LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XIII.

FAIR AND KAUSSE.

It was not forged by mortal hands, Or clasped with golden bars and bands, Save thine and mine; no other eyes The slender link can recognize."

"The course of true love never did run smooth;" and Mabel's case was not to form an exception. But as "lovers misunderstandings" are a backneyed subject, I shall not dwell at any length upon that period when, in the most provoking manner possible, Mabel and Hugh contrived to make each other

In the early part of August, Miss Mackenzie went to Scotland, leaving her niece at Elvanlee Castle. been arranged that Mabel should join her towards the end of the month of October. Very much surprised, there-there, was the old lady when during the latter days of September, she re-ceived a short note from Mabel, announcing her arrival in Carlton Terace for the following evening. By from Lady Forrester, saying that Mabel had behaved exceedingly ill to Lord Temple, and that, after flirting with him for six weeks past, she had, fused him point-blank when he pro-

"The child is incomprehensible. "full of silly romantic notions, and I do not know what to make of her. She cries all day, and looks like a ghost, and I really am afraid to keep her here any longer. Hugh is worse than useless, and I am actually regretting Mr. Vaughan, who would probably have brought her to her senses; but Hugh has become so very unsociable we rarely see him, and Mabel won't go near him, so that he has been of no assistance to me in this affair. Mabel insists upon going to Scotland, and really Guy and my self think it best she should do so. is in shocking spirits, and the change

may do her good."
"Well, well," ejaculated the old lady to herself, as she read the letter carefully through for the second time and then put it in her pocket, "I have a notion of my own about all this. We shall see-will it come right?' After which she lay quietly musing for nearly two hours of the bright September afternoon.

Mabel came home next day, looking depressed and ill, answering her aunt's inquiries, however, with great reserve, and evidently shrinking from all allusion to Lord Temple.

Auntie, ask me nothing about it. she pleaded; "I have behaved very ill, but I could not help it-I was so un happy; and I never thought it would be so serious.

"But what is it that has made you unhappy, Mabel?"
"Oh, Auntie, don't ask, for I can-

not tell you or anybody in the world," answered Mabel, with such keen distress that Miss Mackenzie forbore to question her further.

But her suspicions, once roused, were not to be allayed, and she deter mined to watch and judge for herself whether or not they were correct.

In the meanwhile Mabel resumed her customary life in Edinburgh. A good deal of her time was spent in the society of Mary Græme, 'Geordie" mentioned in the first and second chapters of this story. The acquaintance begun in Glasgow between Mabel and the young student had been cemented into a life-long friendship. He had had, during the course of his studies at the Edinburgh University, the free run of Miss Mackenzie's house in Carlton Terrace—so, too, had his sister Mary, a girl of Mabel's own age, and who was being educated at a boarding-school in the same town.

Geordie Græme had been Mabel's first hero, not to say the love of her This fancy it was to which Genevieve Vaughan had once referred, and which had, before it melted away, cost Mabel many hours of real pain. But her romantic ad miration for Geordie had never devel But her romantic adoped into lasting love. It had died a natural death some years previously, when Mabel discovered, or thought sh had discovered, the existence of a flirt ation between Geordie and a gir whom Mabel particularly disliked. She was wrong in her suspicions, but her boundless admiration for her hero" grew more reasonable from that time forward, and when Hugh crossed her path Mabel had long ceased to regard Geordie in any other light than that of a dear old friend and almost brother.

Geordie himself never guessed Mabel's early secret; he had never analyzed his feelings towards her : he had always worshipped her as his ideal of a perfect woman, but, strange to say, the idea of marrying her had never entered his head, until, indeed, it was too late, and she was beyond his reach for ever-but of that later.

Geordie Graæme is no longer the young medical student with whom we parted in the High street of Glasgow. He is now Dr. Græme, one of the cleverest and most sought after of Edinburgh physicians. He possesses a house in Moray Place; he has lately started a brougham (more on his sister's account than his Geordie. Well, what of that? Have own, it must be acknowledged); he you ever seen her again?" seems to have plenty of money, and a generous heart to make good use of In appearance he has become a

Geordie remains the only guardian of his sister Mary, who shares with him his home in Moray Place.

In Moray Place accordingly, Mabel when in Edinburgh, spends a good deal of her time. Though they are unlike in character, she and Mary Græme get on wonderfully well. Mabel does not love Mary as she loves Genevieve Vaughan, but they have spent many happy hours in each other's company, and some of the gayest, gladdest days of Mabel's oung life are associated with the Fræmes.

Mabel has been rather more than a month in Scotland, when she begins to notice that a change is coming over her aunt. Miss Mackenzie's health, never strong, seems to her niece to be fail-ing. Her fears once roused, Mabel cannot rest until she has consulted Geordie Græme, and she finds, to her consternation, that the doctor shares her misgivings. In the doctor's case they are more

than misgivings, for he is well aware that Miss Mackenzie is suffering from a heart disease which may at any moment provefatal. Before Mabel's return the old lady, suspecting that her end was approaching, had one day questioned Geordic closely as to his opin ion of her health, and Geordic had reluctantly acknowledged that though she might live for years longer, vet, in the enfeebled state of constitution, a sudden attack might carry her off at any time.

ight carry her on a "I knew it, Geordie," the old lauy "I knew it, Geordie," the old lauy "I knew it, Geordie," and I would be a suit I could answered cheerfully. "And I would not be sorry," she added, "if I could only leave my darling child happy! Dr. Græme had often wondered sinc then whether Mabel were in the least degree prepared for the blow which might at any moment fall upon her, so that when, of her own accord, she broached the subject he had so dreaded to touch, he told her as gently as pos sible, but very firmly, the truth. night Mabel comes in silently to her aunt's room, after Miss Mackenzie has retired to rest; and when Mabel bends over her to kiss her, her annt feels two scalding tears falling upon her

"Eh, Mabel dearie-poor dearie!" says Miss Mackenzie soothingly, strok ing with her thin fingers her darl ing's golden head, nestling upon her shoulder. "Auntie, don't leave me!" says

Mabel, in a low, trembling voice. "I shall be so lonely if you go away from me." The words come with a choking sob, revealing to Miss Mackenzie how acutely Mabel feels the oneliness of her position.

"My darling," she answers sadly, 'I shall have to go when God calls ne—if I could but see you happy Then, holding Mabel's h closely in her own, she continued : 'I want you to write to Hugh for me dabel's start does not escape the old lady's notice. "I want you to tell him from me that I am ailing, and wish to see him. Will you write to

night, Mabel?" If you wish it, Aunt Helen." "I do, dearie. Write to night -

Mabel writes the letter - a cold. meaningless letter it seems to her. but she sends it off nevertheless, and her aching heart grows wildly happy at the prospect of seeing Hugh again. A gleam of sunshine must surely come with him, even though he should b cold and distant to her as he was when they parted.

Next day- it is a Friday-Mahel is not likely to forget it, for it is marked in the calender of her life by a very unlooked-for meeting.

She has been lunching with Mary Grame. The Doctor is not at home he rarely comes to luncheon, and therefore he has not been expected, nor have the girls waited for him. Onite towards the end of luncheon however, the well-known click of his latch-key is heard in the door, and Mary exclaims,

"Eh, its Geordie, I declare!" A moment after he enters the dining

room, with a peculiar expression on his face.

"There's nought but cold meat left. Geordie," begins Mary, in dismay "We had no idea you were coming.

"Cold meat is an excellent thing, says the Doctor; but he makes no attempt to partake of it. On the contrary, he goes over to the fire-place, stirs the fire into a ruddy blaze, then stands musing, with his back to the "What ails ye, Geordie?" inquires

his sister, anxiously—"are you ill?"
"Have you two finished your lunch on?" he asks, turning suddenly, and

letting his eyes rest on Mabel. "Because, if so, I have a strange story to tell you.

"Well, you may begin at once, Geordie," says Mary, eagerly. "We have quite finished, have we not, Mabel?"

The Doctor's eves are still fixed or Mabel-he is anxious to catch the first

look, which he knows his story will call forth.
"Mabel," he begins at last, slowly, 'do you remember the link that first

drew our lives together?"
"The link, Geordie!—what do you mean? Then a sudden light dawns on Mabel's memory, and before Geordie has time to answer, she continues, "Katie-poor little Katie Mackay-c course I do. That is what you mean,

'To day, Mabel. "Do you really mean it, Geordie?

-where?-how?-when?"

medical assistance, for fear of being removed to the hospital, of which he has an extraordinary dread. He lives in Brown's Close—you know, Mary, what a hole that is."

Mary nods assent, and the Doctor resum

"As I was leaving the house, some one came running down the stairs behind me, calling out in an eager whisper, 'Doctor! Doctor!' I got whisper, down to the door, and there I stood still, and asked who was calling me. A remarkably pretty girl then showed herself, who implored me to come up to the top landing, as there was lassie dying with a broken blood-vessel up there; and she added that, if I did not come, the girl would be dead before the parish doctor could be called. Of course I followed her up stairs immediately, and there I found, in a miserable little room, overcrowded with children, a young creature of about nineteen or twenty, lying dressed upon the bed, with blood pouring out of her mouth into a basin, which a woman, I took to be he mother, was holding for her. I applied the usual remedies, and when the bleeding had ceased, and I had time to look about me. I addressed myself to the mother, and made inquiries respecting the cause of my patient's illness. The poor woman told me a sad story The sick girl, it appears, is her eldes daughter, and has been employed in the Glasgow factories. She was doing there, and supported whole family, with the assistance of her brother, a sailor lad, whom his mother called 'Steenie.' unfortunately seems to have fallen in love with a young farm servant near Glasgow, who behaved very ill to him, left her situation, and came off to amuse herself in Edinburgh. Here Steenie followed her, throwing up his work in Glasgow, and trusting to the chance of finding something to suit him in Leith. His mother and sister afraid lest, having no home, he should get thrown into dangerous temptations very unwisely removed themselve from Glasgow and took up their abode in this town. From that time every thing seems to have gone wrong with them. Lizzie, the daughter, accusto factory work, has not suc ceeded nearly as well in the laundries where she has been forced to seek em ployment. A bad cold, neglected, no doubt, caught at the time of flitting, has settled down on her chest, and th girl is evidently in a galloping con to the very last, but this morning work has finished her. I expect she will only last a few hours.

The doctor pauses for a moment, and Mabel asks.

"Surely that is not Katie?"

Katie is the cause of all th mischief, though-she it is after whom this lad Steenie has come roving to Edinburgh, and it was she who called me up to her sick friend.

"How did you find it out, Geordie?" "Mrs. Logie kept talking of Katie -Katie Mackay, she called her more than once-and the name was of course, familiar to me. I am not likely to forget it, Mabel. I looked for the girl, o see if I could detect any resemblance in your little protegee; but as soon as Mrs. Logie began to recount her misfortunes to me, Katie vanished from the room. I found her waiting for me downstairs, and then I asked her about herself, and if she remembered me. Do

you want to hear her story, Mabel? "Yes-every word of it, Geordie," says Mabel, bending eagerly forward with flushed face and sparkling eyes

So Dr. Græme repeats the substance of what my readers already know con-cerning Katie Mackay's early life; and will be perhaps as well to cast a short retrospective glance over that portion of it which has elapsed since Katie left her situa-

· Il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute, and Katie had rapidly rolled down the hill which it had taken her so many years to climb. Yielding to her love of amusement and admiration, she soon reconciled herself to the society of the Kerrs, with whom she was again constantly thrown. Steenie Logie she made a mere taking him up or putting him down as it suited her own convenience. She infinitely preferred Cameron to Steenie, but then Cameron was a gentleman of a remarkably fickle disposi tion, who was apt to take a pretty girl up for a few days, and then to leave her there for some one else. Katie soon discovered she should not be excepted from this rule, and that she had, moreover, a powerful rival in her own sister Maggie, whom she cordially detested, but who was evidently, say what he would to the contrary, Willie ameron's most successful "pal. She was a handsome girl, eight years older than Katie, and far more useful to Cameron in many ways than Katie, o do her justice, in those early days would have consented to become, even to please Willie Cameron.

Under these circumstances Katie was not sorry to have Steenie to fall back upon when Cameron failed her: and he, soft hearted lad, completely bewitched by Katie, to whom he was devotedly attached, allowed himself to

be made her dupe only too easily.

Lizzie Logie had done her best to keep Katie out of mischief, and had so far succeeded that, during a temporary disappearance of Willie Cameron from the town, in company with Maggie. Katie had allowed herself to be

"And this is all Katie's doing," remarks Dr. Græme when the story is concluded—"the old, old story, that proves how, from the beginning, the

woman brings disgrace upon the man."
"Not always, Geordie; she was
given to be his helpmate. Don't be so sweeping in your accusations against womankind, if you please," remonstrates Mary, laughing. "Well, now, what shall we do? Shall we go off and see them, Mabel, this very after-noon?"

"That is what I wanted," interrupts Dr. Græme. "They are in dreadful destitution, and I have promised to send some medicine which you could take, Mary.

After a little more conversation on the subject, Mabel and Mary, the latter provided with various little for the sick girl, and a bundle of tracts without which Mary, who is a rigid Presbyterian, never leaves the house) set forth together on their errand of

Leaning against the outer wall of the archway leading into Brown's Close is a tall, pretty girl, with pale golden hair and large, speaking, starry eyes, whom, from Dr. Greme's description, Mabel instantly recognises as Katie Mackay. She is stand ing with folded arms, looking both sulky and sorrowful, staring idly at the passers by, but as yet there is no look of depravity either about her person or in her face.
"Can you direct us to Brown's

Close?" asks Mabel, wishing to draw her into conversation. She knows quite well where Brown's

Close is. "Ye're jist fornent it," answers Katie, looking hard at Mabel.

"Do you know where Mrs. Logie lives?" inquiries Mary.
"Ay," replies Katie, rather crossly.

"Gang straight for it. It's the fourth hoose on yer richt. Ye can gang up to the tap an' chap at the door. "Thank you, lassie. Here is a little paper for you," begins Mary, holding out one of her tracts.

"Holy St. Joseph!" ejaculates the girl, bursting into a low, clear, not by any means discordant, laugh as, after briefly glancing at the title, she lets the paper fall upon the ground.

"It will do you good," says Mary kindly Mary's zeal never heeds a rebuff.

"I dinna need nae tracks," responds tatie briefly. "I's gotten me ain Katie briefly. priests to pritch sermons til me gin I's a mind to heed them. I'm nae Praestant. Ye can jist keep yer tracks for them that needs them.

"Mary, let us go on to the sick girl," pleads Mabel, terrified lest Mary's well-known antipathy to Popery should lead her then and there into ar open protest against Katie's faith : but when Mary has taken the lead up the dark staircase indicated by Katie, Mabel lengers below and beckons

"You do not remember me, Katie Mackay, do you?" she asks, as Katie, with a pleased smile, advances; but, o Mabel's surprise, Katie answers unnesitatingly.

TO BE CONTINUED.

HIGH CHURCH INCONSISTENCY.

N. Y. Catholic Review. Our High Church Protestant Episco-

stomed to appeal to the early Church—the testimony of the early Fathers, and even the decisions of the early councils, in confirmaion of their position, especially in justification of their separation from and continued protest against the Catholic Church, the "Roman obedience" they call it. Indeed, the earnestness with which many of them insist that they are Catholics, and deny that they are Protestants, may well make a true Catholic laugh in his sleeve at their manifestly inconsistent and false posi-

The appeal to the Fathers and the Councils of the early Church would be more reasonable and effective for their pur pose if, in the first place, they could agree as to what Fathers and Councils were to be taken as our guide; and second, as to what doctrines, principles and teachings are to be accepted as truly Catholic. It is very much like the discussion of the question when miracles ceased in the Church. contend that miracles ceased with the Apostles. Others admit that they were performed in the first age after the Apostles; others the second, third, fourth, and others even admit that they were performed so late as the fifth and even the sixth age of the Christian era. What is more natural than the conclusion that miracles were performed in all those ages; and if for five or six hundred years, why not, as Catholics claim in all ages to the present time ! Reverend Mr. Gore, of the English

Church, one of the most popular as well as most daring-we may well say reckless-writers of the present day in a recent Bampton lecture, contended that the Church rightly used her in fallible authority in defining doctrine at the Councils of Nicaea, of Ephesus and of Chalcedon, but not at Trent or the Vatican Council. He does not persuaded to go to work with Lizzie.
This had, however, not lasted long.
Cameron reappeared, and with him all assurance, asserts it on his own author the influence of the Pope—the infal—

Lashed into perfect fury by Katie's cruel behavior, Steenie seemed for a while to have forgotten his noble nature, and was fast becoming, through drink, and other effects of bad company, a cause of deep distress to his unhappy family. fifth century at Ephesus and Chalcedon, why not at Constantinople in the sixth, seventh and ninth centuries in the twelfth and thirteenth, at Vienna in the four-teenth and at Trent in the sixteenth?

> These, not to mention others, were all general Councils, assembled for the purpose of deciding great and important questions of doctrines which arisen and were disturbing the Church. Certainly it was not less important that the prerogative of infallibility should be exercised in deciding the vital questions that come before them than in pronouncing upon those that decided at Nicaea, Ephesus and It is asserted by our Chalcedon. friends that the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, for instance, was new dectrine though solemnly declared by Pope Pius IX., of blessed memory in Rome, in pre-sence of more than two hundred Bishops and with the approbation of the whole Church, on December 8, 1854. Will our good friends be s good as to tell us how that doctrine was any more a new doctrine than that of the doctrine that the Blessed Virgin was theotokos—mother of God declared at the Council of Ephesus in opposition to the Nestorian heresy, in the presence of one hundred and Bishops, Indeed the circumstances in both cases are are worthy of being specially noted.

> The heresy of Nestorius, which aimed a death blow at the divinity of our Lord, especially denying that His mother Mary could be called the mother of God, was widespread throughout certain portions of Church, but was earnestly opposed by orthodox Bishops, among whom was St. Cyril, of Alexandria, who stated the true dectrine publicly in a sermon and wrote two letters to Nestorius conjuring him to recant. But Cyril's letters failing to convince Nestorius both agreed to refer the case to the Bishop of Rome. Pope Celestine decided against Nestorius and called upon him to recant in ten days. he, persisting in his obstinacy, refused to comply. A council was con-sequently called at Ephesus in 431, and at the Council Cyril presided as representative of the Pope. Nestorius refused to appear, and, after a full and free discussion of his case, in which his own letters of defiance was read, he was finally condemned and deposed. and the Council solemnly declared Mary to be the mother of God-the okos-amid the triumphant rejoicing of the faithful. The fact to be particularly noted

here is the controlling influence of Pope Celestine. Though not present in person he was yet present by his author ized representative, Cyril, Bishop of Alexandria. The Pope was recognized all through the proceedings as the supreme teacher and judge and final court of appeal. Cyril, himself, the ablest and most influential advocate of orthodoxy among the Bishops, deferred to the Pope and represented his supreme authority in the Council. Now in reference to the Immaculate Conception, it is true that there had been no such public agitation of the doctrine no such general advocacy of heretical views as in the case of the Nestorian heresy. But there were differences of opinion, and the matter had severa times been up for discussion, especially at Trent. Though the majority of the Bishops at that Council held the doc trine, yet the Fathers contented themselves with the declaration that in de fining the truth that the whole human race fell under original sin it did no intend to include in the decree the Blessed and Immaculate Virgin Mary. Benedict XIV., writing about the middle of the last century, sums up the whole state of the question in his day thus: "The Church inclines to the opinion of the Immaculate Conception. but the Apostolic See has not yet de fined it as an article of faith."

Thus matters stood when that illustrious Pontiff, Pius IX., being an exile at Gaeta, concluded to take up the matter in earnest and if possible a definite decision on this great question. He wrote to all the Catholic Bishops in the whole world placing the matter before them and asking their opinion as to the expediency of defin-ing the Immaculate Conception as an article of faith. As is always the case at such times there was a difference of opinion. For six years the matter was earnestly discussed, the overwhelming majority being in favor of the decree The Holy Father called together the Bishops, and in the presence of more than two hundred prelates from al parts of the world he issued a solemn definition that Mary, the Mother of Christ, was conceived without sin. The definition was accepted by the whole Church. Indeed the opposition made to it within the Church was of the most insignificant kind. In both these cases the subject of the decrees was the Blessed Virgin Mary.

In both the questions involved the doc trine of the Incarnation. In one it was whither Mary could be called the Mother of God; in the other, whether if Jesus was really God, it was not necessary to hold that His mother must have been pure and free from all taint it. In appearance he has become a big, powerful, hairy man, six feet three in height, and looking every inch of him the responsible individual he is. His father, Dr. Campbell whom I was interested, and I heard he was ill, and would receive no like a skeleton. Although I had not much ity. We are glad that he admits the lible voice of the successor of Peter—that infallibility of the Church at all. In decided the question, and proved to be decide

other. If the predominant influence of the Pope be objected to in case of the Immaculate Conception the same objection lies with equal weight against the same influence in deciding the theotokos, and if the prerogative of infallibility was necessary in one case why not in the other? What good and satisfactory reason can be given why the decree of Ephesus in the fifth century should be considered infallible. and not that of Rome in the nine teenth? Such is the consistency of our ligh Church Episcopal friends, and Mr. Gore is a great authority among

A NEW STUDY FOR SCHOOLS.

N. Y. Catholic Review There is always an endless proces-

ion of new books intended to teach what is called etiquette, the proper ashion of behavior in society. there is badly needed, not a book, but there is bany nectaon, for the teachers, and, still more, pupils, in politeness. Let not the reader set aside this article at this point as merely a sort of Addisonian essay of little serious import ; for the subject is one really of considerable importance, as will be acknowledged by almost any of serving person acquainted with the average manners of the crowds in any large city in the United States. These manners are on constant exhibition in the street, in shopping, in public conveyances of all the various speciesnorse cars, cable cars, omnibusses, elevated roads, in offices, and in the passage ways of office-buildings-where. ever strangers are brought into contact with one another. Under all these circumstances a very small polite min. ority find themselves repeatedly sub jected to the offensive selfishness of the great majority, manifested in an almost aggressive degree of impol

One of the best practical illustrations that etiquette and politeness are not only not the same but that they are not allied in nature is the fact that frequently the worst in the lack of good manners in public are well-dressed men and women belonging to what is called good society ; here etiquette is a quires it to be said that among these vell-dressed offenders are Catholic men and women, some of them, perhaps, former pupils of Catholic schools of various degrees

There are different modes in which this impoliteness is displayed. Often it is by an insolent, haughty, or supercilious bearing to others, whether to those who appear to be equals or to those who are manifestly less fortunate in the ways of the world. goes so far as to be almost brutal in its indifference to the comfort or the rights of others. In all cases, it is selfish and, consequently, un-Christian. Evidently, something is wrong in any numbers of young people grow up and go out into the world with the belief that boorishness of manners in public can be reconciled with that condition of life that is vaguely described by the term "respectable." woman who has to move about in any large city but has frequent occasions to be irritated, if not ruffled in temper by this unprovoked lack of politeness in people from whom something better might be expected.

The old Yankee saying that "it

costs nothing to be polite" has a world of meaning and truth in it, and it is Christian too if it is looked eminently atin the right way. The entire civilized world is fast becoming democratic, and, therefore, the old-fashioned ap peals to the maxim noblesse oblige, and to what "ladies," or "gentlem ought to do are no avail. But at least we can always appeal to the duty of a Christian And that is where the schools-Catholic schools, at all events—can be urged to do their part in inculcating in their pulpits a few important elementary notions of Christian unselfishness as the guide to behavior when in contact with strangers. The Christian Brothers, those models of good teachers, used to have in use in their schools "Manual" of Christian doctrine which contained in an appendix a set of rules for "Christian politeness. Now, those rules could be taken out of appendix, and, after being modernized to adapt them to present social conditions, could be taught, or in substance at least, to all the pupils in Catholic schools, elementary or advanced, whether for boys or girls; and an important step would have been taken towards showing American citidens, whether Catholics or Protestants, how to enjoy perfect political equality and the right to aim at social equality and to move about with all the speed necessary to carry on business rational way, without violating the principles of Christian charity.

Fagged out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength is gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

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