

## Street Boots



that set off your tailored suit or walking-coat to the minutest detail of perfection—dress boots that give the completing touch to your costume—outing boots that withstand the winter storm and slush and snow— all here and all true, authentic Fifth Avenue, New York, style in

## Cousins Shoes

Made in New York

### for Women

A sixty years' reputation is behind the quality and workmanship—and our own reputation guarantees your perfect fit.

# CATHCART'S

PEMBERTON BLDG.

621 FORT ST.

different from the gay, happy leader of the old days. Softly put her two hands into his, and drew him toward her. "Francisco, forgive me," she whispered. He drew her towards him, and kissed her gently upon her forehead. His arms were around her. What did she care for wealth and position.

"Francisco, take me with you," she murmured.

"But the Baron?" he replied.

She shuddered at the thought of the morrow. How could she have been so mad as to think that she could have married that man.

"I shall never marry the Baron. I love only you."

He drew her towards him and kissed her passionately.

"You will come back with me to the old life again? Give up these jewels and your gay life? Wander back with me, only a spy, to the old caravan?"

"It is the only life I want," she replied.

She tore the rope of pearls from her neck and crushed them upon the grass with her feet.

Take me now with you, Francisco. Tomorrow will be too late. I must go before they miss me."

He drew her to him and covered her upturned face with kisses.

"You come with me, Naomi, because you love me," he said.

"You know I love you, and always have, but I have been blind," Naomi answered.

Through the shrubberies came a man, his voice raised loudly calling her. It was her father. His face was flushed and angry-looking.

"Do you know that the King is here?" he cried. He stopped short as he observed Francisco.

"Who is this man," he said insolently.

Naomi shrank nearer to Francisco.

"Help me, Francisco," she whispered, anxiously.

"What do you want, Conte Phillippo," Francisco asked.

The Conte stared for a moment, then bowed.

"Pardon, Baron, I did not know that it was you. I saw Naomi from the castle, and as the King had arrived, I was anxious that she should be there to receive him. Will you not return to the castle?" He was all bows and apologies now.

"I shall return," Francisco said; "lead the way."

"Francisco, are you mad? He will fling you out when he finds out his mistake," Naomi said, anxiously.

"Nay, my sweet, I am really the Baron," Francisco replied. "I often grew tired of the Court, and the idle life I led, so I wandered about the country in a caravan to lead the life I loved best. One day I happened to find you and mother Therese. Since that day I have loved you and determined to make you my wife. Madam," he made a low bow, "behold your future husband, the Baron."

Naomi stood still a moment, hardly believing the words he uttered, but her heart filled with a great happiness.

"The King awaits to see my future bride," Francisco said. He took her gently by the arm, and together they entered the castle to meet the King. (THE END.)

Miss Watts, of 707½ Yates street, Victoria, expects to return home the middle of this month. She has been touring the continent studying the latest fashions, and will have a wealth of knowledge to impart to her many fashionable customers on her return.

"How often have you been arrested?" asked the Judge.

"Oh, lots of times," replied the offender. "You see, I used to be in better circumstances, and ran my own motor-car."