

A SURGEON'S KNIFE

given you a feeling of horror and dread. There is no longer necessity for its use in many diseases formerly regarded as incurable without cutting.

The Triumph of Conservative Surgery

is well illustrated by the fact that RUPTURE or hernia, is now rarely cured without the knife.

They never cure but often induce inflammation, strabulation and death.

TUMORS

(Ovarian, Fibroid, Uterine) and many others, are now removed without the peril of cutting operations.

PILE TUMORS,

however large, are also removed without cutting in hundreds of cases.

STRICTURE of Urinary Passage is

permanently cured without pain or resort to the knife.

STONE

in the bladder, no matter how large, is crushed, pulverized, washed out and perfectly removed without cutting.

FAVORABLY KNOWN SINCE 1826

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

CHURCH BELLS & CHIMES

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

FOR THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING

ARMINIE.

BY CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER VII.

It chanced that the next morning, being Wednesday and therefore one of the days of the flower market of the Madeleine, Egerton was awakened by those delightful odors of which he had spoken; and in some subtle way the fragrance brought before him a fair face with a pair of proud gray eyes, and it occurred to him that in order to make his peace with Miss Bertram it might be well to send her some of the flowers, of which he knew that she was extravagantly fond.

Nor can it be said that this idea commended itself to him solely as a matter of social duty. He had spoken truly in saying to Talford that she puzzled more than she charmed him; but there could be no doubt that she charmed him in considerable degree. She was a very pretty and a very clever woman, whom he sometimes thought might prove dangerously attractive to him if she had been a shade less incomprehensible, less capricious and less haughty. A man does not like to be puzzled, but still less does he like to be treated with scorn when in no way conscious of deserving such treatment—when, indeed, the world in general conveys the impression to his mind that he has a right to think very well of himself.

Now, with Sibyl Bertram, Egerton had frequently a sense of being weighed in the balance and found wanting; and although vanity was not inordinately developed in him, he naturally felt that such an attitude on her part was not only unflattering but manifestly unjust. If he had made any pretensions the matter would have been different, since whoever makes pretensions inevitably challenges criticism; but it would be difficult for any one to make fewer than he did—a fact which conducted not a little to his popularity. For a man who asserts no disagreeable intellectual superiority over his fellow beings, yet who is unobtrusively clever and undeniably well-bred, is generally certain of popularity, even without the farther endowments of good looks and wealth. These endowments, however, Egerton possessed, and he was therefore the less accustomed to that position of being weighed and found wanting in which Miss Bertram placed him. He had sometimes tried to persuade himself that it was all mere fancy on his part; but there had been times when the language of the gray eyes was too plain to be mistaken, when he had felt himself looked through and through, and judged to be a very inferior sort of creature.

But if the daughter was disdainful and incomprehensible, the mother was always cordial and agreeable, with a peculiar charm and warmth of manner which had more than once suggested the thought to Egerton that she too perceived, and wished to make amends for, her daughter's hard judgment. There was another thought which might have suggested itself to a man so eligible; but it has already been said that he was not greatly afflicted with vanity, and it may be added that he was not at all afflicted with the coarseness of mind which, together with vanity, makes a man suspect a matrimonial snare in every woman's invitation. Instead of suspecting that Mrs. Bertram wished to entrap him as a suitor for her daughter, he felt simply grateful for an unvarying kindness which contrasted strikingly with that young lady's exceedingly variable manner; and it was the thought of the mother rather more than of the daughter which finally decided him to send the flowers, especially when he remembered that it was their reception-day.

So a basket of cut flowers, freshly beautiful and fragrant, made its ap-

pearance in due time, and was presented, with Mr. Egerton's compliments, to Mrs. and Miss Bertram as they sat at breakfast in their pleasant apartment in the neighborhood of the Parc Monceaux. The elder lady uttered an exclamation of pleasure when she saw the lavish supply.

"Oh! what lovely flowers," she said. "See, Sibyl, are they not exquisite? Our drawing-room will be like a bower to-day. Mr. Egerton is certainly charming."

"You mean that his flowers are," said Sibyl, looking up with a smile from a little bright-eyed Skye terrier to which she was administering sugar. "But they are delicious!" she added, unable to resist their beauty as her eye fell on them. She held out her hand for the basket and almost buried her face in the fragrant blossoms. "How I love flowers!" she said, as if to herself. "They are among the few satisfactory things in life." Then, glancing at her mother, she added: "This is Mr. Egerton's apology for having forgotten our existence last night, mamma."

"Forgetting an engagement—which was hardly an engagement—and forgetting our existence are different things," said her mother. "I think you are scarcely just to Mr. Egerton, Sibyl."

Sibyl made a slight gesture of indifference as she put the basket down again on the table. "I do not feel sufficient interest in him to be unjust," she said; and I am quite willing for him to forget our existence as often as he likes, provided he sends such an apology as this. A basket of flowers is much better than an hour of his or any other man's society, at the opera or elsewhere."

Mrs. Bertram elevated her eyebrows slightly as she looked at her daughter. For this young lady occasionally puzzled her as well as other people. "It is not like you to effect to despise men's society," she said.

"I am not affecting to despise it," answered Sibyl. "I like it very much, as you know—that is, I like the society of men of sense. But I would certainly not exchange this basket of flowers for an hour of the society of any special man, even if he were capable of giving me a new idea—which Mr. Egerton is not."

"New ideas are not to be picked up like flowers," said Mrs. Bertram, without adding that she thought her daughter had already more than enough of these very objectionable articles. "And I confess that I do not understand why you should think so poorly of Mr. Egerton. I do not pretend to be intellectual, but he has always struck me as very clever as well as very pleasant."

"He is clever enough, I believe," said Sibyl carelessly—"that is, he is a man of culture; but he always gives me the impression of a man who lives merely on the surface of life. He does not think sufficiently of any new ideas, or if he has them he does not take the trouble to impart them."

"But," said the elder lady, "you do not intend to demand of all your acquaintances that they shall have new ideas to impart to you? Because if so—"

"I shall certainly be disappointed," said Mrs. Bertram with a laugh. "No, do not be afraid. I have not quite lost my senses. But the general dearth of ideas only makes me more grateful to those who have some; and, now that I think of it, Mr. Egerton has probably begun to realize his deficiency, for he remarked last night that it was in search of something of the kind that he had gone to the Socialist meeting in Montmartre."

"A most extraordinary place to go for them," said Mrs. Bertram. "I cannot understand such a freak in a man of sense—and that Mr. Egerton is."

"Oh! he went, no doubt, from mere curiosity," said Sibyl. "I fancy it is that and the necessity to kill time which take him to most places. But how a man can lead such a life, she added with sudden energy, "in a world where there is so much to be thought and said and done, I confess that I cannot understand!"

"What do you expect him to do?" asked her mother. "You know he inherited a large fortune; why should he, therefore, trouble himself with business?"

"That is the one idea which an American has of doing something—making money," said Sibyl. "Forgive me, mamma, but do you really think there is nothing else to be done—nothing better worth doing?"

"Of course I do not think so; of course I know that there are many things better worth doing," said Mrs. Bertram, though she did not specify what these things were; "but I do not see what you can expect a young man like Mr. Egerton to do except amuse himself, for a time at least."

"That is just the point," returned the young lady calmly. "I do not in the least expect him to do anything else. I am quite sure that he will never do anything else. Here, Fluff!"

Fluff replied with a short bark and one or two eager bounds, that he did want it, and Mrs. Bertram abandoned the subject of Egerton and his real or imaginary shortcomings, saying to herself, with a slight sigh, that it was quite certain one could not have everything, but that she should have been glad if Sibyl had been a little less original. Though far from being herself the scheming mother common in fiction and not wholly unknown in real life, she had more than once thought what a pleasant and satisfactory son-in-law Egerton would make if he would fall in love with Sibyl, and if Sibyl were like other

girls and would accept the fortune placed before her. But it was now plain that this castle in the air would never be realized on the solid earth; and, with another sigh, she took up the flowers and carried them away.

They were filling the *salon* with their fragrance when Egerton entered it late in the afternoon of the same day. A glow of golden sunset light was also filling it and bringing out all the harmonious tints of the hangings and furniture; for this room was not in the least like an ordinary Parisian apartment, but had been the home of the Bertrams long enough for them to impress a very distinctive character upon it. Needless to say this character was aesthetic in the highest degree, for a young lady so devoted to new ideas as Miss Bertram was not likely to follow other than the latest light in decorative art. Then, too, the mother and daughter had travelled much and had gathered in numerous places many curious and pretty things. All of these—the richly mingled colors of Eastern stuffs picked up in Algerian and Moorish bazaars; the gleaming crystal frames of Venetian mirrors, with their suggestions of the deep canals and the green sea-water; the beautiful wood-carving of Tyrolean villagers, the rich hues of old Spanish leather, with pictures and china, quaint screens and peacock fans—all made, it seemed to Egerton, a very suitable background for Sibyl Bertram's presence.

And although when she went out of her hat to her boots, she had a fashion, when she received her friends at home, of arraying herself in a different manner. It was not that extreme artistic dressing which originated in London, and which (through caricatures at least) the eyes of all the world are familiar now. Like most American women, Sibyl had too much good taste to make herself aesthetically ridiculous; but she struck a medium of graceful picturesqueness which suited her admirably.

For she was not in the least a line and measure beauty. The brilliant, changing face could not be judged by any acknowledged standard, but the charm of it was so great that few people were inclined to judge it at all. The pellucid skin; the perfectly shaped if rather large mouth; the luminous gray eyes, which brightened and darkened with every passing thought; and the broad, fair brow, from which thick, soft masses of bronze-brown hair waved, made up a whole which to the modern taste was more attractive than classic loveliness. The gift of expression was hers also in remarkable degree, and when she spoke with any earnestness her voice had tones of wonderful sweetness.

On this afternoon she wore as usual when at home, a dress more fanciful than fashionable. It was a black brocaded silk of softest, richest fabric, cut in simple but beautiful lines, slashed here and there to introduce a trimming of old gold, which also appeared in the puff that headed the sleeves, which otherwise fitted the arms tightly until they terminated in a fall of rich yellow lace below the elbow. The square-cut neck, out of which the white, columnar throat rose, also surrounded with this lace, and a cluster of deep yellow roses was fastened in front. It was on this charming figure that Egerton's glance fell when he first entered the room, though she was standing at some distance from him, talking to Mr. Talford, while a slanting stream of sunshine touched her hair, and also brought out the strange, deep harmonies of form and tint in a Japanese screen behind her.

It was Mrs. Bertram who, at his entrance, rose from the sofa where she was sitting and came forward to receive him with her usual cordial graciousness.

"I have hoped that you would not forget us to-day," she said. "I want to thank you for the beautiful flowers you sent. See! they welcome you," she added, with a smile, motioning to a table which bore part of them arranged in some graceful vases of Vallauris ware.

Egerton replied to the effect that he was delighted if the flowers gave her pleasure, but he wished to himself that, instead of fragrant lilies-of-the-valley and delicate white and pink-tinted roses, he had chosen such golden-hearted ones as those which Miss Bertram wore. "But perhaps she would not have worn them if I had sent them," he thought.

He followed Mrs. Bertram to the sofa where she had been sitting, and shook hands with the elderly lady—a member of the American colony, whom he knew well—to whom she had been talking. A pretty, blonde young lady who sat in a low chair near by, drinking a cup of tea and chattering volubly to a young man who stood before her, also held out her hand to him.

"How do you do, Mr. Egerton?" she said. "I have not seen you in an age. Why do you never come to see us nowadays?"

"My dear Miss Dorrance, why are you never at home when I do myself that honor?" he replied.

"Because you do not come at the right time, I presume," she answered. "But, indeed that is the case with so many of our friends—one misses them so by being out—that I have decided on a reception day. It did not seem worth while when we first arrived in Paris, but it has now become necessary. Hereafter, then, we shall be happy to see you on any and every Friday."

"You are very good; I shall certainly remember to pay my respects. And you are still at the Hotel du Rhin?"

"Dear me! no; have I not seen you since we went into apartments? The doctors decided that mamma must remain here for some months, so papa telegraphed to Cousin Duke to settle us comfortably, and he has put us into an apartment, with servants to look after, which I consider a nuisance."

"It is probably quieter and better for Mrs. Dorrance, though," said Egerton. "I hope that her health has improved?"

"Oh! very much. She is able to take a short drive every afternoon. She is in the Bois now—at least she was to send the carriage for me when she returned, and it has not yet arrived."

"At this moment, however, a servant entered—a pretty, white-capped maid—who, while she presented Egerton with a cup of tea, announced to Miss Dorrance that her carriage waited. At this the young lady rose and, with a rustle of silk, crossed the floor to where Sibyl stood, still talking to Mr. Talford.

"Good-by, my dear," she said. "I must run away now. Do come to see us soon. You know mamma always enjoys your visits so much. Cousin Duke, are you coming with me?"

Mr. Talford signified that he was, saying with a smile: "Miss Bertram will have no more attention to bostow can tell her, on the best authority, all about the next revolution."

"Are you interested in revolutions, Sibyl?" inquired Miss Dorrance, opening her eyes a little.

"Immensely," answered Sibyl, with her slightly mocking accent. Then, as Egerton drew near, she held out her hand to him with a very graceful show of cordiality.

"And what does Mr. Egerton know about them?" pursued Miss Dorrance. "I should not think it was the kind of thing he was likely to be interested in."

"Your penetration in judging character does you infinite credit, my dear Miss Dorrance," said Egerton; "but it is something which may before long concern us all so closely that I am only, like a wise man, trying to gain some idea of the nature of the coming storm."

"I hope that you will give your friends the benefit of your information, then," she said, "so that they can get away in time. But I do hope we will be able to finish the present season. Everything is charming in Paris just now."

"As far as my means of information will allow me to speak," said Egerton, "I think I can assure you that you will at least be able to finish your spring shopping before milliners and modistes are wheeled."

"They never will be," said she with confidence. "If there were a revolution to-morrow I am sure that Paris would set the fashion for the world the day after."

"That is very true," said Egerton. "But it might be the fashion of the *bonnet rouge*."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A BIGOT REBUKED.

It is easy to excuse ignorance and mistakes of judgment, to make allowance for prejudice and narrowness; but uncharitableness, especially in professing Christians, is altogether inexcusable. A man of good heart is never at real fault. Whatever else he may lack, he is never wanting in love. It must have been a hard-shell Baptist—a man of little heart and small soul—whom the New York *Sun* rebukes in the following editorial paragraph:

"The self-sacrificing Catholic Sisters who collect alms for charitable uses ought not to be spoken of disrespectfully by our Baptist contemporary, the *Christian Inquirer*. It is a shame to call them beggars. They are no more beggars than are those Baptist ministers who solicit money or take up collections for their own support. Through the humble labors of these pious and worthy women hospitals are supported, suffering is alleviated, children are educated, and the helpless poor are comforted. Not for themselves do they ask alms, but for the afflicted in whose service they spend their blessed lives. They give to many people the opportunity to make small contributions which they would not otherwise have the opportunity of making. They touch the heart where other means of touching it would fail. These meek Sisters give lessons in charity and devotion which strike the innermost chords of the soul. Their benignant presence is ever welcome in thousands of the business places and households of the city. All honor be to these good and grand women, the merits of whom are known in heaven!"

A much-esteemed contemporary in a recent issue alluded to our frequent praise of what we consider the greatest and best of American newspapers. For the political preferences of the *Sun* we care nothing, but its broad-mindedness and large heartedness, of which the above extract is proof, ought to be admired by everyone.—Ave Maria.

Ayer's Hair Vigor, which has outlived and superseded hundreds of similar preparations, is undoubtedly the most fashionable as well as economical hair dressing in the market. By its use, the poorest head of hair soon becomes luxuriant and beautiful.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carwell, Carwell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Cold in the head—Nasal Balm gives instant relief; speedily cures. Never fails.

ABLE DEFENDERS OF CATHOLICITY.

Educated men of all Christian denominations are coming closer together every day in sentiment and purpose. It is the ignorant and the fanatical among the Protestant sects, and they alone, who seek to perpetuate religious strife and bitterness. At a meeting of representative Protestants, divines and laymen, held last Tuesday in Greenfield, religious proscription was bitterly denounced by President L. Clark Seelye of Smith College, and by Dr