

SOCIETY—Established 1886; incorporated 1840. Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, on Monday of the month last week. Officers: Rev. Director, J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

T. A. & B. SO. on the second Sunday in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30. Officers: J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

NADA, BRANCH 26, on the second Sunday in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30. Officers: J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

Y BROS., 125 St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30. Officers: J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

BRIEN, 125 St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30. Officers: J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

RILEY, 125 St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30. Officers: J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

MONETTE, 125 St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30. Officers: J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

DESJARDIN, 125 St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30. Officers: J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

BELL COMPANY, 125 St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, at 3.30. Officers: J. J. Connelley, P.P.; President, J. J. Connelley; 1st Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; 2nd Vice-President, J. J. Connelley; Secretary, W. J. Connelley; Treasurer, W. J. Connelley.

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A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of "The Land of the Living," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Ghost in Hamlet," Etc.

St. Lawrence, "Tales of Sexton Maginnis," "The Fate of John Longworthy," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Ghost in Hamlet," Etc.

CHAPTER XII.—A Proposal.

It was Mr. Percival's private opinion that Katharine would be entirely spoiled by her entrance into that charmed circle which people call "society," and which was only one of a hundred circles calling themselves by that name. He was, however, not a prophet, for, though she had not had better preparation for life, for it was his opinion, too, that convent training was a young woman without the self-dependence necessary in this world-of-to-day. She was a study; he had never met anybody like her, and he had determined to watch the effect of the new life on her and to stop in and avert disaster, if it should be necessary.

When Katharine entered the Worth drawing-room on the night of the dinner and cotillion, she felt that she was indeed in the great world—the dazzling world, of which she had dreamed. The Worths, though new people, had since the advent of the Lady Alicia been received everywhere for who could turn his back on an Earl's daughter? They had a country-seat which had formerly belonged to an old Tory family and lately they had attained to one of the best houses in Walnut street. Katharine was delighted with the air of magnificent distance in this fine old room. Lady Alicia had told her the Worths that she was vulgar, and the Worths that she was vulgar, and the light of innumerable wax candles, under soft shades.

The dinner table, strewn with lilies and orchids, and softened by red light, glittered with glass, and brilliant with color, gave Katharine great pleasure, for she was very susceptible to light and color and music. The guests for the cotillion were not expected until eleven o'clock—at eight the few chosen ones who were to dine with the host and hostess were at the table, and the great event began.

To Katharine it was a great event, she had heard of the splendor of the world, and she was not disappointed. But where were the servants under the roses against which she had been warned? There was Biddy, very stately and rather preoccupied, next to old Mr. Worth; on his left was Mrs. Percival. They were not servants. And Wirt Percival, in a baggy evening suit, which was ostentatiously English and ill-fitting, seemed so genial and beaming that he could not be one of those serpents.

There was the dark-eyed, languid Marquis Darcy de Grandmont, who had married into the Worth family, Ferdinand Carey, Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood, the Marquis Darcy de Grandmont, stout and good-natured, May and Gertrude Worth, Alfred Deverill, Herr Teufelsch, Mr. Percival, and Walter Dillon. The young men and the girls Katharine did not know—but they looked too happy to be instruments of evil. Katharine, as she took her soup, said to herself that she was afraid of the wickedness in this new world in her own heart. How lovely it all was! Everybody seemed pleased with everybody else—how softly they talked, and how gently the butler filled the glasses and served things, and how the assistants! It was an education to be present at such an assembly—surely a meeting like this represented the flower of civilization! If these charming people only had the light of Faith, how complete it would all be.

While Katharine's thoughts were thus occupied she was under the closest scrutiny. She did not suspect it, for everybody seemed otherwise engaged. Lady Alicia was stately and distinguished in a Medici gown, with a great cascade of pearls falling from her neck to the edge of her corset. May and Gertrude Worth were bright and blonde and pretty, but Katharine, her well-poised head, rising from the tulle and peach-blossoms draped artistically over her bosom, had an air which set her apart. There was no doubt about it—she was a "new flavor in society," as the Marquis put it—and everything that is new in a certain way is sure to be successful. She was more distinguished than Lady Alicia, more beautiful than the Worth girls—though people had never hitherto considered her beautiful. The circle of society is so limited that people get tired of seeing the same faces at dinner tables and assemblies. Katharine's face was new. This was one secret of the attention she drew to herself. She had achieved simplicity without knowing it; the nuns had given her a manner which was without a trace of self-consciousness. They had taught her not to wrinkle her face unnecessarily in meaningless smiles and foolish contortions, and she spoke the English language clearly and distinctly—a rare thing in a set where imitations of the worst English accent and shipshod, nasal enunciation was the rule. Mr. Percival said to himself that the women who had turned out this young girl from their school knew how to teach. There was Gertrude Worth, recently from a famous "woman's college," who was great in microscopy and a budding biologist, who "guessed" constantly, and when she did not "guess" substituted "I fancy" for it, and whose face became one mass of wrinkles whenever she put on her "society" manner.

Katharine had Herr Teufelsch on one side and Walter Dillon on the other. Herr Teufelsch did not speak after the soup had been removed. He intended to play Wagnerian music after dinner, and he was preparing for it. His knife went backwards and forwards, well laden with delicious morsels and plunged deep into his mouth with each morsel—for the musician had no intention of changing his Viennese habits to suit American prejudices. He smiled benignly at Katharine and bade the servant offer her a salami of duck which he found particularly interesting. Her neighbor on the other side did not speak for some time. He was a tall, slight man, not over twenty-five, with a flush on his cheeks, a high collar, and a large white flower in his buttonhole. At last with an effort he said: "Do you go out much, Miss—I beg pardon, but I did not catch your name when I was presented."

"O'Connor—and I did not catch yours."

Deverill's a poet, you know, he is from Boston—poets don't grow in Philadelphia, you know—listen!" "Oh, I assure you it's quite different over there," Biddy was saying in a high voice—"nobody ever carries a package in the streets of Dublin. People here don't seem to mind it."

Katharine was disappointed at this; she strained her hearing to hear the golden words the poet was evidently about to utter. "Yes," he answered, with the same gracious air of attention that characterized all the talkers, "we sometimes carry things wrapped up in paper."

"Dear me!" Katharine murmured. "But there!—the poet is going to speak again!—he is answering Lady Alicia's question!" "It is a caution," Mr. Deverill was saying, with a smile, "we always eat pork and beans on Sunday morning in Boston, but not every day."

"I hope you will transfer to those 'pearls of thought' to your notebook, Miss O'Connor," said her neighbor, maliciously. "It is too bad," said Katharine, "I am disappointed! But you can assume my despondency by saying something clever yourself."

"By all means," said Dillon, assuming an air of solemnity, "when I am about to be brilliant I always assume this look. Before I came to this dinner, I read up the history of that is my way of preparing to be brilliant." "J.—Dr. Johnson. Do you remember the anecdote of Goldsmith's saying that, if Dr. Johnson put little fishes into a story, he would make them talk like whales?"

"Of course I do!" said Katharine. "It's bad form for you to say that. How can I be brilliant, if you know all I am going to say? You should say, 'Oh, Mr. Dillon, it must be very clever—do tell me.' But as you have spoiled my first attempt to be brilliant, I under the letter 'J,' I shall have to use my anecdote in some way or other—for I can't afford to waste it. I prepared myself with one brilliant American anecdote."

Katharine was amused. Mr. Dillon seemed kind and friendly; she put up her fan and laughed. It seemed wrong to laugh aloud when the servants were solemnly handing an entrée around.

"You dared me to be brilliant—here goes!" Dillon whispered. "Mr. Worth," he said, addressing the host, "your delicious white fish reminded me of an amusing thing that happened to me the first winter after I left college. I was very sophisticated, you know—using big words—so-mo-rus words."

"Ah—yes, indeed—just so," Mr. Worth said, politely. "One day at luncheon—we had white fish, but not with a sauce like yours, by the way—a fellow said, 'Dillon, if you sophomores put little white fishes into stories, you'd make them talk like whales!'"

"Oh, don't," whispered Katharine, expecting to see Mr. Dillon crushed under general resentment of his audacity. "How clever," said Mrs. Worth. "Tres spirituel!" said the Marquis.

And everybody laughed. "Now you may be brilliant," Dillon said to Katharine, "suppose you make yourself the heroine of the George Washington cherry tree episode. I'll lead up to it, if you like. I'll ask, 'Were you ever in Virginia?' and you can say, 'When I was in Virginia I had a cherry tree and a little hatchet, and—'"

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In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! the Love of the Sacred Heart and in Honor of St. Anthony of Padua, DO PLEASE send a mite for the erection of a more worthy Home for the Blessed Sacrament. True, the out-post at Fakenham is only a GARRET. But it is an out-post; it is the SOLE SIGN of the vitality of the Catholic Church in 35 x 20 miles of the County of Norfolk. Large donations are not sought (though they are not objected to). What is sought is the willing CO-OPERATION of all devout Clients of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and the Colonies. Each Client is asked to send a small offering—to put a few bricks in the new Church. May I not hope for some little measure of your kind co-operation?

The Church is sadly needed, for at present I am obliged to SAY MASS and give Benediction in a Garret. My average weekly collection is only 3s 6d, and I have no endowment except HOPE.

What can I do alone? Very little. But with your co-operation and that of the other well-disposed readers of this paper, I can do all that needs to be done. In these days, when the faith of man is becoming weak, what the Church needs is the help of its development, and is about to treat Our Divine Lord Himself as it treated His Holy Church, the Catholic Faith is renewing its youth in England and bidding fair to obtain possession of the hearts of the English people again. I have a very uphill struggle here on behalf of that Faith. I must succeed or else this vast district must be abandoned.

IT RESTS WITH YOU

to say whether I am to succeed or fail. All my hopes of success are in your co-operation. Will you not then extend a co-operating hand? Surely you will not refuse? You may not be able to help much, indeed. But you can help a little, and a multitude of "littles" means a great deal.

Don't Turn a Deaf Ear to My Urgent Appeal

"May God bless and prosper your endeavours in establishing a Mission at Fakenham."

ARTHUR, Bishop of Northampton. Address—

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An excellent man in Scotland took a circuitous route in seeking to demonstrate that the absorber of Jonah really was the leviathan of the deep. First he showed that the possessor of the swallow was not a tiger, nor a lion, nor any other quadruped. What "fush" then, was it?

"'Abilins a cod,' some of you may say," he remarked. "Na, na, me friends," he went on, "no a' the cod in the Moray Firth could hae swallowed in the prophet Jonah."

"'Abilins a saumon," some others o' ye a'ly say. Na, na, me friends, no a' the saumon in the Tay could hae swallowed up Jonah."

An old lady, fidgeting in the congregation, here burst in with "Albino a whale!"

"Haud your tongue, ye anid deevil!" quoth the pastor. "Hoo dar ye tak' the word o' the Lord out o' the mouth o' his servant?"