## LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER X.

THE GLASGOW FAIR. "But soon that glorious course was lest, And treacherous proved the deep; Ne'er thought they there was peril most When tempests seemed to sleep."

—Howitt.

Every year during the month of July a great fair is held in Glasgow. Fairs are fairs all the world over, and I do not know that the Glasgow one differs from others of its kind. young go there for amusement, and, if they are well-intentioned, they may find it innocently enough; but the probabilities are terribly strong that they will not leave the fair exactly as

It is not a place to which a guardian angel would with pleasure accompany his charge, who, he knows, will see much that ought to shock a pure mind, and he would naturally lest contact with evil should spoil the beauty of the soul committed to his care.

So much, and no more, can be said for those who go to the fair merely for the sake of amusement-amusemen which their hitherto innocent hearts intend to be absolutely harmless. greater number of the persons who, during the latter fortnight of July, throng the fair, belong to the ill in tentioned portion of the community There the "profession" (thieves muster strong; there, too, come abandoned characters from the lowest haunts of vice in the city. The bold. bad girls; the drunken, dissolute women; the foul mouthed, idle men, who will neither work nor starve, and who therefore contrive to live in wickedness at their neighbors' ex-

There are boys and girls, children and old people, young men and maidens, disgracing themselves by intoxication, by swearing, and other profane talk; outraging common decency by their wild, loose behavior, and thus plainly demonstrating that they have forgotten the existence of their immortal souls — souls created, oh, stupendous thought! for the eternal enjoyment of Heaven's beatitude. Many an innocent girl, still in her teens, has had to date her ruin from that cursed Glasgow Fair! Many a home has been broken up, many a wife and mother cast adrift to poor wife and mother case shift for herself, or go to the bad, because her weak, foolish husband has suffered himself to be led into bad company during the season of that

The prisons, before its close, are full to overflowing; the policeman's duty is made tenfold hard to him; mischievous demons seem to be let loose upon the town—and the cause of so much evil is the love of money! Money!— that men will insist upon amassing to themselves, in spite of the misery, temporal and eternal, which their greedy passion causes to their fellow-

Katie Mackay had been just two months in her situation when the Glasgow fair recurred. So far she had given every satisfaction to her miswith a cheerful alacrity which pleased Mrs. Royson. They were not light ones either, for Katie was the only servant, and there were eight in the family. She had to scrub, clean, wash, and iron—in fact, to make herself generally useful-for though Mrs. Royson was a hard-working woman, and did a good deal herself, she expected a great deal from her servant,

On Sunday afternoon she, however, generally got some free time to spend as she liked, and Katie invariably on these occasions betook herself to the Convent to see the "Mothers." Into Glasgow she rarely went, except on Sunday mornings, to Mass, and, as she always attended an early one, she was not likely at such an hour to meet any of her former acquaintances. Hitherto all had gone well with Katie; she was perfectly contented in her situashe liked her mistress and her mistress liked her, and she had no time to herself during the week, so that she could not, even had she wished it, have gone into Glasgow to make inquiries about her mother, or On the 16th of July, the first day of

the fair, it is the custom with the Sisters of the good Shepherd to gather together those of their former children who have gone back from the school into the world. A large tea is given in one of the Convent receptionrooms, to which all the "out children, v are called, are invited. Their 'Mothers" are present to entertain them, and the afternoon, up to a late hour in the summer evening, is passed in walking about the grounds and gar dens, the girls thus enjoying themselves in a pleasant, innocent manner

This gathering of the 16th of July is a powerful inducement to the children to abstain from the dangerous pleasures of the fair, in order to be able to meet their Mothers and their old companions together assembled. of these latter, a good girl named Lizzie Logie, Katie was invited to spend the afternoon of the Sunday following the school-feast. Katie gladly accepted the invitation, conditionally, of course, for she did not feel sure that her mistress would give her so soon again an afternoon to herself.

Royson, however, considering that her young servant was, at such a time of general holiday, entitled to a half turning a little extra liberty, willingly gave the mother's name.

required permission; and Katie, for the first time for nearly five years, found herself free to wander at her will through the Glasgow streets.

She had no intention of wasting her time by re-visiting any of her old haunts; she meant to go straight to Lizzie Logie's house in Maxwell street, later on in the evening, they could take a little walk together. She won-dered if she should see anything of the Kerrs. Not very likely, for Lizzie Logie had heard that they had removed from Glasgow, and had told Katie so when they had met on the sixteenth.

Still it was just possible, for if they were anywhere near Glasgow they would surely come for the Fair season; and Katie rehearsed twenty times in her own mind the reception she shoul have to give to any advances on their part towards a renewal of their former friendship.

It is a hot July afternoon, but Katie

does not mind the heat. along at a tremendous pace, with a heart full of bright sunshine, which reflects itself upon her face, in spite of

its flushed coloring.

As she nears the town her heart begins to beat rather more quickly than usual, for she cannot help wondering if she will meet with any old acquaintances. Passing by the Cross. she lingers for some minutes, gazing alternately up the High Stre down the Saltmarket. Katie thinks that it would be rather fun just to see, without being seen, and it is with a slight feeling of disappointment that, perceiving no familiar face, she con-tinues her quick walk through Argyle

Her dangerous wish is however real ized a few moments later, for, turning the corner of Maxwell street, where Lizzie Logie lives, Katie suddenly finds herself face to face with Jeanie Kerr.

The recognition of each other by the two girls is instantaneous, for though five years have undoubtedly worked changes in both, they have had too much to do with one another not to be able to see at a glance the old friend under new colors.

Jeanie is in no way altered for the better. She is nineteen now, and as coarse and depraved looking as ever. It is she who speaks first, after giving utterance to a scream of surprise

"Katie !- wee Katie Mackay !- it's niver ye! "Wee Katie Mackay!" echoes Katie

drawing her tall, slender figure proud-ly to its full height, and looking down upon Jeanie, who is quite half a head below her—"wee did ye say, Jeanie? I's nae sae wee as ye'll alloo that !" "Och, niver heed!" responds the

other roughly, "ye ken what I's meanin'; ye war unco wee when l seed ye last, eh, Katie? But I's that prood to see ye, ma heart's just like to burst thro' ma bodice l" "I didna' ken ye war in Glaskie

Jeanie. I heerd tell ye had flittit these twa years an' mair."

"Och, lassie, ye ken it's here the day an' there the morrow wi' the likes o' us. Howsomever, mither's ta'en a fine hoose in Edinbury, but we cudna hae dune itherwise than to come till Glaskie for the Fair.'

"An' whaur are ye bidin', Jeanie?" "Come on I'll let ye see," answers Jeanie, passing her arm familiarly through Katie's, and making an effort to draw her along with her: but Katie hastily withdraws herself, answering

bad company.

"Siccan a resolution!" says Jeanie, disdainfully. "Ye'll weary o' that and the place was one which an idle girl would not have kept for a cam' owre ye? Ye're nae what ye ance war."
"Whist ye, Jeanie Kerr, dinna

mak' sic a clatter, ye gar a' the fowk stare," answers Katie, somewhat stare," answers Katie, somewhat vexed and ashamed of her companion's loud voice and disreputable appearance, as she pursues. changit, ye ken, I's na ignoran' noo, sae I wish ye guid nicht

"An' whaur may ye be ga'en, if it's a fair question? I'd like fine to ken," says Jeanie, planting herself in Katie's path. "Ye're that ungratefu', Katie Mackay; an me that war sae guid a friend to ye in auld lang

syne."
"Ay, ay, ye war that, an' I'll no deny it; but let me alane, Jeanie, they days are awa.' When I min' them, behavin' yersel', Jeanie, I ken it fine : an' I's nae ga'en to hae ony mair to do

wi'ye."
"Hoo likit ye the schuil, Katie? says Jeanie Kerr, suddenly changing her tactics, and turning to walk by Katie's side down the street.
"Fine," replies Katie, briefly, not

at all desiring Jeanie's further pany.
"Whan did ye win oot, lassie?

Yer time's nae ended, surely?" "I's gotten oot nigh on twa months

'An whaur are ye bidin'?"

"No in Glaskie "Whaur?"

"Twa miles oot o' Glaskie. noo, Jeanie Kerr, sin' I'm obleeg't to say't, ye dinna need to be speirin' efter me ; ye maun tak' yer ain ways, and leave me to mysel'. Good nicht

t'ye."
"Och! ye proud, hard-hairted lassie that ye are! D'ye nae care to get ony ward about yer ain mither, an' yer ain sister Maggie! I wadna' ken ye to be the same yince ye war, Katie Mackay."

"I's no carin' about Maggie. Whaur's my mither?" asks Katie, half turning at the mention of her

"In Edinbury. Wull ye no win in tull see her, lassie?"

"Maybe some day," says Katie, doubtfully. "I canna mak' nae promises."

and Steele accompanies his sister and her friend.

It is a very pleasant walk; the three young people have good spirits and good consciences; and they are

"Ye're come to be awfu' bonnie. Katie!" remarks Jeanie, still lingering, as Katie, having reached Lizzie Logie's number, stands still to bid a final good-bye to her former friend; but in the name o' a' that's luckie,

what gars ye dress sae dowly?"
"Just mind yersel', Jeanie Kerr," answers Katie, pouting, and vexed, in spite of her better sense, at this allusion to her excessively plain and old-fashioned attire.

"I dinna mean to vex ye, lassie Dinna bleeze up sae muckle. Wull I no get seein' ye ony mair?"

I no get seein' ye ony mair?"
"I dinna ken. I dinna think it,"
replies Katie, hurriedly, for she hears
Lizzie's step coming down the stairs,
and does not wish to be caught talking with Jeanie Kerr. "Guid nicht maybe I'll see ye another time."
"Wha's you lassie, Katie Mackay?"

This last somewhat suspiciously, from a tall, pleasant-faced, but delicate looking girl, with whom, turning from the street door, Katie suddenly finds herself face to face.
"Och! let her be," replies Katie,

rather confusedly.
"I wish it maunna be ain o' they

Kerrs, Katie. Eh, lassie, dinna for-gather wi' the likes o' her. She's "I's warrint she is so-it's Jeanie

Kerr hersel,' ye ken, Lizzie; but I'se no goin' to bother my heid aboot her. I telt her ance for a' we cud hae naethin' in common," Katie answers with great decision which, neverthe less, does not entirely reassure her companion.

The Logies, even among their own

class, are poor. Mrs. Logie, who is a widow, has bad health, and is able o earn so little that she is chiefly dependent for support upon her chil-dren. Of these two only are able to assist her—Steenie, her eldest son, a lad of of nineteen or twenty, who finds employment on the boats plying between Glasgow and Ireland; and her daughter. Lizzie, who works in the weaving factories, and earns thereby from fifteen to twenty shillings a There are several younger children, but they are still attending school, so that it requires no sma amount of hard work on Lizzie's part to keep the family in food and clothing, Steenie's wages as yet being barely Stefficient for his own maintenance. Nevertheless, Lizzie has, by extra labor during the last few days, con-trived to gain two or three additional shillings, so as to be able to prepare a little feast for Katie's long-expected

The girls have plently to tall about—past, present and future, and by degrees Katie is drawn into telling a good deal more about her past life in connection with the Kerrs than she has hitherto done even to Lizzie, who as her particular friend in the school. has nevertheless gathered long ago enough information about the Kerr family to enable her to foresee how dangerous to Katie would be any re newal of her former intimacy with them. She uses, therefore, all her influence to induce Katie to promise never again to notice Jeanie, or in deed any of her set, and Katie promises readily enough. She has temptation to do so now, and she thinks, poor child, temptation will

and Katie to make acquaintance with one another. This is accomplished at one another. This is accomplished at first awkwardly enough, Katie looking exceedingly shy, blushing a good deal, answering in monosyllables, and perversely keeping her eyes bent upon her frock. Steenie, wonderfully smitten at once by the pretty face, and longing to get another view of the blue eves that have just once been raised to look at him, and that before he was half in the room, doing his utmost in a rough, off-hand, sailor fashion, to make himself agreeable. By degrees his perseverance meets with some little success. Katie's shy-ness wears off, and she begins to steal sly glances from under those perversely

drooping lids. It is an honest face that meets her gaze, when at length she takes courage to regard it more attentively. An honest face! ay Katie, you won't see many such during your life-time. A face that is worth a thousand pretty faces like your own, for its beauty i the outward expression of a noble heart within - a true, a faithful, manly heart; and what is beauty in man but the outward reproduction of that which is good within? Steenig is a tall, broad-shouldered, powerful

young fellow, with such sunny, laugh ing eyes, and such a pleasant smile Surely Katie's guardian angel has been beforehand with the enemy Surely he is doing his part right well, when he leads her for the first time across the path of Steenie Logie! I wonder, though, if Steenie's angel approves of the meeting? Looking into the future does he also rejoice? There are futures and futures, and angels see beyond them all to where futures melt forever into eternity. Katie's angel and Steenie's must have fixed their eyes very far forward. Perhaps in the light of "Vitam venturi exculi" they planned for their respecout of their meeting. Angel-guardians

kent in Glaskie," answers Steenie,

It is a very pleasant walk; the three young people have good spirits and good consciences; and they are thoroughly satisfied with each other's "The three three triples." a soft breeze, very refreshing after the great heat of the day, is blowing in their faces as they walk along; the world seems a very fair spot to each one of them, but perhaps to Katie even fairer than the rest.

Mrs. Royson as the latest moment for Katie's return. Accordingly Katie, in bedience to her mistress's instructions, is very careful to set her face betimes in a homeward direction. Lizzie and Steenie announce their

intention of seeing her safely on her way for which purpose they cross the river into the Broomielaw, and saunter leisurely down the side of Glasgow day, the fair is, of course, not open, that is to say, the shows are not going on, and the stalls are closed. Ices however, are to be had, and drinks of various kinds, which, together with cakes, "sweeties" and other such like eatables, are pretty safe to attract the idle crowd, especially the young, who are rarely rigid Sabbatarians.

"Will we have an ice?" asks Steenie as they pass one of the tables, where pyramids of pink mixture, supposed to be strawberry cream, are being served out in glass cups.
"Ay," answers Katie readily, but

Lizzie demurs, glancing around her uneasily

"Och! no, Katie, it's owre late; ome on, we sudna buy an' sell on a

Sunday, ye ken."
"We'll, I'se nae carin,' " says Katie good - humoredly, instantly turning away from the ice-stall; "niver heed them. Maister Steenie.

The young man laughs, but makes no further attempt to detain his companions, and they walk on quickly through the lower part of the Fair, and are on the point of leaving it safely behind them, when a circum-stance occurred which might be attributed to "ill-luck," only that there is no ill-luck in the dispensations of

Temptation is rather the opportunity offered to the soldier of Christ to rise from the ranks, and to earn for himself the proud title of conqueror The hour was come when Katie's courageous resolutions were to be severely tested; the evil spirit had found his opportunity, and the Good One has to stand by and see his charge confronted with the enemy.

For the second time to day, to her extreme vexation. Katie finds herself again in the company of Jeanie Kerr If Katie had only seen her a minute earlier, she would have turned off in another direction, or would have retraced her steps, so as to avoid her but she does not perceive her approach until an exclamation from Jeanic makes her look up quickly, to see, not only Jeanie, but several others with her, with whom Katie had been, in former days, unfortunately acquainted.

Among the rest, leering upon her like the Evil Genius of her infancy. Katie recognizes at a glance her sister Maggie. There are several men among the party, and one of these seems to know Steenie, for he exclaims, 'Hallo, Steenie!" and clasps him familiarly on the shoulder.

Steenie shakes him off abruptly,

reseek to mislead me nae mair; I's gotten a sitiation, ye ken, an' I maun behave mysel', an no gang wi' ony bad company."

Steenie shakes him off abruptly, walks past the group who have surrounded Katie, and calls to his sister to "come on." Lizier however. Katie joins her; and Katie does not detain her long, for, in spite of Jeanie's entreaties, and Maggie's half scornful, half reproachful expostulations, she steadily refuses to turn back and go " a bit o' the way alang wie

"Awa' ye gang, then," bursts out Maggie at last, "ye ill natered, unnateral lassie that ye are! Siccan an intolerable specimen o' pride as I never

"Och! dinna heed them Katie," calls out Lizzie indignantly. come awa' an' leave them to thersel's,

Lizzie's exclamation provokes an impertinent rejoinder from more than one of the noisy group, and her hon-est face flushes painfully at having herself stigmatized as a "reformator; de'il "together with Katie, whose passionate temper would certainly cause her to burst forth into an open quarrel. if Lizzie, with her better sense and wiser self-control, did not interfere arm, draws her onwards, almost by force, and quickens her pace that

they may overtake Steenie.
"Ye sudna hae interfered, Lizzie," says Katie, a little sullenly. willin' to tak' insults frae onybodyleast o' a' frae they bad lot."

"I wadna be mean mysel' to fecht wi' em. Ye ken yersel', Katie, it's aye the way that well-meanin' fowks are ta'en up in a wrang licht. Ye mauna heed them, lassie; the less ye hae to do wi' em the better it'll be for ye, I'm thinkin'."
"I'll be gettin' nae peace noo wi

that Maggie; my word, but I jist hate the very sight o' her spitefu' face, so I do," pursues Katie, still boiling with indignation. "But she had better tak' care wha she's meddlin They have by this time come up

with Steenie, over whose face has come a cloud, which does not escape his sis-

evasively.
"Whaur hae ye seen him afore,
Steenie? I dinna like the looks a' "The de'il tak' it if I do either. But ye ken, lassie, it's no sae easy for a man to mak' nane but guid acquaintanships; it's no the best o' company one fa's in wi' in toons like Glaskie, an' Leith, an' sic like places."

an' Leith, an' sic like places."
"Hoo do ye ca' him?" persists Lizzie, with a look of increased misgiv

ing.
"If ye maun ken a' the ins an' oots, answers Steenie, reluctantly, "it's Willie Cameron. He was ane o' the mates aboard the Jessie when we gaed oot to America you time. He had gotten hissel' oot o' quod—the Lord kens hoo, an' ye may believe we didna ken it at the time—but he worked his passage oot to America to escape the Then Steenie, remembering the bold,

admiring gaze which Cameron, as he passed, cast upon Katie, becomes moody and silent, nor does he take any further part in the conversation until, having reached the lane leading to the farm, Katie stands still, aud, with a bright smile, bids him good night. Steenie's honest face glows a ruddier

red than usual. Poor Steenie! Would it have been better if he could have known there and then how, vanishing from his sight, Katie scarcely gives him so much as a thought again that

evening? Foolish Katie! Her mind is taken up with the remembrance of the dark, insolent, but alluring eyes, whose glance of admiration at herself she too, as well as Steenie, has noticed, and which she does not care to forget. She yields to the vanity, the softness in her disposition, the attractions of externals, and is blind to the good near at hand. Gazing after a sudden phantasy, which is awakening evil in he heart, she misses, or rather passes by, unheeding, the path that might have led her to happiness. Some day, looking back upon the past, Katie may have to say, with Guinevere,

"Ah! my God. What might not I have made of Thy fair wor Had I but loved Thy highest creature here?" It surely was my profit had I known. It would have been my pleasure had I seen.' TO BE CONTINUED.

TWICE SAVED.

For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Great drifts of snow lay like mountains over the fields and meadows. Merry sleigh-bells rang out on the frosty air, mingled with the sounds of gay voices. In the midst of the forest lay a lake, icebound, and covered over with groups of happy children. On the frozen surface burnt a large fire, and now and then the skaters formed rings around it, and glided nearer and nearer the flames, when, at a given signal, they separated, skating swiftly to the bank, and trying who should first reach his own place by the fire again.

Suddenly a child's voice rang out in terror on the air. All looked towards the spot whence the sound proceeded. A great opening in the ice showed that some one had broken through. Suddenly a head appeared and two little hands grasped the icy edges, but they broke away, and once more the child went out of sight.

A tall lad dashed from among a group of skaters, and glided rapidly towards the spot.

"The ice is cracking, Harry. Come back !" shouted a hundred voices, but the brave lad kept on. Near the hole, he threw off coat and vest, tore off boots and skates and plunged into the icy water.
The crowd gazed in silence. At last

two heads were seen above water, but once more they disappeared. By this time the alarm had been given and two men appeared with ropes. They threw them to the boy, who was again at the surface, holding on the ice with one hand, the other supporting the unconscious child. He seized the ropes, slipped his left hand through one noose, changed the child carefully to the left arm, slipped his right hand through the other, and clasping the little girl to his breast called out in a weak voice : "All ready! Harry The pair were in a few minutes

drawn safely to land, and taken to little house which stood on the bank verlooking the lake. Mrs. Brady, the widow who lived in

the cottage, opened the door in response to their knock. She turned white as death when she saw the two unconscious figures, one of whom she But she saw that there was no time to talk, so she bustled around and in an incredibly short time had their circulation restored and the children between blankets, while she steeped some "yarb tea" on the shining little stove. Then she listened to the account of

the accident. girl she is," she said when they had finished, "and it isn't with the skaters she was at all. 'Mother,' she sez to me, sez she, 'there's a lovely fire burnin' out on the lake, sez she. Let me go and see it, mammy avic.' An' sez I, 'it's to your bed you'll go,' sez I, and not down on the treacherous waters, where you might be drounded. sez I. But when me back was turned I spose she wint down to the shore, and the ice was thin, and she wint through. God bless the brave little

meetings that take place here below?

After tea, the evening being very fine, Lizzie propose a stroll along the Clyde banks. Katie is nothing loth,

Clyde banks. Katie is nothing loth,

The good woman herself lay on the floor before the kitchen fire, only too floor before the kitchen fire, only too glad to give up her comfortable bed to the preserver of her child.

Next day when Harry left her she

said:
"h's only a poor widdy I am, an' I

I can pray fur ye night and day, an' if ye wouldn't be above acceptin' this I'd be proud to have ye take it. It'll keep ye from all harm. She placed in him She placed in his hand a badge of the Sacred Heart. He thanked her, and assured her politely that he would keep her little gift. He was a quiet, thoughtful boy, and, non-Catholic as he was, he wondered what the sacred

"Father," said Mrs. Murphy, as the priest stood at the door of her little shop to speak a kind word to the chil-dren, on his way home from devotions, "there's a poor woman very sick down in Mullins' Alley. She's very sick indeed, and won't let anyone send for

the priest. Perhaps if your reverence would just look in she might be recon-"Does she belong here, Mrs.
Murphy? I think I know all the inmates of Mullins' Alley. I manage to get a sight of them at least at Easter."

"She's here off and on. Father. I my knowledge she has never put her foot inside a church in this city." "Well, I'll just call there now, Mrs.

Well, I'll just call there now, Mrs.
Murphy. Thank you for telling me;"
and the priest turned away.
A few steps brought him to Mullins'
Alley. Used as he was to visiting the poor and wretched, Father Watson always shuddered when he reached this den of crime. Heaps of reeking filth and half-clad human forms met his eye,

and on his ear fell curses and words of blasphemy. Pushing his way up the rickety staircase, the priest opened the door, and by the dim light that came in through the dirty window, discovered a woman's form stretched on a rough pedstead. A candle stood on the table beside her, and Father Watson lit it. and scanned the features of the woman before him. She did not seem to be more than thirty years of age, but sin and shame had set their seal upon her.

Her eyes were wide open, and her breathing thick and heavy. "What can I do for you, my child?" he asked.
"Nothing."

"What are you doing here?" No answer. "You do not belong to my parish?"

Not a word. "My poor child," said the priest, "you are dying. You must not face your Creator with your soul stained with sin. I have come to save you, and to forgive you your sins in the name of

She fixed her eyes on his.
"Go away," she said, "I do not
want you. Let Kathleen Brady die he outcast she has lived !" "Kathleen Brady!" said the priest.
'Were you born in Lorneville?"

"Yes," she replied. "Is your mother living?" A crimson flush overspread her face.
"No: she died of a broken heart."

The priest took a little book from his pocket, and from between the leaves produced a badge of the Sacred Heart. "I saved you once, Kathleen," You fell through the ice of the lake I jumped in and pulled you out. Your mother gave me this, which was the means of bringing me to God—to the Holy Catholic Faith. Now I have come

to save you again, for the last time. He laid the badge upon her breast. Kathleen was vanquished. With tears streaming down made her confession and received the

last sacraments. The next morning, at Father Watson's request, she was removed to the Sisters' Hospital, where she lived for some days in the most edifying dispositions, making constant ejaculations to the Sacred Heart, and dying at length with the badge clasped to her breast — that badge that had brought a stray sheep into the True Fold, and had caused the angels to rejoice over one more sinner's doing A. SAN JOSE.

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