

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

In the midst of her reflections, Katie was roused by two or three loud knocks at the door, and before she had time to open it, it was pushed ajar, and Maggie's face looked in.

"Well, I'm sure," began Katie, tossing her head indignantly.

"I had advise ye, Maggie, no to let Mistress Logie fin' ye here. Ye'll get a welcome an' no mistake, I warn ye."

"Maybe ye're first I was say whaur I see ye whyles," replied Maggie, sneeringly, as she came slowly into the room.

"Is warrint ye Steenie Logie's mither wad ye'd aen up wi' anither Joe, forbye her ain lad, aboot wha she's aye sae dootit."

"Can ye hither to acquaint her wi' the fac'?" asked Katie coldly.

"Katie Mackay," replied Maggie, without hearing her sister's question, "I's cam' hither the night to gie ye a word o' warnin'. Ye'll maybe no heed me, but gin ye dinna, 'twill be the war for ye, lassie."

"Faith, ye can spare yersel' the trouble, Maggie. I aye hatti ye, an' there's nae love lost atwixt us, I'm thinkin'."

"Nicht ye are, lassie. Nevertheless, I wad hae ye ken summat mair aboot yer Willie Cameron."

"Ye may laugh, ye saucy quean!" exclaimed Maggie, passionately; "but ye'll fin' he's a black villain to yer cost!"

"Poor Maggie, ye're jealous," returned Katie, in a provoking tone of irony.

But Maggie paid no attention, and continued:

"Ye're gey young, Katie, an' ye're bonnie. It's a sair pity to see ye ac'ed but to be happy, preparin' sic misery to yersel'."

There was something almost soft for a brief moment in Maggie's dark eye as she spoke, looking intently, meanwhile, at her young sister's fresh, fair face. If Katie would but have softened her heart, and have met Maggie half way, what trouble in her future might she not have spared herself! But, alas! Katie would do neither. Revenge was sweet, and she had nursed the reptile in her bosom until it had wound itself round her heart, so she answered insolently enough.

"Just mind yer ain business, Maggie—ye didna think it misery to hae Willie Cameron's attention to yersel', an' ye didna need to fash yersel' concernin' me. It's weel seen he's gey weari' o' ye."

"He'll weary o' ye, Katie, too, afore long."

"Maybe he'll no get the chance," said Katie, proudly, divided in her desire to torment her sister as much as possible, but wishing at the same time something else in view besides Willie Cameron's sickle fate.

Maggie interrupted quickly:

"Ay, ay, I ken aboot Steenie Logie; an' gin ye wad believe me, Katie, it's that I was wishin' to speak til ye aboot—he's a guid, honest lad, an' gin ye'll tak' my advice, Katie, ye'll no let yer Cameron steal yer hair frae Steenie. Cameron's a bad, bad man, an' name sud ken it better nor mesel'."

"It's a pity ye didna ken it suner, I'm thinkin'," replied Katie, spitefully. "Dear me, Maggie, ye're awfu' guid the nicht, concernin' yersel' sae muckle aboot ither folk's affairs."

Maggie's stock of patience was entirely exhausted—a furious oath burst from her lips, and she sprang towards the door, exclaiming,

"Och! ye reformatory de'il that ye are, just please yersel' an' I tak' Heaven to witness ye shall rue it!"

Then Katie sprang upon her like a tiger, her eyes flashing with such indignant hatred that Mrs. Logie, who had just come into the room, fell back with an exclamation of terror.

"Hoot, lassies! Lord save us! Are ye daft?"

"Maggie," pursued Katie passionately—"Maggie, ye're an' a sister, but I ca' Heaven to witness I will never forgie ye. I will never forgie hoo ye've affrontit me this day. Mony's the time ye've lettit me greet mesel' to sleep wi' hunger. Mony's the sair sleepin' I's had to thank ye for! Ye were aye cruel to me! I ha'e hatti ye, but mair ye,—and here Katie lowered her voice impressively, while an expression more bitter than any which had hitherto marred the beauty of her childish face came over it—"but for ye I wad ne'er have crossed the doors o' the schull; but for ye I wad ne'er ha'e had any acquaintance wi' ither Kerrs, an' a' the clan o' them; it's a through ye I was yince a thief. I wish I may be dead afore I forget it!"

"Haud yer tongue, Katie," interposed Mrs. Logie querulously. "I canna be fashed wi' a' this disturb-ance. Gang awa hame wi' ye."

This latter part of the sentence was addressed to Maggie, who still stood glaring at her sister from the threshold of the doorway. "What brought ye here, ye bold-faced hizzy? Ye've noucht to do in this house! Af wi' ye—did ye no hear me?"

And Maggie answered, darkly, "Ay, ay, Mistress Logie, I do hear ye. I'm gamin'—I dinna put yersel' in a passion, woman." Then, with a wicked glance at Katie, "just as weel eat the de'il at once, as sup the kail he was bled in. Ye'd maybe better let yer son Steenie ken that Katie's a'en

another Joe in his absence. Mair's the pity, for the new aen's nae worth muckle; but maybe twa lovers wae better than nae lovers ava!"

"Siccan impudence! exclaims Mrs. Logie, wrathfully, as Maggie, with a wild laugh, rushes from the house.

"No but what I can credit that there mair be muckle truth in what the saucy quean says. Min' ye, lassie,—casting a suspicious glance at Katie—"gin I fin' ye oot playin' on' yer twa-faced hypocrites wi' my Steenie, it'll gang gey sair wi' ye, an' no mis take!"

The mulish part of Katie's disposition was thoroughly roused; from that day all went wrong with her, and before the week was out she had, in a fit of passion, left Mrs. Logie's house, vowing that nothing should ever induce her again to cross its threshold.

Mrs. Logie, poor weak creature, was terribly distressed when she found that her taunts had deprived her of her only means of support. She had hoped that Katie would return before long, but she was mistaken, and when two days had gone past, and all efforts to find her had proved unavailing, she betook herself in despair to Carleton Terrace.

Mabel had not been so entirely engrossed with her own happiness but that she had found time to remember her humble friends. She had seen Katie frequently, and had encouraged her a good deal, during the month that had elapsed since Steenie's departure.

For Mrs. Logie she had asked and obtained, from her brother Guy, the then vacant position of lodge-keeper at Elvanlee, and thither Mrs. Logie with her children, happily departed, a few days after Katie's disappearance.

Mabel next set herself to the difficult task of tracing Katie. This proved no easy matter, but by dint of perseverance Mabel succeeded; and once more, won by her influence, Katie consented to amend her ways, and to accept the situation which Mabel offered her, as scullery-maid in her aunt's kitchen.

To do her justice, Katie had by no means gone to the bad when she left Mrs. Logie's house. She had only taken lodgings on her own account, and had steadily continued to work for her daily bread, though not in the same place where she had been before employed.

Mabel, however, soon discovered that she was in a position of great danger, surrounded by temptations to which sooner or later, if left to herself, the poor girl would most probably succumb. She was therefore very anxious to bring Katie into the house, under her own care, and was much surprised to find that Katie by no means relished the prospect, as Mabel had expected she would.

"Wall I get the evenin's to mesel', Miss Mabel?" had objected Katie.

"You will have as much time to yourself as servants usually have. On Sundays I suppose you go to your church, don't you? Or (seeing a smile on Katie's lips) where do you go of an evening, Katie?"

Katie hesitated and looked away.

"Not with those Kerrs, I hope," pursued Mabel, gravely. "Have you forgotten your promises to Steenie?"

"I'm no wantin' Steenie aye cast up to me," responded Katie, pointing.

"It's gey hard if I maunna tak' my fin' whyles, an' he ower the sea maybe these twa years an' mair."

"Your fun?" said Mabel, with a puzzled look. "I wonder what you call fun? Now, Katie, tell me the truth, have you been with that man Cameron again?"

Katie hung her head and was silent.

"Poor Steenie!" resumed Mabel, sadly. "To think of him far away over the sea, working for you, trusting to your constancy! And you, Katie, have you no soon forgotten all?"

"Och! Miss Mabel, dinna!" said Katie, looking very much confused; and Mabel was not sorry to see the tears starting up in her eyes, for Mabel's words had recalled vividly to Katie's mind the honest sailor lad far away, to whom she really intended to be faithful.

"Do you mean to tell me you are not going to marry Steenie after all?"

"No, na, Miss Mabel, ye didna need to think that. I aye tell Willie Cameron I cudna marry him—he kens richt weel a' aboot Steenie. I didna mean nae ill to Steenie. It's awfu' wearisome to be aye workin', an' to ha'e nae fun. Whyles I gang oot wi' Willie o' amusement, an' to sic like in' to be fausse to Steenie. Ye maunna heed them that telt ye sic leas."

Katie was crying bitterly, and by degrees Mabel drew from her a complete confession of all that had taken place since Steenie's departure. From what she heard, Mabel easily perceived that Katie was in a very dangerous position, and she became more anxious than ever to put a stop, if possible, to the intimacy with Cameron.

After more than an hour's talk, Katie, yielding to Mabel's strangely winning influence, had promised to obey her wishes, and to enter Miss Mackenzie's service on the following day. It was more difficult to induce her to give up the society of Cameron.

"I maun aye see him," she persisted. "I cudna do wantin' him!"

"I do not understand you, Katie," said Mabel, quite bewildered.

"Either you love Steenie, or you do not. If you prefer this man Cameron, why don't you marry him, and give Steenie up altogether? But you know it is mean, it is horrible to keep two lovers at the same time."

"Weel, then, Miss Mabel, I'll tak' yer advice, I will so," exclaimed Katie, starting up, as though an entire revulsion of feeling had suddenly come

over her. "I'll hae nae mair fore-gatherings wi' Willie Cameron. I wanna let ye think me fausse to Steenie."

Katie just then meant what she said, and lost no time in acquainting Willie Cameron, who was waiting for her at the bottom of the terrace, of her decision. He looked more angry than Katie had ever seen him look, and swore awfully at Mabel, who so far injured his cause, for Katie was full of admiration for Mabel, and it roused her indignation to hear her abused.

Willie Cameron then tried to induce Katie to leave Edinburgh altogether, offering to take her with him to Liverpool, and boldly suggesting that she should give up Steenie for good; but Katie was not yet ripe for so much villainy, and she flatly refused to go anything of the kind. All that Cameron could gain from her was a promise to see him at times, whenever she could manage to do so unknown to Mabel.

With this concession he was for the present forced to content himself. Katie was proving a tougher subject to deal with than he had quite expected. There was too much of real good in the girl; her heart was not sufficiently corrupted to allow him to deal with her exactly as he could have wished, so Cameron made up his mind to make the best of what he considered an idea of his. He had far too exalted an idea of his own personal attractions to despair of ultimate success in his infamous designs, so, after a while, he appeared to acquiesce in Katie's new plan of life, only stipulating that she should keep up her acquaintance with him, carefully concealing the fact from his mistress.

Katie accordingly entered upon her situation with a guilty conscience, for when Mabel, looking her steadily in the face, put the question to her—"Is it all over, Katie, between yourself and Willie Cameron?" Katie unblushingly answered—"Ay, indeed, I assure ye, Miss Mabel!"

As Christmas drew near, it became evident that Miss Mackenzie's health was getting worse. Hugh had gone back to Elvanlee, but was again summoned—this time by a telegram from Dr. Graeme, so worded as to convince him that before he could reach Edinburgh the old lady would have breathed her last. Hugh arrived some hours after she was dead, to find Mabel, for the first time in her life, face to face with death, and overwhelmed with sorrow at the calamity which had befallen her.

During the sad days that followed, what wonder if Katie were entirely forgotten by Mabel, who, believing her to be safe down below, scarcely gave her so much as a thought. And yet never perhaps had Katie stood in such need of encouragement. Her position in the house was thoroughly distasteful to her; the distinction between upper and lower servants she could not understand; nor was it without angry jealousy that she had seen herself for several days shut out from access to Mabel. From the moment she conceived a violent dislike to her fellow-servants, who, on their side, regarded her as an intruder, and who, at best, were inclined to treat her as an object of charity, which last was galling in the extreme to Katie's proud and independent spirit. For some days before Miss Mackenzie's death, Katie had been meditating how she could without offending Mabel, to whom she was really attached, give up her situation. When, therefore, upon the sad sorrow which had fallen upon her, Mabel shut herself up completely in her own room, and Katie found herself entirely debarred from seeing her, she grew desperate, and her desperation reached its culmination point on the day upon which Miss Mackenzie's body was to be removed to Elvanlee for interment. It had been decided that Mabel should not attend the funeral. Hugh and Guy were to accompany the body, while she remained behind in Edinburgh with Jessie.

Before leaving, Hugh went to take leave of Mabel, and was somewhat startled and distressed to find her with a small volume, entitled "Prayers for the Dead," open before her. It was not the first time, by any means, since their engagement, that her Roman tendencies had jarred ominously upon him, but on the present occasion he only remarked,

"Mabel, she wants no prayers, she is safe for ever!"

"Hugh, don't," remonstrated Mabel, beseechingly; "if you but knew how it comforts me to pray for her!"

So Hugh could only kiss her and be silent, for he felt it was not the season to discuss the matter with her. As he was going downstairs, a quick step followed him, and, turning round, Hugh beheld one of the servant girls, with very red eyes and bare arms, fresh from scrubbing, who asked eagerly,

"Ah, sir, will I get seein' Miss Mabel?—will she be aye sick?—will she dee, think ye?"

Upon which Hugh, though he had never seen her until then, knew that those blue eyes and that golden hair must belong to Mabel's "Katie."

"Die!—no, I hope not," said Hugh, with an amused smile. "Miss Mabel will be better in a few days, and I daresay you will see her soon."

"Eh, sir, cud I no win in till her day?" persisted Katie, imploringly, as Hugh, obedient to an imperative summons from Guy, hurried on past her.

"Do you want particularly to see her?"

"Ay, ay, sir—I maun see her yince

"Well then, give this to Miss Mabel's maid. I shall miss the train if I go upstairs again," answered Hugh, good-naturedly standing still, to scribble a line on one of his cards to present."

Upstairs accordingly went Katie. She had sent plenty of messages through Linton, but was determined this time to manage her own affairs herself, so she knocked boldly at Mabel's door. To Katie's intense disgust, however, Mabel's voice did not, but in a minute or two the door opened, and Lady Forrester put her head out, inquiring what was wanted.

"I's wantin' Miss Mabel. The gentleman—I dinna ken hoo ye ca' him—gud me you card for her," says Katie, trying to crane her neck inside the door. But Jessie came into the passage, closing the door behind her.

"Who? I do not understand you. What gentleman do you mean?"

"I dinna ken—him that's Miss Mabel's sweetheart, ye ken."

"And pray who on earth are you?" asks Jessie, in a tone of surprise.

"I's Katie."

"Eh, Liddy Forrester, can I no win in till Miss Mabel?" urges Katie, looking vexed. "She kens fine wae I am."

"Go downstairs directly; and another time remember it is the butler or the lady's maid who should bring notes up to the rooms. You cannot see Miss Mabel at present. I wonder you are not ashamed to come bothering her at such a time!"

Katie is in despair.

"Weel, then," she pursues doggedly, "just be seein' as tell Miss Mabel that I's no willin' to be cooped up nae mair in yer kitchen. I's gawin' awa the nicht."

"What an extraordinary being!" thinks Jessie, going back into Mabel's room, and pocketing the card to give her at another time. "I am not going to bother her with this to-day; Miss Katie may just wait."

So Hugh's message never reached Mabel until it was too late. Jessie got all about it until the following morning, when, by chance, she drew the card out of her pocket with her handkerchief. She threw it over to Mabel, and was beginning to recount her adventures with Katie, when Mabel, having cast her eyes over Hugh's hasty lines, started up, exclaiming, as she rang the bell,

"Oh, Jessie, why did you not give this to me yesterday? That poor girl will think I have quite forgotten her. I must see her immediately."

Great was Mabel's dismay when, having desired that Katie should be sent up to her room, she was informed that Katie had left the house on the evening of the day before, and had not been heard of since. She had packed her handbag, called for a porter and an hour after she was gone. Mabel was much distressed when the circumstances of Katie's departure came to light. She had gone down stairs after her interview with Jessie in the very worst of humors, had refused to take her dinner or to attend to her work. When sharply reprimanded for her temper by the cook, who was an old servant of Miss Mackenzie's, and whose patience Katie sorely tried, Katie had returned insolent answers; and at last, suddenly rising from the corner, where she had remained sullenly idle for several hours, she had left the house uttering a single word.

Two days later Mabel received a few lines with a Liverpool postmark on the envelope from Katie herself, merely stating that she was tired of service, and that, as she heard Mabel was about to quit Edinburgh for good, she had preferred leaving at once. Of herself or her doings Katie said absolutely nothing, nor did she give any address, so that Mabel could only sorrowfully conclude that she had once more succumbed to the evil influence of Cameron.

At another time Mabel would probably have been much more annoyed about the whole affair. As it was, she was too much pre-occupied with the recent loss she had sustained, and the necessary painful arrangements which had to be made during the fortnight which intervened between her aunt's funeral and her own removal to Elvanlee, that she was not able to bestow much thought upon Katie, who once more disappears for a while from the scene of this story.

"Not but that I believe you have by no means seen the last of her yet," remarks Dr. Graeme to Mabel, when he goes down to the station to say good-bye to her; and Mabel answers—

"Do try and find her, Geordie. I can't think the link is to be broken so soon."

"She'll keep out of my way, Mabel, but I'll do what I can."

Little, indeed, does Mabel foresee how and where she is next to behold Katie!

TO BE CONTINUED.

The Advertising

Of Hood's Pills is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsement which in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

A Rare Combination

There is no other remedy or combination of medicines that meets so many requirements, as does Burdock Blood Bitters in its wide range of power over such chronic diseases as willow, pinworm, liver and kidney complaints, scrofula, and all humors of the blood.

Long Worms, Tapeworms, Round Worms or Tape Worms are promptly destroyed and removed by Dr. Low's Worm Syrup.

THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE.

Lecture by Father Cortie, S. J.

London Catholic News, Sept. 23.

The Rev. Father Cortie, S. J., delivered the fourth lecture of his course at the Sacred Heart Church, Edinburgh, on Sunday. Selecting for his text—"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy whole soul, and with thy whole mind," he said that in the Gospel of the day they had related to them one of the episodes which were so frequent in the public life of our Lord—one of those occasions on which the Pharisees and learned of Israel came to Him in the spirit of enquirers wishing to learn about His doctrines, but in the spirit of cavillers, of those who wished to put to Him questions which He could not answer. Such was the case on the occasion of the fourth lecture.

THE SPIRIT OF THE PHARISEES, and in speaking of the relations of the Catholic Church to science they ought to notice this spirit, and to notice how accurately it corresponded to the spirit of some of those who nowadays posed as the champions of scientific progress. They did not come to us and ask what proofs we could give of the divine authority of the Church; they did not accept and ask for our demonstrations; but they immediately started an attack upon the Catholic Church. Their attitude was precisely what we should expect of philosophy, ignorant of theology, and ignorant of many other things, but because they were adepts in one or two branches immediately they thought it was incumbent upon them to say that the authority of the Church was null, and could not be proved. This was an unreasonable attitude, and nowadays in this era of progress, in this era of natural comfort, they, too, were apt to be swayed by a temptation and a danger to each and every one of them—to be swallowed up in mere naturalism, mere cultivation of the natural faculties; no care of the supernatural. Now what was the cardinal doctrine for them of the Catholic Church? It was this: that man was not created for the enjoyment only of the things here below, but all these things were meant to lead us to our last end; and our end and our destiny was one which is far above the natural powers and faculties, and exigencies of our nature. Our destiny was to see God. A man might be an adept in the physical sciences; he might be well versed in experiments and observation, and he might know how to make deductions; but it did not follow that he had any knowledge whatsoever of the supernatural state. The supernatural was entirely independent and distinct from the natural. Surely, though, it ought to be in the power of man to know what that destiny was, and it ought to be within the power of man to be led towards that ultimate destiny. They therefore held that such had been the goodness of God that He had given to men

THE MEANS BY WHICH HE SENDS HIS ONLY-BEGOTTEN SON DOWN UPON THIS EARTH TO ASSUME OUR POOR HUMANITY AND TO TEACH US THE WAY TO HEAVEN. Moreover, they held that

ALONE, HAD BEEN DELIVERED THE CARE OF THIS REVELATION

OF GOD. She was the appointed and infallible authority to teach all men what they were to believe and what they were to do in order to attain the supernatural end which God had placed before them. It would be absurd if he were to attempt to demonstrate a truth, say, in mathematics, by experiments of another revelation by using the scissors and knives of the biological student again, or to practice the art of healing by the application of metaphysical principles, yet

SOMETHING EQUALLY ABSURD

was demonstrated to the Catholic Church by those who professed—

he would rather say pretended—to speak in the name of modern science. They would wish them to prove a fact in the supernatural order by experiment and observation in the natural order—a perversion of reason. The authority of the Catholic Church to teach all nations the way to Heaven was a supernatural fact, and therefore ought to be capable of proof by supernatural principles, yet proofs which were not only akin to the fact to be proved, but also well within their capacities to understand. Now, had the Catholic Church any such proofs? Yes! indubitably. What were these proofs—these supernatural proofs?

MIRACLE AND PROPHECY.

And among miracles, two chief miracles, one in the physical order and one in the moral order. In the physical order the miracle of the Resurrection of Our Lord Jesus Christ from the dead, foretold by Himself, and in the moral order the wonderful miracle that in spite of difficulties, in spite of PERSECUTION AND HERESY AND SCHISM, the miracle of the propagation of the Catholic Church and her perpetuity by Christ until this present moment. These were the facts in the supernatural order upon which the Catholic Church relied to prove her supernatural right to teach revealed doctrine to mankind. The process was perfectly scientific, the proof could not be gained. But it was because they would not accept that agnostic principle, that nothing was to be accepted as truth that could not be proved by "observation and reason"—that we are held up to scorn as the enemy of scientific progress. He might read them a passage not from the irresponsible scribbles of some second-rate writer, but a passage taken from one who had been chosen as the representa-

tive of the hostile camp in this attack upon the Catholic Church in the name of modern physical science. His book had been admitted into one of the best international series. In its English dress, not to speak of translations into many foreign languages, it had gone through some twenty-three editions. Therefore, they might take it that this book represented the mind of those who attacked the Catholic Church. On the score of science what did it say? "To the principle of Government by law, Latin Christianity in its Papal form is in absolute contradiction. The history of this branch of the Christian Church is almost a diary of miracles and supernatural interventions."

They could not, in the first place, think much of the

HISTORICAL ACCURACY

of this writer. Where was this diary of miracles and supernatural interventions? He (the speaker) knew no such diary; those who were well versed in theology knew no such diary. It might surprise this author and all who believe in him to know, learn, that the only miracle which Catholics were bound in faith to believe were the only miracles contained in the Bible. If he was a reasonable man, it would accept reasonable proofs, there were other miracles he would believe in. Absolutely speaking, instead of this diary of miracles and interventions there were no miracles which the Catholics were bound to believe in but the miracles contained in the Bible. When had such a single miracle in the Bible stood in the way of the progress of physical science? But what was meant by this phrase? "the principle of government by law," to which the Church was supposed to be opposed? What was meant was this: that in a physical universe we see the operations of certain phenomena, we know that given certain circumstances certain results will follow. To take an example: An astronomer knew that under certain conditions

EARTH, SUN AND MOON

an eclipse would take place, and so well was he versed in the laws by which the heavenly bodies are governed, and so convinced was he in their constancy, that he could predict an eclipse beforehand infallibly, and also the place on the earth where it would be visible. But it there were these laws was there not a law-giver who put those powers into those natural bodies? Let him (the writer alluded to) answer this question. Finally, refuse might be taken in the agnostic principle—"We don't know" but Catholics did know. St. Augustine, in one of his works, had a remarkable passage, which they could take home to themselves. Its purport was this: There were three incredible things that had been in the history of the world, and which though incredible were still facts: The first incredible thing was that anyone should have raised Himself from the dead on the third day, and ascended into heaven body and soul. The second incredible thing was that the greater part of the world should have believed in the Resurrection of our Lord Jesus Christ and how taught by the philosophers of Greece and Rome? No, but by the word of twelve poor illiterate uneducated fishermen, and so it was. In spite of the attacks that had been made upon the Church from the beginning, as it were bloody persecutions, striving to crush her in blood, she had survived it all. She survived the Greek Schism, and was the same to-day as then; and now the intellectual revolt—commenced three hundred years ago, the revolt in the name of the scientific progress, and still the Church survived and would survive. They might have stood on the seashore and watched the waves dashing against some majestic rock the wind had stirred up the sea. A mighty hurricane was blowing, and wave after wave dashed against that rock simply to be hurled and scattered back in foam. Perhaps some wave larger than the next was over the rock, it was useless for a moment; it seemed as if the rock would have been engulfed; but the waves cleared away, and majestic and bold, and solid as before, stood the rock. And so with the Church; she would last forever; they had the word of God for it. "On this rock I will build my Church, and the gates of hell shall never prevail against it." Was it not then purile to be afraid of the attacks which were delivered from time to time upon the Church by irresponsible writers. They could be answered. Those who were versed and had studied in these matters could answer them. They could show the credentials and the right of the Church to be the infallible authority to teach all nations. As he had before said there was one thing they could not give and that was faith: they (Catholics) had the faith; let them keep it.

If you wish to secure a certain and speedy result, when using Ayer's Sarsaparilla, be careful in observing the rules of health, or the benefit may be retarded. A fair and persistent trial of this medicine never fails, when the directions are followed.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "I have been using Parke's Pills, and find them by far the best Pills we ever used." For delicate and Debilitated Constitution these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a cathartic, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

Dizziness Caused by Dyspepsia.

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for dizziness, which came over me in spells, so that I had to quit work for a while. The B. B. entirely cured me."

JAMES WRIGHT, Chesterfield, Ont.

Minard's Linctament is the Best.



of disease start from pure blood. Dr. Flenck covers every variety of them, too. Take it, feel the first symptoms, pedic, dullness, depression, indigestion, liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of the liver and kidney functions, and bring it on equal the "Disinfectant" and purify and en-

self from some of