It's All Very Fine

To argue that imitation is flattery. But it's the sort of flattery that the public are the sufferers by when they are induced to take an imitation of



stands unrivaled and alone Sealed lead packets only. By grocers everywhere. Never sold in bulk—25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 6°c.

0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0+0

Miss Pendleton was serious and preoccupied, and had but little to say, except to excuse her delay. The few necessary preparations were made, the trunk was left to be sent for, and they went down to a cab that was waiting at the door, Valeria supporting herself partly on the banister, partly on Miss Pendleton's arm. They drove through street after

street in silence. Too weak to talk there appeared to be four. At the left much in the house, Valeria was far of the view was the Vatican. too weak to make herself heard above the noises of the street; and her companion did not feel disposed to say anything. There were some familian streets and others strange, and they seemed to go back and forth.

At length, when they had time to go from end to end of the city, Valeria said, "It seems to me that we are going in a very round-about

Yes," Miss Pendleton replied impatiently, "the driver is taking the longest road he can, so as to make it cost more. They always do that."
At length the houses ceased abrupt-They drove up a rise between barred their way. The gate was shut, but the porter appeared inside.

And here a difficulty occurred. The porter would not admit them, not having vetturino refused to stay any longer without extra pay, which Miss Pendleton refused to give him.

There was a moment of perplexity then the vetturino was dismissed, and Miss Pendleton begged Valeria to wait where she was while she should run to a house lower down for an order. cab disappeared, Miss Pendleton disappeared, and Valeria was left alone outside the gate with the porter alone outside the gate with the porter looking out through the bars. The rain began to fall gently, the earth was wet, the air cold. It was past the middle of November, and she had been in bed only three or four days before in bed only three or four days before in bed only three or four days before in the second morning Sister Agnes of the second morning Sister Agnes window, and the avenue passed through, and was lost in a smooth turned, and was lost in a smooth turned in the curve on the hill. Only a double line of tree-tops showed its farther course.

There was an open gate beneath the work and finishing of the cars are extremely beautiful. The woodwork is of finished mahogany, and the car, which is much longer to finished mahogany, and the car, which is much longer to finished mahogany, and the car, which is much longer to finished mahogany, and the car, which is much longer to finished mahogany, and the car, which is much longer to finished mahogany, and the cars are extremely beautiful. The woodwork is of finished mahogany, and the car, which is much longer to finished mahogany, and the car, which is much longer to finishe the curve on the hill. Only a double line of tree-tops showed its farther course.

(To be Continued.) in bed only three or four days before with fever and congestion of the lungs; and she could scarcely stand. Apparently, her health had been, from first to last, but very little thought

At one side of the road there was a long chapel with closed blinds, and grass-grown stone steps leading up to Valeria seated herself on these steps, and waited. She began to grow afraid, not knowing where she was. She would surely be ill again if she stayed there much longer. And she could not sit up, either. She had already exerted herself too much that day; and she could scarcely keep herself from lying down on the cold, wet

It was about fifteen minutes before Miss Pendleton appeared, accompanied by a young nun in a black dress, and wearing a black veil over a white She was a sister of San Carlo, an order founded by San Carlo Borromeo to take care of the sick.

The two were running. They made some hasty excuses, the gate opened and they entered. It was a beautiful gate, and the road it opened into ran between a wall and a high slope, and was bordered with trees and shrubs, and there were flowers, even now, and the banks were bright emerald. Vines hung over the gate, and wreathed a little bridge that crossed over it.
They did not follow the road. The

nun took them up a steep path lead-ing to the bridge, when they entered the continuation of a branch of the avenue from the gate. The rain was failing, and the way seemed long; but the sister held Valeria by the arm and helped her along.

At length they reached a house, and,

passing under palm-branches that overshadowed the steps, entered a small garden enclosed in an angle of the casino. At the door another sister met them, took charge of Valeria, her upstairs, and helped her to

Miss Pendleton took leave at once, promising to come again soon. Supper was brought, and she ate little, sitting up in bed, and served by the nun who had met her at the door. Then she leaned forward and looked out through the window. Opposite was the castle of St. Angelo, with the Tiber coming boldly forward a short distance, then turning aside out of sight. Beyond the castle was fields, and beyond the fields a long

Table Jellies

Fresh Stock of Lazenby's Solidified Table Jellies Just received. Complete assortment Of flayors. Two packages-25c.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co 169 Dundas Street.

range of mountains, faintly rosy now opposite the rainy sunset.

They had not deceived her in say ing that the place was beautiful. "This is not your room," the sister said. "Yours is larger. It will be ready for you tomorrow."

Later, the sister came softly in again, and began setting the room in order again for the night. She closed the shutters, placed a little flask of violet-water on a stand beside the bed, nd smoothed the pillows and cover. Valeria did not speak, nor open her eyes, but she smiled. This was some-

thing like care, like charity. Those quiet motions were lulling, and when the sister went out, Valeria scarcely knew. It seemed to her that she heard the click of a lock when the door closed. But she forgot it immediately, and soon fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXVII.

For nearly 48 hours Valeria lay and suffered herself to be taken care of without a thought. The sister and the doctor had discovered immediately the mistakes or the neglect in her treatment and had remedied them. It was the ideal of care for a convales-

neliness, but never any neglect. Now and then she raised herself in bed, and leaning forward, looked out at the castle, the river, the stretching "I was afraid that you wouldn't come," Valeria said, "and I couldn't have stayed here another night, I am have stayed here another night, I am narrow court and boyend nothing here. There was a certain lights the apostles appeared to narrow court, and beyond, nothing but a steep-dropping succession of roofs, looking like a shell-strewn beach with the multitudinous tiny curves of their mossy-lichened tiles.

A black old stone-wall was visible at the left, with weeds and flowers set in the interstices. The house was evidently on brink of a steep hillside. There were but two stories in front, and here of the view was the Vatican.

The window was crossed by heavy bars of wood, so that she could not put her head out; but that did not surprise her; one sees bolts and barred windows everywhere in Italy, and though they are usually seen only on the ground floor, it was not strange to a stranger to see them on the fourth, especially in a house inhabited by

The attendants were as pleasing as the place. A pretty young nurse came and went, ready to do anything, and never doing too much, and Agnes came every few hours to visit

Sister Agnes had that charm which high walls, made a turn or two, and only a nun could possess. Closed in a stopped at a high iron gate that convent in her early youth, she had preserved the simplicity of a child, while acquiring the strength of character and experience in her duties as a woman. She was rather small, and received any orders to do so, and the her face had a severe and melancholy taciturn, had in conversation, a charm- peaceful. ing vivacity. She had the instinct of a nurse, the gentle authority, the soft divined what was wanting without now. waiting to be asked.

The Shirt Waist.

have the women been gowned so sensibly and economically as they are to-

"I am heartily glad to see that at last

family provider. She proves it by her

The shirt waist is certainly comfort-

able, so comfortable that it seems to

be necessary to woman's existence, but

This statement may surprise those

whose resources are unlimited, simply

because they have never thought of

the question. It is a cold fact, just the

And it is costing more every day,

now that the great mass of women are

realizing that the shirt waist, the ascot

or four-in-hand, and the high collar

must each be spotless. To begin, the

shirt waists may cost as much or as

little as you choose. The first cost is only the beginning. The average wo-

man chooses a happy medium as to

price. Then she must have a fresh

day. She must also have fresh neck-

ties and coliars unlimited. Her laun-

dry bill for this bit of dress that is

considered so economical by the un-

sophisticated bachelor is likely to be

25 cents per day. One dollar per week

is a low estimate. The home woman, who really wishes to economize, can

wash her own waists. She has that

advantage. The business woman has

no such opportunity, so must meet her

bills if she would enjoy the shirt waist. Possibly one reason why the shirt waist has so captivated the hearts of

the women who are dwellers in cities

is that cotton gowns are out of the

question for general wear. They are

The country maiden, on first becoming a part of the life of a city, thinks

she cannot live without a quantity of

airy cotton gowns in summer. Soon the grim fact that this luxury, especi-

ally in sooty cities, means unlimited

laundry bills confronts her, and one

by one she sorrowfully gives up the

take warning. Do not choose the shirt

P. P.

Girl's Summer Dress.

For church and party wear there is, of course, great latitude allowed, but

for play and general every-day wear very simple little frocks are considered

good style, and there seems to be a

great wish to have everything as practical as possible. Guimpe dresses are

not worn now by children older than 12,

but many of the dresses are trimmed to

look as though they were worn with a

guimpe, having a square or a round yoke and a wide ruffle, just as a guimpe

dress is finished, around the neck and

shoulders. Unless a girl is very tall when all are pared, cut them in halves for her age, plain skirts look the best; but if she is tall, the skirt could have taking as many pounds of sugar as

waist girl for economic reasons. If you

Ye bachelors contemplating marriage

fripperies so dear to her heart.

do, sad will be your awakening.

too expensive for the masses

wa'st every day, at least every other

present simplicity in dress."

it certainly is not economical.

waist.

and was at the end of a long corridor, that had chambers at either side. This was a new wing of the house, and Valeria was the only person on the sec-

ond floor. Each door had a little slide in it, glass inside, a movable iron screen outside; and the locks and handles were on the outside. The doors could not be fastened from within.

Beside these peculiarities, and the wooden bars at all the windows, they were quite like any other comfortable pedrooms. There were carpets, walls and ceilings were delicately tinted, and they had the ordinary furni-

ture of a bedchamber.

Valeria's room was larger than the others, and had a little dressing-room attached, with a large double doorway without a door, and covered by a curtain. From this dressing-room a window looked toward St. Peter's.

The casino was built upon a hillside, not upon the top, and the hill had been dug away a little more to build this new wing. Over the green summit, not three minutes' walk from the house, which was on the northern summit of the Janiculum, the dome of St. Peter's looked so large and near that it startled at first sight. The great cupola seemed to be set on the There were long hours of quiet hill top like a huge stone-ribbed birdcage. All its form was visible; but nothing else was visible, except the apostles of the facade, and two small-

> be standing on the hill-top. "Oh, there come the apostles to make me a visit! They are welcome," Valeria, without reflecting that this speech might seem strange to the simple, literal nun.

> The bedroom window skimmed the backward edge of the Janiculum, gave a view of St. Onofrio, with its little campanile and one bell against the sky, and of the flat-topped cypresses of the mortuary chapel, on the steps of which Valeria had seated herself two days before. Higher up against the sky stood the casino of Villa Gabriwith a noble procession of umbrella pines leading down toward the

> hollow to the villa gate. The grounds of these two adjoining villas were connected in a manner to puzzle one. The only way of passing from one to the other was over a narrow bridge. Under this bridge was the gate; and the avenue made the figure 8, both bridge and gate being at the intersections of the lines. "Wouldn't you like to go out and take a walk?" the sister said, smiling

at Valeria's contentment with her apartment. "It would do you good to take the air.' Certainly she would like to. Already, in but little more than 24 hours, her life was beginning to come back. It

needed so little help. The sister went away, promising to come for her in the afternoon, and strikes the passenger on getting on the cast; but her smile transfigured it with a sudden childlike sweetness, and her manner, ordinarily calm and even They were melancholy, but they were Valeria sank into an arm-chair by the

"Thank God for a garden that I am not afraid to look into," she thought, touch, the ready supporting arms, the and then shudderingly put the thought quick eye, the order and neatness. She far away. She must forget all that

There was an open gate beneath the

shirt waist habit to an alarming ex-

look thest worn with a fibbon around

The prettiest model has a little full-

ium sized sleeves finished, with a nar-

now cuff to be fastened with link but-tons. The front is fastened with little

to go twice around the waist and tie in front with a bow.—Harper's Bazar.

. .

A Bit of Prophecy.

Speaking of marriage brings to mind

the statement of an Alleghenian, made

recently, to the effect that girls some

times have a knowledge that is little

short of prophetic concerning their fu-

ture. This is how she proved it:
"A few years ago I was one of a

party of seven girls at a picnic. After

we made ourselves comfortable under

the trees. A romantic member of the

party then proposed that we each state

what we proposed to do in the future

Some remonstrated: finally six prom

ised to tell the truth, each vowing se-

crecy as to the confessions. One re-

"One intended to be an 'old maid."

She still is single. Two declared in

business-like fashion that they pro-

cording to the testimony of those who

knew them best, made good their word.

Neither made any pretense of love,

either before or after marriage. That

much is known. The little girl who

seemed full of romance proposed to

marry for both love and money; she positively must have both. Judging

from her life today she succeeded fully.

Two intended to marry for love. And

they did it. Everyone knew that. One

loved long and through much tribula-

tion. She is married today to the ob-

Charlotte Yonge.

Charlotte Yonge, the authoress, is 75

years old, and there is a movement on

foot in England to honor her by the establishment of a memorial scholar-

ship for girls in the high school at Winehester. A fund of \$30,000 is being

raised for this object. The promoters of the scheme argue that Miss Yonge

is particularly deserving the honor. She

has written for girls books which, if

not great and powerful, are good and pure. She has made much money from her writings, and she has always given

generously of it to public enterprises.

An Economical Fruit

Quinces are an economical fruit be

cause so little is wasted. Wash the fruit thoroughly and wipe them with

a dry towel; cut off all soft or badly discolored parts of the skin; then pare,

saving the parings for jelly. Throw the quinces into water as you do them;

posed to marry for money.

ject of her adoration."

A little curious, is it not?

"Never within the memory of man tent. It is a mistake to have too elaborate shirt waists for children. The

woman is beginning to have some re- ness on the shoulders drawn down into

gard for the financial condition of the the belt, a yoke at the back and med-

Of course these remarks were made tons. The front is fastened with little by a man. That man is a bachelor, a pearl 1 atons, not studs. These shirts

fact that is patent to anyone who ever paid shirt waist bills. A married man skirts, and the best belt to buy for a

would know better than to make such | child is a ribbon of some dark color

This change is due to the shirt the throat instead of a collar. A collar

is stiff and old.

mained silent.

either in halves, quarters, or in rings, with a hole in the center where the

easy to know it; when too young, the it is two months offi, or at least six weeks, it is not fit for eating. When you broil or roast a piece of yeal, baste often. Veal is better when a little overdone; it is not fit to eat if underdone.

Regarding Tight Shoes.

To be able to obtain a new shoe which will feel almost as easy as an old one, it is only necessary in having measure taken, or even in obtaining those already made, to put on two pairs of stockings, the kind worn at that time of the year in which the purchase is made. The reluctance which those have, who are independent enough to consult their own comfor to part with an old shoe, or any garment, is familiar to all. The reason is that it has adapted itself to the foot, is worn with comfort, and is easily taken on and off.

GRAND TRUNK COACHES

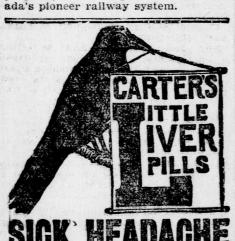
Twenty-Six New and Modernly Built Cars Added to the Rolling Stock.

[Montreal Star, July 6, 1898.] That the Grand Trunk Railway Company is determined to leave nothing undone that will possibly add to the comfort and convenience of its patrons is shown by the latest addition to its rolling stock, in which the construc-tion of a first-class railway coach is brought well-nigh. to perfection.

The company has just placed 26 of hese new coaches on the system, and it is no exaggeration to say that in artistic workmanship, in completeness of details, in their appointments, and in finish they surpass anything of the kindthat has hitherto been seen on a Canadian railway-in fact, it is doubtful whether their superior may be found on any railway in the world. The new coaches are veritable palaces on wheels, and the work done at the Grand Trunk workshops reflects the highest credit on

Canadian skill and workmanship. The new cars are of the vestibule order, 62 feet long, with six wheel trucks for smooth running, and Westinghouse quick action triple brakes and air signals. The first feature that car is the peculiar construction of the platform, which is made of steel, with coverings for the steps, so that the whole platform can be arranged to form a vestibule. By this means dust and foul air are excluded, and all danger to passengers on the platform re-A powerful light over the platform is an unusual and very convenient appointment. The interior first-class coach, seating with comfort 72 passengers, is handsomely uphol-

The comfort of the passengers is evidently the first consideration in the arrangement of the seats, which are adjustable, that is, by means of a spring they can be turned from one side to the other, while the backs as well as the seats can be easily removing feature of the coach will be the commodious and luxurious smokingroom that has been provided for their use. It is a separate enclosed apartment at one end of the car, where they prettiest are really very simple, and may enjoy a quiet smoke without interruption. Even to the most minute details, such as the arrangement of the private apartments, the convenience of the passenger has been studied. The closets are self-flushing, and separate lavatories have been provided for the ladies. Improvements are noticeable in the smallest details. Hereafter when a weary passenger desires to arrange a blind, his temper will not be so sorely tried that he will be inclined to use language more forcible than elegant. The ball-bearings of the blinds are so arranged that they will stop at any point desired. The cars are heated by steam, and lighted by the Patsch gas. The ventilating arrangements are simple and Intisfactory, and everything about the new coaches wears an air of ease and elegance. On the whole the new coaches ar models of modern constructive skill and the Grand Trunk by such improvements shows that its management actuated by a spirit of enterprise and progress, which augurs well for Canada's pioneer railway system.



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Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They

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....AND....

Pure Manilla Binder Twine

ruffles on it. Shirt waists are now part of every little girl's wardrobe, and certainly they look much better on children than they do on older women who have the syrup longer. Quinces look well cut Branch Store, 654 Dundas Street East.

bones are very tender, they are more like nerves than bones; the meat is bluish and has little or no taste. Epi-cures say that if a calf is killed before

Young Veal. CASTORIA Never buy too young veal. It is very

for Infants and Children.

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