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Bibulous, in the belief that her influence will make a new man of him!

And Katharine began to dream of Wirt Percival's conversion. She bent over those splendid orchids—she did not like orchids, but they were symbols of her power over Wirt—and prayed that she might be the instrument of his conversion. He was certainly the most interesting man she had met except young Dillon, whom she would probably never meet again. Her aunt ceased to talk of marriage; it was no longer held before her as a matter of compulsion, and her own thoughts dwelt on the possibility of converting the man whom she had rejected. In return for the orchids, she sent him her copy of Newman's "Apologia." He could never resist that, she thought. The truth was that Wirt was entirely incapable of reading ten pages of that book with comprehension. A novel by Shanti Covelli was much more in his line. He dipped into the "Apologia," had the thoughtfulness to pencil several passages, "beautiful," "convincing," and sent it back after an interval. He was sure that, if he persevered, he would win Katharine. He was not especially fond of her when she was away from him but when in her presence he continually thought that she would make a perfect mistress of Bolingbroke; he saw her, in imagination, receiving guests, making tea in the soft glow of the firelight for the circle of distinguished people he would gather about him, and giving that one touch of feminine grace which was all his beautiful place needed.

He gave his postponed driving-party one day just to show Bolingbroke to Katharine. She thought it compared unfavorably with her beloved convent, Lady Alicia was in raptures.

"And a coincidence!" she cried—"my father's place was called Bolingbroke before it was sold."

Then followed a discussion as to the merits of Wooten, the show place of the neighborhood, and Bolingbroke. But Ferdinand Carey showed a sketch of a colonial house at Mount Airy which Mrs. Sherwood admired more than anything she had seen. As Lady Alicia knew both the English and the American places called Wooten, her opinion in favor of the American place and of this Bolingbroke, compared with her father's estate, was received with applause by the Americans. Wirt Percival looked at her with new enlightenment. He said to himself that, if she only knew how to dress as well as American women, she would be very handsome. Mrs. Sherwood was the chaperon of the party, and she was attended by old Major Fitzgibbons, whose white hat and blue coat with brass buttons, were historic. He had managed a paper for many years, and was famous for his knowledge of the ins and outs of society. She was very fond of him, because he could get "social" paragraphs inserted almost everywhere. And, as Wirt's Madeira was celebrated—the remnants of the famous Hitehouse Madeira—she had asked for an invitation for the Major.

While Mrs. Sherwood led this old gentleman—bristling with anecdotes—about the place, Wirt and Katharine and Lady Alicia were looking at the curious which the master of Boling-

"You Will Suffer all Your Life."

SAID ALL THE DOCTORS

Half a dozen of the best physicians told Mr. Baker that he had Chronic Rheumatism, and would have it as long as he lived. One day Mr. Baker read in a paper of a man who had Rheumatism just like him—who had been told by doctors that his case was hopeless—and who had been completely cured by GIN PILLS.

The two cases were so much alike that Mr. Baker decided he would invest 50c in a box of GIN PILLS and give them a trial.

It was the best investment he ever made. Before the first box was taken, he felt better all over, so he got another. He took that and bought a third, getting better all the time.

Hinesville, May 8, 1906.

I have been greatly benefited by your GIN PILLS, and all who have used them in this neighborhood speak very highly of them. One of my neighbors, Mr. X., who suffered for years with Rheumatism and who has spent hundreds of dollars with specialists without receiving the slightest benefit, was entirely cured by two boxes of GIN PILLS. He is proclaiming their virtues from the "house-tops."

Yours truly, D. L. BAKER.

We don't even ask you to buy GIN PILLS—but to try them at our expense. Write us, mentioning this paper, and we will gladly send you a free sample of these wonderful Kidney Pills that cure Rheumatism. The Bole Drug Co., Winnipeg, Man.

Sold by all dealers—50c. a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50—sent on receipt of price.

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 Ghost in Hamlet," Etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"In Philadelphia, no!" said Mrs. Percival.

"You're a nice Christian!" "Christian!" exclaimed Mrs. Percival. "You talk of Christianity—nobody knows what you believe." "If I believed as much as you do, I should practise more!" Mrs. Percival put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"You will lose your temper, Percival," she said.

"I saw a thing to-day that taught me a lesson," interrupted her husband: "I was in the Broad street station, in the hope of meeting that creature, Ferdinand, on his way up from Bolingbroke, when in came Katharine O'Connor, with her hands full of roses. It made me young again to see her,—but she didn't see me. I watched her through the door of the waiting-room. After awhile she saw an old woman crying in a corner; she looked at her—I could see pity in her face,—and finally dropped one of her roses—magnificent Baronne de Rothschilds they were—into the poor old woman's lap!"

"Baronne de Rothschilds!" and Mrs. Percival dropped her handkerchief. "Why, they are selling for five dollars apiece, and there are not twenty-five in town, Sherwood says."

"Sherwood?" "I mean the florist."

"Well, Katharine did not seem to think that the rose was too good for her old woman,—and you should have seen the old woman's face after Katharine passed. It was for a moment free of care; it was almost joyful."

"Katharine is extravagant," said Mrs. Percival, in an injured tone. "I haven't the slightest doubt that Mrs. Sherwood intended those flowers for me."

"I believe that Katharine holds that nothing is too good for the poor. She went slowly along Chestnut street, enjoying everything im-

mensely, like a school-girl, and I strolled after her. It was interesting to watch her. She went into St. John's church,—and for the first time I entered the church. Upon my word, going in out of the daylight, I felt awfully impressed. She prayed for awhile, and then left those glorious roses in front of the altar. It reminded me of the scriptural story of the breaking of the box of ointment. She evidently thought nothing was too good for the poor or religion. It was a lesson,—and I felt better for it until you disturbed me by your outrageously unchristian sentiments. I suppose if Katharine O'Connor had happened to be behind Wansmaker's counter, you would cut her dead. How do we know but what our secret relative's wife may be just that sort of girl! It's such nonsense, too,—the girl with the best pedigree in town is teaching music. I met her the other day. Her grandfather was a Marquis and her people are famous for good breeding and cleverness. You wouldn't cut her, would you?"

"She doesn't go in for society,—she keeps out of it. She has dropped us, in fact, and we have allowed ourselves to be dropped. She is a girl of good taste, she understands the situation—"

"Which means that this charming girl, clever, well-bred, with more 'birth' than anybody in Philadelphia, is out of society because she is not rich!—come, my dear, form a new society on a more Christian and intelligent basis,—I'm done with your vulgar and artificial nonsense."

"Oh, you're only a man," said Mrs. Percival, contemptuously. After that her husband went to his study, and she rested her head on her hand and thought.

That note of Jenny Mavrick's worried her. She could easily guess why it had been sent to Katharine. The "society" paragraphs in the papers had contained hints,—which Katharine never saw,—that she was closely attended by Ferdinand Carey, by

Wirt Percival and Lord Marchmont. These bits of advertising had been done by Mrs. Sherwood. No doubt, Jane Mavrick had considered it her duty to send a warning to Katharine,—which meant, of course, that "the woman,"—as Mrs. Percival called her bitterly—was alive.

What was to be done? A divorce was impossible,—Mrs. Percival would never consent to that, to be sure the woman might be induced for a

Blue Ribbon Tea

This coupon cut out and mailed in to us, entitles the sender to a free package of our 40c. Blue Ribbon Tea. Fill in blank space whether you wish Black, Mixed or Green Tea ().

To MRS. _____

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certain amount to disappear. As for accepting her husband's suggestion and trying to bring about a reconciliation, that, she held to be out of the question. Mr. Percival had become Quixotic. She would not consult her confessor,—indeed Mrs. Percival only troubled him at Easter,—for she knew what he would say. Should she send for Ferdinand or Wirt in the morning,—for something must be done. Mrs. Percival shuddered, as she thought of the possibility of some voracious reporter getting hold of the story. Oh, horror of horrors! She read the headlines in her mind—

Romance in Society.
A Noted Leader of the German Discards His Wife.
Luxury for One, Penury for the Other.
Mrs. Percival Supports the Heartless Husband.

And so forth. She went to her desk and wrote at once to Wirt.

That young man at the same hour had finished rifling the orchid-house at Bolingbroke for Katharine's benefit, and a box of flowers had been sent to her which made Mrs. Sherwood cry out in amazement, and on a paper, among the choicest orchids, she had written,—"See Hamlet's billet to Ophelia, and believe it mine to you."

Katharine read this and began to be interested. Wirt Percival had some literary taste, after all, she thought.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The Screens at Bolingbroke.

Katharine had begun to be interested in Wirt Percival. Riches she valued little, having never known want; social positions she did not understand; the artificial things of this world were not dangerous to her. She was not of the earth,—her chief danger lay in her own heart. An enthusiastic girl often chooses for a husband the man that drinks to excess, against all lessons of experience; he is so generous and noble-hearted when he is sober. Surely she can reform him—she has resisted the words of the priest, the grace

More Terrible Than War!

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

"It is only a cold, a trifling cough," say the careless, as the irritation upon the delicate mucous membrane causes them to hack away with an irritable tickling of the throat. When the irritation settles on the mucous surface of the throat, a cough is the result. To prevent Bronchitis or Consumption of the Lungs, do not neglect a cough however slight as the irritation spreading throughout the delicate lining of the sensitive air passages soon leads to fatal results. If on the first appearance of a cough or cold you would take a few doses of

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

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. Be sure when you ask for Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup to get it. Don't be humbugged into taking something else.

Price 25 cts.

Miss Lena Johnston, Toledo, Ont., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for throat troubles after taking numerous other remedies, and I must say that nothing can take the place of it. I would not be without a bottle of it in my house."

"Child's Play Wash Day" Surprise Soap

Means: To make the dirt drop out, not be rubbed in, use

the "Surprise" way without boiling or scalding the clothes. Its a new way and a clean, easy method of doing the wash.

Surprise is all Soap; a pure Soap which makes a quick lather.

Read the directions on the wrapper.

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