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BRANCH 26 November, 1888. 2nd Hall, 92 St. Albans street, at 8.30 on the first month, at 9. Rev. Jas. Kilgus, P. Gunning, Esq. Connell, 412 St.

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A Marriage of Reason

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

CHAPTER II.—Our Lady of the Rosary.

Katharine O'Connor's school life had technically ended several months before Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood had held their conversation about her. But she was still to all intents and purposes a convent girl. She had been graduated, the precious medal was here, and yet she still remained at the convent. The Commencement times had always been the most difficult for her. Everybody had warm friends, everybody had a home to go to. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were kind and polite when they came at very rare intervals; but Katharine was always heartily glad when the Commencement time was over. It was heart-breaking for her to see the other girls clasped in motherly arms, and hanging on to delighted fathers, with the crowns of honor as badges of victory and love. Of what use were class honors to her? Katharine actually realized that she was going. Her own eyes were full of tears and her heart was throbbing. "Oh, Mother," she said, "it is so terrible to go out into the wide world—and you do not seem to mind it at all! Oh, dear! I am alone—all alone! I can't go!" Mother Ursula looked at her with a bright smile. "But, Katharine," she said, "how are we to keep you here unless you have a vocation? One must choose between the two paths."

"I know—I know, and I'm sure I wish I had a vocation; I'm sure I've prayed enough!"

"How can we tell when we have prayed enough?" asked Mother Ursula. "Enough is a great word when we apply it to prayer."

"I believe you are glad to get rid of me, Mother Ursula," exclaimed Katharine, beginning to cry.

"Sit down, dear," said the Sister in a very sweet voice; "we have been your mother and father and brothers and sisters, and we love you, Katharine—you do not doubt that?"

Katharine kept her face covered with her hands; she did not answer, but shook her head negatively.

"Ah, you do not mean that," continued Mother Ursula, rising and taking her hand. "I do not fear that you do not understand our love for you, but I do fear that you may forget our lessons."

"Oh, no! But why can't I stay? It is heart-breaking."

Mother Ursula knew that Katharine was entirely sincere. At the same time she was too well versed in the hearts of young girls without vocation for the religious life not to know that Katharine would be anxious enough to go, if the Sisters insisted that she should remain.

"If I were going home, it would be different—but I am only going to strangers."

"Still, you owe them gratitude and duties," said Mother Ursula.

"I suppose I do, but it is very hard," sobbed Katharine. "How can I bear it?"

Mother Ursula simply put the crucifix of her rosary into Katharine's hand. There was silence, broken only by Katharine's sobs. Mother Ursula felt that it was hard—harder than Katharine understood it to be at that moment, for the girl had not yet begun to realize that the world is not what it seems to young eyes.

"You will write often," Mother Ursula said. "We will pray a great deal for you. You are our child, you know; and if any great affliction should come to you, remember there is a refuge here."

Katharine kissed Mother Ursula's hand, and still sobbed. The interview ended with this. Katharine went out to communicate the news to her friends among the Sisters and pupils. How sweet and serene and home-like every place seemed—the old maples near the river, the mass of lilacs bordering the grounds! How was it that she had ever longed to leave this spot, which had been so closely interwoven with her life? And yet many a time she had declared that she would no longer endure the many rules of the convent, which, like a network, covered every day. What a strong, firm network it had been, and how gently it had supported characters which never would have become strong without it.

Mother Ursula was not solicitous about the things of this world. She was a good woman of business, and certainly the management of convent schools might be well quoted as examples of what women can do in business, and yet she relied very much on prayer. The Rosary had extricated her from difficulties which her lawyer had declared to be insurmountable, and there had been a time when her beads and a large debt had been all she possessed in the world; and yet there was no more flourishing school than that of Our Lady of the Rosary, at present. St. Joseph had removed many obstacles for her, and she trusted much in his intercession; and she entrusted it earnestly to Katharine, the "lily maid," the one she loved best of all her flock. Little did Katharine dream that she had so large a part in Mother Ursula's heart.

Katharine soon began to find a certain luxury in her grief. Little Maria Rodriguez, the dusky Cuban, of whom Katharine had made a special pet, because she was an orphan like herself, came running into the corridor.

"O Maria!" cried Katharine, "I am going to ask you for you tomorrow, for it will be my last day!"

"You are going?" said the little Cuban, putting her head on one side, like a bird. "I will go too, because I am your little girl—Mother Ursula said so. We will go to Cuba! Oh, yes, we will cross the sea and come back in the summer!"

"But I must leave you awhile. I

must go alone; but I will send you a doll, and come back for you."

The alarm in the little Cuban's eyes, which had gathered at the first words, gave place to pleasure.

"A doll! Oh, yes—a doll with a blue cloak and a hat and feathers. But I have torn my veil, and it is nearly time to go to the church. Katharine understood this to mean that she was to mend the little Maria's veil, which was torn, as a rule, four times a day.

"Sister Gonzaga told me to ask you to mend it," said the little one, with a smile, "but I was almost afraid; you scolded me last time."

"I shall never scold you again," said Katharine, choking down a sob.

"How nice!" cried Maria, getting into the wooden seat where Katharine had bestowed herself, to take the sewing implement from her pocket. "And you will send me a doll—a doll, remember, with a parasol. And you will come back soon! And you will see the beautiful world—I saw it when I came here with my aunt. You will see Broadway!"

A slight gleam of consolation shot across Katharine's gloomy thoughts might be some brightness in store for her, after all. Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood had seemed to her distant and cold, and very fashionable. She had always associated the scent of heliotrope with their haughtiness and coldness, since Mrs. Sherwood was always perfumed with it. But still there would be doubtless much to see in the world; and so the careless prattle of Maria took all the sting out of her weal, and left only the luxury of grief.

Mrs. Sherwood had asked rather peremptorily that Katharine should go at once, as she wanted to fit her out for a coming-out party, "and I presume," she wrote, "that both Katharine's attire and her manners need some brushing up for the great world."

Mother Ursula, who had been in a much greater world than Kenwood, smiled a little at this, and it was decided that Katharine should not even wait for the feast of honor of Mother Ursula's recovery, but go at once.

It was very sweet to Katharine to find that everybody loved her so. The next day—and this was a most unusual thing—came a given; and for that day Katharine was a great heroine.

The gifts that came pouring into her room were various. Maria Rodriguez, who clung to her skirts wherever she went, brought a box of gloves, jelly, with one or two spoonsful of just to taste it, and "know," Maria explained. Esmeralda Philomena McBride, the proudest girl in the school, who was always telling everybody how long her mother's seal skin sacque was, gave her a small wooden strawberry fall of needles. This was much admired, as Esmeralda's taste was popularly supposed to be exquisite, and Esmeralda was always talking about it. Mother Ursula presented a plain little Rosary that could be carried anywhere, and Sister Gonzaga a little picture of St. Catherine of Siena.

After this there were numbered all manner of gifts, from a bottle of olive, a hair bracelet, and a drawing of the convent, to some cold turkey smuggled in by a very small girl from Milwaukee, who enclosed her

WHEN YOU ASK FOR

SURPRISE

A PURE HARD SOAP.

INSIST ON RECEIVING IT.

gilt in an elaborate bonbon box. At chapel it came upon her, without alleviation, that she should never be one of the white-veiled groups that awaited the sweet and awful moment when the chaplain should raise the Host aloft, above them! Leaving the chapel, she felt alone, so many beautiful links seemed broken all at once from the chain of her life.

At last the carriage rolled up the drive, and Katharine, loaded with flowers, kissed her way to the door, followed by Sister Carmelita, who was to act as her chaplain as far as Rosalburg, where Mrs. Sherwood intended to meet her.

"Good-bye," called nearly two hundred voices.

"Duty!" whispered Mother Ursula.

The driver snapped his whip and the carriage turned away from Our Lady of the Rosary.

(To be continued.)

UNRIPE FRUIT, CHANGE OF WATER, COLDS, IMPROPER DIET CAUSE

DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, CRAMPS, PAIN IN THE STOMACH, SUMMER COMPLAINT, Etc.

These annoying bowel complaints may be quickly and effectually cured by the use of

DR. FOWLER'S EXTRACT OF WILD STRAWBERRY

This wonderful remedy has been on the market for over sixty years and in using it you are not running any risk.

Be sure when asking for Wild Strawberry you get Dr. Fowler's and don't let the unscrupulous dealer palm off a cheap substitute on you.

Mrs. Gordon Helmer, Newington, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for Diarrhoea and never found any other medicine to equal it. There are many imitations, but none so good as Dr. Fowler's."

Mrs. C. W. Brown, Grand Harbor, N.B., writes: "I consider Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry to be the best remedy for Summer Complaint, as it cured me of a very bad case. I can recommend it highly to anyone."

Qui Vive?

(By Llaftaw.)

CATHOLIC NEWSPAPERS.

From an Australian paper just to hand I see that the Rev. Father O'Malley, preaching in Goulburn, dwells forcibly on this Catholic newspaper as a means of education. The following is an extract from his sermon: "If Catholics heard their religion constantly sneered at, and had no power to defend them, they would deal with their Catholic papers? He did not believe they had a single Catholic (English) daily paper in the world, because they would not support it. If they took a Protestant paper, an infidel paper that abused their country and belief six days in the week, they would pay punctually on the day the account was due; but if there was a question of a poor Catholic paper that was fighting for them, THEY WOULD LET IT STARVE. How often had the proprietors to lose heavy amounts in paper and postage stamps? AND HOW OFTEN DID THEY LOSE ALL? It was a duty to their children to furnish them with good Catholic papers, but to take these papers and not pay for them was positive dishonesty. In the next life they would have to pay 'the very last farthing.' Father O'Malley concluded by an earnest appeal to his hearers to support their Catholic newspapers. Comment is needless, except to say that the good father might have been addressing other audiences, his remarks are so apt."

Eczema is Baby's Enemy

Causing Keen Distress From the Dreadful Itching—Sometimes Lasts for Year—Cure Effected by

Dr. Chase's Ointment

The first indication of eczema is a red pimple, or blister-like eruption. The points run together, making a moistened patch, which "weeps" at first, and then dries into a crust. The intense itching of eczema of the face and scalp is very hard for the little one to bear, and the result is scratching until free bleeding takes place, and recovery is further retarded. Besides the suffering from the distressing itching, the child is restless and sleepless.

When left to itself, eczema runs on indefinitely, covering the body with sores, but fortunately there is positive cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, a preparation which, by its marvellous soothing and healing powers, brings quick relief from itching and heals up the sores.

Mr. Wm. Craft, Jr., Burk's Falls, Ont., writes: "Our little boy, aged three years, broke out with eczema all over his face, hands and back, and we had a terrible time trying to relieve his suffering. It was so bad that when he scratched it would almost make the blood flow. The use of Dr. Chase's Ointment quickly brought relief and made a thorough cure, as there has never been any return of this disagreeable ailment. We always keep Dr. Chase's medicine in the house, and find them very useful."

Mrs. M. McCann, 4 Short street, St. John, N.B., writes: "My little girl, three years old, had her face covered with eczema, and it was spreading over her body. I tried many different ointments, and the doctor could not do her any good. A friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and she was completely cured by one box. I cannot praise Dr. Chase's Ointment enough for the good it has done her."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven especially successful in the cure of baby eczema, as well as in the prevention of this torturing disease, when used for chafing and skin irritation, in which eczema finds its beginnings: 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Thoughts for the Home.

Look on the bright side of all the members of the home and their experiences.

Have open eyes for the virtues and charms of mother and father, brother and sister.

Put away the 'blues' and bad temper, and all unkindness with firm resolutions.

Then the home, though it may be wanting in many things that money might buy, will be rich in happiness and content.

It will be the abiding place of tender affections, beautiful counsels and wholesome mirths and joys that contain no drop of bitterness.

Truly a Struggling Mission

In the Diocese of Northampton, Fakenham, Norfolk.

HELP! HELP! HELP! For 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 Catholics 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 many is becoming weak, when the great apostasy of the sixteenth century is reaching the full extent 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 up-hill 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—

FATHER H. W. GRAY, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, Eng.

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation, and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

THE NEW MISSION IS DEDICATED TO ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA.

Constant prayers and many Masses for Benefactors.

The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands:

J. Tucker, 41 McCord street. Miss McLean, 182 Centre st., Pt. St. Mrs. McNally, 345 St. Antoine st. H. McMorris, 278 Carriers st. E. Watkins, 44 Bligny st. Miss White, 680 St. Denis st. Charles.

C. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st. west. Mrs. Shaw, 789 St. Catherine st. west. Mrs. Ryan, 1095 St. James st. A. W. Muloch, 825 St. Antoine st. Mrs. Lewis, 1111 St. Catherine east. C. A. Dumont, 1319 St. Denis st. Mrs. Cloran, 1551 St. Denis st. M. Labadie, 1097 St. James st. J. Murray, 47 University st. Mrs. Redmond, 438 Notre Dame west. Milloy's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine west.

James McAnan, 28 Chabouffes Sq. Aristide Madore, 2 Beaver Hall Hill. Miss Scanlan, 68 Bligny st. Miss Ellis, 375 Wellington st. Mrs. Scoote, 149 Dorchester st.

THE HOLY CATHOLIC CHURCH.

That august power the Holy Catholic Church, in whose hands is lodged the fate of the human race; whose sceptre stretches beyond the furthest constellation that twinkles in the sky; whose authority is over the millions that live and over the billions that wait trembling in purgatory for ransom or doom; whose smile opens the gates of Heaven to us, whose frown delivers us to the fires of everlasting hell; a power whose dominion overshadows and belittles earthly empires as earthly empires overshadow and belittle the pomp and shows of a village. What a grand conception, what an honor to belong to such a God-made society.

A Pleasant Medicine.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to disgust the patient with the medicine, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow homeopathic material. Farmer's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

A BAD STOMACH! THAT IS THE SECRET OF DYSPEPSIA.

This disease assumes so many forms that there is scarcely a complaint it may not resemble in one way or another.

Among the most prominent symptoms are constipation, sour stomach, variable appetite, distress after eating, etc.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

is a positive cure for dyspepsia and all stomach troubles. It stimulates secretion of the saliva and gastric juices to facilitate digestion, purifies the blood and tones up the entire system.

Mrs. M. A. McNeill, Brock Village, N.S., writes: "I suffered from dyspepsia, loss of appetite and bad blood. I tried everything I could get, but to no purpose; then finally started to use Burdock Blood Bitters. 'From the first day I felt the good effects of the medicine. I can eat anything now without any ill effects and am strong and well again.'"