

Mothers

Anxiously watch declining health of their daughters. So many are out of their consumption in early years that there is real cause for anxiety.

Cough

and nothing seemed to do her any good. I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and had her give it a trial.

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MARCELLA GRACE.

By ROSA MULHOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXV. SEPARATION.

The remainder of that night was spent by Father Daly in dragging her through an unexpected danger, in tiding her over a new crisis, the sudden return of joy into veins from which it had been with long and slow purgation torturingly expelled.

But it is life, life! The sun will shine on his living face at noon to-day. His eyes will open to-morrow morning, and the next, and the next! His heart will be beating still this day week — this day year.

For many hours this rapture in the mere possession of his life lasted. Her face altered again with wonderful quickness, the pinched, darkened features took their natural curves and color, her eyes lost their fevered lustre and grew soft and luminous with happiness.

Kilmartin himself had realized more readily the questionable nature of the boon that had been granted to him. He knew something of the horrors of a convict's life, and it taxed all his courage to meet it with fortitude.

His death would at least have set her free, given her the chance, if not the certainty, of beginning a new life, even if many years hence, even if in a new country, and under such new conditions as she could not foresee.

It seemed to him now that he had been cruelly wrong in marrying her, criminally weak in yielding to her pathetic prayer to be allowed to belong more absolutely to his memory, and to have a right to him recognized by the angels of heaven.

"Do not reproach me for looking gay," she said: "do not ask me to grieve any more. Not now, I cannot think of anything but that you are here, instead of gone where I could not follow you.

"Dearest, I am so selfish, I can think of nothing but that I love you and that God has left me life." "Left us life, I should soon have followed you. But my fear was that I should not die for a long time.

"I will take such perfect care of her, until — you come back to us." "My darling, you must not think of that — there will be no coming back. But you may come to see me — sometimes."

"No coming back? You coward! Can this be the man who, was so ready for death and who would not quail an inch? Have you no hope in you, after all that has happened? If you have not, no matter. I have got enough for two."

"It was easier to love, and leave you a widow than to leave you a wife and yet no wife. Oh, this cruel ring which is to bind you to that which is no bet-

ter than a corpse, a living man behind a prison wall; this wicked ring, which is to rob your youth of every hope, a sign that you are linked forever with a convict. Would to God I had not been so weak as to be persuaded to put it on your finger!"

"Ah, now, indeed, you are cruel. So you only pretended to love me; you are sorry you are bound to me; you wedded me hoping to escape from me? Then, sir, you might have kept your repentance a secret from me. It would be kinder not to rob me of my foolish joy."

"My love, your courage under this wrong I have done you, is breaking my heart."

"Then I must express it badly, or wrap it up in some repulsive disguise; for, if I could make you feel it as I feel it, your heart would be glad for it. You would be thankful that I have the comfort of this ring, the support it will give me, the authority it will bestow on me, even the power it will confer on me to take care of your people for you — until you come — until you come."

"I will hope to please you. I will believe anything you bid me. My people will have a trusty steward over them, my poor mother will have a faithful daughter by her side. But, my darling, who ought to have a husband to take care of her—"

"Has got one, thank you, and one who is quite to her taste; though you do not appear to think much of him."

"He would have been a loving and tender one; he would have shielded her from every hurt. I think he would have been able to make her happiness, if evil had not befallen him. As it is, he is only a millstone round her neck, a cross laid on her shoulders."

"A great joy in her heart, a crown on her head, a glory round her life—how far shall we go on with it?" laughed Marcella, interrupting him.

"Oh, my dear, you do not know me yet—but you must try and believe in what you are to me. I tell you while you are still in the world I cannot altogether mourn. I am too full of the future which God must be getting ready for you. Why has He spared your life now except for that future? While you are away I shall live in it, and for it, and you will be happy, too, knowing that you are suffering like the souls in purgatory, only kept away for a time from the beautiful life that is waiting for you. It will be such a lovely life, won't it, when we are together, taking care of the people at Inisbeen? It will come soon, Bryan — it must come soon. I will wear the heavens with my prayers till the truth comes to light. And then the whole world will acknowledge my martyr whom I have been glorifying."

He allowed her to rave on in the fever of joy which the reaction from the chills of death had brought upon her, and tried to hide his own anguish which was in his sober senses and wide awake to the reality of the parting that was at hand.

During the small space which lay between the date of the commutation of his sentence and the departure of the convict for Dartmoor prison she was with him all the time that prison rules would permit, sometimes accompanied by Father Daly, sometimes by Bridget, travelling back and forward through winter rain and fog from the melancholy house in Merrion Square where his mother sat reading imaginary letters from him all day long, and talking about his travels, and congratulating herself continually that he was safe at the other side of the world was with him Marcella was waiting on Mrs. Kilmartin, talking to her cheerfully about Bryan's return, that return to ward which her own heart was now set in hope with all the force which nature could muster; or praying in the old church where she had first begun to pray for him. As the hour for parting drew near there were no signs about her of the setting in of that despair which Bryan had feared to see, and he watched her with surprise as her manner became more tranquil and her strength seemed to strengthen, instead of vanishing before the anguish of parting like a phantom in the light of day.

oppress him more terribly than the wreck of his own future, the loss of his liberty, or the unmerited condemnation of his fellow men. Come what might afterwards, she would send him away with the warmth of hope in his heart, with a little spot of blue breaking, though ever so far away, through the black clouds on the horizon.

It was early day yet in both their lives, and how many times might not the weather change before night? Till the very hour of the convict's departure for Dartmoor she kept her spirits wound up to this exalted pitch. It was arranged that she and Father Daly should travel to England on the same day and remain for some little time as near the prison as possible, seeing him as often as was admissible. The farewells were thus deferred, and the idea of separation disguised and kept aloof.

Fortunately she was not allowed to see him prepared for departure, the iron fetters fastened upon ankle and wrist by chains that clanked as he walked to the black conveyance waiting for him outside the prison door. As he glanced for one moment at the green distances around Kilmartinham the felon Kilmartin thought that even a prison in Ireland might be sweeter than a prison elsewhere, and asked himself should he ever look on an Irish field again. One more glimpse of Ireland, the bay, the Wicklow mountains struggling through mist, and he was buried in the convict-ship, hurrying away from country, wife, mother, home, people, alike from the happy past and the future that was to have been so bright.

As soon as they were permitted to visit him Marcella and Father Daly found him in his cell at Dartmoor, a grim stone chamber with a small window, his surroundings a wooden bench for a bed, a small table, and a pitcher of water. He was dressed in prison dress, but he had not as yet settled down thoroughly in this narrow stony space within which he was to wear out all the years of his manhood. He kept walking about the few yards of flagged floor like one who had been detained there by accident and was impatient to get out, the place looking just such as a man might, by chance, spend a bad quarter of an hour alone in, and which he would remember uncomfortably for the rest of his life. It was absolutely impossible to imagine Kilmartin, as he stood, his eye full of fire and energy, his frame vigorous and young, snared in his trap, caged in this hole till death should set him free. Marcella could not believe that such was his fate, though a sob caught her breath when she saw him standing there solitary in his felon's clothes, already barred out from the world of action and defrauded of the light of the sun.

Still she would not allow herself to break down. She had brought him books, writing materials, flowers, though it was winter, without asking how much of the comfort of these he would be permitted to enjoy. During the short visit she persisted in speaking as if his stay here must only be for a week, a fortnight, at most a month. "You can hear it for that little time, Bryan. Soldiers have had to endure as much. And how you will enjoy the comforts of home afterwards! And what a welcome the people will give you! What visits I shall have to pay them all when I go back, telling them how you look, and all about it!"

Bryan, who nursed no delusions, never contradicted her, spoke no word to un deceive her, tried to look as if he shared her hopes and expectations, but it taxed all his strength to restrain his own grief, to conceal that wide-awake despair which possessed him as the moment for the final separation drew near, and arrived. Father Daly bade him good-bye first and waited outside for Marcella.

Kilmartin held her in his arms, and at last the half delirious words of hope froze on the young wife's lips. She seemed to waken suddenly out of a trance. Like one who has been dreaming sweetly of home and sunshine, and is shaken up to confront howling hurricane and shipwreck she looked wildly round the pitiless stone barriers and clung to his neck. In that moment she was terribly assured that their hands were severed, that she was leaving him there for life. But there was no more time for speech, not an instant to undo the work she had struggled so hard to accomplish. The madness in her soul could find no expression before he himself had put her from him outside the door of his cell and the bolts had grated and clanged behind her.

Then Father Daly felt that the only way to save her reason was to get her home at once, home to the wide moors and the rolling waves, and all the soothing sights and sounds of nature which, being associated with happier days, might win her round to hope again after the present crisis should have passed.

She followed him meekly and passively, but with such a look of silent despair in her face as made people turn to look at her where she sat in the corner of a railway carriage or steamer, staring blankly before her, and seeing nothing but rigid stone walls built up between her and the face of the heavens. When the journey was at last at an end and Crane's Castle reached she was carried up to her room and laid on her bed, the blinds were drawn and the servants stepped about sofly. Surely this was a dreary house on the verge of the thundering Atlantic, under the shadow of the hills; in one room a woman whose wits were gone with sorrow, in another this crushed creature huddled on the bed, unable to turn her face to the light of day.

The little home at Inisbeen had been shut up and Mrs. Kilmartin and her attendant had been removed to Crane's Castle. Miss O'Donovan remained with her friends in Dublin, feeling unequal to the melancholy task of looking after so sad a household as that at Distress. Faithful Bridget managed as best she could, hoping for the moment when the young mistress would open her eyes again on the daily world and lift the terrible cloud a bit that hung over the sombre dwelling. Father Daly came and went, his hair somewhat whiter, and the wrinkles in his pathetic old face deeper than on the day when we first made acquaintance with him.

And every day the people from their cabins among the bogs and mountains besieged the castle for news of Mr. Bryan, and of their darling lady. They had a vivid understanding of the tragedy that had been lived, and was yet to be lived through. Their prayers and their ululus rose evening and morning in lonely places, and filled the wide air seldom disturbed by other noise than the roaring of the waves and the cries of sea-birds. Bare feet were forever on the tracks leading to and from homes and burrowing places undiscoversable by all save those who knew the way. Marcella and Kilmartin had cared to know those ways and had left the high roads of the world to find them out, and therefore they were worshipped now in their sorrow by barefooted pilgrims who knew no other paths through life than these seamy zigzags that led along dreary flats and up to lonesome highlands.

CHANGED TONE OF CONTROVERSY.

We are witnessing, I have said, an extraordinary spectacle. The idea of the Catholic religion is sweeping all before it. No other religious view has held its ground; in the flood of criticism, of unbelief of Positivism, as the French name it, sects and parties that once stood firm and immovable are drifted or driven out to sea, and the Catholic Church and historical Christianity rise up out of the deluge, appearing, after ages of discussion, to be one and the same. We, in England, are a comparatively little flock; but, in communion with the one Shepherd we represent, we embody that principle and fact of continuity which science assures us will alone secure to the future the stability, the essential life and characteristic endurance of the past. We, at all events, never have broken with the Chair of the Apostles or the visible company of the saints; we stand precisely where all Christians stood seventeen centuries ago, and our faith may be read in Irenaeus or Tertullian not less clearly as to its form and substance than in Cardinal Newman. So much, I maintain, the very drawing near us, and ever yet nearer, of religious-minded men in the Church of England and in other churches, too, though not to so notable an extent, the admissions of critical historians, and the wonderful growth of sacerdotal views and higher beliefs concerning the Holy Eucharist do, in fact, proclaim: there is a consistency, an advance toward definite issues, a recovery one by one of dogmas which were long discredited and which cannot but coalesce into a system—the outcome whereof must surely be an acknowledgment as it was unexpected, that the Roman Church has proved herself a faithful witness and guardian of the treasure committed to Christians at the beginning. We have almost emerged from the long defile of controversy, into the open day and the wide plain, where restoration may build in the light. As issue after issue comes to be decided in favor of Rome—and is it not happening?—the effect will be an increasing movement towards the centre of unity which must at length prove irresistible. We ought, then, to make ready—and our task is construction—not so much to refute as to explain, nor to call in question the good faith, the virtues, the commendable works of those who differ from us, but to set fully in their sight all we know of our religion, hoping that they will see it, as we do ourselves, to be the best thing in the world, and will claim a share in it with us. The fiercer accents of dissension have had their day; our Holy Father calls upon us, in language most moving, to seek peace and ensure it; we are, henceforth, to persuade with the olive-branch the fraternal dialogue, not to smite, and scatter with the sword. I mean that our business will be more and more to clear up misunderstandings, to let the nation know us as we are, and to walk before men worthily, according to the principles which we profess. — Dr. Barry, in London Truth Society.

A Two-Fold Prayer.

The Rev. Dr. Kane, of Belfast, Ireland, received a letter recently from Mr. Gladstone, in which he says: "As life ebbs away I hope I become inclined to a milder and more hopeful view of any differences that prevail among us, and concurrence in the greater and far greater matters of which you have given me so satisfactory a proof. It has further the advantage of inspiring a lively hope that at home too we may discover a method of agreement. Let us now join in saying God save Armenia, yet not at the proper time forget God save Ireland."

The healthy glow disappearing from the cheek and moaning and restlessness at night are sure symptoms of worms in children. Do not fail to get a bottle of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator; it is an effectual medicine.

ANGLICAN ORDERS.

The Rome correspondent of the Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times, wrote from Rome, on October 7, as follows:

Since my letter of last week we have received in Rome copies of the letter of Lord Halifax summing up his decision on the decision, for after all have not Anglicans the right to judge the Pope? In it he says: "It is stated, I observe, that members of the English Church asked for the investigation to set their doubts at rest. The statement, so far as I know, is absolutely untrue. We have never had any doubt of the validity of our orders. I rejoiced, indeed, when I heard that an investigation into the subject was to be opened at Rome; for I have always thought, and I think still, that if the Roman Church could have been brought to do justice to the Church of England in this matter a great bar to re-union would have been removed; but she has not done so, and we can only deplore the fresh obstacle that has been interposed between those who, if wiser counsels had prevailed, might have been drawn together." This letter is another proof of what was long foreseen in Rome and in England, namely, that the Anglicans, headed by Lord Halifax, were willing to take all they could get and give nothing they could hold. But the noble Lord forgets his summer vacation spent in France with the Abbe Portal and the numerous consequences which grew up out of it and brought the Anglican controversy to the fore. I know that when the Viscount visited Rome in 1895 he had letters in his pockets from the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, as well as from half a dozen of the English Bishops. In truthfulness it must be confessed that these letters did not state that their authors doubted their possession of orders, but in truthfulness also it must be allowed that many of the Anglican persons had doubts then, and expressed them. In view, therefore, of such tactics as are now being adopted, we can only be the more glad that Peter has spoken through the mouth of Leo, and that justice has been done to the historic position which the blessed John Fisher laid down his life to sanction. On the picture in San Silvestro in Capite, mentioned in my last letter, are the words: "Johannes Fisherus Anglus, Epus Roffensis. Cardinalis a Paulo III. creatus Tit. S. Vitalis Qui prius tamen martyrii quam cardinalatus purpuram accepit ab Henrico VIII. ad fidei Catholicæ et sedis Aplice primatus defensionem occisus anno XPI. MDXXV. ætatis vero 76, primus fere omnium Lutherum et Lutheranis scriptis suis doctissime confutavit." The crown has been put on his work by the decision in which his heirs have triumphed and received justification, and which is in great part due to the studies performed under the shadow of his image at San Silvestro in Capite.

"Go On."

Archbishop Riordan, in a recent lecture delivered in the city of San Francisco, alluding to the famous controversy and war waged by the intellectual athlete, Father Yorke of that city, against the public calumniators of the Church said: "Some time ago I met a prominent member of our Church who loves peace, who hates war, who does not wish to be disturbed. He said to me: 'Can you not call off Father Yorke?' and I said to him that I could: that I thought one word from me he would listen to, and one command I am sure he would obey; but it would be very embarrassing. And he said, 'Why?' And I answered, 'Because I told him to go on.'"

The report of the lecture says that great applause following the recital of this incident, showing that the listeners were in hearty sympathy with the defense made by the clergy of that city against public conspirators and defamers of all that Catholics hold sacred and dear. The old idea that our clergy must confine themselves strictly to the sanctuary in their defense of right and justice was all right and very good and proper in other days; but in these days of papers and pamphlets and books and public discussions of all questions under the sun, when the Church is to be defended, no one can question the propriety of the clergy using the means best adapted to serve their purpose. As a broad-minded ecclesiastic said some time ago, he never knew it was a mortal sin for a cleric to write a card in the local newspaper when the Church was attacked. The spoken word is the great public office of the teaching Church, but the written and printed word also is the modern auxiliary in the propagation of both gospel and historical truth. Here in America we are surrounded by peculiar circumstances living among a people most of whom are not Catholics and most of whom, also, down in their hearts, have still a hidden fear of the Church. Hence, we must use every available means to root out this fear and prove to our neighbors that as Christians we love them, as citizens we are not one whit less loving towards our country than the best of them.

The Independent says: "No one objects to Catholic parochial schools." But is that saying true? Protestantism objects to them; Free Masonry objects to them; all the secret, proscriptive, "patriotic" orders object to them; the preachers of the Gospel of Hate, like Doctor Fulton, object to them; and the devil objects to them. The number of persons objecting to them is legion. — Catholic Review.

LEAGUE OF

General Intention THE SOULS IN

Messenger of the "The idea that faction and will go to its furthest, a quence, if we did sinner may be so world as not to be cast away from God. "No one will v all sins are equa there is no differ cold-blooded and crime which the b primate, and those transgressions int ally and almost in the same time we not bear to look on small; that He comes into His pre pure and worthy might rationally should be some m who are in the mi between deep an sions on the one perfect purity an other, may be dea the just measure o then, in God's na Wiseman, after w "is there in itse, simply in itself, popular a theme of Catholics?"

The so-called "The so-called rible for the reje of a place of ter after life, a doct dates back to a which, in fact, w before the coming necessary, in p the Book of Macr the canon of Scra tainly does—but historical record— customs and belie When we are great leader, " of silver to Jerus be offered for th and in the same holy and wholes for the dead that ently, that the Je mediate state, God was not enj punishment "w since, through rifice, the su be released. In te of praying v tially based on the state, in which t siciently guilty f tion, nor suffic vision of God's punished and pu lified for this ble in vain among a recorded in the find one which knew the Jew time. On the Him confirming lief: "Whos word again the forgiven him, b against the Holy forgiven him, e the next." A "Some sins may this world or in shall not be fo hereafter."

During the t years, since Lu ciples of the o time to ripen now being wof mate conclusio eration of non sistent in the d recognizing, a hand that "no into the Kingd the other that idea of justice slight offences, death, influe seek for a solu rejecting the c perdition. Lo in its chastise purgatory wou would we safe justice.

A great ch W. E. Gladst while casting Church, gave u the following t "The strong the purgatorie the Latin Chu far to account stark and righ of death on t being, which l the uniform ages of the Ch the Liturgies, the faithful d crease of the what caused, i case, the viol as well as to its mischievo range of Ch establishing a eral doctrine o curation of th there came, fusions of d ment, with it to have no pl intermediate reduced alm "Worst o appeared to with the wide pled that he was in every on this side o