

Carpet Warehouse
130 and 132
Carling Street

KINGSMILL'S
The Great Drygoods and Carpet Warehouse of the West.

Carpet Warehouse
130 and 132
Carling Street

July Sale of Fine Lace and Net Curtains--25 Per Cent Off

Every Odd Pair
Tomorrow

ENGLISH AXMINSTER CARPETS, borders to match, worth up to \$2 per yard, on sale tomorrow at, per yard, - \$1.25
ENGLISH TAPESTRY CARPETS, borders to match, regular 65c per yard, on sale tomorrow at, per yard - 50c
ENGLISH BRUSSELS CARPETS, borders to match, regular \$1.35 per yard, on sale tomorrow at, per yard, - \$1.15

Every housekeeper, and those contemplating starting housekeeping, should attend our July sale, and purchase made now will be put aside until wanted by payment of a small deposit.

KINGSMILL'S

DRYGOODS AND CARPETS

KINGSMILL'S

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. C. N. Williamson

Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur," "Lady Betty Across the Water," Etc., Etc.

Only a little while ago I had disliked the idea of parting with her; now I welcomed it, for I did not wish her to continue her conscientious efforts at dissuasion. We might have walked on at this juncture, allowing an omnibus finally to overtake us, and Anne suggested the plan, only to have it vetoed by me. If we walked, she would have plenty of opportunity for further argument; in an omnibus, where all our neighbors might hang upon our words, private conversation would be impracticable.

So we stood still, I feverishly discussing the hats and frocks in the carriage packed along the waiting line, and nearly ten minutes must have passed before a movement ahead became perceptible. We were still close to Lady Sophie de Gretteon when at last the omnibus we desired came in sight.

It was rattling along at great speed to make up for lost time, and, as the driver seemed disinclined to see our insignificance, I boldly dashed out to head it off before the more cautious Anne had left the pavement.

I had stretched out my hand to grasp the rail, when an impatient cabman intercepted me. I sprang back startled, and felt my shoulders come in contact with something just beneath the man on top of the omnibus uttering a shrill squeal of alarm, and the sound of her voice, the expression of her eyes, which for a bewildered instant I saw were fixed on me, robbed me of my presence of mind.

I thought that I was going to be run over. In imagination I felt myself knocked down, wheels crunching over my spine. The whole world seemed made of horses—rearing horses, horses with tossing heads and trampling hoofs. The street was a sea of horses. They were everywhere—in front, behind, coming from both sides; so where I would, I could not escape. I shut my eyes and threw up my hands, conscious at that instant, that I had dropped my umbrella, and should never be able to buy another, if I lived to want it.

People were shouting this and that at me; I only heard their voices, not their words, and they all sounded angry, unsympathetic, as if they were annoyed that I had got in their way, not that they cared what became of me.

It could not have lasted sixty seconds, though I had thought of so many things (even feeling a pang of regret that this had not happened after instead of before my glorious visit to Lady Sophie de Gretteon, now to be forever under the horses' hoofs), when I was caught up bodily and planted in safety on the pavement. It was a strong arm that held me, and until a mist cleared away from my eyes I thought my stammered thanks were due to a big policeman; but though the policeman was there, having arrived the fraction of a second too late, it was not to him that I owed my deliverance.

"Twice that gentleman there, not me," he explained, with a gruffness born of my reckless conduct, which deserved all the punishment it had received. My impression was that if anyone merited a scolding it was the omnibus driver for not looking, or the first cabman, who had come so near to using me for a ninny. But they had both been censured by the guardian of the law had not "that gentleman" gallantly interfered.

"Oh, I say, bobby, don't be an idiot," he succinctly remarked; and, having disposed of the policeman, turned to me. "I do hope you're not hurt."

"No, I think not, thanks to you," I faltered. "It was so stupid of me. But you were very good, and—I'm all right now. Come, Anne, we will take

The Grocer Knows.

Next time you go to the grocer to buy soap, say to him, "Give me a bar of the new soap, the Olive Oil Laundry Soap." It is the new soap all the women are beginning to use. There's no resin nor grease in it, nothing but pure olive oil. It lasts longer than ordinary soaps, it's more healthful—it only costs 5 cents a cake.

The largest hospital in the world is the Metropolitan, on Blackwell's Island, New York.

"Won't you let me call you a cab?" You look awfully white and shaken," said the man.

I was about to refuse, but Anne seconded his suggestion. Yes, we would have a cab. And in another moment, with a motion of the stick he carried, our new friend had summoned a hansom.

The crowd, which had paused for the excitement of seeing me killed, had passed on, defrauded. All was quiet again in Hamilton Place, and I thought that there were none remaining who cared to stare, as my knight in tall hat and frock coat extended his service by helping me into the vehicle.

But, after all, I was mistaken. Just as he stood, his hat lifted, inquiring with interest in his eyes whether he should direct the cabman to drive, a victoria approached us. By a coincidence which seemed odd to me (and afterwards was to seem far more so), it contained the wonderful girl in pink muslin. She and the woman by her side—her mother, I was certain—were gazing indifferently into space, when the eyes of the former fell upon my champion.

Her features quickened suddenly into life; her gaze traveled from the man standing by the cab to me, at whom she continued to look with keen curiosity, tempered by disapproval. Then she whispered a word to her companion. The elder woman glanced in my direction, and—a strange thing happened.

CHAPTER III.

The Haunting Victoria.

What there could have been in my appearance to cause her emotion I could not guess; but the well-preserved face under the exquisite bonnet seemed actually to shiver. She stared with widening eyes, her jaw falling in that unattractive yet pathetic way when the spirit loses control of the body in sleep.

I observed this queer, unheeded dramatic effect in vivid surprise, and forgot to answer the question that had been asked. Anne replied for me; and I heard her giving her own address as the one to which we desired the cabman should drive us—heard it half-unconsciously, without room in my mind for more surprise; though afterwards, when it appeared that much was to hang upon such a trifle, I remembered.

The driver was duly informed, and we left my knight standing on the pavement looking after us with a parting smile. It was a very pleasant smile; and for the first time it struck me that the man was handsome. I had been too dazed, too excited, to notice him before, save to gather an impression that he was a gentleman.

"He's rather nice, I think," I remarked languidly to Anne, sinking back, with a sense of rest after storm, upon the unwanted luxury of cab cushions.

"Rather nice?" she echoed contemptuously. "Where are your eyes? He's splendid. He's my ideal of what a man ought to be. I'll bet anything he's a soldier. Oh, the difference between him and the dreadful men—the things—who come to Mrs. Leathery-Smith!"

Mrs. Leathery-Smith was the lady with whom she lived; but never before had I known Anne to be so enthusiastic about a mere man.

"I suppose my eyes were otherwise engaged," I excused myself. "There was such a curious thing; just as we were bidding him good-bye (I hope I remembered to thank him properly again!) a woman in a victoria—we'd seen her in the park, but she didn't see us—stared at me, and behaved in the most extraordinary manner. One would have fancied I was a ghost. She looked awful; I can't think of any other word."

"She probably had a stitch in her side, or a twinge of neuralgia," said Anne prosaically. "You wanted things to happen today, and they have happened. They've gone to your head a little, my dear. You mustn't expect to find a new excitement wherever you turn your eyes, on the principle of 'It never rains but it pours.'"

"She did look at me strangely—very strangely," I persisted.

"Well, you're not exactly plain."

"There she is again!" I exclaimed eagerly. "I do believe she's following us."

"Nonsense!" retorted Anne. "There are dozens of victorias coming this way. Why not hers?"

There was common sense in Anne's words, but somehow I could not be convinced. The victoria was abreast of our hansom; though its elder occupant wore a surface air of composure, she was alert, watchful, and her cold eyes lighted as they met mine.

I said no more to Anne, for I could not prove my assertion; and I knew that she fancied my experiences of the afternoon had sown the seeds of conceit in my heart.

She was inclined to talk of the man from whom we had just parted, and I encouraged the tendency, since it took her mind from my affairs. At the place where we should have changed into different omnibuses I insisted on getting out, as Anne was to pay for the cab.

We bade each other good-bye, and I hailed my omnibus. As I did so, I threw a furtive glance behind. The victoria was still in sight.

For a moment I hesitated, and then ascended to the top of the omnibus. From a corner of vantage on the back seat I could from time to time observe the progress of events. If it were really by chance that the victoria with the two ladies was coming in this direction, it would soon overtake and leave the humble omnibus far behind. If not—and I was right instead of Anne—I might prove my wild theory after all.

I racked my brain for some motive to account for the elder woman's interest in me, taking for granted that it actually existed. The daughter had certainly observed with some eagerness the young man who had been speaking with us; she had whispered to her mother, who had at once exhibited uncontrollable feeling.

Could it be, I wondered, that my knight was this pretty girl's husband?

That she was jealous, and, suspecting an acquaintance between him and me, had induced her mother (the typical, suspicious mother-in-law of the flirtatious, farce-comedy husband) to track me to my lair?

He had been as far as possible from resembling this farce-comedy, gay dog of a young man; on the contrary, he had been, as Anne said, solidly, brown, serious, with gray eyes that looked as if they might be very much in earnest. But I could think of no other solution to the puzzle, and in accepting it I lost the thrill of mystery in the chase. A chase, however, it undoubtedly was. I was not too far away, perched up in my high seat, to observe, when I ventured to glance behind me, the expression on the faces of coachman and groom.

It was contemptuous resignation; every weary feature said that never before had they been expected to dance attendance on a vulgar omnibus. I thought they might even go so far as to give a month's notice when they reached home.

Suddenly something impish entered into my breast, and it occurred to me that it would be amusing to try an experiment. I ran down the winding staircase of the omnibus, and, undismayed by my late mishap, jumped off before it stopped.

Another was coming, and was just in the act of turning a corner which would take it in quite a different direction. I was in time to board it. I wondered if "they" had observed the maneuver, and whether they would presently be seen pursuing. Yes, there was the victoria! The girl and her mother were talking together with animation, in strong contrast to the languor of their mein when first we had met, before they had been walked to this odd interest, which I was not yet sure that I understood.

I had not lingered to ask the destination of this second conveyance, but when the conductor appeared to demand my fare, I discovered that it was taking me away from, rather than toward, Peckham. I should be late, and Mrs. East would be angry. Nevertheless, I would play the game out now. I had only a few pence left, or, at the end of the route, I might have been tempted further to prolong the hunt. As it was, there remained nothing to do but to repair to Peckham, after stepping into a shop, expending a half-penny for a paper, and

SKETCHES OF COBALT.

Many authorities undoubtedly are, but no one ever remains skeptical who has used "Catarrhazone" because it cures so quickly that all doubt is removed. Best remedy on earth for throat irritations, coughs, colds and catarrh. Try it.

remaining inside as long as I could, to account for my visit to this part of the town. Somehow, I was unwilling for the pursuers to know that I had been deliberately misleading them; though why it mattered I could scarcely have explained to myself.

At the corner of Chesley street, where I lived, I beheld the inevitable victoria driving past. I walked

through the gate, up the steps to the door, but, changing my mind, ran down again and gazed toward the end of the street. There the carriage had stopped before a bakery and postoffice. At the moment of my appearance the groom was coming out of the latter with a telegram in his hand. His mistress took it, and seemed to write.

I would have lingered at the open gate to see what might be next in the programme, but at this instant I was hailed by a familiar voice. It was that of Jimmy East, my one friend at Happholme Villa.

"Oh, I say, ain't you goin' to catch it?" he ejaculated, appearing at the front door. "Ma's just savage because you're late. What are you doing out here, anyhow—afraid to come in?"

"No," I replied sedately, ascending the steps with such dignity as I could command.

But my heart was beating somewhat faster than its wont. It was all well enough to tell myself, at a safe distance from Mrs. East, that I could now, for the first time, afford to brave her displeasure. But the habit of years had gripped me again, with my return to the old environment. I would not for a great deal that Jimmy should guess it, but in truth my soul melted within me as I crossed the threshold.

I had a curious feeling that I had come back from another world; or perhaps I experienced the sensations of an opium eater, awaking to dull, head-achy realities after a dazzling panorama of dreamland. The smell of the stuffy little passage depressed me more than ever before—that indescribable reminiscence of dinners past, present, and to come. How narrow it was; how hideous the paper on the wall, representing marble! how grim the linoleum on the floor, which masqueraded unsuccessfully as mosaic!

"She's upstairs in our room, putting baby to bed," volunteered Jimmy, in an awestruck tone. No need for more particular classification. There was only one omnipresent, reigning She at Happholme! "She said you were to go right up to her the instant minute you came in, Connie. I was put to wait at the drawin'-room window to watch for you."

"Very well, I'm going," I responded, and set my foot upon the stairs.

There was a bad half hour in store for me, I was aware, and I could have found it in my heart to wish that Mr. East were at home.

Mr. East was only my cousin Sarah's husband, in Peckham; but in wider spheres he was a commercial traveler. When he abode at Happholme I despised his absence, for his carpet slippers and his dressing gown got upon my nerves. Besides, he had a disagreeable habit of patting me on the shoulder and remarking on the color of my hair or my eyes when his wife was not in the room.

But at least he did his cowardly best to stand between me and Cousin Sarah's wrath; and things undoubtedly went more smoothly during his visits than when he was away inducing provincial firms to order a certain brand of soap.

If he were here tonight—but he wasn't; and so there was no use in wishing.

The room which Jimmy East, Emily East, Baby East, and I shared as a bedchamber was up under the eaves of the villa, with a ceiling that slanted in unexpected places, and attempted to knock one's brains out if one arose in the darkness to soothe the baby's cries.

Adjoining was the abode of the one servant, where many tasks it was part of my daily duty to lighten. I went upstairs heavily, past the floor where Mr. and Mrs. East's domain and the "spare bedroom" did their best to grace a self-respecting Peckham villa. Before the top of the second flight, the voice of Cousin Sarah rang out through the closed door:

"Nasty, ungrateful hussy! She'll know it when she gets an afternoon out again!"

This was a challenge, though she was only haranguing Emily and the baby; and it ought to have spurred my falling courage. But there was something spiritually relaxing to me in the air at Happholme. It was a white-faced coward who reluctantly opened the door and prepared to "face the music."

To Be Continued.

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Easy to Operate
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DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.

6915

6904

A CHARMING DEVELOPMENT FOR
LINEN AND LACE—6915-6904.

A chic little coat and skirt in linen and all-over lace, which is well adapted to home making, is shown. The coat is decidedly new, with its kimono sleeves in, one with the front and back giving almost a cape effect. This is shown in all-over lace with linen bands finishing the edges. A little collar of the lace completes the neck. The skirt is also of linen, consisting of seven gores and lengthened by a straight, gathered flounce. A band of the lace matching that of the coat appears at the top and lower edge of the flounce. The suit is especially of home in appearance and may be made at home without difficulty. For the medium size 2 5-8 yards of 27-inch goods are needed for the coat, and 4 1-4 yards of 36-inch for the skirt. A tafteta, pongee or cloth might be used for the suit. Two Patterns—6915, 5 sizes, 32 to 40 inches, bust measure, 6904, 6 sizes, 20 to 30 inches, waist.

The price of these patterns is 20 cents, but either will be sent upon receipt of 10 cents.

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Measurement: Bust Waist

Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

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