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

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

The marriage ceremony had been performed by Father Germain, and happily, blushing Margaret, at last a wife, was trying to reply calmly to the hearty congratulations which poured upon her from the little group of friends present.

Louisa Delmar had never looked so handsome, perhaps owing to the simplicity of her dress, chosen in deference to Margaret's simple though exquisite taste, and certainly she had never felt so purely, so innocently happy.

The anticipation of her European tour, together with her constant endeavor to rejoice in Margaret's happiness, had won for her a peace of mind to which she had long been a stranger.

Eugene had been groomsman. Hugh Murbird, true to his promise, had returned in time to witness the ceremony, and Doctor Durant, regarded now with warm friendship, was also present.

Those were all, but they were enough for the happy hearts who parted only for a union which no earthly change could sever.

Father Germain looking as happy himself as the youthful couple, blessed them frequently, and while he gave the counsels the Church so lovingly imparts to her newly wedded children, he felt the little need of it there in this case: suffering had so purified the two young hearts before him, that there was little doubt since they had been so true to the teachings of their faith, but that they would always be true to each other.

A few hours later, and the happy couple were driven by John McNamee to the pier at which rested the southward bound steamer, and anyone who witnessed the leave-taking between Mrs. McNamee and her husband would have imagined that the little woman was about to make a prolonged tour of the world.

Four days after, the Delmars — including the vain, fashionable mother, who had at last consented to accompany her children, though that consent was preceded by a half dozen attacks of violent hysterics — sailed for Europe, and Madame Bernot, whom the brother and sister had visited every day since the departure of Hubert and Margaret, felt a strange loneliness after this second leave-taking.

But her son and daughter, as she delighted to think of, and to call Margaret, arrived on every day which had been appointed for their return, and not an hour too soon.

Madame was stricken with the old paralysis, the old disease, in all and its most severe forms.

She could not return the fond pressure of the dear hand; alas! she could not even turn her head to follow their motions. She was lying on the bed whither Kreble had borne her on the very first symptom of a return of the old illness, but she asked to be placed in the invalid chair. The latter, though folded to its portable size had retained its old conspicuous position in Madame Bernot's room.

With heavy hearts they opened it and placed the dear sufferer in her old place. Her eyes immediately fastened on the sacred picture, and both priest and physician, who arrived almost together, saw at one glance that her end was at hand.

It was painless at the very last; and, with such a look of heavenly rapture

A Startling Admission.

In New York City, for five consecutive years, the proportion of Deaths from Consumption has been three in every Twenty Persons.

Epidemics of Cholera, Yellow Fever and other diseases of similar character, so terrible in their results, occasion wide spread alarm and receive the most careful consideration for their prevention and cure, while consumption receives scarcely a thought, yet the number of its victims sinks into insignificance when compared with those of consumption. Comparatively few people know what to do for their loved ones when they see them gradually lose strength, lose color, manifest feeble vitality and emaciation, manifest feeble vitality and emaciation, or develop a cough, with difficult breathing, or hemorrhage. Cod liver oil for a long time given in all such cases, but the poor success attending its use, coupled with its nauseating taste has led many practitioners, as well as the public at large, to place their main reliance in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It deserves early attention and will prove effectual in every case but in a large percentage of cases, and we believe that fully 95 per cent. of all cases of consumption can be taken in the early stages of the disease, be cured with the "Discovery." Dr. Pierce does not ask people to believe until they have investigated for themselves. A pamphlet has been published having the name, address and photographs of a large number of those cured of consumption, bronchitis, lingering coughs, asthma, chronic nasal catarrh and kindred maladies which will be mailed free to those sending for it with their name and address upon a postal card, or you can have a medical treatise, in book form of 160 pages, mailed to you, on receipt of address and six cents in stamps. You can then write those cured and learn their experiences.

Address for Book, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

as compelled those who witnessed it to believe that even her mortal eyes had a vision of immortal happiness, the gentle sufferer passed away.

A year passed; a swift, bright year, shadowed alone by the tender memory of the "dear departed."

The Bernots had removed to a handsome establishment on the outskirts of the city, accompanied by every one of the old domestics, save Kreble, who had returned to "Faderland," directly after Madame's demise.

Hannah Moore still held supremacy in the kitchen, with "Little Sam," as warmly attached to her as ever, and between whom and Rosie the chambermaid, strong kindred affections appeared to have arisen — so strong as to warrant very pleasant anticipations of another "match," in Miss Moore's mind.

John McNamee was still the coachman, and his wife Mrs. Bernot's maid, while the pompous head-waiter was secretly thinking of laying siege to the heart of the buxom laundress.

Hubert, that his lovely wife might occupy the position in society which she was so well fitted to adorn, gathered about him many of the elite and distinguished: his own noble qualities, his intellectual gifts, his rare culture, apart from his wealth, made his acquaintance coveted, envied favor, and honors unsought and unwished were lavished upon him. The latest, and one which his benevolence prompted him to accept, was the presidency of a society formed for the purpose of effecting new and salutary improvements in the treatment of the insane: in connection with this honorary office he was about to visit, accompanied by his wife, a certain private asylum. It was a bright, early spring day, and he waited only the completion of Margaret's simple, but tasteful toilet.

Just as she joined her husband in the parlor, blushing with pleasure at his love-like compliment to her charming appearance, a servant brought in a letter — a foreign letter evidently, from many and divers stamps upon the envelope. Hubert opened it, and with her hand within his arm, they read it together.

It was from Louise Delmar. Either brother or sister, and sometimes both, had written regularly since their departure; but their letter contained something which made husband and wife simultaneously exclaim: it was the death of Mrs. Delmar — but such a death!

She had been eager to attend a ball at the Grand Duke's palace, the writer stated, "and Eugene after much trouble procured tickets of admission. But in the very act of dressing she was seized with sudden faintness; we begged her to stay at home — it was useless, and she rallied sufficiently to finish her toilet, even to insist on some change being effected in her head-dress in order to make the latter more becoming. While being assisted to the carriage she trembled violently, but to our entreaties to return and allow us to send for a physician, she laughed and said it was only a chill. She was very still when we had comfortably seated her, and we asked her how she felt. There was no answer, for she was dead."

Hubert and Margaret looked at each other with grave, sad faces — the same thought was in the minds of both — "as she had lived, so had the fashionable woman died in the midst of her vanities."

And then their thoughts fondly and tenderly reverted to their own sainted dead.

At the close of the letter was a paragraph containing: "In one of your churches which we visited just before mother's death, I saw a monk bearing a most striking resemblance to Mr. Plowden — which name comes more naturally to me than his proper one of Clare —"

"He nudged his face with his cloak when he saw me staring so intently at him, and he hurried out of the church. I would have followed, but I feared to lose mamma, from whom I already had become separated. Could it have been fancy on my part, Margaret? but I am convinced it was not, for the resemblance was too striking, too sure."

The private asylum which Hubert and Margaret were about to visit had just secured a new superintendent, one highly recommended for his firm, but kind qualities, and his Spanish looking face seemed to evince the former, if not the latter traits.

Somehow, his countenance impressed Margaret with a feeling of having seen it before, though she could give it no definite place, and the man, evidently knowing who his visitors were, still seemed to be connecting with them some other interest than that which attached simply to Mr. Bernot and his lady.

In a private room, and pinioned so as to prevent harm to himself, they held Berton — shrieking, mad Berton — who had but one word for all times and persons, and that word, "Requiem."

The superintendent turned to Mr. and Mrs. Bernot, and with a gravity in his manner amounting to reverence, said: "To that man's insanity I owe the worship and love which I now give my Creator."

And in a few brief words he told to his astonished listeners the singular remark made to him by Plowden on the occasion of his disputing with a friend about the superiority of mind alone; of the subsequent change in his feelings when he witnessed the sudden blighting of that great mind that he had deemed invincible, and of his last interview with Plowden, or rather Clare, just before the latter disappeared forever from the public gaze. Margaret suddenly remembered the

swarthy-looking man who had so hurriedly pursued Plowden on the latter's last exit from the court-room, and she bowed her head in silent reverence to God, who works good to souls by such inscrutable ways.

They came out into the gloaming of the soft spring evening, meeting on the walk, to the verge of which the carriage in waiting had driven, three extravagantly dressed ladies. They stepped aside to permit the Bernots to pass, and in so doing they all obtained a full view of Margaret's lovely face.

"Why, Lydia!" was the half-smothered exclamation of one, "that's that Miss Calvert. Don't you remember?"

"Hush!" was the response from Lydia, or rather Miss Lounes, "don't mention the creature's name! I hate her!"

"Yes; but don't you know that she is the leader of a very brilliant, and select set now; that she is quoted as the model of beauty, and elegance, and goodness, and dear knows what —"

"Yes; by fools who forget what she was," answered Miss Lounes, "and who shamefully permit such creatures to usurp our place in society."

Ah! that was poor Miss Lounes' secret heart cry forcing itself up. If she had only refused to take Mrs. Delmar's advice months ago, and condescended to patronize the despised Margaret Calvert might not she herself be now enjoying the society which surrounded Mrs. Bernot, and before this, might not be the symphonious cognomen of Lydia Lounes have been changed for one bearing the much envied prefix of "Mrs.?"

Gently and, we confess, with some reluctance, we drop the curtain over the sorrowful and happy scenes we have witnessed, and gently and reluctantly we say farewell to the characters who have borne us company so long. The Bernots happy in their true, faithful love, the Delmars, brother and sister, possibly to marry in the coming years, but always to remain for each other the affection which has made the lives of both better and brighter; the Murbirds to remain a touching example of motherly love and filial affection, until the old lady shall be borne to her rest, and Hugh shall take upon himself husbandly duties; and the Bernot help to serve faithfully their beloved master and mistress until the wretched change of death and marriage shall remove them to other spheres, and even Hannah Moore shall preside in a kitchen of her own. We leave them all with a kindly, tender farewell, not even forgetting him whose sincere and life-long penance must have atoned for his ghastly wrong, and but for which wrong this story would never have been written.

FINIS.

A Gloomy Outlook for Anglicanism.

Bishop Ryle, of Liverpool, is an old man, says the Catholic Times of Liverpool, Eng. He has a lengthy experience of the Church of England, is fairly observant, and when he speaks publicly does not hesitate to express his convictions in an outspoken way. The address which he delivered at the annual conference of his clergy on Tuesday last is, therefore, worthy of special attention. The burden of the discourse was to the effect that the Church of England is in so desperate a condition as to need another "Reformation," but that so far as he can judge it is hopeless to expect a remedy for the present "most unhealthy and dangerous condition of things." His Lordship, as a sound Low Church Protestant, shudders at the very thought not only of reunion with Rome, but of an approach to its doctrines, which he denounces in the old vulgar style as corrupt and so forth. But the tide flowing Romeward is too strong for the opposing force of the Bishop and his party, and he acknowledges with a heavy heart that owing to the imitation of Catholic practices the prescribed observances of the Church of England are becoming a dead letter. The whole body of canons was like a stuffed beast in a museum — a venerable curiosity — but of no practical benefit to the Church. "In the meantime the Anglicans were drifting, and what the end would be no man could tell. It seems to us the Bishop foreshadowed the end in his address. He urged that the laity should rise in revolt against the "Romanizing" tendencies of the clergy and take up, to a larger extent, the position held by dissenting laymen. This is probably what will happen. Ultimately a section of the ministers and laity of the Ryle type will become Dissenters, pure and simple, and a large proportion of the remainder will enter the fold of the Catholic Church.

The Jesuits.

Father Phelan says: "We can truthfully say that we never yet saw a Jesuit we did not personally like." And Father Lambert says, "That has been our experience also. One reason for it is that they are invariably gentlemen. That is saying a good deal in this age of sham and pretense. The Jesuit is the first man we would go to if we needed help and sympathy; and he would not disappoint us, or even a sick and penitent A. P. A."

The body must be well nourished now, to prevent sickness. If your appetite is poor take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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A BRAVE IRISH GIRL.

CHAPTER I.

During the early days of the Sepoy Mutiny those at little Futtehabad, a small Government depot occupied by companies of the Sixth, one of the Irregular rifles and Battalion of native foot, under Captains Donaldson and Clare, though but thirty miles from Delhi, were all unconscious of any danger until one day a messenger on horseback arrived at the cantonment with a note from the officer in command of the neighboring town of Susi, informing Captain Donaldson that some of the Sepoys had raised cries of disaffection; that a large body of mutineers were reported as marching on the place, and therefore the officers of the Sixth were implored to start with all speed, and with whatever force they could muster, to intercept these latter, as, were they once to coalesce with the disaffected within the walls, the lives of the English would in all probability be the sacrifice. No time was lost in complying with the appeal contained in this despatch, and the senior captain (Donaldson) thought himself showing extraordinary prudence in deciding not to take the native battalion, in which, however, he had full confidence.

The regiment marched out of Futtehabad an hour before sundown, leaving behind it, besides the soldiers' wives and children and the civilians, an English sergeant and ten men to overawe (?) the native troops; also the young wife of Captain Clare, with her little baby two weeks old.

The overpowering heat, dust and noise of the dirty little town had so affected Mrs. Clare in her delicate state of health that her husband had moved her to a deserted mosque, about a quarter of a mile distant from the depot, and which, standing in a garden thickly overgrown with palm trees, made a pleasant sort of improvised bungalow for the invalid.

The fierce day had faded into evening at last, the evening of the day after the departure of the troops, and Mrs. Clare lay on her couch, her ayah squatting on the floor beside her, with her infant in her arms, and the punkah waving in monotonous regularity over her head, as it was pulled to and fro by a servant seated in the verandah. The croaking of the frogs could be heard distinctly from the pool in the deserted garden below, mingling with the sharp "cheep, cheep" of the lizards, and an occasional murmur from the cantonment, or the shrill "tara tara" of the bugle for supper; but it was not to these customary sounds that Mrs. Clare was listening, as she leaned rather forward on her elbow.

"What can it be?" she said at last. "Don't you hear, Zeena? Can it be the Sixth returning?"

"The men sab is feverish. Zeena hear nosing at all; and de sabih, Clare and de Sixth not go to come back till to-morrow."

"But we were to have heard from them to-day, and there has been no message. Could anything have happened to him? Oh, no, not that! And yet it is strange — no one coming near me this evening, not even Mrs. Smyth, as she promised, or — there, Zeena, you must hear that!"

"That" was audible enough indeed, a cry from the cantonment, something between a shriek and a shout, and followed by a confused hum of many voices.

"Soldier got bhong — drunk — mad," said Zeena lazily. "Sergeant put him in black hole."

"It is news of some sort from the regiment. Zeena, give me the baby, and run up to the cantonment and see what it is, and ask Mrs. Smyth to come back and stay the night with me. Make haste; run."

And as the lady clasped her hands impatiently Zeena rose with the silent docility of her class, and only waiting to lay the infant by its mother and place a tumbler of cooling drink beside her, sped swiftly through the low, arched doorway and disappeared into the night.

Left alone, Mrs. Clare's anxiety increased. The strange rolling sound was now plainly distinguishable for the measured tramp of soldiers, and that some great excitement was going on at the cantonment was still more and more evident. Once a shrill cry rose faintly into the air. Then came the sharp clang of a bell, as suddenly suppressed, and yet no thought of danger there or to herself crossed her mind.

CHAPTER II.

A step aroused her. A quick, noisy step, coming nearer every moment. Was it her husband? No, that was no military tread, but a woman's, and not the smooth, cat-like footfall of the Hindoo, but one flying up the garden walk with frantic, almost clumsy haste; another moment, and there was a clatter on the marble steps; another, and the heavy cloth curtain draping the arched doorway was roughly torn aside, and a young woman, with a sunburnt, freckled face, hung around with tangled, reddish elf-locks, and lit by a pair of laughing blue eyes, bare arms, hugging something like a dingy bundle of rags to her bosom, herself clad in similar rags of divers hues, badly covered by an old plaid cloak, thrust herself into Mrs. Clare's dainty presence — the girl, designated as "Irish Mary," wife of a soldier in the Sixth, and a kind of self-constituted sutler to the corps.

She seemed beside herself now, for, after a pause for breath, she darted to the couch where the pretty patrician lady lay, and exclaimed, in tones hoarse with excitement: "Mrs. Clare, dear, is it lyin' here ye

are, as if nothin' were doin'! Get up and fly, for the love of Heaven. Ochone! ochone! It's small chance ye'll have, anyhow."

"Fly where? From what?" cried Mrs. Clare, her indignation at the intrusion lost in astonishment, as the other, having deposited her bundle on the bed, almost lifted her on to her feet.

"From murder an' slaughterin' an' worse a million times to the like o' you an' me!" Mary cried, her rough hands busy in thrusting Mrs. Clare's little bare feet into a pair of shoes, and flinging a dark cloak, which happened to come handy, over her muslin wrapper.

"Shure, an' aren't the Sepoy devils after enterin' the depot, an' our soldiers drugged aforehand, and no shot fired to stay them! Hark to thim dear! There's a cry! Och, hurry, hurry, as ye're a livin' woman! There 'll not be wan alive an hour hence, nor we either if we're got from here!"

"The Sepoys here?" stammered Mrs. Clare. "Do you mean our battalion has risen?"

"An' have let in a couple of hundred more at last. Misthress, dear, for God's sake, don't stan' there. There was wan of our's as was'n't drugged, Sergeant McCann he was, an' the thing I stumbled over at the gate was the dead body of him backed thro' an' thro'. Shure, an' I turned straight roun' an' niver stayed till I got here, for I knew 'twas in yez bed ye were, an' none to protect ye."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Clare faintly, and very pale, but still holding back, "but go yourself; I could not run, or walk, either, far and Captain Clare will be back in a few hours now if he be alive, and if he does not I — I would rather die here."

"Die, is it!" cried Mary, contemptuously. "and d'ye think I would be after fearin' death, if that was all? Or d'ye think it's better for the Captain to find ye a slave to the black haythens, and yer child's brains dashed out on the stones, as they did with the childer at Meerut? Missus, I'm flyin' for Jim's sake an' me boy's here, an' I'm not goin' without you, for the Captain's been good and kind to Jim. Come, ma'am, hurry! Ye'll walk better yourself than if ye were tied to a gun an' driven. Here, take hold o' that shawl while I rowl the childer together. I'll carry them, an' kape close to me, an' don't spake above yer breath. This way — so!"

The will of the Irish girl was paramount to-day, and the lady followed with the meekness of a child in her footsteps.

The eastern sky was red as blood from the blazing roof of her own house in the officers' quarters; and in that scarlet light Mrs. Clare could see the hillside, and the walls of the cantonment dotted over with black figures, while the whole air seemed alive and quivering with a turmoil of shrieks, cries, and yells of agony or triumph.

One look was sufficient, and then, as the whole history of their successful treachery burst on her mind, Gertrude Clare covered closer to the side of the Irish girl whose very existence she had hitherto so loftily ignored, and clung to her, murmuring: "We shall never escape! What hope is there for us?"

"Lave hold an' foller me, or it'll be three for ye," Mary uttered in curt response, as she dove into a dense thicket of prickly pear and jungle grass, tramping a path in front with her strong feet, and leaving many a fragment of her ragged garments, many a streak of blood on the thorny boughs, yet never suffering a touch to disturb the sturdy brown-skinned, eight-months baby, or the tiny infant of scarce twice as many days, which she carried so tenderly on her right arm.

On and on, tearing their feet and hands, and dropping their heads low, praying inwardly the whole time, they struggled for half an hour, treading their way at random through the scrub, only trying for the time to put so much more space between them and their foes. On and on, the Irish girl walking with the firm, elastic tread of one well used to the march, the English one staggering after with a step momentarily slacker and more uncertain, until they reached the outskirts of the wood and found themselves on the edge of a large field of Indian corn, corn, covering the summit of the low hill where they stood. Then, as Mary stooped lower with her burden that her head might not show above the tall green stalks through which she was about to make her way, Mrs. Clare gasped out: "Go on; save yourself. I can do no more," and, sinking down, fainted away at her humble friend's feet.

At the same moment the latter's baby, awakened by the sudden shock of the falling body, set up a piteous wail.

Half beside herself, Mary crouched down, hushing her baby to her breast with one hand, while with the other she loosened the fainting woman's dress, and turned her face upward that the night air might refresh her.

She could do no more. There was not a drop of water near to moisten the lips already black and parched, but after a brief while, when her child, being fed and soothed, had fallen asleep again, she laid both babies down by Mrs. Clare and crept on hands and knees to a little eminence, where she could have a view of their surroundings.

CHAPTER III.

Poor Gertrude! She was roused from her merciful stupor by something sharp and stinging, and, opening her eyes, saw Mary leaning over her with a branch of some thorny plant in her hand; but not even the seemingly cruel method of her revival recalled

her so m... the girl's... "Foll... pered, a... trude ca... through... Indian c... beneath... half a m... mosque... white do... of palms... in the r... (it silent)... grow ch... saw five... faces an... cernib... they stol... door for... so recent... "Hark... with the... upon the... rage as t... prey had... they cam... again, l... their vict... her comp... "If the... shtraight... minutes... ily; "an... dear, I on... more. I... field an' d... the river... an' they'l... being cut... up yer h... thry!"

"I will... Clare, "I... will not... suffer long... Mary sa... slim, whit... horny one... lift they... they resum... At the... Mrs. Clare... stooped of... the long d... her compar... come to a... A new i... off her clo... in the mak... M her on, ch... every now... ing wispe... It was do... was a stum... and they h... tance.

Suddenly... hold on Ma... red spots o... and a mort... "Mary,"... ing with a... command it... God bless y... give me mi... without me... not one ste... And look... win saw it... done? For... and mute;... rushed into... her knees.

"Oh, than... it's hard, h... do it, for t... It was a... sooner utter... children for... Clare her o... the other u... with it am... saying a wo... When she... empty, and... death."

"Where is... "Mary is... with it — you... "I've put... quivering a... "Maybe t... its in a hol... without he... the darlin',... the now, an... slape."

"But, Ma... mean?"... "Mane's y... you and the... simply; "an... any farther... but hold yer... shure's it n... Don't be talk... an almost fi... ance which... offered as sh... ground. "I... mother of G... yours, as you... her now for... And on sh... walking far... her burden... comodate h... creature beh... then a sob... rending the... woman she ca... Yet it was... tressed her... in her fight... sturdy, brow... every step p... away from a... on more swif... mind, someti... stumbling, so... never daring... once for a sin... Mary felt... reach a shel... an ancient... near the riv... often used... tramps, fakir... some accident... to the native...