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before. " Margaret," she said fondly The girl caught the old lady's hands. and rested her head on the invalid's

REV. GEORGE R. NORTHGRAVES, Windsor, Ontario, Canada, lap. ETH'S MALL EXTRACT

"I am so tired, aunt," she said. A MOTHER'S SACRIFICE: "Then why have you come to me instead of retiring, my dear child?" responded Madame Bernot, who did not By Christine Faber, Authoress of "Carroll know that the return from the ball was earlier than had been intended.

OR, WHO WAS GUILTY?

O'Donoghue."

CHAPTER VIII.

When Hannah Moore had returned

to her fellow-servants, Margaret, cling-

dare to accept that love. But no! I shall have none of it; I shall go down

And, precipitating himself inside, he closed and locked the door against

'Your promise, Hubert, your prom

But he was deaf even to her frantic

knock and after a moment, during which he seemed to have crossed to the

bed and thrown himself on it, not a

They were talking in suppressed tones as they ascended the stair, and

she hastened to her own apartment lest they should discover her standing

at Hubert's door.
But when they had passed, and their

respective doors were closed, she came forth again to listen at Hubert's room.

victim of his own rash hand.

she waited, listening in agony, for the

slightest sound that might betray what

ne was doing.

Hannah Moore, who had remained

pelow to attend to some little prelimin-

ary of the next day's duties, was

now ascending, and Margaret at the

first sound of the slightly creaking

step, again ran to her room and waited

till it had passed.
But Hannah Moore, her mind already

whetted by a secret knowledge of

omething connected with Miss Cal-

ert's suffering, had heard the rustle of

he garments and the light tread of the

lying feet as they dashed to the room

bove Hubert's, and, instead of retir-

ing, the sympathetic woman left her

loor ajar and listened for further

In a few moments the white, rustling

orm was abroad again and down at

her cousin's door, and the cook, lean-

ing softly over the baluster, watched

with bated breath for a realization of

Poor, distracted Margaret! she

could only stand wedged against the

door as if she had been some marble

statue set in its arched way, but feel-

ing within her all the fire of a madly burning fever. Not a sound came

covered her own face and murmured,

God help you in your agony this

ou. God comfort you!"
And then, as if unable to bear

evident suffering, she turned back to

Alas! for Margaret Calvert; there

was no help for her on all earth, and

heaven she herself had shut against

here was but one to whom she might

have told that wretched tale; if there

was but one on whose faithful breast she might have sobbed out the grief

that was killing her. Under the influ-

ence of a wild feeling that impelled

her to seek companionship somewhere

without pausing to think even of the

propriety of changing her dress, she descended to her aunt's room.

that Madame Bernot slept, and Mar

garet, going gently forward, dropped

upon which the sick woman's eyes

rested when she woke from her light

slumber was that white-draped, slen-

amid which yet gleamed the pearls

that had been placed there a few hours

der form, with its wealth of curls

The attendant motioned to signify

black despair loomed before her.

Turn where she would, only

inaudibly:

her room.

sounds from Margaret's room.

her own shrewd conjectures.

her piteous cry of:

ound was heard.

ng to their rooms.

more I can bear anything for you.

ascended heavily to his room.

Because I am so tired of it all, said Margaret, nestling closer to the invalid's lap, "and because you must release me from my promise to go into society any more. My place is here with you, with suffering and sorrow."
"Margaret!" said Madame Bernot

I am strong again, Hubert ; once in tones of sorrowful surprise, and Margaret lifted her head and met the He did not answer, but suffering her to cling in that wild way to him, glance of the pitying eyes above her, you talk strangely for one of your years, and my heart misgives me that reached and unlocked it he turned suddenly and withdrew himself almost fiercely from her hold.

"Despise me, Margaret, hate me there is something the matter with

A shudder convulsed the girl's form for a second.

"Long ago, when that deep, black woe came to me, when God's hand was laid heavily on me in affliction, I fancied, by my total severance from the world and its doings, to appease God's future wrath and to satisfy Him be loved by innocence, and should dare to accept that love. But no! I for the crime that had been committed; but I fear in doing so I have forgotten to my doom without dragging you other duties-my duty to you. promised to be a mother to you, but I have not fulfilled my pledge.

"You have more than done so." in terposed Margaret, pressing burning s on the hands she held

"Nay, my dear girl, for I have neglected to teach you to give me your confidence " Alas ! I have no confidence that !

When she had listened for some can give," wailed Margaret. ime, she heard the domestics repair The invalid's tones

and more earnest. "I had forgotten, Margaret, that you were young and had youthful as pirations; that you, also, must meet that which comes sometime into every woman's life-love; is it that, my dar ing? In the society into which you have lately gone has any one wor your young heart? Tell me? member I hold your dead mother's

The wildest fears possessed her, and horrible images presented themselves place. before her. At one moment she was "No, no, no !" passionately protest picturing the mysterious agent of "Roquelare" obtaining an entrance ed Margaret. "I have met no one I have nothing of the kind to tell. I am free—oh, how free!"

to the house, and dragging off Hubert in manacles the clank of which she She said the last words bitterly, and seemed to hear distinctly; at another she saw her cousin a bloody corpse, the buried her face again in her aunt

Not the shadow of a suspicion of the truth dawned upon the invalid's mind. She deemed the regard which Hubert such as an intimate brother and sister might have; and, though still quite satisfied, because of the tone in which her niece had last spoken, she forbore to press further, only said :

Well, my dear girl, we will no talk of this any longer at present; and now you had better retire, as, Hubert suppose, has done already.

Margaret left the ottoman and knelt beside the invalid's chair :

" Promise me, aunt, that you will seek no more to make me go into soci There is nothing there to satisfy my heart.'

Madame Bernot's eyes were on the acred picture opposite.

"Since you wish it so much, -no and now, my dear girl, leave me; I shall receive Communion in the mornand have my meditation to make

And Margaret went forth slowly, painfully, listening long at Hubert's door, but there was only the same dread silence. Arrived in her room, she flung off, with feverish impatience, the costume which had excited the from the apartment, and, at last, when envy of more than one belle, and don-

became the tramp of officers of the law who were escorting him to the scaffold It worked itself into the panorama, night; it's not sick you are but sore with the secret that's laying heavy on until it became the tread of a gaping crowd who surged about him on his way to the place of execution. It worked itself into the panorama, till it became the creaking of the very steps of the gallows which he was ascendonger the sight of the young creature's

> Till the gray, cold dawn peeped into his room he lay, trying to force him-self to meet this inevitable doom-to meet it even before it should clutch

him in its iron grasp.

But the thought of the dishonor is would bring upon his name, and the blow it would give to his mother, rendered him powerless as a child to give himself up. He thought of flight—of secretly burying himself in some distant corner of the earth-but he knew only too well that God's justice would find him out even there, for his was a secret which earth would not keep He would have flung down his wretched life gladly, but he could not meet the dishonor which such a sacrinoiselessly on an ottoman just in front of the invalid's chair, so the first object

fice would entail. A demon whispered self-destruction one swift, sure blow which would engender a painless end, but the threats of his religion rose up and drowned the

When at last slumber visited these two suffering souls, it was but to continue the torture of the past waking

On the bright morning which succeeded that miserable night the sun shone into Margaret's room, streaming athwart her face, and waking her up to wonder what it was that lay so heavily upon her heart. She remembered in an instant, and she hastened to make her toilet that she might descend to allay her anxiety about Hubert.

"Who is there?" he asked in response to her knock, and her heart lutely necessary for me.

gave a little throb of relief, she had so feared the worst.
"It is I-Margaret."

"Very well," he replied, "I shall be down to breakfast and see you

then. She turned away to her aunt's room, and finding there the clergyman who visited Madam Bernot at regular in-

tervals, withdrew softly till he should

Knowing that he would soon leave, she waited in the hall, thinking sadly as she leaned her burning forehead against the cold wall, if she could but pour out her heart in such a confidence as her aunt monthly made—if she but dared to pour her tale into his priestly ear, now that her anguish was

greater than it had been. He came out suddenly, almost brushing against her. He was an old man, with thick silvery hair, and a face worn with the cares of his sacred calling, but whose expression reflected the patience and charity with which he strove to do his Master's will.

A fierce, overmastering impulse seized the sorrowing girl-an impulse to ask him to hear her confession, and the impulse grew stronger when the kindly old man saluted her pleasantly as he passed to the hall-door.

She sped after him, and a trembling "Father" had already issued from her lips when a sound on the stairs caused her to look back. Hubert was descending, and in full

view of the clergyman and herself The words stopped short upon her lips. "Did you wish to speak to me, my child?" said the priest.

"No," she gasped; and she hurried

The clergyman looked at her with an expression half of pity, half of sur-

prise.
"Should you want to see me, you know where to find me," he said, in a whisper; and, with a kindly, good morning, he went his way.

She turned back to the tottering

form still descending the stairs. The night's vigil had told more painfully on the wretched young man than on her, for, while she bore only heavy eyes and a weary look, his face was drawn into an expression of suffering that made him look twenty years older, han his age. He clutched the baluster for support, and looked like a man that

was groping in the dark. "You are too ill to have left your Margaret said, when reached his side.

He put out his hand and caught he shoulder, leaning upon it almost to neavily for her slender strength.

"My staff," he whispered, "I can use you for just this once, for in a little time a great, great gulf will be be tween us. Oh, Margaret! Margaret! -again that cry, though in subdued tones, for they were nearing the din-

ing room. While Margaret sought, in a troubled way, for words with which to reply to him, he had calmed himself and was stern and cold. She watched him closely during the whole of that nearly but saw only in that tasteless meal white haggard face the expression of one whom no persuasion, no force could move from a stolid agonized waiting for his doom.

"Are you going out to-day?" she asked, when he rose from the table and was about to leave the room.

"Perhaps," he replied; "I know not vet.' She repaired to his side, and, when

they had reached the hall, closed the dining-room door behind her, that no ears might hear, while she whispered:
"If remarks should be passed about what will you say?"

"Oh, a kind of nervousness to which you are sometimes subject," he anwered, coldly.

He was breaking from her grasp. "A moment more, Hubert. You will be careful not to betray yourself?"

He answered, bitterly:
"I am too much of a coward to be tray myself." And, wrenching him-self from her grasp, he went up to his mother's room. He always studied to conceal from the poor invalid everyhis suffering, but this morning she was too absorbed in her meditation on the pious work in which she had been engaged, to do more than smile and

Two or three hours later brough Louise Delmar and her fashionable mother with lavish inquiries and sympathetic expressions from which Margaret shrank as much as she did from her own torturing thoughts, but she forced the semblance of a smile to her lips while she carelessly answered them.
"And are you sure, my dear girl,

that you are quite well now?" asked
Mrs. Delmar, rising at last to depart.
"Quite well," Margaret replied
though her face contradicted her

tongue.
"You gave us such a fright last night," said Miss Delmar glancing complacently at her reflection in the mirror, "we conjectured all sorts of terrible things about you, but now that you assure us it was only nervousness, we shall feel quite relieved. Of course you will be sufficiently recovered to attend our coterie next week.'

"Sufficiently recovered, but I shall be unable to attend, nevertheless," replied Margaret ; which reply brought a volley of protestations and eager demands to know the reason of such a determination, from both mother and

daughter.
"I have no reason save that my nervousness will be better treated by remaining awhile from society," was the response; "so pardon me, my friends if I absent myself even from you, for quiet and solitude are abso-

She had not intended to say so much, but the words forced themselves out of her full heart.

Miss Delmar was shocked. The idea of shutting one's self away from society, which, in her puerile imagination, was the sole thing that made life en durable, seemed to her absurd, while Mrs. Delmar, with an assumption of matronliness which was incapable of feeling, endeavored to shake Miss Calvert's determination. But the girl was very firm in her quiet way, nor could all the artful and insinuating questions, which the fashionable dame asked, elicit more from Margaret than she had already told. So, vexed with her own failure, and Miss Calvert's provoking reticence she desisted at last, saying very coldly as she ex-tended her hand in adicu:

"Has your cousin also formed this determination?"

Margaret looked unshrinkingly into the keen gray eyes bent on her, as she "As he does not suffer from my illness

the same remedy is not necessary for him; further than that he has said nothing to me about it."

Mrs. Delmar sought to learn no more, and her daughter with such a caress as she might have bestowed on

her spaniel, said pityingly:
"I am sorry for you, Maggie,—
obliged to immure yourself in this dull house ; but may not I invade your soli-

tude some time?' Miss Calvert muttered a reluctant assent, and the ladies swept out to their carriage. A little later and the fash ionable circle in which the Delmars moved had a fresh supply of gossip, for driving directly to the most fash ionable of their friends, Miss Calvert and her strange determination were discussed with all the ardor of scandalloving dispositions. The sage dames of the world formed many conjectures, and offered many opinions of Miss Calvert's character. As much of her life as was known to them was discussed her connection with the srtange murder of eighteen months before revived and the stream of scandal flowed once more.

"She knew the murdered man, said one; "the papers said that she admitted she did."

"Yes," said another, accompanying her reply with a shrewd shake of the head, "and who can tell what she knew and how she knew it-I am afraid "-with a still more knowing shake, - " that we have been guilty of an imprudence in admitting her to our society

"That is true," responded a third gentle voice, "and if you remember, disclaimed against her from the first There was something about her one could never approach.

Everybody agreed with the last speaker; and then commenced without even the semblance of an effort to spare her, the destruction of Margaret Calvert's character. They did not ac cuse her of complicity in the murder, they did not even allege against her a knowledge of the perpetrator of the deed, for these "fine ladies" shrank from so coarse and revolting a thing as a bloody crime, but they gave utter ance to other and as foul suspicion

about the unhappy creature. But while they sullied remorselessly her fair fame they were equally care ful to uphold the character of her cousin-for, was not he immensely wealthy, and did not the heart of many a matron having eligible daughters glow with the hope that in the future the elegant Hubert Bernot might assume a near and dear relation to herself? But Margaret, simply a cousin-a dependant, as it were, of the ne on my strange conduct last night, Bernots-and having already by her beauty and the preference with which the distinguished Mr. Plowden treated her, excited the envy of those less fair and fortunate than herself, she was a good mark at which to fire their poisontipped arrows. They even went so far as to pity the Bernots for having in their house one whose character must certainly be unknown to them, and to censure Plowden for his blind devotion

to one so unworthy.

No one imagined that there existed between the cousins more than a cousinly affection : for it was known that he Bernots were strict Catholics, and, further, angling mammas did not wish o believe Hubert so far removed from all their baits.

Mrs. Delmar had taken a very warm part in the conference, and when at last the exciting topic had well nigh worn itself out, she drew her daughter to her, with:

"We must blame Louise here for having Miss Calvert made so much of. Poor child; her heart is such a generous one it goes out freely to everybody. I hope, my darling, that your acquaintance with her has not injured

your reputation.
"I think not, mamma," and Miss Delmar glanced complacently at her ieweled fingers.

"And now ladies," concluded the fashionable matron," since Miss Cal-vert has voluntarily withdrawn from our circle, I propose that we refuse to accept her when she chooses to return; in short, that in any accidental meet ing or intercourse with her, we show by our manner that she is no longer worthy of our favor-my daughter and I shall do so on every occasion.

The proposition was unanimously adopted, the proposition which would inflict upon her, the guiltless one, the full rigor of their jealousy, their envy, their wrath, while he whose heart was black with the guilt of a secret crime, was to continue to be received by the fashionable world with open arms and flattering tongue.

TO BE CONTINUED.

As long as we live in this world we cannot without tribulation and temptation.—Imi-

THE LITTLE RED EMBLEM.

Boston Pilot.

The "Little Red School House" is being used for all it is worth financially, by the newly-made "patriotic" As an emblem it sells readily for about seven times the cost of making it; but it is especially as a Savings Bank that it is put upon the market by thrifty "patriots who are bound to save the country if they can get some salvage money out of the job. And yet the Little Red Savings Bank is not an American idea. It came, like Orangeism and Apaism, from dear Mother England. the fruitful parent of latter-day American "patriots." As long ago as 1780, when the mad Scotch fanatic, Lord George Gordon led 60,000 bloodthirsty ruffians in the great no-Popery riots in which four hundred and fifty people were killed, one of the emblems of the bigots was a Little Red Brick House, used as a Savings Bank precisely as it is used to day by their descendants. Dickens refers more than once to the emblem in his stirring novel of Barnaby Rudge. Mrs. Varden, the pious, lazy, ill-tempered foolish wife of honest Gabriel, kept a Little Red Savings Bank, and :-

She held that, in such stirring and tremendous times as those in which they lived, it would be much more to the purpose if Dolly became a regular subscriber to the Thunderer, where she would have an opportunity of reading Lord George Gordon's speeches word for word, which would be a greater comfort and solace to her than a hundred and fifty Blue Beards ever could impart. She appealed in support of this proposition to Miss Miggs, than in waiting, who said that indeed the peace of mind she had derived from the perusal of that paper generally, but especially of one article of the very last weeks as ever was, entitled "Great Britain drenched in gore," exceeded all belief; the same composition, she added, had also wrought such a comforting effect on the mind of a married sister of hers, then residing at Golden Lion Court, number twenty-siven, second bell-handle on the right-hand door post, that, being in a delicate state of health, and in fact expecting an addition to her family, she had been seized with fits directly after its perusal, and had raved of the Inquisition ever since ; to the great improvement of her husband and friends Miss Miggs went on to say that she would recommend all those whose hearts were hardened to hear Lord George themselves, whom she com mended first, in respect of Protestantism, then of his oratory, then of his eyes, then of his nose, then of his legs, and lastly of his figure generally, which she looked upon as fit for any statue, prince or angel, to which sentiment Mrs. Varden fully sub-

Mrs. Varden having cut in, looked at a box upon the mantel shelf painted

in imitation of A VERY RED BRICK DWELLING HOUSE. with a yellow roof; having at top a real chimney, down which voluntary subscribers dropped their silver, gold or pence into the parlor; and on the door the counterfeit presentment of a brass plate, whereon was legibly in-scribed "Protestant Association;" and looking at it, said that it was to her a source of poignant misery to think that Varden never had, of all his substance, dropped anything into that temple, save once in secret — which she after-wards discovered — two fragments of tobacco-pipe, which she hoped would not be put down to his last account. That Dolly, she was grieved to say, was no less backward in her contributions, better loving, as it seemed, to purchase ribbons and such gauds, than to encourage the great cause, then in such heavy tribulation: and that she did entreat her (her father she much feared could not be moved) not to despise, but imitate, the bright example of Miss Miggs, who flung her wages, as it were, into the very countenance of the Pope, and bruised his

features with her quarter's money. "Oh, mim," said Miggs, "don't relude to that. I had no intentions, mim, that nobody should know. Such sacrifices as I can make, are quite widder's mite. It's all I have," cried Miggs with a great burst of tears-for with her they never came on by degrees — "but it's made up to me in other ways; it's well made up.'

This was quite true, though not perhaps in the sense that Miggs intended As she never failed to keep her selfdenial full in Mrs. Varden's view, it drew forth so many gifts of caps and gowns and other articles of dress, that upon the whole the red-brick house, was perhaps the best investment for her small capital she could possibly have hit upon: returning her interest, at the rate of 7 or 8 per cent., in money, and fifty at least in personal repute and credit.

"You needn't cry, Miggs," said Mrs. Varden, herself in tears; "you needn't be ashamed of it, though your poor mistress is on the same side

Miggs howled at this remark, in a peculiarly dismal way, and said she knowed that master hated her. it was a dreadful thing to live in families and have dislikes, and not give satisfactions. That to make divisions was a thing she could not bear to think of, neither could her feelings let her do it. That if it was master's wishes as she and him should part, it was best they should part, and she hoped he might be the happier for it, and always wishes him well, and that he would find somebody as would meet his dispositions. It would be a hard trial, she said, to part from such a missis, but she could meet any suffering when her conscience told her she was in the rights, and therefore

FOR NERVOUS EXHAUST LOPANO ASAVALUABLE TONIC.