'bis rainin' he ordhers 'em out for a ride. 'That's delightful!' he says by the men. 'Hang the piaties!' If bain't gettin' light I do'n know what to make of it. I suppose we must only do his biddin'.'

Some drops were just beginning to fall as Mr. O'Leary and his faithful "Will you bring the umbrella

inquired Nash, as they were shout leaving the hall-door. No. that would never do.

'Tis goin' to rain sir.' So much the better.' Nash opened his mouth as if to let

his astonishment come forth.
"Wouldn't you take a cloak or a cat itself, masther, sech a day as No, no, 'twould never answer."

The lord betune uz and harm! A why so, master ?"
Wonder, Tom, is the child of igmerance, and experience the fruit of time. Be patient, therefore, and

sentent yourself with doing as you ere directed.' They rode on for something more than half a mile, at the termination which space the rain began to fall in torrents. Mr. O'Leary now quick-ened his pace, and Nash followed his

example, but their speed did not Nash, who really feared that the antive'll be dhrowned this way. Youldn't it be betther turn into some

"I hinted to you, Tom, that patience is the sister of content," re-Mied his master continuing his gallop. "Oh, bother to herself an' her the collar of his coat up under the less of his hat so as to prevent the water running down his neck, and fartifying, as well as he could, that side of his person on which the wind 'I never had such a ride in I wondher is he cracked in that I'm dhread what might happen to him, I'd be apt to let him folly his corse alone. This day flogs all I

After riding about a quarter of mile further, Mr. O'Leary suddenly pulled up his horse and said:

"Tom, isn't that the avenue leading to Mr. O'Connor's?"

" I think we might as well turn in nd ask for shelter there, until this

hower passes, at all events. "The lord be praised, he's comin' to again," Nash added to himself, as he alighted and opened the gate, They followed the windings of the path for nearly a quarter of an hour mid the wildest and barest scenery ed a cottage somewhat superior in appearance to the general description of farm houses in the country, with at least a sufficient degree of decoraion about the doors and windows, to compelled to be at all times toiling the spade or the plough-handle As the door, which was on that side of the house on which the wind did not then blow, stood open at the moment, our travellers alighted and entered the porch without ceremony Here they stood but a few moments when one of the side doors opened and a hale looking man of respect appearance presented himself the visitors. Mr. O'Leary before apologised for their intrusion, talked of the rain, and mentioned his name, the same time looking out and ex pressing a hope (which Nash could not help thinking either strangely in consistent, or very insincere), that it

"Mr. O'Leary!" exclaimed the host with an expression of great satisfac tion, "the very man of all others who should be most welcome to this house. I can assure you you are no stranger here. Many a time your dome in, come in. In the first place you'll stop and dine with us-that's settled—not a word now. Hallo!
Pat, take round those horses and see them well taken care of. But you

"Oh, 'tis nothing."

"Nothing? Why you couldn't do a worse thing than to sit in wet clothes—that and reading a wet newspaper. My poor father ought to know both, for he lost his eyes by one and his life by the other. The time of the election he used to be in such a hurry to learn the state of the poll, and to read the editor's remark's that he never would wait to dry the paper after taking it out of the cover. I used often say to him, 'now, father, mightn't you as well just hold it to the fire for a minute. You'll certain-ly lose your eyesight.' True for me. so he did. Come up stairs and change your clothes. Not a word now. I tell you 'tis madness not to Peg, tell Miss Moriarity that Mr. O'Leary is come to spend the day with us. Step into the kitchen my good friend, (addressing Nash) and warm yourself."

was no resisting, so that Mr. O'Leary abandoned himself into the hands of his host, and after the necessary change of attire, was by him conducted to the sitting-room where he found the antiquarian lady ready to receive him. To his surprise there was nothing at all extra-ordinary either in her manner or appearance, except thas she wore a profusion of very fine hair, which made some amends for a decidedly ordinary set of features. He had not however, much time to speculate on either, when the blunt and hospitable master of the mansion arose and said in his customary tone :-

Well, now, as I have a little busiss to do before dinner, and would

be only a blockhead in your company, I will leave you both to talk of all that took place before the flood and after, while I settle an account with one or two of my tenants in another room. Let me see now which of ve will puzzle the other."

One of the parties was already in this predicament. Mr. Tibbot O'Leary at this instant found himself in the condition of those unhappy in dividuals who rashly place themselves in situations for which they are wholly unfitted by nature, and only discover their want of capacity when it is too late to make a graceful retreat. Not a word had yet passed between them, he had merely bowed to the lady seven yards off on being introduced, when they were left, as

it were, caged together, with the pleasant consciousness that he was expected to entertain her. Had it been with a lioness, Tibbot O'Leary could not have felt a greater con fusion of mind. Being totally unused to anything like strange society, he never until this moment became ware of his failing. Miss Moriarity with a polite movement of the hand invited him to be seated. He placed himself in a chair with the utmost elerity, then after a few minutes. perceiving that the lady was yet standing, he sprung from his seat with the greatest embarrassment and bowed repeatedly by way of apology, without the power of uttering a syl-After a time both obtained chairs, but without seeming to have approached the nearer to anything like a sociable interchange of senti The longer the silence continued, the more difficult Mr. O'Leary found in breaking it, and yet the

more embarrassing it became. It was not that he had got nothing to say, the evil was, that a thousand things occurred to him, but all were rejected as unsatisfactory. The lady whether that she shared his awkwardness, or was resolved to enjoy it, was equally silent. At length when the chimney ornaments were beginning to dance before his eyes he ventured to stammer forth :-

"P—p—p—pray, ma'am, what is your opi—pi—pinion of the r—r—round towers?" 'I can hardly say," replied Miss

Moriarity, with a degree of ease which somewhat diminished the confusion of her visitor, "that I am satis-fied with any of the theories which have been broached upon that most interesting subject. Cambrensis calls them 'ecclesiastical towers,' with some probability. Lynch attri-butes them to the Danes, as does also Peter Walsh, who are followed by Ladwich and Molyneux, but then, as Harris very properly asks, if so Denmark? As to Dean Richardson's anchorites. I can hardly admit it when I know that history furnishe but one instance of a Stylite monk in Western Christendom, in the celebrated wood of Ardennes. Neither can I say that the ingenious but fanciful author of Collectanea de rebus Hibernicis has thoroughly convinced me, though I admit his con ecture to be plausible as his evi dences are ingenious."

During the delivery of his speech Mr. O'Leary gazed from side by side, ppened wide his eyelids in astonish and from time to time gradually moved his chair an inch or wo nearer to the speaker.

What a woman his own mind, and then added aloud: I cannot help thinking ma'am, that one who is so familiar with the theories of others, cannot but have formed some conjecture of her own ly occupied so much of her atten-

Why I cannot but say I have been hinking of it," said Miss Moriarity, though I have not yet ventured to mention it to any one, there is such danger of a person's being anticipated. However, for all I have heard of Mr. O'Leary I am sure he would be incapable of taking so unhandsome an advantage.
"Mr. O'Leary acknowledged the ex-

emption in his favour by a low bow, accompanied by a look of horror at

the very idea of such baseness.

"My idea, then, is, that they were built for none of the ends I have mentioned," said Miss Moriarity. You are aware that mankind have in all ages been remarkable for a love of the arduous, and that no pursuits have been carried on with greater zeal, expense, and persever-ance, than those which held out east hope of ever yielding any profitable result; and the most important practical discoveries in science have often been attained in the pursuit of some visionary and unattainable end. The search after the philosopher's stone led to the discovery of Glauber's salts—the study of judicial astrology produced those elaborate calculations in old times which are of such importance to the astron-- and the desire to effect a North-West passage conducted the voyages of England to the magnetic pole. Now my theory is, that some philanthropic patron of letters in old time, observing this disposition in his species, had those round towers built with no other view then that built with no other view than that they should exercise the research and ingenuity of the learned, in succeeding ages, and, by furnishing an in-scrutable subject of inquiry, perpetu-ate the study of Irish antiquities

through all succeeding time.' The astonishment and admiration of Mr. O'Leary had been reaching a re-awakened his original foible in climax during the delivery of this ingenious speech, at the conclusion | conversation ended; but for a long of which he again sprang from his seat, and seemed about to fling himself on his knees in an ecstacy of delight, but recollecting himself in extreme amiability of his helpmate

bow and remained in his chair. At the same instant the master of the mansion returned in time to prevent any repetition of such eestacies, and the conversion became more general and less abstruse. In some time after dinner was announced, and served up with a degree of comfort which made the recollection of his own solitary meals at Chore Abbey less tolerable in the comparison to Mr. O'Leary's inward eye, than they had hitherto been. The worthy farmer's family was numerous, and did cordial justice to the cheer which was set before them. After the cloth was removed, and grace said, Mr. O'Connor turned to his guest and made the following speech:

"I don't know, Mr. O'Leary whether you are a patron of thos modern fashions which they have be gun to introduce, such as not drink ng healths after dinner, bowing as if you had not a joint below the shoulder, and such like, out for our parts, we still keep up the good old customs here, and I hope you will have no objection to join us?"

"I can assure you, sir," said Mr O'Leary, with equal cordiality, "that I am no friend to modern innovations or creations, which very often savour more of self-sufficiency than of politeness. As the poet says :

We think our fathers fools so wise we grow,
Our younger sons no doubt will
think us so,

"Ah !" said Mr. O'Connor, shaking his head, "many a palmor those two lines cost me, when I used to write

them in my copy book at school." The glasses were now changed and the next ten minutes were occu pied with a confused babble of "Mrs O'Comor, your health," "Miss Mor-iarty," Miss O'Connor," "Mr. O'Con-nor," "Mrs. O'Leary," "Mr. O'Leary your health," and a perpetual duck-ing of about a dozen heads around the table, which would have had a somewhat comical appearance to any person not immediately interested

During their ride home, and for months after, Tom Nash observed ar extraordinary change in the deport ment of his master. He became more talkative than usual, began to show more solicitude about his dress, shaved every day, found fault with everything, staid little in his museum, talked much of repairs and alterations about the house, and acted on the whole, as if some strange influence was at work within his mind. At length the secret came out, one morning when Nash was in the act of carrying a bag of seed sets

into the back parlor.
"Tom," said Mr. O'Leary, "you must not put oats or potatoes into that parlor any more. "Why so, masther? what hurt is it

doin' there ?" 'No matter. She mightn't like

"Is it ould Nelly, sir?" "No, your mistress."
"My missiz!" Nash exclaimed,

dropping the bag of oats.
"Yes—didn't I tell you I am going to be married ?"

For nearly a quarter of an hour, the master and man remained gaz-ing in each other's countenances without uttering a syllable. At length, the latter found words to say in a tone of the profoundest sym

"The Lord preserve us, masther!"
"Amen, Tom!" sighed Mr. O'Leary, and not another sentence was ex-changed between them upon the subject, until Mrs. O'Leary, ci-devant Miss Moriarity, was introduced, amid resounded far and near, to the venerable mansion which. it was the owner's will and pleasure,

For a considerable time after his marriage, Nash observed nothing in the demeanour or conversation of his master which could lead him to suspect that he regretted the step which he had taken. Mrs. O'Leary was all that could be wished in ever respect, either by master or servant, and indeed it surprised Nash a great deal more than he cared to let Mr. O'Leary understand, how she came to be so easily satisfied. Matters continued in this even course until they received a second visit from Mr. Geoffrey Gunn, now "Counsellor Gunn, who, on hearing the humourous antiquarian repeat his happiness for the hundredth time exclaimed:

"I can tell you then, that if ladies are curious, they sometimes know how to keep a secret. Did you hear about Captain-— and his wife?'

'No-what of them?" "A most extraordinary story, they tell indeed. They had been living together in perfect harmony, it seems for more than twenty years, when she died, and it was for the first time discovered that she had exactly got two faces—one behind and one before."
"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr.

O'Leary. "It may be so," replied his friend. "I do not answer for the reality of

the story. "I know not how the truth may be

I say the tale, as 'twas said to me.' "If it be true," said Tibbot, " think the worst part of the affair was the keeping it concealed from her

husband.

As he said this, he could not help observing that his wife looked un-easy and confused, and a strange more than all its former force. The time after, Tibbot did not retain the untroubled peace of mind which had till now accompanied his steps.

made him uneasy to perceive that Mrs. O'Leary did not behave towards him with an equal absence of reserve. There was evidently some thing preying on her mind, and the more pains he took to remove every thing that could in the least degree interfere with her peace and comfort

the more she seemed to feel it. "I don't know what to do about it. Tom," he said, one day addressing Nash, who was the only person in whom he could repoise a confidence She scarcely eats a morsel, and instead of going off, as I thought it would, it is only growing worse and worse every day.

"Ah, murther," said Nash, "don't be vexin' yourself about it. You don't know the women. They'd keep on dyen' that way from the age of fifteen to a hundherd. The only way in the world is to let 'em alone an' ave 'em to themselves. The more notice that's tuk of em, the worse they gets. They don't know their selves what is it ails 'em half their time. Take it from me, 'tis never any good to be frettin', more especially if you lets 'em obsarve it.'

Mr. O'Leary adopted Tom's advice, and found his account in doing so. For a considerable time after, he observed that the less he appeared to the anxiety which preyed on Mrs. O'Leary's mind, the more visibly it diminished.

Years rolled away, and after a life spent in the most exemplary dis-charge of all her duties as a wife and mother, Mrs. O'Leary felt her death to be at hand. In disposing her mind with all the tranquillity which an untroubled conscience afforded. to enter on its final passage to a better world, her faithful spouse took notice that something of her long forgotten and mysterious melan choly, would occasionnally gloom upon her manner. At length, finding her end approach, she called him to her bedside, and after saving much to him in the way of consolation and advice, as to the care of the house and children, she added with an appearance of anxiety.

have now but one request to add. It is, that my head-dress, such as it is, be not removed after my death; that you will not yoursel uncover my head, nor suffer any one else to do so. I have a particular objection to it. Great and good minds, my dear Tibbot, are always superior to the mean vice of curiosity. I am sure I need say no more to you, except to add, that the injury will be your own, if you neglect to comply with this, my last injunction."

In the first access of sorrow, for the loss of so faithful and so amiable a partner, Mr. O'Leary found nothing very arduous in the accomplishment day, however, when nature had exhausted herself in fits of mourning, and intervals of quiet reflection would succeed the tumult of the widower's grief, he could not prevent the quesion repeatedly presenting itself to his mind—what in the world could be her motive for desiring that her head-dress might not be removed?

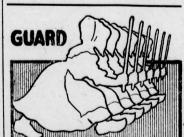
In palliation of any negligence. which the worthy antiquarian might have committed in resisting such suggestions, it should be remembered that a great portion of his life had been spent in researches, having chiefly for their end the gratification of that foible, on which his excellent wife in dying had imposed to grievcurring, and meeting at each fresh a fainter resistance, it obtained at length a complete mastery over his mind. It was in vain he thought of Blue Beard, and a thou sand other awful warnings of the kind. In the throes of his curiosity, desiring rather to gain an accomplice than a counsellor, he confided his agonies to Nash, and desired his

opinion.
"Be dis an' be dat," said Nash, who, in a matter which appeared to him indifferent on the score of morality, considered rather what would be agreeable to his master. that what was most in accordance with the laws of chivalric honordat I may never die in sin, but I'd have a dawny peep."
"But then her last words, Tom-

her dying wishes."

"Ayeh, sure see never'll know it."
"Well," said Mr. O'Leary much shocked, "I am sure you do not consider the meaning of what you say. I wish indeed she had never given such and injunction, for it is probable I never should have thought for a moment about her head-dress. Could I trust you, Tom, with what I suspect to be the true cause of her injunction ?"

"Could you thrust me, masther!"
"I believe I can. Well then, Tom,
I think the true reason is—" he
looked around, and then whispered



AGAINST DIRT IN HOME, OFFICE OR FACTORY Old Dutch Cleanser

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time, he drew back with a respectful had won all his confidence, but it in horrified accents in his ear-"that my wife had two faces."
"Erra, howl!"

"I often remarked some mystery about her on that point. However, I who have all my life been so free from this ridiculous foible, must not yield myself up to it now."

Wisha, the dear knows," said Nash, whose curiosity was now wound up to as high a pitch as that of his master, "I wouldn't have the laste scruple in life about it. If it was anything that would bring her any harm, or keep any good from her, the case would be different."

TO BE CONTINUED

OPPORTUNITIES

A TRUE STORY

By Rev. Richard W. Alexander in the How many ways there are of doing good! Opportunities lie around us ike snow flakes in a winter storm If we hesitate or ignore them they melt before our eyes and are gone forever, but if we gather them they are ours for all eternity.

A certain priest of my acquaintance is one of these men who never lets an opportunity pass. Filled with the apostolic spirit, he would secure Catholic newspapers and magazines in Polish, in Slavish, in Italian, in other languages as well as in English and engage a couple of boys to bring them along in his weekly visits to the City Hospital, where he would leave them in the wards or on the beds of the patients. Hurryin through, he only took time to say

everyone greeted him with kindness. zine in the private room of a lady wh seemed to be convalescing from the effects of an operation. The next time he came she asked him to sit down, at the same time thanking him for the magazine. He seldom took time to sit down and talk with pati ents, but her expression of sadnes and pain struck him with special sympathy, so he seated himself near

"You are not a Catholic, madam

are you?"
"No," she replied, "I am an Epis copalian, and I am longing to see my minister—there is something on my mind that I would like to have ex plained, but I can get no opportun ty of doing so. The attendants have promised to get me a minister, but no doubt they have about it," she said with a sigh.

"I think I can get him for you," said the priest. "I might as well try at once. He rose, and full of the quick re solve that was part of his nature, took his hat, and with a hasty good-

bye left the room. He hardly took time to salute those whom he met, but hurried out of the great portal. Tied to the hitching post in front of the hospital was horse and buggy belonging to one of

the physicians. It did not cost the good priest one moment's thought to borrow the buggy for an hour and explain afterwards. He sprang in, whipped up the horse, and soon was at the end of the town, at the door of the very snug mansion of the only Episcopal ian Minister in the town. He exbegged the reverend gentleman to accompany him to the hospital, for the relief of the poor woman who had something on her mind.

The minister was not accustomed vielded to the earnest solicitation of the priest, and took his hat; and both got in the buggy which was quickly driven back to the hospital. them. The irate doctor who owned the horse was standing with a police officer by the empty hitching post, and the doctor was explaining in empathic English the summary manner

in which the thief should be handled when caught! As the horse drove up and the priest sprang out, the officer stepped up to arrest him, but Father X— with a hearty laugh, only handed him the reins, and began to explain to the grumbling and halfmollified physician the reason-why of his depredation. The minister sat still and looked on in amazement.

The doctor was so glad to get back his property that the matter was soon promptly and laughingly ad-justed, the officer dismissed, and the two reverend gentlemen to the great amusement of those near by, mounted the steps together, and the priest conducted the minister to the patient's room, saying in his cheery way as he opened the door:
"Now, my good woman, I have

brought your minister! Get the burdens off your soul and be happy." The woman looked amazed, but saw at once what the priest had done and with a gratified smile held out her hand to the minister as she bade

good-bye to the priest.

Father X— lost no time getting down stairs and back to his rectory where other business was waiting, and for some time was not able to go to the hospital.

Just a week after, he gathered his papers and magazines and went to the hospital. It was a hospital under non- sectarian management, but Father X— was always welcome He had never intruded, met all people with kindness, never was sertive, and in fact did more good by his pleasant face and kind words

than a host of preachers.

Whenever a Catholic was pointed out, there he poured forth his apos-tolic zeal, but unless spoken to by word or glance, he made his way with tact and dignity, and left the impression of his personality as a memory that would never be effaced.

Passing the woman's room we have nentioned, he found she had poste a nurse in waiting.

Mrs. - wants you Father." said the nurse, as the priest passed the door. He halted and asked 'How is she ?"

She is not so well to-day Father (in a low voice); "she is not going to improve. The case is hopeless. wants to see you.

A quick look of comprehension an swered the nurse, and the priest entered.

The lady held out her hand-"Oh! I am so glad to see you, Father! I have been watching for

you every day. I am worse."
"Why, I thought the good minister I brought you would have re lieved your mind, and set you on the broad road to recovery!"
"Oh, Father, I told him everything

and he ilistened and sighed, and talked about Our Heavenly Father's patience and ended by saying to have faith and trust, and then went away And although I asked him, he never came back. Father, he can do noth ing for me. What difference is there between the Catholic faith and the Episcopalian? I have always heard it was only in name. If you will only listen to me—you surely will. Don't refuse me, Father."

And then the good priest told her he would listen, and gently led this troubled soul to open her heart. It was a case of troubled conscience and doubting faith, and where is there balm for such souls except in the Church of Christ?

When the priest left her an hour later, the load was off her mind. She was in peace and asked him to come

back next day.

Need we follow up this work of conversion? Ere many days she was convinced of the truth, professed her faith, received conditional baptism, and the sacraments of penance and Holy Eucharist, and exactly one month after this good priest had stolen the doctor's horse and brought her minister to her room, she passed away to God forti-

DRUNKENNESS CAN BE CUREI OLD FALLACY THAT DRUNKENNESS CANNOT BE CURED EXPLODED

Many men drink who desire to stop the habit. Whiskey, however, has undermined the constitution and creates a craving that is not to be denied, and the man must have whiskey or something that will re-move the craving and build up the system and restore the nerves.

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"Mas. G—— Hull, Quebec."
(Name withheld by request).

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Every time we pause to grumble at obstacles we delay the progress which we should hasten by leaping

We should be more than merel just to people! we should be gener-ous. Napoleon ence said that he did not care whether people loved him or not, provided all acknowledged his justice. Justice is certainly better than unfairness, but generes ity is better than either. -Berman Brown.

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