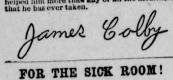
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retunded. K. V. PIERCE: Dear Str – I could tell mber of cases where Dr. Pierce's Family nes have cured. A friend of mine, Mr. s, was about used up with liver troub-whe says that "Pieusant Pelicis" have him more thas any or all the medicines



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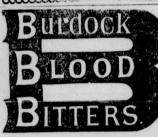
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LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas. CHAPTER XXX.

"UP FOR THE LORDS" IN GLASGOW BRIDEWELL.

"No star is ever lost we once have seen. We always may be what we might have been. Sinee good, though only thought, has life and breath. God's life can always be redeemed from death ; And evil in its nature is decay. And any hour can blot it all away. The hopes that lost in some far distance seem. May be the truer life, and this the dream."

-AEELAIDE PROCTOR.

Breakfast hour in the Glasgow Bridewell. During the night snow has fallen, and now it is freezing hard. It is the sort of morning when, even in It is the sort of moring when, when huge comfortable dining-rooms, with huge fires burning in cheerful grates, with double windows effectually shutting out the keen north wind, people are rubbing their hands, and saying a good deal more than is at all necessary about that inexhaustible subject, the

weather. In the Glasgow Bridewell there are no blazing fires, no warm curtains to keep out the piercing blast which, in spite of heavy stone work and massive wall, contrives to effect an entrance, under detention, awaiting her trial, it had not been so difficult to secure the permission as if she had already re ceived her sentence from the "Lords." whistling mournfully through the long corridors, the melancholy sound adding tenfold to the dreariness of the gloomy prison. Along these stone passages, on each story of the building, sturdy women are hurrying to and fro, several clad in coarse blue prison gear,

for Mabel into the prisoner's cell, or at least, she would have had her inand carrying capacious bowls of stream " stir The smoking ing porridge. The smoking "stir about" at least looks warm and com terview with Katie only in the pres ence of one of the officers, which pres ence would have rendered null and void any efforts Mabel might have forting. It is appreciated, too, appar-ently, by the inmates of the cells, who each in her turn, so soon as the doublemade to gain Katie's confidence. it was, however, she was ushered into the cell by the officer on duty, who immediately withdrew, leaving the door slightly ajar, and Mabel found herself face to face with Katie. locked door is opened from without by the officer on duty, comes forward and receives her portion. In their ways of receiving it there is a marked difference. Some, as they snatch rather than take their food, look dogged and The prisoner took no notice of this interruption of her solitude ; she did sullen; others, again, and of these there are a good many, receive it with not so much as move her eyes from the ceiling, at which she was blankly a sort of forlorn contentment, as though it were their last refuge from despair. A few, very few, advance with alacrity, and have a cheerful word to say

either to their companions who serve hem, or to the officer, who on this particular morning happens to be a favor

There is, however, one cell-the last one on the top story - whose inhabitant seems in no way eager for her breakfast.

She has taken not the slightest notice of the turning key in the lock of her door, nor does she make her appear ance as the others have done-upon its threshold. The stout, purple - faced woman, whose business it is to hand the were digging into her own flesh. bowls of porridge into the cells, utters an expostulation, after which, turning to the officer, she asks : "Wull I fetch't in till her?"

"Yes," replies the officer, briefly upon which the woman kicks the open loor, and walks into the cell, carrying with

tears.

time.

ith her the prisoner's breakfast. "Hoot, lassie," she remonstrates but not unkindly, as she sets oughly, the porringer down upon the floor, beside a couching woman's figure, whose face is entirely hid from view, and whose meal of the preceding evening till remains untouched before her. 'Ye sudna vex yersel' sae sair, ye'll maybe win through yer trouble yet ; ye maunna destroy yersel', ye ken t's nae richt to set yersel' agin the Almichty ; put yer confidence in Him He'll no forsake ye, lassie." A low, bitter laugh, followed by-

dinna trouble yer heid aboot me ; it's nae muckle fowk can do for me noo ; That winna aye wark !" it's owre late, an' I doot I'm ane o' the "What is the talking about, Macdamned in hell. inter Come out directly," non? the officer sternly, and the purple faced woman obeys, muttering to herself meanwhile— "Puir bit lassie. Eh, but it's a weary warl'! "Why do you leave your food, Mackay? Are you ill?" asks the officer, as, standing on the threshold of the cell, she addresses the prisoner in a softened tone; this being the third day on which the prisoner has refused to eat, the officer thinks matters are

CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

convictions, even if she still possessed any. "Katie, I want to know from yourself the true story of all that has happened. I am not asking only out of curiosity, it is my wish to stand by you in your trouble; I will see that you have proper counsel fer your de-fence. Now don't distrust me; tell me, did you commit this crime which is position, as a prisoner awaiting her trial for murder; nor does she dwell upon the end which perhaps awaits her. She is callous, stonily hard, careless what becomes of her; the season for feeling reams to have gone by the is feeling seems to have gone by, she is reckless now, because she knows she has nothing more to lose, nothing but her life !- and of that poor Katie is downright weary-sick to death-nor does she heed how soon its last hour did you commit this crime which is

may strike for her. The future has no terrors for Katie Long ago she succeeded in drowning the voice of conscience. For many a the voice of conscience. For many a day its whisperings have ceased to make themselves heard in her soul; with all that is good or holy Katie has deliberately parted; she has fung her faith to the winds; she has trampled upon every warning of Divine grace ; she has sinned-ay, grievously sinned. But there is a link in the chain of her hysterical cries. "Well, but how did it happen? Do life which will save her yet-a link which, connecting that life with one more happy, more blessed, will draw them together once again, and bind

hem this time so firmly to one another,

that they can never more, except by

death, be severed. The required permission to see and converse with Katie alone had been obtained by Doctor Graeme for Mabel.

As Katie was in the meanwhile merely

In that case, probably, no amount of interest would have won admittance

A

come back to me, Katie, if you will, "Maybe 'twas jist Maggie. I dinna ken, I dinna ken, Miss Mabel. I'll tell atone for the past." "Eh, but wull I win oot o' this ?ye the truth, and gin ye dinna believe wull I no get haugit, Miss Mabel?" pursued Katie, in a despairing tone; and then she repeated, still more sadly —"I dinna care to live wantin' Willie

-eh, Willie, my puir Willie! Och, Mirs Mabel, he's gotten twenty-aye years o' penal service, an' it's a' through Maggie, curse her !" ex-claimed Katie, wringing her hands in "Aweel, then, Miss Mabel, the bairn a fresh paroxysm of despair. "Katie, poor child, God has separ-

bless her wee licht some hairt was as bonnie, as halesome a lassie, forbye, as ye wad see in a' the toons o' Glaskie and Edinbury. Ye ken Maggie, Miss Mabel. Anyways, maybe ye've heerd tell on her. The de'il tak' Maggie ! tell on her. The de'il tak' Maggie she aye bated me, an'ye ken fine ne'er likit her. She aye jaloused me, faith. I ken mysel' she had guid cause to do so. Aweel, Miss Mabel, I'll no detain ye wi'a' they havers. Magfaith. I ken mysel' gie an' me had quarrel. I can min it ensuch, but I'll jist let that alane.

ess. deceitfu' quean !-- it was a' along her my puir Willie gotten his went-ane years o' penal service. Och.

point.

Gin ye wad bae patience ye wad un derstan'. Aweel, as I was sayin' Maggie an' me had an awfu' quarrel I was jist ragin' mad, the fire behude to hae ta'en possession o' my heid. She ca'ed me for a' the awfu' names and Willie forbye-an' did her verra best to murder me a'thegither. Sh telt me to gang to hell, an' my bairn alang wi' me. Wi' that I gripp haud o' the bairn in its creddle, we Wi' that I grippi dear, an' ran oot o' the hoose. I ken na whaur I bided a' that day. I canna account for a' that happint. Sae weel as I can min', I gaed oot to the country an' faintit. Katie started, and scanned Mabel bairn was deid an' cauld in my airms. with a scared, inquiring glance, after That's the truth to ye, Miss Mabel, as which she uttered a shriek, and buried sure as I'm livin'. her face in her apron. "Don't be afraid of me, Katie," implored Mabel. "I have not come to do you any harm. I will help you keppit my senses it wad ha'e been better for me, but they gaed awa' an' left me a'thegither. My baira's deid, as much as ever I can to get you out of this terrible scrape. I am sure you says I. mair to detain ye in this w'ary warl'. Wi' that I gaed awa' back to Glaskie, are not guilty, or, at least, you did not know what you were doing at the

watter, I wad-I ken mysel'-' con cluded Katie grinding her teeth with passionate fury.

It was cruelly cold for a mother and

FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

EXALTED YET HUMBLE.

The discipline of the Church is such that it humbles the man, whilst the ecclesiastical office is exalted. Nearly six years ago I witnessed in St Peter's church in Rome the sacerdotal Golden Jubilee of the present glorious Pontiff. I could well understand how the superficial observer might tremble for the humility of the man thus exalted. He seemed almost a demigod. Borne aloft above the vast surging ocean of humanity this triple-crowned king received the tribute of the Catho lic world. The sovereigns of all nations, Catholic, Protestant and even Mohammedan, had laid their royal presents at his feet. In St. Peter's, on that day, all the arts seemed as it were to do him homage. The sculptured apostles, martyrs, doctors and virgins of nearly nineteen centuries seemed to congratulate him from their niches. Music-glorious music, that link be tween the natural and supernatural, the survivor of the other arts when the and the architect shall become the chil-dren of song — added her high-Truly est earthly glory to the scene. of him thus lifted up, with every eye in that vast cathedral of the universe fixed upon him, might it be said : Oculi omnium inte sperant.' eyes of all hope in thee.') And, as he lifted his hand in benediction over the kneeling multitude, the words of the psalmist might be applied to him : 'Thou openest thy hand and fillest every living creature with thy bless

'We can scarcely imagine a man on ated you here, that you may have a a more dazzling and dangerous pin-nacle of glory. But let us contemplate You must both have been lost had all gone on as it was. Now won't you make nacle of glory. another scene on the next morning. A poor monk with a purple stole your life an offering for his? - won't you try to offer all you suffer for him? around his neck is seated in a plain apartment. An old man bent down If you cannot bear your troubles as a with years and cares comes tottering penance, bear them at least patiently, to hisside, and, falling on his knees be that God may be pleased with you, and fore him, says, 'Bless me, Father, for I have sinned. I have sinned through Poor my fault, through my fault, through Mabel had touched the right chord. my most grievous fault.' He confesses his sins and asks for Had she enlarged just then upon Cameron's wickedness-had she endeavored giveness and penance for them. Who is this penitent, suppliant old to persuade Katie that the loss of him was a blessing to her-she would have man at the monk's feet? The same hardened utterly the heart of the miser whom you saw scattering his benedicable girl, who would have turned a tions amidst the glories of St. Peter's deaf ear to everything Mabel could Church yesterday; the demi-god of that wonderful scene ! Oh, marvellous afterwards have said. But Mabel knew what she was doing and with whom she had to deal. Gently and feelingly she Church of God ! how little is the greatest amongst us in thy mighty handled the painful wound, pouring presence ! Pontiffs, Bishops and priests-we are all but trembling sinin the sweet balm of consolation rather than the smarting vinegar of bitter ners. Our office can never save us. which Mabel too well knew would in her actual state drive Katie to -Archbishop Ryan.

desperation. And Katie's warm nature responded to Mabel's mode of treat-Von Moltka and the Church.

If the words of Count von Moltka, as reported in the second volume of the "Memoirs" of Theodore de Bernhardt, ever, gently, evidently softened, and thoroughly roused from her despairing be authentic - and that they are so there is no valid reason to doubt-they In this happier mode, after promisreflect more credit upon the keen intel lect of the old warrior than upon his moral courage. In an interview which is now published for the first time, Von Moltka is reported as say-

ing: "The fact of the matter is, we ought all to return to the fold of the Catholic Church, whose great superiority con-sists in the fact that it has a head, a supreme, undisputed authority, who has the mission to decide for the whole world, and to stifle in its germ every doubt and every movement of rebel-lion. It is in the Catholic Church lion. alone that one finds the certainty that dogma alone can give. She acts more powerfully on the imagination than the Protestant Church. The priest enjoys in his parish that authority

story, and felt, while she looked at the poor girl's shrunken face and form, how much she must have suffered. "Div ve believe me. Mire the she that at the public square. It must have she at the public square. It must have suffered the public square. (ib., p. 169.) As to Barlow of man was he? refer to any Cat have his portrait by one of our crit pastor, and wields a decisive influence even in the private family circle." These words are so frank and sol-dierly that one wonders how the ties, the great Lit "William Barl dale. "actively speaker could remain outside of the in his divorce an one true fold. It is the old story of the monasteries, made Bishop o seeing the light and walking in the thence promote

FEBRUARY 1

ANGLICAN CLA LIGHT OF H

[A paper read by Mr. Jo ontholic Truth Society of December, 1893, in reply 1 "Roman Methods of Contr the Rev. W. J. Muckleston hay, 1893.)

CONTINUED FROM This wretched syc been gibbetted by I passage which, for m is not exceeded by whole range of Engli

"Every crime wh he committed ; every one in power wishe assisted or condoned stead of denouncing able of the ewe-lamb a sentence of divor and Bathsheba, and the fatal missive to instead of meeting A sage of Divine v entrance of Jezrcel, the mock court Naboth, and had bee subserviency by a r vineyard ; if Danie ficed his religion Darius ; if John Ba to perform the rite of Herod Antipas and wife, how would we ories? and yet eac stopped short there, incomparably less g Cranmer, whose wh

of like acts." So much for Cran low.

In the reign of H questions were put Bishops and other of logical points. Am they were asked. or priests were first ere first, then th

Bishop." To this question 'At the beginning Asked whether ment be required a Bishop or a priest

to the office be suffi He answered " He also declared Grace, being sup Church of Englan

nominate, and elec learned to be a l chosen (without me orders) should be a he is, or the best in These are the t

validity of whose action the orders of land depend. It is only fair to

low to say that in they but express their fellow refor ment is extant by successor to Parker the year 1582, a minister, ordained form of the Scotel and administer s out the Province of

aulay, Hist. Eng., In 1603 Convoca nized the Church episcopal ordination a branch of the H

of Christ. (ib.) Many English b time held by div Calvinistic form. not thought nece and it was not u non - episcopal di absorb all the good lishment, that epi the first time was able condition to

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she was twa week auld. The Lord forgive me, I ha'ena been near han' the chapel syne. Och ! maybe it's a ine cnapel syne. Och ! maybe it's a judgment upon me that oor Blessit Lady has ta'en her awe to her ain sel.' Div ye think't, Miss Mabel?" "Poor little one, she is safe anyhow. Yes, Katie, I am sure our Blessed Lady

chapel, an' see'd her kirstened, afor

"Ye dinna believe in oor Blessi

idence. He has brought everything

are learning a terrible lesson, but God

has kept your place for you ; you shall

and we will try to undo, or, at least,

chance of meeting in heaven.

accept your prayers for him. fellow ! he will need them."

truth,

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Yo

thought you were not fit to take care of her; but it was more in love than did you commit this crime which is laid to your charge? Did you drown your poor little baby ?" "The Lord forgie them that swears till't," responded Katie raising her eyes, and confronting Mabel with a fearless glance of indignation. "Me in judgment, I should say, that she took her." Lady, div ye, Miss Mabel ?" inquired earless glance of indignation. Katie, with a sudden glance at Mabel. droon my puir bit bairn, that was my yin consolation ! Me that loved it "Ye're no a Catholic, are ye?" "Yes, thank God! I am, Katie better nor onybody in a' the warl'! Now you will trust me a little Wha telt ye that, Miss Mabel? It's a lee, I'll swear till't-it's a'thegether fausse. Eh, waes me ! wull naebody won't you?-you will let me be your friend when you leave this. Indeed, all has been for the best. I am sure fausse. Eh, waes me ! wull naebody gie me back my puir bairnie ?" wailed you are a beloved child of God's Prov poor Katie, breaking forth into loud, about for your good in the end.

try to be calm, Katie. Tell me who killed the child? Was it Maggie?"

my ward I's no heedin'," said Katie, trying to check her solbing. "I'll tell ye a' absot it, Miss Mabel. Wull I begin frae the beginning? Ye ken whan I left ye.

whan I left ye." "Never mind all that now, Katie," whispered Mabel, glancing at the half-opened door. You shall tell me all another time. I want now to hear about the child."

The Lord forgie her, the mean, hairt-

gazing. Her arms tightly clasped her knees together, her head was my bluid biles whan I think on't !" "Hush, Katie, this is not to the thrown back, and her whole body was rigid with despair in its utmos extremity. Mabel's heart beat violently; sh "I's comin' to the p'nt, Miss Mabel felt ready to choke, or to cry out with

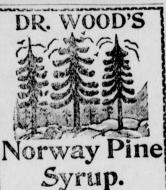
horror, but restraining herself by a great effort, she stepped silently and lightly across the cell, and before Katie became aware that she was no onger alone, Mabel had knelt down eside her, placed one hand tenderly upon the poor girl's shoulder, while with the other she sought to release the frigid grasp with which Katie's fingers

"Katie !- poor little Katie !" was all she said, and then there fell on Katie's face two or three scalding

ing to afford her every assistance in Whan I cam to mysel' the her power, Mabel was forced to leave her, as the half hour allotted for their interview had expired. As she was Gin I could hae driving back with Doctor Grame to the hotel, Mabel exclaimed earnestly, "She is innocent, Geordie - I am positive of that-and my belief is that Katie Mackay, ye'll hae nae Maggie had something to do with the affair. Before the trial comes on, she Wi that i gaed awa back to Glashe, an' droont mysel', an' the deid bairnie alang wi' me. It's God's truth I've telt ye, Miss Mabel. Och ! gin I had the loons that pickit me oot o' the will be out of the way.

It Was a Large Organ and Forced His Hand Into His Pocket. "Oh ! Katie, poor Katie, hush !" remonstrated Mabel, her own tears







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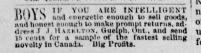
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growing serious. No answer. The crouching figure on the floor remains silent and motion-

The officer heaves a deep sigh. It is She has no not her place to interfere. authority for entering into conversation with the prisoners, and though she suspects this one to be really ill, she cannot, without the matron's leave, remove her, as she would like to do, from the cell into a warm room downstairs.

Unable to obtain any reply from the prisoner, the officer unwillingly turns he lock once more upon her, determining, however, that as soon as her

duties allow her, she will seek out her matron and put the case before her for inquiry. Left alone again in her narrow cell.

poor Katie-for, as my readers will oubtless have discovered, the prisoner is she whom we have long lost sight of -raises her head slowlyfrom its bowed position, and leans it against the cold,

white-washed wall. Katie looks worn, haggard, altered strangely from what she used to be To reveal her identity there is still indeed the tangled glory of golden hair,

but it is sadly dishevelled, and hangs limp round her white, shrunken face, colorless now, but for the blue saucers under the sunken eves, from which all brilliancy and expression have de parted, leaving in their place a fixed. glassy look of dull despair.

To judge from her appearance, Katie is searcely conscious of the cold, nor does she seem tormented by pangs of hunger. She is perfectly listless,

Hush, Katie ; no one but those who choose to do so. It is never too late to ask pardon ; don't think about hell now-try to think of

heaven, where your poor little innocent

baby is gone." "Och, Miss Mabel, I'll niver win to heaven at a' at a' - I'll niver get seein' any bairn nae mair-l'm no ane o' the eleckit.'

"Gang oot o' this-awa' ye gang,

Miss Mabel !" wailed Katie, still hiding

her face; "ye didna need to think

aboot me nae mair. Gaag hame, an

"Katie, is that Catholic doctrine?is that the sort of faith you were brought up to? Have you forgotten the Precious Blood? Have you lost all memory of the mercy and love of the Sacred Heart? Katie, you, one of Mary's own children, talking about going to hell ! Oh ! Katie, Katie,

have you lost your faith as well as everything else?"

"Maybe I have, Miss Mabel. dinna ken, an' I'm no carin' muckle forbye," responded Katie, gloomily. 'I ken naething aboot it-it's wha the minister telt me ; he cam' in till nae mair."

me twa nichts syne, an' went on jist awfu' at me, an' he telt me, gin I didna repent, I wad be damned — an' I'm no carin'."

Katie had been brought in a state of unconsciousness to the prison, she had not, therefore, been inscribed as a Catholic upon the prison register; consequently she had come in for her share of the spiritual ministrations of the worthy Kirk minister, whese duties conducted him occasionally through "Oh, Miss Mabel, I'm tha the prison cells, to the greater couso lation, or desolation, as the case might

be, of their inmates. To Katie his visit had been productive of little good. He had unfortu-nately allowed her to see that he looked upon her as a hardened sinner, an bairnie." mpression much strengthened by her manner of receiving his wellmeant, but mistaken advances. The result was an increase of obdur-

acy on Katie's part, and after his de parture, a deeper relapse into the state one is ! of despair in which Mabel found her. "Ay, "Katie," resumed Mabel, wisely

judging that the poor girl's heart could be best approached just then through the channel of her affections, utterly indifferent to all bodily discom-the channel of her affections, lassie. I ca'ed her efter oor Blessit fort. She is even past realizing her rather than through her religious Lady. I carrit her my ain sel' to the

"Div ye believe me, Miss Mabel? div ye believe me? Gie's haud o'yer ha n'

-gin ye believe me, gie's a haud han'!" exclaimed Katie, with liancy poured out of o'ver han' feverish impatience, her dimmed eyes sparkling with some of their original prightness, as she held her hand out to forms.

Mabel took it gently, pressed i firmly in her own warm grasp, and

answered, with quiet resolve-"I do believe you, Katie. quite sure you are innocent of this crime. Now will you trust me?"

"I wull so, Miss Mabel. I'll do that Ye was aye kin'," said Katie, in a softened tone, as she pressed her lips respectfully upon Mabel's hand. "Eh," she continued, mournfully, shaking her head as she spoke, "I ken fine I've been awfu' bad. Sune ye'll ken, Miss Mabel, an' ye'll no speak to me

"Then I should do very wrong Katie. When God forgives, what right have I to remember the past? You are undergoing a terrible punish ment now, poor girl ; you have indeed plenty to suffer, plenty of penance to endure. Don't let it all be lost. Make good use of it, Katie, accept it as a penance for your sins, and then it will

"Oh, Miss Mabel, I'm that miser able," interposed Katie, beginning to weep bitterly. "I'll no deceive neither. It's no the sin I's heedin' but my hairt's like to break wi' grief. It's my belief, gin they hang me I wad be happy. I cudna be satisfied to live wantin' Willie an' my puir bit

"Poor child ! poor Katie !-- it is hard to do without love !" said Mabel, in a low tone of intense feeling. " But think how happy the innocent little Was she baptised ?"

"Ay, ay, she was that, Miss Mabel," assured Katie, earnestly. "I's no sae cruel-hairted as ye wes think, maybe. 'Deed was she baptizit, the bonnie wee lassie. I ca'ed her efter oor Blessit

past midnight. The electric light flickered and smapped and dimmed as A flood of brilliancy poured out of the big windows o a club not many yards away, and fell almost at the feet of the three sleeping

While Mabel was speaking, she

began to cry again - this time, how-

TO BE CONTINUED.

A POLICEMAN'S HEART.

The children were very young. The little girl nestled close to the side of the mother, with her hands buried deep in the folds of her mother's worn cloak. A Noted Con

The boy's arm was thrown across his mother's neck, and the lower part of his body was buried in the folds of her skirt. His little round hat had fallen off and rolled bottom up a little way

The policeman paused. He thought he had discovered more tramps to rouse up and pass on to the next town. Then he saw his mistake. He scratched his head for a precedent. Must he arrest them and send them the way of ther prisoners convicted of vagrancy? Then he looked down into the sleeping aces once more

His hand played nervously with his rouser pocket. Then it dived in decisively and came out with several shining coins. He dropped them into the hat of the child ; and as he walked away be wondered why the electric lights flickered and dimmed and danced so much more violently than

they did a few minutes before. - Donaboe's Magazine.

HOOD'S GUARANTEES a cure. What it as done for others it will do for you. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture. Send 3: "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers bearing the words "Why Does a Woman Look Old Sooner Than a Man") to LEVER BROS., Ltd., 43 Sectt street. Toronto, and you will re-reive by post a pretty picture, free from adver-tising, and well worth framing. This is an easy way to decorate your home. The soap is the beat in the market, and it will only cost to postage to send in the wrappers, if you leave the ends open. Write your didress Carefully.

Toronto Testimony.

DDAR SIRS.-Two years ago I had a bad attack of bilousness, and took one bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, and can truly re-commend it to any suffering from this completing

complaint. MRS. CHARLES BROWN, Toronto,

A Noted Convert.

The Rev. Dwight E. Lyman, who died lately at Govanstown, Md., had a history as interesting as his character was beautiful. He was one of a little group of young men who in the early Fifties, after many years spent in "anxious questionings," sought sanctuary from their doubts and fears in the bosom of the Church. From his youth he was a close friend of the great Paulist missionary, Father his own Baker, whom, even before conversion, he unwittingly influenced toward Catholic teaching. They were both received into the Church, however, in 1853, and three years later they were ordained. Unlike his friend and confidant, Father Lyman did not become a religious; but he abored not less arduously for the good of souls in the Archdiocese of Baltimorel He was an ideal pastor, gentle, earnest, and devout ; with a deep cul ture, the result of wide reading and nuch travel. His brother was the

late Dr. Lyman, Episcopal Bishop of North Carolina ; but his mother and other members of his family followed him into the one true Church. Perhaps the highest tribute to his exalted character is to be found in the fact that the Protestants who could not par-don his "defection" in 1853, were among the sincerest mourners at his funeral.—Ave Maria.

HAGYARD'S Pectoral Balsam cures coughs, colds: hoarseness, oronchiets, asthma, whooping cough ; and all bronchial and lung troubles. Price 25c. per bottle, or five for \$1.00.

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ligious. They and every dut to man, and it improbable, to they can be safe lating to God."