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LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXIX.

BACK TO GLASGOW. "Life is real, life is earnest. And the grave is not his goal."

—LONGFELLOW.

On a gloomy December afternoon, four years after the events described in the foregoing chapter, and exactly fourteen years from the commencement of this story, Mabel Forrester finds herself again in Glasgow.

It is the same sort of weather as it was on the former occasion. Not a whit more cheerful is the aspect outside the window, and within the same room, in the same hotel, everything looks pretty much as it did fourteen years ago—that is to say, everything except the occupants of the room.

There were two then—now there is only one, and she is no longer a bright, careless child, but a sober, grave woman of six-and-twenty.

Mabel is much altered. At a first glance you would scarcely recognize her. All the fresh roundness of her girlhood is gone forever; she looks worn and thin, and her brow is deeply lined for one so young. Her eyes, however, are unchanged; though their usual expression is melancholy, they have lost none of their brilliancy.

Her hair, too, is of the same beautiful auburn tint as formerly, and she does not look unhappy.

Mabel is only one of those to whom spring time was so very bright and long that it left no place for summer. Autumn came upon her just when her summer was beginning, and she knows that autumn, though it bears no resemblance to glad spring, may often bring with it a peculiar charm of its own.

I have passed over the four years which immediately followed the breaking off of her engagement to Hugh, first, because my story is already too long; secondly, because the sorrow I should have to describe is a sorrow not to be lightly treated, and I would rather say of the events of those four years only that which is absolutely necessary.

Never for one single moment has Mabel regretted the step she took when she became a Catholic. Bitter, indeed, beyond all words was the sacrifice that step entailed, but Mabel, thanks to Hugh's noble behavior, was not tried beyond her strength. She had had wonderful help to support her through the first season of her trial, such help as converts especially is immeasurably precious.

Ah! who can tell what are those early days of a convert's life? It is not that with the novelty wears away also the charm of the new religion, or that with additional experience comes the blight of disappointment; nor is it, again, because all was bathed in a radiance of enchanted light, that the convert looks back to the first days of his admission into the Church with such unutterable fondness; for those who have been many years in the bosom of the Church will not refuse this tribute to their *Alma Mater*, that after any number of years, they are daily learning fresh lessons of her glorious beauty. They will tell you how by experience they have found out that the well of living water with which the Catholic Church refreshes her thirsty children is fathomless. Let no one be deluded by the prospect of disappointment, with which borderers on Rome are so often arrested on the threshold of the Church. Nothing can be more false than such warnings. Show me but a true son of Holy Church, and he will indignantly deny that his Mother has grown less beautiful because he knows her better. The religion of Catholics never loses its charm, but there rests undoubtedly over the early days of conversion a peculiar golden sunshine; the first smile of God's welcome to the wanderer who comes home. This was the sunshine which made Mabel's cross a possible one to endure. All through the agony of the long struggle that smile was upon her, comforting when all earthly comfort would have been unavailing, strengthening her, and making happiness, even along the "Via Crucis," a reality.

The first year after her conversion was spent at Francones. Jessie, to whom Elvanlee was no less full than to Mabel of painful associations, gladly availed herself of any excuse for remaining abroad. She had been greatly distressed, not by Mabel's change of religion, but by the consequences it entailed—all the more so because the matter was totally incomprehensible to her, and she felt herself in a measure guilty and responsible for the sorrow which had come upon Hugh and her sister-in-law. When, therefore, she became convinced that all her attempts to put matters straight between them were quite useless, she easily abandoned the idea of returning to Elvanlee, and took the Chateau St. Anne for another whole year. The following Winter was passed in Italy, the Summer in Switzerland, and then, in order that her children might acquire the German language, Jessie took up her abode in Dresden.

The longer she put off her return to England, the less inclined she felt to go back; nor was it until the Summer immediately preceding the period I have now reached in my story, that, after four years' absence, Elvanlee Castle became once more her home. Mabel had been her constant companion, and of course, went back with her to Elvanlee.

Very painful, even after years of preparation, was that return; but Mabel bore it, as she had borne all the rest, bravely. She was changed—

very much changed—no one could deny it. The girl was all gone out of her. A grave, yet not altogether saddened woman who answered to the name of Mabel Forrester—a woman in experience several years older than she really was—a woman who, having known what it meant to love passionately, and yet, at the call of duty, to forego that love, could never be the joyous, light-hearted creature she had once been, but who, nevertheless, having learned the secret of true peace, could endure with a spirit of calm hopefulness which shed a soft glow over her own life and other lives around her.

She still corresponded with Hugh—she still wore his betrothal ring. There had been no renunciation of the love vowed between them. Though, by the will of God, separated probably for ever on earth, both had realized that the promise binding their two hearts inextricably together, had been to endure beyond that mortal life of the grave is the goal. Life was real—life to Mabel was earnest; and though physically she had suffered much, the tone of her mind was as brave, as hopeful, as enterprising as it had ever been, even in the days of her ardent youth.

She had stood for some minutes looking out into the dreary street, lost in a dreamy retrospect of the far past, when there came a knock at the door. Mabel, having carelessly answered, "Come in," a waiter announced, "Dr. Graeme."

Mabel came forward with outstretched hands. "I had almost given you up, Geordie—this is kind!"

"Given me up, eh?—why?—didn't you know well enough I would come?"

"I knew you would if you could, Geordie, but my telegram must have taken you by surprise. I was afraid you might have been out."

"So I was, but that good creature, MacLeod, came riding after me. Mary opened the telegram, and sent him off instantly. Well, Mabel, welcome home to Scotland once more!"

"Do you know, Geordie, this is the very same room that auntie and I were in the night you and I first made acquaintance?"

"Nonsense!—you don't mean it!" Why, it must have been just about this time then, twelve—no, fourteen years ago, Mabel. Heigh ho! but times are changed! You are changed—too much changed," added the Doctor looking attentively at Mabel.

"Why, bless my soul, what have those foreigners been doing with you?"

"I am growing old, Geordie," said Mabel, laughing. "Would you like to see me run downstairs as I did that night? By-the-way, have you seen anything of Katie?"

"Yes, I have; but just let her be a bit. I have a deal more to hear about yourself first, Mabel. Tell me your that young vagabond presently. How are you, Mabel? You look as if you wanted some north-country air."

"I am well, Geordie—quite well. Do you know why I asked you to meet me here to-night?"

"I have not the slightest idea; you should have come to Edinburgh. Mary would have been so pleased."

"Thanks, Geordie, I know. How are Mary and the children? and how do you get on with your brother-in-law?"

"Mary is aye flourishing, the bairns are fine, and my respected brother-in-law and myself get on well together; you know the life with me. I could not spare Mary. But now then, Mabel, what brought you to Glasgow?"

"I am on my way to Glendower with Jessie. Glasgow is en route, so I let her go on, and I stayed here a night just to see you, Geordie. Jessie has told me some news that I have been expecting for a long while; it has set me thinking of my own plans, and I want your advice."

"Is Lady Forrester going to marry again?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," said Mabel briefly, the tears glistening in her eyes. "The doctor's response, after which he fell a-thinking. Presently he looked up. 'Who is it?'"

"A man of whom we saw a good deal at Dresden—a Sir James Taylour," said Mabel slowly, as though the subject were distasteful to her.

"Do you like him?" Mabel shook her head.

"Not much, Geordie. Perhaps it is foolish prejudice on my part, but oh! when I think of my darling brother, of Guy, I can't help it," she said, the tears coming quick and fast.

"But, Mabel—impossible! you can't live by yourself," began the doctor, looking bewildered.

"Yes, I can, and what is more, I will!" answered Mabel, with quiet decision. "It is not that I came to consult you about, Geordie. I want to know from you all about the house, and whether I can have it in March."

"Yes, you can; the people had applied for a renewal of the lease, but you need not grant it. Why don't you come and live with us, Mabel?—it would be much better," said the doctor, gravely.

"Because I choose to have a home of my own, Geordie. You need not distress yourself; I am not going to do anything extraordinary. You remember poor old Rawley, as we used to call her in our school-days?"

"Don't!" laughed the doctor, some particular recollection connected with Rawley just then tickling his fancy.

"She wrote to me only a few days ago in great distress; her pupil, to whom she went when she left me, is now grown up, and Rawley feels her self too old to recommence another education, poor old lady. I am going to have her to live with me. It will be a kindness to her, and, at the same time, I shall secure the services of a respectable chambermaid."

"I don't think I should like to have her in my house," said Mabel, smiling. "She won't interfere with me, and we shall pull very well together."

"Not a bad arrangement," remarked Doctor Graeme. "I hope she will be amiable, though; the old lady never liked me, I fancy. Do you remember how, whenever she found us talking in the library, she used to come with her eternal, 'Now, Mabel, my love, haven't you got your music to practise, or your Italian exercises to prepare?' and she used to look daggers at me meanwhile."

"Poor dear Rawley!" laughed Mabel again; "she used to think I was in love with you, Geordie."

"Were you, Mabel?" asked Doctor Graeme, leaning forward, and gazing with a curious, wistful gaze into the sweet, grave eyes, that met his without the smallest confusion, as Mabel answered simply:

"As children often are, I suppose I was, Geordie; you were so kind to me, I could not help it. But don't let's talk of all that now—it's gone by for ever. Will you see about this business for me?"

"Yes, gladly—thank you, Mabel," returned Doctor Graeme earnestly; "it was the only acknowledgment of love he had ever either asked or received from any woman. 'And in the meanwhile, until your own house is ready, may I tell Mary you will pay your long-promised visit?' he resumed, after a short pause.

"Yes, I should like it very much, Geordie. Now tell me what you know of poor Katie."

"She is at present in the Bridewell in this town; she is what they call here 'up for the Lords'—that is, she will take her trial at the next assizes for a very grave crime."

"Oh! Geordie, what for?—for stealing again?"

"Much worse, Mabel; she has been drowning her child and attempting suicide."

"How very dreadful! Can't I see her, Geordie?"

"I don't know but you might, perhaps. I know the governor of the Bridewell," said Doctor Graeme reflectively. "How late can you stay to-morrow?"

"Till 2 o'clock. Oh, do try, Geordie! How did you happen to hear she was in prison? Do you know anything of her history during these last few years?"

"Not a word. I happened to be in the Court the day she was brought before the magistrates. This is how it came about: Mary, you must know, has lately developed a strange fancy; she picks up all the ragamuffins who she can lay her hand upon, and tries to train them to domestic service. They repay her attentions much as might be expected, by breaking all the crockery in the establishment, lying, thieving, and committing every enormity, until either my patience or Gordon's becomes exhausted, and one or the other of us sends the young wretches about their business. One of the boys lately absconded; we heard no more of him until a fortnight later, when he was taken up in Glasgow for shop lifting. The rascal had the impudence to give himself out as a servant of mine, so I was called up to the court in consequence. I had to wait some time before his case came on, and it was there I saw our old friend Katie. She pleaded 'Not Guilty' to the charge, so was committed for trial. As far as I could make out, the case against her was this: The villain who is the child's father has been convicted of some very heavy misdemeanour, and at the former assizes was sentenced to twenty-one years of penal servitude. It appears that he was arrested at last through the treachery of one of his own set, a girl, an elder sister of this Katie's."

"Maggie," interrupted Mabel—"it must have been Maggie. Katie always hated her."

"Yes, Maggie—it was Maggie—you are right. I remembered her again when I saw her, though I had seen her only once—the night I went hunting after your *protegee*, Mabel."

"Well, but go on, Geordie—tell me all," exclaimed Mabel eagerly.

"It seems that jealousy existed between the sisters. Apropos of this man Cameron, there was a quarrel, in which Katie very nearly killed Maggie; and then, in a fit of insanity or intoxication, threw both herself and her child into the Clyde. It was still day-light when she committed the act; two sailors on the Broomielaw Bridge, who

were passing at the time, saw her, and jumped into the river after her. They succeeded in saving her, but the child was dead before its body could be recovered. She says it was dead before she threw herself into the water, and that she did so in despair, because she had nothing left to her on earth to care for. However, as her sister swears to having seen the child alive, and in perfect health, only half an hour previously, Katie's story is not believed and she is committed for trial."

"How very dreadful! Oh! Geordie, will she be tried for murder?"

"I don't know—scarcely, I should think. She seems to have been in a state in which she could not have been quite accountable for her actions; but if you want to see her, Mabel, I will go and look up the Governor. When do you dine?"

"At six. You will come back, won't you, Geordie?"

"Yes; but, Mabel, you are not crying, are you?"

"I can't help it, Geordie. Poor—poor little Katie! everything here reminds me so of that starved, shivering child, whose look of joy when I gave her the shilling I shall never forget. Don't you remember her?"

"Poor thing!—poor we lassie!—that I do," said Doctor Graeme, standing still for a moment, hat in hand, and gazing fixedly into the glowing firelight while his mind travelled back through the fourteen years to that wintry evening, when, under the gates of the gloomy Bridewell, he had listened to the little wailing voice crying so pitifully for the imprisoned mother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

"STURDY BEGGARS."

Within a short time after Henry VIII., in the interest of "Reform," had confiscated the monasteries and their estates and had divided among his favorites, thus really founding the great landed aristocracy of England, English towns and villages, and the highways, began to swarm with healthy men begging for money, clothing, or food. Until the era of "Reform" such a thing had not been known in England. And hence arose the laws against "sturdy beggars," which first appeared when England had broken with the religion that had been from the first the inspiring principle of its civilization.

A generation ago beggars in any numbers were practically unknown in the United States. The Public School geographies of that day nearly all informed American children that beggars were plentiful in Italy and Spain, and American travellers on their return home were accustomed to speak of these beggars as a "picturesque" feature of those lands. Indeed, one American of that day, happily still alive and in honor to his native land for his versatile abilities, in a book which he entitled "*Baba di Roma*," devotes a whole chapter to an almost loving description of the beggars of Rome, forty years ago.

But what of the beggars of New York? There must be thousands of them. They resort principally in the well-to-do parts of the town and in the approaches of the elevated railroads and the ferries. They are most decidedly not picturesque. They have none of the amiable traits or winning ways that Mr. Story found in his Roman beggars, who bestowed their prayers and blessings alike on those who gave and those who refused.

These New York beggars of to-day almost demand the alms they seek; not in words, perhaps, but in tone of voice and in expression of countenance. Their manner of appearance is almost that of the timid man or woman, who effect is probably the same. It is a sad state of affairs. It is another evidence of the decay of religion among the great mass of the people whom Protestantism first and then Agnosticism, in its many phases have affected. The idea of God has apparently disappeared from their minds. The visible world is all that they live for or believe in, and when this affords nothing but discomfort or even positive distress they naturally become filled with envy and hatred for those whom fortune has not treated so ill.

The Catholic Church has a great task before it in the United States. The missionary field under these new conditions is quite as important, and in its own way, just as arduous as was that of converting the Roman world when the old paganism had died out and men's minds had become indispersed to think of religion. The new conditions of course calls for new methods. Certain it is, however, that nothing else than the Catholic religion can provide the remedy that is required for the selfishness of the prosperous and the bitterness that are destined to be one of the greatest future dangers of the Republic.—N. Y. Catholic Review.

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Vital Truths to be Gathered from a Study of the Childhood of Jesus.

There is surely a vital truth for our own lives to be gathered from the interpretation of the childhood of Jesus. It gives us a deeper sense of the sacredness and the power of the home.

The perfect manhood of Him whom all Christendom adores as the Son of God was matured and moulded in the tender shelter of the home. It was there that He felt the influences of truth and grace. To that source we may trace some of the noblest qualities of His human character. And yet, if there is anything which Christendom appears to be in danger of losing, it is the possibility of such a home as that in which Jesus grew to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ.

Is it not true "The world is too much with us, late and soon, getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

The false and cruel conditions of industrial competition, and the morbid overgrowth of great cities where human lives are crowded together to the point of physical and moral suffocation, have raised an enormous barrier between great masses of mankind and the home which their natural instincts desire and crave. The favored classes on the other hand, are too much alienated by false standards of happiness, by the mania of publicity, by the insane rivalries of wealth, to keep their reverence for the pure and lovely ideals of domestic life. A new aristocracy is formed which lives in mammoth hotels, and a new democracy which exists in gigantic tenements. Public amusements increase in splendor and frequency, but private joys grow rare and difficult, and even the capacity for them seems to be withering, at least in the two extremes of human society where the home wears a vanishing aspect.

And yet—so runs my simple and grateful creed—this appearance is only transient and superficial. Deep in the heart of humanity lies the domestic passion, which will survive the mistakes of a civilization not yet fully enlightened, and prove the truth of the saying: "Before the fall, Paradise was man's home; since the fall, home is his Paradise." The great silent classes of mankind who stand between the extremes, not yet spoiled by luxury and just beginning to awake to an active compassion for the sorrows of the homeless multitude, cherish the ideal of the home, the resting-place of love, the nursery of innocent childhood, the seed plot of the manly virtues, defended even in the lowliest cottage against all rude intrusions and desecrating powers, and ruled by

"Pure religion, breathing household laws."

To be loyal to this ideal, to realize it in their own lives and to help to make it possible for others, is indeed the noblest and the most useful service that men and women can render to the age. For, after all, it is only from such quiet and holy homes as that in which the Child Jesus lived at Nazareth that the children of the future can come, who shall feel, as manhood dawns, that they must be about their Father's business, and follow the Christ, the King, to the serene and bloodless triumph of His kingdom of childlike faith, and hope, and love for all mankind.

[Extract from "The Christ-Child in Art" by Henry Van Dyke. Published by Harper & Bros., New York.]

An A. P. A. Opportunity.

Rabi Baba isa Nestorian from Persia, who is a man of unusual abilities, as his record in this country shows. He was employed for a time by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The employment was not sufficiently remunerative for him and he threw up the contract. From the Presbyterians he appealed to the Episcopalians, expressing a desire to join that denomination. He was accordingly "confirmed" in New York city.

Growing tired of his new associations, he applied to Archbishop Corrigan to be received into the Catholic Church and sent back to labor in his native country. Before correspondence with Persia, instituted by the Archbishop, could be completed, Rabi Baba went to Chicago and was received into the Baptist denomination by Dr. Henson, of that city. Having done this he wrote back to the Archbishop that he had been received into the Catholic Church in Chicago.

Since this last performance Rabi Baba has not been heard of. What is the A. P. A. doing that they neglect to put this Oriental tramp in the lecture file?—Philadelphia Catholic Times.

TESTIMONIALS published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla are as reliable and worthy of confidence as if from the most trusted neighbor.

Out of Sorts—Symptoms, Headache, loss of appetite, furrowed tongue, and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point can save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Farmlee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

Toronto Testimony.

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Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.