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MOTHER'S SACRIFICE OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll

O'Donoghue.'

CHAPTER XIX. While the slanderous conference was going on, its innocent victim was attending to her usual duties but with such listlessness of manner as to con vey the impression that she was exceedingly ill. - an impression strongly

pale face and heavy eyes. Hannah Moore catching an acci dental glimpse of the young creature was attacked by her old habit of soli

corroborated by her more than usually

'' Only she'd think it bold in me I'd spake to her, for even a comforting word might do her good."

The kind hearted cook's own duties were pressing just then, however, and she turned away with a sigh, while Margaret, little dreaming that any one's sympathy went out to her, sought vainly to turn her thoughts for even a

moment from their one painful object Hubert did not appear at lunch, and when his cousin sought him to ascertain the cause, he met her on the thres hold of his room with a book in his hand from which he did not lift his eves while he answered her kindly

spoken inquiry:
"I am quite well, Margaret, but ou annoy me by these constant attenions. I desire to be alone-alone-to have no one watching, or tracking me," and with a rudeness of which he had never before been guilty, he turned abruptly away leaving the door slightly ajar, and resumed the seat he had vacated.

She remained looking at him, but he would not have met those eyes then, even to save his wretched life. He must do something to make her dislike, or hate him for he would not further blacken his soul by linking to it such a pure love as hers.

But, alas! her very presence, the touch of her hand, the sound of her voice, roused with new ardor the love he sought to kill. For this reason he would not meet her look lest his own eyes might be won from the sternness which alone he would have them show, and for this reason he would school himself to be harsh and cold that he might turn her affection from him.

Margaret, far from interpreting aright his rude treatment of her, attrib uted it solely to the fear of arrest under which she fancied he labored.

"He is so unnerved," she murmured

to herself. She did not censure him: her sorrowful heart accused him of no ingratitude, it only bled for him and onged to comfort him, to throw the whole wealth of its wild passion at his feet, and if such a thing could be, to offer her life in atonement for his crime. She refrained from going to him, judging that he was not in the mood to receive her sympathy, and after that one long, sad look at him

she turned silently away.

Later in the day when she heard him descending, she came into the hall and seeing him about to go out she

held out her hand saying, softly: " Be careful, Hubert. He dashed her hand away and strode on without a reply.

For an instant she was dizzy with BOURGET COLLEGE, RIGAUD, P.Q. mortification and pain; then her woman's love sent up passionate, pleading excuses for him and she mur-

" Poor fellow! his suffering is so

sharp he does not know what he does. Dr. PIERCE'S Golden Medical DISCOVERY

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ONURSING MOTHERS!

DURING LACTATION, WHEN THE STRENGTHOF THE MOTHER SCHETICIENT, THE SECRETION OF MILK SCANTY, OR THE QUALITY POOR YETH'S MALT EXTRACT!

"You are looking very ill, my tion of that solemn quietness seemed to promise something which would margaret was bathing the poor helpless hands. "I am afraid you need a physician."

No, no !" protested Margaret, try ing immediately to infuse more animation into her countenance and more energy into her manner.

"You have not been out to day," continued the invalid, "take a walk

for my sake. In obedience to the request Margaret put on her out-door garments and went listlessly forth—walking anywhere, so that strange faces and fanciful shop windows might lull her for a brief while to forgetfulness.

In the middle of a crossing which she was about to pass, a small crowd was collected—some accident had happened to the driver of a vehicle, and men where about to bear the poor fellow to

a neighboring drug shop. A handsome carriage, stopped by the mishap, was drawn up, and the heads of two ladies were thrust from one of its windows. Margaret perceived a slight opening in the swaying throng, and hurrying across found herself directly in front of the occupants of the car-

riage.
She looked up to meet Mrs. Delmar and her daughter, who were only then returning from the charitable conference of which Margaret had been the ecasion. The face of the elder lady was set in such a cold, hard expression that it appalled Margaret and checked the salutation already upon her lips the younger lady withdrew her head and shrank into a corner of the car riage, for, apt scholar though Louise Delmar was in the lessons of fashionable folly which her mother taugh her, she had not gone sufficiently far to be able to stifle every impulse womanliness in her nature; so she withdrew her head that she might spare herself the pain of seeing Margaret's

surprise and mortification. Margaret, imagining that she labored under some strange delusion, recovered her voice and spoke a few kind words of greeting. Her only re-sponse was that same cold look, during which the gray eyes seemed a dilate in their icy glitter, and then Mrs. Delmar's jeweled hand went up, and the curtain of the carriage window was dropped between the bewildered girl, and the hard stern face.

The crowd was following the in-jured man, and a way was made for The secret wi he costly equipage; it drove on, and poor, mortified Margaret stood looking

fter it like one in a dream. When her whirling mind recovered ts balance her first thought was that Hubert had been arrested, and that the Delmars had refused to recognize her because of her connection with such a criminal, and under the influence of that thought she turned to rush wildly home, but when with flying speed she had gone a block or two, her calmer judgment returned, and suggested the unreasonableness of such a conjecture. Hubert had gone out but a little while pefore herself, and had such a dread event occurred the Delmars would hardly know it so soon. She walked

more slowly and drew a long breath of "What can it be?" she asked herself: not certainly the decision to withdraw from society, which she had announced to them that morning, for she had given it in the very kindest manner—one calculated to win sympathy rather than anger.

She was too much of a novice in the them which appears in a better mould than themselves — that they gladly How lig eize any opportunity to east such an one out of their charmed circle. was due to the patronage of the Delmars that Margaret had been so long cknowledged by the fashionable set, and that patronage was owing to a desire which burned secretly dently, in Mrs. Delmar's own heart-a desire to effect the marriage of her daughter with Hubert Bernot, and she regarded Miss Calvert as a very fitting instrument to aid her in the gratification of her wish.

But Margaret's sudden and unexpected withdrawal had demolished her plans-further, she even feared now that Margaret might influence her cousin against Louise, and to afford herself a malicious satisfaction the fashionable woman vented all her spleen on a poor unoffending girl.

Margaret, little dreaming of such an under current of malice, sought vainly to explain the matter by a charitable course of reasoning with herself. had been keenly hurt : for though she had found little congeniality in the fashionable world, and had gladly withdrawn herself from it, she was still but a woman, with a woman's natural liking for esteem from all, and this open slight had wounded her to

She walked on slowly, revolving in the bitterness of her soul the desolation which seemed to surround her. Even Hubert's coldness rose up to taunt her: but she thrust that thought back-she would not entertain an unkind suspicion of him, the idol of her unhappy heart. But the cry of her soul for re for sympathy, for a kind look, a kind word from some one, would not be quieted, and while she hesitated whether to prolong that dreary walk, or return home, there came suddenly to her mind the thought of the church

she had accidentally entered a few evenings before, and she turned her steps thence-not that she imagined the mere empty form of entering the sacred building would bring her re-lief, not that she thought to return to those duties of religion which she had so neglected, but that she might rest herself in the sacred awe which pervaded the place, for the very recollecambitious soul. His voice trembled so neglected, but that she might rest

The iron gate stood ajar as it had done on the previous occasion, and the church door was open, but there was no service going on. There was only the sanctuary lamp softly aflame, and a few kneeling forms around a confes-

sional Margaret knelt also, and buried her face in her hands, not through devotion, not even to murmur a wildly dis tracted prayer, only to seek in a des perate way for a moment's respite hear the slide as at unequal intervals it moved to admit, or to dismiss a penitent from the curtained recess, and at last she looked up to watch the faces of those who came from the sacred tribu

nal Hard, weather-beaten countenances some of them were, but the lines of sin and care were softened in the peace with which they shone, and Margaret from the very depths of her sick soul envied the poorest one there.

She turned her eyes to the life size picture of the Crucifixion above the altar. The waning daylight seemed to have concentrated all its fading beams on the painting. It stood out the one distinctly visible, thing in the gathering gloom, and as Margaret ooked, it seemed as if the divine eyes were turned upon her in compassion and love.

One person alone remained to be heard, and Margaret, fearing that she too might be considered a penitent, rose to depart. The eyes in the picture haunted her; she turned for another look, and, influenced by some strange, esistless impulse which sprang out of

that second glance, she knelt again. The last penitent was heard, and the priest, lifting his curtain, discerned the outlines of another kneeling form. He dropped it quickly, and Margaret knew that he waited for her. Oh the sharp, sharp struggle of that minuteat once impelled to go, and to flee She looked up at the picture, and the eyes seemed to be piercing her soul. Rising hurriedly, she crossed to the curtained recess, but in the very act f entering, her cousin's image rose before her, pleading with extended hands, and that passionate cry. She would have turned back, but the priest had drawn the slide, and was waiting

The secret which had been kept so long was told at last; the burden that had pressed so sore and heavily was flung down, and when the slide was again drawn, and the curtain lifted there came forth another person than she who had entered-a being who could have cried out in the exuberance of her joy, and whose trembling feet could scarcely steady themselves suffic iently to bear her to the chancel rail, there to pour out her thanksgiving, and her joy to Him whom she had so long forsaken.

Everything had been told in that acred confidence, and the result was, not to be a denouncing of Hubert, not even to be a lessening of the love and care which she had hitheto given him : instead, the confessor had taught her to so direct her love and care that God might be served instead of the creature, alone. And she had received such consolation that, she felt, did the very worst of her fears become a reality she should be supported by an unfailing strength Prayer, to which she had so long been a stranger, ascended from her heart with burning fervor-not for She was too much of a novice in the world's ways to know that the votaries herself now, but for unhappy Hubert, that he too might be inspired to confess han followed her, smiling to himself,

How lightly she flew home, and with what different feelings she entered her aunt's room-not that her fears for could lift her eyes above the ignominy and sorrow and pain of a few short years here, to the peace and bliss and glory of a hereafter. She could storm Heaven with her prayers for Hubert, and at the last, if the law should exact from him his own life for the life he had taken, she could unite her grief with that of the Mother of Sorrows, who had given her only son for the world; and should the blow not kill Madame Bernot, as, she feared it would do, she would minister to her with increased devotion, and thus giving the remainder of her life to sacrifice and prayer, she would offer all up, that Hubert's soul might find favor with its offended God.

These were the thoughts which brought her such peace as she had not known for eighteen long months, and which so transfigured her face as to bring forth from Madame Bernot:

"You seem much better, child; I think your walk did you good. "Much good," answered Margaret, and she busied herself in arranging the invalid's slight evening repast

Hubert, accompanied by Mr. Plowden, had come in directly after Mar garet's return: in a little while she vas summoned to the parlor to meet the guest.

He looked pale and seemed slightly embarrassed as he rose to greet her. "I rejoice to find you so much better," he said, after a little appar-ently painful hesitation on his part,

and then with an abruptness entirely foreign to his usual quiet and grace-ful manner, he told her the purpose for which he had desired to see her. He poured out in impassioned language the tale of a love which had grown day by day till now at maddening heat it would leave him no peace

until he should secure its object. It was impossible not to believe him, and it was cruel not to pity him—this proud, distinguished man of the world

with subdued eagerness, and his eyes looked wild and troubled.

"I have made your cousin my confi-" and I dant," he said, in conclusion, have his sanction, nay, his wish, ex-

pressed even this evening, to speak as have done."
Margaret's heart gave a throb of

pain—it was like a cruel shock for a moment to learn that Hubert could thus cooly dispose of her, despite the promise he had given; but it did not weaked her devotion to him; no shock nowever cruel could do that; her care because of his very guilt and her love for him should not fail—were he not a sin-burdened man her heart would have broken ere if should have betrayed by word or sign that he was the

object of its love. She answered Plowden kindly, even tenderly, but with a frankness which told him at once that his suit was fruitless. She had not even hinted that her heart was pre engaged, but the keen lawyer detected much more than she had told, and he said, when she had concluded:

"I understand you, Miss Calvert and had I known before what I think I know now, I should not have sub jected either of us to this ordeal. "Know now;" she repeated, "

have told you nothing."

Fear, lest she had unconsciously be trayed Hubert, made her tones tremu-

No, you have told me nothing but I understand now, much that be fore this was unintelligible to me," and

he looked gloomily at the floor.

Margaret's face blanched. been all along suspecting Hubert's guilt, and had she unconsciously supplied a clew. She laid her hand or Plowden's arm and said, with piteous

entreaty in her tones:
"You have seemed to be Hubert's most devoted friend; do not let this come between you - be his friend still for sake of the affection you say you

He answered sadly "Do not fear. I shall be the same to him that I have been-for the pres-

ent, farewell He caught her hands and held them so tightly for a moment that they ached from the pressure: then dropping them as suddenly as he had seized them, he hurriedly departed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FATHER PAT.

"I wish't yer riverence 'ud spake to my little boy. Me heart's broke with him, so it is, an' I can't get any good

of him at all. What has he been doing?" "Och, I declare I'm ashamed to tell ye, sir, but he's always at it, an' he doesn't mind me a bit, though I do be tellin' him the earth'll maybe open some day an' swalley him up for his

impidence. "Dear, dear, this is a sad case Where is the little rogue?" And Father Shehan swung himself off his And big bony horse, and passing the bridle over a neighboring post, stood looking

at Widow Brophy in affected perplex-"I'd be loth to throuble yer river ence, but if ye'd step as far as the lane beyant," jerking her thumb over her shoulder, "ye'd see him at it."

She led the way, an odd little squat figure of a woman, the frill of her white cap flapping in the breeze, and her bare feet paddling sturdily and presently they came in sight of the delinquent. A brown-faced, whiteheaded, bare-legged boy, standing perfectly still opposite the green bank Hubert were less, but that her trust in God's providence had returned! She made of two peeled sticks tied together was stuck upright in the moss, in front of which stood a broken jam pot, while a tattered prayer book lay open before him. A large newspaper with a hole in the middle, through which he passed his curly head, mented his ordinary attire; a rope was tied round his waist, and a ragged ribbon hung from his arm. Behind him, squatting devoutly on their heels with little brown paws demurely folded, and lips rapidly moving, were some half dozen smaller urchins, while one, with newspaper decorations some

what similar to young Brophy's, knelt in front. They were all as orderly and as quiet as possible, and Father Shehan was at first somewhat at a loss to discover the cause of Mrs. Brophy's indignation. But presently Pat turned gravely round, extended his arm, and broke the silence with a vigorous Dominus vobiscum!

of his elders at the hill-side chapel.

The mystery was explained now Pat was saying Mass! Father?" whispered Mrs. Brophy in

deeply scandalized tones: then making a sudden dart at her luckless off-spring, she tore off his vestments and flung them to the winds, and with her tucked away in her bosom. ing a sudden dart at her luckless offbony hand well twisted into his ragged collar - the better to administer an occasional shake—she hauled him up for judgement.

the priest. poor lad. I'm not going to scold you. That is a very curious game of yoursare you pretending to be a priest?" 'Aye, yer riverence.'

"Ah, ye young villain," began his "Hush, now hush, my good woman. Tell me, Pat, do you think it is right to make fun of holy things?"

"I wasn't makin' fun, sir," whim-pered Pat, touched to the quick. "I nevertheless. was just thinkin' I raly was a priest,

an' sayin' Mass as well as I could."

Well, well, don't cry, that's a good boy. Maybe you really will be saying Mass some day. Who knows? But you must be a very good boy— and you must not think you are a priest yet. You will have to be ordained, you know, before you can say Mass. Now run off and find some Mass. other game.

Pat grinned gratefully through his tears, wrenched himself from his mother's grasp, and, surrounded by his ragged followers, disappeared over the hedge.

"I wish we could make a priest of him," said Father Shehan as he re-traced his steps, "he is a good lad." "Why, thin, he is, yer riverence, he is," agreed the mother with the delight-

ful inconsistency of her kind. "He is, indeed, very good. An' why wouldn't he be good? Sure I bait him well. Troth ye'd hear him bawlin' at the cross roads many a time. But is it him a priest? Ah, now, that's the way ye do be goin' on; ye like to be makin' fun of us all, yer riverence, so ye do. The likes of him a priest? Well now!"

She burst out laughing very good humoredly for, in spite of her assumption of severity, there was not, as she would have said herself, "a betternatured crathur" anywhere than Mrs.

Brophy.
"Stranger things have come to pass," said Father Shehan. "But I fear there is not much hope in this case. To make him a priest you must give him an education, and to give im an education you must find money. And as neither you nor I know where to look for that, it's a poor look-out.

"Troth it is, yer riverence. God bless ye, ye always say somethin plisant to us any way. Good evenin yer riverence; safe home!"

Long after the priest was out of sight Mrs. Brophy stood at the door with a pleasant smile on her face. Only for the education, which would cost money, only for that her Pat was fit to be a priest. Didn't his reverence say so? It was a great thought. white headed Pat, in spite of the tricks and "mischeevousness" in which he indulged to the full as much as any other lad of his age, even he might one day stand before the altar, his hands clasp the chalice, his voice call down the Redeemer from on high. Tears of rapture filled her eyes at the mere thought of her son being a priest—a priest of God! To the simple faith of this good woman there was no greater height of blessedness or grand-

"Oh, mother, if I could only be a rale priest!" Pat had sighed many a And she had bidden him time. "g'long out o' that an' not dar' say such a thing!" But now it was a dif-

ferent matter. Only for the money Father Shehan had said the thing was possible. Only for the money! Just what she had got out. Ah! if a mother's heart's blood would have done as well.

But one never knows what strange things come to pass in this queer world? Father Shehan had distinctly said that he could not find the funds needful for Pat's education for the priesthood, and yet, through his in-strumentality, the boy was enabled to

follow his vocation. Lo and behold! Father Shehan had a friend who lived in Liverpool, a very rich man, who was also very pious and charitable. Of this good gentleman the worthy priest suddenly bethought himself one day when Mrs. Brophy spoke of the intense wish which her oy still had, and the manner in which he was accustomed to "mother" her respecting it. To the rich Liverpool friend the poor Irish priest accordingly wrote, with the result that the forme agreed to undertake the cost of Pat's education, merely stipulating that the lad was to be brought up at St. Edward's College, and to devote his services when ordained to the Liverpool diocese.

The rapture, the gratitude of both son and mother, cannot be described. The long separation which must ensue, the life of self-denial which lay before the one, the perpetual poverty to which the other was now doomed-for Pat was her only son, and she had formerly looked forward to the days when he would be able to help and work for her -all was accepted not only with resignation, but with joy. Was not Pat to be a priest?

The day after his departure Mrs. Brophy, donning her cloak and big bonnet, with its violet ribbons and neat border, forcing her feet, moreover, into the knitted stockings and stout boots which regard for her bunions caused her to reserve chiefly for "Et cum spir' tu tuo," went the Sundays, Mrs. Brophy, I say, went to urchin at his side in life-like imitation call on Father Shehan and to make a

request.
"She wanted "a bades," a rosary which was to be kept till such time as "Did ye ever see the like o' that, ther?" whispered Mrs. Brophy in would be able to bless it for her.

Father Shehan laughingly produced

"Now, whinever I feel a bit lone-some, I'll be havin' a look at this," she said, nodding confidentially to her r judgement.

"Gently, Mrs. Brophy gently," said and I'll rattle thim an' kiss thim, and say to meself cheer up, Biddy Brophy, yer own little boy'll be blessin' then below. pastor. "I'll take out me holy bades, for ye some day, with the help of

God. "Well done, Biddy! I hope you won't be often lonesome," said the mother, but Father Shehan checked priest with a smile in which there was good deal of compassion, for there were tears on her tanned cheeks though she spoke gaily. It was to God that this good, brave little woman had given her all-but it was her all

"Isn't it well for me?" said Biddy.