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A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Author of "Carroll O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER XVIII.

The prisoner's countenance looked serene, and even happy on the conclusion of Bertoni's speech; so happy that Mrs. Delmar adjusted her glass a second and third time to be sure she saw aright—a man almost smiling in the very shadow of the gibbet—for in her mind, as in nearly every other in the court-room, the last speech had left little hope for the prisoner, but she would not despair, however; the trial was not yet finished, and something would, something must, happen if not to effect an acquittal, at least to cause a comparatively light sentence.

She desired her daughter to look at Hubert in order to be convinced that her own eyes had not deceived her. But Louise was already looking—looking with such a hopeless, heart sick look in her eyes, and such a pitiful quivering of pain about her mouth, that any one save her vain, fashionable mother would have been moved to compassion and sympathy.

"It is very strange that he can look so pleasantly," said Mrs. Delmar, "in the face of all that evidence against him. I can't understand it, unless in deed, his face suddenly brightened, so that he is aware of something yet to be shown, which will alter the effect of all previous testimony," and quite reassured by that thought she put down her glass, and disposed herself comfortably while she made disparaging remarks about that "odious Margaret Calvert."

Her daughter made no reply; she scarcely heard, being so absorbed in watching Hubert, and when he had gone—having departed with the same fearless, erect gait with which he had entered, she turned her gaze on motionless Margaret, wondering what were her feelings; if her heart was just such a quivering, aching thing as she, poor spoiled child of fashion, was hearing for the first time in her whole life; but she thought that could not be.

Margaret Calvert engaged to another, must be unable to grieve over her cousin's doom, as one would do, who loved that cousin, and when Eugene, having escorted her and his mother to their carriage, was about to leave them that he might tender, as on former occasions, his sympathy to Margaret, Louise detained him to whisper:

"Come home soon—I want to know what you think—how much hope there is for—Hubert."

poor, low common wretches one shudders to look at."

Louise buried her face in her hands, and said she had a headache, in the hope that her mother would cease her tiresome twaddle, and the carriage rolled on, and tired, heated pedestrians envied the occupants of the costly equipage, and many of them perhaps would have smiled incredulously if told of the anxiety and discontent which reigned in the heart of one of those occupants, the utter misery which filled the other.

Sad, hopeless Margaret; she could not answer Delmar when he murmured his low, gentle-toned expressions of sympathy, but she pressed his hand in grateful acknowledgment, and quietly took her way between him and Plowden to the back in waiting. Bertoni stood in conversation with a gentleman near the entrance of a private corridor which led from the court-room. He looked up on the approach of Margaret and her escorts and bowed profoundly to the former—in the same instant, from without, they heard a coarse, bass voice saying in a high, excited key:

"I tell you it's *Mind*, and *Mind* only that makes or mars the deed, and such a mind as your great lawyer has will accomplish nothing that time or circumstances may produce." Bertoni's eyes flashed with triumph, but he turned with an apparently careless air to resume his suddenly interrupted conversation, and the party passed out, confronting in the passage the man who had just given utterance to that singular comment on the lawyer. He was still talking in that same high key—a heavy-whiskered, black-eyed man, having the swarthy complexion of a Spaniard, and very much of the ferocious look which novels ascribe to the hands of that mild-faced individual at his side, who was meekly endeavoring to show the disastrous results of intellect when untempered by religion. But the fierce-looking man was not to be convinced that anything save *Mind* itself was necessary in the world, or that a great mind required to be dependent on a higher power than itself.

Plowden, whispering to his companions to proceed and wait for him, laid his hand on the dark-looking individual's arm, and said, quietly, though with the appearance of one who was holding a severe struggle with himself:

"Wait until you have witnessed the end of this trial, and then, if Bertoni's mind appears as great under bitter defeat as it has done to day in fancied triumph, speak, as you have spoken, if not, return to the allegiance you owe to your Creator."

He turned quickly and followed Margaret and Delmar.

"I cannot quite answer you yet," he said, when at length he turned to her. "I must think a little longer—till tomorrow. Perhaps—perhaps"—his voice grew strangely tremulous—"all will be well."

They were at Madame Bernot's door, and he paused on the stoop to ask at what hour he should return to escort her to Hubert. He bowed at her reply, and with a brief adieu hurried back to the vehicle, while she, entering the house, rushed to her room and poured out in a wild burst of tears the grief that seemed stifled here.

Hubert Bernot was as calm and self-possessed when Margaret visited him in his cell, as he had appeared to be in the court-room, three hours previous.

Ordinary spectators looking at the two, and listening to the young man's quiet, and even cheerful conversation, would have thought him the comelier, and Margaret the only grieving one. On this occasion such appeared to be the fact, for Margaret was saying in a voice choked with sobs:

"Why, oh, why, Hubert, did you carry that knife with you after—that dreadful night? You assured me when we parted that you would be careful and guarded; you repeated, when you returned, that you had been, and yet see how much you revealed to Mrs. Murbard. Oh, Hubert!"

"Ah, Margaret! I fancied that the carrying about of me that knife from which you had cleaned the bloody stain, would inure me to the thought of what I did—would give me a certain bravado; but on the occasion of my handing it to Mrs. Murbard her close examination of it unnerved me. I feared there might be still a stain upon it, that perhaps you had not taken all off, but I would not allow myself to think that she attached such importance to the manner in which I treated Hugh's remark about it. Never after, though I continued to carry the knife, did I allow it to betray me. I was careful."

"Think," said Margaret anxiously, "if, while you were away, you let any word or action betray your secret to Mrs. Murbard's son—probably, will you examine him to-morrow."

confidence which would help so materially to criminate him; and then a fierce war between Right and Wrong began in her heart; a war during which she half savagely wondered why God made some people suffer so much while others, apparently careless of His very existence, seemed so happy. And then she became frightened at herself and she looked up at Hubert, who was sadly watching her, and visions of a rope encircling his slender neck and his visage bloated and purple, rose before her. Her overcharged feelings could endure no more. She threw herself at his feet and sobbed out:

"If I could but die too—but to live when it is all over."

"You forget my mother," he whispered, and just then the cell door opened and Margaret hastily rose. It was Delmar, who, feeling that he had disturbed the consoling, would have immediately retired, but Hubert beckoned him forward. "I should not have intruded," apologized the young man, "but the time is almost up, and if I had waited longer I could not have seen you to-day," grasping Bernot's extended hand with the pressure of sincere, manly friendship.

Margaret would have retired, feeling utterly unable to assume a composed demeanor, and wanting to take her poor, distracted, struggling heart, where she invariably took it in its disturbed moments—to the foot of the altar; but Plowden, who had escorted her to the prison—without entering however, on the plea of business connected with Hubert's case which demanded his presence elsewhere—had promised to return for her; so there was no alternative after her trembling response to Delmar's greeting, but to avert her face, and try as best she might to repress every outward sign of her grief.

Hubert put his arm through Delmar's and drawing him to an opposite corner of the cell, began a whispered conference. He need hardly have taken such precautions to guard his communication from Margaret's ears, for every faculty of hers was so absorbed in contemplating that fearful probability—his death—that she had almost lost consciousness of her present position.

Delmar's face as he listened to Hubert, grew graver and sadder, and at length as if he would hear no more he interrupted with an eagerly whispered:

head and caught the reflection of his face in the small mirror opposite—the veins in his forehead were frightfully swollen, his whole countenance of a purple hue, and overspread with heavy drops of perspiration—he shuddered, and covered it again with his hands, till the minutes wore on, and a knock at the door in obedience to his previous order, lest in his excited thoughts he should forget the lapse of time, made him start to his feet.

"For her sake," he muttered fiercely and pouring out the brandy which he had ordered, but until that moment had left untouched, he drank it quickly, and hastily departed.

He saw Delmar as he dashed by him at the prison door; he had no desire to speak, and in the excitement of his own fierce thoughts he cared little what the young man might think; and simple, ingenuous Delmar passed his hand across his forehead, and said to himself as he walked slowly on:

"Plowden is a strange man, a very strange man—I can't understand him."

Wiser heads than Delmar's could scarcely have understood, even could they have known the antagonistic feelings which struggled for the mastery in the proud, passionate heart of the lawyer.

TO BE CONTINUED. Peace of the Soul. God created the heart of man to no other end than to love Him, and be beloved by Him again. The excellence of this end of the creation ought to convince us that it is the most excellent work of His Almighty hand.

MONSIEUR

Perhaps I had myself who bestow which his only claim manner and his "jumble" sale in other that I first pushed his way ing crowd would stall, at which I with a grant, erec most of tall coats made for a person reaching only about "Madame Bernot here," he said, with a smile, as he cap he wore; perhaps that is in what you ca would come for a myself.

Here he shrugged his shoulders and next moment, with a manner, and a complain! "Thinking Meantime he w leisurely and not desired before him another, slowly a informed me in was about the size at last selected a his hand into his an air of lordly m penny piece. "Never mind t one at once Janet's dignifiedly caught my reman price of the hal- it is for a good take down the s send! That is a he paused and her reflection. Madem could not carry i ing his new pur away, and I was not t came across him a studio. As my the he is a man of tral part of the in reach of possi pupils. Among advertisement of course, sign recognize him a graduate from a responded with my friend of the moment I saw he she attached such to act through love and to do nothing by force.

All we have to do is to watch with great calmness, the true spirit of our actions. To observe from whence they spring and whither they tend. Whether they are achieved by the heart, the source of divine love, or by the understanding from whence rises human vain glory.

You will discover that it is the heart which influences you in your good works, through a motive of love when all you do for God seems little, and after doing your best, you are ashamed of having done so little.

But you may conclude that your actions proceed from the understanding moved by worldly motives when your good works, instead of producing meek and humble sentiments, leave nothing behind them but the empty illusions of vain glory, puffing you up with a false notion of having performed wonders, when in fact you have done nothing that is praiseworthy.

Man's warfare mentioned by Job, consists in watching thus continually over ourselves. This is to be performed without the least peevishness or anxiety; for what is aimed at, is to give peace to the soul, to calm and appease its emotions, when troubled or disturbed in its operations or prayers. For we may be assured, in such a condition, prayers will be very indifferently said, till the soul be freed from all uneasiness.

Know that this may be affected by a single emotion of remorse, which is the only means of remedying this disorder and restoring her former tranquillity. Missions to Non-Catholics. The Catholic Truth Society of England lately held, at Bristol, a conference at which Rev. Sydney Smith, S. J., read a paper on the Apostolate of Public Halls. In the course of it he said: "It has been found within the last few years, in London and to a limited extent elsewhere, that Protestants will readily attend lectures on Catholic subjects if given in some public hall, or place not otherwise devoted to Catholic worship. In the diocese of Westminster, Father John Vaughan, supported by Monsignor Croke Robinson, Canon Moyes, Father Luke Rivington, Mr. Lister Drummond, and others, has started a movement of this kind. Town halls in the different divisions of the Metropolis, north of the Thames—at Islington, Hamstead, Lime house, Shore-ditch, Holloway, Fulham, and Holborn—have been successively engaged for courses of seven and eight lectures each, one lecture being given in the week. On the south side of the river similar lectures have been given under the auspices of the Saint George's Branch of the Catholic Truth Society, the origin and maintenance of which are chiefly due to the zeal of Mr. Britten, the Honorary Secretary of the Catholic Truth Society, and Mr. Thomas King, Honorary Secretary of the Saint George's Branch. The attendance throughout has in both cases been most edifying. Without any very extensive advertisement, large and interested audiences have been attracted, in which the number of non Catholics has been always considerable, and at times, perhaps, predominant, while the number of men has compared favorably with that of women. I have often counted bench after bench and found the men in the majority, and the walls towards the end are usually lined with men." At the Westminster lectures, questions may be put by the persons in the audience either in writing or orally, and this feature adds to the interest and helps to spread the very information that is needed. Similar lectures have also been given at Cardiff and Lewisham, with satisfactory results. Why should not this Apostolate of Public Halls be undertaken in every city and town in this country?—Catholic Review.