

# The Remedies With a Record

## Father Morrissey's "No. 10" For Throat and Lungs

During his many years of practice Father Morrissey successfully treated thousands who were suffering from Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Inflammation of the Lungs. His favorite prescription was a Cough Mixture and Lung Tonic that came to be called "Father Morrissey's No. 10."

Unlike the majority of cough mixtures, "Father Morrissey's No. 10" does not depend on such drugs as Opium and Morphine to deaden the irritation and give temporary relief—in fact, there is not a trace of any of these dangerous drugs in it.

The simple but effective remedies provided by Nature herself were selected and combined by Father Morrissey, with remarkable skill, into a medicine that has earned the name of a "Lung Tonic" as well as a Cough Cure. It soothes the inflamed membrane of the throat or lungs, removes the irritation or mucus that causes the coughing, relieves the congestion, and restores the parts to a healthy condition. More than that, "No. 10" tones up and strengthens the whole system and fortifies it against future colds.

For ordinary winter coughs and colds "No. 10" is unsurpassed and is one of the safest remedies you can use. Trial size 25c. per bottle. Regular size 50c.

Read what it has done for these two sufferers:

Elm Tree, La Fosse, N.B.

FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.

I had been ailing for some time and in a low, run-down condition; two experienced physicians were consulted and gave me case up as hopeless. I determined to try Father Morrissey's Lung Tonic, and had scarcely finished one bottle when I felt my strength returning. I persevered in the treatment, and am now perfectly well, and would recommend the Lung Tonic to all who are afflicted as I was.

MRS. FELIX N. BOUDREAU.

Pictou, N.S.

FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.

I can testify to the benefit derived from Father Morrissey's cure for Bronchial Trouble. For some time I was a sufferer from this trouble, and could get no relief from it, until I used his medicine prescribed.

On taking Father Morrissey's medicine, to my surprise, I began to improve, and was completely cured. With a grateful heart I give this testimonial to the great value of Father Morrissey's prescriptions.

JOHN GRATTAN.



Rev. Father Morrissey

## FATHER MORRISSEY'S LINIMENT FOR ACES AND PAINS

In treating Coughs and Colds with "No. 10," or Rheumatism with "No. 7," it helps a great deal to rub the affected parts with Father Morrissey's Liniment. For sore throat and cold in the chest a piece of flannel should be wrung out of hot water, sprinkled with a few drops of the liniment, and applied after the rubbing. For Rheumatism the liniment should be warmed and rubbed in freely, morning and evening.

The genuine Father Morrissey remedies are being put up by the same druggists, in exactly the same way, as they were prepared during the priest-physician's lifetime. What they accomplished then for hundreds of sufferers they will do for you now. You know something of their record in years past; you can depend on them now. Get them at your dealer's or from

FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.

## Father Morrissey's "No. 7" For Kidney and Rheumatism

When the slightest exposure to dampness or cold brings rheumatic aches to joints or muscles, it's a sure sign that the blood is wrong. It's loaded with Uric Acid, poisonous and exceedingly irritating—formed from the worn out tissues and waste matter taken up by the blood from different parts of the body. When things are working right this poison is immediately filtered from the blood by the kidneys and got rid of. But sometimes the kidneys do not keep up with their work—the blood gets overloaded with Uric Acid, and it collects in the fibres of the muscles—in the joints—in the valves of the heart. Then there's a case of Rheumatism, caused simply by defective action of the kidneys, and brought on by exposure.

Father Morrissey had a wide experience in treating Rheumatism, and an exceptionally successful one. The prescription on which he depended was one of his own, called "Father Morrissey's No. 7." It acts directly on the kidneys, and has a toning, invigorating effect on these organs, helping them to clear themselves of the accumulated Uric Acid and to get working properly once more. Then they quickly purify the blood—and the cause of the Rheumatism is gone. The joints limber up, the pains go away and the disease is eradicated from the system.

Price 50c. a box.

Hundreds of letters like these have been received from those who have been benefited and cured:

Blackville, N.B.

FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.

I have used Father Morrissey's medicine for Rheumatism and Kidney Trouble and found it the best medicine I ever used.

JAMES CAVANAUGH.

St. John, N.B., Nov. 17, 1908.

FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.

I sought the advice of the late Father Morrissey about two years ago. I was suffering from Rheumatism, aggravated by other complaints, and had been treated by local physicians without any result whatever.

Almost totally discouraged, I consulted with the late Father Morrissey by letter and he prescribed for me. His medicines, while not effecting a permanent cure, benefited me greatly. You are at perfect liberty to use my name, as I shall deem it an honor up, the pains go away and the disease is eradicated from the system.

Yours truly,

PATRICK BYRNE.

Mr. Stanley K. Smith, Gen. Secretary Chatham Y.M.C.A., writes on July 3, 1909:

"Having used Father Morrissey's Liniment in my capacity as Physical Director of the Chatham Y.M.C.A. for Rubbing Y.M.C.A. or severe exercises, I can heartily recommend the liniment to runners, athletes or anyone whose muscles are subject to strain. During the season the Y.M.C.A. have placed a large number of athletes in the field, and the majority used nothing else but it is unequalled."

The genuine Father Morrissey remedies are being put up by the same druggists, in exactly the same way, as they were prepared during the priest-physician's lifetime. What they accomplished then for hundreds of sufferers they will do for you now. You know something of their record in years past; you can depend on them now. Get them at your dealer's or from

FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD.

# THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### The Voice of the Storm.

As she slipped into the corridor a gust of wind caught the old house and seemed to shake it from cellar to garret. She paused a moment and had got her foot on the stairs, when another and a fiercer blast followed and something fell in the gallery.

At the same moment she heard her name called by Sir Talbot. She stood a moment motionless. Her nerves were strung up to their extreme tension. Pale and trembling she clung to the balustrade, listening. Another and yet another blast seemed to shake the house; and once more she heard her name called; this time from the picture gallery.

With an effort she gained command over her limbs, which for a time had refused to obey her, and went swiftly toward the gallery.

By the aid of a dim light she saw an indistinct object, half kneeling half crouching before a picture. It was Sir Talbot, his white face upturned, his eyes, with a strange wildness, fixed on the picture of his dead wife. The sudden blast had shaken the ebony doors open, and the beautiful face looked down with, as it seemed to Lillian, overwrought nerves, an expression of anger.

Trembling and agitated she went up to him and put her hand on his shoulder.

"What is it, papa?" she said.

"Why have you come here?" The old man did not remove his eyes from the picture, but holding up one trembling hand, muttered:

"Hush! she speaks. That is my wife. She is asking me what I have done with her child." Lillian, horror-stricken, knelt beside him and clung to him. Had he gone mad, or, rather, had the moment of awakening come, and did he know her for an impostor?

"Her child," he repeated, dreamily. "She cannot see you. Look, Helena, this is she; this is little Lillian. Why does she look at you as if she did not know you? Do not stare so coldly, Helena. I wronged you, but I have made atonement. Ask her—she is

your child—ask her if I have not loved her. Lillian, speak to her! Tell her who you are and how we love each other, we two."

It was the last straw which broke the back of her endurance; with a wild cry she threw herself on the floor at his feet, and hid her face in his hands.

"Oh, Heaven!" she moaned, "come away! She will not look at me—she does not know me! I am not her daughter!"

The old man looked down at her with a vacant smile.

"What is it you are saying?" he said, gently. "Are you married? You are Harold's wife are you not? He went to find my daughter, you know and she—and she—why, you are she!" and he took her white hand and stroked it. A silence terrible and indescribable fell upon them. It was broken suddenly by the old man; the attack of delirium brought about intense weakness was passing, he was recovering his senses. With a startled cry he called to her.

"Lillian! Lillian! what are you doing here—what has happened? What—what—"

A blast of wind shook the gallery and silenced him.

As if it had been the voice of an accusing angel, Lillian covered and hid her face.

"Come, my dear," he said, with a troubled look. "What are we doing here? Why should we weep before your mother's portrait? If those were her eyes and lips, in very truth they would beam and smile with solemn joy at you—at our happiness—for what remains of my life is bound up in you, my darling, my poor wronged wife's child! Lillian, I shall never forget the night, that night I misjudged her so cruelly; the night she fled from her home—from this house—she took you with her, a wee little thing, that I loved, oh, so dearly! but I hardened my heart and strove you out of it; ay, and to my own cost, nearly succeeded, until I learned that I had wronged your mother. Well, well—do not let us go back—all that is passed! Come, dear, let us go down to dinner."

But she did not move; half kneeling, half crouching at his feet, she clung to his arm, her lovely face with a wild misery wrestling its delicate lines; there was love, remorse, and an agony of piteous imploration in the dark eyes and strained lips.

"Father!" she breathed with an effort. "Can you hear—oh, Heaven—can you hear to hear the confession of a miserable, wretched, crime-stained creature? Can you bear it? For I must tell you, I cannot endure it longer. To-night a mist has cleared away, and I see what I have done in its true light, and know what a black, base-hearted wretch I am!"

The old man stared at her with puzzled, frightened eyes, and would have drawn her closer to him, but she shrank guiltily and humbly away, and seemed scarcely to dare touch him.

He did not speak, but his lips trembled.

"Father!" she wailed. Then she paused and broke out in a low moan: "If he thrusts me from him I shall die! Father, look at me, listen to me. Do you understand? I want, I must tell you something that I have

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alone—a cruel, wicked crime I have committed."

He smiled, and stroked her hair lovingly.

"You—my Lillian!" he said, with a shudder.

"Oh, don't speak, do not look at me so gently, or my heart will break! Speak harshly, spurn me from you, for I am an impostor. I am not your daughter, Lillian Woodleigh—I am not your wife's child. I have no right here, at your feet, and—oh! the Heaven would let me die!"

Something, the force of truth, which rang in her anguished tones, pierced his brain. He looked at her, his hand faltered, his face went deadly white. With a troubled gesture, he put up his hand to his quivering lips.

"What do you say?" he murmured. "Do you want to kill me? Come nearer. Have I gone mad? I used to be called mad Woodleigh, and they said that I should end my days in a madhouse. Am I mad or—am I dreaming? Come nearer, Lillian, let me touch you."

"No, no! Be strong!" she burst out, not loudly, but with fearful intensity. "I am not worthy to have your head upon me. I am an impostor—a traitor! I have betrayed your love. I am not your wife's child. I am an outcast, an actress, an adventurer. Now spurn me and cast me from you."

With an articulate moan he sank into a chair, and hid his face in his hands. Then, suddenly, he rose and looked down at her, a strange light in his eyes.

"I hear, I understand. Where—where is her daughter? and he pointed to the portrait that looked down at them with a solemn stare.

"Dear," moaned Lillian, crouching with her hands clasped in her lap.

"Dead," he echoed. "Dead," he repeated, with a sob; then he bent toward her with a solemn, eager scrutiny, and seemed to scan every feature of her working face.

"Then, who are you? You called me father, even now. Is that also a lie?"

"No," she cried, and the cry seemed to pierce the old man's heart. "I am your daughter—disowned and deserted—"

He stopped her with uplited, trembling hand. He knew, and saw it all in a moment.

For a minute, that seemed an age, he looked at her, and then held out his arms.

"Come, my daughter," he said, simply. "Yes, I can bear to hear it all now, for you are still mine. Come, my poor child."

With a cry she threw her arms round him.

"Father, you do not throw me off?" "Come," he said, and bending, put his arm round her neck.

With a stifled sob she hid her face on his bosom, and he in silence poured upon her his forgiveness and unalterable love.

"How long she knelt she knew not. A step in the gallery recalled them to the world.

It was a servant. He paused, afraid to disturb them, but as Sir Talbot turned his head interrogatively, the man said:

"The duke is in the library, Sir Talbot."

"The duke? Let us go, my child," said Sir Talbot, and with his arm linked in hers went slowly down the stairs. Lillian drew back at the door, but the old man turned an imploring look on her, and still arm-in-arm they entered.

To be continued.

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General Agent for Lipton, Ltd.

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