

AN IRISH BRUTUS

[BY E. P. STANTON.]

(From Walsh's Magazine, Toronto.)

Recently looking over some old photographs, the writer paused at one which, from the strangeness of its subject, suggested a history. It represents an old building of the Spanish style, on a certain street in the "Cite of the Tribes." A mural inscription immediately over the conventional symbols of death records that:

"This ancient memorial of the story and unbending justice of the Chief Magistrate of this city, James Lynch Fitzstephen, elected Mayor A.D. 1493, who condemned and executed his own guilty son, Walter, on this spot, has been restored to this, its ancient site, A.D. 1854, with the approval of the Town Commissioners, by their chairman, V. Rev. Peter Daly, P.P., Vicar of St. Nicholas."

Four centuries, with their wear and change, have run by since the event thus chronicled took its place in Irish history. The year of its occurrence, as the reader knows, belongs to the reign of Henry VII. A new continent had only just been given to the knowledge and possession of the world by the intrepid Columbus. Maritime and commercial enterprise were unusually active. Scarce a British or Irish port of any consequence that did not send out its daring seamen, for like distance, the unknown, and untried "lent enchantment to the view." There were rovers on all seas; the argus-eyed coast-guard and ganger were yet to emerge from the mist of a distant future; and piracy, as well as legitimate adventure, promised tempting results. But apart from this random traffic, there had sprung up a large and systematic trade between certain ports in Ireland and Spain. Notably was this the case between Galway and Cadiz. To the present day the effects of this intercourse are visible—at any rate in the former city. Not a few buildings there bear evidence of Spanish influence. Of these "Lynch's Castle," on a leading thoroughfare, is, perhaps, the most prominent example. Writers have commented upon the swartly complexion and mobile features to be met with particularly in the Claddagh—that marine suburb of Galway—and which so readily recall sunny Spain. In dress, manners and those minor but telling characteristics of a people, students of chronology have observed a blending of the two races. Hymen followed in the wake of commerce.

But to our story. James Lynch Fitzstephen (otherwise, James, son of Stephen Lynch) was, as the memorial relates, elected Mayor of Galway in 1493. He was one of its principal merchants and most respected citizens. His family had been distinguished in Church and State. The religious foundations due to its liberality and piety are still in evidence, and in the long roll of those who have filled the office of chief magistrate, the name of Lynch is the most frequently met with of any of the tribal names. It was a Lynch who in 1484 procured the charter of Richard III for the election of the first mayor of Galway and whose son (Stephen), about the same period, obtained the bull of Innocent VIII establishing the warlike office—an office possessing considerable jurisdiction in matters ecclesiastical. Thomas Lynch was mayor of Galway in 1654 when the Cromwellian forces took possession of the town.

His predecessor of 1493, even before the tragic event with which his name is associated, was a man of mark. From youth he had been distinguished by a love of justice. No Roman law maker ever kept a higher standard than he. Strictly honorable in his dealings; austere in his judgments and inflexible in their execution, even when his own interests were involved, he was yet popular and respected to a degree bordering on reverence. He had married into the Blake family—a tribal name like his own; and thus cemented two of the strongest local influences. As an enterprising merchant and a public-spirited citizen, he set the example of an extensive and lucrative trade with Spain. In order, it is said, to expand this he made, on one of his ships, a voyage to Cadiz. Whilst at that port he was most hospitably entertained at the house of Don Lorenzo Gomez, one of its leading merchants and an old commercial acquaintance. On his departure, native gratitude for the kindly treatment received prompted him to ask his host as a favor to allow the latter's son, a youth of nineteen, to accompany him to Ireland on a visit. To the delight of young Gomez, who with the natural longing of youth for strange scenes and distant prospects rejoiced at the opportunity thus offered of satisfying a heart wish, the invitation was accepted.

After an uneventful voyage the Mayor and his young friend arrived in Galway. The welcome extended to one who had come as the special guest of the chief magistrate was warm and wholehearted. From his host and hostess to the humblest person that trod the streets of the ancient town, he received the most courteous treatment.

A round of festivities and such entertainments as were peculiar to the age and at which he was regarded as the special guest, opened up for the young Spaniard a new world. Much, it is true, of what he saw was Cadiz in another form. But the system of government, the conditions of life that it helped so largely to mould, presented differences material and inexplicable. For instance, he could not understand the philosophy, if there were any, underlying the constant and irritating interference on the part of the military authorities with the transactions of ordinary business. The effect of this meaningless interposition pervaded everything.

But the social charm of the homes and gatherings to which, as the guest of the chief magistrate, he had been invited, was irresistible. For friend and companion he had the Mayor's only son—a youth of his own age—Bright, winning, commanding in his native city a popularity rare for one of his years, was Walter Lynch. There was a touch of warwardness in his nature, to which an impetuous though kindly temper lent a

sinister factor; but this was overlooked by those who came within the influence of his magnetic personality. At his first meeting with young Gomez he conceived a liking for him that was almost fraternal and which was cordially reciprocated. Besides an equality in years, their tastes and aspirations ran on the same lines. Every attention that it was possible to show the visitor was cheerfully paid by the son of his host.

In one of those confidences which at an early stage of their friendship were so freely exchanged, Gomez was informed that, shortly previous to his arrival, Walter had become engaged to one of the most lovely girls of her day—the daughter of an old and wealthy family. The proposed alliance had met with the approval of the parents of both. Gomez was soon introduced to his friend's betrothed. He, at once, felt the influence of a beauty and goodness such as he had never seen. As the comrade of her future husband, Agnes (history withheld the surname) treated him with a marked and charming kindness, both at her own home and at those functions which the Mayor in honor of the stranger made more frequent and splendid than those it had been his practice to give.

Cloudless indeed were the days that the two youths spent together. When social claims left them free, a sail in the bay, or a ride on horseback through the country roads and lanes—now to Ardfoyle, where the influence of a royal post still lingered; again to Killocolgan Castle, whose graceful form on a bank of an armlet of the Atlantic was, for two centuries yet, destined to fling its imposing shadow on the land-locked tide before Luttrell came on his mission of spoliation. Or a gallop over that hilly and winding road which led into Duthidh Sheedough (Joyce Country) and Connemara, giving glorious glimpses of the blue Atlantic on whose landward skirts hang the islands of saintly Arran—the noblest breakwater in the world. Again in the light but tant crack on the Corrib to visit "Royal Eng." within the precincts of whose yet ruined abbey the last monarch of his country—gallant Roderick O'Connor—had found a fitting grave. To youthful enthusiasms, the past with its storehouse of legend, tradition and heroic example, appealed with special force. For such receptive minds as those of Lynch and Gomez, springing from a common Celtic stock, Ireland's early history, chequered but abounding in deeds of greatness, could furnish inspiring themes. And upon those two friends would dilate as they visited one historic spot after another of a district rich in associations and suggestiveness.

And thus time sped happily. These were halcyon days for native and foreigner—days, alas, too bright to endure, and fated to have a tragic close.

Unseen and unconsciously the demon of jealousy took possession of the heart of the husband as to son to be. Attentions and kindnesses as innocent in their motives as in their character were misconstrued. At one of those events which, as had become usual with her, the amiable and accomplished Agnes adorned by her presence, her accepted lover either saw or fancied he saw the eyes of his affianced bride beam with rapture on the young Spaniard. The incident, to a mind already smitten with Othello's madness, was as the setting of the lighted match to powder. For Walter Lynch the fairy spell was broken. His ardent nature took fire at the thought of being discarded for another; and its passions broke loose. Instead of asking his intended wife whether his doubts of her loyalty to their mutual pledge were the result of misapprehension or not, he seized the first opportunity to upbraid her for her inconstancy and in such terms as to render explanation fruitless, if not impossible. The not unnatural consequence was that she, astounded and hurt by the accusation, affected disdain and refused to deny a charge as groundless as it was wounding. What further passed between the suddenly estranged lovers bears out the belief that love turned to hate is the blindest of all hates. Though affection one for the other had in no

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 927. SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Marceline Monette, of the City and District of Montreal, has, this day, instituted an action in separation as to property against her husband, Jean-Baptiste Constantineau, of the same place. Montreal, 10th March, 1896. SAINT-PIERRE, PELLISSIER & WILSON, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

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sense slackened and both were faithful to their troth, the one became the slave of jealousy, the other of pride. They parted in anger, and, what was worse, in a misunderstanding destined not only to be hopeless but fatal.

While forlorn Agnes, smarting from the insult thus received, retired to weep over her wrong and the claims of a wounded self-esteem satisfied, to regret the pride that had prevented an explanation, her ill-starred lover, racked by the fiends and furies of the passion that had so completely possessed him, left her presence only to brood over his fancied grievances and revolve a project of revenge.

Accident rather than design soon enabled him to carry out his terrible purpose. The night after the stormy parting from his betrothed, he perceived, as he passed slowly and alone by her residence, a figure emerging from the familiar doorway. He paused to let it precede him on the opposite side of the street. The step, the carriage, the height proclaimed it to be Gomez, who, as it afterwards transpired, had spent the evening with Agnes' father—a gentleman who spoke Spanish fluently and courted the society of those who could converse with him in that language. This visit to the house of the beloved one, so soon after the rupture of which he assumed his unconscious rival must have been aware, had, in jaundiced eyes, an exaggerated significance. Beside himself with rage, he rushed across the street to assail Gomez, who, hearing the rapid steps behind him and in the darkness not recognizing his pursuer, ran to avoid an encounter with one who might have accomplices. From his imperfect knowledge of some of the streets, he led towards a solitary quarter of the town in the vicinity of the strand, but before reaching the water's edge he heard a voice hoarse with passion, yet strangely familiar, call out, "Stop, traitor, and draw; you cannot escape this!"

Puzzled, first, at the tone in which the challenge was given, then the fire of his Spanish nature in a blaze at the insulting epithet lunged at him, he drew his sword and turned upon his fierce pursuer. At the same moment, a swaying ship's light cast its beam on the face of his assailant. Livid and transformed with rage as were the features, yet Gomez instantly recognized him. It was none other than his friend and comrade—now unaccountably changed into his avowed enemy—Walter Lynch! But there was no time to express surprise or ask for explanation, for the Galwegian wildly crying out, "Take that for treachery and abused hospitality," made a fearful lunge at him with his sword. Agitated as Gomez was by the suddenness and ferocity of the attack, he showed his skill as a fencer in dexterously parrying the thrust. Loath as he was to think it, he yet felt that there was now nothing for it but a duel to the death. Lynch, on his side, although not a tyro at the sword and having the advantage of the aggressor, was notwithstanding in his worst form. Passion, which shook his every nerve, had deprived him of that self-possession and sureness of eye so essential in consummate fencing. Many of his thrusts fell wide of the mark. A cut on the sword-arm, however, brought him somewhat to his senses, and thenceforward lunge and parry were executed with his usual skill. The spot on which the combat took place was a lonely one, just between the dock and the last house on the straggling street which, occupied exclusively by families of fishermen, terminated only a few yards from high-water mark. At night, particularly if the hour was advanced as it was when young Gomez took leave of his hospitable host,—this street, unlighted save by the stray beams from the beacon of some vessel lying at the dock a couple of hundred yards away, was deserted, being from the brawls among sailors returning to their ships at night, considered unsafe. Hence it happened that there were no eye-witnesses of the duel. In the dark of a starless sky and out of hearing of the nearest human beings, the blades flashed, met and struck out the sparks of their finely tempered steel. The pace of the combat was so rapid and its nature so desperate that scarce a word was exchanged during its progress. Its termination was as abrupt as was its start. Lynch had barely parried a thrust which had reached its mark would have pierced his heart. The check, quick and unlooked-for, put his adversary slightly off his guard. It was a surprise which proved fatal, for it gave Lynch an opening of which he impudently availed himself. Following up the check with the rapidity of lightning, he made a pass and sent his blade through the Spaniard's body.

For one indescribable moment all was mad confusion and bewilderment in the brain of the hapless victim. Then, the naked heinousness of his act stood out before him. It was murder, foul, unnatural and cruel. In it he beheld hostility outraged, and that in a land in which hospitality had become a national virtue. Then, as so often happens in the reaction after some terrible excitement, the cold, clear light of truth broke in upon his recovered senses, and he saw not only the fatal folly but the absolute groundlessness of his jealousy. At the sight of the prostrate figure on the strand before him the scales of blinding passion dropped from his eyes, and unutterable grief and shame filled his soul. Flinging his sword into the rising tide, he threw himself on his knees beside his wounded friend in the wild hope that life had not yet fled. But on feeling

heart and pulse he could detect only their last beat and flutter. The wound, alas, was mortal.

For several minutes the self-deceived lover paced the strand now in hot tears, giving vent to the grief and remorse that racked him, again picking up, as he did more than once, the sword of his dead friend to put an end to his own miserable existence. But with the first recoil from the thought of self-destruction, came a passionate longing for life.

What to do or whither to turn the steps of the fugitive he was unable to determine. The tide was fast coming in, its silver hem on the dark strand drawing nearer and nearer to the motionless body that lay all unconscious of its approach. What to do with the body was a thought which, since tears and bewailings had expended themselves, had more than once crossed the mind of the rash and wretched murderer. The rising tide seemed to answer that question; in a brief space it would carry away the ghastly evidence of his guilt; and vain hope whispered that with his secret locked close in the arms of the Atlantic, he was safe. And so passively regarding the dwindling strand as the swelling tide closed in upon it, touched the remains of poor Gomez, and soon caught them in its giant embrace, he turned his face away from the fateful scene and made for the fastnesses of Connemara. There, he thought, in that profound solitude where there were scores of retreats inaccessible to law, and amid a people who, although inhabiting the same country, were cut off from the "Tribes" of governing families of the city by a line of cleavage as marked as that between countries under different crowns, he might spend weeks until chance would throw in his way some barque bound for other lands.

All night he walked, reckless of the rough road, the boulders against which his feet struck, or the exact point at which he was to lie in concealment. His only concern now was to get farther and farther away from the ofling in which he had left the blood-stained corpse of his murdered friend—from the vision of that swartly but comely face, the glitter of those piercing eyes, the gleam of those white teeth set in the agony of death. More than once, it is true, he turned to go back and confess his crime. But the contrary impulse, to press onward and escape, prevailed.

Crossing the primitive bridge that spans the stream in the rugged and broad valley of Kilmore, he seemed for the first time to take cognizance of his surroundings. The day was breaking and the first rays of an October sun, as they pierced the clear, cool atmosphere, were lighting up the wooded slopes before him. Wild and stern they had looked before the moment previous; now reflecting the shining east, their more rugged and prominent features were softened, whilst the purple of the lower hills yet untouched by the god of day stood out in contrast to the deep blue of the ocean at their base. Out at sea could be discerned here and there a pookawn (fishing smack) returning with the night's catch. The dark low line to the west was one of the Aran islands, sacred to the memory of that saint and his disciples whose lives and life-work have made those western outposts of Erin glow with a splendor that has not yet faded. South across the bay, and where a dark precipitous mass loomed out of the deep with a white line of foam at its base, the cliffs of Moher marked the boldest of the headlands of Clare. The road that the fugitive followed was at this early hour deserted. The sheelings and the few more pretentious dwellings of the peasantry showed as yet no stir or sign of life. Except the tired boatmen coming back from the night's hard work at net or trawl not a soul was in sight. Peace was abroad and everywhere but in the guilt-laden conscience of him whom the dawn had found thus—the slayer of his friend. In a hazel copse hard by his path, where the October blast had shaken from their stems nut and berry, the northern birds sang with morning spontaneity, tolerant of their less musical brethren as these set about the more prosaic task of breakfast. The peculiar cry of the mountain goat and the bleat of its young broke, but not harshly, the melody of the feathered songsters. Nature in her austere grandeur was here, and contact with her brought back to the lonely pedestrian some of the peace he had lost. For a brief space he felt her restorative touch, as an erring child the pardoning cares of its mother.

At more than one manor-house on his way he might have found welcome and refuge. For this was the country of the Blakes, the O'Flaherties, the Maryns, the O'Haras—all kindred of his. But the thought of home and of family ties only jarred upon him now and he shut it out as something he had forfeited and must never harbor more. Faces and scenes—those who would not know him or his guilty secret—must henceforth seek in the delusive hope of finding peace, or at least some anodyne for his pain.

Continuing his way, therefore, until the hour had called to their vocations the inmates of some cottage, he finally stopped at one, a little off the roadside and in the loneliest spot of a lonely district. From its chimney he had seen for some distance the thick pea-smoke curl into the clear atmosphere, and took it as evidence that people were astir. Knocking, he was invited to enter, and received with a "caed mille failthe"—the unfeeling Connemara greeting to the visitor. Observing the fatigued and travel-stained appearance of the new-comer, that he was bareheaded (for he had lost his hat on the strand during the fatal

struggle) and foot-sore, the occupants of the dwelling set about relieving his wants with that quick appreciation and silent sympathy which forms so beautiful a character of the Celt. The preparations for the frugal breakfast were at once revised for a more substantial repast. And what their unknown guest valued more, an instinctive delicacy on the part of the man of the house and his wife was manifested in the few questions they had addressed him as to his toilsome walk and the fatigue so visible in every line of his face. Neither by look nor enquiry was any curiosity exhibited as to the cause, and during his stay with this humble boatman and family the the same reserve was maintained.

Here, while we return to that city from whose gates crime had sent him forth a fugitive and an outlaw, shall we leave Walter Lynch, with the brand of Cain upon his brow and searing his conscience, trying to achieve the impossible—forgetfulness of the past.

(Conclusion in next issue.)

A ROSY FUTURE.

They were in the bell-tower of the City Hall, and she leaned her yellow-haired head on his agricultural shoulders and listened to the mighty "tick! tick! tick!" of the big clock.

"We don't want such a big clock as that, do we darling?" she whispered.

"No, my little daisy," he answered, as he hugged her a little closer; "I kin buy a clock for two dollars which'll run three days to this clock's two. I've got her picked out already!"

"We'll be very, very happy," she sighed.

"You bet we will! I've figured it right down fine, and I believe we can live on twelve eggs, one pound of sugar, ten pounds of flour, and one of butter."

"And you'll have a bank account," she pleaded.

"I will even if I have to buy a second hand one."

"And will we keep a coachman?"

"Yes."

"And have a piano?"

"Yes, darling."

"And I can have some square pillows with shams on them?"

"Yes, my (nip, yes; we'll sham every darned thing from a cellar to garret, have the front door painted blue, and but let's go'n look at some second-hand cook-stoves!"—Detroit Free Press.

THE DOGWOOD BLOSSOM.

Most persons think of the dogwood blossom as nearly or quite pure white, but now, in the earlier days of its development, a delicate rose pink, that later is almost lost in the plentiful snows of the full-blown flower, is the predominant color presented by the dogwood tree. This color remains at certain points in the blossom, but is insignificant in comparison with the broad expanse of white. The dogwood, which is none too plentiful in this region, seems to become scarcer year by year, doubtless because suburban residents ruthlessly carry off great branches in blossom time.

TREATMENT FOR THE EYES.

When the eyes ache close them for five minutes.

When they burn bathe them in water as hot as can be borne with a dash of witch hazel in it.

After weeping bathe them in rose water and lay a towel wet with rose water over them for five minutes.

When they are bloodshot sleep more.

When the whites are yellow and the pupils dull consult your doctor about your diet.

A CLUSTER OF GEMS.

"Pray, though the gift you ask for May never comfort your fears, May never repay your pleadings, Yet pray, and with hopeful tears; An answer, not that you long for, But diviner, will come one day, Your eyes are too dim to see it, Yet strive, and wait, and pray." —ADELAIDE PROCTER

"O Woman! in our hours of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, And variable as the shade, By the light quivering aspen made; When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou!" —SCOTT.

"This is truth the poet sings, That a sorrow's crown of sorrow Is remembering happier things." —TENNYSON.

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