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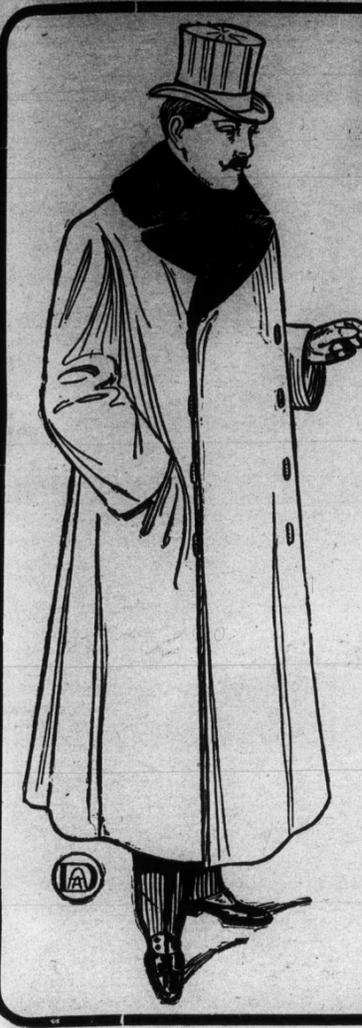
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A Marriage of Reason

By Maurice Francis Egan, Author of 'The Land of St. Laurence,' 'Tales of Sexton Maginnis,' 'The Fate of John Longworthy,' 'Songs and Sonnets,' 'The G... in Hamlet,' Etc

CHAPTER XXII.

Katherine was alone with her thoughts at last. The best part of the day had gone, a soft glow filled the room, which was well appointed, but unhome-like...

The girl's face flushed as she saw Katherine; she seemed startled for an instant, and then she went forward with a smile. Katherine rose from her seat as the girl approached her...

"I am going to ask you a favor," Katherine said, in a low voice, "and I hope that you are able to grant it." "I am at your service. I am sure Madame will permit me to do anything that Miss O'Connor requires..."

which permeated the air of the houses she had visited at this hour. Some-what earlier she had enjoyed the sense of being alone; now she longed for the young girl to enter...

At the convent the bell for supper would soon ring, and then everybody was busy with many interests and plans, in which she, who had been so much of the life there, had now no part...

"Right is right, since God is God, And right the duty must win; To doubt would be disloyalty, To falter would be sin."

But, as the lights appeared on the opposite side of the street, and the darkness deepened, Katherine was seized with an unreasonable panic. The mood appalled her...

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More terrible than war, famine or pestilence, is that awful destroyer, that hideous monster, Consumption, that annually sweeps away more of earth's inhabitants than any other single disease known to the human race...

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You would save yourself a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the life-giving properties of the pine trees of Norway, and for Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough and all Throat and Lung affections it is a specific...

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rich and respected. He could have given her everything that the world admires—except sympathy in that most essential of all things, religion. Of love she had been told little at the convent, and the novels she had read were few...

"Ah, you don't know! You will have to think twice before buying an extra loaf of bread, and that will be very hard for you who can afford to buy flowers like that. They are lovely!" said the girl, looking at the roses.

"Why, it is raining," Katherine said. "Your coat is wet!" "Just a little," said the new-comer, "I ran very fast—between the drops."

"Oh, how cheerful this is!" she said. "Cheerful?" said Katherine, dubiously.

"If you knew what it is to stand on your feet from eight o'clock in the morning until half-past six at night, you would find how restful it is! I am always so glad to get home. And you are very kind. Madame kept us half an hour later tonight."

Katherine watched her enjoy the tea, the light and the warmth. "You are very kind," she said, putting down her cup. "I am afraid that they will worry about me at home, but I shall get down more easily, for at this hour the car is not so crowded."

"Who will worry about you?" "My sister and John—John is my small brother." "You will forgive me for detaining you—but I will see you part of the way home, if you like..."

"It will be very hard." "Everything is hard in this world—unless we learn to do it for the love of God." The girl sighed, and then spoke with heightened color...

"Ah, you don't know! You will have to think twice before buying an extra loaf of bread, and that will be very hard for you who can afford to buy flowers like that. They are lovely!" said the girl, looking at the roses.

"You may take them home!" said Katherine, putting them in the girl's basket. "You will please me very much!" The girl's eyes sparkled. "Oh, they are lovely! We grow flowers in our yard in the summer, but I have never had roses like these..."

"I should not mind," said Katherine, wondering at the girl's choice of words; she was certainly not uneducated. "Ah, you don't know! You will have to think twice before buying an extra loaf of bread..."

"I should not mind," said Katherine, wondering at the girl's choice of words; she was certainly not uneducated. "Ah, you don't know! You will have to think twice before buying an extra loaf of bread..."

"It will be a great help to us to have somebody take our spare room. But if you knew—Oh, nobody can ever make us happy again." "Our Lord—" "By a miracle—a miracle!" said the girl, hastily. "There are even worse things than penury. To bear a broken heart in one's breast—to have the light taken from one's life—to be despised by those we loved!" the girl went on, vehemently...

CHAPTER XXIII.—At Mrs. Cayre's. Katherine read the address over and over again. It was in the handwriting of the notes she had previously received. There was no doubt of that—"Jane Mavrick, care of Mrs. Cayre." On the back of the card were the directions for finding the house. It was far down town. Katherine saw that she must take two lines of street cars to reach it.

What was in store for her? What would this lead to? If Katherine had been a sentimental girl she would have constructed a strange romance upon this and sought high and low for a confidant. The white satin heroine in the old sentimental plays always had a confidante in white muslin, and the sentimental woman in our times finds great happiness when she is unhappy by pouring forth her tale into sympathetic ears. But Katherine was not sentimental. Mother Ursula had not let her feast on all sorts of novels and had discouraged day dreams; consequently she was without silly conceit or self-consciousness. It must be admitted that it had been a different kind of young woman she might have had some reason to believe that she was specially marked out for special favor. Had she not been made a belle on her first entrance into society? Had not the most sought after man in town proposed to her? And was not a Lord—truly only a Lord by courtesy—waiting for her now?

But Katherine saw nothing remarkable in all this. She was not a remarkably brilliant girl; she was only a naturally good girl, perfectly trained to see clearly right from wrong and not to put undue value on earthly things. At funerals sometimes, when the priests speak about the worthlessness of earthly gain, the onlookers say to themselves, "Ah, if he had not paid attention to money-getting he would not have silver handles on his coffin." But Katherine would not have cared for the silver handles, she saw with a straight simplicity beyond. She was simply the result of the teaching of the nuns, who had voluntarily chosen the Lady Poverty as their mistress.

On the morning of the next day, she went out to Mass, and then breakfasted in her room. Would her aunt come? Well, if she did, there was only one condition for a return to Kenwood—Lord Marchmont must not be mentioned. But her aunt did not come; a telegram did. "Come back at once or you shall never come back. A sensation or even a scandal will not frighten me."

Katherine tore up the papers. She could see that her aunt thought she had run away, to make a sensation. She took the Chestnut street car and rode towards the river. It was a bright morning and she enjoyed the drive. She changed cars and went down another street—down through a neighborhood whose horrible squalor appalled her. She shrank back in horror; she had never seen anything like this. Early as it was, dishevelled women, white and black, set down on the lower doorsteps or lounged about the damp and dirty pavements, and groups of all ages, men, women and children, mostly black, were gathered about stands, where oysters and crabs were sold. There were strange smells, and the car was obliged to stop in order that a wretched woman, scolding and mad with drink, could be conveyed from one side of the street to the other.

Katherine had never seen this sort of poverty, poverty and laziness, and sin—poverty the result of self-indulgence. Farther down and farther down she drove, until she came almost in sight of the green fields. Then the conductor told her that she had reached her destination. The houses for many squares had pleased her by their neatness and cleanliness, but rather wearied her by their monotony. Red brick and white paint seemed to stretch for miles—brick scrupulously red and paint scrupulously white. Everybody visible seemed to be engaged in cleaning the front of their houses. Some of the houses were fine and handsome but all without one patch of green in front of them—or, when there was a patch of green, it was tanked in by two other houses. This struck Katherine as odd. A world without a patch of green had no attraction for her. Not a flower or a shrub in all this vast expanse of brick wall—not a half acre in which little children could play. It is true, she saw some daisies in the gutter, and an attic beneath it. She walked upon the three snowy stone steps, and pulled a dazzlingly brilliant bell-handle.

"It will be a great help to us to have somebody take our spare room. But if you knew—Oh, nobody can ever make us happy again." "Our Lord—" "By a miracle—a miracle!" said the girl, hastily. "There are even worse things than penury. To bear a broken heart in one's breast—to have the light taken from one's life—to be despised by those we loved!" the girl went on, vehemently...

"I am poor—I want to live among the poor—in there a Catholic Church near your house?" "Oh, yes, there are two very near." "If you have room I shall live with you. And I have," added Katherine, with a confident smile. "And I shall be able to help you." The girl's face brightened. "It will be a great help to us to have somebody take our spare room. But if you knew—Oh, nobody can ever make us happy again." "Our Lord—" "By a miracle—a miracle!" said the girl, hastily. "There are even worse things than penury. To bear a broken heart in one's breast—to have the light taken from one's life—to be despised by those we loved!" the girl went on, vehemently...

(To be continued.)