

RECTOR.

SOCIETY—Estab- 1886; incorpo- 1840. Meets in 92 St. Alexan- Monday of the as meets last Wed- Rev. Director P.P. President; 1st Vice-Pres- 2nd Vice, E. urer, W. Durack; ecretary, W. J. ecretary, T. P.

A. & B. 80. the second Sun- in St. Patrick's er street, at 8.80 of Management hall on the first month, at 8 or, Rev. Jas. Kil- M. J. O'Donnell; Tynan, 22 Prince

DA, BRANCH 26 November, 1898. ick's Hall, 92 St. every 2nd and each month for of business, at 8 -Spiritual Ad- Killoran; Chan- dgon; President, 1st Vice-Presi- 2nd Vice-Pro- man; Recording Se- Dolan, 16 Over- nental Secretary, 504 St. Urbain F. J. Sears; Mar- is; Guard, James ees—W. F. Wall, John Walsh, W. P. Stevens. Medical J. Harrison; Dr. Dr. Merris, Dr. Dr. John Cur-

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We have thousands of these coats in stock, ready-made.

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A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of "The Land of St. Lawrence," "Tales of Sexton Maginnis," "The Fate of John Longworthy," "Songs and Sonnets," "The Ghost in Hamlet," Etc

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued. A woman answered—a rather tall woman, neatly dressed in a gown of calico; Katharine's quick glance read that she had once been beautiful, that she would be beautiful now, were it not for the lack of color and the careworn look of the face. Hair of a peculiar light color, between brown and grayish tint, was knotted at the back of the head. There was such a wealth of it; it escaped in a hundred tendrils about her neck; and it was the first feature that struck Katharine in the woman before her. Katharine had no need to tell her name. The woman's face changed at sight of her; it had been cold, white, almost stern; it suddenly took on another look. A smile made her face sunny for a moment.

Katharine reflected, she was poor, and she must put up with some discomforts. There was a bathroom over the kitchen. Mrs. Cayre and her sister occupied the attic, and the back room could be rented by Katharine, too, if she wanted it. The terms seemed low to Katharine; she paid a month in advance, and then re-examined the room with interest and a feeling of possession. She observed two little blue shoes on the bureau, half hidden by the roses. She picked them up; they had been worn; the marks of the little toes were visible, and the heel in one kissed them; she loved little children even better than flowers. She turned, to see tears in her companion's eyes.

"You are Miss O'Connor?" "And you—and you?" began Katharine, standing in the boxlike hall and gazing earnestly at the young woman. This was the face she had seen at the carriage window, and she had seen it before that—somewhere—but where? "Oh, I am Mrs. Cayre—Jenny Cayre's sister," said the woman heartily, as she led the way into a little cherry room.

"Whose are these?" she asked. "Yours," whispered the woman in a broken voice. "Don't you remember? Oh, do not speak to me—do not speak to me! I can never feel joy again! And yet you alone make it possible." Katharine put down the shoes gently among the flowers. She turned again to the woman. Was she mad? After all, perhaps it was unsafe to take this room in the house of an unknown person. The woman covered her face with her hands.

Beyond Katharine could see the kitchen. There was a glimmer of sunlight through yellow shades there, on tin and silver. The dining-room was not so bright; it was by comparison in semi-gloom, but Katharine could make out an engraving of Murillo's Immaculate Conception over the lounge, and see that the paper was of a soft and tasteful color. A table covered by a red cloth, stood near the window, on the sill of which a geranium upheld early clusters against a dainty white curtain.

"I am poor, too," said Katharine, "and I want to learn how to live within my means, and I hope you may teach me—how pretty your picture is—and everything seems nice—you don't seem to be poor at all!" "But we are," said Mrs. Cayre, "and it takes great planning to keep everything so neat, and I flatter myself it is neat. In the summer we have a very pretty yard. I hope you like flowers."

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels causing them to become bound and constive. The symptoms are a feeling of fullness or weight in the right side, and shooting pain in the same region, pain between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular, coated tongue, bad taste in the morning, etc.

"It is very pretty!" Mrs. Cayre's face, which had worn a look of great anxiety, smiled. "I arranged it myself—I painted the counterpane when I was too ill to do anything else, and when I got better, I put those roses on the wall. It is a tedious job, but I did my best."

"And you succeeded!" cried Katharine, warmly. "They are La France roses, too. How I love them!" She noticed that the roses she had given Jenny the night before were grouped before a small metal crucifix on the bureau. The room was small; it would probably be hot in summer and cold in winter, in spite of the little stove in it. But, as

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Those Horrid Bilious Spells Have Become a Habit—But You Can Break up the Habit by Using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

"It is nothing when you get used to it," is a common expression which many seem to apply to attacks of biliousness. Year after year they suffer from frequent spells of bilious headache, indigestion, constipation, followed by looseness of the bowels, dizziness, despondency and ill-temper, and the habit seems to have become so firmly established that they do not think of breaking the chains of bondage.

Why not make a break for liberty, health and happiness. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills stand ready to help you. They have helped thousands under just such circumstances to know again the joys of healthful living.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills cure biliousness by reason of their direct and specific action on the liver, causing the bile to be properly filtered from the blood, where it acts as a poison, and passed into the intestines where it is necessary to aid digestion and regulate the action of the bowels.

COWAN'S Maple Buds

Cream Bars Chocolate Wafers Croquettes Milk Chocolates are delicious confections THE COWAN CO., LIMITED, TORONTO

the journey with Mr. and Mrs. Percival from the convent of Our Lady of the Rosary, and the scene of the baptism. So this was the mother! Now she knew where she had seen the face. No wonder that she had been ill, no wonder that she looked careworn.

"Ah, I remember," said Katharine, "and I thank God that He gave me the sweet privilege of helping that little child to its place near the Divine Infant. Surely it was a great privilege! And you have lost your husband, too—poor dear!" And Katharine kissed her. Mrs. Cayre's face hardened.

"My husband?—Oh, yes," she said, "I lost him."

"There was silence. The softness and tenderness of the moment before was gone. There was a chill in the air. Mrs. Cayre averted her face from Katharine, who went to the window to look at the dreary rows of brick houses opposite. How strange life seemed, how small the world! And how helplessness for one another makes hidden, golden chains through it all! These thoughts ran through Katharine's mind, though she was not given to such reflections."

"I will come this afternoon," Katharine said. Mrs. Cayre silently led her downstairs; there, with a certain pride, she drew aside the crimson curtains and showed the parlor, a small, square room in semi-gloom, for the shutters were closed. There were prettily draped chairs, a small, old-fashioned piano, a rug on the painted floor, and a few drawings on the wall. Evidently people could be refined, even if they were poor; she had a peculiar satisfaction in the thought.

and I never have been!" said Katharine, decidedly. "Thank Heaven!" said Mrs. Cayre, and she said to herself: "Now I can keep my secret."

CHAPTER XXIV.—A Question of Spelling.

"No," Katharine said, "no." She stood facing Mrs. Percival in her room at the hotel; she spoke firmly yet in that low tone which the careful cultivation of the nuns had given to her voice; and consequently Katharine's "no" was deprived of all offence in Mrs. Percival's ears, for Mrs. Percival could forgive almost anything that was not ill-bred.

"My dear," Mrs. Percival urged, "you are doing a most foolish thing. You are throwing yourself away. You are rushing into poverty. I admit that your aunt is a scheming, designing, underbred woman, but—"

"No word against my aunt, please, dear Mrs. Percival," said Katharine. "she is my uncle's wife and she has been kind to me. I am grateful for your offer—I am indeed, but I cannot accept it."

"Why not?" Mrs. Percival leaned back in the large easy chair, which gave the hotel room an unusual air of luxuriousness. "Why not? Mr. Percival likes you; I like you. You have only to come to us. The arrangement can easily be made with your aunt, and the thing done very quickly."

"It is very kind, Mrs. Percival," Katharine answered. "I may say that, except uncle, I like you and Mr. Percival better than anyone I have met in the world. And I am sure that I might learn to like you almost as well as Mother Ursula and the Sisters, if I knew you better. But how could I live on your bounty? I have a sort of claim on my uncle because he is my uncle. But how could I live in idleness, supported by Mr. Percival. It would not do."

"Idleness!" exclaimed Mrs. Percival. "What nonsense! You could answer my notes, arrange the flowers for dinner, see people when I am tired. Idleness—why, Katharine, Mr. Percival would keep you singing to him."

"No," repeated Katharine. "It is better that I should break loose from this kind of life. It is artificial; it does not do me any good; I was never intended for a 'society girl'—never!"

"Why don't you go into a convent, then," said Mrs. Percival, shortly. "I have no objection—I wish I had. I thought that you would be one of the last people in the world to forget that the religious life requires a very special vocation."

"Perhaps I have forgotten it," said Mrs. Percival, with a sigh. "I fear that this continual rush and bustle rubs the bloom off one's religious impressions."

weighed the two lives before her, and again she felt sure that the artificial life as she saw it in society would not suit her. She panted for fresh waters, she wanted to be free to live according to God's will. And then the doubt arose—was it God's will that she should go out into the world, from riches to poverty? She called to mind that our Lord was poor; she thought of the little house down town, and of Mrs. Cayre's face.

Pink Pills Will Cure Rheumatism

Every Form of the Disease Yields to this Blood Building Remedy.

It is easy to make the statement that a medicine will cure rheumatism, but the rheumatic sufferer must have more than mere statements—he must have both reasons and proof. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure all forms of rheumatism. Here is the reason: Rheumatism is a disease of the blood. Every dose of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new, rich, red blood—this new blood drives out the poisonous acid, loosens the aching joints, and rheumatism is banished. Thousands have testified to the truth of these statements, and here is further proof Mr. Raoul Montigny, of St. Jerome, Que., says: "For many years I was a victim of rheumatism and was almost a cripple. My work made it necessary for me to be on my feet a good bit of the day, but my limbs became so swollen and the pain so agonizing that I was forced to stop work. I tried remedy after remedy but nothing gave me relief and I began to think I would never get better. At last I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In less than a month I noted a slight change in my condition. I continued the pills for three months and at the end of this time the swelling had disappeared, every pain and ache had left me and I felt better in every way. I was completely cured and once more able to go about my work with ease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are certainly worthy of all the praise I can give them."

Thousands write giving just as strong proof of the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—not only as a cure for rheumatism, but as a cure for all the ailments finding their root in bad blood, such as anaemia, heart palpitation, indigestion, kidney trouble, headache and backache, disordered nerves, etc. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

MORE THAN A MAN.

A German once fell from a Hamburg-American liner into the sea, and a sailor, seeing the accident, shouted: "Man overboard!"

Don't Condemn Yourself to Bright's Disease

TAKE GIN PILLS NOW

Bright's Disease claims its thousands yearly solely because people won't heed nature's warnings. Pain in the back and constant headaches mean Kidney Trouble. Swollen hands and ankles, and pain in the joints, mean Kidney Trouble. Frequent desire to urinate—urine hot and scalding—mean Kidney Trouble. Neglecting sick kidneys means Bright's Disease.

If you know your kidneys are affected—or if you suspect they are affected—give them the help they need—GIN PILLS. Taking GIN PILLS regularly soothes the irritated, inflamed membranes—gives to the kidneys new strength—corrects every kidney and bladder trouble.

I received the sample box of GIN PILLS and was greatly benefited by them. My kidneys were in such bad condition I could not lift or stoop without great pain. In fact, they pained me nearly all the time. I have taken three boxes, working all the time at heavy work on the railroad, and did not lose a day.

And they are sold on a positive guarantee that they will cure you or money refunded. Put them to the test with the understanding that you must be cured or you get your money back. So sure are we that GIN PILLS are just what you need in your own case, that we will send you a free sample to try. Write, mentioning this paper, to the Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg. 50c. a box—6 boxes for \$2.50.

A WASTED EFFORT.

"I think the baby has your hair, ma'am," said the nurse girl in her most flattering tone and looking pleasantly at her mistress. "Gracious," exclaimed the lady, glancing up from her novel, "I run into the nursery and take it away from him. What will that child do next?"



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