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MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carrol O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER XXII. - CONTINUED

"He entered the religious house bearing no other name than Lorgu-ette, and I, in accordance with his last request, published that he had been lost at sea, in order that they would not require his body to give it the cus-In my heart, then tomary honors. In my heart, then, ambition took the place of my old de sire for revenge, and I worked early and late to rise in my profession. I visited my uncle once, and I found him strangely altered—he who had been so worldly-minded, so irreligious, was remorseful and penitent, and he sought to effect the same change in me; he even begged me to give myself up to justice. I fled from him,

"Directly after that, accident en abled me to serve young Delmar, and by him, you remember "—turning his eyes from the grate at which he had been steadily looking, to Hubert-" I was introduced to you. I tried to get away from you, to get away from the topic you would introduce in conversation-Cecil Clare's murder-but you were persistent, and you even forced me to accompany you home.

"From that time an image haunted me-both of you understand whose-a face that would thrust itself into my sleeping and waking hours; that came when I repelled it most, and that was ever wearing the frightened expression it wore when it met me so unexpectedly in company with him who imagined himself to be the murderer of Cecil Clare.
"I could not resist the fascination

that made me appear to return the strange attachment which you' ing again from the fire to Hubertmed to have formed for me. fancied you were shrewd, and that you carefully concealed from me the burning secret you carried, when in reality you were laying bare your poor tortured conscience-it was from your own unconscious admission that I knew 'Roquelare' was pursuing you, and I rejoiced because I felt that I was safe.

"You insisted that I should sue for Miss Calvert's hand. I obeyed only too gladly, stifling the thought of my crime which fain would thrust itself between me and the object of my pas sionate attachment. I did not think then that your affection for Miss Calvert was reciprocated, and I fancied that you did not declare your attachment because of your imaginary crime. But when I found that even as you loved, so were you loved in return -when I knew that I, the truly guilty one, stood between you-that it needed but a confession from me to remove the wrong impression from your mind, and leave you free to grasp your hap piness, I was content to let the wrong PREMISES, Opposite Post Office.

TEACHERS, in Peterborough.

CIRCULARS, Send for one at the dwelt with me.

"When the crisis came and I wit nessed her unselfish efforts in your be-WM. PRINGLE. Late Prin. St. John Bus- half; when I heard entreaties such as iness College, N. B. W. C. McCrek, Late Principal Coatleook Academy, Que. Address: Peterborough, Ont. 885-4 force of the sacrifice she was making, there came into my soul such feelings as had been there never before. I resolved to devete



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Dr. D., of Chatham, writes: "It is a most valuable aid and stimulant to the digestive processes.

"As a first step in my course for the

defence, I thought carefully of all that my uncle had told me about Bertoni, and I worked upon it, with what result you are already aware; but I found that Bertoni would still retain the case despite his expulsion from 'Roquelare.' Of which expulsion I first learned on the day he met us" — glancing at Margaret for an instant — "when we were returning from the prison, and he lifted his left hand to show the crimson bandage about it. From the knowledge my uncle had imparted to me, I knew that bandage was the mark of expulsion. The stamp of the society with which every member must be branded, had been burned out of Bertoni's wrist; and just so long as he re-tained any hold upon public life, just so long as he practiced his profession, just so long he would be compelled to wear that crimson bandage, to proclaim his disgrace as it were, to every member of 'Roquelare.' If he refused trusting however, that the strength of his love would prevent him betraying me, and my trust was not deceived. o wear it, spies would track him everywhere, and only leave him when he had felt the full weight of 'Roquelare's vengeance. If, on the contrary, he had dropped the case and sunk into Requelare would have obscure life been content to watch that he never again emerged into any public career That he would adopt the latter course was my hope; but, when he hissed to my teeth that he would continue the prosecution in order to defeat me for the sake of revenge, and when I saw the gestures which accompanied his speech in the court, after his expulsion from 'Roquelare," I knew my chances of saving you, Hubert, unless I gave myself up, were meagre indeed. Every gesture of Bertoni's was significant of the society's own rules. pelled member though he was, the body was bound by its own regulations to assist him to the utmost in the prosecution of a case which had begun under its auspices-to assist, that the extreme rigor of the law might be inflicted on the criminal, for any leniency, after a clear case of circumstantial evidence has been shown, would throw discredit on "Roquelare." And every time that Bertoni's bandaged wrist came in sight I knew it was to show how he still felt

> and fainter. "I had heard you sometimes speal o Delmar of Hugh Murburd, and of your correspondence with him, and, after your arrest I learned from Delmar the residence of Murburd. thence in order to sound the mother and son regarding the evidence they might give if summoned to court ; but Bertoni's detectives had been before me, and I was foiled. Mother and son ere absent. The domestic could give no further particulars than young Mr Murburd had gone to New York some time before, and his mother had fol lowed him on the next day.

aispower, and my hope grew fainter

"I returned to the city to study again every point of the case, and to discover, if possible, some loophole, by which I might free my client, and at the same time save myself.

"In what way Cecil Clare had been connected with Hubert so as to provoke from the latter the blow which made him imagine himself a murderer, I knew not. That there had been a connection, even a close acquaintance, I already inferred from the conversation which occurred between Delmar and tion to the latter. On that occasion, Delmar, reviving the circumstances of warrant the bringing of his and Miss Calvert's name before the public; but Hubert made some evasive reply, and in deference to his apparent reluctance to answer, the question was not repeated.

"I questioned neither of you on the subject,"-looking again at Hubertbecause I felt that whatever were the anterior circumstances they would do little for the benefit of the prisoner, and I, with my burning secret, shrank from questioning those who were suffering for my crime. "I hoped that my efforts at least

would avert the worst—that you would crime stood between you and your not die, that you would be free from prison walls sometime, and I tried to fore, though it did not bar my prewould avert the worst—that you would harden myself to a feeling of indifference about it; but the face that ever haunted me, came more persistently hen-came with its frightened look as I had seen it first-came with its implorng expression as I saw it afterward—came with the entreaties that I heard it make to you to return to your God and your duty-came with low, sweet speak to me years before-and it well

migh wrung my secret from me.
"Oace, while I waited at the door
of your cell, I heard you express your determination to forgo marriage, even though you should be acquitted, because of the crime which you fancied you had committed, and I heard Miss Calvert express a similar determina-tion. Then I knew that my crime would have to be acknowledged, if I would give happiness to her whom I I saw her agony, but I saw also loved. her brave, noble resignation, and I was conquered.

"Yet, I would make one more appeal to herself. I would ask her if your acquittal would not be sufficient, and if her own lips again assured me that the murder of which she too believed you guilty, was always to remain an obstacle to your union, then I would obtain one final victory over myself, and accept the bitter consequences. I had fancied that her trust in me was self, to give his visitor unmistakable assurances that much more than he reclined to attribute it to a betrayal by Hannah Moore, of the confidence which my mother had given her. But when But Clare shook his head.

you, Hubert— to do all in my power— I remembered the woman's solemn oath, and the tender attachment she that.

the idea my fancy.
"I saw Miss Calvert-I obtained from her the assurance I dreaded to receive, and then I held the final struggle with myself.

'I went for the second time to the religious house in which my uncle abode, and when he learned that the object of my visit was to request his presence in court in order to prove that was the murderer of Cecil Clare, I knew by the glad eagerness with which he received my proposition that my secret had borne as heavily and sicken ingly upon him as yours had done

upon Miss Calvert.
"It was his voice which spoke from the crowd to Hannah Moore, command ing her to speak - ventriloquism enabled him to do that — and it was his sudden appearance which caused Bertoni to look so strangely, and to exhibit such emotion. My uncle's coming was, as it were, from the dead. 'Roquelare,' had believed him drowned, and Bertoni had coveted the high place made vacant by his supposed death. The strange and simul aneous rising of the judge and some of the jurors was due to the sign which my uncle made—a sign that only he, because of the high degree which he had attained in the society, was per-mitted to make, and which compelled or him whenever he chose to use it, such deference as was then given. He employed it on that occasion to prove his identity, and to insure for his evi-dence such consideration as would not have been given to the words of an "You know what followed. Of the

of the time that has elapsed since last l saw you, I may not speak "-he shud dered slightly. "I can only say that there was a long, and painful, and tortuous examination, and death, dis graceful and public for me, and secret nd torturing for my uncle seemed im minent-frightfully imminent - until t was shown in a review of my uncle's ife, that from the time he had entered the society his career was marked by sacrifices made alone for the commo good, by rejected opportunities of honors and emoluments of himself by which he alone would have been beneited, and repeated refusals of even the ast high honor, the final acceptance of which was due alone to stern compul-

cenes through which I have passed-

These things, together with the act that he had told me nothing of the rue secrets of the society, that I had helped to vindicate the honor of uelare' by exposing Bertoni, and that given our freedom we both intended shut ourselves forever from the world, obtained pardon, and in some measure even kindness from 'Roque

"I was obliged to submit to an in itiation and afterward to have the mark burned out, as they had already lone to my uncle "-he rolled slightly back the sleeve from his left arm and disclosed a crimson bandage like that which had encircled Bertoni's wrist —
"And now" — he rose suddenly—" I have only to ask that when thoughts of me come unbidden, and perhaps, unwished for, and you remember my willingness to let an innocent man suffer for my crime-nay, the desire to have him suffer, which I had at first, balance it with thoughts of the torture which I endured in after months; when you remember my daring aspira Hubert on the occasion of my introduc- tions to a pure hand, remember also that I was maddened by a love all the the first investigation of the murder, so hopeless; when you think of me as one night; but the lawyer firmly re-

deeper because I felt that it ought to be desired to know what acquaintance having been willing to win that hand, Hubert had with Clare that could in pity think also that I was goaded by very desperation to the attainment of a happiness which I felt ought to be beyond my reach. If your sufferings were severe" — turning slightly to Hubert — "if you loved also and yet Hubert — "if you loved also and yet permitted that fancied crime to come between you and the object of your love, I reasoned that your attachment could not be the maddening thing that mine was, and I did not then know that your love was returned. When on one occasion I said that we were both drinking of a bitter cup, it was only to believe that mine contained the most wormwood and gall. A fancied sumptuous approach to, my heart's

"Think of these things when you remember my perfidy, but more than all" — his voice sank to a deep, low tender tone, as if the swell of feelings which had grown with every word, had obtained now complete mastery-"re member it was a woman's holy pleadender words like my mother used to ings with another - her devotion, so like heaven's own love in its pure disinterestedness: her unswerving loy alty to the teachings of her faith ; her complete sacrifice of self, which brought to me at last the strength to do right; — that caused desperate struggles in my soul, that frequently made a confession spring almost to my very lips, and that brought back the memory of my mother, and the religious practices of my childhood as the had been brought back never before.

"In my future life of voluntary pen ance, the thought that you both have fully pardoned, have even perchance sometimes kind memories of me, will be a nucleus about which to gather the prayers and deeds of the remainder of my life.

He shaded his face with his hand as if to conceal its expression, while his listeners seemed too much surprised and even awed to speak.

Hubert was the first to recover him-

"I must away to-night; and, besides, I am pledged to partake of no man's hospitality until sacred walls in a distant country enclose me. "What Order?" asked Hubert won-

deringly. "I cannot tell yet; my plans will not be matured until I shall have seen the Superlor, possibly of such a house as that of which my uncle has been an inmate, and to which he has returned with the intention of entering the

Order."
"Why not join your uncle?" ques tioned Hubert.
"Because I would sever myself from

kindred and friends, and everything that could tend to make my renunciation of self less complete.

Margaret, whose true, tender heart was much more pained by the recital of suffering she had heard, than her woman's vanity was gratified by the flattering things which had been said about her, seeing that Clare was determined upon an immediate departure, asked if he would not speak to

"Certainly," he answered with glad eagerness: "I was about to make the request, for the good creature deserves my gratitude for the faithfulness with which she kept her painful knowledge of me

And Hannah Moore was put into a state of the most flurried excitement by the unusual announcement that Miss Calvert wanted to see her in the parlor; and with a hasty smoothing of her apron she left the kitchen to obey the

strange order. Miss Calvert met her in the hall on which the parlors opened, and ushering her into one of them, said, with a re assuring smile :

"He about whom we have all been o anxious is waiting to see you. Withdrawing, she closed the door soft'y, and left Hannah Moore and the

awyer together.

The interview lasted but a few min utes, and the cook was crying joyful tears when she came forth, and saying. as well as her emotion would permi her to speak :

"It's your mother that's happy in heaven this night, and it's yourself that God loves, Mr. Frederick, to make you so good at last.

And then she returned to the kitchen going slowly, and turning often, as it to take one more look of the young man

Hubert and Margaret, with Madame Bernot, who had joined them as soon as she learned of the termination of their confidential intercourse with Clare, waited in the adjoining parlor, and thither, when Hannah Moore had at last disappeared in a turn of the stair way, the lawyer hastened.

The extreme limit of the time which

he had allotted for his stay had expired, and he extended his hands in farewell-extending them to Margaret first, while he looked down upon her with indiscribably sad eyes.

He did not speak—the pressure of his hands and his look constituted his "good-bye;" and she, too full also to speak, only bowed her head: for an instant they stood thus, then he drew his hands away, murmured an adieu to Madame Bernot, and turned with Hubert who would accompany him to the door. Then Margaret threw her-self on Madame's breast, and sobbed out all the pent up feelings of the past hour.

It was raining fiercely, and the wind drove the storm in a wild dash against the young men as they stood in the open door-way. Hubert again be-sought Clare to remain at least for that fused, and with one last grasp of hands and one last very sadly, very tenderly, spoken: "Farewell, till we meet in Heaven," Clare darted down the steps, and on in the very teeth of the fierce, wild tempest, until his form was lost to sight, and Hubert turned slowly and sadly inward. TO BE CONTINUED.

Max O'Rell.

Max O'Rell has proved his title to good judgment and aesthetic taste. Here are some of his good points : "In Buda Pesth and Dublin I found the finest and most beautiful types of womanhood. The beauty of the Irish girls, it may be added, is not skin deep." This proves that the brilliant deep." This proves that the brilliant author and lecturer has the true aesthe-tic instinct. His good judgment is apparent in the following: "What strikes Europeans the most forcibly as they travel the length and breadth of this land, is the total absence of stupidlooking faces. This is a great thing to Europeans." Again: "You have no dukes, no marquises, but you can buy them. We have them. They look to you to get their coats of arms out of pawn by marrying girls whose ancestors probably had no arms to Max O'Rell is a combination of Irish

wit and French vivacity, but he can be serious sometimes. Thus: America, is the greatest country in the world, a fact that cannot be disputed, for you admit it yourselves." — N. Y. Free man's Journal.

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RUDOLF THE MUSICIAN. Maud Regan, London, Ont., in Wa'sh's Maga-

Out in the quaint old street the children romped and sang, for the soft spring rain that had been falling all day long had ceased at last, and now from the west where the sun was setting in crimson glory, there poured a flood of ruddy light, gilding the peaked roofs of the odd little dwellings and bathing in liquid radiance the whole of the village street.

At the open windows the mothers sat talking in deslutory fashion, while they watched the children at play, pausing now and then to croon soft lullabys to the drowsy little ones nestl

ing in their laps.

Memories of the recent rain still lingered in the tiny pools of water which had found a resting place in the flags of the uneven pavement where the grooves worn by generations of restless feet were deepest, and there an occasional sparrow dipped his thirsty beak or fluttered the water in sparkl ing drops from his dusty wings, fear

ess and unmolested. Down in the garden of the gray stone house where Rudolf, the musician, dwelt, the rain still lay heavily on the grass, and when the breeze swayed the branches of the giant linden's great drops were shaken shower like to the ground with a soft pattering sound

pleasant to hear. Very quiet the old house was, set far back in its large, old fashioned garden, where roses ran riot, for the Gray House was not then, as now, a place of pilgrimage, and he whom dead the world has delighted to honor, living found few to praise him, and fewer etill who cared to listen to the wondrous strains which stole out from the old piano when his thin, white hands wandered to and fro among the keys

In truth, because of the quiet life of its lonely inmate, the Gray House had come to be regarded in the village as rather an uncanny place, and when sometimes at evening the sound of the professor's playing might be faintly heard in the street, many shook their he ds, thinking perhaps that strains so weirdly sweet, must needs be fairy music to which it were better not hearken.

It may be that Rudolf at times felt very lonely during those long years when his nephew Carl was studying at the great conservatory and he was the only dweller in the Gray House. See ing the very children run by the place with bated breath, glancing fearfully the while at the gleam of gray show ing among the green of the lindens may have awakened sad memories of those other days when the Gray House had been full of life and laughter and many trod the rose bordered path leading to its hospitable door, who in the after time seemed to have forgotten the way.

The merry company which in the old days was wont to gather at the place, had predicted a wonderful career for the young musician so singularly gifted, and Rudolf shared the common belief, feeling the power within him and fancying with the glad hopefulness of youth, that he could order the future to his liking. He had been a great dreamer then, and despite many hard awakenings he was a dreamer to the end. Perhaps it was because in his own time so few of his dreams came true, that his life always seemed like a sad little story, although it would be puzzling to fashion its simple happenings into a tale that many would care to hear. There had been a little love in for he was to have wed Car mother in the days before she learned to love his younger brother. There had been much ambition, for Rudolf had hoped to do great things in his art and to leave behind him a famous name, but after love slipped from his grasp he grew to think of fame and the acclamations of men as little worth.

Then, just as he was growing old, and shortly before little Carl came to him, fortune went the way of love and fame, and of the three left fewest re grets.

It was one of the beautiful things about the professor that, despite, many cruel disappointments, he never lost faith or courage, but continued in his quiet way, hoping, striving, till the end, and left the world, which after all had treated him ungently, still holding his boyish belief that it was a very bright place even though somehow he had missed the sunshine.

It was in the later years that Carl

came to him, a sacred charge held in trust for his dead brother and the only woman who ever had part in the pro fessor's life. The sunny, careless boy with Rudolf's own gift and so like what he had been before the shadows began to gather, found his way straight to Rudolf's heart. Then began for him the drudgery of lesson giving and the days of self-denial, happy days withal, brightened as they were by dreams of Carl's future, one more brilliant than his wildest fancies had pictured for himself and which each toilsome hour was bringing nearer. They seemed even happier in the retrospect when at length the professor's slender store augmented by privations of which Carl little guessed, had grown large enough to admit of the lad's entering upon his long course of study at the great conservatory - the first step towards the realization of from its use.

The Medicine for Liver and Kidney Complaint.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa writes:
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Rudolf seemed fo in a waking drea would kindle a straighten as his triumphs awaitin Nor was his b at all shaken by which, as the their way to the

wonder that careless and restraint and his new life restraint dreary monoton village? Or wh a short space l cost others years Thus indeed it s days of the pro well nigh spent. things Rudolf

last days preced and, perhaps, nearness of the seemed longer But, though enough they pa great day of the at last. It se was to witness when the rain great drops h on the roses yet at evenin was golden, flooded his room ance on the da floor, wherein chairs were di to Rudolf as bowed low ov piano, that his held little in shine. It was dreams had o of his life. T from the cons Rudolf had hands, thinki triumph com short ; just young, and it Rudolf to v sentence which life of all its

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