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Veloset-Cloth in navy, garnet and brown, in fancy stripe designs, will take very pretty warm winter blouses, 23 inches wide, regular 25c, Tues-

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Full size, complete with good spring oller, all colors. Only a few dozen on

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Handsome Damask and Tapestry fabrics, full length, nice assortment of colorings. Ready to hang.

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Artistic Desk Accessories

Vienna, the home of beautiful bronzes, has lately turned its attention to the making of smaller pieces as well as the larger ones. On push-buttons and little desk pieces it has been specially working this year, and the desk pieces are particularly attractive—not only attractive, but artistic as well, for the little figures are begutifully monthled and the

tive, but artistic as well, for the little figures are beautifully monided and the designs extremely graceful.

There are many novelties, too. Who would dream that the obstruction that looks like a mound of mother earth at the foot of a snow hill down which are coasting a wee boy and girl is an ink well? In the words of the popular song. "Nobody!" But it is the same thing, revertheless. And a most charming ink well it makes.

Another most original ink well is a huge tray, a bit of ground apparently, with a mossy watering trough, over the

side of which the water is trickling. At the trough, drinking, is a horse, and the dismounted rider, in boots and spurs, is standing at his head. Lift the lid of the trough and you have the ink well.

There are smaller pieces, too, and less expensive, for, of course, these fine things wear a price mark to correspond with their size and beauty. Little paper cutters with miniature heads at the top, small busts of the musicians and poets that will make delightful paper weights, and smaller trays and boxes to hold pens and pencils and such other necessaries, are to be had for very moderate prices.

A Spanish Beauty

CHAPTER V

"And so you have been turning out a gallant cavalier, my friend—you, of all men alive! The fiery dragon rushes upon Princess Perfect, and, in the nick of time, up gallops Prince Charming on his mettled steed, with lance in rest, and routs the horrid monster. None of these accessories are wanting—the flashing lightming, the lonely woods. Beauty lost and chivalry daving. It is like a seems at the Porte St. Martin!"

Thus apoke Virginie Countess Portici.

atvalry daving. It is like a scene at the corte St. Martin!"
Thus spoke Virginie, Countess Portici, to Mr. Vivian Trevamance. leaning lightly over the back of her chair in the ong half hour before dinner.

A very charming little person, this French-Italian countesse—French by birth, the wealthy widow of an old Neapolitan count, a beauty born, and a coquette from her cradle.

She was the latest flittee on the list of the lord of Royal Rest, a tremend-busly exacting little queen, and with just a touch of jealous pique visible now in her long, velvety brown eyes.

The voice in which she spoke was melody itself, but its sweetness only rendered its asream the sharper.

"We have been so insufferably stupid here of late," madame went on in her low, soft tones, "that so stirring an adventure as yours is a positive godsend.

low, soft tones, "that so stirring an adventure as yours is a positive godsend. I think I see that woodland tableau! The brigand grasping the horse's bridlerein; the swooning damsel; the heroic knight riding to the rescue! It ought to end in a love-match and a marriage." Her silvery laugh chimed out sweet and low. Trevannance. stroked his brown moustache with an imperturbable face.

face.
"Should it? Who knows, then? Perhaps it may. The price is high, but the Rose of Castile is worth it."

haps it may. The price is high, but the Rose of Castile is worth it."

I a Portici's deep-brown eyes flashed, but she laughed faintly once more. "Poor Lady Evelyn! Let us hope she will escape so sad a fate! Besides, your chances are slight, with a ducal coronet at her imperial feet. That imbecile duke! See him now stand there and gaze, with his soul in his eyes, at the door by which she must enter. What idiots a grand passion makes of the best of you! Be wise. Monsieur Trevannance, wear your chain-mail armor still. A man hopelessly in love is an object of compassion to gods and men."

"Your warning comes too late, mabelle!" whispered Trevannance. "I should have heard it before I met you." The countess struck him a blow with her perfuméd fan.

ner."

Trevannance bowed low as he presented her his arm, but his eyes followed the tall, dark divinity robed in white nd crowned with scarlet.

gave him a brilliant smile and

and crowned with scarler.

She gave him a brilliant smile and glance of recognition as she swept by on the arm of Lord Clydesmore.

The length of the dinner table separated the rescued lady and her knight, and the pyramids of gorgeous flowers and an intervening alabaster Hebe nearly hid her from view; but now and then he had glimpses of that loftily poised head, with its satin black hair drawn off the delicate temples, and the glowing crimson coronal. Now and then that soft, foreign-toned voice—so low, so exquisitely sweet—fell upon his ear; now and then her airy, silvery laugh reached him; and once or twice the cloudless violet eyes met his full. But the wide dinner-table held them asunder.

Amethyst monopolized her on one side

Amethyst monopolized her on one side and his friend, Lord Guy Rivers, on the other, and by his side sat the most ex-asting and dangerous and imperious of comettes.

the better." thought Trevan-"Allah il Allah! It is my des-"All the better." thought Trevannance. "Allah! all lah! It is my destiny, and I don't want to be led captive by a beauty as perfect as the Venus
Medici and as cold as a refrigerator.
Hearen forbid she should ever cast me
into that bit of pathos wherein she has
flung Amethyst. Rivers and the rest of
her victims. Virginie is right— the
grand passion is idiotic, and a deuce
of a bore. I can play at love-making
with the best, but marriage and domestic bliss—bah!"

And then he turned from the camellia-And then he turned from the camellia-crowned siren over the way, and flirted, as Vivian Trevannance could flirt, with his gay Parisian-Neapolitan countess— flirted so recklessly that his father seewled from his seat, and the Earl of Clontar! shrugged his shoulders, and de-cided he would speak to his daughter about accepting the Duke of Amethyst as soon as he proposed.

about accepting the Duke of Amethyst as soon as he proposed.

The ladies arose present and swept away; but in spite of the gay badinage with which he and La Portici parted, it was not the fairy form of the counters he watched from the room, but the regal form of the earl's daughter.

"She might sit by an emperor's side and command him tasks," he thought. "What is it Othello says! Her form is an perfect as a statuette of Coysox; her face as pure and lovely as one of

is as perfect as a statuette of Coysvox; her face as pure and lovely as one of Raphael's Madonnas. And all that is to go to Amethyst—a fellow who, in six months, will hold her a little higher than his dog, a little dearer than his horse. Faught it would be Vulcan wedded to Venue! Out of pity for her I ought to step in and prevent the sacrifice."

fice.

He glanced disdainfully across the table at the heavy face and dull eyes of his grace—eyes that only beauty and billiards, horseflesh and horse-racing

could ever lighten.

"'A man must marry some time," as the governor remarks. It's the thing to do, and, by Jove! she is a mate for a king. I'll devote myself for the rest of the evening to my proud Castilian Rose."

Half an hour after, when the gentle Half an hour after, when the gentlemen entere dthe drawing-room, his glance sought out Lady Evelyn: She sat at the piano playing softly weird improvisations of her own that seemed strangely in harmony with the wild night-storm without.

Heedless of Lady Clydesmore, who signaled him with her fan-of La Portici, whose fealous eyes gleamed-he crossed at once to where the fair pianist sat.

I have been looking forward to this,"

he said, "since the world first began to talk of its Rose de Castile. They tell me you equal Pasta, or Malibran herself. Will you not let me judge?"

"I have not been singing," Lady Evelyn answered. "I seldom sing, except to myself or mamma, and"—a little disdainfully—"I equal neither Pasta nor Malibran."

"Will you not perhit me to indee? dainfully—"I equal neither Pasta nor Malibran."

"Will you not permit me to judge? You will sing for me, I know."

His calmly assured air seemed to anuse the petted beauty (women all like high-handed rulers.) She glanced up at him, a smile in the brilliant depths of the purple-blue eyes.

"My lordly autocrat, I will sing for you, will I? Now, a gentleman who has made the fair sex the study of his life should know better than that! It is a tactic challenge to defiance."

"But you will not be cruel to me this first evening—you will sing. Yau sung for me in Castile—you danced the boltero, senorita!"

"Ah, my sunny Castile! Well, senor, I owe you something, certainly. What shall I sing?"

"One of those delicious old Castilian romaunta—sweetest music on earth;

romaunts sweetest music on earth; one of your impassioned Spanish bal-lads."
She struck the chords—she had a bril-

She struck the chords—she had a brillant, masterly touch—and played a wild, melaneholy prelude. Slowly her voice chimed in—a voice full of pathos and power; a rich, full, clear soprano, sweet as Jenny Lind's own.

She had chosen a weird, passionate song of her native land—stirring words set to a thrilling melancholy air.

Gradually silence fell upon the room. It was so rarely she sung, her voice was so exquisite, her song so full of fire, and passion, and melancholy, so altogether out of the common course.

The listeners held their breathing: weary walkers on society's monotonous tread-mill, they were hearing something new.

new.

For Trevannance, he stood beside her gazing down with a kindling fire in his hazel eyes, a new light in his calm face. That proud, princely head, with its rich, waving black hair, its crimson crown-

coo late, ma
Trevannance. "I and she might be his wife—his for the asking. Her heart was free—pire and nobler than had ever been stirred there before by woman's beouty thrilled the heart of Vivian Trevannance no. "Thank you wish a sister belle to be made ill also? Characteristic of your charming sex. Besides, I don't think our Castilian Rose likes sweetmeats. She looks as though she fed upon the nectar of the gods. See Amethyst's fishy eyes brighten. Lo! the conquering beauty comes!"

"La Dame and Camellias! Accept the varning, and—and take me in to "Trevannance bow ted ber be too be seen to be too be too be used to be the heart of Vivian Trevannance how the last cadence of a funeral hymn. It had told the old story a story of love and despair. With the last story of love and despair, With the last story of love and despair. With the last story of love and despair with the last simply. "I will not soon forget in the last cadence of a funeral hymn. It had told the old story a story of love and despair. With the last simply. "I will not soon forget in the last cadence of a funeral hymn. It had told the old story a story of love and despair. With the last simply. "I will not soon forget in the last cadence of a funeral hymn. It had told the old story a story of love and despair. With the last simply. "I will not soon forget in the last cadence of a funeral hymn. It had told the old story a story of love and despair. With the last story of love and despair. With the last story of love and despair with the heart of Vivian Trevannance how there were stored there before by woman's becuty there heart was free—pire and nobler than had ever been stirred there before by woman's becuty there before by woman's becuty there heart was free—pire and nobler than had ever been stirred there before by woman's becuty there before by woman's becuty there heart was free—pire and so had sake meant as heart so woman's becuty there heart was free—pire and she make free pire and nobler than had ever been stirred there before by woman's b

"Thank you, Lady Evelyn," he said, simply. "I will not soon forget this night or your song."

She rose with a light laugh, conscious that she had made a "sensation."

"I told you I sung seldom, senor. See what comes of it! They absolutely listen. Lady Clydesmore, will you show me that portfolio of Irish drawings you spoke of to-day? Who knows? Clontarf may be among them."

She moved gracefully away Some one

She moved gracefully away. Some one else came to the piano. The Countess Portici from her velvet sofa glared— yes, glared—across at her recusant lover as he followed and took his seat beside Lady. Eyels.

as he followed and took his seat beside Lady Evelyn.

"She sung for that fellow!" murmured poor Amethyst, pathetically: "she never will sing for me. Look at him now! And this is his first meeting, and she looks as if she likes it. Confound him and his as-surance!"

"She does like it," hte countess re sponded, setting her pearly teeth.
"Your marble beauty is only marble to
dolts and bunglers. When the right
hand touches it, the marble turns to

dolts and bunglers. When the right hand touches it, the marble turns to flesh. Take care, my proud Castilian! the changing sea, the shifting quicksand, the veering wind, were never half so fickle as Vivian Trevannance."

"She speaks as if she had suffered from the fickleness," thought his grace. "Why do the women all go down before that fellow, I wonder? He's well-looking, I dare say, and he's acknowledged the best waltzer in London: but why should that make him irresistible? His praise is a woman's crown; his commendation makes a belle the fashion. I thought Lady Evelyn Desmond had sense, but she's no better than the rest." It certainly looked like it. Lady Evelyn, who never allowed herself to be monopolized by any gentleman, allowed herself to be monopolized by any gentleman, allowed herself to be monopolized by Trevannance to night. The rich, blue eyes wore an unwonted brilliance, the exquisite lips were half apart as she listened. He might have been declared a deathless passion in sounding hexameters as far as looks went. In reality, he was only telling her of a last year's visit to Wicklow, a pilgrimage to Clontar!

He described the wild mountain and

lins were half apart as she listened. He might have been declared a deathless passion in sounding hexameters as far as looks went. In reality, he was only telling her of a last year's visit to Wicklow, a pilgrimage to Clontart He described the wild mountain and coast scenery, the picturesque ruins of Clontarf Castle, promised her a faithful aketch of it soon, and she listened with a deep and intense interest, unconscious of the speeding hours and the significant glances of the lookers-on. It was very the like a flirtation—from a distance. Trety wannance saw the faces of the Duke of Amethyst, Lord Rivers & Co., and smiled covertly in wicked delight.

Triompho morte tam vita! It is the motto of our house. To carry off the highest-priced Circassian in Mayfair, the stinguish himself by his deeds of derringdo, let him distinguish himself in the Court of Cupid! My lovely Castillian Rose, Fill win you and wear you if I can!"

There was a self-satisfied smile on his face as he sauntered into the smoking-room half an hour before midnight, and saw poor Amethyst glowering upon him through a cloud of Cayendish. It was something, this triumph over a duke, even though that duke had no more brains than a monkey.

(To be Continued.)

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SHORT F STORIES

The late Judge Silas Bryan, the father of William J. Bryan, once had several hams stolen from his smokehouse. He missed them at once, but house. He missed them at once, but said nothing about it to any one. A few days later a neighbor came to him. "Say, Judge," he said, "I hear'd yew had some hams stole 'tother night." "Yes," replied the Judge, very confidentially, "but don't tell any one. You and I are the only ones who know it."—Success Magazine.

cago's literary club, and one of the members had just made a terrible, irremediable break about another—made

they played 'Three Little Maids,' from 'The Mikado.' Isn't that queer?''
At this the newly married one turned

At this the user, many pale.

"Mercy!" she gasped. "At our wedding supper Tom's friends serenaded him, also, and they rendered the sextet from 'Lucia." "Ladies' Home Journal.

After observing John Drew across the footlights these last fifteen years in a series of evening clothes, known as "Jack Straw," "The Second in Command," "The Duke of Killicrankie," etc., etc., it is pleasing to be able to record, says Rennold Wolf, that the eminent fashion-plate is entirely alert to his own personality. In other words, if Mr. Drew could effect a dual personality and be at once John Drew and a matinee girl he would not wait for himself at the stage door.

This reflection is induced by a remark which fell from underneath, Mr. Drew's own justly celebrated mustache the other day.

He was passing out of a Broadway chophouse when he ran full-tilt into his own lithograph.

chophouse when he ran full-thit into his own lithograph.

He paused for a moment, and in-spected it intently.

"Ah, Willie Hatchetface, the leading man," he commented to his friend, and

Keeping in Condition.

TRAVELERS' GUIDE

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

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*9.05 p.m.
Burlington. Port Credit, etc—|7.00 a.m., †11.30 a.m., †5.35 p.m.
Port Hope. Cobourg. Belleville, Brockville, Montreal and East—|7.50 a.m., *7.65 p.m., *8.65 p.m., *9.06 p.m., 12.60 p.m., †2.40 p.m., †2.40 p.m., †2.40 p.m.,

Lindsay, Peterboro 15.55 p. m. 15.55 p. m. 1Daily, tDaily, except Sunday. ‡From King street depot. CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

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8.38 a.m. for Toronto, Tottenham,
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12.25 p. m. for Toronto, Guelph, Elmira,
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3.15 p. m. (daily), for Toronto,
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