CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE; instead of death? And then arose had so tortured her during the past eighteen months.

She reeled and would have fallen but for Plowden's timely grasp. He supported her to a chair and waited until she seemed to have be-

come better ; then he whispered : "You had better retire, Miss Cal-

vert ; you are not strong enough to hear any more now, and I shall escort you to him early to morrow." "No, no !" she replied in the same

whisper, and clutching his coat as if she feared that he might leave her despite her remonstrance. The light from the hall shone suffic

iently into the room to reveal plainly her pale suffering face and pleading

Plowden thrilled with a compassion and tenderness he had never felt but for one being before, and, for an in-stant, there rose within him a fierce, overmastering impulse to right the wrong which had come between and was blasting these two young lives But after that moment in which he had almost yielded, he thrust the impulse

back, and answered quietly : "Do you wish to know how it hap Are you strong enough to I was present and saw all. pened? iear ? She bowed her head in assent, and ne resumed :

"Hubert and I went together to the club and at the supper which followed the business of the evening, convivial ity reigned-toasts were proposed, an ecdotes told ; glasses clinked and mirth seemed to run high in every breast even Hubert appeared unusually gay till one story was told, one toast was proposed. Can you guess what it was Miss Calvert ?"

He bent low to that pale, uplifted face and looked piercingly into those

dry burning eyes. "No, no ! I cannot," she gasped : "but tell me quickly," and she tightened her hold upon his coat as if that convulsive clasp she might ward off the faintness which was coming upon her.

"A gentleman began a tale gentleman who joined the club shortly after your cousin, and who had been a regular attendant. "He was always in his place, always

punctual, and his courtly, yet unob trusive manner won for him universal regard. The first time I saw him, and heard him speak, his face and voice recalled some one I had seen and heard before. Every subsequent meeting confirmed the impression, but strive, as would, I could not recall where. Last night-for it is morning nowwhen he began to speak, this strange impression of mine pressed painfully on me. He told a tale of murder-" Margaret started, and Plowden paused as if he feared to proceed.

"Go on," she whispered hoarsely "Of murder, where the victim being left to die on the street was found cold and stark in the chill dawn of an autumn morning-of a girl who came on that same day to look at the body as it lay in the morgue and from whose manner and reluctant admission suf ficient was gained to put one man or the track of him who had done the deed — of a girl who for eighteen months had kept the secret of the mur derer with devoted care-of the mur derer himself who was tracked to every resort by the hidden agent of 'Roque-lare'-of the murderers' secret which was gnawing the heart of both the criminal and his confidante, and having told all these things he added that he wished to propose for their next toast this faithful, suffering girl who had borne so well the murderer

instead of death? And then arose Roquelare in the club, for that society within her all the cruel fancies which has its members everywhere-members unto death, but a record of the struggles and hidden agony of eigh-teen long months. I knew then how who are pledged to assist each other in far beyond my reach you were, not only for time, but for all eternity ; so I the pursuit and arrest of any criminal. "There was a scene of wild excite-

ment. All had started to their feet. and one or two of those nearest to when I could so speak ; for, from the wild and unguarded remarks which Hubert had drawn aloof from him as it they feared the proximity might bring danger to themselves. Others crowded about him asking an explanation, and your cousin sometimes made, I learned that "Roquelare" was in pursuit of him, and I knew what that meant. tendering their sympathy; he made no answer, only sat looking straight before him till he who had been des-"Now that you are aware how much I know, will you trust me-trust me patched from the room returned, accomfully, knowing that I ask no reward, that I claim not a particle of the affecpanied by two officers. "Then Hubert rose and said he was

tion you have given to your cousin?" She extended her hands, trying to ready to accompany the officers, asking speak the burning words of gratitude which came up from her full heart, but the tears which had refused to come before choked her utterance. only to be permitted to write the message which I have brought to you. "Bertoni would not lose sight of him

for a moment-he accompanied him in the carriage which was hastily sum moned, and Delmar and I, equally "You knew, and yet have not be-trayed !" she said, brokenly, at last. "Betrayed ! sooner would I have anxious to learn all that we could jumped into a hack and followed. cut my tongue out."

"At the prison gate we were allowed parting word. Hubert pressed my a parting word. Hu hand hard and said :

under some fierce excitement. He trembled violently and his hands clasped Margaret's with a painful " 'Tell my cousin to have no anxiety about me, but to give all her care to my mother' — that is all, Miss Calvert. pressure. All ! was it not as much as earth had to offer her of anguish ? She re-3-- 3 o'clock Sunday morning. sound seemed to calm Plowden. He leased his coat from her convulsive said, quietly : "We both need rest-you to recruit clasp, and pressed her hands over her burning eyes. He waited, hoping and expecting that tears would come to her your energies that you may bring something like comfort to that poor fellow a few hours hence, and I that relief, but when she looked up at him again there was not a trace of moisture may think how I can best help him. in the large bright eyes. She rose, steadying herself against the chair, and said with such a passionate wail My position has made for me many interest can do shall be brought to in her voice that it smote the proud bear on Hubert's case. Also it will be ambitious man by her side like a knife necessary to make some arrrange-ments before I see you again, in order applied to a festering sore. "What shall I do? What can I do to

help you ? I have no friends. I know not to whom to apply." Plowden seemed to labor under some

that you may be admitted to him with-out delay. So, for the present fare-well, and be of good cheer." He pressed her hands respectfully and went cautiously forth, Margaret accompanying him to the door. "At 9," he whispered, "I can scarcely be here before." She bowed intense excitement. He replied, almost wildly: "Margaret-Miss Calvert, will you

not regard me as your friend? My services, my " — he would have said life, out the word died in his throat her head, and he departed. When she had closed and locked the "are at your command; only com-mand me and I shall be happy. I ask door as noiselessly as she had opened it, she paused, looking carefully about no reward-I ask only the permission her, and listening for any sound. Nothing disturbed the grave-like stillto serve you. Do you think that I have been blind all these months - do ness save the ominous ticking of an you think that I have not read the upper hall clock, and she went forward secret which was eating into your again smiling bitterly as she remem. cousin's life and your own? His un-guarded admissions would have told me bered the little need of caution now. The secret had been flung abroad as much even had I not divined it in and the name of Hubert Bernot the very first instance. It was this knowledge which made me keep so close to him — which made me work coupled with the epithet of murderer would soon be in every mouth. And then all the anguish born of that myself into his confidence without ask-ing it. I did it that I might guard thought came again upon her. quired an hour of cruel wrestling with him from betraying himself, for he was aunt doubts and fears that sprang up your relative, you whom I love as I have never loved woman before. like giants in the mind of the grief stricken creature-an hour of prayer might have kept this passion of mine within severe bounds had I discovered during which her heart sent up such fiery petitions to Heaven for strength and help that her whole form was conone fact earlier than I have done-the fact that, cousins though you were, you vulsed with their fervor, before she be came sufficiently calm to think col-lectively of her duties in this sad emerg loved each other.

Margaret started. "Pardon me, Miss Calvert, if I touch upon delicate topics, but, having beshe had undergone, she rested her head against the prie-dieu on which gun, I must speak on. I discovered Hubert's passionate love for you three she knelt, and slumbered soundly un night ago when you fainted at the ball. til the bright light of the morning It was that discovery which drew from woke her. Oh, the wretched awaking to what me at the carriage door the remark that both he and I were drinking of a bitter cup — he, loving you as he did and prevented by a wrong from possessat first seemed but an ugly, ugly dream : the sharp and rapid recollection of the anguish already under-gone ;- the cruel realization of the aning you ; I loving you as madly, and -but no matter.

He stopped suddenly passing his guish that was yet to come ! hand over his face as if he would hide its expression ; then he abruptly re-its expression ; then he abruptly reif she were still a renegade from her religious duties, despair would have

Margaret bent her head to hide the blush of shame at the cruel deceit which she was practicing on this saintlike mother, and she sought the first opportunity of hurrying from the in-valid's presence. Her solitary, cheer-less, and well nigh untasted breakfast, forbore to speak as I have spoken to-night. I felt that the time would come was scarcely finished, when Plowden was announced.

SEFTEMBER 7, 1895.

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"I thought you would prefer not to take your own carriage;"he said, "so I have taken the liberty of ordering the cab which brought me, to re main.

"You were right,' 'she said, gratefully, "for that would have spread the news at once among the servants," and waiting only to put on her bonnet and cloak, she hurried out with him, utterly unconscious that the very fact of accompanying a gentleman in a strange conveyance, and that gentleman Plewden, was sufficient of itself to create perplexity and suspicion among the nestics

John McNamee scratched his head in troubled thought, and Hannah Moore dropped the spoon with which she had been basting a huge piece of venison, and gazed abstractedly into the fire. The other servants had gone about their usual avocations, so the pair were

alone in the kitchen. "1 don't like the looks of things," said the coachman — "I feel queer, somehow, for something tells me Mr. Hubert's in trouble."

"What kind of trouble?" asked the cook, sharply, rising from her low position in front of the fire.

"I don't exactly know," was the reply, "only it looks queer to see Miss Calvert going out in a common hack. It can't be to church they're going, for sure he's no Catholic." "He is a Catholic," burst suddenly

from Hannah More ; then she became very red in the face, and, as if to hide her confusion, she turned hastily to attend to some culinary duty.

McNamee looked at her with an expression of wonder, and he continued to look as if surprise had deprived him of speech. "What's the matter with you,

John ?" she asked, stooping before the fire again, and resuming her basting.

"This is the matter with me," he said, crossing to her, and laying his hand on her shoulder. "I'm think-ing that you know something more than the rest of us. Just now it flashed on me what you said at the inquest, over a year ago, to that same Mr. Plowden when he was examining you. that maybe if he pressed you too far, you'd tell things about other people, and now you seem to know he's a Catholic. I'm only putting this and that together, Hannah, and thinking that if you know anything that isn't good about him, you ought to put that young creature on her guard. Sure it's plain he's paying his addresses to

The cook was crying. "Oh! John, John!" she said, rising again, and wiping her face with her apron, "I do know something, but I promised at a death-bed never to tell There is something that is not his fault, and there is something bitter and cruel that rests on his soul. But perhaps he's repented, and will make Miss Calvert a good husband. Don't tell any of the others what I've been saying, and maybe I can think of a way to put her on her guard, without breaking my word to the dead.

She turned sadly to her work, while John, wearing a very grave face, repaired slowly to the carriage-house.

TO BE CONTINUED. The Jews.

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OR, WHO WAS GUILTY? By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll CHAPTER X.

Margaret did not see her cousin after her interview with Plowden, until they net at breakfast the next morning and Hubert's manner was as repellant

as it had been on the previous day ; but she, recalling the counsels of her confessor, strove not to be affected by it, and she put into her manner such Soap

affectionate kindness as well-nigh destroyed his self-erected barrier of cold-It was the same when they met at lunch, and at dinner, immediately after which he came down dressed to

go out. "Shall you remain out late?" asked Margaret, following him to the door. "Yes; I am going to the club," and

without looking at her he hurried forth. She looked after him, watching until he had turned the corner, and then her eyes sought the clear evening sky, and her lips moved in prayer. She could

She could pray now-she could turn for 1 and hope to one unfailing source. now-she could turn for relief She busied herself in the sick room

all the evening until madame insisted on her retiring, and then she ascended to her own apartment to watch for She could not rest while he Hubert. was out : now that Roquelare seemed

o be so closely upon his track. Midnight struck and he had not reirned ; it was not his custom to remain so late at the club. Her heart

eat wildly and her breath came thick and hard. Kneeling by the open window, re-

gardless of the frosty air which blew sharply against her face, she mingled prayers and tears for the poor unhappy criminal.

A form was coming down the street, form erect and lithe like Hubert's but with a much more rapid step than he was wont to have of late. It turned to ascend the stoop, but without wait-ing to see further she flew below, and

was in time to open the door just as the stranger's hand had sought the bell.

agitated, and looking frightfully pale as he came into the light of the hall.

where there can be no fear of eavesdroppers.

to me in the morning ; Plowden will conduct you, but keep everything from my mother until it can be gently

broken to her. HUBERT. She made no outery ; she only stood

holding the paper fast and looking at Plowden in a helpless, bewildered way as if she were utterly broken by the intelligence he had brought. She had fancied she was strong. Since her confession she had repeated to herself that should the worst happen she was

prepared to meet it ; but now at the mere tidings of that which she had daily feared she was as weak as an infant. How could she give him up? How could she endure to have him pay the penalty of his crime even though that

It was Plowden-Plowden strangely

"Something has happened to Hu-bert," she gasped, "tell me quickly." "Calm yourself," he whispered, and for your aunt's sake, take me

e led him to the darkened parlor. He left the door partly open that the light from the hall might enter, and

gave her a scrap of paper whispering : "Read, but for your aunt's sake, make no outery.

She read with burning eyes :

"I have cast my burden down at last-'Roquelare' has seized me-come

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burden. " When Hubert savagely demanded "The tale had riveted us all, but to bear you himself to the carriage l Hubert, beside whom I sat, visibly started at times, and once he half rose as if to contradict, or defy the speaker ; but the speaker had so engrossed the attention of all that Hubert's motion was unperceived save by me.

" I pulled him back into his seat. and whispered him to be careful. "During the tale the speaker's eves

had not once turned to Hubert, but when he had concluded he bent a full penetrating look upon him. In the wed silence which followed that strange tale, and before I could suspect what your cousin might do-before l could try to prevent his action, he had risen, and, extending his hand over the table, he said slowly and distinctly :

"I am the murderer of whom the gentleman has spoken - I, Hubert Bernot, confess myself to be the murlerer of Cecil Clare." Plowden again paused, for that white

face lifted to his, frightened him - it was so white, so rigid ; but the pale lips motioned rather than said : "Go on !" and he resumed :

"That unexpected confession seemed to have paralyzed everybody but him who had drawn it forth. He rose, and, standing directly opposite to Hubert, said, looking round at the startled faces about him :

"I am Bertoni, the lawyer, and one of the secret detectives of Roquelare. Many of you will recognize me better in a few moments," and removing a thick, black curling wig, and beard and whiskers of the same hue he stood fully revealed as the lawyer with whom I had been connected in the investigation of the murder of Cecil Clare.

" Hubert, as if overcome by some reaction of feeling, sank into his chair, and Bertoni, pointing to him, said :

You have made a confession there are a score of witnesses to testify to this confession. You cannot escape your doom now. He signaled to one of the members

the club, who hastily left the room. me only a smooth, cold upper surface, "I saw the signal and the ready beneath which it would be impossible of the club, who hastily left the room.

discovered in that moment that his secret crime came between you. My discovery was confirmed the next day when I spoke with him. He would

not admit his love, but he reiterated that your hand was far beyond his reach, and that all time would not suffice for him to attain it, and then in his turn he asked me plain questions about my love. I answered him as trankly — as I afterwards made my

avowal to you. He besought me by the friendship we bore each other to press my suit. He affirmed that I could do him no wrong, but, on the contrary, the greatest service man could render to him, as you were his

near relative and he was your only protector. My own heart only too eagerly impelled me to gratify him with what success you already know ; but on that occasion I learned, not from any admission of yours, for you were very guarded, but from some thing about you which I can hardly explain, that your heart was already in possession of another, and that other your cousin. I might have told

you all this then, Miss Calvert, but I forbore because you were afraid of me -you feared that I held some danger ous knowledge of your cousin and that I might use that knowledge - you

fancied that you had given me some clew when I spoke of much being plain

to me that before had been unintel-ligible ; you did not know that I meant by that your love for Hubert, your generous unselfish love which makes harm for him than the certainty of immediate death for yourself could do.

" If any doubt had remained upon my mind, if any hope that the attach ment was not mutual, and that but departure. cousinly affection made you warm and tender to this unhappy Hubert, the closing portion of my last interview with you would have dissipated all. You did not intend, Miss Calvert, to let

me read you : you strove hard to show

obedience it obtained, and I knew that for me to strike ; but I penetrated the Bertoni was not the only agent of crust, and saw not only a love faithful

paralyzed every faculty. As it was, her suffering, while keen, was not hopeless; for though hope might die here, it would surely bloom hereafter. The breakfast bell sounded, and directly after there was a knock at her door.

At last, exhausted by the excitement

For a moment he seemed to labor

A clock in an adjoining room struck

powerful friends-all that their

The

It re-

It was Annie Corbin.

"I knocked before, Miss Margaret, when it seemed as if you didn't hear the first bell, but you didn't answer and I knocked at Mr. Hubert's door, but he didn't answer either, and it frightened us a little. "Did you alarm my aunt?" asked

Margaret hurriedly.

"No, Miss ; we thought it better not to, until we'd know further."

Margaret gave a little sigh of relief and pressed her hand to her forehead. Sooner or later the servants would learn about Hubert either through the papers or otherwise ; still she deemed it better to try to conceal all from them until some plan could be made with regard to her aunt, lest she might by any accident receive untimely news of Hubert's imprisonment.

So she said, quietly : " Mr. Bernot spent last evening with some friends and he has not returned.' On her way to the breakfast room she entered Madame Bernot's apart-

ment. When the affectionate salutations were exchanged, which always passed between the invalid and her niece, Margaret said :

"Hubert was called away unexyou more sensitive to every thought of He desired me to bear his apology to you, and his affectionate remembrance; he felt that you would exempt him from all charge of neglect of you, since

if was duty which enforced his hurried "And he was right, my own dear boy ; great as my affection is for him, greater still is the pleasure, indeed I

might say the triumph, it affords me to know, that not even his mother whom he loves so dearly, comes between him and duty

She lifted her eyes to the picture. "I thank you, O my God, for having given me such a son !"

The superior of the Jesuit Fathers in priest-ridden " Austria has taught our Orange brethren in the United States a saving lesson, if they have the grace to learn it. In no country in Christendom is the feeling against the Jews so strong as in Austria. The storm that has been gathering for years burst during the last election, when the anti-Semetic candidates were returned in a large majority. The enemies of the Jews-it must be confessed there was strong local provoca-tion-invoked the aid of press and rostrum, and an over-zealous priest joined in the hue and cry. His super-ior suspended him from his sacred functions, saying, in explanation of his

course : "I am thoroughly convinced that politics should have no place in the pulpit. The rights of the Church are ertainly sacred to us, and we mean to defend them at all times ; but I will always veto attempts to preach politics from the pulpit, because the priest should stand above all party movements. I also do not like to see Christians judge others on account of their race. To oppose any one because he is an Israelite or a heathen is altogether un-Christian. A true Christian will respect the religious convic-tions of others. It is the duty of the priest and the Christian to assist earnest searchers after truth in their en deavors, but it is entirely against Christian principles to hurt the feelings of those who believe differently pectedly, last evening, and he will be obliged to remain away for a few days. lieve in God, and can very well live side by side in peace."

Catholics themselves have suffered too much persecution to join in any propaganda of proscription. They who do so, whatever the provocation, know not of what spirit they are. The Declaration of Independence seems to be better understood in Austria than in some parts of the United States. - Ave Maria.

With Invalids.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capric-ious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.