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THE LAWY

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BY JOHN P.

postponed to afford Bertoni an opportunity of producing important witnesses O'Donoghue.' who would testify against the prisoner, CHAPTER XII. and rumor also circulated that the

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll

Never were exertions more vigorous or the attainment of an object than ere those made by Plowden in behalf oung Bernot.

But at every step he was opposed by he agencies of 'Roquelare.' Like reemasonry it seemed to have its mbers where one would least expect find them, and to live in a labyrinth grips, and passwords, and signs. The aid that otherwise would have been volunteered to the criminal was "Roquelare," and the theory that he was suffering from a mental hallucination was generally abandoned when it was known that his arrest had been nade through its instrumentality.
Plowden cursed through his teeth and

worked the harder to discover what proofs of the crime, if any, Bertoni had stance his skill was of no avail - the detectives of "Roquelare" did their work too well.

Once they met on the street- Plowden and Bertoni—the former on his way to Hubert's prison, the latter returning from court. The men lifted their hats and smiled; Bertoni's a mile of malicious triumph, Plowden's an ironical grin. Plowden turned when Bertoni had passed and hissed through his set teeth CHURCH BELLS SPEAK

"Curse you; I'll foil you yet, if I nave to-

He stopped suddenly, and went hurriedly on his way with the unfinished sentence sticking in his throat. It stuck there till he reached the prison bringing out great globules of perspir ation on his forehead with every step, and then it sank slowly and chokingly back, for he lacked courage to send it further.

Father Germain had visited Hubert, and to Margaret, who saw him directly after, he said:

"Poor fellow! it is a sad case —all the sadder because he holds exaggerated ideas of his sin, and while he is so anxious to plead guilty in court, he is just as determined not to disclose anterior circumstances which might put the matter in a very different light.

"I know," said Margaret sorrow-fully, "in talking to me he has said that neither he nor I could break the promise given to his mother, that he yould not break it, even to save his life, and he has made me make the

ame promise."
The priest shook his head.

"There is but one thing that will elieve his scruples, when his mother nows all she will release you both rom your promise, and she will com-nand him to declare everything con nected with this unhappy affair.

Peterborough BUSINESS COLLEGE. Yes; but, Father; when can she be told?" and Margaret's voice grew "She was unusually worse oiteous. ast night, so that we were obliged to Address: Peterborough, Ont. 882-12 ummon the physician. He came gain early this morning, and said that

he must have absolute quiet."

Her voice became broken from tears. 'My poor child! you forget that it

all in God's hands. In God's hands! There was a dreary sort of comfort in the thought. but still there was comfort, and Margaret dried her tears, and went forth. f not cheerfully, at least with so calm an aspect that few meeting her would have dreamed of the aching heart she

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HIGH-CLASS

prison discipline. The discipline had been made comparatively light for him owing to the influence of the femining portion of fashionable society, who had longed to make Bernot an idol and now exalted him into a hero. His crime, the curious and romantic way in which it had become known, was just the sensation for which their frivolous minds craved, and, despite the remonstrances of their callous brothers, shudderingly withheld when it was and the commands of their practical known that he was hounded by fathers, gushing fair ones would persist in giving vent to their friendship and sympathy in daily gifts of flowers

and books, and choice delicacies. "He was so handsome," said one languishingly.
"And so distingue," repeated a

"And so talented," added a third. But no one spoke of Margaret. The world, according to its wont, ex

ended its arms to the guilty one, be cause of his wealth and his position but for her who was supposed to have neither, and whose faithfulness and devotion should, at least, have awak ened pity, it had only silence, or scorn. Fashionable Mrs. Delmar was full o matronly sympathy and tenderness for the unfortunate criminal. The peculiar turn which events had taken dis covered to her scheming mind an en tirely new source through which sh might make Hubert fit into her own private plans. She had never sup posed for one moment the existence of a more than cousinly attachment be tween Hubert and Margaret, and had she done so the report of Miss Calvert's betrothal to Plowden- a report which was generally believed — would have disabused her mind of that idea. Fashionable society had declared young Bernot to be "fancy free" without even a passing preference for any of his fair friends, unless indeed his fre quent visits to the Delmar residence and his friendly courtesy to Mis-Delmar when they met at public as semblies, might be taken as proofs of a contrary fact. But the gossip had intimated that these intentions were rather owing to the warm friend ship which existed between the young men, and Louise herself had not been anxious for the circulation of a rumo which she knew was entirely devoid of truth.

Now, however, that the young may was in prison on a charge of murder -in a position in which it was reason able to suppose that former friends and acquaintances would neglect him-Mrs. Delmar fancied that she had grand opportunity of showing him the constancy of her friendship; an excuse, as it were, to let him know the ardor of her daughter's affection for him. The feeling on the part of Louise was not as ardent as the wise mother de-sired it to be, but she trusted in her own ability to raise it to a white heat when necessary.

She was deterred from her purpo no fastidiousness regarding Hupert's crime; that she considered a nere youthful indiscretion arising from his natural impetuosity-a crime, if crime it was, which, at the verworst, the law would punish only by imprisonment which could be very much shortened by influence. She frequently pictured to herself, young Bernot, on his release, hastening to be read paying out his gratitude for and what more natural than that her long-cherished hope of marriage between him and Louise should then be realized? Not that her matronly heart yearned to call Hubert "son because of his own intrinsic worth, but because her matronly prudence coveted his wealth.

His wealth, or that of some other equally rich son in-law would be necessary to continue the fashionable extravagance without which Mrs. Delmar could scarcely exist; and Eugene had already protested against the frequent calls on him when the ladies' own ample incomes were expended, and he had more than once threatened to moderate their style of living.

The diplomatic woman would have brought her tactics to bear on some other of the wealthy admirers who appeared to flutter about her daughter's shrine, but there Eugene himself interfered. He jealously guarded his sister, and discountenanced so sternly sister, and discountenanced so sternly was never cynical now; he no longer any but mere passing attentions from talked at her from heights which the gentlemen of her acquaintance that she rarely attempted more than a brief flirtation.

To Louise this strict guardianship made little difference. So long as she was permitted the winter's round of balls and parties, and the summer's stay at watering places, she was con-tent—as much of her heart as had not been warped by her mother's example and instruction, or hardened by the lessons of fashionable folly which she had begun to learn from her very inancy, and which she had continued to learn for over a score of years, never had been very seriously touched. Perhaps the nearest approach to it had been affected by Hubert Bernot ; for, mingled with her intense fear of him -a fear approaching to awe-was a feeling such as no other man had ever roused in her heart. She could not understand it, and she tried to forget it; but possibly it was the existence of that feeling which prompted her to agree with her brother when he was

break in our home. Good-natured fellow as he was, he

little dreamed, even while he wondered that his mother should evince so bert, of the real object of that solicitude and tendernsss.

young man was daily sinking under Margaret Calvert rarely entered into the wise lady's calculations. She had settled it satisfactorily in her own | done ! mind that the young girl would be married to Plowden as soon as the cere-mony could be performed with propriety, and she relied on her own kind ness to Hubert to counteract any influence which his cousin might exert. Should she in the future be reproached by Bernot for her neglect of Margaret, she could very easily throw all the blame on Margaret's self, and also impute to her the more serious charge of penly rejecting every offer of friendship made by herself and her daugh-

Thus shrewd Mrs. Delmar laid her plans, and having sufficiently instructed her daughter, Hubert was treated to an unbroken series of what the fashionable woman was pleased to term 'comforting visits." How he bore the inflictions-for they were nothing else —was attested by the relieved expression which came into his face the instant that the cell door closed after the elegantly attired ladies.

Mrs. Delmar spared no pains to avoid coming in contact with Margaret Calvert. She entertained a nervous dread of meeting the girl-particularly of meeting her in Hubert's cell, where she feared Margaret's presence might frustrate the execution of her own little private plans, and owing to that dread, she at length grew to hate Margaret with a hatred all the wore bitter because of the inoffensiveness of

Her first inquiry of the grim-faced warden whose duty was to admit visitors to the prisoner, was invariably to learn whether Miss Calvert was in the cell - Margaret, from her frequent visits, was well known, to every official-when informed that Margaret was there, under pretence of not disturbing the cousins' interview, she would withdraw with her daughter, and the Delmar carriage would roll away, to return at another hour. But little as the fashionable woman

suspected, or would have believed it had she been told, it was due to the influence of the girl whom she so causelessly hated that Hubert Bernot received her and her daughter with a show of affability. Not through Mar-garet's direct influence, for she was not even aware of the ladies' regular visits. Hubert rarely spoke of them; for these two divided hearts—and yet hearts that were so closely knit by the bond of a mutual love—had so many other things about which to think and speak. He, with all his worldly lore. his brilliant mind, found he had much to learn from this simple girl, who was rich only in natural virtues and the grace that comes from prayer. Step step she led him up from the miry path where his feet would slip and his garments trail in the slough of crime, to heights where the fresh breezes of new life, evoked out of his own penitence, blew upon him, and gave him renewed vigor for his rugged journey

Father Germain doubted that his affuence or counsels, or even consola ions, would have been of any use it the way had not been first prepared by the teachings of this Heaven-

Bernot, on his release, nastening to her and pouring out his gratitude for her kindness to him in his dark days, as he was wont to be at times in his as he was wont to be at times in his terminant with Margaret during the interviews with Margaret during the first days of his imprisonment fiercely denouncing himself, and passionate importunate for the time of his trial. He had grown strangely calm, promised Father Germain he would do nothing rashly, but let the law quietly take its course, and he had even acquiesced in some directions given by Plowden.

An unusual gentleness characterized manner-as if Margaret Calvert had been imparting some of her unself-ishness, her own thoughtful consideration for others, to him, and in that lay he secret of his kindly reception of Mrs. Delmar and her daughter. Not divining the motive which prompted

the visits, he fancied he ought to be grateful for them, and he strove to mile and seem cheerful even when his soul was vexed and writhed in torture at the prolonged interviews. Thus Louise Delmar saw him as he

had never appeared to her before-he made her dizzy to approach; he brought himself down to her own low level - "making himself agreeable," as she called it—and alas! in so doing, took undisputed possession of her frivolous heart. Had Hubert dreamed of the effect of what he intended to be simply court eous conduct, he would have recoiled from the Delmars as he used to do from the fancied visions of his murdered victim; but he did not dream of it,

and more painfully.

Mrs. Delmar knew it, however, and ejoiced. She mistook Hubert's changed demeanor for a growing at-tachment to her daughter, and fed her willing mind with her own ambitious

and so continued, at every visit, mak-

ng the poor girl's heart flutter more

Eugene Delmar, good meaning fellow that he was, always paid his visits to the prison on foot. His mother

young yet, and it would cause such a schemes, if he knew them, than to aid them, by any influence he might

possess. The poor patient invalid-her illness had taken a more severe form. much anxiety and sympathy for Hu- There was more acute suffering and a greater duration of it every day than hitherto : but her eves never failed to wander to the thorn-crowned Head or her lips to murmur "Tny will be

Perchance it was in that room, by the side of that sick chair, that Margaret herself learned the lessons which he so successfully taught to Hubert, for many a time when she saw the invalid's face contract with pain, and a knees and murmured, with a heart done broken with sorrow, "Thy will be Bu done! A physician came every day now,

not with the expectation or hope of being able to effect even a partial cure, but to give such transient relief. as skill might afford to extreme pain. And Father Germain came every day, not so much to minister to her

spiritual wants as to learn when her state of health would permit her hearing the truth about Hubert.

But every day the physician shook

his head to the priest's inquiry, declaring she must not be told yet in any circumstances, and every day Margaret's heart sunk when she had to say no, to Hubert's eager question:

"Does my mother know yet?"
Madame Bernot had continually inuired for him, wondering, after the first few days, why he did not write, and Dr. Durant called Margaret aside and told her it would be necessary to have Hubert write letters of some sort to his mother, as the suspense and anxiety occasioned by his fancied were aggravating her disease.

So Hubert wrote, dating his letters from the little country-place on the Hudson whence he had started on the traveling tour he had taken in company with a college mate over a year and a half before. He put no invented descriptions in the missives he filled them with no invented inci lents; he could not have done that but he wrote pages with that peculiarly devoted affection which seems only to exist between a widowed mother and an only son. They were boyish from their very simplicity—they were almost holy from the depth of religious feelng which pervaded them.

He gradually began to speak of another as occupying the position in which he himself was placed a prisoner for the murder of a fellow-being months before. He described the fic-titious criminal as having a widowed mother, loving and patient like his own, and he conveyed the impression that he was helping the poor condemned to bear manfully the punish nent of his sin. This plan afforded him full opportunity for laying bare his own remorse and penitence to his mother's eye, and had it not been ion Margaret's vigilant care, he would have written, in the heat of his emo ion, more than sufficient to betray that it was his own state he was de cribing.

Madame Bernot listened to those let ers as she had never listened befor any others - even his. In one of them, he wrote:

"Tell me, mother, words to say to this poor sinner — you who have suf-fered so long, whose suffering came give when home and hearts were mispray and suffer in silence, must know how to comfort this poor, sin-burdened soul. Impart this comfort to me that I may in turn transmit it to him, that I may speak words of consolation to his broken hearted mother.

The invalid requested Margaret to read this passage again, and when her niece had obeyed she signified that she wished her hands placed together for prayer, and then her clear, sweet voice, which no suffering seen have power to weaken, lifted itself with such fervor in its tones as could only be born of years of self-sacrifice and

suffering:
"Oh, my God, Thou hast taken all but him! Thou hast cut off one in the midst of a sin, but Thou makest this whom Thou has spared, that which I prayed to see him! Thou hast made him dutiful and mindful of Thee, and now Thou makest him 'Comforter of the afflicted !' Make me suffer-in crease my torture; but, oh, my God pardon him who has gone, and pre serve the innocence of this only child Thou hast left me.

Then she said to Margaret : "Tell him in your answer that out of the abundance of his own heart will he find words of consolation for his grief-stricken friends. He places too high a value on my poor sufferings he forgets that I am only a poor, feebl mother who has been striving to bring her sorrows to the foot of Calvary, but is yet only wrestling with the fears and agony of Gethsemane. But tell him also, Margaret, that my heart is flooded with joy at the thought of the help he is trying to afford these sor-rowing people; tell him to remain with them, to be a son to this poor afflicted mother, to lead her — as from his letters he must know how to do-to Calvary's height, and God's blessing and mine will be on his work."

It seemed to Margaret as if her heart

that day she found an opportunity of secretly telling him her trouble. knew that Hubert wrote letters to his mother, and, from Margaret, had learned something of their contents; but she gave him this one to read. A bright hopeful look spread over the priest's face when he had read it.

"It seems like an inspiration from Al mighty God, my dear child, to have him write in this manner," he said. the very best method that could be taken to prepare her mind, and it will do so without any consciousness on her part, or any interference or assistance from those who may be about her. When the time comes to tell her, there will be death-like hue from very agony spread far less danger to herself to appre over it, and yet heard the white lips hend; so now, my dear child, remem murmur the sentence which was so ber it is all in God's hands, and you perpetually upon them, "Thy will be have nothing to do but perform your ione!" had she herself fallen on her duty as you have already faithfully

But that duty grew harder every day, and nothing but the firm faith and hope in God's care, with which she had fortified herself, would have borne poor Margaret through.

"It is His will," she when, seeing her aunt's fearful paroxysms of pain, she thought of the anguish yet in store for the poor suffer ing creature.
"It is His will," she murmured

again, when she beheld Hubert's evidently failing health, and thought with a sudden icy pressure round her heart, that in any case her cousin's days'in this world were numbered.

The report which said the young man's health was failing was true; but the rumor that added "failing under prison discipline," was not the

It was the sudden and entire loose ing of the severe mental strain which he had kept up for eighteen long months: it was the influence of the spiritual over the material-in a word, t was his soul, beautified as it was by humble, holy penitence, and filled with a rush of exquisite feelings, the like of which he had never experienced before, that had gained such complete ascendency over his body as to make it

daily grow weaker and more spiritual. He was not without a physician's care, for, from the first day of his imprisonment, he was regularly visited by two medical gentlemen who ranked high in the profession. Their visits were paid by order of Bertoni, that on the day of trial their testimony might prove Hubert Bernot to be of perfectly sane mind. Plowden smiled bitterly when he first became aware of that and muttered savagely to himself:

"He thinks he is securely closing every loophole; but, by heaven! I'll

foil him yet."
If Hubert was himself conscious of this daily decline in his health he made no allusion to it, and when questioned by anxious Margaret, or sympathetic Father Germain, smiled and answered that he would be quite well as soon as his trial should be finished and his sentence passed. But for all that, and despite the visits of the strange physicians, whom Margaret looked upon with a sort of terror. ecause they came through order of that mysterious agent of "Roquelare, his cousin would have Dr. Durant visit him, and even prescribe, which that physician did to quiet though he well knew the inefficacy of his prescriptions to restore a constitu tion that was being undermined in

the peculiar way in which Hubert's Mrs. Delmar was also frightened at the increasing transparency of the Hubert's soul entirely back to its God.

That her efforts were not without avail his changed demeanor showed.

were mutely imploring vengeance trightened lest death should step in and frustrate her plans, and insisted upon sending her own physician to erably broken; you who have shut attend him till assured by Hubert that yourself away from all the world to he had already the services of three

very excellent medical men.
Plowden still pursued his indefatigable labors in Hubert's behalf : and Margaret, when she saw his earnestness, as she could not help but see it, and the almost painful intensity with which he applied himself to collect the merest fragments that might be turned to testimony in Hubert's favor, reproached herself for having enter ained any suspicions of the friendship he professed for herself and her

cousin. But still, his look at the foot of the church steps came back to her, and in company with what Hannah Moore had said; she wished a hundred times she had neither seen the one nor heard the other.

She had confided it all to Father Germain - her doubts and fears, and perhaps unkind suspicions of the lawyer; but the priest's advice was to pursue the course she had already egun, as there was no alternative but to continue to trust Plowden till some thing more definite about him could be learned. So she strove to make her demeanor such as it had been before any suspicion entered her mind; and though she was not at all times as suc cessful as she would wish to be, she was sufficiently so to prevent Plowden from observing any change.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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it; but possibly it was the existence of that feeling which prompted her to agree with her brother when he was wont to say in reply to his mother's oft expressed wish for Louise's marriage:

"There is sufficient time; she is

"There is sufficient time; she is

"There is sufficient time; she is

"The prison on foot. His mother and mine will be on his work."

It seemed to Margaret as if her heart would burst. To continue this deception was harder than anything else connected with this sad affair; and would be more likely to counteract her when Father Germain paid his visit of the body to which it is applied.

"The prison on foot. His mother and mine will be on his work."

It seemed to Margaret as if her heart would burst. To continue this deception was harder than anything else connected with this sad affair; and when Father Germain paid his visit of the body to which it is applied.

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