Mrs. Smyley.

The following humorous ballad was very popular in Dublin some years ago, when the system of "Salvation by Soup," was all the rags. The origin of it was an odious and aggressive prostytizing establishment existing in Klugstown, called the "Bird's Nest," which was supported by a fanatical set governed by Mrs. Smyler, of Union Square. The ballad singer continued to sing it, through the streets of Dublin, particularly in Merrion Square till a healthy public opinion was formed, which shamed the fanatics!

Arrah, Mrs. Magrath, did you hear the news?
But, of course, my jewel, you knew it;
The quality's going to save our sowls,
An' pay us for lettin' them do it.
We may curse and swear — the devil may

We may rob. blaspheme, and be wicked; Sure they'll send us to Heaven, and pay our And give us a first class ticket.

So come along to Merrion Square, An' as sure as my name is Reilly Each murderin' third will get mutton and beef If he prays with Mrs. Smyley.

There's my son Bill got six mouths on the mill,
An'he'd steal the cross off a donkey;
But he's got a fine place — he's a "babe of
grace,"
And he done.

An'he'd steal the cross off a donkey;
But he's got a fine place — he's a "babe of
grace,"
And he struts, a well dresset flunkey.
The most plous of all h the servants' hall,
He cribs the cold meat for hi- mammy;
He prays with my lady, and swears with my
lord,
Sayinz, "I'an one of the elect, oh! damn
me."
So come along, etc. So come along, etc.

There's Mrs. Magrane, when her man was There's Mrs. Magrane, slain slain. Slain S

But sure 'twas hard times that druv us Here we are with our clergy forsaken.

Here we are with our clergy forsaken.

And damning our souls for penny rowls

And soup and hairy bacon.

But Ned's comin' home—no more he'll roam—

From poverty he'll raise us;

So we'il bid adieu to the swaddling crew,

An' ould Mrs. Smyley may go to b-z-s.

So no more will I go to Merrion Square, And, so sure as my name is Reilly, The prayer I'll say to my dying day Is, Bad luck to you, Mrs. Smyley!

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXVI.

MONSIEUR LE CURE.

"On ne sait pas dans le monde ce que c'est qu'un Confesseur; cet homme ami de l'ame, son Confident le plus intime, son medecia, son maitre, sa lumiere, cet homme, quis nous delie, qui nous donne la Paix, qui nous ouvre le Ciel, a qui nous parlons a genoux, en l'appelant, comme Dieu, notre Pere, parceque en effet la Foi le fait veritablement Dieu et Pere!" EUGENIE DE GUERIN.

At 11 o'clock that same morning Monsieur le Cure of St. Anne was pac ing leisurely up and down his small kitchen garden, saying his breviary. He had just finished breakfast, though by that my readers are not to imagine that the good cure was given to lazy habits. He had been up according to his custom, before 5 o'clock; no one at the cure, except in case of illness, kept his bed after that hour. In the parish church, or rather in the cathedral, as it was more often called, though it had no real claim to the title, there was a first Mass at 4, and as the cure said it in turns with his four "Vicaires," one or other was invariably stirring soon

after 3. 5 o'clock precisely rang the "Angelus," which was, in Monsieur le Cure's establishment, the signal for a general rising. Monsieur le Cure himself, when he did not say the 4 o'clock, generally said the 5 o'clock Mass. He, however, rarely returned to the cure before 10, when the other priests also made their appearance, and the dejeuner, which in France does double duty for breakfast and luncheon, was immediately served.

Monsieur le Cure's household was not numerous. It was composed of him-self and his four Vicaires, his sister. who was also his houseked stout, hard - working maid - servant, who, assisted and superintended by Mademoiselle Roger, contrived to get through all the indoor work. A smart, active lad of eighteen looked after the garden, the cows, Monsieur le Cure's solitary horse, the pigs, the fowls, and all the rest of his out-of-door belongings. For his services Renard received the sum of £6 per annum, with which he was supremely content.

The cure, having said his office, was standing at the gate of his garden leading into his orchard, contemplating the cows which were feeding under the apple trees, now almost stripped of their leaves. His reflections were most common place - by no means schemeing or planning the conversion of the "poor heretics" who had found their way into his parish-but devoted just then to the consideration of the profits which, all incidental expenses calculated, he might hope to realize from the contemplated sale of a favorite cow. His cogitations were thus interrupted -

broad shouldered, good-tempered faced woman, elderly, but not altogether passee, unassumingly attired in her morning's working-dress, very clean, but almost as humble as that worn by her servant, thrust her head out of the salle window, and called out in a strong Breton accent,

"Dis donc, Jean! Es tu la?"
"Bien oui!" responded Monsieur le

Cure, without turning his head, and peacefully continuing his calculations.
"On te demande!" shouted his sister, withdrawing her head, and closing the window.

"Qui donc?" said Monsieur le Cure. speaking with the peculiar rapid intonation, drawling, nevertheless, on the last syllable, which, to stranger ears, sounds so abrupt, but which is a habit among even the better edu-

cated Bretons. To this latter question Monsieur le Cure received, of course, no reply, Mademoiselle Roger having returned to her kitchen, where she was preparing vegetables for that day's bouillon. So the cure resignedly turned his back upon his cows, and his face towards the

duties, whatever they might be, which awaited him. Probably he was required to hear the confession of some poor bonne femme before she went home to her God; or a father wanted to consult him about his truant son, who would spin cockchafers on the afternoon when he ought to have been at the Catechisme; or, maybe, it was a notice of a funeral, or of a baptism; perhaps of a marriage, to take place before advent: some one wanted advice or assistance—Monsieur le Cure's interference, it was possible. It mattered very little what the business was. The good cure's life was made up of such things. His daily work was to com fort, to assist, to guide, to be a father, in fact, to any of his people, great or small, who came to demand his aid. So, to whatever duty God called him, Monsieur le Cure cheerfully responded, with the generous heartedness which distinguishes the French priesthood.

At the kitchen door he paused a moment to ask in which direction his services were required, and was told that "the young English lady "-" la petite blonde — tu sais," explained Mademoiselle Roger, in a loud whisper -" wanted to see him, and was waiting in the salle."

" Mon Dieu!" ejaculated Monsieur le Cure ; after which he opened the door of the salle and went in.

The conversation which ensued took place of course in French. Monsieur le Cure could not speak one word of English, but for the reader's benefit I translate, keeping as near as possible to the literal form.

· Come, dear child, there is already a long time since I expected you," be gan the cure, with the kindness of true sympathy in his tone, for before she had uttered a word, he guessed Mabel's errand.

You expected me," she answered, somewhat taken aback; "yet no one knew that I was coming to see you. I only decided myself this morning to de

"The good God knew it long ago, replied the cure, as he placed a chair for Mabel by the open window, and seated himself on the opposite side of a small, round table, which stood be-tween them—"the good Gcd," he continued, "tells me many things that other people do not know; but, my dear child, you do indeed look tired. You are in trouble. Ah! how I pity vou

"Yes, I am in great trouble," said Mabel, gathering courage from the cure's cordial sympathy; "I have come to you, Monsieur le Cure, because I know you are a priest, and have a divine commission; and I would rather talk to you than to my English friends, who are Catholics here, because I might get them into difficulties by so doing; and yet I am very unhappy. I want some advice. But will you promise not to speak to any one at present about what I say to you?"

"Do not be afraid, my poor child," replied the cure; "tell me freely all that gives you pain, for so long a time have I prayed to the good God to allow me to help you, and you may be assured that whatever you say in confidence to the Catholic priest, as if you said it to the good God Him-self-say, then, is it not you will know more of our holy religion? You are not satisfied with your Protestant

Thus encouraged, Mabel did indeed open her heart to the Cure, explaining, in the first place, the nature of the religious training she had undergone -a new phase of Protestantism, which amazed the good Cure not a little, for, educated in the seminaries of his native land, beyond which neither his duties nor his curiosity had ever led him, he had heard little of the "great his in the Holy Scriptures, 'If any man Oxford movement," of Tractarianism, and nothing of the latest invention, Ritualism. When rumors of the former reached his ears, he took little nterest in what he, like every other born Catholic, regarded simply another freak of Protestantism, and he was quite unprepared to find so much of real faith, piety and earnestness in one who belonged to the heretical sect.

He listened with profound interest, while Mabel described to him the Anglican Catholic theory, exclaiming, indeed, sometimes, but not interrupt-ing: after which she went on to tell him how doubts respecting the author-ity of her Church first came to disturb her peace of mind; how, in spite of all her resistance, these doubts by degrees multiplied and deepened; and how at last, unable any longer to endure the burden of her convictions, she resolved to test the truth - first by appealing to a priest of the English Church, and (only in case of his failing to satisfy her) as a final resource, before drifting into actual scepticism, to a priest of the Church of To the former she had appealed in vain, therefore it was she sought the Cure's advice. Could he, would he answer her clearly? in his power to give her a satisfactory reply? Was it possible for him to demonstrate plainly upon what grounds the Roman Catholic Church claimed to be the "Unam Sanctam Catholicam

et Apostolicam Ecclesiam?" When Mabel ceased speaking, she leaned her flushed, eager face upon her hands, and, bending forward, with her eyes riveted on the Cure's countenance, waited for his answer, as a pris oner in the dock awaits the jurymen's

Mabel did not know it, but there was in her heart a timid, lurking hope that, the Cure's reply being of the evasive nature which had hitherto met her inquiries, the Roman Church might prove no better able to make good its might be free to turn again to her old lieve, will you give me your proofs? I pretensions than her own, and that she standingpoint in the Church of England, satisfied that her duty of inquiry was accomplished, and henceforth per-

suaded that, as there existed nowhere undivided truth, she might conscientiously remain contented with such fragments of it as might in the future fall to her share. An answer leading to such a conclusion would have been life, its opposite would be death — death, at least, to all her hopes of

earthly happiness, for not yet could Mabel's bruised spirit rise to the contemplation of the Vitam Venture

She waited, without any sign of fear, her sentence. She had counted the cost, was fully determined to be loyal, before all, to her first love, the Church and, the hour of battle having sounded. Mabel's courage responded to the call. "Could he help her? Would he do

Of course he could help her, for his Divine Master gave him authority to teach. Would he shrink from his

bounden duty?
"Would he help her?" Ay, right willingly, with a Catholic priest's deep sympathy and devotion, with the heart of one who had drawn largely upon the inexhaustible fountain of love and zeal for souls, flowing straight into his own from the Sacred Heart of his Master.

Such was the substance of the Cure's reply to Mabel; after which he clearly expounded, with quiet authority, the creed of the Church respecting her

Divine commission.

As she listened, Mabel's convictions grew stronger. Here at last was something positive, as yet, indeed, confined to assertion, for the Cure had not brought forward his proofs, waiting to do so until he should have lucidly placed before her the actual creed of the Church Catholic. But that which struck Mabel from the very outset was the certain, determined manner in which he spoke. There was no shift-ing, no going round corners, no hesitation in his assertions.
"Il est de foi," he repeated constant

ly. "It is of faith," or, "The Church teaches, the Church forbids. It is, or it is not! Truth or falsehood, light or darkness!"

Such was the language used by this priest of a Church who claimed for herself the sovereignty of eighteen centuries; contrasted with the indecision which characterized the teaching of the English Establishment; how measurably nearer was its approach to the dignity of a Christian Church!
"I think," said Mabel at last, "I

quite understand now what it is you profess to believe about a visible Church, commissioned by divine Church, commissioned by divine authority. I have been brought up to believe in this myself, only it was with us a theory—with you I think it is not only theory but practice."

"Ah, yes, my child!" returned the Cure, sadly. "You tell me that in your

creed you say with us, 'I believe in the holy Catholic Church,' but your practice contradicts your assertions, for do you not admit that every sect may be in the right? Do you not think they are parts of one Church? And so you split up the Church of our Good God into every shade of different opinion, till you run hither and thither asking everyone, 'What, then, must l believe? I know not what to believe. Ah, mais c'est incroyable," concluded the cure, with some excitement. Poor children, I do pity you! But do you not, then, see that your belief in the Creed and ours is very different?

"Yes," answered Mabel, faintly, "I do see it now. You mean what you say; we twist the words to another meaning, and we do so out of char-

ity."
"You will then be more charitable us in the Holy Scriptures, 'If any man will not hear the voice of the Church, let him be to you as a heathen and a publican!' Have they then cut out of your Bible those words? Ce coquin de Luther!-he is quite capable of it

"They are in our Bible," said Mabel, "and I am quite convinced that the Creed must be said with your meaning -not ours. Thus far, then, I believe that only one Church has Divine to teach. The Anglican authority Church will not say the Creed with your meaning; therefore I am obliged to allow that the Faith 1 hold is Anglican, but Roman doctrine. What comes next?"

"I fear you are very tired, dear child, with so much thinking," interoosed Monsieur le Cure, kindly Would you not like to rest a little posed before we go any farther?"

"Oh, no, please," returned Mabel, anxiously. "You do not know, Monsieur le Cure, how terrible it is to be as I am now-neither one thing nor the other-all the past delusion, all the present dark, and in the future a gulph which I feel driven to cross, and yet fear by so doing to sink into worse uncertainty."

The cure was visibly affected. pulled out his handkerchief, wiped his yes vigorously, sighed deeply several times, and then, with much gentleness of voice and manner, resumed.

"Poor child! - poor dear child! Trust yourself into the arms of Jesus and His Holy Mother, and then yourself fall into this gulph. Ah! it s then light will come.

Mabel bowed her head silently. The cure was praying: she was thinking. There was a long silence, at the end of which she raised her head, the tears

glistening on her eye-lashes.
"I have done as you told me," she
began, in a low voice — "I am in the gulph now; but you must help me then to reach the other side. Now that I know exactly what it is you bewant to know next how the Church of Rome proves her authority?"

The cure rose, and, going to his

library, brought from thence two large, thickly bound volumes, which placed before him on the table.

"I can, my child, prove to you satisfactorily, I trust, all that you ask. Do you read French as easily as you speak

" Yes." assented Mabel : whereupon the cure continued:

"These are Monseigneur Gousset's dumes of 'Theologie Dogmatique." volumes of If you will have the patience to read carefully what I am now going to mark carefully what I am now going to mark for you perusal, between to day and to morrow — to-morrow I will talk with you again, and we shall see how the arguments have satisfied you, and what difficulties you still have to propose. Will you do this?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Mabel, gladly. "You have not marked much for this first day. I shall have time

for this first day. I shall have time for more.'

"Allez, allez, mon enfant!" laughed the cure, with an amused smile. have more than enough in that chap-We will go no farther till you are quite convinced that it is our holy Catholic Church who has the authority; when you have seen that clearly proved oh, never fear, the work is nearly finished."

This was a repetition, in other words, of Genevieve's first lesson, during that first afternoon walk. Mabel remem-

bered it, and was silent.
"Oh! my dear, dear child," resumed the cure, looking very serious as he noticed the excessive weariness of Mabel's face and manner, "allons, courage, is it not? You love so much the good God, and He too, I assure you, loves you. He will not leave you in darkness; think, then, as little as you can, but go and cast yourself at His feet in the Blessed Sacrament — you who love so much that adorable sacrament. Ah! I know it. I will offer for you the holy Mass, and all my poor prayers when I recite my Breviary.
Allons, chere enfant-courage! N' est ce pas? To-morrow at the same hour we will meet again, is it not?

Then the cure dismissed Mabel with a fervent blessing. He was obliged to go off to a funeral. Until she had read what he gave her, there was little more to say, and she had had, the good cure knew, quite enough for one morning.

Mabel thanked him with an overflowing heart, going straight from his

presence to cry out her sorrow in her favorite place of refuge-the convent It was Hugh's letter that morning which had brought to a climax her wavering determination to seek the cure's advice—Hugh's kind, intensely

loving, yet positive letter, in which he warned Mabel, in language not to be misunderstood, of the inevitable consequences that would ensue if, allow ing herself to be influenced by the

Vaughans, she should fall into the errors of Romanism. This letter might have been the answer to the one she had written only a few days before. She saw no reason for awaiting the real answer—it could not come for at least two months; and in the meanwhile Hugh's letter just received had anticipated the very trouble in which she found herself. Hugh would evidently never consent to her becoming a Catholic - her doing so would involve fatal consequences to both, as far as earthly happiness was concerned; and yet Mabel could no longer conceal from herself that it was her positive duty to inquire into the truth of the Catholic Church. Her faith in the Church of England was entirely gone. Hugh's letter helped her to realize this fact with undeniable clearness, and, realizing it, Mabel had obeyed the impulse which led her to the cure's house.

TO BE CONTIEUED

WHAT OUR MISSIONARIES ARE DOING IN EVERY LAND.

Old Times in Texas.

The pioneer missionary in many States of this Republic had an empire for his parish, spent three fourths of his days in the saddle visiting his scattered flocks, endured more hardships than did the first settlers, and had the mysterious ways of divine Providence as his daily experience.

When the late Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, first came to America, he vas bound for the wild missions of Texas. He was then in the thirtieth year of his age and the third of his priesthood. He had left his native Ireland at the entreaty of Bishop Odin, and as soon as he reached the Lone Star State he was appointed pastor of Houston and all the surrounding coun-

trv After setting in order the spiritual affairs of his central congregation, the young missionary began to make a visitation of his extensive parish. His explorations took him as far north as the Indian Territory and all through that part of the commonwealth that lies between the Brazos, Colorado and Trinity rivers. His tour was full of perils, toil, sorrow, suffering, consola-tion, surprises and merit.

In after years the Archbishop was fond of relating to his intimate friends his adventures on the frontier, and some of them were so edifying that they may well be reassured even as twice told tales.

Mounted on a horse, and with saddle bags stuffed with a scanty priestly outfit, Father Lynch set out from his headquarters at Houston, without purse or scrip, and unaware in the morning where he was to lay his head at night. His first sojourn was made at Spring Hill. Next he proceeded to San Jacinto where Captain William T. Sherman was then stationed; and, later, he went from settlement to settlement, mostly along the courses of the rivers, or wherever in the back-

woods he heard of the presence of a Catholic family. He traversed bound-less prairies. He forced a way through dense wild woods. He swam broad rivers. He advanced alone across pathless stretches of country. He preached in hotels, court house schools, halls, stores and the open air schools, hairs, stores and the open air.
He catechized children. He administered the life-giving Sacraments to many persons who had not seen the face of a priest in years. He anointed the dying. He buried the dead.

Often he lost his way, and then, when night came upon him before he had found sholter in that immense

had found shelter in that immense but, at the time, sparsely settled region, he hobbled his horse and lay down on the ground, sometimes with out food, with his saddlebags for pillow and the canopy of heaven for his covering, in the midst of savanna or forest, with the cry of the coyote or the howl of the wolf for his lullaby. Worn out with fatigue he needed no rocking to put him to sleep. as he sought rest on the plain, he was partly aroused by a snake crawling over his face, but so utterly exhausted was he that he had not energy enough to rouse up and brush the reptile off.

Frequently too, when he had thus strayed away from his bearings, he came unexpectedly upon the very persons of whom he was in search, or upon others who equally needed his ervices and of whom he had not heard.

Once for instance on his way to the Brazos river, he lost the trail in the woods. He went back a bit to hunt for it, but could see no sign of it then he pressed on in the direction in which he thought that his route lay. The daylight gradually faded into dark. There was no moon until late, but myriads of fire-flies flashed in the gloom. Still he kept on, for bears and other beasts of prey were numerous in that neighborhood, and he was afraid that he would be attacked by them in case he should go to sleep. Finally he reached the river; but he did not strike it at the ferry. He shouted and shouted, but no answering halloo came back upon his call. He rode along the bank, whooping at intervals for an hour or more. Then he heard a shrill hail from across the shore. This was followed by the rattle of a chain as it was taken into a boat Soon a skiff, rowed by a man, and a girl, emerged from the haze on the water and came to shore. Father Lynch explained his situation and was invited to spend the rest of the night at the settler's cabin. On the way over he informed his host that he

way over he informed his host that he was a priest. The answer was:—
"Then you're more welcome than ever. My wife's a Catholic; so am I; so are the children. This is my darter, one of 'em. I was born here in the piney-woods, but my wife, she's ligh. After we will marvied wife. After we wuz married, Irish. learned me her religion from a catechism and a prayer-book. Some years back a priest came up here and bap-tised me and the children — them that was here then. I never seen one before nor since. Nor never was I in a Catholic church. But we try to remember what we ought to do, and my wife, well, wont she be glad to s you

Glad she was, and most hospitably did she receive her unexpected guest. They all stayed up some time talking, and as the next day was Sunday Father Lynch before retiring, gave the family the good news that he would say Mass for them in the morning. Bright and early the next day he offered up the Holy Sacrifice for them in their rude dwelling, and gave the husband his First Communion and the wife her first in many years. Before saying the Mass, the mis-

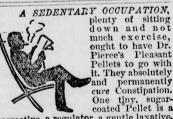
sionar was told tered him as a temptation to distrac tion all the way through it. Of course he needed an assistant and was told by his host that if he would wait for the stage to come up, the driver of it would act as his acolyte. Then he's a Catholic?" he said in

quiringly.
"No, Father, he's a preacher."

"A preacher?" "Yes, Father, he's a Methodist preacher

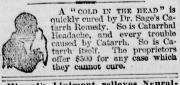
"Well we'll get along without him.

How a Methodist preacher could know how to serve the Mass was what bothered the priest until, later in the day when he met that versatile individual, he learned from him that he had been brought up a Catholic and had been an altar boy in his youth, but that, having drifted to the woods of Texas, remote from church, he had occasionally attended the meet ing of the Methodists and eventually, having a fluent tongue, he had developed into a parson. Stage driving was not highly remunerative and



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