HTY-Estab 856; incorpore 840. Meets in 2 St. Alexan-metay of the meets last Wed-lev. Director, .P.; President, st. Vice-President, st Vice-Presi-; 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack;

XY 8, 1907.

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rthur Content, al, give notice the legislature t session, for authorizing me of the Associa-the Province of ng the said Ase amongst its cause my name e secretary and arrears pay-

12, 1906.



Sweet "Saint" Valerie.



She was walking on the levee with down to New Orleans, whither he a rapt expression on her face. There had gone for a visit, with the hope was a small basket on her arm, of monopolizing her at this New which would have shown the initiated that she was returning from an towards the door, he said:

errand of mercy. for her thoughts were occupied with part of the day here, according to things far away from that autumn all accounts." There was a spiritual afternoon. beauty in her deep eyes, which was pleasantly: suggestive of some cloistered nun praying in a dim old chapel beyond the sea. Her black dress and ness with M. de Hamers and forgot the black veil she wore gave still the time."

ral vocation

as pretty plain sailing Valerie's ques- omnipresent pie?" tion never comes. They can say on the leaves of an imaginary daisy, object of his remarks had appeared decide the matter on the evidence of only pray them all into comfort and of Marechal. peace of mind-if long fast and weary vigils would preserve the old plantaoil commercial wheels!

Orange flowers and bridal veil and held out her hand. seemed to be a more reliable medium, while Northern capital was ing to Valerie: ready to flow in healing streams at the sound of the wedding march.

strain in very good women. St. may pay me back some day. That
Theresa, fairest and most spiritual of will please him and hurt nobody. 1 talent for organization, and Valerie possessed a clear comprehension of will live here, and things will not love for the benefit of those she too familiar paths of business father, with the traditions of a different civilization about him, rose in me unless you can love me a little in her mind. She saw him sitting My people were good and honest and in the stately library he might be homely, but we are not as you are. called upon to leave—her brothers Perhaps I love you so because compelled to give up their education and seek uncongenial, ill-paid work -her sister no longer the little lady of the manor but a household for all this, and I would not take drudge.

She set her sweet lips at the bare suggestion. For herself she might be miserable." face the unknown future rather than a loveless marriage-but for them! The lamps were lighted before she reached home, and she stole around to the side to see if her father was in the library. She saw him sitting by the table-his gray head buried in his hands. The sight struck her

back gladness to the gentle face. "Oh, dear God!" she murmured, "if this be sin, forgive me!"

cially brilliant that year.

Several people remarked that ras a weary look on Valerie's love- speech: ly face, and that the lilies of the valley at her heart were visibly She had glanced towards the principal entrance several times rather nervously.

One short week ago she had men tally made her choice. Fo-night she was to ratify that decision, to give her delicate hand, blue-veined with the blood of old nobility, into the clasp of Mammon. She was not a woman to do anything by halves, and the qualities which had earned her the title of Sweet Saint Va erie were alive and awake to fol-

ow her into a new career.

Marechal Beaumanoir, who was one of her neighbors at home, approached Valerie. He was a tho-

"By the way, does our friend, the She was quite unconscious of the New Hampshire millionaire, return admiring glances that followed her, this evening? He spent the greater

Valerie blushed hotly, but said

"He did stay for several hours, but I believe he began to talk busi-

greater force to this idea.

They called her "Sweet Saint chal. "Why will men of that class Valerie" for miles around the plan- attempt to go into society? They To minister to others in cannot lay the ghost of their trade sickness or in sorrow was her natu- for half an hour. This specimen is more presentable outwardly than the Now she held the threads of many majority of his kind, but his early lives in her hand, and she was try- associations are always apparent. ing to understand what to do with Can't you picture him doing chores on the mountain farm and regaling To maidens who can regard love himself in the dawning with the

"I love him, or I love him not," and Hymar Guinn was certainly presentable, but he lacked all the graces their own hearts. To her the ques- which distinguished Marechal. Guinn tion of marriage at present meant was not very tall, but sturdily built. the welfare of all her immediate fa- and he carried his weight with a mily, and financial complications certain dignity. His eyes were blue without number. On the reverse gray, his hair and moustache very side of the situation was her own blonde, forming a striking contrast self-sacrifice. Oh, if she could to the dark and nonchalant beauty blonde, forming a striking contrast

For a moment Valerie compared them bitterly-the man she might tion! If sackcloth and scourgings have chosen and the man she was tion! If sackcloth and scourgings would but pay off mortgages and smile of welcome for the stranger,

"Oh, yes, we will pay off the mortgage on the plantation, and There is generally a practical your father can imagine that he Catholic visionaries, had a strong will have to be in New Orleans most of the time, as you know, so we all the worldly details about her. comfortable for all. But, Valerie' Was it sin to wed a man she did -his voice softened as he left the did? Her handsome, unpractical old the unfrequented highroad of court-My people were good and honest and are a princess to me, a beautiful, dainty thing I can worship always. Yet I am proud, my dear you with an unloving heart. If you do not care for me, we should both

Valerie hesitated, and sudden!v, as the clock struck twelve, the belis rang out a wild peal. The words "In memoriam" floated into the girl's consciousness:

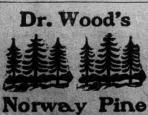
The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, let him die,

They were chiming out her youth power to raise that head, to bring her hope, her maidenhood as well. They were chiming out the unstained truth by which, up to this time,

she had guided her actions.
"Can you love me, Valerie," he The New Year's ball in New Or- said, "love me well enough to mareans at Mme. de Hamers' was espe- ry me, and well enough to be hap-

there py ?"

Ring out the old, ring in the .ew. In the midst of her contending emotions she felt glad that he was



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exchange and barter. It would - be well to respect him at last.

Ring out the false, ring in the true.

The notes turned her. "Ring in the false, ring out the true!" they seemed to say

He looked at her as she sat with her hands clasped in her lap. "But my answer, Valerie."

If it must be done, let it be done completely. She would keep the blame and hypocrisy to herself. She would spare the weak old man, who had given her love, from the temptation of accepting the sale. knowing it to be such. In darkness of the days to be she would console herself by feeling that they would both have refused to accept such a sacrifice. They must not dream it was a sacrifice.

At last she raised her eyes and said very steadily:

"I do care for you, and I feel that I shall be very happy."

And for a time, in spite of his common sense, he believed her.

Mr. Guinn had a vigorous understanding, however, and after fifteen months of married life he had struck the plumb line into Valerie's consciousness. He read between lines of her graceful and patient life, and could not but feel a business man's respect for the completeness with which she had kept her word. to comfort him.

"Poor girl," he thought. "She has taken up her notes as they became due. It would be no good to let her see that I know she is paying them in counterfeit money."

He felt great sympathy for her,

and treated her with a chivalry which men of gentler rearing might have copied. He would not married her had he known that she tive been a personally mercenary one he would not have forgiven her ufterward. Now he simply did what New Hampshire. His wife, he could to make it easier for her. was socially at a loss what to do, garded her as one of themselves.

he simply did nothing. earlier manhood for such things; the simply. conditions surrounding him had not called for them.

ledge; she would so disguise tuition part that he should have no easily satisfied and deceived. He was said, "he wants to see you." so content with her semblance of devotion, so good and so reasonable. ter?" he asked, with a slight ac-She had rather feared that he was cent on the positive pronoun. of the demonstratively affectionate in our father, Hymar. Surely what kind, but she was surprised by finding yours is mine." Her face was

the practical man beside her. "So she wants to cultivate me," he said to himself. "It is beginning

to be hard to be mated with what she calls ignorance." Aloud he said, with a faint scorn she did not catch, "Why, certainly, my dear child. I A Burning Sensation. 6 shall be delighted."

She read for half an hour, glanc ing furtively at the pretty French clock. Then she remarked with a naivette quite charming:

"Do you think you can remember that much, Hymar?"

He sat up on the sofa, and for second the keen light eyes shot out a glance that startled her.

"I have to keep in my mind all the fluctuations of a complex market," he said. "I must daily remember more details than all your authors no ways lovin'." more details than all your authors put together would write up in a old man, "that perhaps his money's That stages."

After that she read every night, but gradually it was he that directknew outside the printed page, and assimilated it. She was filled with ther, but a fashionable lady, with burning of the train she had fired airs." herself.

In January the first break came in ence. Hymar brought home a telegram. His father was very ill in the old New Hampshire farmhouse. and might not live to see his son. "I start within the hour," said Hymar.

"I will be ready," she answered. This sorrow and sickness came like an echo from that maiden past, when people had called her "Sweet Saint Valerie.'

"What do you mean?" he asked. White Mountains in January?

For a moment the old life came to him—the loving, rustic people of virtuous woman acting a part. He his youth; his plain, unlettered applied himself more eagerly to the home. He thought of his father, evening readings, and soon showed lying perhaps at the point of death, Valerie what a heavy-weight masand his mother, with an apron over her head, weeping in a corner. His time. stalwart brothers and siters—he Perhaps he had discovered a dancould see them, too, bowed with the gerous solace for the pain at his The thr dignity of a greater grief. And heart in the use of his mind.

mantle of New England snow. For a moment his heart turned short visit. from the delicate lady he had wed- Marechal Beaumanoir had always ble an artificial love had no power

She said no more, but made her piteously:

"I am your wife. I have a right home to her. to be with you and your people in trouble. I am such a good nurse. agreed with her," he said basely;

Let me do my duty, Hymar." All through the journey these words came back to him. Poor Saint

must let her do her duty. dainty Southern princess, came into They spent most of their time in his stricken household like an angel boat." New Orleans, and Valerie's family of light. She nursed the old man, "First," said Hymar, "I must widence had brought him without whom they found hovering between Mr. Guinn never obtruded his life and death; she encouraged his plebeian ways upon others. When he mother, and soon the family re-

A week passed by. His father ral-His earliest education had been of lied; the doctor gave them hope, "It the plainest kind; literature and art and the patient looked with strange

alled for them.

One evening in the second winter considerable faculty and no airs. We friendship and esteem were the best would be before we married Hymar ler than usual. Valerie had been put on toler ble style, and that Hyrevolving a project in her mind all his nat'ral ways. 'Pears like youth was a most undesirable dream. 'Dong of his wife, had given up day. She would educate him in the all his nat'ral ways. 'Pears like youth was a most undesirable dream. 'Dong of his wife, had given up youth was a most undesirable dream.' She puzzled long even the day. She would educate him in the all his nat'ral ways. 'Pears like higher branches without his know- Hymar's got on more style than the what she has."

On the tenth day Hymar sat alone

ng that he showed his Northern very beautiful as she spoke, but her manner and reticence of speech.

On the evening before alluded to she dressed herself with particular father's period of convalescence he care. Her gown was tinted with saw his whole family cluster around ashen pink, and gave a sort of floather in a familiar love and admira-



He's perlite, but he don't seem in gencies, forgetting herself to

gone the wrong way with Hymarthat p'raps, now he's so high up in such was her punishment. the world, he wishes he'd hev mared the subjects and regulated the ried different—not a pretty, hardtime. He drew out from what she working girl like Valerie, one of could. She went in the direction of our sort, calling us father and mo-

unwilling to make his marriage mere a kind of dim wonder at the swift fine clothes and high and mighty will kill yourself, Valerie. It Her husband thought of her as he had seen her at a ball only a month

the even tenor of their daily exist- ago, resplendent in diamonds and rose-colored velvet. He heard his mother repeat once

more, like the sad refrain of an old "No, Hymar don't love her like she

loves him," and he felt more desolate than ever before in his life. Mr. Guinn passed the spring sadly. He was prosperous in all things, and his lovely wife came back with him

from New Hampshire benefited in-"Surely you do not mean to go into stead of blighted by the cold. In good truth he was growing weary of I—I—do not think, for other rea-sons, you would care to go." the perpetual deception that sur-rounded him. It was dreary, he thought, to watch a beautiful culine intellect could do in a short

went to the old plantation for a towards the house. Valerie never

ded, and her eyes had no appeal for taken the exchange and barter view him. Her heart sunk suddenly. Had of Valerie's marriage, and had tried lerie, weeping and distracted, with she failed? In the hour of his trou-ble an artificial love had no power console her. When she returned from torn to shreds, was a new Valerie to New Hampshire her buoyant spirits had distinctly depressed him. preparations to accompany him. He had hoped that a nearer view of the is allowed to be as hysterical as made another protest, but she cried family into which she had narried she pleases when she finds her conwould bring the whole hideous thing sort saved from sudden death.

but, to do him justice, he felt asham- found the clue. Just as he knew ed of the speech afterward.

brought him no love. Had her mo- Valerie! Yes, in mercy to her, he some time," said the father, stand- an emotion swamping all personalimust let her do her duty.

A great surprise awaited him in Hymar Guinn. "If you are deter abject state." the mined to return to New Orleans to- So he comforted her, feeling again night, you had better go down by like the lover of that distant New

ride over and see Mr. Beaumanoir much question as yet.

he wants to consult me on tusiness." Valerie watched him as he drove away, and her father, gazing at her, said:

New York watched him as he drove away, and her father, gazing at her, said:

he concluded never to question. The love had come as a reward for her unflinching self-sacrifice. He would

the plainest kind; literature and art and the patient looked with strange were sealed books for him. He had understanding at this new daughterstand and love that man. I used those years for him. no time in the stirring days of his in-law. They all took her quite to wonder at your devotion once, "Hymar done well," said his elder brother, emphatically. "She has the said to him, as she said to him, as

vasse from Miss Valerie," her father suspicion. She thought to herself in the dining-room. Valerie entered gratefully that men of his kind were noiselessly. "Father is better," she set out from the eastern end of the thought to herself in the dining-room. Said to the servants next day, as he love then as you do now? set out from the eastern end of the plantation. "I hope that Mr. Guinn let us be thankful that you have kept "Did you say my father was bet- has escaped it entirely by remaining has escaped it entirely by remaining at the Beaumanoir—that there is great danger."

Two hours later she learned it.

Two hours later she learned it. Her father had gone to see if would hear any news of this husband whom she had told herself a thou-sand times she did not love. All at once, with a wild and sudden anhim was a blank. At the idea that she might have seen him for the last

ashen pink, and gave a sort of floating, cloud-like effect to her figure. At 8 o'clock she broached the subject to him.

She was doing all this, he said bitterly to himself, as a Sister of Charity might have done. Once he overheard his father talking to his mother in the high, querulous voice of old age:

Thave just received some new books on American literature, Hymar. I ordered them for papa, you know. I remember you once said you always go to sleep when you read a novel, but I thought perhaps you might lie comfortably on the sofa and literature when you wight lie comfortably on the sofa and literature when you wight lie comfortably on the sofa and literature when you wight lie comfortably on the sofa and literature when you wight lie comfortably on the sofa and literature when you will better a anybody d suppose; but she sofa and literature when you will be the your done. Once he overheard his father talking to his mother in the high, querulous voice of old age:

"I have just received some new books on American literature, Hymar. I ordered them for papa, you read a novel, but I thought perhaps you might lie comfortably on the sofa and literature, Hymar in he do you have you will be the your done on the years. He had been all her courage and self-control deserted her.

"T have just received some new books on American literature, Hymar. I ordered them for papa, you will be the your more talking to his mother in the high, querulous voice of old age:

"T have just received some new books on American literature, Hymar. I ordered them for papa, you will be the your more talking to his mother in the high, querulous voice of old age:

"T have just received some new books on American literature, Hymar and self-control deserted her.

A mingling of remorse and deserted her.

A mingling of remorse and deserted her.

A mingling of remorse and deserted her.

I have just received him. A mingling of remorse and deserted her.

I have just received her.

I have just received her.

I have just received her.

I have just receiv

others. Now she thought only

That he might have escaped she did not dare hope. He was dead;

She rushed out in the storm, and they followed her as best they

the Beaumanoir plantation. Her sister pleaded in vain: "You quite in vain; papa will bring us news.

"What can you know, Marion! You have no husband. Let me belet me be! I will find him."

Valerie's father had the satisfaction of discovering Mr. Guinn safe at Beaumanoir plantation. He explained that he feared his son-in-law might have gone on and been caught in the water flood further down.

"I let Valerie know nothing of it," said her father. "She have been quite beside herself, She

has such an affectionate heart."

"Valerie is very self-contained," replied her husband; "she is always cool."

He thought bitterly that the creasse might have done his lovely wife a good turn by sweeping him away. He could picture her in her decorous and becoming widow's weeds.

"Yes," he said again, sighing, "I have never seen her lose her self-

The three men stepped out upon the veranda, just as a breathless and without, far and near, the solemn It was during the spring that they disheveled woman made her way knew afterwards what she said or what she did, except that she found herself in her husband's arms. Vahim. Marechal and his father, took He it as a matter of course. Any wife

> It was with blank astonishment however, that Hymar beheld her first; then in her broken sentences he before that she wid not love him, "There has been high water for so he knew now that she did. Only

\*As the days and weeks went by "It is well, my daughter, that you mot trouble her by letting her guess were led by your neart to u der the cruel pain which had blotted

Once she said to him, as she sat

She puzzled long over the answer. "Try to keep the news of the creed the old sad truth."

"Would you have welcomed my

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