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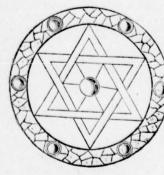
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singularly unselfish kindness of heart, MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; the few low words he spoke to Margaret, proved.

OR, WHO WAS GUILTY? She was waiting while Plowden By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll arranged some details of legal business, and she turned gladly to Delmar when he approached, as a relief from the feeling that she was an object of CHAPTER XV. Almost everybody, save the members curiosity to the loiterers who still re-

mained.

ing away from the case, as the latter seemed to have done in his cross-ex-amination; he could not understand what the crafty lawyer had gained by so doing, and, if he had understood,

he would not have been pleased, for he desired nothing for himself but the

most rigorous justice.
Mrs. Delmar, however, was exultant,

and kept nodding her head in the ex-

uberance of her satisfaction, till the crimson plume in her hat acquired a

fashion of nodding also, and kept per

fect time to the stately dame's motions "Depend upon it, my dear," she said to her daugher, when Eugene had

gone to see that their carriage was in

very strong point somewhere; he is very sharp, and his sharpness will

carry Hubert safely through all this

Louise Delmar's face brightened,

"You need not color," resumed the

fashionable mother, playfully tapping the girl's cheek; "you understand what I have left unsaid," and the stately lady drew herself up, and looked at her daughter with a very self-satisfied emile.

It was pardonable in her maternal

heart to swell with complacency since she had a daughter so obedient to her

precepts — since untoward events seemed of themselves to conspire in the

which my mother and sister refuse,

and obedient as you are, my dear."

THE ONWARD MARCH

and then-

and faintly blushed.

elf-satisfied smile

fulfilment of her hopes.

Calvert.

part to enter.

elf with saying :

vaiting, "Mr. Plowden has made a

of "Requelare," were surprised and disappointed at the adjournment of the The young man would fain excuse case after so brief a session; none more so than the prisoner himself himthe absence of his mother and sister, feeling that Miss Calvert must be aware self. He was impatiently eager for Margaret's examination that she might of their presence but a short time before, but, somehow, looking into that pale, gentle face, he could not utter make public the confidence with which he had entrusted her—that, despite his the apologies that rose to his lips. Perhaps Miss Calvert suspected the truth, for she seemed studiously to own plea of "not guilty," his crime might be speedily proved. He was almost angry with Plowden for drift-

avoid speaking of them. Plowden joined them, and, on their vay to the hack, which Margaret pre ferred to use on all occasions now-Delmar said :

"What possible bearing could that ross-examination of yours have on Bernot's case?"

Plowden glanced hurriedly about him before he answered.

"Accompany Miss Calvert and me and I will tell you. There are too many eaves droppers about to speak it here.

"Well?" asked Delmar, impatiently, when they were seated in the hack and

the driver had received his order.
"That cross examination was to
prove a suspicion that suddenly enered my mind while Liverspin was giving his evidence. If I could prove ny suspicion to be correct, I would ain one strong point in Hubert's The suspicion was that Ber ni might have violated one of the rules of 'Roquelare.' If I could prove hat, the strong point gained would be this: disappointing Bertoni in the aim for which he was working ; that aim was the reward that 'Roquelare gives to those who work in strict a rdance with its rules. Bertoni is high now in the legal profession-in worldly prosperity; but if he were to succeed in this case, with the purity of his motives unsuspected, with his vio lation of the rules of 'Roquelare' un known, he would be elevated to the head circle in that society, and his very name be a signal for such homage as should never be paid to man. studied Bertoni when I first

"I would go over and speak to Mr.
Plowden," she continued, looking in
the direction of the lawyer, "but he is
engaged with that odious Margaret met him on this same case, and learned then what has Eugene returned to accompany them to the carriage.
"Surely, mother," he said, "you been corroborated to-day. He is unscrupulously ambitious-power is his will go and speak a word to that poor girl-not one of her lady friends has god. His desire for the power which success in this case would give him. made him forget to be cautious, and o much as bowed to her all the mornwhen he promised his tool to make him Mrs. Delmar drew herself up, and member of 'Requelare,' he probably cast a look of contempt on the daring pleader; then, taking Louise's arm, magined that he himself would that time in a condition to initiate Mr. Liverspin into the mysteries, and could teach the latter what reply to wept in scornful silence to the door. Eugene, burning with an indignamake when he should be asked if any tion which he could scarcely control, followed; and assisted them to their one had ever requested or induced him seats in the carriage.
"Where are you going?" asked his to become a member of that society. If he feared, in the event of non sucnother, seeing no disposition on his cess, that Mr. Liverspin would tell o the promise that had once been held "To tender to that poor, deserted out to him, he thought probably that it would make little difference, as it is girl, the sympathy and friendship not often a chance of 'Roquelarian and he slammed the carriage door, and walked angrily away, while his mother, since he would not be present work occurs, and it is only when a member is engaged in such that they make a rigid scrutiny of his motives Knowing that I was not a member of to witness it, refrained from her usual attack of hysteria, and contented her-Roquelare,' he did not suspect that I new of its secret workings; hence his "I do wish Eugene was as sensible neglect to tutor Mr. Liverspin for my cross examination. He did not dream If her son had not the common sense and obedience which his fashionable the turn my questions would take, and Liverspin chanced to be sufficiently ignorant of court etiquette, and pos sessed of just sufficient conscientious ness to regard his oath, to give me the very evidence I wanted. The case refined feelings of sympathy and a was adjourned because Bertoni was unable to continue it. He knew he would be summoned before a secret conclave of 'Roquela:e' before many hours, where the charge that I have made against him will be invest igated, and its truth or falsehood substantiated; if the former, they will expel him from the society, and the disgrace of that expulsion will follow him through all his after life. Knowing this - knowing the reward for which he has worked cannot be his,

and that to continue his prosecution of Bernot will only bring his name and himself in a disagreeably prominent light before the members of 'Roque laire, he may abandon the case, and in his bitter disappointment betake himself to some obscure path in life. This is my hope: to have Bertoni no longer as prosecuting counsel. His skill is more subtle and dangerous than any other in the profession. With another in his place, I could success fully plead Hubert's case. That is all.

Do you understand it, Delmar? Delmar had listened with wondering eyes and almost bated breath, and he answered slowly : "Yes, I understand it; but where

did you get your intimate knowledge of 'Roquelare'?"

A peculiar expression came into Plowden's face—a softened look that changed the whole of that dark counenance into the tenderness woman's gaze: he answered in a low, sad tone,

"I have my knowledge from a relative who once stood high on its annals. something made it necessary for him withdraw from the society; he aused his death to be published among he members-a death at sea, which recluded the possibility of honors to all worldly fellowship.

" Is it not against their rules to have as much knowledge of them as you possess, generally known?" asked ing I would be willing to suffer even the merciless vengeance of 'Roquel-

"Yes: were they aware of just how much I know my life would not be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many the lawyer was working, and he to not only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment; but I was careful to mention only rules which regulate the many to be safe a moment in the lawyer was working, and he replied quietly, but with the evidence of a heartfelt sincerity in his tones:

outer circle of 'Roquelare' -- a knowledge of such, though known to scarcely any outside the members, is not punishable; they will probably dog me to discover, if possible, the extent of what I know. But I think I am sharp enough even for 'Requelare

The hack stopped suddenly with a lurch that started Margaret from her seat and sent her almost into Plowden's

"It's a quarrel of some sort," said Delmar, who looked from the window to ascertain the cause of the unexpected stop. Plowden thrust his head forth also, while Margaret looked from the opposite window. Children, and even women, attracted by the noise of the melee, crowded round the combatants; an excited throng blo the passage way for every vehicle The driver of the hack had whipped his horses up, hoping to force a way through the curious people, but some man, with an oath had caught the beasts and thrown them violently back

on their haunches. Because of the constant swaving of the crowd it was difficult to tell who were the principal actors in the fight; and not till an accidental opening occurred was there presented to the view of the occupants of the hack two men, whose stained and torn clothes and red and perspiring faces bore severe evidences of the contest in which they were yet engaged. Nearer and nearer to the hack they worked themelves, the crowd giving way before hem to close up in their rear and urge hem on with loud, crazy cries, strug gling with a desperation that made Margaret shudder and shut her eyes to

Plowden leaned further forth to eatch a better view of one of the bloody countenances. "Look!" he said to Delmar, "is not that Liverspin — the one this way?"

But, without waiting for a reply, and evidently forgetting the presence of Margaret, he opened the door and scended from the vehicle, and, hav ng paused an instant to give som lirection to the driver, hastily mingled with the crowd; and at that instant he excited cries of the people suddenly eased, for the guardians of the peace had made their appearance. Bottocombatants were taken into custedy one surrendering himself quietly and eeming to take the whole affair as a matter of course; but Liverspin loudly and angrily protested; vociferating that he had not provoked the quarrel, and that his arrest was a flagrant piece of injustice. They hurried him away, however, and the crowd began to dis perse. Plowden returned to his place, vouchsefing no explanation till the

hack was again on its way.
"It is as I expected," he said,
slowly. "Liverspin's arrest is 'Ro quelare's' work. I knew they would e constantly on his track from the time he would leave the court, because his presence will be needed in the secret conclave that will judge Bertoni. But I hardly thought they would take possession of him in this manner

"How do you know that they have?" asked Delmar, who was beginning to feel an uncomfortable awe of the lawver.

"My mingling with the crowd dis covered that fact," was the reply By so doing I obtained a close view of the man with whom Liverspin was fighting, and I saw the peculiar mark that stamps a member of 'Roquelare' You heard Liverspin say that he did not provoke the quarrel; he was right — he did not. I learned ou inquiry — he did not. I learned on inquiry that, while he was quietly drinking at some bar, a stranger accosted him, and goaded him by scornful imputations at goaded. goaded him by scornful imputations on his calling and character, that this fight was the result. The law will keep him safely till 'Roquelare' needs him.

" And then?" asked Delmar, breath-

"When 'Roquelare' has no further need of him, and has assured itself that he possesses no dangerous knowledge of the society, he will be given his "And the cause for which he has

been arrested will not be tried neither he nor his companion in the fight suffer the consequences of their rashness?" asked Delmar. Plowden smiled, almost as if in con-

tempt for the childishness of the young man's understanding which could not comprehend the selfish policy of "Roquelare."

"Have you not already suspected," he said "that 'Roquelare,' though assuming to work only for justice, sacrifices even justice when its own interests are at stake. Not having its principles based upon what is commonly termed a universal brotherhood. its policy must at times be selfit has an opportunity to be so, since its influence, in a great measure, controls the very law

Delmar said no more till the hack had turned into his own street in order to drop him at his own door; then, extending his hand to Plowden, as if some very kindly thought of the young man suddenly banished his uncomfort able awe, he said:

"I thank you for the voluntary con fidence you have given me; you have requested no pledge from me not to betray it, but, nevertheless, what I have heard is as sacred as though I had sworn never to reveal it.

Plowden pressed the hand he held, his body—and shut himself away from as if in grateful thanks, and replied quickly: "To gain that for which I am work-

ing I would be willing to suffer even are. Delmar fancied he knew the end for

"You have my best wishes, my dear

fellow, for your success. For an instant his eyes wandered to the pale, sad-faced girl opposite, and Plowden, seeing the look, read the thought that was in the young man's mind. He smiled bitterly, knowing how immeasurably beyond his reach was the hand of Margaret Calvert, even though her heart had not been given to Hubert Bernot; but he replied gracefully, as was his wont and, when the hack stopped to let Delmar alight, he pressed the young fel low's hand warmly and gratefully. Margaret bowed her adieu, and leaned back again to relapse into the melan-choly silence upon which Plowden's own nental disquietude prevented him from intruding. Since the previous evening, when it

had cost her so much to give Hubert the promise he desired, she had been, as it were, stretched on a rack of mental torture, at one moment fancying that, perhaps, after all, to give the confidence with which he had entrusted her to the public would be unnecessary, that God did not require it, and that s doing would, as Plowden said, but render more sure Hubert's chances for a long imprisonment, without rendering him any material spiritual good. It was only by calling to mind Father Germain's counsel, and Hubert's own assurance of the inward peace her compliance with his desire would give him, by frequent and earnest prayer for strength to fulfil this terrible duty. that she had been enabled to go calmly to the court that morning-to sit there hough with a frightfully palpitating eart, as she realized how each minut brought nearer the dreadful summon which would compel her testimony and then when it was only by such desperate efforts that she had fortified nerself for the ordeal, to have that or deal postponed-to have another weel of suspense and heart-breaking anxiety thrust upon her-it brought a sicken ng feeling, that partock almost of lespair. Fain would she have turned from the world and laid herself down o die anywhere, so that death would out quickly come. Though taking no part in the conversation between Plow-den and Delmar, every word of it made an indelible mark on her mind; the more indelible because her me faculties were so sharpened by suffer-

Who and what was Plowden, to pos sess so much, and such dangerous knowledge of 'Roquelare'? if he were not a member of that body; and Margaret, regarding all secret societies as opposed to the teachings of her Church, held an involuntary abhorrence of the members of such, especially when they called themselves Catholics. Thus her fear of, and dislike to, Plowden in creased, despite her efforts to the con-trary-despite the trust she wanted to repose in him for Hubert's sake.

The very mystery which seemed to hang heavily about the trial was making her ill-the very thought of the dread influence of 'Roquelare,' which seemed to penetrate into all places and at all times, made her shiver with an undefined fear. Oh, the bitter consequences that came from that one sin And then her mind went back to a ormer wrong-the wrong that had caused Madame Bernot years of suffering; that was the antecedent of Hubert's crime, and she wondered how much more of sorrow that was consequent upon that first evil, was to come. getting the presence of Plowden, she buried her face in her hands, and murmured aloud,

Plowden started from his train of anxious thought and looked at his companion, his face softening, as if at the sight of her misery, and his lips twice opening as if trying to speak reluctant words: but he did not say them, he thrust them back just as they were on the very point of leaping forth, and perceiving that they had arrived at Margaret's residence, he prepared to assist her out with as calm a mien as though his soul was not writhing in an agony all the more desperate because it was so hidden.

TO BE CONTINUED

The Whiskey " Industry, '

There is something absolutely hid-cous and revolting in the disgusting cant of this whiskey ring about their particular industry — an "industry" in which colossal fortunes go to the maker and a bare subsistence wage, to the worker; dog-carts and diamond rings for the wholesale merchant, and sixteen hours work a day and a bare living for the waiter who has to retail the precious product that fills our lunatic asylums with the hapless vic tims of dipsomania, our jails with criminals, our streets with unfortunates, and tens of thousands of homes with squalor, want and misery, while it fills the coffers and the pockets of the distillers with untold wealth. -Michael Davitt.

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THE CONVENT PORTRESS.

Fruest the Work When the Deed, Not Door, Counts Most.

BY MARY BOYLE O'RELLLY All about the high walls of Oakhurst throbbed the busy life of the city; an unending procession of carts and heavily laden drays filling the air with their rumble, while on every side hurried pedestrians too engrossed to notice the rustling trees and the twittering birds on the other side of the wall. With stealthy rapidity the city had grown up to the very gate which once separated the secluded estate from the stretch of lonely country all about; but now the forbidding walls guarded the peaceful convent life from the rude bustle of the outer world.

All day the portress, Sister Katharine, sat in a low chair by the great door, her eyes and hands busy with a web of frost-like lace, setting stitch on stitch with patient care, year after She only knew one pattern for year. her lace work, but each setting stitch of that had an individuality all its own through countless repetition; and when the finished piece went to adorn altar cloth or surplice in the convent chapel the little Sister would close her eyes lest pride fill her heart at sight of her handiwork.

Long years had passed since Sister Katharine first came, a gentle, sad-eyed girl, begging admittance to the Sisterhood — an orphan whose only brother had just left her while he went westward to dig his fortune from the mountain's side; and as the years glided by the soft melancholy of the onely girl slipped from her, giving place to the quaint merriment of an

entirely peaceful nature.

To her life meant the cheerful per formance of a multitude of little tasks. for all of which there was an appointed hour, and each night she sought her tiny cell murmuring gratefully "What a happy life I have!" And yet she was only the portress, whose place it was to stand meekly by that the choir nuns might proceed. Why should it may her sweet transmitted. mar her sweet tranquility that Mother Margaret was a famous scholar, and Mother Agnes a wonderful musician whom visitors came many miles to hear, when her delightful duty it was to keep the long hall swept and dusted. to ring the Angelus at morning, noon and eve, and hasten to open the hall door at the first sound of the bell?

Before her in the hallway hung a great painting of the girlhood of Mary, bequeathed to the convent a score of years ago, which pictured the holy maid, girlish and sweet, sitting mus ing by her distaff, with spindle lying idly on her knee, while she looked wistfully through an open doorway awaiting the coming of the wondrous message which was to make her for all time blessed among women, and Sister Katharine, from long musing by the picture, had caught some of the peaceful beauty of the Virgin's face.

"How kind every one is to me! thought Sister Katharine; "here I have been portress for almost twenty years, and being portress is so interest ing! almost as good as being sacristan." And trusted to tell it was so ineresting often so nearly exciting, that Mother Superior, known to her Sisters as Mother Anna, gently warned the little nun against distraction.

To the portress came all the visitors, the dealers in supplies, returning pupils, beggars egion, and who knew well that even the most flagant imposter would not be turned away empty-handed. "Where should they go, poor dears, if we re-Sister Katharine would murmur with heartfelt pity. there was held a fair in the convent, planned and carried out by the expupils, who still thought lovingly of their Alma Mater, and Mother Anna, calling the sisterhood together, smilingly gave to each a silver ten cent piece with permission to spend it as each possessor thought best. thirty years had Sister Katherine held so large a sum of money in her hand, and now she stood quite still to read the inscription and admire the stately figure of Liberty graven there. "It is such a pretty piece of silver," she thought in mild surprise; "quite like a medal but for the design. Alas! it is sadly soiled and tarnished." And down she sat to rub it gently with her handkerchief. Then round and round the rows of tables, laden with beautiful and useless things, went Sister Kathar-ine, followed by the laughing pupils, who tried to snare her into purchasing. What could she buy? So few things cost a ten-cent piece, and for these she had no use; and so she hesi tated until the ringing of a bell announced the fair was ended.

Back to Mother Anna, the polished coin still resting on her palm, tripped

Sister Katharine.

"Not spent?" was the exclamation.

"No, Mother," answered the little
Sister honestly, "nothing seemed good
enough to buy." That is not as I wished, Sister,

said the Superior gravely. "I asked you to spend your money at the fair instead, you treasured it; now you shall carry it in your pocket for six months."
"Thank you, Mother," murmured

Sister Katharine, venturing no defence; and every day, and many times a day, she looked at the bit of silver, whispering, "Would that I had not peen so avaricious." But one day, the six months almost

passed, an aged woman came to the onvent begging for an alms, and Sister Katharine hurried away to entreat that she might give her long-treasured dime. A great weight seemed lifted from her heart when the shining mite disappeared in the old crone's hand.

It was the evening of a lowering autumn day, when Vespers had been