

THE BEST GOOD SHOE
INVICTUS



Clearing Lines

At Greatly Reduced Prices.
Tan Calf. Reg. \$15.00. Now \$11.95
Black Box Calf. Reg. \$15.00. Now \$11.95

Patent Leather. Sizes 9 to 11 only. Reg. \$10.50. Now \$ 7.75
Black & Tan Box Calf Oxfords. \$10.75. Patent Oxfords \$10.75
Black Vici. Reg. \$15.50. Now \$11.95

Men's and Boys' **CLASSY NECKWEAR.**
EASTERN BRAND CAPS Latest Designs and Colorings.
From \$1.50 to \$2.75. From 45c. to \$2.70 each.

Friday and Saturday
SPECIAL SALE DAYS

INDIVIDUALITY

Our Millinery Department is at all times prepared to cater to the individual taste—both in Style and Price—in Hats. Our skilled artists are always ready to help you with suggestions for a "Hat out of the Ordinary" and you are sure of being pleased with the results of any order entrusted to their care. The latest creations in Hat Shapes just arrived.

VELVETEENS. In all the fashionable colours. From \$1.60 to \$2.00 yard.

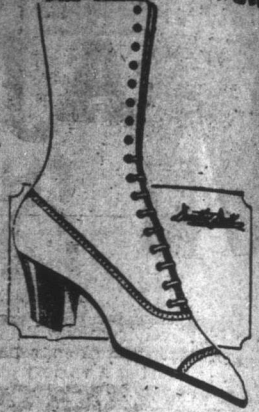
VELVET CORD. All Colours. \$1.60 yard.

WHITE CAMBRIC. 45c. yard.

WHITE NAINSOOKS. 45c. and 70c. yard.

Marshall Bros

THE PARTICULAR WOMEN
SHOES



Clearing Lines

at less than half price

Cloth Tops.
Sizes 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½ and 6.
\$4.78 pair.

BLACK KID OXFORDS.
Sizes 4, 4½, 6, 6½. At \$9.00 per pair.

40 inch SILKS 27 inch
Merve. All shades—\$3.30 yd. Taffeta. All shades—\$1.70 yd.
Taffeta. All shades—\$3.00 yd. Merve. All shades—\$2.10 yd.
Jap. Black and White—\$2.10 yd.

DRESS PLAIDS.
From 40c. to 75c. per yard.

Friday and Saturday
SPECIAL SALE DAYS

Women Who Enslaved Kings.

BEAUTIFUL AND DISSOLUTE HORTENSE MANCINI.

Of all the women who have captivated the Courts of Europe and twisted kings round their little fingers there has been no more remarkable than Hortense Mancini. She was the niece of Cardinal Mazarin. Richelieu's crafty successor, one of the five lovely daughters reputed to be the loveliest children in Italy, brought up in a home of genteel poverty and raised to riches and influence by their scheming uncle. His design was to secure by their beauty supplemented by his gold and splendid alliances as should make his position as the most powerful Minister in Europe impregnable.

CARDINALS MADCAP NIECES.

But the Cardinal had scarcely calculated the price he would have to pay for realizing his ambition, for the girls—a quintette of madcaps—defied his authority and shocked him by their escapades. But he had no difficulty in finding the high-placed husbands for them. The loveliest and most alluring of the five, Hortense, even as a child of ten, was a past-

mistress of courtliness and coquetry. She had legions of lovers.

Armande de la Porte, only son of France's greatest Marshal, became so infatuated with the little witch that he would spend the rest of his life in a monastery if he could not win her for his wife. "If I may only marry her," he declared, "I shall be quite content to die three months later." But the love-sick boy received short shift at the hands of the Cardinal, who declared, "I would rather give Hortense to a lackey than allow this young imbecile to marry her."

A PIERLESS BEAUTY.

Such was her beauty that Saint Evremont, who was her worshipper and slave to his last day, declared: "There are no eyes so sweet as hers in the world. Their color has no name—it is neither blue nor gray, nor altogether black, but a combination of all three. They have the sweetness of blue, the gaiety of grey; and, above all, the fire of the black. Her smile would soften the hardest heart. Her complexion is so delicately clear that I cannot believe that anyone who examined it closely could deny it to be whiter than the driven snow. Her hair is of a glossy black, whose curls seem to rejoice to shade so lovely a head. And the tone of her voice is so harmonious and agreeable

that none can hear her speak without being sensibly moved.

From all parts of Europe desirable lovers flocked to look on such peerless beauty and it possible to win it for their own. Pedro II. came to lay the Crown of Portugal at Hortense's feet, only to find his vows—and his queenhood politely declined. Charles II. of England, then an exile from his throne, brought the battery of his fascinations to bear on her; but, whatever Hortense might have had to say to him, Mazarin frowned on the suit, and the penniless king and the "most splendid lover in Europe" went empty away.

"But Mazarin left her marriage too late, for his son was setting, and she actually married the despised Armande de la Porte, who was created Duc de Mazarin by the King at the Cardinal's request.

"In an adjoining room," says Hortense, "my sisters looked at one another, and for all regret, observed, 'God be thanked, he has gone!' And to tell the truth, I was scarcely more grieved." Such was the crafty design for his niece!

With his bride the new Duke secured a fortune of a one hundred million francs, in addition to the Palais Mazarin, with its priceless contents; while she received from her husband

"a great cabinet, wherein, among other rich gifts, there were ten thousand pistoles in gold"—a present of which Hortense thought so little that she left the cabinet open for all who would to help themselves; and when the coins did not go so rapidly as she wished, she flung them in handfuls out of the palace windows.

HER UNHAPPY MARRIAGE.

But Hortense had not been many days a wife before she would gladly have given all her gold for her lost freedom; for her husband was quick to reveal his true nature, that of a bigoted, madly jealous man, with eccentricities bordering on insanity. So puritanical was he that one of his first acts was to deface every picture and to destroy with a hammer every statue in the Palais Mazarin that offended his sense of decency. Eventually she fled for refuge to the Convent of the Filles de Saint Marie.

Here, Hortense's suppressed spirits quickly reasserted themselves. In company with a hundred spirit, Sidone de Lenoncourt, she played pranks on the nuns—"filling their holy water stoup with ink, putting wet sheets on their beds, and letting dogs loose in their dormitories"—play, in short, every conceivable practical joke on them.

ESCAPADE WITH EQUERRY.

But no convent walls could long

confine Hortense's bold spirit. She escaped, attired in man's clothes, and fared into the world on horseback, accompanied by a maid, similarly disguised, and an equerry, one Couberville, whose handsome face and courtly graces had made no little impression on her. Crossing the Alps, after an adventurous journey, she came to Milan, where she found her sister Marie and her husband, Prince Colonna, awaiting her.

But Hortense had not travelled so far to spend her time with relatives. She wished to escape from ties and conventions, to enjoy life in her own way; and this she decided to do to the scandal of the good people of Milan. Not content with setting tongues wagging by her relations with her equerry, she cast her spell over a wide range of lovers, who flocked to pay homage to the most beautiful woman in Europe.

By this time her sister Marie, driven to desperation by the cruelties of her husband decided to fly. She persuaded Hortense to accompany her. After an exhausting tramp they were taken out to sea, and after nine perilous days, during which they narrowly escaped shipwreck and capture by Turkish pirates, they reached Marseilles. But there was no possibility of reaching Paris, and Hortense left her sister and sought refuge at the

Court of Savoy, where she was assured of a welcome from her former lover, Charles Emanuel, who had so nearly become her husband. He installed her in one of his palaces, and combined the regal hospitality due to a queen with the attentions due from a lover.

As France and Italy were closed to her, her eyes turned to England, where her exile lover Charles was now seated on his restored throne, and would, unless she was very much mistaken, be pleased to see again the woman who had made such a conquest of his heart.

BACK TO THE OLD LOVE.

The "Merry Monarch," though many a fair woman had since caught

him in her toils, had never forgotten the lovely Italian girl who had played such havoc with his peace of mind in the days when his crown seemed almost as remote from him as the stage. Compared with her, Castlemaine, with her opulent charms, the baby-faced Querouaille, and all the other women who had caught, but could not hold, his vagrant fancy were as water unto wine. The Cardinal's niece still remained vivid in his memory as the most desirable woman on earth, and when she came to him more distractingly beautiful than ever, invested with the halo of romance, and with the appeal of his chivalry, he received her as a queen returning to the empire of his heart.

He provided her with the most sumptuous apartments in St. James's Palace, installed her as the chief of his harem, and granted her a pension of £4,000 a year; while Louis XIV., eager to ingratiate himself with Charles's new favourite, compelled her husband, the Duc, to allow her £50,000 a year, and to return to her the jewels, lace, and other precious belongings of which he had robbed her. She was the idol not only of Charles, but of all his courtiers.

A GREAT GAMBLER.

For political power she cared not a straw. She was content to drink long

and deep of the cup of pleasure, licence, which fortune now seductively to her lips. Her wit and intelligence won the hearts of the cleverest men in England; her beauty turned the heads of gallant. But it was by no means who asked of life. She desired no indulgence that money could chase; she revelled in the delights of the gaming-table, the passion for basnet, the favorite game of the time, she carried thing, playing night after night, losing thousands of guineas at a time with the same insouciance.

With Charles's death the day of queenhood naturally ended. She resumed her life of indulgence under two more names. When she saw death looming at last retired from the scene of splendour to spend a few months in penitence and preparation for Here, one summer day in 1680, closed her eyes on the world of London's Weekly.

LOST.

He tried to cross the railway before the rushing train. They put the pieces in a sack. But couldn't find the brain.

Mothers . . . Wives . . . Sisters

Have you tried Lux? Lux is purest of Soap in flake form. The best shops sell Lux
Lux cleans without rubbing and cannot injure your clothing or hands
Lux won't shrink woollens, therefore is best for washing blankets, stockings, sweaters, underwear, etc.
Lux melts the moment you throw it into boiling water. Lux saves time and labour
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Please buy a package of Lux to-day, you will be delighted with Lux Soap flakes
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Every day wise women say, **LUX** is better, in every way