#### CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

indeed entitled to lay positive claim to

and steadfastly, without doubt he shall

perish everlastingly-according to the

With new and intense interest, under

"He is a priest," she thinks

"The grace of holy orders has,

even according to our own belief, rested upon his head. He will be able

to help me and tell me what to do. I cannot remain as I am. I must go

back or forward — which is it to be Oh, if I only knew God's holy will !" The ceremony being at an end, the

white veil having been exchanged for a black one, to be worn in future by

the novice, the solemn threefold vow

the Cross of Christ-for neither sorrow

fully nor grudgingly has Claire de St

be a restraint upon Sœur Agnes.

standing, as until now she had never

done, the meaning of a religious voca tion, Mabel follows to the end the Pro-fession Ceremony. Long before it is over she has made up her mind to seek an interview with the Cure of St.

Anne.

sister

their homes.

on Mabel's part.

Lucy Stone's Favorite.

2

The following beautiful poem was a favorite of the late Lucy Sione, and it was of great com-fort to her during the last hours of her life. She cut it from a newspaper, but did not pre serve the name of the author:

Up and away like the dew of the morning. That soars from the earth to its home in the

So let me steal away, gently and lovingly, Only remembered by what I have done. My name and my place and my tomb all for

gotten, The brief race of time well and patiently run So let me pass away, peacefully, silently, Only remember by what I have done.

Yes, like the fragrance that wanders in dark When the flowers that it came from are closed

up and gone. ould I be to this world's weary dwellers, ly remembered by what I have done.

Needs there the praise of the love-written record. The name and the epitaph graved on the stone? The things we have lived for, let them be our

story ; We ourselves but remembered by what we have done.

I need not be missed, if my life has been bear (As its summer and autumn moves silently The bloom and the fruit and the seed of its sea-I shall still be remembered by what I have

I need not be missed, if another succeed me, To reap down those fields which in spring

have sown : He who plowed and who sowed is not missed by the reaper : He is only remembered by what he has done.

Not myself, but the trath that in life I have Not myself, but the seed that in life I have

Shall pass on to ages, all about me forgotten, Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying: So let my name be, unblazoned, unknown; Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be re membered. Yes, but remembered by what I have done.

# LINKED LIVES.

#### By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XXV. THE BETTER PART. Nada te turbe, Nada te turbe, Nada te espante, Todo se passa. Dios nojse muda. Solo Dios basta." -St. Theresa

Many of my readers have perhaps often witnessed a Religious Profe and may find this chapter tedious. To them I say, pass over this portion of my story, if you are so inclined. In dwelling upon a scene of the kind, I merely endeavor to convey to those among my readers who have never witnessed such a spectacle the im-pressions which a Religious Profession, seen for the first time, were likely to leave on Mabel's mind.

Half a mile from the town of Vran anches, encircled by high, projecting walls, its cross crowned stone summit pointing upwards to the blue canopy of heaven, stands the Convent Carmelites, to which, in the dawn of a bright October morning, Mabel's guardian angel has conducted her. The ponderous gate is opened by a smiling Touriere Sister, whose neat, benevolent face, and remarkably in telligent eyes, have previously shown themselves at the wicker grating.

She is acquainted with Mabel's com panions, and she embraces each one affectionately, then holds out her hand to Mabel, calls her ma chere pctite, and leads the way into the church.

A humble little church it is, entirely destitute of marble floors, gilded panels, and mosaic domes, and all the other fabulous riches with which Protestant romance loves to adorn conventual establishments. It is, on the contrary, so poor that it does not possess so much as one pane of stained

manifestation of that interior spirit which has for its nutriment the study of the life of Jesus in all its varied rear, and also kneel while the Bishop in the outer chapel intones the "Veni

Claire de St. Ange; very happy in its unclouded serenity. She looks like vision of true charity is beautiful one who has found out early in life the end of her creation. No enthusiasm or excitement is visible in her appear-Catholic Church. She is beginning to suspect that the faith which has grown up with her is Catholic faith, ance; there is nothing rapturous in the expression of her deep violet blue eyes. Deep, intense peace is written upon every line of her countenance; the Roman faith she has so long despised. No priest has beguiled her into believing what she now believes. Her

and this lesson of peace which she reads there goes home to Mabel's conversion, if begun is the work of the inward voice, which has led her from her cradle to this day, to this heart, making her cry, not with pity, not with regret, as little pity, Annette gives her credit for doing, hour, when, yielding to the impulse of sudden conviction, Mabel resolves durbut with real craving and yearning to know the source whence that river of ing the Cure's sermon that, come what may, she will go to the bottom of her measureless peace flows into the young misgivings-she will inquire into the truth, whether that Roman Church be novice's soul.

Almost immediately upon the " Veni Creator " follows the sermon. The preacher is the Cure of St. Anne, but Mabel has forgotten what Julie told her about him — she does not even glance at him as he ascends the pul-pit, and after making the sign of the cross, slowly gives out his text: "Martha, Martha, thou art troubled and careful about many things, but

one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen the better part, which shall not be taken from her." Then only, attracted by the remarkably sweet in-tonation of his voice, Mabel looks up to the preacher. She remembers that she has seen him before. Yes, undoubtedly she has, but where? Whereupon Mabel's mind recurs to the afternoon Vespers she attended on the first Sunday of her stay at Vrananches. His face had struck her then, though she had afterwards forgotten it ; but now she recollects how benevolent it had appeared to her, and how she had remarked the guilelessness of its expression, she who had been warned to be on her guard against "the smooth-faced, oily-polished manners of the in-

triguing priesthood." Monsieur l'Abbe Roger, Cure de St. Anne, is no longer a young man-he is a grey, almost white-headed priest, with a kind, good face. He has done a deal of work in his day, but he is getting into years, and as he draws nearer to his long rest, he becomes more holy, more full to overflowing of the spirit of charity by which he has been always distinguished. "He has one of those countenances upon which it is impossible to look without loving better the Good God," said Marie, one day, talking of him to Mabel; and now she sees him, Mabel knows what her friend meant.

Monsieur le Cure knows Mabel by sight, he has often noticed her, has beard much of her, too, from many of heard much of her, too, from m his spiritual children, for Mabel is an object of general interest among these warm hearted, large minded French people. Skilled through long experience in the reading of the human sou reflected on the human face. Monsieur le Cure sees at a glance that a change has lately come over Mabel. By the natural instinct with which priests are peculiarly gifted, he knows that her mind is troubled, and in his heart, addressing himself perhaps more to her than to the nuns behind the grating-He conveys to Mabel's soul the heavenly lesson of comfort she so sorely needs.

pressed her, for she looked happier than she had done for many days. In his first point he dwells on the human character of the Saviour, a sub-ject peculiarly attractive to Mabel's Sœur Agnes de Jesus received her with a bright smile of welcome. She disposition-a subject with which all the religious memories of her childhood was seated at a widely opened grille, are intertwined. He talks in simple eloquent language, of the "Home at Bethany,"—the home blessed above all surrounded by all her family, with whom she was to pass that last day. Mabel was surprised to see everybody so cheerful-the Sister herself more so glass. Its walls are whitewashed, and other homes on earth, that ever were or ever will be, as the resting-place where han any one else.

Agnes. "Can you not believe that it is so? Ah, but I do assure you that there are some few on earth to whom Codelense whether the source of th God alone suffices !' "It is a beautiful idea," returned

Mabel, shaking her head ; "but I can-not understand these horrid grilles, and black curtains, and all-' Sour Agnes laughed gaily.

"No, of course you do not," she replied. "That is the secret of the Good God, and He tells it only to those who have a vocation to religious life.' Mabel was silent. In the presence of that happy face, telling its own

story of deep peace, she could make no contrary answer ; but within her mind a world of thought opened. It gave her broader ideas of God than she had ever before enjoyed, to believe that there were some chosen souls on earth to whom His love could suffice ; who needed no other. This was a grand, a soul-soothing thought; not that at being the "Unam Sanctam Catholi-cam Apostolicam Ecclesiam," whose faith, unless a man believe faithfully any time of her life, either then or afterwards, Mabel was deceived into thinking herself likely to be one of that chosen few, but the thought helped her, as all thoughts which open words of the Athanasian Creed in her own English Church Prayer book. out a vista into the measureless power of the love of God made man must even

> Another week passed away, and the time was come when Mabel could no longer conceal from Hugh her rapidly decreasing faith in the Church of England. Had he not the right to expect from her complete confidence? Was it fair towards him to keep silence upon the subject with which her mind was daily becoming more engrossed? Supposing their positions to be re-versed, would she, in Hugh's place, like to know that he had suffered the torments of doubt, concealing from her his state of mind until the worst had fallen upon him, and that her power to assist, or at least to sympathize with Oh !

him, was for ever withdrawn? no, that she could not bear. She knew that it behoved her to act towards Hugh with entire unreserve. And yet how could she with her own

of Poverty, Chastity and Obedience having nailed her, a willing victim, to hand write the fatal letter, which she too well knew would wring with an-Ange-henceforth to be called by her name in religion "Sceur Agnes de guish the heart of the man she loved with all the deep down passion of her nature? How could she bring herself Jesus-bidden a perpetual adieu to the world and the world's pleasures - the to give his happiness as well as her procession leaves the choir as it entered own their death blow? it an hour ago; after which Annette whispers, "We will go now to see my It was a bitter alternative, but in

hesitation Mabel felt there was disloyalty to Hugh; who implicitly trusted to her, and believed that from him she But Mabel begs to be left alone in the chapel, thinking naturally enough had no secrets.

that the presence of a stranger in the midst of her family, at a time when she So there came one sad night when she sat up to the small hours of the is about to bid to some of them a las morning, making bitter avowal to him farewell (for after to-day she will not. of the change which, since her arrival except on rare occasions, come un in France, her feelings had underveiled to the grille), must necessarily gone. How far would Hugh be able to follow her? How much would he understand about that wonderful Veiled Presence, which had so be witched her with its beauty? Here So, rather unwillingly, Annette con sents, and in a few moments Mabel finds herself alone in the chapel, the other guests having either gone round to the convent parlor or returned to Mabel's grief seemed to have reached its height, for what can be more terribly painful to a devoted heart than to know that between it and We will not linger now to look into Mabel's mind during the half hour the object of its love there has arisen a

which intervened between Annette's mighty barrier, a barrier which shuts going and coming, for in half an hour out in darkness from one mind the she did return, insisting so positively brilliantly glowing light that is floodthat Mabel should accompany her as to ing in upon the other. Looking for-ward into the future, her courage leave no further possibility of a refusal on Mabel's part. Whatever her musalmost failed her. How would all this ings may have been, they had not de

end? There were but two alter-natives — both terrible! The one would drive her into open scepticismthe invariable result of closing one's ears to the voice of conscience; the other would, if persevered in, lead, she too rightly feared, to endless mis-understandings between herself and Hugh, perhaps to an open rupture.

and read it ; then refolded and returned

how he reproaches me for my 'folly,' as he calls it — even worse, 'my treachery;' he says I have brought you into a nest of red hot Popery; he you into a nest of red-hot Popery; he seems certain of the consequences that must ensue. Really it is too bad! I think it is a very cruel letter!" exclaimed Jessie, indignantly. "All the more so because I only came abroad for your sake; and I should have thought you would have told him so, Mabel." Mabel." "So I did, Jessie," said Mabel, with

a curiously-pained smile. " Hugh has certainly not a high opinion of my constancy

"But it is all rubbish, is it not, Mabel?" pursued Jessie, eagerly. "Of course you have too much sense to allow yourself to be misled. I may write and tell Hugh that he is quite mistaken, may I not, and that you are as good a Protestant as ever?"

as good a Protestant as ever?" "Protestant!" replied Mabel, in a low, bitter tone; "you know, Jessie, how I have always hated that word!" "Oh ! well, Puseysite, Ritualist, High Church, Anglican, Catholic, just what you place only word a Parist what you please, only not a Papist-at least not in name. I daresay Hugh will not mind how you 'ape ' their religion, provided you leave the name alone," said Jessie, in a tone of irony, for there was a look in Mabel's face that filled her heart with misgivings lest Hugh's surmises should be indeed correct.

"You can say what you like to lugh, Jessie," returned Mabel, Hugh, Jessie," returned Mabel, evasively. "I will answer him my-self; but do not let us talk about this any more at present. I think it was unkind of Hugh to write in such a way. I am sure he must have regretted it as soon as the letter was gone—you will see that by [next mail he will tell you 60.

"Well, but, Mabel, I am really getting uneasy about you; for now I come to think of it, it was perhaps a stupid thing to have brought you here among all these Catholics. You see, I was myself educated in the very thick of them all, and they never influenced me. It never occurred to me that you were less attached than I was to our own faith ; I thought, on the contrary, that if anyone in this world was safe, it twas you. I wish you would satisfy me by saying that there is no cause for alarm."

Mabel's face flushed again, but rising so as to conceal it from Jessie's view, she came round behind her chair and kissed her.

"There is no cause for any alarm, Jessie darling," she answered ; " you can tell Hugh just what you have said now to me—that will be enough, and I will satisfy him in my letter."

"You are not a Papist, then, Mabel? -you are quite sure that I have done no mischief by bringing you out here "No, Jessie, I am not a Papist, and

I am quite certain that both Hugh and I ought to be very grateful to you for your kindness in "well, but, Mabel, I think it is high time we returned to Elvanlee we have been here nearly three months. What do you say to going home next week?'

"Let us wait until to morrow before we decide," said Mabel, fearful of betraying the anxiety she felt. "You know, Jessie, I shall perhaps never see Genevieve or Mr. Vaughan again, so do not let us decide in a hurry this is, after all, only a fancy she too rightly feared, to endless mis-understandings between herself and Hugh, perhaps to an open rupture. Fearful was the conflict which, with her handless to the room

#### Ayer's Hair Vigor Makes the hair soft and glossy.

"I have used Ayer's Hair (globs), "I have used Ayer's Hair (globs), glossy, and in an excellent state of pres-crvation. I am forty years old, and have fidden the plains for twenty five years." --Wm. Henry Ott, alias "Mustang Bill," Newcastle, Wyo.

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### Aver's Hair Vigor Prevents hair from tuning gray.

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JANUARY 6, 1894.

presenting the fourteen Stations of the Cross. The sanctuary is raised from the

body of the church, and approached by stone steps. On the left of the altar is the grating which divides the outer chapel from the nuns' choir, and im mediately facing it are placed rows o prie dieu, for the accommodation of the guests who have been invited to witness the ceremony.

Mabel is in the front row, next to Annette de St. Ange. Between her and the altar, the Communion railings only intervene. Never before has she been so close to the Holy Tabernacle, and her heart is full of joy at finding herself so near to Him of whose Real Presence she has no longer any doubt Casting but one glance at the altar over which the crimson curtains in th side windows have thrown a soft pink glow, Mabel kneels down at once. She cares very little now who sees her, she feels that for the pain she is enduring there is only one relief, and she prays with all the earnestness of her soul, that light may come to dis perse her darkness.

Completely absorbed by her devo she does not notice that the tions. curtain before the grating is with drawn. She has no curiosity about the inner chapel; and only when at the end of more than half an hour' waiting, Annette whispers, "See, they come! - look, Mademoiselle Mabelle, look !" does she raise her head.

Mabel sees two lines of black and white veiled nuns enter by two doors on either side of the inner choir. They all carry lighted tapers, and she cannot see any of their faces, for they are veiled from head to foot. As soon as they have taken their stalls in the choir, Mabel perceives that the pro-cession is closed by the young novice about to be professed, who alone walks unveiled after the others, having on either side of her the prioress and the sub-prioress, whose faces are also concealed.

These three advanced to the front "grille," where the novice of the kneels down on a prie dieu prepared within. for her, the others fall slightly to the | Everywhere she comes across the

at even-time, wearied out after long days of tcil, the Divine Jesus was wont to seek a shelter. He draws a picture of the interior of the little "home,"

brings out in forcible colors the char acteristics of each member of the fam ilv, enlarges upon the different sort of affection with which the Holy Guest beloved in that household, and points out how in each human life the lesson may be individually applied.

In the second part of his sermon, the

Cure speaks in more fervent language "better part," which Martha was not blamed for neglecting, but which Mary was so sweetly encouraged to choose, concluding by an earnes invitation to all, whether in the world or in the cloister, that they should lay to heart before all else the one thing needful, which, says the Cure, is the continual study of submission to the holy will of God.

As she listens Mabel feels that she hitherto entirely misunderstood Catholic religion. This exquisite the Catholic religion. story of Divine love, so touchingly yet so simply told by one of Rome's own priests, is very different from the

teaching she has always fancied must necessarily emanate from such a quarter. How false has she not discovered many of her impressions regarding the Catholic religion to have been !how utterly without foundation several of her ancient prejudices ! Why then, if in one case, or in a good many

cases, this has been made clear to her should it not be so with regard to others-perhaps to all the doctrines of the Catholic Church? She had fancied a religion all made up of external show, full of superstitious practices, an overbearing, an uncharitable, an anathematizing religion, dangerous on account of the exceeding attractive ness of its outer ritual ; and behold she has come to France to be unde ceivel. She has found, on the contrary, nothing that has as yet much enchanted her in the services of Catholic worship, but she has discovered-every day she is making new discoveries-that the "beauty of the king's daughter is all

ing at all in her manner to imply that she was a victim destined to the sacrifice. She was, in fact, what she looked, thoroughly contented ; her glad, rosy face indicated good health, and an utter absence of fretfulness, that very common mood, which the good God who is all love can surely never witness with complacency.

There was not

self.

"I am so pleased to see you!" she said to Mabel, speaking in French, for she spoke but little English. "It was very kind of you to come and pray for

"I did not pray for you," said Mabel quickly. "I do not suppose you want prayers-certainly not mine." "Not want prayers! Ah, you are

much mistaken," returned Sœur Agnes gravely. "I want them more than you think. But of this we will talk another time.

" But I shall not see you any more, objected Mabel-shall I?" "Ah, no - not see me exactly.

But we can talk, with the curtain before the grille, as often as you will come. "That sounds very dismal," said Mabel, with an involuntary shudder, as some of the fabulous history of con vents darted to her memory. 'Shall you not get tired of living always be ween these four walls?" she added, looking earnestly at the gay face that was smiling on her.

"Tired !-oh, no. And why? Tired of the good God?" answered Sceur Agnes, a gleam of enthusiasm kindling in her eyes. "Does the poet tire of his poetry - or the sculptor of his art, think you? Does the astronomer weary of the science of the stars? Why, then, should those grow weary whose study is their God?"

"If you look at it in that light-no, of course ; but surely there is a differ-ence, "said Mabel. "No human study, or human science, requires the entire sacrifice of all human ties. Surely this life in the cloister is unnatural! Poets, sculptors, astronomers, all have their homes to come to, when they grow weary of their science.

"But the Good God is a science

during the hours of that night, Mabel sustained, in the struggle between the

pleadings of her aching heart and the warnings of her conscience. letter was finished, however, at lastblotted, almost illegible in many places, by reason of the tears which had fallen upon it; and when it lay sealed upon her table, Mabel rose wearily to look at her watch. She started at seeing the hour ! It was She threw herself nearly 4 o'clock. upon her bed, but no sleep would come; and after tossing about for nearly an hour, she arose, drew back the window-curtains, and dressed her-

It was ten days later, about the beginning of November, that Jessie's eyes were suddenly opened to the change which had come over Mabel, the first sound of alarm having been conveyed to her through a letter from

When she entered the break-Hugh. fast-room on that memorable morning, Mabel saw two things at a glance one was a thick letter from Hugh lying on her plate ; the other was a gather ing storm of displeasure on Jessie's countenance. The letter Mabel put into her pocket with a trembling hand-she was not going to peruse it in the presence of any witnesses, so she sat down in silence to her break fast, after wishing Jessie good-morning, a salutation her sister in law

scarcely vouchsafed to notice.

"Mabel." she began, so soon as the servant had left the room, "you have put your letter away, I see. You had better read mine. I hope to goodness this is only a fidget of Hugh's, but, considering what he says, I think we had better return immediately to Elvan-

"What does he say ?" asked Mabel, calmly, feelingly very much as a raw recruit may feel when he hears the first booming of the enemy's cannon. "There !- read it!" returned Jessie, crossly. "He must think you a weak, fanciful child, Mabel. I should be little flattered if I were in your place." Mabel's cheek flushed ; she took the

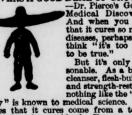
beyond all those others," replied Sœur letter from Jessie's outstretched hand

Jessie was by no means satisfied with Mabel's answers, still less by her manner. She therefore resolved that she would go and call on Mr. Vaughan, thinking, perhaps, to elicit from him some more information on the subject. Her conversation with him did not reassure her. Mr. Vaughan, though he knew nothing of Mabel's actua state of mind, was aware that a great change was impending, and he was too honest, even were he able to have The done so, wilfully to mislead Jessie. result, therefore, of Jessie's long con fabulation with him was that she left him somewhat coldly, and went back to Chateau St. Anne with her suspicions rather strengthened than otherwise to answer Hugh's letter as best she could. and to informMabel that she had decided

upon returning to Elvanlee as soon as possible. But Mabel was nowhere to be found ; she had gone out immedi ately after breakfast, and had not returned.

If Jessie could only have known in what manner Mabel spent her morning, she could not in conscience have written the letter she that afternoon despatched to Hugh.

TO BE CONTINUED.



And when you many that it cures so many diseases, perhaps you think "it's too good to be true." But it's only rea-sonable. As a blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer, nothing like the "Dis-othing like the "Dis-diseases that it cures come from a torpid liver, or from impure blood. For everything of this nature, it is the only guaranteed remedy. In Dyspepsia, Billousness; all Bronchial, Throat and Lung affections; ev-ery form of Scrofula, even Consumption for Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages, and in the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases -- if it ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

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