

Cripple

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Made

Running sores broke out on my thighs. Pieces of bone came out and an operation was contemplated. I had rheumatism in my legs, drawn up out of shape. I lost appetite, could not sleep. I was a perfect wreck. I continued to grow worse and finally gave up the doctor's treatment to

Well

take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Soon appetite came back; the sores commenced to heal. My limbs straightened out and I threw away my crutches. I am now stout and hearty and am farming, whereas four years ago I was a cripple. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. URBAN HAMMOND, Table Grove, Illinois.

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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND. CHAPTER XXVIII.

There was grief and indignation among the people at the news of Mike's cruel murder, or "sudden death" as they called it, speaking under their breath as if they feared the blades of grass at their feet could hear them.

Marcella, having questioned some of the people on the subject, but without getting any satisfactory answer, asked Father Daly the meaning of this unnatural state of things. Was the murderer one among themselves, and had friends and neighbors agreed by common consent to condone the crime?

"Hush!" he said, "it is enough for me to speak loudly when I denounce the murderer from the altar, but it will be safest for you to be silent in the matter. Neither friend nor neighbor could do any good by lamenting over poor Mike's untimely fate.

Marcella, appalled at such a view of the case, struggled a while with her impulse to cry out, to condemn, to warn, but remembering her helplessness as a woman, and Bryan's dependence on her, lowered her voice, and was careful in her movements, and acknowledged herself at last to be a coward.

"For they would strike a woman," she said to herself. "Those who would harm a poor simple youth like Mike would strike a woman. And I cannot deny that I want to live for Bryan. I braved the fever for the sake of the saving of many, but I am powerless here; and Mike is already gone beyond my help."

She did not, however, alter her usual course of conduct, persisted in the discharge of her self-imposed duties, and hung out no signals of fear. Mike had been in his grave a month and the fever was abating; September brought cold, fresh weather, unfavorable to the spread of the scourge, and there was hope that it would have quite disappeared before winter.

One night Marcella had sat up later than usual to finish the letter that, whatever the labors of the day might be, was unflinching posted to Bryan. She had had much to tell him lately, and as she sat now alone with lamp and fire she told him that she felt with relief that winter was coming back and that the sweet air he could not breathe with her, and the brilliant scenes he could not behold with her, were going and would soon be gone.

She glanced at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was half an hour past midnight, and the servants had all been in bed for two hours at least. In the midst of the confusion of her sudden alarm she realized that there would be no use in calling for help even if her voice would come. If this meant death, then it must be death; yet if she could keep her senses—

claw like hands that supported him as he leaned across the table towards her, and would strangle her. Where had she seen those hands before? Her mind wandered back as in a sort of delirium to the trial, to the witness box. No, she would not swoon, she would try to speak, she would not scream.

"Don't be so frightened, lady," he said, "I'm no burglar, and I mean you no harm—that is, not unless you force it on me. I have come here to talk to you about business. Come, lady, I know you have pluck. Drink this glass of water, here quite handy, as if you were expecting me, and sit down and attend to what I am going to say to you."

Marcella drank the water hoping that it would give her back her voice, and almost thankful to him for suggesting it. Then she sat down and made a great effort to gather up her wits so as to defend Bryan's property, that is, her own life, and all the comfort and service which that otherwise worthless life must mean for him.

Presently she was amazed to hear her own voice speaking rationally and quietly in the terrible silence of the room. "If you wanted me on business," she said, "why did you not come in daylight like an honest man? I am here every day to see all who come."

"Thank you, but that would not suit me at all. My business is not ordinary business. I have come from them that have their own ways of working. Lady, you have got a warning lately. You met with something in your path that you did not like."

"The lowered voice and insinuating tone emphasized the last words. Mike, he was hinting at the murder of God. Her blood curdled as she saw again that white face staring up through the heather at the sky. So should she be found one day; and who would dare to tell Bryan?"

"Now, lady, we don't want any more blood in this matter if we can help it; but maybe we will not be able to help it if we find people stupid and obstinate. I come from them that are bound to work their will, not for your sake or my sake, but for the sake of the great cause."

"I am waiting to hear what you want me to do," said Marcella, mechanically. "Well, lady, your husband, Mr. Bryan Kilmarin, belongs to us. That's one thing I have to put before you. Once one of us, always one of us. He thought to shake us off and he was punished. Death was the punishment due to him, but an accident came in the way, and in a matter of a handful of years, twenty, eighteen, maybe fifteen—who knows? he'll be out on the world again. And, lady, he'll want something to do. The pretty, genteel world he wanted to belong to will have nothing to say to him. Let him return to us and we will rub out old sores. What you've got to do now is to swear to me, and to give it to me in writing, that you will use your influence with him. It's well known to us that you write to him pretty often, and that you're the kind of a wife that sticks to a man like glue—that you will win him over for us, so that when he comes out of prison he will be one of us again."

"Never!" said Marcella. "Ah, I thought you would say that at first, for you are a plucky one—I always said so, but I am going to give you plenty of time to think the matter over. It's a matter of life and death to you, but you won't mind that so much as some of your sex would do, for their own sakes, I mean. But when you come to consider it, you'll think a good deal about all that you'll bring upon Bryan Kilmarin by refusing. When you are gone, he'll sit there in his prison cell—a hell of a place I can tell you—a desperate man, and by the time he comes out he'll have worked himself mad. And so we'll be pretty likely to get him without any thanks to you. The law has condemned him as one of us, and the world believes he belongs to us, and he'll find out he may as well have the game of it, seein' he's got the name of it. You and him can both be useful to us, but he's the one we want. We can do without you. So now you know what I mean, lady. As it is, you've been rather in our way for some time back. We have a score running up against you since the night you hid Kilmarin. At present you stand between us and the people here; you've got a lot of work in you and we could make you very useful; but if you won't change your hand and work for us, you'll have to go."

"I must go, then." "No, you needn't. I have my orders and I shall obey them; but it's part of my business to tell you that we would rather not meddle with women if we can avoid it. As I said, you are going to get time to think about it. We do nothing without plenty of warning. You have ten days from this time to turn it all over in your mind. On the tenth day when night comes, you will put a light in your bedroom window, a bright light to burn all night, so that it can be seen; and I will—no, I will not come here again, trust me for that—but I will contrive to meet you somewhere and to get that promise in writing from you. And I will have means of knowing too whether you keep your word."

"I suppose this is all you have to say for the present," said Marcella, struggling to control the expression of her horror. "If it is, I will ask you to leave me for the present." "I'm going," said the intruder; "but I must say before I go that you are a plucky one, lady. I was afraid I might have frightened you to death. And I don't want to hurt you—not if I can help it. I'm only doing my duty and obeying my orders. You'll learn to do the same before long, if you are wise. Good night."

Marcella saw him withdraw from the other side of the table, turn and glide away, she did not see where. Her eyes, released from gazing at him, grew suddenly dim, and she groped her way to a door near her with but one thought—that she would escape to her room and the reaction after her fierce effort at control should set in and might take away her senses. To wake from a swoon, here, alone, in the dead of night, with the recollection of this horror staring her in the face, might overturn her brain. Safe in her bedroom she locked the door, and flung herself on the bed, feeling secure for the moment, if not yet capable of thinking.

Her first clear thought in the matter was that she would write to Bryan and ask his advice, his guidance as to her conduct; he would know how she ought to deal with these people. Whatever he directed her to do she would do. The next thought that came to her was that she must do no such thing, that she would not even hint to him of what had happened. His anxiety for her might lead him to think of temporizing with the fiends, inextricably in their toils. By telling him she could only fill him with alarm and cruel agony of mind, causing him to fear every moment, throughout the long monotonous moments that made up the prisoner's day and night, for her safety. She would take counsel with Father Daly only. She would fight out this battle for her husband and for herself, alone.

As soon as possible she hastened to the priest and related her extraordinary story. The old man stood aghast at the dilemma in which he saw her placed. He had no expedient to suggest, no advice to offer. "They mean what they say," he said, walking about his little parlor where his breviary lay open on the table showing where he had been interrupted in his reading, "and they generally do what they threaten; not always, perhaps, but generally."

"Not always?" asked Marcella, tremblingly. "Sometimes their only object is to frighten, but I am terrified for you, terrified, terrified. I can only think of getting you away out of this—" "Would that do any good?" said Marcella. "It seems to me that if they want me they will follow me—anywhere. I have got the impression that if I try to escape they will be the more bent on having me. I fancy that the only thing that seemed to soften that wretch towards me was what he called my 'pluck.' If I stand my ground, I have a chance; if I run, I am lost."

"Yes, you are right; they admire courage. It is the only virtue they have any longer a conception of. Oh, my lost sheep, my men who ought to have been soldiers!" cried the old man, throwing up his trembling hands. "When will the Lord lift the pall that hangs over this unhappy country?"

Then, recovering himself and returning to the urgent question of the moment, he went on: "And yet I must think about guarding you. I could smuggle you into a convent where you could live as one of the nuns—" Marcella shook her head. "I feel that it would be of no use," she said. "The moment I tried to come out again, they would meet me on the threshold. That is, if they are in earnest. If they are not, why I should only be wasting my time and neglecting my duties here."

"In the meantime, at all events, I will put you under the care of the police." "I will not have the police," said Marcella. "I will not be followed about as if I were an evicting bailiff or an inhuman landlord. Father Daly, the more I think about this, the more clearly I see that my only chance is quietly to ignore their threats. Even in the hope of ultimately persuading me to their ends, of utilizing my 'pluck' for their own purposes, they may let me live a little longer. I will not temporize, I will not hold out a straw to them, but I will go my own way and take the chances that are in my favor. If even after five years' persuasion I could be induced to yield and take their oath, think how useful my money would be to them. They will hope, perhaps, to weary me out with fear—"

"And, my poor child, are you strong enough to live with such a sword over your head?" asked the old man, taking her warm hand in his own cold ones, and looking pityingly in her eyes. "I do not know. Who can tell how much he can suffer till he tries? Perhaps, if it were a question of myself alone, I should commit myself to God and say, 'let it be ended quickly, whatever it is to be.' But—" "Yes," said Father Daly, as the look of almost stern resolve left her brows, and her lips quivered. "Yes, the whole of it is in that 'but,' I know. Then may God in heaven assist you, my dear, and inspire you in every step you take, for it seems to me I have to

come to the end of my helpfulness!" During the ten days that followed that midnight visit Marcella went her way exactly as usual, and when the night of the tenth day arrived she went to bed early, locking her door and leaving her room in darkness. It surprised her to find that the terror she had expected to feel on this night, more than all others, did not, after all, assail her. Feeling that she had decided as best she could and that the die was cast, she fell asleep from sheer weariness, the entire bodily collapse that often follows on a long strain of suspense and excitement.

The next day she arose refreshed, wondering at her own fearlessness, cheerfulness, almost gaiety of spirit. Now that her course was finally taken she knew by the sense of relief that underlay her good spirits that she must have been in danger of turning coward, and of ruining Bryan's after-life by her weakness. Even if she died, and she did not feel that she was going to die, she would have done nothing to compromise him or his future. Almost before breakfast was over, Father Daly appeared.

"I knew you would be off to the hospital as usual," he said, "sling her hat and gloves on the table," and I have come as your escort. For the future you must have some one with you wherever you go." "What use, what use, Father Daly," cried Marcella, drawing on her gloves. "You are always welcome, but I do not change my habits one iota. My mind is made up."

Her eyes were sparkling, and a little red spot was on one of her cheeks. She laughed as she tripped down the steps before him. Then she turned grave for a moment as she looked back at him and saw his anxious face. "I have said my prayers, Father Daly, and what matter about the rest? Something is going to take care of me. I know: else how could I feel so blithe when there is everything against me?"

Father Daly answered nothing except by taking her hand and placing it on his trembling arm with an air of protection; as he went along he found himself almost tottering. He realized for the first time that old age had come upon him. It was a fresh, bright September day; the birds were singing with that spontaneous afterburst of song which breaks from them when the heats of summer have gone away. The purple coloring of the heather was at its perfection; the shining silver of the sea was subdued with soft gray lines, the moors were at their tawniest and loveliest. When they had walked about half a mile, a man met them at a turn of the road and appealed urgently to the priest to come with him at once up the mountain where a person lay suddenly dying who has something afflicting on his mind.

The priest stood still with a shock of disappointment. Why could he not fulfil first the task he had undertaken of conducting Marcella safely to her destination? He hesitated, and the messenger renewed his entreaties. It was an urgent case, a desperate case. There was not a minute, not a second to be lost. After a minute's struggle and a short prayer Father Daly's hesitation was over. His priestly duty lay up the mountain road. The angels must take care of Marcella.

TO BE CONTINUED. Mr. Johnston and the Jesuits. The irrepressible and picturesque John Johnston of Ballykilbeg, the head of the Ulster Orangemen in Parliament and out of it, presided over an Orange meeting in Dublin recently. The chief subject discussed by this ludicrous statesman was the duty of England with respect to the Armenian complication. Mr. Johnston was strongly opposed to British interposition, unless in conjunction with the other European powers. This was the logical and natural position for an Orangeman to take. If there is anything which the average Orangeman dreads it is war. The average Orangeman is a coward and a craven. He only fights with his mouth.

Mr. Johnston offered a new and interesting explanation of the continental difficulty which had reached its acute stage at or near Constantinople. The Jesuits were at the bottom of it all. Mr. Johnston knew this, and he wanted to have his beetle-browed conferees know it, too. The whole trouble was brought about by Jesuitical intrigue. Mr. Johnston solemnly believed, he said with his hand on the Bible, that the Jesuits were working to bring about a European war. Cheers greeted this declaration. Nothing so arouses the enthusiasm of the Orangeman as the exposure of a Jesuit plot. Moreover, the Jesuits were trying to embroil England with the United States for the sole purpose of destroying British supremacy, and overthrowing the Protestant Church. With England reduced to the rank of a fourth-rate power the old man of the Tiber would be restored to his temporal power, and the Orange society would be wiped out.

The strange part of the whole proceeding is the fact that the assembled Orangemen absolutely believed every word uttered by the braying donkey from Ballykilbeg.—Boston Republic. Don't dally with rheumatism. Purify your blood and cure it at once by taking a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debared from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kallio's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

BACK TO OXFORD.

Jesuits Open a Hall at the English University.

The Stonyhurst Magazine gives the following particulars of the new hall opened by the Jesuits at Oxford, about which so much has been said recently in the press. The new hall opened at Oxford by the Society of Jesus for its university students has now been occupied by us, its first four students, for nearly a month. The old name of No. 40, St. Giles, we hope soon to see changed to that of "Campion Hall," after Blessed Edmund Campion, the proto-martyr of the English Jesuits, and a famous member of the university of his time.

A FINE SITUATION. The house is a small and old-fashioned two-story building, over two hundred years old, its front faced with plaster below, and beam and rubble above, and its tiled, high pitched roof, pierced with numerous dormer windows. A small garden fenced off with railings separates it from the street. The situation and climate are very good, lying as it does about the middle of St. Giles, the broadest street in Oxford, and one of the most elevated above the river. Unpretentious as we are, we have yet attracted the attention of the Oxford guide books. This is what is known about us through that medium: "Leaving St. Giles' Church and proceeding south, we may notice on our right lying back from the street, an old-fashioned house (No. 40) which has been acquired by the Order of Jesuits as a hall for University students. This is the first step in the return of the religious orders to the position held by them in Oxford in pre-Reformation times."

THE REASON D'ETRE. This is a concise declaration of our raison d'etre. The object of the religious orders in pre-Reformation times was to give their subjects the best training their country, or perhaps the world, could afford, in order, in the case of teaching orders, that the students educated in their colleges might have the best teaching that the best training of their masters would give them, and they themselves might in their turn be fitted for their course at the University. This, too, is our purpose here. Since the toleration by the Church on certain conditions of Catholics residing at the University, many more may be expected to come from our colleges to take their degree at Oxford. This, and the recent change in some of our principal colleges—such as Stonyhurst and Beaumont—in the final examination of their course from the Matriculation Examination of the London University to the examination for the Higher Certificate, has made such a move all the more imperative.

Besides this it is well known how much more the course of studies at our colleges was always in harmony with the Oxford course than with that of the London University. A FRIENDLY RECEPTION. Our coming here has not excited any animosity among the general public, though when it was first rumored that the Jesuits were coming some of the Low Church party, who are very strong here, talked of calling an indignation meeting to protest against the invasion of Oxford by the Jesuits, and one writer in the Oxford Times went so far as to remind his readers that by the laws of the land it was allowable to "shoot a Jesuit at sight." However, this was an extreme case. The only abusive epithet as yet applied to any of us in the street was addressed to one of the Fathers here who was plodding through the rain in an impenetrable waterproof. The waterproof was mistaken by a small boy for the habit of some Protestant monks here, known as the "Cowley Brothers," and the Father, as soon as his back was turned, heard the boy squeal after him, "You Cowley evangelist!"

THE HUMOROUS SIDE. The university authorities seem, on the whole, very friendly; any of the dons we have come across so far have been most kind and obliging. The attitude of the undergraduates towards us is, as might have been expected, one of good humored indifference. When they first heard that the Jesuits were coming we obtained an honorable mention in a sporting poem in the volumes of the undergraduate paper, the Isis. It was an account of a boat race, in which the Jesuits "eight" or "four" oar was described as taking a prominent part.

To Recall a Letter. Many times people would like to recall a letter after it has been mailed. This can be done, even if the letter has reached the post office of its destination. At every postoffice there are what are called "withdrawal blanks." On application they will be furnished, and when a deposit is made to cover the expense, the postmaster will telegraph to the postmaster at the letter's destination asking that it be returned. The applicant first signs this agreement: "It is hereby agreed that, if the letter is returned to me, I will protect you from any and all claims made against you for such return and will fully indemnify you for any loss you may sustain by reason of such action. And I herewith deposit \$— to cover all expense incurred, and will deliver to you the envelope of the letter returned." In many cases persons have made remittances to fraudulent persons or irresponsible firms, not learning their true character until after the letter had gone.

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

"I know you will be sorry, as he has told of four hundred a year gary." This is what my friend has written to with regard to the Thomas, M. A., received into the his wife and six children, says the L. Times, be generally Mr. Thomas and his a noble sacrifice, and but a typical example number of converts is doing. It is not too this obedience to the science, in opposition claims and ties, and every human interest considered a splendid Not easily can the be realized by those felt pressed by duty excites the fiercest and acquaintances. face the trials of life and acquaintances. be to do when all unenviable experience be to do when all been helpful and ki unresponsive, when the means of gain seems closed, and an entirely new sphere from old associatio knowing what the m There are many to the religious in present age, and nified that there are tending to show that look what is spiritu that which is mer temporary. It is, ho the acts of convert Church that faith ha still exercises a com on the lives of men. The fund which th started has been ma cheap sneers by cert nals. If the editors of the difficulties with the Catholic Church they would, we feel they stand in need sympathy that can be and that it should r them by Catholics w interests of their rel the times have chang have changed with b bitterness formerly l lies has disappeared is no longer deem inferiority. Those faith are not now su because of their bel from Protestant de still to suffer much. The authentic au have received from in the past ten troubles they have through the action friends, have been s us that in many of t fully could not have fully exerted. Som ers have been partic siding in a parti district. When the gaged in business have fallen away I reduced to want. I have been the victi ances, and they ha leave the district. of the family have employers attempts injure them and dep positions. Against the son of Protestant become a convert had to enter a useful his father and moth been most intimate. covered that he has the attitude of all s deny altered. He will no longer career which he des that he must exp as he remains a Cat in fact, an outca circle, antagonism evinced in the lo language of these v been most intimate. Another type of daughter in a Prote embraces the Cath tried as in a fu Parents' brothers, relatives at one t the tenets of her r mock them; at w with divers pains a testant clergymen vivid colors the da she is pursuing. I she is forced to lea living as best she unjust to say she had this bitter e undoubtedly true lot of many. That section, as we m ceased is manifest, of Miss Buttery, cently commented satisfactorily the mistress in the Lo Bedfordshire, whi diction of a Scho became a Cathol became a Cathol was made upon b vicar in a letter v and Miss Buttery the School Board, ever being made efficiency as a tea stance of the tria verts is supplied Father Prest, O S lish this week. A