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485 St. Catherine Street East (Corner St. Timothy)

Advertisement for Surprise Soap, featuring an illustration of a woman and the text 'A Yard of flannel is still a yard after washed with Surprise Soap'.

"I think," said Katharine, "that he was very impudent." Mrs. Percival stared. "Impudent!" "Certainly do," said Katharine, a blue light flashing from her eyes; "he seemed to imagine last night that he had only to ask me—me, who knew nothing, and that was all. Fancy—I scarcely knew him at all!" "You know that he is Wirt Percival, my nephew—and you call him impudent to me!" "You have sneered at my aunt," returned Katharine, in her soft voice, "and I fancy I may imitate your good breeding in giving my opinion of your nephew."

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—Katharine Pleases Her Aunt. Wirt Percival was a man of impulses, and these impulses were generally right or wrong, according to circumstances. The impulses of a well-regulated man are generally right, and those of a good woman always right; but Wirt had never known discipline or real self-control. People said that he was a very amiable young man; he did not drink to excess; he was rich, handsome, and society admired him secretly because he had, while in England, become the close friend of the Duke of Caithness and had entertained him during the Duke's visit to Philadelphia, at his country seat. He was "very English," everybody said—sensible people smiled at his Angliomania and predicted that it would pass away. Other people raved at his affectations and imitated them in a humbler way. But had he been ill-tempered and ugly, Wirt Percival would have been regarded by such women as Mrs. Sherwood as a social archangel. He was rich; he was received everywhere when he went abroad, his wife—if he should marry—would be presented at court under the most favorable circumstances; he had a house in one of the best streets in the city and a country place that was truly desirable in every particular. He dressed faultlessly; he had even been asked several times to go over to the Patriarchs' balls in New York, to lead the cotillon. What more could any human being desire? He had proposed to Katharine on the impulse of the moment. It would certainly have been a greater distinction to be the husband of the Lady Alicia St. John, whose name would have gone very well with his own, and fitted in with that of his place. Boiling broke. But Katharine's brightness and simplicity had upset his calculations. She had a "new flavor," she was very unlike all the young girls in his set, many of whom had been elaborately overtrained for "society," who knew to a dot what they were to be demure or gay and whose social life was a bit of constant acting. Lady Alicia attracted him; but she was somewhat too self-assertive for him; besides, she dressed badly, and this, in the eyes of the fastidious fact that she had been trained in all the English ways. Besides, Lady Alicia, was not properly impressed with the importance of the Percivals, and she had actually laughed at his English accent. "Faith!" she had said, "where did you pick it up—in the waters under the earth?" He had not taken Katharine's refusal as final. But Mrs. Sherwood did not know this; she was in despair on the morning after the cotillon. She was at Mass, when Mrs. Sherwood came down to breakfast, prepared for open war. Her husband, engaged with his newspaper and his egg, was unresponsive. "I am glad Katharine had the pluck to refuse that imitation Cockney," he said, as he took another cup of coffee. "It was impertinent in him to ask her on such a short acquaintance."

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MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS. These pills are mild, sure and safe, and are a perfect regulator of the system. They gently unlock the secretions, clear away all effete and waste matter from the system, and give tone and vitality to the whole intestinal tract, curing Constipation, Sick Headaches, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Costed Tongue, Foul Breath, Jaundice, Heartburn, and Water-Breath. Mrs. R. S. Ogden, Woodstock, N.B., writes: "My husband and myself have used Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills for a number of years. We think we cannot do without them. They are the only pills we ever take." Price 25 cents or five bottles for \$1.00 at all dealers or direct on receipt of price. The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto.

perhaps it is just as well; I want to have a quiet talk with you." Katharine took a cup of tea, and sat down in a low chair near the window. The light fell on her hair, and turned some of the tendrils of her hair to a red gold. It was unruly hair, and there were always tendrilous loosenings themselves from the smooth bands. Her long lashes, slightly drooping, showed a glint of the deep blue of her eyes, and her cheeks had just a tinge of red. Mrs. Percival noticed the graceful curves in which her white gown fell about the low chair, and said to herself: "Our little convent bird is a swan, after all—but how adorably sweet and simple! how docile and amiable. I am glad that Wirt has a good temper; an angry word would drive this lovely girl to Ophelia's death." Mrs. Percival was sentimental at times. She patted Katharine gently on the cheek. "My dear," she said, "do you know why I came?" "To see my aunt," answered Katharine, her eyelashes still down over her eyes. "You are very sly. Your aunt is doubtless a very good woman, but I assure you people who live in Kenwood, no matter how rich they may be, are not generally on my visiting list. I came, my dear, to wish you joy, and to hope that you will be happy. You are a great success—everybody from you know who to Herr Teufelsch is saying about you. And the Marquis says that you speak French like a Tournaise. I never thought that Wirt would take such a fancy to yourself outside of our set. I saw last night that he was smitten, and I shall be charmed to have you as a niece." Mrs. Percival expected a flood of tears and some incoherent words of gratitude. She felt like a King Cophetua raising up the beggar-maid Katharine looked at her suddenly, with a flash in her blue eyes. "Tell me all about it, dear, somebody may interrupt us. Wirt didn't confide in me, but I know something has happened. What do you think of the dear boy?" Katharine returned to "Madame Mohl" and gradually forgot her agitation. She began to think that, after all, outside of the Sisters, books were the best friends that one could have. Mr. Sherwood did not appear at dinner. He had been obliged to go to New York for a week, and the summons had come unexpectedly. Apprised of this by one of the servants Katharine, attired in one of her prettiest light dresses, went to meet her aunt with a heavy heart. In the meantime Mrs. Sherwood had made her plan. She rejoiced in the absence of her husband; it made the way clear. She had become so accustomed to the talking of what the "social" world calls "dramatists," that a lie more or less—for a good purpose, of course—made no difference to her. She had been "almost wild" at the thought of the social advantages Katharine was tearing from her by her refusal of Wirt Percival. It must not be, she said over and over to herself. She was convinced that no merely mercenary motive could touch Katharine—she resolved to touch her heart. Mrs. Sherwood had a certain respect for Katharine, founded on the incomprehensible fact that other people admired her; she neither admitted nor liked her, and she honestly believed that Katharine had concealed her accomplishments simply with a view of mortifying her. Katharine had seemed like a fool—but suddenly she had begun to be the belle of the season. Nevertheless, Mrs. Sherwood held that she was a fool; for only a fool would throw away a chance of the highest social elevation for a mere scruple of conscience—and only a fool would let her heart speak where the head should be supreme. To the heart of this fool she resolved to appeal with a lie—which, as she said to herself, nobody but an inexperienced fool in the ways of the world would believe. (To be continued.)

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