork and in the valley between, fringed with flowered green, almost ever fresh and bloom ing, flowed the clear silent Suir, or its way to the urbs intacta, and the Cottage and castle, farmhouse and church spire, copse, wood, and the eye can view; while in the fore-ground stands the city, active, thrifty osperous, and religious as any in Ireland, or out of it—the city of

The traveller approached Biddy Browne's cabin, before he gave any sign of recognition : nav. he came to the very door before his "Good morrow, old woman," announced the

voice of Shaun a Dherk. 'Mille failthe!" cried Biddy. "Guhreh maih aguth!" (which is meant for the English, "Thank you," but which really means, "Happy for tune to you") was the reply

ae to you") was the reps.
"Sit down?" asked Biddy.
"Sit down?" asked. "Is everything done?" he demanded. Be coorse—why not?" answered

the beggar-woman. You can depind on Mrs. Colman?"

'As on the parish priest," answered

Shaun raised his eyes piously. God is marciful, Biddy," remarked Shaun, "an' may He keep my hand from sheddin' blood,—but," he added, may the blessed in heaven cove their faces, when I turn for mercy, if

I have mercy upon him this night!"
"O yeh! Shaun," Biddy replied. "great things he'd be fur you to be puttin' yer neck in the halther for him! Arrah, break his neck, or his head, or his arm, or-

"Biddy," interrupted Shaun.

"Neddy will be a great man."

'A good man.' 'He has the sinse o' twenty."

You never seen the likes uv 'im,' Biddy. "He knows everything said Biddy. an' he's close as a rock; an' thanks be to the Father, Son, an' Holy Ghost!" and Biddy made the sign of the Cross, "he nuvur towld a lie?" He's in town still?"

"Be coorse he is. He comes to see his Gran every day, an I'll go bail he nuvur gets a hapenny doesn't bring me; an' an' he of'n brings somethin' else, too."

"Faith, thin, if Neddy finds any wan worse than himself, Lord be tune us an' all harm, he brings him fur him, I mane say any little fellow he brings up, I must get id.'

"Poor Neddy!" ejaculated Shaun.
"Is, faith," continued Biddy, "becase he says that's the way old Father Quinlivan an' Ailey Moore offen did to himself, an' they towld him always to share his share if he and crossed the ditch and hedge also

wanted God's blessin'." True philosophy! true philosophy Let the poor help one another, and God will send a benediction upon

themselves. A treasure of happiness the poor may make for the poor, if they by head and hand be ready to assist one another. Every day of the seven, and every hour of the day, they are in communication; and how many a kind word, and kind look, and kind deed, which money could not buy, they may bestow without being the poorer. And, then, kindness begets kindness; there is no heart in the world like that of a poor man's, for yielding an abundant harvest of gratitude to any who will take the trouble of sowin the seed. Alas! since the world wil have their toil, and think them paid when they receive the hundredth part of what their poor sweat earns why not ever and always strive t make sunshine on their own road by the royal reign of love? Reader! are you a poor man? Well—begin—begin to love the poor like yourself, and make them all as happy as you

Shaun a Dherk pursued his way still on foot; he passed through Clonmel apparently unobserved went into a low house by the way side, about a mile from the city, or the Kilkenny road; he talked to the littlest of the children, and praised them all to their grandmother's will ing ear; and, finally, to the astonish ment of the old dame, who, at seventy, was "knitting socks for little Paddy," he gave them a penny for gingerbread. Shaun had a principle hough he did not call it by that name, and it was to make every one young and old, as happy as he could It cost nothing," he used to say an' 'twas betther than atin' and dhrinkin' to many a soft heart; and, then," he added, "it made 'welcomes," where a boddagh would find only black looks, an' would desarve 'em.

A boddagh is a dark selfish kind of dog, whose mission is to bring night with him, always,-and cold rain and snarling. Keep clear of a bod-dagh, dear reader; and oh! never be

The beggarman waited till the supper was laid on the table, - and, moreover, he had a good place and a kind welcome from the father of little Paddy and little Peg and little Lucy. A fine "mealy potato" and a "peggin of milk" are not despicable fare in the shadow of a mountain and in the company of honest souls. Shaun a Dherk ate "lashins" and left "lavins," and was almost thanked for his company into the bargain. Tip perary, wonderful in its strong pas rich benevolence and glow ing traditions,—and hardly understood! Tipperary has the Irish heart, with blood untainted as the faith that warms and rules it!— to be plain, we love Tipperary, and so, reader, "you will bear with us!

as Mark Anthony says.
At seven o'clock, Shaun a Dherk lit his pipe,—covered its head with tidy tin cap, which was held by a hat down upon his head,—took his wattle in his hand, and after many a slan lliv, or "farewell," he made for the road.

The beggarman turned to the left, and ascended the hill. He made straight for "Slieve na Mon." Shaun took out his beads on the lonely way, and commenced to say his prayers. Wonder not. The beggarman was

one of a class which would not be convinced that Justice has her own path; and that, dragged from her she is transformed into Anarchy. He was her self-appointed officer and daring representative, to convince him he had mistaken his mission and his mistress. He gave up the practice of confession, bea clergyman could ceive only to correct and upbraid him; a hopes of Communion, although he often shed tears when he saw people approach the altar; he preferred his own convictions to the sentence of authority, and so far was fit to be Protestant-but, as he was convinced he was right, heeprayed on. "Some one must give the poor justice" he used to say; the wrong head never saw, that if every man with a sure aim is to be the minister and judge of justice, we shall have a disordered

In reality, Shaun a Dherk's mission was practical Protestantism, for Protestantism can never give ecurity to order.

So far we give a reason for Shaun's prayers; and we, that is the writer, knew Shaun and talked with him, and argued with him, and, we be lieve, made him happy at last; for Shaun was an honest fellow, though wrong headed.

At dusk our traveller had entered far into the mountain. The breast 'Slieve na Mon" is like a huge wall before an irregular encampment magnitude and of every shape and form. Slope and point, and length ening ridge, and green table land; gorge, ravine, precipice and shelving rock, are all round in "wild profusion," and suggest the reflection, that many a lawless chief made law when roads and traffic had not multiup; an' if I was dhruv to beg fur a plied the inconveniences of "robbing the rich to help the poor," the profession of former highway philan

thropy.

About a quarter of a mile from a small house, whose conical formed chimney just peeped over the arm of a little hill, Shaun crossed the road, His gait was very much more free, and his various infirmities had very much diminished. He was straight bold and elastic, but his dress rethem. The world is "down upon mained the same, and he, of course, them," as Father Mick said, but could at any moment be "himself sometimes they do not do justice to again," like the king in the tragedy.

Making an angle with the house, he bent his course 'nto the heart of the country. He trod it like a man to whom every inch of the ground was familiar. He looked at the was familiar. He looked at the rocks as if they had been old acquain tances, and the retiring nooks he eyed like a connoisseur. At length he came to a high rock—a high and far projecting granite—from behind which he had a perfect view of the entrance to the house above noted.

seemed to commune with himself. moon is beautiful among the hillsthe crests all lighted fip, and the long shadows like the reflection of camp streams flow on in their gentle murmurs, as if troubled by the beams that reveal them in their hidden

In half an hour a horseman rapidly passed the bridle-road—a very narrow one which wound from the high way around a hillfoot, and approached the house with the conical

chimney. Shaun a Dherk started. Shaun had a glass, and he employed it. Steadily, as if he had become "incorporate" with the rock, Shaun looked at the horseman; he looked

for some minutes.
"Shay-e!" said Shaun. "Shay e!" he repeated, which means,

Shaun then took off his "ridin' coat,"—his large overcoat with all the pieces in it, and having carefully folded the same, he placed it under the rock. He added a long flannel vest to the "riding coat," and then took off a pair of gaiters literally made of rags. He smiled as the "tournure" of his legs displayed itself, and he laid his metamorph sing habiliments aside. Finally, he second occasion of our meeting him —a man of fine proportions, and of an agility worthy of his symmetry. "Now," said Shaun; "now, col-leen!" he said, drawing forth from

his bosom a double barrelled pistol which he viewed with the complacency of a parent. "You'll do your bisness," he added, and he drew the palm of his hand from the mouth of the pistol all along the shining barrel, till it rested on the lock.

At this moment, or not long after, shot was heard at a great distance. "Glory to your hand," cried Shaun,

but not loudly.

Then afar was heard the tramp of horse's feet, and Shaun grasped his weapon more firmly. After a little, they approached nearer and nearer and Shaun stepped up to the side of the rock, which at the same time lowed him and assisted his view He looked along the main road, of which he saw some pieces here and there, along towards Kilsheelhan, and on the opposite direction to wards Clonmel With fixed gaze he waited; and plainly, plainly as possible, he saw on one of the pieces of road two men on horseback, and be hind them a post chaise, which was driven by a man in a white jacket.

'Good!" said Shaun a Dherk. And now the carriage came thun ering up the mountain road, while consultations were frequent between occasionally flew to the vehicle and stopped at the mouth of a boorheen,

watching.

The beggarman turned his from the carriage in the direction by which it had come, and having looked for one moment, he placed his pistol in his bosom, and ciruitously proached as nearly as he could to the travellers. He listened with all the attention of deep anxiety, and the sharpness of a practised ear.

First one of the men approached the door, and having opened it gently, placed his foot upon the iron step—a shriek announced the pres ence of a lady. Then there seemed some pleading upon the part of the man, and resistance on the part of the female, while gradually his action was becoming more animated, and his voice and some words were dis-tinctly audible. "Abourd," "attach-ment," "love," "force," and so on, came to the beggarman's ear, and seemed to shake him like shocks of a battery. Three times he had his pistol raised, and three times he looked towards the Clonmel road and lowered the deadly instrument.

"Fainn! ruddheen beg, fainn!"
d Shaun to himself: "wait said Shaun to himself; "wait-little—wait! Oh! your hot blood-

your hot blood!" he said The man who had been importun ing and threatening called his com-panion, who took his place at the carriage door, and himself proceeded up the road to the cottage. Shaun nade good use of his time in finding a sheltered nook in a commanding lace, and deliberately examined his priming, putting the pistol on full

"I am the hand of justice!" im-piously Shaun said; "I am the hand of justice, [an' I'll sthrike! Virgin Mother, guide me!" he said to him

All this time there was an oc sional sob, but no shriek.

"Brave colleen!" said Shaun. There was heard a low whistle-

ery, very low. "Thrue to the last!" said Shaun when he heard the whistle: "thrue to the last! God bless your purty mouth, avic!"

And now coming from the cottage vere seen a woman and two men. They all came rapidly, but a strange female and the man who had been with the carriage. On approaching, this last appeared well, nay, fashionably dressed. He ran-in evident perturbation he flung himself at the

carriage door; it swung open, and he put in his head; there was a violent shriek and a struggle.

"Mercy! mercy! Holy Mother of

God protect me!" cried the lady.
"This is all vain nonsense," cried This is all vain nonsense," the aggressor; "resistance is out of the question. Though I die, you are

mine "Sha!" said Shaun, covering him with the pistol. "We'll see, agra!" continued the beggarman, presenting

his arm, and looking like a statue in the moonlight—he was so fixed. Just then two men crept in beside him. "Weng'em," said one, in a low whisper.
"Welcome!" answered Shaun, just

Then the attention of all wa directed towards the entrance to the borheen." One of the first two men got into the carriage; the welldressed man remained outside; there was a scuffle; shriek upon shriek of agony awakened the echoes of every hill around; the subdued curse—the confusion- the tramp-the rearing of the horses—the going to and fro of the coach, and the cries of the new come woman and boy were frightful beyond imagination. In the midst of all, the well dressed man thrust in his arms and tore the lady half out

of the carriage.

The shricking was incessant; the struggle was one of life and death the ravisher's left arm was round the lady's waist; the right was stretched out, crying to the woman of the cot-tage for a handkerchief; at the same noment, the captive was almost en tirely drawn forth, the woman of the ottage standing behind her.

"In the name o' the God o' justice! aid Shaun. There was a flash-a report-and ying on the ground, his right arm shattered to pieces, and himself senseless with fear and pain, was Mr.

James Boran! The lily o' the valley!" said Shaun, whispering into her ear; "your mother Mary heard you, ma

anav (my child)' said Ailey Moore. You!" thanks to the great God!" Shaun," murmured Eddy Browne.

Shaun caught the hawk !"
The two men had long fled, and the unfortunate postillion was on his knees declaiming about his innocence, and asking mercy. Boran lay still, apparently insensible. "I think I'd better hae warned the

ward," said a tall young man, laugh "You'll go with this good woman

p'leece." said Mr. McCann.

for the night," said Shaun, addressing Ailey.
"The pale woman," said Eddy.

"With her!" said Ailey.
"Shaun has her here to meet you, whispered Eddy in Ailey's ear.
Ailey saw with a glance. Shaun had discovered the conspiracy—had made Mrs. Colman engage "to keep a young lady for a few days," and had allowed the whole process of

abduction to be performed.
"But my father!" cried Ailey. He's warned not to expect you to-night," answered Shaun. Boran

"Help him into the carriage," said Shaun; "we'll be merciful even to him. Oh, you cabbige lafe sowl'd spalpeen, thit ought to know me! and he stooped to his ear. murdherer—you chate — you sidhu-cer!' whispered the beggarman. Yer caught, ain't you?"

The pale woman approached.
"Mrs. Colman," continued Shaun thank the great God that he's not your daughter's husband.

Ailey looked astounded Your daughter?" she asked. "Was your servant, Miss Ailey,

My God!" exclaimed Ailey. "God is just." said the beggarman And Shaun a Dherk!" said little Eddy.

Ailey went to Mrs. Colman's Shaun went to look for his wearing apparel; Mr. James Boran was car ried to meet the police-he was in the possession of the tall young man; and Eddy was laughing vociferously at "what a likeness owld Nick's son would make agin Master Gerald at

This was the fact announced to Nick Boran, senior, and Nick Boran, junior, on their return from Kinms carra Hall.

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TWO ACTRESSES

A TRUE STORY

Rev. Richard W. Alexander in The Mis The other evening, a priest of my acquaintance called for a social visit and as he was obliged to leave early I took my hat and went a short di tance with him. The night was fine. and the moonlight beautiful.

Our conversation turned on the conversion of the famous theatrical manager, Henry E. Abbey, who was attracted to the Church first by noticing the clear, business-like methods of her beliefs, especially by the system and order evidenced in her mission-work: "No faltering, no doubting; she speaks with authority and no unbiased mind can fail to be

convinced of her truth !" "Speaking of the stage," said my companion, "let me tell you a story of another member of the stage fraternity, who was convinced of the truths of religion, by watching the results of believing them, in others."

"By all means," I replied, "go ahead with it!" "Well, it came about this way. One of our Fathers gave a mission in certain city about five years ago. As he is one of the ablest and most

Church was overcrowded every night. The end of the mission came, and the final sermon was on the Sacrifice of Christ on Calvary and the all-powerful efficacy of the Mass. It was master-piece, and the people, deeply impressed with the magnificent ex-planation and appeal to their souls, filed slowly out of the Church, while the priest remained a few moments

the sacristy.
'As he stood there, a young lady of great beauty and distinguished ap pearance presented herself at the door. She advanced at once to the Missionary, and said: 'Father, I would like you to say a Mass for me, but,' she added doubtfully, 'I am not even a Catholic, and I am an actress will that make any difference?

Certainly not, my child," said the priest, moving towards a chair, 'of 'He turned, but the lady ne-with a scarcely audible, thank you !'

"True to his promise, the pries said the Mass for the mysterious lady, thought of the matter a good deal, and then, because other important things claimed his attention

forgot all about it. Four eyears passed. This good Father had given many missions, and travelled many hundreds of miles. At a long distance from the city where he met this lady, he arrived late one evening at another city where he was to give a Retreat. With the usual crowd he passed out of the railroad station, and made his way to the Church where he was due that night. He was a complete stranger in the city. He delivered his opening sermon, and then re-

The next morning after his Mass at 7:30, the porter informed him that a lady was waiting in the parlor, most anxious to see him. 'It must be a mistake," he said. 'I

have no acquaintances here.'
"But being assured that there was for he had no time to lose. The moment he opened the door he recog nized the lady whom he had me four years before in the city of Xhundreds of miles away, and who had asked him to say a Mass for her. He was amazed, remembering that she was an actress, and a non-Cath-

olic.
"'I ask your pardon, Father, for troubling you so very early, she said; I saw you and recognized you in the train last evening, and heard that you came here to this Church. Fearing I would miss you, I made an early start. Can you spare me a few moments, Father? I have something to tell you, that I can tell no

'For anything connected with his priestly duty, a priest simply has to have time, said the Father, motioning her to a chair, while he seated

"'I thank you, Father,' said the lady. 'I have been an actress for a number of years, and I have made a splendid success in my art. I was a member of the opera in the city where you preached that mission four years ago, and I am the star of the principal theatre in this city. I need not tell you my name, nor that no one knows or believes that I would ever come to see a priest. I have everything a human heart can long for ; youth, wealth, praise, love. Yet I am not happy. I have felt a longing for something, I know not what, for a long time past. I have no religion, and I have been looking among my companions of the stage, curious to learn their inward thoughts. They live like I do, en joying travel, change, excitement, the too-free-and-easy life of the stage fraternity. But in all these past years I have found but one who happy. This is a young girl beginning her actress career at the foot of the ladder, so to speak. One day I talked to her quite while, and I asked her if she really had a happy heart. Her smile so sincere that I could not doubt her words. But I watched her, pried into her conduct day and night, and soon learned that she lived a retired life, compared with ours. She did not attend our frequent, and sometimes unseemly and wild orgies after a season of success, although she was a lovely, kind hearted, heautiful girl. I also found out that although she had many many male admirers, she kept them at a distance. Then little by little I became aware that her life was one of absolute purity word and deed, and I felt that I could bear no comparisons with her. learned that she was religious, and I determined to find out what was the religion that kept her like a lily in the midst of dissipation. When I

next saw her, after many hours of thought about it, I said to her: "'You are very correct, and re-served. Is it because of your religion? What is it?'

"'I am a Catholic, Madam,' was her reply; 'I attend to the duties of my Church, and this is my salvation and my happiness.'

"'I thought over her answer, and determined I would find out something about this Catholic religion Your mission was going on at the time, and I knew the Catholic Church where you preached, Father, so I slipped away one night from my went right over to the Church where you preached. Unfortunately it was the conclusion of the mission, so had no chance to profit by it. But I listened breathlessly to all you said about the great Sacrifice of the Altar. and the thought entered my mind that perhaps you could say for me-the great effects of which you so masterfully explained, and so warmly recommended to the Catholic powerful preachers we have, the people. Frightened at my boldness.

went to the sacristy where I was directed to find you, and asked you to say Mass. Do you remember?' I had listened without a word to this outpouring from a soul whose sincerity I left, and who was drawn to God by all the magnetism of His Divine Heart. I looked at the speaker. She was a noble looking woman, still

easy distinguished manners that are given to all whose stage career is 'Do I remember ? my child.' I said heartily. "I remember distinct-ly. And I said the Mass for you next For a long time I remembered

young, and attractive, and of those

you, and then-'And then,' she interrupted, 'you naturally forgot all about it. Well, that is not all. The good God did not forget. Not a day has passed in all these years that something did not impel me to pray in my own way that I might see you again. prayer has been heard, and here I am ask you to give me instruction, and receive me into that Church which is so Godlike in its pure and holy doc-

trines.' My heart overflowed with joy, and at once I began to instruct and pre-pare this chosen soul for reception into the Catholic Church. Although she had never received religious in struction, the task was not hard Her native intelligence, her quick apprehension, and above all her intense desire, made the work easy Before I left the place I had the hap piness of baptising her, of giving her the sacraments, and of placing her on the road to a holy Catholic life. She continued in her profession, and has continued to be successful in it. But with success generally comes a sacrifice; and God required it, not from her, apparently, but from an

"A year later I was in anothe city, giving a mission in a certain parish. The pastor, during conversation, spoke of his visits to a hospital nearby, and of a young woman who had been crippled by an unfor tunate fall.

She is a marvel of patience and intelligence,' he said, 'and although she can move only on crutches, she s the life of the place. Sometimes when the convalescents are mood or discouraged, she gets up a little Punch and Judy' show, or helps the you could meet her.' My curiosity was aroused, and

went to the hospital. I asked the good Sisters about this patient. At once they beamed with pleasure, and launched forth into eulogies of praise. They led me to the conva-lescent ward, and I saw in the distance a young woman seated in the midst of a little crowd, which parted as I approached. She smiled with-out the least embarrassment, and pointed to her crutches:

These woodenefriends of mine, Father, must be my apology for not rising, she said with a charming 'but I know you are Fathe So and So. I have seen you often,

and have heard much of you, too.' "She had the face of an angel with fair hair, and eyes like heavens. I stared at her for a mo ment, I was so amazed. The other patients had slipped away, and the me a chair. I found that we were

'You have seen and heard of me before?' I said, in surprise. my child? And you know my name?

She folded her hands, which were very white and shapely, and with a beautiful smile on her face, she was silent for a moment. The act and the silence, suggested something could not grasp at once, and then like a flash it occurred to me-Have you ever been on

stage? Yes, Father.'

"'How does it happen that you are here?"
"I knew one of my fellow actresses

was in danger, and in saving her I myself fell; I shall never be better, was the quiet answer. My heart went out to her in pity —so young, so beautiful, perhaps a long life before her, and her lower

limbs useless. She read my face, and answered my thoughts. You are sorry for me, Father. Well, do not pity me. I am very happy now. Being poor, I had no place to go, until these dear Sisters offered me a home in this hospital. And once, some years ago, I offered myself to God if He would bring to the faith a noble woman, also an actress, who is now, thanks be to His mercy, a fervent Catholic. But I did not think then it would be this kind of an offering-a cripple for life But I am satisfied and happy, for she can do much in her art, much better

than I could with my poor talents. A light broke upon me: 'It is Madam X—!' I said. 'I baptised h and received her into the Church!' "'Yes, Father. She told me all about it,' said the cripple, fervently. And you are the girl whose life behind the scenes won her to the faith! And I find you here, in this

condition! " 'Yes, Father. I am the poor girl she condescended to say was the first cause of her conversion. I shall never forget her kindness and graci ousness.

"'But how is it you are here Why has she not helped you?

"' She has helped me, Father. She does not know how my accident hap pened. She was far away, in a dis tant city. She only knows I have re tired from the stage, and am ill. She would do anything for me, she

said.'
"'How did the accident happen? I continued.
"'A trap-door was open behind

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