

SPECIAL DISPLAY OF Ladies Fall & Winter Coats

WE ARE SHOWING THE FINEST DISPLAY OF LADIES' COATS IN OUR BUSINESS EXPERIENCE; THE SELECTIONS ARE OF THE LATEST MODES; COLORS TAUPE, BURGUNDY, BROWN, GREEN, NAVY, BLACK, COPEN; THE MATERIALS ARE IN ALL WOOL VELOURS, SILVERTONES AND KERSEYS; SOME HAVE FUR COLLARS, SOME PLAIN COLLARS AND SOME ARE STITCHED. THE COLLECTION IS THE BEST WE HAVE EVER SHOWN.

We are showing a fine selection of Ladies' Fine Waists in embroidered Jap Silk, embroidered Crepe de Chene and Georgette, all the new shades, priced at from \$3.50 to \$10.00

DRESS GOODS AND COATINGS

- 36 inch Wool Serges, shades: Dk. Red, Grey, Dk. Green, Dk. Brown, Black, specially priced for Saturday. \$1.65
- 44 inch Wool Serge Dress Goods, all new colorings. \$2.25

SUITINGS

- 54 inch fine all wool Suitings, navy and black. \$3.00
- 54 inch fine all wool Jersey Suitings, shades of Saphire blue, grey, taupe, turquoise and brown. \$5.75

COATINGS

- 48 inch Broadcloths, navy, castor, King's blue, taupe, brown. \$5.50
- 54 inch Broadcloth, navy, black, dk. green, burgundy, King's blue. \$7.50
- 54 inch Velour Coatings, navy, dk. brown, grey, burgundy, green. \$5.00

- Embroidered Jap Silk WAISTS, white, flesh, peach, black. \$3.50
- Embroidered fine Silk Crepe de Chene Waists, all new colors. \$5.25 and \$7.35
- George Waists, the latest colors, priced at. \$5.95 and \$7.35
- Everybody invited. Everyone welcome. Pleased to have you look through.

Terms Cash One Price **Smyth Bros.** Cheap Cash Store 27 East King St.

THE BRIDE OF LLEWELLYN

By Mrs. E. Southworth

Gladys and her father were both inconsolable and both incapable of directing their family affairs.

At this crisis a sister-in-law of General Llewellyn's, the needy widow of his younger brother, came uninvited to keep house for him.

This lady Mrs. Jay Llewellyn, had been twice a wife, but only once a mother. Her only son, James Stukely, a lad at this time of about fourteen years of age, was the offspring of her first marriage. She brought him with her to Kader Idris, the broken-spirited master of the house making no objection to this double intrusion.

Mrs. Jay Llewellyn, a handsome, stately, fascinating and unscrupulous woman of about forty years of age, addressed herself with great art to the task of winning the confidence of the widowed husband and the affections of his motherless child.

And she succeeded in both objects. General Llewellyn loved and honored her as one of the best and wisest of women. And poor, unassuming Gladys paid her in the pure gold of true affection and gratitude for her own base counterfeit of interest and sympathy.

Could the father or the daughter have read that woman's heart a-ight! Could they have divined her purposes! For from the very first hour of her entrance into that house she was "mistress of the situation," and had formed her plans accordingly. And she was resolved that, come what

might, by fair means or by foul, her own half idiotic son, James Stukely who was of no kin to the Llewellyn family, should become the master of the Llewellyn estate, including Kader Idris and all its vast dependencies and to effect this purpose she did not hesitate to plan the destruction of the heart-broken old man and his motherless child.

This was what happened. Within a few months after her arrival at Kader Idris, and just in proportion as she won the confidence of General Llewellyn, General Llewellyn's health failed. And this was only the commencement of her strange success. His appetite failed, his flesh wasted, his strength waned, his health declined, yet with no tangible disease.

Doctors came, felt his pulse, looked at his tongue, sounded his lungs and consulted over his case, but without ascertaining any distinct malady. At this time, "Mrs. Jay," as she was commonly called was a host in herself. She nursed the invalid, she cheered Gladys, she entertained the visitors, flattered the doctor and made, in short, every conceivable but indispensable to everybody.

In the first stage of his illness, the old man was still able to walk about the beautiful grounds around Kader Idris, though he looked pale, thin and careworn, and was obliged to lean upon a stick.

But as the season advanced, the weather grew cold, and his illness increased, these walks grew fewer and further between, until at length he was confined to the house here he was soon troubled only with a great deal of effort, to get from his bedroom to his breakfast-parlor and back again.

At last even this became an impossibility, and he was confined to his chamber, where his only migrations were from his bed to his easy-chair. The old man several years before made a will, bequeathing the whole of his real and personal estate unreservedly and unconditionally to his beloved wife, knowing that in the event of her surviving him she would in her turn bequeath it in like manner to their only child.

Now, however, that his wife had gone before him, he thought it necessary to make another will. So he destroyed the first one and executed a second, devising his whole estate to his only daughter, Gladys, and appointing as her guardian his esteemed friend, Mrs. Jane Llewellyn.

Two days after the execution of that fatal document that gave his daughter, for the term of her minority, into the irresponsible power of a female fiend, General Llewellyn expired.

The physician pronounced the sudden death to be just what might have been expected any day for the last month. And the clergyman spoke religious consolation to the bereaved daughter and sister. Gladys listened humbly, reverently, and gratefully, and tried to take the good counsel to heart. But as she was perfectly silent, and as Mrs. Llewellyn was fluent in her responses, the clergyman went away with the impression that the maiden was rather insensible and that the lady felt the event very deeply.

A few days after this the remains of General Llewellyn were taken to Stanwell and buried with military honors, and with all the pomp and circumstance of a great man.

And the orphan returned to the desolate home. The will of General Llewellyn was read in the large dining-room by the family solicitor in the presence of the family physician, clergyman, friends and servants. And then the funeral guests dispersed.

CHAPTER II. THE TREASON.

Mrs. Llewellyn assumed the reins of domestic government, but she did not at once throw off her mask. It was not as yet necessary to do so. She was very kind to Gladys, sympathizing with all her sorrows, consulting all her tastes and indulging all her inclinations and therefore securing for the time at least her gratitude, affection and confidence.

Gladys grieved deeply for the death of her father, but the grief of youth is not lasting. Youth's grief is dead in forgetfulness. Youth's eyes are not turned to the past but to the future. And so followed that, as the months rolled on and brought the close of the last year of Arthur's absence, Gladys ceased to weep for the loss of her father, and began to look forward to the return of her lover. It is true that she had not heard from him for many months, but she comforted herself for the want of his letters by the reflection that he must be on his voyage home, and that he must arrive sooner than any letters could reach her.

Some unaccountable reluctance restrained Gladys from speaking to her aunt of her betrothal, although she knew that Mrs. Llewellyn was perfectly well acquainted with that betrothal, as she was with all the family secrets, or rather the family affairs, for there never had been any secrets in that simple household.

Comparatively Speaking. Neglected Diner—Have you ever been in the country, waiter?

Tired Waiter—Me, sir? No, sir. Why, sir?

Neglected Diner—I was just thinking how thrilling you'd find it to sit on a fence and watch the snails whiz by.

"What about that ring you promised me?" "You shall have it—one of these days."

"My dear, it seems to me your present is always in the future."

What They Called "Im." Mrs. "Iggins" christened "im" "Arold from the ynn book."

Mrs. "Oggins: But, dearie, I've never seen Arold in the ynn book."

Mrs. "Iggins: Oh, but surely you've heard "ark! the 'arold hangels sing!"—Passing Show.

An Old-Fashioned Girl. Mrs. Olden—What did you marry for, my dear, love, money, position or what? Mrs. Bridget—For a husband.

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The best quality in all wool Serges in burgundy, taupe, clay, sand, navy, brown and black, 54" wide, at yd. \$6.00

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