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Ladies' Boas, Ties, Scarfs or "Four-in-Hands"



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Thousands of Ladies' Thibet Boas, black, white and brown, all lengths, all sizes..... \$5.00, \$6.00 Up

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Chas. Desjardins & Co.

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



A Yard

of flannel is still a yard after washed with

Surprise Soap

Pure hard Soap—that why.

Don't forget the name—

Surprise



"I think," said Katharine, "that Mrs. Percival stared." "Impudent!" "I 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."

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 telling of what the "social" world calls "dramas," 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.)

Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold

IT CAN HAVE BUT ONE RESULT. IT LEAVES THE THROAT OR LUNGS, OR BOTH, AFFECTED.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP IS THE MEDICINE YOU NEED.

It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop the cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicated the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrup, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cts. Mrs. Henry Seabrook, Hopwood, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup in our family for the past three years and I consider it the best remedy known for the cure of colds. It has cured all my children and myself."

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

- J. Tucker, 41 McCord street. Miss McLean, 182 Centre st., Pt. St. Charles. Mrs. McNally, 345 St. Antoine st. H. McMorris, 278 Carriers st. B. Watkins Etches, 44 Bleury st. Miss White, 680 St. Denis st. C. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st. west. M. Shaw, 789 St. Catherine st. west. Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st. A. W. Mulcahy, 825 St. Antoine st. Mrs. Lysak, 1111 St. Catherine west. C. A. Demont, 1212 St. Denis st. Mrs. Chazan, 1551 St. Denis st. M. Labais, 1097 St. James st. Jas. Murray, 47 University st. Mrs. Redmond, 488 Notre Dame west. Milloy's Bookstore, 241 St. Catherine west. James McLean, 23 Chabouffes Sq. Aristide Madore, 2 Beaver Hall Hill. Miss Scanlan, 63 Bleury st. Miss Ellis, 875 Wellington st. Mrs. Slootta, 149 Winchester st.

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."

and for a session of the Browning at four, and so she felt safe, but she knew that the storm must come. During the afternoon Mrs. Percival called for the first time. She asked carelessly for Mrs. Sherwood, but did not attempt to conceal the fact that her visit was really to Katharine, Mrs. Percival, who prided herself on her irreproachable good-breeding, did not hesitate to lift her head high in the air and to say scornfully before the servant, as she looked around the elaborately furnished drawing room: "Money!—absolutely the very air smells of money!"

She waited disdainfully until Katharine appeared. She greeted her effusively, kissing her on both cheeks. "You're just a little out of place in all this parvenu splendor, my dear," she said, "and by the way, I wish you'd just order a cup of tea for me—or, better, make it yourself, while I talk, if that big pile of tea cups on the table is intended for use at all. I do not see why people will crowd their rooms with all sorts of useless odds and ends of china. But, as they are here, do make some use of them."

Katharine lit the alcohol lamp and rang for water. She was glad to make tea for Mrs. Percival, for she felt nervous and the occupation soothed her. "There," said Mrs. Percival, "give me that Belleek cup—the one like an eggshell. Thanks." She watched Katharine with some eagerness, drinking her tea slowly, when Katharine had made it, and chattering about indifferent things. "So your aunt's out," she said, "how lucky!—I mean how unlucky. Still, 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 tender-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 Tournai outside of our set. I saw last night that he was smitten, and I shall be charmed to have you as a niece."

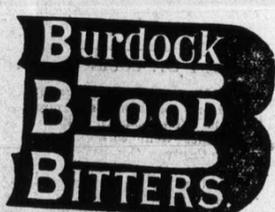
Mrs. Percival expected a flood of tears and some incoherent words of gratitude. She felt like a King Cophetua raising up the beggar-maid Katharine looked at her suddenly, with a flash in her blue eyes. "Tell me all about it, dear, somebody may interrupt us. Wirt didn't confide in me, but I know something has happened. What do you think of the dear boy?"

"Pale Anemic, Sickly Girls Regain Color, Health and Vigor When the Blood is Enriched By Dr. Chase's Nerve Food."

Your mirror will tell you if you are anemic, for the unnatural paleness of your gums; lips and eyelids will indicate the thinness and weakness of the blood. Anemia is most common among young women and is marked by pallor, weakness, indigestion, irritability, spells of dizziness and fainting, heart palpitation, severe headaches and feelings of extreme lassitude. The blood is lacking in the elements which go to form energy, vigor and strength and demands such assistance as is best supplied by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

This great food cure sharpens the appetite, invigorates the nerves which control the digestive fluids, strengthens the heart's action and naturally and gradually restores the sufferer from weak blood to health, strength and vigor. The headaches and eyeaches of pale nervous school girls, of office girls and of factory employees are largely the result of thin, watery blood and will disappear when the blood is enriched and the system built up by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Put this great restorative to the test by noting your increase in weight while using it. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50 cents a box, 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.



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"I told him," said Katharine hastily, "that even if I liked him I could not marry outside the Church."

"I married outside the Church," said Mrs. Percival, "and my marriage has not been unhappy. Well-bred people do not constantly thrust religion upon one another."

A few moments before this conversation Mrs. Percival was only half-satisfied with Katharine as a prospective wife for her nephew. Now Katharine's honest and straightforward position had given her a very high place in Mrs. Percival's eyes. She was irritated, and yet she felt that Katharine was worthy of the honor Wirt had paid her. Besides, Mrs. Percival, having a view of her own, would have liked to conquer Katharine's. Katharine, with heightened color, rose, and busied herself with the tea-things. Mrs. Percival rose, too, and shook out her various frills and bugles.

"I can only say that you are a very courageous girl to refuse Wirt Percival. If you had any social perspective, you would know that you are losing an opportunity of being the leader in the best society in America. After this, you can't, of course, expect the same courtesies from our set."

Mrs. Percival caught the look in Katharine's eyes, paused and blushed. It was not a look of reproach or regret or of scorn. It was simply one of surprise. "I believe," muttered Mrs. Percival to herself, "that I am as capable of being vulgar as Mrs. Sherwood."

She did not kiss Katharine; she nodded her head in a stately way and said good-bye. She went away utterly dissatisfied with herself; nobody knew better than she how difficult a mixed marriage was, even under the most favorable conditions, and yet vanity and family pride were causing her to be angry with Katharine for refusing to make one.

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER 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, Ont.

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