

Nervous

People find just the help they so much need, in Hood's Sarsaparilla. It furnishes the desired strength by purifying, vitalizing and enriching the blood, and thus builds up the nerves, tones the stomach and regulates the whole system.

Cured

Hood's Pills with Hood's Sarsaparilla, and they have done me much good. I will not be without them. I have taken 13 bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and through the blessing of God, it has cured me. I worked as hard as ever the past summer, and I am thankful to say I am well.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. Prepared only by C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE

Conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. Complete Classical Course Taught in English & French. University Degrees Conferred on Graduates.

LOYOLA COLLEGE

2024 St. Catherine Street, Montreal. A Classical School, for Younger Boys, Under Exclusively English Direction.

ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE

BREILIN, ONT. Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses. And Short-hand and Typewriting.

ST. ANN'S CONVENT

RIGAUD, P. Q. COMPLETE ENGLISH COURSE. Board and Tuition only \$6.00 per month.

THE PINES URSLINE ACADEMY

CHATHAM, ONT. The Educational Course comprises every branch suitable for young ladies. Superior advantages afforded for the cultivation of MUSIC, PAINTING, DRAWING, and the CERAMIC ARTS.

NORTHERN Business College

Owen Sound, Ontario. The very best place in Canada to get a thorough Business Education. Take a round trip and visit all other business colleges and Commercial Departments in Ontario, then visit the Northern Business College.

PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE

The attendance at the above named Institution is now 100 per cent. in advance of last year. This is owing to the superior class of instruction given under the present management.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND. LARGEST SALE IN CANADA. STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES.

McCAUSLAND & SON

76 King Street West, TORONTO. Best Quality only. Prices as low as possible.

MARCELLA GRACE.

BY ROSA MULHOLLAND. CHAPTER XIV. THE CALM BEFORE THE STORM.

For about a month after her establishment at Crane's Castle and formal meeting with her tenantry, Marcella was as happy as a bird. Even that cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the threatened danger to Kilmartin, was not allowed to cast a shadow in her way.

Taking counsel on this subject with her lady companion, she was surprised to find, by degrees, how very little book education it takes to make a lady. Having become assured through her own observation, that an industrious young woman may easily, in the leisure hours of a couple of years, acquire all and more than the knowledge which ordinary girls gain during their years at school.

Her household management gave her plenty of occupation. Determined to be a lady in every sense of the word, she provided herself with books on the subject of nice household arrangement, and when difficulties came in her way there was Mrs. Kilmartin to be applied to. Having deliberately reduced her income within the limits set to it by her conscience, she ordered her establishment accordingly, greatly to the disgust and disappointment of "The O'Donovan" (as Father Daly slyly called her chaperon), who held that the three neat maids and one old butler were a ridiculously small staff of indoor servants for the maintenance of the dignity of the O'Kellys.

"But," said Marcella, "I have no use for a train of servants. Half of the castle is shut up, and Miss O'Donovan and I do not often entertain company. We do not hunt, and at present we are very comfortable as we are."

"Hunting is not all selfish extravagance," said Miss O'Donovan. "When my dear father was alive he always kept the hounds, and gave a great deal of employment by so doing."

"I don't object to hunting, except in excess," said Marcella, and then paused, reluctant to risk giving offence by explaining what were the thoughts that came to her on the subject. To Miss O'Donovan, whose affairs had not been directly affected by the hunt, she was able to speak more openly when Miss O'Flaherty had returned to Mount Ramshackle and the uninterrupted contemplation of former greatness.

"It seems to me," said Marcella, "that though people give employment while they are hunting their prosperity to death, they do on the whole very little good, considering the paralysis that comes upon all their faculties for usefulness after the play is played out and their prosperity is no more. Sport is a good thing, but bankruptcy is no good. Where are the people who were benefited by that excessive expenditure? To pay the mortgages Mr. O'Flaherty put on his property from time to time, he is obliged almost to starve, and he has not a penny to bestow on any one. His tenants are rackrented, and the money goes to usurers. Look at it as I will, I believe my own plan will prove the best. If I part with my gold I shall hope to see something that I have bought with it, drained lands, or well built houses in which my people can afford to live, or crops raised on improved seed, or flourishing fisheries, or the working of cottage industries on my property. If I live to see myself sitting impoverished in my home I shall at least look out of my windows at a fairer prospect than lies before them now."

To all of which Miss O'Donovan replied with a sigh that it was a thousand pities Miss O'Kelly had fallen so

young into the hands of the Kilmartins.

"She has been caught by the radical wave, my dear," she said to Miss O'Flaherty afterwards. Miss O'Donovan read the papers a good deal, and was fond of a sounding phrase. "I feel sure she has a democratic strain in her somewhere. All the blood in her veins is not of the royal blue of the O'Kellys. However, in my fallen estate I am obliged to be patient with her, and I must say she is very kind and attentive, and aware of what is due to me. I could not be more comfortable; all my little luxuries provided for me, just as in my own dear home. And though I would like a little more style—etc., etc."

Miss O'Flaherty, who, since she was no longer an heiress presumptive, had become less unaccommodating in her views and ways than formerly, proved by her frequent visits that the comforts to be enjoyed within Crane's Castle under Marcella's management weighed with her, also, against the wrongheadedness of the chateleine.

Mr. O'Flaherty, too, soon showed a keen appreciation of Miss O'Kelly's charms as a hostess, and would often drive across country in his shabby little gig (all that remained of the various equipages that had used to roll in and out of the now lopsided gates of Mount Ramshackle), to pay his respects to the lady of Distresna. As he went he would muse on the advantage to him, and of course to her and the country at large, which would result from a union of the houses of O'Flaherty and O'Kelly. It was evident that this girl had a great notion of making those who lived with her comfortable, but she was lamentably wanting in perception of what was expected of her as the representative of an ancient and distinguished, not to say royal, family. All this he could teach her. No one was better fitted for such a task than himself. Then how pleasant it would be of an evening to see such a sweet young face smiling at him through the steam of innumerable glasses of punch, besides the comfort to his mind of knowing that dear Julia would have a companion at home when he was abroad on unavoidable business or pleasure!

All things considered, he thought it would work very well, and so, persistently but cautiously (for the girl had evidently a will of her own), laid plans for the prosecution of his suit. He was not the only gentleman of the county who discovered that the lady of Distresna would make a desirable helpmate. The rumor that Mrs. O'Kelly's heiress was a furious radical woman who had spoken on platforms about women's rights, and walked about the country in a jacket like a man's and with a shillelagh in her hand, ceased to obtain credit. The gilded youth of Connaught having caught glimpses of her blooming face whirling past on the mountain road on a car, or having lingered for a sight of her coming out of the mountain chapel on Sunday in her white frock and gipsy bonnet, began to blame the women of their families for neglecting to make closer acquaintance with her. By and by she began to receive frequent visits from them, and to find herself overwhelmed with invitations to ride, fish, hunt, and dine in the society of her competitors in the county. And Marcella, being no way disinclined for good neighborhood, did a little of all that was required of her, when she could manage to find time. It was part of her dream of usefulness to gain as much as possible of the sympathy of all classes, but she laughed in her heart when the "O'Donovan" would point out to her that this or that gentleman had dined on her hand.

"I dare say they all think me a very bad manager, and would like to put me to rights," she said, laughing and ignoring all the ardent looks and tender words which she could not but know were a tribute to her personal attractions. "However, I am in love with my own position at present, and mean to keep it."

Nevertheless she was pleased to see that her eyes had grown bright, and that there were tints of the rose coming and going under them in her rounded cheeks. She chose herself pretty dresses and wore them with grace. Why should she not try to be as beautiful as she could in one pair of eyes which were often turned on her with an expression she could not read, but which always made her heart beat faster. In her quiet leisure moments shut in her own room, or sitting in a rocking chair hidden among the cliffs, she would ponder the old subject of wonderment as to what that danger could be which lurked round the footsteps of Bryan Kilmartin. At such times she would take out the ring which she always wore round her neck, and look at it and finger it long, and live over again the night when she had sheltered and shielded him from she knew not what—should she ever know from what? She had reason to think that Kilmartin had never suspected her identity with the girl of the Liberties who had saved him. On more than one occasion he had hinted to her of probable trouble for him in the future, in consequence of his own rash action in the past, but neither by word nor look of his countenance did he give her any hint that he had met her that night at the entrance to the Patrick's Ball.

And, in the meantime, Kilmartin was well aware that, in spite of his resolution to spare the woman he loved the misery of being connected with him in his new trial, he had again and again conveyed to Marcella the forcible assurance that he loved her. He could not see her without betraying in a hundred ways the secret which ought never to be told. He admitted to him-

self painfully that he ought to rise up out of this insane dream of impossible happiness which had taken him on the very verge of the tragedy of his life, turn his back upon her home and his home, and determine to see her no more. So serene, so happy as she was with her projects and her people, why could he not leave her among them in peace, removing himself and the shadow of his misfortunes out of the sunshine of her path? She might be grieved and surprised for a time at his hasty cutting of the tie with which he felt he had already bound her; he was not unselfish enough to hope that she would feel no regret; but, after a little interval, would she not thank him for his action, and arrive at a clear understanding of what it meant?

Disturbed with these thoughts, he yet waited from day to day, putting off the difficult moment; till at last it was suddenly made known to him that circumstances were about to lift him out of the danger of doing a cruel wrong in snatching at a job, which, at his touch, must instantly and inevitably link itself with misery for another.

CHAPTER XV. THE BOLT FALLS.

It was a brilliant summer night; a round golden moon had risen out of the Atlantic and burned its pale lamp high up in the dark heavens over Crane's Castle, which, with the surrounding bogs and mountains, had grown weird and ghostly under the yellow green light lying upon its silent face like a spell of enchantment.

Marcella had entertained a dinner party that evening, and her guests were gone. Bryan Kilmartin had been invited, but had not come. It sometimes happened that having declined an invitation to a company dinner Bryan would arrive just as the last of the diners had departed, and remain an hour chatting with Marcella and Miss O'Donovan. He had been out walking and had looked in just to make sure that Miss O'Donovan was not displeased with him for declining to appear at table. He had brought a book, a branch of leather with a particularly lovely bloom, or news of somebody who was sick or hungry, or a message from his mother. Such visits included about the happiest hours of Marcella's at present delightful existence.

But on this particular night he had not come. Marcella lingered in the hall in her white evening dress, and at last stepped out of the ponderous old hall door with its pillars of black Galway marble, and down the wide steps flanked by open urns also of black marble, the basins of which she had found, on her coming to the place, overflowing with rain and slims, and had filled with the splendor of blooming azaleas.

There were several things in her mind which she wanted to say to Kilmartin, and above all things she was eager to know that he was safe. She had had a painful dream the night before, in which he and she were again in the old house in Weaver's square together, and his enemies had broken open the closet door and killed him before her eyes. Looking steadily through the faint sallow light across field, bush and stream, to the rocky road above the sea, she saw no moving thing; then turned her tired eyes in the other direction, and where the light was most intense upon one spot between herself and some low, wet reefs on the shore, she espied a dark object fluttering towards her. At first she took it to be one of those wide-winged cranes from which the Castle took its name, and which haunted about the marshy places around it and the bits of low-lying beach between the cliffs in front of it. However, she soon perceived that this was no bird, but the figure of a man running with his head down, ducking into all the shadowy places as if to hide himself even from the eye of the moon, and growing larger and more distinct to her vision each time he of necessity darted across an open track of light.

Mechanically she hurried in the direction of the flying figure, and in the shadow of a clump of thorn bushes close to where her private grounds adjoined a reeking marsh, reflecting the moonlight in a hundred pools, she came face to face with Mike of the mountains, who stopped running when he saw her, and flung himself panting on the ground at her feet.

"Oh, Mis, it's you. Sure I thought it was the banshee, an' all was no use. Where's himself? Tell him for the love o' God to run for his life. The polis is after him!"

"Himself!" meant Kilmartin, as Marcella knew. "The police! Are you mad?" cried Marcella, in a tone of ridicule, but her heart grew cold and her limbs trembled. "Sorra mad, my lady. I heard it all, an' I ran like a hare. Bad scan to the bit o' me that isn't eyes and ears since I knew there was somethin' comin' on him. He isn't at Inisheen. They said he had gone for a walk, an' was maybe here. The polis ill be down on him in the middle o' the night, an' intend for to take him in his bed."

Marcella put her hand to her head and struggled for presence of mind. That night in the Liberties was vividly before her like a bad dream of which this was the reading. Yet her common sense told her she should not act on such wild information without knowing what it meant.

"Stand up, Mike, and look at me. What can the police want with Mr. Kilmartin?"

"They want him for the murder of Mister Gerald French Font. An' sure he never did the like. An' if he did, wasn't it the widow and the or-

phan he was doin' it for?" said Mike, doggedly. "An' them that did it themself's anyway has informed on him and set the polis after him. An' it's hanged he'll be if he doesn't fly for his life!"

Marcella grasped a friendly branch of the thorn tree and steadied herself. She must not die, or swoon, or fall, as any fool might do, while there was time to act.

"Listen to me, Mike. I shall never forget this goodness of yours. Fly off now and search for Mr. Kilmartin along the sea shore. Do not rest till you overtake him if he is there. I will go myself to Inisheen. One of us may find him. Now, lose no time. Off with you."

Mike needed no second bidding, and the next instant was out of sight.

Then Marcella cleared the space between her and the house almost as the bird flies. In the hall she turned back and looked in at the drawing-room door.

"I am going to my room, Miss O'Donovan," she said, in her usual tones. "Good-night."

In her own room she put on a long waterproof coat which covered her from chin to heel, and threw a dark shawl over her head.

"If any one meets me on the road even at this hour, I shall be taken for a countrywoman," she reflected, and passed swiftly down stairs, prepared to account for her conduct if any person should meet her. But she saw no one till she got clear across the fields at the back of the house and out by short cuts on the little frequented highroad that led to Inisheen.

Then she ran as she had never run before, and as she could not have believed it in her power to run.

LINGARD PRAISED INDEED.

John Lothrop Motley's Private Tribute to England's Catholic Historian.

It is so rare for one great historian firmly holding to certain principles of religious faith to pay his tribute of praise to another great historian whose principles of faith are considered widely different, that the fact should not only be remembered by those who happen to know it, but should be repeated for the benefit of those to whom it is not known. The fact that this tribute was not a public one and the further fact of the circumstances under which it was paid should enhance its value and increase its influence with the student of English history.

We nowadays so rarely see "Lingard's History" in the average family library, and it is so rarely quoted as compared with better known but less reliable histories of England that I am constrained to ask why it is that educators pass it by on the other side? The mere fact that Dr. Lingard was a Catholic might influence the half-educated and blindly prejudiced masses, but it would be too severe a reflection upon the profession of teaching to only suggest that learned teachers are deterred by such considerations from a fair and adequate appreciation of a great and clean history of England.

In volume 1, page 209, of the "Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley," the great historian, writing to his wife under date of January 15, 1858, and giving such directions for the education of his daughter Lily as might be helpful to the mother, who with her children was spending the winter at Nice, thus praises Lingard's History of England:

"Tell Lily that when she has finished what she is reading I recommend her to get 'Sismondi's Precis de l'Histoire de France, which is very readable and in but three volumes. \* \* \* I should like her also to read 'Lingard's History of England.' He is a Roman Catholic, but honest enough, and at any rate more respectable than Hume."

A strong tribute reluctantly bestowed, but for this reason the more valuable. To pay it was a struggle between Puritan prejudice and Puritan honesty, in which the latter triumphed. It is not with a desire to find a wrong motive for a good action that I suggest that possibly this tribute to Lingard would have never been paid had not the proper training of his young daughter's pure mind been involved.

Mr. Motley was not writing for the public eye when he penned this splendid tribute to Dr. Lingard, but in the confidence of a husband's correspondence detailing and confiding to her the convictions of his mind and the promptings of his heart. Years after the writer and the recipient of this letter had gone to their reward, the surviving daughters collected the father's letters, which the lamented George William Curtis so ably and conscientiously edited, withholding "whatever he believed that the writer's good judgment and thoughtful consideration for others would have omitted," a rule that literary executors generally would do well to observe. If noble, scholarly men of the school of Motley could only be induced to speak out their honest opinions formed after having made honest research, the problem of education would be a much simpler one and the relations existing between neighbors of widely differing faiths would be more intelligent, more kindly and more Christian.

In the hope that attention may be directed anew to the "History of England" by Rev. John Lingard, D. D., I have repeated the words of Mr. Motley and have been emboldened to offer these observations. Herman Justi, Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 1, 1896.

Real merit is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

ANGLICAN MISTAKES ON THE EARLY CHURCH.

The Catholic Champion (P. E. C.) for July has a characteristic notice of Canon Bright's late book, "The Roman See in the Early Church and Other Studies in Church History." He commends the book as a very able, learned work and a complete answer to Father Rivington's, "The Primitive Church and the See of Peter." Father Rivington's book was written in answer to Rev. Mr. Puller's, "The Primitive Saints and the See of Rome." In its notice of Canon Bright's and Mr. Puller's books the Champion finds so much fault with both and differs from both in so many important particulars that it naturally weakens one's confidence in the assertion of the Champion that Canon Bright's book is such a complete refutation of Father Rivington's. For instance, if Canon Bright's interpretation of the famous passage of Irenaeus is so defective that the Champion gives the preference to Father Rivington's interpretation, why may we not conclude that Canon Bright may be faulty in other particulars? If "Father" Puller is mistaken, as the Champion does not hesitate to say he is, in contending that Saint Peter was never at Rome, and in describing the pre-eminence of the See of Rome solely to its civil rank, why may he not be mistaken in other points? The Champion very properly says: "To dispute so universally recognized a fact as that Saint Peter was first Bishop of Rome is a most hazardous, as well as a most uncalled-for, proceeding, and could it be substantiated, would introduce uncertainty and confusion into all history."

The truth is Canon Bright has nothing new or more convincing in his much boasted book than had been brought forward by previous Protestant writers. He simply follows them in putting his own forced and arbitrary interpretation upon those passages in the early Fathers of the Church which are adduced by Catholics in favor of the supremacy of the Chair of Peter.

Catholics do not contend that this doctrine of the supremacy was fully developed and in set terms declared by the early Fathers, but they do contend that there are intimations which taken in connection with the future development of the doctrine constitute as convincing a confirmation of the doctrine as could reasonably be expected under the circumstances. The same process of reasoning is applicable here as in reference to all the other recognized orthodox, Catholic doctrines.

Christianity is a great fact, and must be looked at as a whole. It is a compact organization—a living body with a perennial power of continuity and reproduction from the beginning. The seed planted by the apostles has gradually been developed into a great intellectual tree under which the nations can find shelter and comfort. The first intimations of doctrine were like the feeble and comparatively imperfect links of a chain which by themselves would be of little account, but being indissolubly connected with the succeeding links, which go on constantly strengthening, they become absolutely indispensable. They must be viewed in connection with the rest of the chain. The succeeding links throw light upon and strengthen and confirm the earlier intimations. The editor of that monumental work, Bishop Hefele's "History of the Councils of the Church," very properly remarks:

"It is with the beginning of the Church as with the embryos of other living things. To the ordinary, casual observer there is in the case of many living beings nothing in the focus of one to distinguish it from the focus of many another very different animal. But the time comes at length when it becomes patent even to the most superficial and careless observer that there must have been a considerable difference in the various embryos he inspected, as time has produced such substantially different fully developed animals from them. It has been the same with the commencement of the Church."

The Apostle's Creed was the embryo; the compact, unique, fully developed system of the Catholic Church is the full-grown, legitimate production.

The profound Newman, in his remarkable book on "Development of Christian Doctrine," proves conclusively that there are really clearer and more satisfactory intimations of the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope in the early Church than for other fundamental doctrines which are generally received by orthodox Christians without question. He says:

"It is a less difficulty that the Papal supremacy was not formally acknowledged in the second century than that there was no formal acknowledgment on the part of the Church of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity till the fourth. No doctrine is delisted until it is isolated."

There was no occasion at first for a formal declaration of the supremacy of Peter. But the moment occasion arose, as in the case of the Church in Corinth, where disturbances arose that could not be quelled by local authorities, Pope Clement, the third in succession from Saint Peter, took upon himself at their request to reprove them with authority and to restore peace and harmony in the Church. Of course, the enemies of the Papacy try to get around this most significant act and to explain it away, just as they do the declaration of Saint Irenaeus in regard to the necessity of the whole world agreeing with the Church of Rome, or of Saint Cyprian that to be in the Church one must be united to the Chair of Peter. But the uniformity

with which all the Fathers Chair of Peter as the Rock, setting the Keys as well as mission to feed the sheep and flock with the exemption implied in the prayer of Peter's faith should not show that the doctrine is natural, that is, of divine like all other doctrines history of gradual development and precise Catholic Review.

BELFAST AND DERRY.

Veritable Hotbeds of Unbelief.

In the long and intolerant of the past, in which the Ireland have suffered from the party of Protestantism, no other cities have conspicuously in the infidel tarian guilt as have the named.

In the dread years of partition in the past, Belfast notoriously outrageous in its Roman Catholic citizens no pretense at all to treat low-creatures or follow equal rights and liberties law. The municipal authority did not give a decent civic single Catholic individual Catholic population of did Protestant residents of class make the least effort Celtic element any of the amenities that belong to city. On the contrary, it barely permitted to live, yielded to all the wrong outrages that could be defense. Any attempt at anarchy or rebellion on the abused Catholics, and the pretext gave the ultra-men a plausible excuse to persecute upon the poor, hollies. In periods of turbulence when the Gladstone tried to pass the Home actually did pass it in Commons, the frenzy of bigots knew no bounds. Ling spots like Ballymacaree of maddened firebrands throughout the city and shipbuilding yards, wifoffending Catholic work employ of Harland and driven into the sea. In instance of slaughter and enraged tyrants did not much mercy as Cromwell gave the ejected Catholics their choice between he naught, whereas the bigots of Belfast did fellow-workmen the choicest cruel death on land or drwaters of the Loch. This proves that the advancing civilizing age cannot so prejudice or tame the brains of men who deliberately selves outside the Christian ences of religion and jus

Readers who are not the partial modes of Ireland and fail play in Ireland. "Do not the Queen's enactments have full of great city of the North tainly; English law is Belfast and in Derry. istic, charged with a crime or imaginary, would handed justice from an Orange magistrates, or aristocratic squire natural and traditional may never be known a general judgment, who Judge will reveal the fact magistrates benches galling injustice the people of the "North have suffered by the trait decisions of so-called peace, before whom t justly arraigned. These fer, of course, to the intolerant Orange city of past. Of late years it itself somewhat, for Mr was elected to Parliament divisions some years a present year a municipal ment has been devised an Act of Parliament thron mentality of which the city will get at least municipal privileges rights.

Derry, the historic on the Foyle, is almost terpart of the one at with this difference, he Catholic population of tively larger and better own on occasions ant intolerance forgot stark mad with sectarian excitement. Such pr have been seen a "shutting of the the absurd pranks of tice boys" and the er" proclamations of guided enthusiasts who alive the unhappy me But even in this ancient religious bitterness a social conditions have within the past twenty Protestantism still boasts achievements and yet time ascendancy, but power is fast fading Catholic population, uring care of the emine Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, a front, religiously, ed commercially. At pr ber over half the entire the town, and in the f have no apprehension