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OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

O'Donoghue.

CHAPTER XVI.

That week-that long, horrible week smiling faces, and fragments of merry conversations which Margaret ometimes met and heard on her huryears before. Never would smiles like the olden ones, ere another's sin had blighted her, brighten her face again: never more would the light, happy words that came from a guileless youth te on her lips.

She had told Father Germain, her unfailing sympathizer and counselor the whole of the dark, troubled time, all that Plowden had said of "Roque-lare," describing the effect which that conversation had upon her own feel-

ings for the lawyer.

The pricst's brow slightly darkened, and he bowed his head, as if in troubled thought; but he raised it in a moment, answering with a sudden brightening of his features: "God's finger is distinctly traceable in all this -Plowden is shrewd and subtle; and it is a little mysterious how he could say, a member of that society — how-ever, that is no proof that he is not still Hubert's friend—the very manner in which he has begun the defense proves not only his ability, but his arnest desire, to serve his client. I think you may trust him entirely. Do not trouble yourself about any motive from which he may work; God alone nust be the judge of that, and the unexpected and peculiar turn that the has already taken is but one of the many ways in which God's ends are erved-remember this, my child, and emember also that He is watching and aking care of it all."

Yes, she constantly remembered that, but her heart would sometimes flag and

faint under its heavy burden. To have seven days rise and set on a monotonous routine of suffering—to rise in the morning with a suffocating pain round her heart and a blur be fore her heavy eyes that darkened the very sunshine streaming into her room: to descend to her aunt's apart ment and perform the numberle nameless, little loving services which were her daily wont, and perform them with a calm face, and to talk in calm tones, when her very soul was writhing to show by some outward sign its agony-to meet the physician morning after morning, only to hear the same hopeless answer, "She must not know yet;" to attend to the routine of household care which devolved upon ner, and which she could not very resign to one of the domestics; to have kind, assuring words for poor little Sain Lewis for whom the cook had obtained a ready forgiveness from Margaret, and a desire that he should on no account think of leaving his place; to visit Hubert and to help him bear he torturing suspense occasioned by the postponement of his trial, and hen to go wearily homeward and wonder if over another household in the vast city the bird of sorrow broaded so ominously-such was the experience of that miserable week to Margaret Calvert.

near him, and yet it was heart rend-

A SURGEON'S KNIFE gives you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting. The

Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE or Breach is now radically cured without the knife and without pain. Clums, chafing trusses can be thrown away! They never cure but often induce inflammation, strangulation and death.

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MOTHERS

Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promot secretion of an abundance of nouris for the child.

Mrs. DORA A. GUTHRIE, of Oakley, Oz

THELPS DIGESTION TO A SSIST DISESTION TO IMPROVE THE APPETITE

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; ing torture to know that no view of continues to cry for vengeance on the calm which her words bad producedthe future would satisfy him unless it embraced the most rigid austerity the absolute denial of earthly mercy
By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll for himself. He demanded almost pas-

sonately of Plowden why he had pursued such an unexpected course on the day of the trial; and when the lawyer half smilingly explained, he answered mournfully: "You are not my friend after all,

Charlie; I want to escape through no quibbles of the law; I want my defence her such a strangely unfamiliar look and sound, as if they were part of years before. Never would spite it. from my crime, I tell you," growing hot with sudden feeling, "I murdered Cecil Clare. I left him dead on the side walk, and all your nice turns, and all your professional skill cannot alter that fact. I am a murderer, and as e tried - as such I such I want to b await my punishment."

Margaret was present, listening quietly as she always listened, but holding her heart lest she should betray by any sign that which would make Hubert anxious about her.

Plowden laid his hand on Bernot's shoulder, and pointed with the other to

the pale, silent girl.
"Hubert, do you think of that other life so closely twined with your own?
Do you think that this punishment for which you are so madly importunate will not lay its heavy weight upon her? You compelled her to bear the burden have obtained so much knowledge of of your secret; for eighteen long months you made her share your hidden suffering. Will you inflict further tor-ture upon her, the innocent one? Will you make her suffer also the consequences of your crime? or will you. listening to the dictates of prudence, submit your case unquestioned to me. and if you should be acquitted, will you reward her for her faithful devotion? She has earned it - you owe it to her.

He had spoken slowly and distinctly though in a low tone, and his last words were uttered with a peculiar solemnity which seemed strangely to

subdue the prisoner. Who shall describe the effect of his words on Margaret-the vista of happiness which he opened to her viewthe infinite rest implied by his speech? Hubert free, fearful no more of his doom finding him out, and she his wife twining about him all the love and tenderness of her happy heart - such she knew was the signification of Plowden's words. Sudden color flashed into her face, her eyes brightened, her whole countenance looked as it had never looked to Plowden before.

Hubert, strangely silent, strangely drooping since the lawyer had spoken raised his head and saw Margaret's changed face. As if the sight of her instantly completed some half-formed determination, he held out his hands and said in tones so passionate and et so mournful that it seemed as if a dual being were speaking in him: right; I do owe to you all

that could be in mortal's power to re-But you have taught me how to make my very sin a claim on God's mercy, a plea for God's love, and now, I would give the remainder of my life to Him whom you have taught me to know so well. But it shall be as you say, Margaret — for your months of devotion, for your love which has been the same through all the changes in my fate, the decision shall lie with you. Come here and tell me which it shall e - if I should be acquitted, our union" - for an instant there broke Perhaps the happiest time, if ought over his face an expression as if he in that sorrowful period could be called happy, was that which she passed with that case, the remnant of my poor life Which shall it be, Margaret?'

He continued to extend his hands, but with an expression of passionate

entreaty upon his face : Plowden watched the scene with a ntense and painful an interest as that which was felt by his two unhappy companions. He read in Margaret's face the emotions which struggled in her soul-the wild desire to throw herelf into those extended arms and de cide for Hubert's and her own earthly happiness-to claim him by the suffer ing she had borne for him - by the very love which was part of her being but she did not move from her plac she did not extend her hands. The color died out of her countenance, her eyes resumed their mournful expression, and she answered while her in describable voice grew more sad and

yet more sweet with every word:
"I would not come between you and your God; if you deem this sacrifice of yourself to be a necessary atonement, I would be the last to make you forego it. As I have shared your secret suffering, so I can share your voluntary penance. I shall not be less generous than you are, and when God beholds our two hearts severed from each other for His sake — severed for all time, and offering to Him all the sorrow that such a severance must entail, surely He will forgive more completely — He will love more dearly. I have no claim upon you, He has all; you are God's, Hubert, now

and always. "Oh, Margaret, Margaret! truer, more faithful in this hour even than thou hast yet been," Hubert answered, with that strange blending of passion and sadness in his voice, and then his hands dropped to his sides, and he

turned suddenly to Plowden. "You hear," he said almost fiercely. 'she who loves me, and whom I love, counsels me to continue in the way I have begun; while you, who have only friendship to sacrifice, would keep me in the slough my sin has made. When I tell you that my remorse can alone be allayed by an utter renounce ing of everything that is dear to me, why do you refuse to help me? - why seek for loopholes of escape for me when the soul of that murdered man | Hubert still in that sort of unearthly

murderer?"

He covered his face with his hands, for an instant, as if to shut out some terrible vision; and when he uncovered his countenance, and resumed. is voice was lower, sadder, but more entreating and more earnest.

"Oh, Charlie, by the friendship you bear me, by the confidence I unconsciously gave you, and which you refuse to betray, by your love for yonder faithful girl"—growing suddenly excited—"I implore you to help me to bring peace to my tortured con science.

He grasped Plowden's hands, and lcoked into his eyes, as if his life or death were to be decided by the law ver's answer.

Plowden-ah! how his dark soul leaped fiercely up to answer that heart-cry-how the question of life or death tugged at his own heart-strings, and mercilessly swayed him in a very storm of agony—how Right smiled and beckoned, and lured him on; but Wrong with threatening aspect stepped be tween, and thrust him back to his

owardly fears.

Brave, and able, and skilful as he was the talented lawyer lacked moral courage-he would have given worlds to be able to strike down the Wrong which separated these two young lives, but worldly sensibilities had paralyzed his arm. He broke from Hubert's grasp, and turned away to conceal the workings of his countenance; he knew the same expression was upon it as Margaret Calvert had seen at the

church door. Hubert and Margaret waited for his answer - Margaret wondering if it would be an assent to Hubert's wish, and if that assent would imply a relaxation of efforts in the prisoner's behalf, so that the full rigor of the law would be administered, and that might be death. Her poor, fluttering heart turned sick at the thought-surely God did not require Hubert's life! -- was not his sacrifice of all things dear, enough? Alas! poor quivering creature, could give him up whom she loved better than life itself, and continue to live, knowing that the same world vet held them both, the same sky canopied both; but to press the coffin-lid upon him would be to bury in the same grave more of her than would remain on the then desolate earth!

There was no such thought in Hubert's mind. He had learned how to thrust back all yearning for the ties which make life so sweet, and having resolved on a complete immolation of himself as the only means of true atone ment within his power, he would have no mercy—he would relent on no con-sideration, no power short of Heaven's own decree. He waited to hear, that he might press with a lightened heart

on his penitential way.
Plowden turned to the two silent ones, turned slowly, and spoke as if he was struggling with himself for power to

utter the words:
"Trust me, Hubert - till the end nothing pertaining to the murder shall be concealed, and if I proceed in untoward ways which you cannot under stand, have faith in me still-justice shall be done to all.

He seemed to linger over the last word, and to say it bitterly. "That is all I can promise; are you

satisfied? But Hubert turned away with evident dis-atisfaction, and threw himself face downward on the pallet; Margaret's sad voice bidding him adieu

roused him. He pressed her hand hard, looking at the same time as if it was only by some desperate effort he prevented himself from drawing her to him,

while he said passionately: "Oh, Margaret! you alone of all he wide, wide world are true. She bent to him and whispered:

He started up.

"Yet, Margaret, but she does no When she has learned what I have become, will she be then as she is now-now she thinks I am all that a mother covets in a son; then will not ner pure soul shrink, my though she is, from the murderer You did not shrink - you have bee the same through every change, and low does the world regard you for it Do you think that I did not notice the respectable distance" - his voice tool an accent of intense scorn - "vour former friends maintained from you on the day of the trial? And this, Margaret, is only a portion of the reward which the world will give you. has your love for me so far brought you? What will it bring to you in the end?—only a bitter separation. Will you still cling to it?

'Always." Her answer was low, scarcely more than a whisper, but Plowden standing gloomily at the cell door, heard it; he purposely kept his eyes on the ground, that he might not see the unhappy pair, but he heard - heard with a pain ful distinctness - every word of the soothing sentences which Margaret spoke.

He was tempted to curse her calmness, his own heart was such a raging fire, but just then his eyes involuntarily lifted, and rested on her pure, sad face.

As if the calming effect which her words were already producing on Hubert, extended to the lawyer, he too grew strangely calm, and listened, while the memory of one who had pleaded with him as Margaret was pleading with Hubert, stole softly back.

The simple virtues of Margaret Calvert were exerting a more potent influence than all the great and mysterious power of "Roquelare."

They went out together, the lawyer and the sad, silent girl, leaving

they went out together from the shadow of the prison walls into the suppy where life was so busy, the streets lawyer still under the spell of memory which Margaret had unconsciously caused, the girl communing with her heart so sore from suffering and sacri-

Silently and slowly they walked, because both were so pre occupied, until a form, having hurriedly passed them stopped, turned and stood directly in their way. Both looked up, and both started, for Bertoni's heavy face smiled scornfully at them. He raised his left arm-raised it high as if pur posely to show the blood-red bandage which encircled his wrist, then dropped it, and hissed :

"Now, more than ever ; for revenge is the motive. He turned and went rapidly on,

darting into the first cross street he reached. The spell which had wrapped Plow

den's faculties was dissolved. He turned quickly to Margaret: "This is incomprehensible to you but I - I, too bitterly understand it. 'Roquelare' has expelled him; instead, however, of abandoning Hubert's case, and burying himself in obscurity, as I had hoped he would do, he means to continue the prosecution that he may have revenge for what I have done to him. He will work desperately now, and I also shall have to be desperate in order to save your cousin-to save him from the most fatal consequences of that crime.

His face was covered with perspiraion, and yet he shuddered.

Margaret did not answer-she could The cruel maze in which this sudden, and startling intrusion of "Roquelare" placed her, left her powerless to frame a word. Plowden walked on, wiping his face and muttering indistinct sentences between his teeth. He paused at the corner of the street at which it was Margaret's custom to leave him after their prison

"I know why you never let me ac company you further," he said abrupt-"because you do not go directly home ; you stop on the way to enter a church-She scarcely heard him, for her heart

was repeating:
"'And I also shall have to be des perate in order to save your cousin from the most fatal consequences of that

The lawyer, without waiting for her answer, continued moodily:
"When you go there to day, Miss Calvert, pray as you have never done before; for all that Faith and Hope and Love of divine things can give ou, you will need, should Bertoni

triumph in this case.' He turned away suddenly without even an adieu, and walked rapidly in

an opposite direction. e wretched girl also pursued her way, but it was with slow and painful steps, for all the fears and doubts which she had struggled so heroically to suppress were upon her with tenfold fury. From the lawyer's last words she augured death for Hubert, and with all her self-abnegation, her heart -her whole soul-still shrank from

that ordeal. Father Germain entering the church on his return from a sick call, turned to look a second time at the white, up lifted face of a girl who knelt before a statue of the Blessed Virgin—it wore so holy, so inspired an expression-it seemed so far from everything earthly. Recognizing the person, and thinking home in the evening. ing that she might desire to speak to him on the conclusion of her prayer, he waited at the vestry door. But that colloquy with Heaven, that petition to the dear patroness who never fails to use her intercession for those who fervently implore it, had been too sacred, too real, for the soul that had been so engaged to descend immediately to earthly cares. She rose and passed quietly out, with the weight on her heart as heavy, with the sorrow within it as bitter, but with resignation to endure calmly every trial God might send.

TO BE CONTINUED.

DEATH IN LIFE.

ranciscan Sisters who are Caring for the Poor Lepers.

There are sixteen Sisters of the Franciscan Order who are now engaged in caring for the spiritual and temporal needs of the poor lepers at Molokai. They have at present three houses Separated from all civilization their life there is a living death, the very thought of which makes one shudder. Still the saintly women of this noble

order volunteered their services to the Mother Superior and asked to be sent to the place where Father Damien met a martyr's fate. They never expect to return, for in time they will have the dreadful disease that slowly kills by nches, yet they are happy in their chosen sphere. Mr. Joseph Dutton, at one time a well-known railroad man and polished society member of Memphis, became a convert to Catholicity a number of years ago and went to Molokai to devote his life to the service of the lepers. He is still laboring among them and performing heroic Pause for a moment and think deeds. of this intelligent, highly cultured Memphian devoting his life, without any hope for worldly compensation, to caring for these wretched and wellnigh forsaken people! Mr. Dutton labored many years with Father Damien and was with him at the time

Great battles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

JIM. A Sketch,

It was a peaceful little village in the North of Ireland, far away from the noise and tumult of the busy world; its inhabitants were simple people, interested only in their daily labor and the gossip and scandal of the immediate neighborhood. They had very little connection with the outer world, and, indeed, they had not much loss in

being so far removed from it. The summer sun shone on the village street, playing on the white faced douses, and creeping through the dothic windows into the cool, dark church, where a few of the little school children were paying a short visit to the Blessed Sacrament on their way home from school.

In this small village there were six different places of worship : for, besides the usual Catholic, Protestant and Presbyterian churches, there were also Methodist and Unitarian meeting houses, and one enterprising shopkeeper, not being able to satisfy him-self with any of these creeds, had founded a religion of his own. He de-clared he "had found the Lord," and forthwith he built a meeting house, delivered sermons, and soon had a goodly number of disciples. Yet, in spite of all this, there were two old women, who, every Sunday of their lives, trudged off two long Irish miles to divine service, not being able to suit hemselves out of all the religions in their own village. It certainly could not have been the desire of exercise which prompted them to go so far, for they were both very much beyond the

age when one walks for pleasure. Somewhat back from the village street there stood a rose-covered cot tage, in a trim little garden of its own, n which lived two sisters, named Katy and Annie Byrne. They were about the oldest inhabitants of the village, and had lived in this little cottage for a great many years. Their parents were buried in the graveyard close by, and here also two of their sisters and finally their brother had been laid to rest they were the only representatives now of the family—they and their

brother's son, Jim. Jim had been brought up altogether by his aunts. He was a fine, clever young fellow, the pride and joy of their lives. When he finished his schooling and it was time for him to think of turning to some trade, they apprenticed him to the leading village carpenter. For some time he did very well, and was thought a great deal of by his neighbors. But at the end of a few months he began to get restless he grew tired of the quiet, uneventful village life, and longed to see some-thing of the world, and at last one day he disappeared, no one knew where, and from that day his aunts had heard

nothing of him. The aunts were heartbroken at his departure, yet they always believed he would return. At first the kindly neighbors would drop in with the oft-repeated inquiry: "Any word from Jim?" But the answer was always the same, and at last they gave up

asking.

Month after month passed by until a year had flown, and still the old women expected him home; they kept his room ready for him, just as he had left it; all his little belongings were carefully dusted every day; nothing was moved. It was just as though he had gone out for the day and was return-

Yet he never came. Three years had now passed since he left. Anne's eyes were dim with the tears she shed each night as she prayed for his safe return; and every day Katty found the few yards they had to walk to reach the church grow longer and more difficult to accomplish. They were both growing very old and feeble, and they began at last to fear that they would not live to see their boy come home.

On the opposite side of the street lived another old woman, Mary Fagan, the saint of the village. of her days she spent in the church, kneeling in front of the Blessed Virgin's altar, and her prayers were considered to be most efficacious. So one day Anne told Katty she was going over to Mary to ask her to pray for the safe and speedy return of their boy. Putting on her bonnet and long black cloak she crossed over the street and knocked at the door of Mary's house. A feeble voice bade her enter, and, opening the door, she found the old woman crouching over the fire. "Well, Mary, how are you to day?"

said Anne, taking a chair beside. "Indeed, then, I've been very poorly; this is the first day I've been

able to put on me clothes since Sunday."
"Sure, I never heard a word of it, or we'd have come in to see you,'

Anne remarked sympathetically "Aye, indeed; Father McConville was in with me to-day, and says he never missed me from Rosary on Sun-

Which was, indeed, astonishing, for Mary was in the habit of saying her prayers with great fervor and in her very loudest voice, but not being able to keep pace with the little altar boys, she never got further in the response than "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray—"which she repeated diligently throughout the Rosary.

"And I told him," continued Mary, somewhat indigently the Laboratory in the continued Mary,

somewhat indignantly, "that I might have been dead and buried before ever he'd hear of it. And, says he, laughing, 'Well, indeed, Mary, that's not likely; you would be sending for me a dozen times before that hap-