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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

"Now, I must beg of you not to be frightened or annoyed at anything I am going to say to you, Miss O'Kelly," pursued the visitor, as, having glanced over a page of his note-book, he closed it, keeping his finger in the page, and looked mildly but firmly at Marcella.

"If I ask you questions pray believe that personal inquisitiveness has nothing to do with them. You and I have both a duty to discharge, and I rely on you to cooperate with me in a matter of very serious and solemn moment, by telling me all that you remember bearing on the circumstances which I shall suggest to you."

Marcella bowed her head, and for one moment dropped her eyes, only to fix them again on his. Her face had grown sharp and white during the last few minutes, and only the eyes, dark, wide awake, and full of intelligence, seemed to live in it.

"I have addressed you by your present name as Miss O'Kelly, but I now speak to you as Miss Marcella Grace. It was as Marcella Grace that you were concerned in the matter of which I am now about to question you?"

"There you make a mistake," said Mrs. Kilmartin, with an accent of faint triumph. "She is the daughter of a cousin of the late Mrs. O'Kelly of Distrossa and Merrion square, Dublin. Her name never was Grace."

Marcella made no remark, and Mrs. Kilmartin sank back on her cushions exhausted.

Mr. O'Malley glanced at her with sympathy, and then pursued his examination of Marcella.

"You lived during last January in the large gable house at the corner of Weavers' square in the Liberties of Dublin? You lived there with your father, who was a weaver of poplin?"

Marcella's lips moved in assent.

"You remember the night of the 10th of January?"

"Yes, I remember it well. The police roused my father and me from our rest and demanded to search the house. My father was angry, but had to submit, because of the Coercion Act. The police searched and went away, having found nothing they were looking for."

There was a burning light in her eyes now, and the color had come into her lips again. Her glance had never flinched as she made her statement.

"Is that all you remember of the night of the 10th of January last. Try and think about it a little. Did you not admit any one that night at an unusual hour?"

"No."

"Indeed! You are sure of that? No one knocked at the door as you were sitting up late at your work and asked for shelter?"

"No one."

Mr. O'Malley looked at her silently for a few moments, then said, "Ah!" and again reflected a little as he knit his brows over his note-book.

"There is a secret closet in that house in which you were then residing, Miss O'Kelly," he continued presently, as if he had been quite satisfied on the other point and had let it go.

"Yes."

"You did not show it to the police that night when they were making their search, nor tell them of its existence?"

"No."

"You were quite sure no one was hiding in it on that occasion?"

"Yes."

Mr. O'Malley made an entry in his book, and again resumed his questions as if quite content with the answers he had already received.

"Now, tell me, when did you first learn that a murder had been committed on that night of the 10th, nor far from the street in which you lived?"

"My father told me the next morning. We knew nothing of it till he brought the paper in."

fruitless visit of the police who were searching for him? You are prepared to swear all this if it need be?"

"That is all, then. I will not trouble you with any more questions for to-day. But I must tell you, Miss Grace, that unpleasant as I fear it will be to you, you will be summoned and will be bound to appear on the trial of Bryan Kilmartin, and you are expected to give evidence in accordance with the circumstances I have stated to you, and which are believed to be facts."

Marcella had also stood up, and had never removed her unhappy eyes from his face. When he quitted the room, which he did with a certain polite abruptness, she followed him to the hall door, where he turned and looked at her inquiringly, encouraging her to speak whatever thought was struggling within her for utterance.

She advanced a step to him, her hands outstretched: the spell of this man's strange power was upon her, urging her to tell him everything, to claim his help, his counsel. He looked strong, kind, sympathizing; he would rid her of this torturing lie that was almost eating her heart; he would guard her confidence, and advise her as to what course of conduct might be best for her in Bryan's interests.

Seeing her thoughts in her face, O'Malley stepped back across the threshold, removing his hat again and taking her kindly by the hand.

"You have something more to tell me," he said, "speak, do not be afraid. You are not one to live through the part you have undertaken. Have mercy on yourself."

But at the same moment Marcella regained her presence of mind, and by force of will broke the spell to which she had nearly yielded.

"I have lived through trouble already," she said. "I can live through more. I have spoken, and I have nothing to add. But will you not come in and take some refreshment? If Mr. Kilmartin were — at home," she said, forcing a bright smile, "if he were in his rightful place, he would not let you go in this inhospitable fashion. Neither would his mother, but she is ill—"

"Thank you, I have ordered lunch not far away, and I will torment you no more to-day," he answered, pitiful of her scorched eyes that seemed, in spite of her words and bearing, to moan to him to go. And so he left her and went rapidly towards the boat where his henchman was awaiting him.

Then, Marcella went back to the drawing-room, still strong in her knowledge that she had baffled Bryan's enemies, that she had denied them the morsel of evidence they were hungering for, that she had broken the chains they were forging, and overturned their plots, and that, though she died of the pain of her sin, she would set him free.

Mrs. Kilmartin was sitting upright on her couch, watching for the girl's return, and immediately began to talk to her.

"What did that dreadful man mean by asking you such extraordinary questions, Marcella? And tell me what you answered him. My mind is so confused. It seems to me he mistook you for somebody else. And yet you allowed him to suppose you were somebody else. I think I was in a kind of a swoon part of the time, so that I did not follow all that was said."

"He did not mistake me for any one else, mother. He has found out who I am, who I was, that is all. I had hoped they would not find me out. But it has not done them any good—their tracking me."

"I do not understand you in the least. He called you Marcella Grace. Was that ever your name?"

"It is my real name. I might have told you so any day, only it seemed so unnecessary, and there were one or two good reasons for not bringing it forward."

"And your father? Did that man not say that your father was a weaver of poplin?"

"He said so. And it was true. My father and I were very, very poor, until Mrs. O'Kelly found us. It was by my mother, my poor young mother, who had made a strange kind of marriage through reverse of fortune, that Mrs. O'Kelly was related to me. She did not wish it known that we were exactly what she found us."

"Nothing surprises me now," said Mrs. Kilmartin, pathetically. "And it does not matter, except that you might have confided in me. But what," she went on, putting her hand to her head, "what did he mean by asking you about the police searching your house on the night of the murder, and about where you hid Bryan?"

You said you never saw him till the night of the St. Patrick's Ball, and you held to that. It was true, Marcella, was it not? Look me in the face and say it was true."

"There was an agony in her eyes that Marcella could not lie to. She dropped on her knees and pressed the mother's cold hand to her own burning eyes."

"It was not true. I had seen Bryan before. I have denied it to them, but I cannot go on deceiving you. I have sent him away baffled, that man, but I know he has not done with me. He will come back, they will set on me, now they have got the clue, and I shall be worried and torn like a hunted animal. But they shall not get the truth from me, the wicked, false truth that would pretend to make Bryan guilty. So never fear, mother, I will not tell. Only I must speak truth to you when look at me like that—"

"Where had you seen him?"

"You heard it said. That dreadful man with his kind eyes and his gentle

voice, he told it all in your presence, but maybe you did not hear him. How they got the information I cannot guess, for even my father did not know what happened."

"What happened?"

"I was sewing late at night, that hateful night. I was a poor, a very poor girl, sewing to earn a six pence. My father had gone to bed. He was weak and old, and falling from his work, and I was almost in despair because I could earn so little. I heard a knock at the door and a man asked to come in, and it was Bryan. I had never seen him before, but in a moment I saw what he was. I let him in because of the tone of his voice, and I hid him because of the look in his face. And after he was hid safely, the police came and searched, and did not find him, and went away. And my father was angry at the disturbance, because he knew nothing about a man's being hidden in his house. Very early in the morning I let Bryan out of the closet, that closet you heard mentioned, and he went away. And afterwards I met him at the St. Patrick's Ball, but he did not know me though I knew him. And he never knew me all the long time I have been here, until they came to take him from us, and he told me that a girl who had hidden him that night in Weavers' square might give the most telling evidence that could be produced against him. Then I told him who I was, that his mind might be at rest—"

An shen look had been creeping over Mrs. Kilmartin's face while she listened. The strange information just given only meant one thing for her. Marcella's confession as to her own antecedents scarcely touched her. If the girl had told her she had been, before coming to Inishean, a beggar, craving alms in the street, or a royal princess standing beside a throne, she would have felt no surprise. Only one terrible thought had taken possession of her as she listened; that brought Bryan into hiding on such a night and at such an hour?

"You took him in?" she muttered, "you hid him. Bryan Kilmartin hiding because a murder had been done! Did he tell you why he hid, what had brought him there? My God, girl, speak! Tell me the rest or you will kill me."

"I do not know the rest," said Marcella, with dry lips. "I never asked him. I would not ask him, unless he chose to tell me—not in a hundred years, whatever brought him there, it was nothing wrong. That much he said, though it was not necessary to me to hear it."

Mrs. Kilmartin stared at her dumbly, with a look that asked a terrible question, a question that Marcella would not see.

"I must know why Bryan hid that night. I am his mother, and I must know. I cannot live on quietly like anybody else—like you—without having so terrible a mystery cleared up. The Fenians did the murder, no doubt, and Bryan was a Fenian. I brought him up to it. I filled him with romantic love for his country, and I did not know what I had done till I had found he had rushed, child as he was, into the arms of a secret society. He thought to shake himself free of them, but they have had him in their clutches. How do I know what they have not compelled him to do—?"

Her voice sank into a terrible whisper, while the look of horror deepened and widened in her eyes.

"I do not know what you mean," said Marcella, coldly.

The mother hid her face and moaned.

"You must know what I mean. You shall know what I mean. I cannot bear such a burden alone. I shall go mad in an hour if you do not help me under this fear—"

"You mean that you doubt he may be guilty?"

"O God! O God! that I should endure to hear you say it!"

"You, his mother! Yes indeed, you ought to be ashamed," said Marcella. "You who nursed Bryan Kilmartin on your knee and brought him up to be a man, and knew his thoughts, and his actions and his aspirations, to turn and be a traitor to him because of a little base, lying, circumstantial evidence. Oh, I thought Bryan had a mother who loved and believed in him; and, poor fellow, he so believed in you, and was so thankful to you for educating him as you did, was so proud of your devotion to Ireland and to your poor fellow-creatures, so glad that you had taught him early to think more of the sufferings of others than of his own ease; and you reward him for all this trust by harboring such a hideous doubt of him. You imagine that he, who had courage to go out a mere boy to learn to use his gun in honorable warfare for a glorious cause, could afterwards, in his mature manhood, be coward enough to strike another man to death in the dark."

"Spare me," wailed Mrs. Kilmartin, "spare me."

"You have not spared yourself," said Marcella, scornfully. "I am only a poor girl, and it is not a year yet since I first knew Bryan; but such a detestable thought of him could never have entered my head; and you his mother!—his mother!—just heaven! what will the world say when she can doubt him?"

"You do not know the horrors of the working of a secret society," persisted the mother; but something of the maddened tension of her gaze had relaxed, as she followed with hungry eyes every movement of Marcella's eyes and lips while she reproached her, as if life, and health, and hope, were all being rained down on her with the scorn from the girl's face and voice:

"you do not know how pitiless orders are given and how death follows at once if they are not carried out."

"I have heard of it," said Marcella, "and Bryan is one who would have unflinchingly accepted the doom of disobedience. He would have refused to kill, and would have died."

"His oath," murmured the mother. "Had been retracted. He had separated himself from Fenianism long before—he is the victim of the vengeance of a secret society for having deserted it. If he dies he will die a martyr, even though his own mother—"

A cry broke from Mrs. Kilmartin, and she broke into wild weeping. Marcella was on her knees by her side in an instant.

"O mother! mother! why will you torture your own heart and mine imagining impossibilities? He will be safe because he is innocent."

"My darling," sobbed the mother, holding her to her heart, "you have conquered for me. You have driven the demon away from me. Never again shall such a maddening fear grip possession of me; you are worthy to be his wife, Marcella, and I—I—have been wronging you, too."

"I know you have," said the girl, quietly, but this dreadful thing that I have feared has come to make us understand each other better. Now that it has come, I have met the worst, and we will go to Dublin. I shall not be afraid of being seen in the streets, now that they know me and have followed me here; I shall have to go to the front and defy them."

Then followed long explanations, in which Marcella made the mother understand the motives which had been at work in her; and, after all had been said and realized, Mrs. Kilmartin remained against the girl's quiet resolution to deny the truth that would lie to condemn Bryan.

The idea remained fixed in her mind. "They shall not get it from me, that morsel of cruel evidence which they would distort to their own purposes; I, only, hold it in my hand. They may kill me, but they shall not have it."

The very next day a document arrived, in which she was formally summoned to appear on the trial, which was to take place in December, as a witness in support of the case of the Crown against Bryan Kilmartin for the murder of Gerald French Ffont, on the night of the 10th of January.

"They are determined to have me," she said, "and they shall get me. I will be there, never fear, and if I live I will foil them. Good God! to think of their setting on a man like Bryan to destroy him, and making use of me to carry out their purpose. Come, little mother, cheer up. Without me they are powerless to hurt him, or they would not make such a fuss about getting me, and I will foil them or I will die—I will die."

She sat down and wrote her orders concerning her change of plans. The house in Merrion square was to be opened up, and Miss O'Donovan was to accompany her to Dublin, or to remain at Crane's Castle, whichever she pleased. Miss O'Donovan elected to go to Dublin. Where a great sensation was going on, there Miss O'Donovan liked to be, and the coming trial, with all its peculiar circumstances, promised to be a great sensation. Miss O'Donovan had greatly improved in condition since last she had appeared in Dublin, in the character of an impoverished gentlewoman. Her wardrobe had been plentifully and elegantly replenished, and she had the use of mere pocket-money than ever she had in her life before. In and about Dublin she had hosts of friends, and she foresaw that a pleasant and exciting season was awaiting her; yet she was not at all unkind in her nature, and she liked both Bryan and Marcella.

"Miss O'Donovan will come, mother, and she will stand between us and the world, I know; that part of it will be congenial to her. She will see all dear Mrs. O'Kelly's old friends, who will come to look me up and to pay me attention, and to find out what my connection really is with this trial. She will shake her head with them and say, 'Yes, yes you remember what this house was; it is sad to find it fallen into such hands; yet she is not a bad girl, only there is a taint in her blood, through her belonging, on one side, to the people; and the Kilmartins are not quite bad either, only both mother and son are mad on one point.'"

So Marcella would talk, bustling about getting ready for the journey to Dublin, making all Mrs. Kilmartin's preparations for leaving Inishean, while the poor little mother watched her with fascinated eyes and a frozen heart, hardly venturing to ask herself would this girl really dare to perjure herself to save Bryan? She must not be allowed to do it; she could not be suffered to do it; and yet who was to stop her if she determined to stand up in the witness-box and swear a lie?

No eye saw that occurrence between them that night; it was all a secret lying with her and him and God. If she wounded her own moral nature to set him free, who could prevent her, what should spring up to contradict her?

Then the same thought came to Mrs. Kilmartin that had crossed the mind of the terrible inquirer of the police, that the girl would die of her sin.

"And if she did so die and go to God to be pardoned because of the source of her sin in love, and its expiation in agony," asked the mother's hungry heart that craved for her child, "would not Bryan still be free—Bryan who was not guilty but innocent; would not the widow's son come back to her cleared of impossible guilt before the world? And there were

other women to love him, as fair and as sweet as Marcella, though maybe not so terribly strong in their love. That great strength in women was not always desirable, not always lovable in the eyes of men."

And then the unhappy mother flung up her hands and fell on her face before heaven, and craved mercy for having dreamed such wicked dreams, and cried aloud for courage to thrust the desire for evil out of her tortured soul.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE UNKNOWN NOT THE MYSTERIOUS.

"There are no divine mysteries now. Paul says they have all been revealed to us. Any child can know them, and any company of believers can teach and celebrate them."

In the above the Independent certainly fails to get hold of the Catholic meaning of the term mystery. "What is a mystery?" asks the Baltimore Catechism, and answers: "It is a truth which we cannot comprehend. That is, an incomprehensible truth. The fact that such a truth is revealed does not make it cease to be a mystery. Revelation makes a truth known, but does not make it comprehensible. The unity of nature and trinity of persons in the Godhead are a revealed truth, and therefore known, but it is not comprehended; it continues a mystery. It is one thing to know that a thing or a truth is and quite another to comprehend its nature. The Independent believes in creation as a revealed truth. Does it comprehend or understand that act? Can any child take it in?"

Dean Swift, quoted by Webster, gives a clear idea of the relation of mystery to the mind when he says: "If God should be pleased to reveal unto us this great mystery of the Trinity and some other mysteries in our holy religion, we should not be able to understand them, unless he would bestow upon us some new faculties of the mind."

There are truths which the mind, with its present faculties, cannot comprehend. To indicate them they are called mysteries, and such they will remain as long as the human mind remains what it is. To God alone there are no mysteries, because He knows all things in Himself, their cause, and He knows Himself, the uncaused.

The Independent confounds the unknown with the unknowable, and consequently concludes that when a knowledge which becomes known it ceases to be a mystery. Paul did not blunder in that way.

If our contemporary does not like the term "divine mysteries," it is free to say "divine ultra rational truths;" but it is not so handy.—N. Y. Freeman's Journal.

What Is a Drunkard?

"What is a drunkard? I have gone through the whole creation that lives," said Archbishop Ullathorne, "and I find nothing in it like the drunkard. The drunkard is nothing but the drunkard. There is no other thing in nature to which he can be likened. The drunkard is a self-made wretch who has depraved cravings of the throat of his body until he has sunk his soul so far that it is lost in his flesh, and has sunk his very flesh lower down beyond comparison than that of the animals which serve him. He is a self-degraded creature whose degradation is made manifest to everyone but himself; a self-miserable being who, while he is insensible to his own misery, siles everyone around him or belonging to him with misery. The drunkard is let loose upon mankind like some foul, ill-boding and noxious animal, to pester, torment and disgust, everything that reasons or feels, while the curse of God hangs over his place and the gates of heaven are closed against him. Drunkenness is never to be found alone; never unaccompanied by some horrible crime, if not by a wicked crowd of them. Go to the house of the drunkard, consider his family, look at his affairs, listen to the sounds that proceed from the house of drunkenness and the house of infamy as you pass. Survey the insecurity of the public highways and of the streets at night. Go to the hospital, to the house of charity, and the bed of wretchedness. Enter the courts of justice, the prison, and the condemned cell. Look at the haggard features of the ironed criminal. Ask all these why they exist to distress you, and you will everywhere be answered by tales and recitals of the effects of drunkenness. And the miseries and the vices and the sorrows and the scene of suffering that have harrowed up your soul, were almost without exception either prepared by drinking, or were undergone for procuring the means of satisfying this vice and the vices which spring from it."

Do not forget to teach the children to say good night to each other, as well as to older members of the family when they go to bed. It is seldom they will do it of their own accord, because comradeship and equality render them thoughtless of little courtesies. Familiar use has robbed the phrase of its significance, but every child should know that God and good spring from the same root, with the same meaning. "Good bye" is "God be with you," and the old-fashioned phrase, "Good night to you," is "God guard the night to you." It may, perhaps, have a different meaning for the children if they knew this.

THE BEST is what the People buy the most of. That's Why Hood's Sarsaparilla is the largest sale Of All Medicines.

PRIVATE JOURNAL

Instructive Extracts from the Journals of Rev. J. M. Guizot.

The following interesting extracts taken from that wonderful piece of language at "European Civilization" by James Balme, the re-thinker of Spain, W. A. W. Antism, and the intellectual and political philosopher.

This fixedness of will, this wisdom of plan, this progress towards a definite objective in life, this admirable knowledge in favor of M. Guizot himself, I stated by Protestants or even Protestants not a single idea, of "This is my own," appropriate to itself private judgment in and if several of its been too willing to because they were in any other constitution was also because they antism, in boasting birth to such a principle throw disgrace on its who boasts of having deprived sons. It is that Protestantism judge of private judgment itself the offspring of that principle, before was formed in the body it is the real germ proclaiming it. I yielded to a necessity to all the sects separated.

GOOD REASON. There was therein sight, no system. To the authority of the ed necessity of judgment, and the understanding as supposed had the coryphæa wished from the consequences and a right, the barrier was torrent could not have "The right of ex- Protestant, "is the foundation of the firm testantism. The firm not think thus: the selves able to place the rules of the mind a own lights; but they hoping to make those of all authority of this olle religion submit as infallible." This part proves that the any of those ideas, erroneous, show, if nobleness and gener- that it is not of their mind can say: "I but it was in order to ery of action."

revolution of the si- says M. Guizot, "di- the true principles of ty; it liberated the y; yet pretended to gov- But it is in vain fo- against the nature of autism endeavored, limit the right of It raised its voice ag- times appeared to at- struction; but the judgment, which was remained there, de- acted there in spite of middle course for adopt; it was compe- itself into the arms thus acknowledge it or else allow the d- ous exert so much in- ous sect, as to de- of the religion of Je- base Christianity, school of philosophy.

The cry of resist- THE AUTHORITY once raised, the fate easily imagined; it foresees that that development, must all the Christian could prevent its ra- a soil where ferme- tive? Catholics we proclaim loudly the minence of the dan- allowed that many clearly. No one most distinguished gave their opinion from the beginn- greatest talents n- selves at ease in Pr- always felt that the void in it; this is have constantly ir- wards irreligion or unity.

Time, the best ju- confirmed these me- ties. Things have pass that those only instructed or who grasp of mind ca- Christian religion Protestants is not opinion—a system sand incoherent pe- degraded to the lev- philosophy. If Chr- to surpass these s- pects, and prese- which cannot be fo- pure invention of t- ought not to be a- ment. It is owing doctrine and that which struggles w- the sun has sunk cannot be compr- darkness advances tinguishes the expl- night comes on. of Christianity and glance at these sec-