

trout, and though unpretentious in its square construction was found comfortable by the occasional anglers who visited there in the fishing season. Peter Henry, its landlord, prospered in the services of Colonel O'Gara, first, as general stable boy, then as keeper, and finally as head gamekeeper, rent warmer and general estate bailiff. Having got into the confidence of his employer, and perhaps too deeply into his private affairs, while at the same time he became badly favored of the people, he had not much difficulty in getting possession of a derelict shooting lodge, which he converted into a hotel, posting establishment and public house.

It was as a public house that it thrived most. Its bar was the resort of several local notoriety of an evening when all district gossip and perhaps much politics from various points of view were keenly commented on and hotly discussed. The villagers who resorted there drank their stout quietly and listened. The influence of the place was against them, and the utterances of those who drank and became excited on the whiskey were calculated to raise their anger. The hangers-on of the castle were not slow to express the decided opinions they had learned from their master. But discretion choked their retorts; otherwise some very wordy wars, if not worse, would have been the consequences. In the result, the braggarts who paraded a contempt for the claims of the tenantry took the silence for cowardice, and opened their minds on their pretensions in a most aggravating manner. But the men were playing a deep game and forbore reprisals. At the same time they gleaned from the statements of the landlord hangers-on some grains of fact which they found useful in the battle they were waging for their lives and homes.

The bar of the hotel was at the side of the house farthest from the village, and a large window towards the back lighted it from without. When Della Doolan arrived at the hotel, this window was open, and she saw Henry within the bar in conversation with a police inspector and some other habitués of the place. Henry's back was towards her, and she hesitated to attract his attention lest she might be seen by the others, and at all hazards she could not have this. Bar "chaff" about such a visit paid in such a manner would be freely exaggerated against the character of a young girl. Yet she divined that there was some dangerous plot hatching in the village, and while she knew not what it was she apprehended terrible danger from the desperation that convulsed the people just now. If "Misther Henry" would only sit down in the chair by the open window. Would these men never cease talking to him?

She stood in terror of being discovered. She would be suspected of doing something that was calculated to thwart the efforts of the tenantry, and if she were found out! She shivered at the thought, and her heart beat wildly. At last the tippers moved to the end of the bar. Someone had entered. She leaned forward and peered round the huge box tree which sheltered her from view of those within. It was Colonel O'Gara himself—and out on such a night.

Henry turned towards the window to close it. Now was her time.

"Misther Henry," she called in an intense whisper.

Henry stooped through the open case-

ment.

"Who's there?" he asked quickly.

Della came forward.

"I want to speak to ye, Misther Henry," she said. "There's some danger on to-night. I dunno what it is—but the colonel is out—is in there, an' he has to get back to the castle; let him take care," and in a few minutes she was up in the fields behind her mother's cottage calling loudly on a belated and errant calf supposed to be wandering from its home.

"Well, Henry," cried Colonel O'Gara, "a stiff brandy and soda. I've been at thirsty work all the evening, instructing these stupid policemen how to behave themselves to-morrow. Our friend, the district inspector here, has a lot of dolts in his district. They are willing enough to talk and suggest, but there's no work in them, and, by Jove, there's work cut out for them. I say, give me a stiff, long drink. If they don't show these rascally scoundrels to-morrow that my will is law I'll report every man's son of them to the inspector-general."

"You seem—ah—to forget—ah," interrupted District-Inspector Harrison, twisting the end of a small moustache.

"You seem to forget, Colonel O'Gara, that thirteen families are to be evicted, and that we must endeavor—ah—to perform our duty with a due recognition of the necessity of preserving the peace—keeping back an excited multitude of people who are likely to assemble."

"Confound you, sir, and confound them," angrily interrupted the colonel. "Preservation of peace, indeed! Preservation of scoundrels! I'll have the commissioner down. He'll teach you to preserve the peace. Peace with whom?—with robbers, anarchists, revolutionists! Men who regard all contracts as naught! Men who shoot at you from behind a ditch—the cowards! What consideration should be shown to miscreants who will fire shots, miserable shots, from old blunderbusses into your house at night, while they are hidden in the dark outside. Why don't they meet you in the broad daylight—why are not they all hanged? What's the good of your constabulary? What are they fit for? Why—"

"But, colonel," meekly interrupted the district inspector, "we are inquiring into these outrages. We are on the track—"

"Track! and a long one it is, too. You'll never get to the end of it, and I and other law-abiding citizens, respectable members of the community, are to be shot in our own houses while you're on the track. Track, indeed!" and Colonel O'Gara, who had his stiff glass refilled stiffly again, laughed derisively.

"But, Colonel—" again interrupted Mr. Harrison.

"I want no buts, sir. Let the buts of your rifles fall on the ruffians; club them out of existence! What are you for? Why don't you protect the rights of property and the lives of property owners? Three times has my house been fired into, and no trace of the murderers discovered. What are you doing? A man who upholds the constitution is to have his life put in jeopardy, and his property confiscated while you lead lives of indolent ease at our expense—at our expense, mind you!" the colonel concluded.

"We have made all arrangements to help you to-morrow. We have a force of twenty men at hand," said the inspector, endeavoring to placate the irascible colonel, whose anger was rising under the pressure of the stiff brandies and sodas he had swallowed to alleviate the thirst engendered by his instructing the policemen in their work of the morrow.

"Twenty men! In the devil's name, what do you mean? Twenty men! Twenty flies you should say. Why, you stult, there will be twenty thousand murderers about. The whole barony will be there. Are you mad? Why—here, Henry, give me some ink and paper. I'll write to the commissioner. Get it sent at once. Saddle your fastest horse. Rushen is only seventeen miles from here. It's not 10 o'clock yet. The man will catch the commissioner before he goes to bed. He does not go to bed early. Anyhow he must know the state of affairs here. We cannot entrust our lives to the tenderness of this strippling. He must be got up. He must do his duty. He must, or by—I'll bring the castle down on him. Here give me the paper. Now you go and get the horse and the man—a trusty man mind you!"

Colonel O'Gara's flushed face threw out the strong whiteness of his hair and moustache. He stood up by the bar while writing to the commissioner, depicting in strong terms the serious danger that threatened them, all because he merely exercised his rights as a landowner to put out from their holdings those who would not pay him his rent. A large force of police was necessary to strike terror into the ruffians who dared to deny him his rights, and also to dismay the crowd of robber-sympathizers who would assemble to cheer the knaves who would despoil him of his birthright, his citizen right and his class right. The force should be on the ground early—or Dublin Castle would quake. The colonel looked not more than fifty years of age as his strong figure rose to its full length by the bar, his indignant thoughts straining his body to its full height of six feet two. While he wrote the inspector went out, and Henry returned. "Now, Henry, where's the messenger?" shouted the colonel. "Is he ready? Give me another drink."

"I'm sorry, Colonel," replied Henry, "qualifying before the blistering gaze of his master. 'I cannot find a man to be had. There's not a man to be had. I've—'

"What? No one to go! What do you mean, sir? No one! Then you must go yourself, at once."

"But, sir," pleaded Henry, "I—"

"But you must, and right off, too, or you'll get out of this forever. At once, I say. Go," and he handed Henry the letter.

"Well, sir, I must leave this place open till I cum back. I've no one to look after it. Can't I stay to close up?"

"No, by—Off you go at once. The place 'll mind itself. Or I'll stay to mind it. Leave all the lights up. Now go!"

And the clatter of a galloping horse soon told that Henry's material interest in the place was not to be measured by the injury that might accrue to his leaving his hotel open all night with a much-hated man alone in it, the only other occupant taken herself to bed. Henry had long since betaken herself to bed. Colonel O'Gara helped himself to another drink and sat down on a creaky chair. After a while his head dropped on his folded arms and he nodded. Two hours passed, and he started up from a troubled slumber. The great light in the place dazzled him. The intense silence around him. He called aloud:

"Henry! Henry, I say!"

No answer came. The stillness seemed to grow deeper. He called again. Still no answer.

He rose unsteadily on his legs and walked into the hall. The front door was wide open. He called again. No answer. He went to the door. The night was pitch dark. The light from the hotel only made the night blacker beyond.

Not a sound except a sibilant wind through the trees beside the police barrack over the way. Unsteadily still he descended the steps of the hotel and paused on the roadway. He called out again to anyone who might be within hearing. Only the sibilant wind replied. Unsteadily he crossed the road and beat a rat-a-tat on the barrack door. No one stirred. He beat and beat again with no result.

With imprecations on the vile laziness, treachery and incompetency of the policeman, all of whom, excited by the hints of danger set up by Della Doolan, and which had been duly conveyed to them, were out on special patrol in localities where they ex-

pected to find disturbers of the peace, Colonel O'Gara turned back towards the hotel. Pausing in the middle of the road, he observed a light in one of the cabins at the next end of the village. Unsteadily he proceeded towards it. How far it seemed to be away, and his unreliable steps did not seem to shorten the distance. Suddenly he found himself at a door, and knocked loudly with his stick.

"Is that you, Colonel? And, thin, what brought you this way this dark night?" exclaimed the surprised Roger Geary, as he opened his cabin door.

"Who are you?" sternly demanded O'Gara.

"Geary, Colonel! Roddy Geary."

"Oh, I know! That's you, is it? Well, I want to get home, and—I'm—depressed, you know. Come with me. Come on, my man."

Geary had been sitting by his fire thinking—thinking deeply, and all expectant. The loud knock at his door startled him. He was astonished on recognizing his visitor. He was simply dazed at his request. He, however, said nothing. He blew out his rushlight, and taking the colonel by the arm, proceeded down the village street some sixty yards, when perceiving a light in one of the cabin windows he knocked at the door of the house.

"Here, Thady," said he to Thady Byrne, when he opened the door, "the colonel wants to get home, an' as I'm goin' to the fair now, I cannot go further wid him."

Some forty yards lower down another light burned dimly in a cabin, and Thady Byrne, bringing the colonel much against his will up to the door, knocked.

"Tomas, agra," he said to a young giant, who stretched from the threshold to the lintel, as he opened the door, "I'm goin' to drive some sheep to the fair now, an' the colonel here wants some wain to lave him home, as he's lonesome."

"Tis a late hour to be goin' out," urged Thomas, eyeing the colonel up and down, who, perplexed by the shifting of his companions, said no more, but, confused by his potations, said nothing. "But, howsoever," added Thomas, after a pause, "I don't mind lavin' him a bit of the way."

"I'll warrant you now, colonel," said Thomas, as they approached another cabin with a light showing in its window, "that Patsy Herrick'll be goin' down to see his sick cow, and he'll be wid ye, so we best inquire." And Patsy Herrick, much surprised, was brought to his door.

"Now, colonel, jewel, we're at Murty Lenehan's. He's settin' up expectin' his son Mick back from Callan, an' I'm thinkin' a bit of a walk your way will relieve his legs," said Patsy Herrick, when they had gone a hundred yards.

"Why, I'm not a shuttlecock," protested Colonel O'Gara, "and you one-two-three-four-five—five battledores. What do you mean?"

"Only we are pressed, colonel, an' wan thinks the other better company for you, and you see we have to work night an' day, watch night and day. It's comin' near mornin' now, an' most av us men can't get to bed yet, an'—here's Murty."

"Well, now, sir," said Murty Lenehan, as they got outside the village, "av you don't mind I'll as Mike Heenan to walk a bit of the way wid ye. He's a bit of a scholar, and stays up o' nights readin' an' maybe a bit of fresh air won't do him any harm before he turns in."

"I was thinking," Mike, said Murty, when that worthy appeared, "that you wouldn't mind walkin' a bit av the way wid the colonel here, who's a bit lonesome on his way home."

"Well, an' troth I dislike goin' out much at this time o' night. But stay, I wanted to give Tim Dinneen a message to Luke Doyle at the fair, an' I might as well go up now."

There was no light in Dinneen's cabin, but Mike Hean's keen sight discerned the figure of a man leaning over the wall beside the byre in front.

"Tim, are ye there?" called Mike.

"Is that yerself, Mike," was the response.

"Ay! that's mesel', Tim. An' here's Colonel O'Gara here askin' for company on the way to the castle, the night's so dark an' his sight's so bad he'd like some wain to lead him the way; I'm expectin' Pether Lee on his way to the fair to bring a bundle to Bawnavann an' must go back to me house."

"Now, colonel, you're at home," said Tim Dinneen, as the door of Glen-cashel Castle was opened in response to his ring. "Good night."

"But you must have a drink before you go, and tell me why did so many see me home and why didn't one come all the way?"

The keen air of the night had restored Colonel O'Gara's senses considerably. He was much perplexed.

"A regular shuttlecock, and so many battledores," he ejaculated.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—seven guides. What does it mean, Dinneen? And what keeps you all up so late? Two o'clock it is now!"

"Well, colonel, you see we have to work, some of us night an' day, to make ends meet. You see 'tis hard times."

"Oh, I've heard that often, but come in and have a drink. I'm obliged to you for your kindness."

"No, thank you, colonel, I must be goin'." "I was expectin' Mart in Moran on his way to the fair. He was to do a little business for me."

"What does it all mean?" Colonel O'Gara asked himself, as he sat in his study sipping the hot coffee that had

been brought to him. And he pondered long.

The streaks of dawn broke faintly the eastern sky ere he rose from his chair. He thought for long. His thought deeply. His curious experience on a certain night set his mind turning in a direction it had never taken before. He rose with a sigh, and went out into the stable yard.

"Here, Doran," he cried to one of the stable boys, who was thus early at his work in the hunters' stall, "saddle a horse and come round by the front door in five minutes."

"Ride into Glen-cashel, and drop this note into the letter box of the police inspector, and then ride to the Cusheen and give this letter to Commissioner Godkin. You need not return until to-morrow evening. Give the horse a rest."

There was no evictions on the Rath-cashel estate that day.—The Irish People.

A NOTABLE CAREER.

Wonderful Life of Archbishop MacDonald, Metropolitan of Scotland.

A distinguished career characterized in an eminent degree by all those endearing virtues which tend to make an Archbishop the beloved of all his flock has just closed by the sad death of the Most Rev. Angus Macdonald, D.

Archbishop of St. Andrews and Edinburgh and Metropolitan of Scotland. On Sunday afternoon, April 29, at half past four o'clock, his Grace peacefully breathed his last after enduring with quiet and uncomplaining fortitude a most painful and trying illness of about three weeks' duration.

Archbishop Macdonald, it is interesting to learn, came of an old and distinguished Catholic Highland family, the Macdonalds of Glenaladale, who have been ever true to the Grand Old Faith of the land and whose fortunes were so closely associated with the cause of the ill-fated Stuarts. It was on the estate of Glenfinnan that Prince Charlie landed when he set out upon his ill-starred enterprise, and it was an ancestor of Archbishop Macdonald—Bishop Macdonald, the then occupant of the See of Argyll and the Isles—though doubtful of the opportunities of the struggle, consecrated the young Prince's standard, and thus implicated himself in the destinies of the cause. When the English troops penetrated into the Western Highlands, Bishop Macdonald with his brother, the laird of Morar, Lord Lovat, and others, retired to the island in Loch Morar, and drew up all their boats, flattering themselves that the stay of the soldiers would be but of brief duration, and that they themselves would be safe in their island retreat until the departure of the invaders. Perceiving, however, that the soldiers were also provided with a boat, the fugitives prudently dispersed. Lord Lovat surrendered, and Bishop Macdonald fled to Paris.

Afterwards returning to Scotland, the Bishop was betrayed, and condemned to banishment for life; but the sentence was never carried into effect. A monument stands to this day to mark the spot whereupon the Prince unfurled his standard and the elder brother of the late Archbishop, Colonel Macdonald, C. B., formerly commandant of the Militia battalion of the Cameron Highlanders, is the present laird of Glenfinnan.

SPOKE GAELIC AS HIS MOTHER TONGUE.

It was accordingly a supreme satisfaction to Scottish Catholics to learn, about eight years ago, that a distinguished member of so old a Scottish family had been raised by the Vatican to the Metropolitan See of Scotland.

The death of Archbishop Macdonald, the youngest of three sons of the late Mr. Angus Macdonald of Glenaladale, the deceased Archbishop, was born at Bordonale, Invernesshire, on September 8, 1844. He received his ecclesiastical training in St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, where he proved a distinguished student in the philosophical and theological classes, and where he received the various orders up to the priesthood. After his mission was St. July, 1872, his first mission was St. Patrick's, Glasgow, where, by the assiduous and zealous discharge of his duties, he won the esteem of his superiors and of the dense population amongst whom he ministered. Speaking Gaelic as his mother tongue, and having already become an acknowledged authority on the literature of that language, it was only natural that when, in the course of a few years, the ministerial charge at Arisaig fell vacant by the death of Father Macintosh—himself a rather remarkable man in his way—Father Angus Macdonald should have been selected for the post. The energy with which he threw himself into the work among his Highland brethren in the new sphere marked out for him is still gratefully remembered in the locality. But early preferment awaited him.

HIS APPOINTMENT TO THE SEE OF ARGYLL AND THE ISLES.

The old Scottish hierarchy was re-established or restored in May, 1878, and among all the appointments to which the new order of things gave rise, it was acknowledged that there was none more appropriate than the elevation of Father Macdonald, of Arisaig, to the See of Argyll and the Isles, which his ancestor had held more than a century and a quarter previously. Under his fostering oversight the Catholic body made substantial progress, and chapels and schools grew up in localities where the like had not been seen for centuries. His unobtrusive manner and his unselfish devotion to his work earned the admiration even of those who did not own his spiritual sway; and it has been said that he often overtaxed his physical powers by the long and arduous journeys by land and sea which he was accustomed to

undertake in all weathers from Oban, his headquarters, in order to visit even the most outlying parts of his scattered diocese. Self-sacrifice seemed to be the guiding principle of all his actions. His intimate friends used to say of him that he never accepted any gift or present for his own use; he always knew some one who was "just in need of that sort of thing."

MADE ARCHBISHOP OF EDINBURGH EIGHT YEARS AGO.

When the Archbishopric of St. Andrews and Edinburgh fell vacant by the death of Archbishop Smith, the Holy See went very deliberately about the appointment of his successor, and it was generally supposed at the time that the delay in filling the vacancy was due to the adjustment of certain financial questions, as between diocese and diocese, which were then understood to be pending before the ecclesiastical authorities. When at length it transpired that the Vatican had decided to bestow the vacant pallium upon the Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, it was felt that the decision was beyond cavil. In St. Mary's Cathedral, Broughton street, Edinburgh, on the 25th of August, 1892, he took formal possession of his new See, and was invested with the pallium; the badge of archiepiscopal dignity. How he discharged the duties of his high office from that day until laid aside by the illness which has now terminated fatally is the knowledge of the entire Catholic body in Scotland.

AN ADMINISTRATOR OF THE HIGHEST ORDER.

Though he adorned his office, he was no mere ornamental ecclesiastic. He was essentially a man of business. His gifts lay not so much in pulpit eloquence as in the zealous and impartial administration of the important interests committed to his care. The sermons he preached were practical and businesslike, with a minimum of rhetoric and a maximum of "Ten Commandments. His tact and his evenness of temper could not fail to be remarked by all who were brought into direct relations with him, and they secured a successful issue to many an administrative difficulty that at first sight seemed well-nigh insuperable. No ecclesiastic could have been more accessible to his flock than he was. All knew him, as it were, personally, and the very humblest member of the community over whom he ruled had as much attention and courtesy from him as had those of the highest social standing.

A CHOICE SCHOLAR.

As a Gaelic scholar he had, as has already been remarked, a considerable reputation, and he was one of the distinguished company which entertained the late Professor Blackie to dinner in celebration of the foundation of the Celtic Chair in Edinburgh University. Of written English, too, he had a fine command, his pastoral letters being models of style. His death is not only a loss to the Catholic Church in Scotland, but is in the nature of a personal loss to every member of his flock who ever came into contact with him. Beyond the pale of the Church Archbishop Macdonald had also many friends, who admired and loved the man for his gentle manners and saintly life, and for the unselfish devotion to his work which his friends knew was the spirit that animated all his actions.

HIS VALUABLE MISSIONARY LABORS IN THE WESTERN ISLES.

This sketch of the late Metropolitan would be far from complete if it did not enlarge a little on the wonderful missionary work of his life in the Western Hebrides while Bishop of Argyll and the Isles. Having his principal residence in Oban, Loy the House, which he purchased from Oban Jesuit Fathers, who retired from Oban on Bishop Macdonald's accession to the Western See, His Lordship spent a great deal of his time on the water, and was often to be met with on steam

Freemant Thrifty got the idea that if he could keep a horse without the cost of feeding, it would be a great economy, so he reduced the horse's food a little every day. Unfortunately, just as the experiment promised to succeed, the horse laid down and died. Farmer Hard-sense says Farmer Thrifty was a fool. But there are people as much worse

than old Thrifty as it is more foolish to work your own body under starvation conditions, than your horse's. But every farmer has plenty to eat. Yes, but it isn't what is eaten, it is what nourishment is obtained from food that decides the question of starvation. It wouldn't do the farmer any good to run a stack of wheat through a thrashing machine which was so out of gear that it didn't get the grain out of one head of wheat in fifty. That's just the way with the disordered stomach. It doesn't get the good out of the food that is eaten.

There is no medicine will so quickly act on the organs of digestion and nutrition, and put the stomach in perfect working order, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It makes pure blood, and rich blood, and puts the body on a plane of perfect health.

I suffered for six years with constipation and indigestion, during which time I employed physicians, but they could not reach my case. writes Mr. G. Poppewell, of Borden Springs, Carroll Co., Arkansas. "I felt there was no help for me. Two years ago I commenced taking Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and little 'pellets' and improved from the start. I am now in good health."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets keep the bowels healthy.

ers plying among the Western Islands, which were largely inhabited by his scattered flock. In these islands the late Prelate, as Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, was instrumental in making the local school boards adaptable to the Catholic faith, having Catholic teachers appointed to the board schools. During his episcopacy in the Isles splendid churches and excellent chapels were built at Benbecula, Castlebay, Eriskay, Beoraid in Morar, as well as in Inverie, Kynodart. The late Prelate was a magnificent organizer, and was universally beloved by all his priests and people in the Western Isles, where the sad news of his lamented death has occasioned sorrow the most profound and widespread. The Highland heart to day mourns as no other heart can the demise of Archbishop Macdonald.

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