

A MISSION FULFILLED

CHAPTER XX.

The Honorable George Barty.

Amongst the guests at Byfield was one whom no coldness on Margherita's part appeared to repel, no dullness of hers to weary. This was a man of the name of George Barty—the Honorable George Barty, a member of a household regiment, and well known in town society. He was generally reported rather fast; but with birth, good looks, and plenty of means, he was not likely to have the cold shoulder turned to him by many on this account. He was a great favorite with Lady Elizabeth, perhaps all the more because his admiration for her was strictly within limits, and his attentions, although polite and sufficient, had never been marked by any overwhelming sense of her charms.

Truth to tell, George Barty was a little tired of the Lady Elizabeth type. It was such a very common one in the circle in which he moved. The fast, flashy, witty, pretty young married woman had become, to his mind, something of a drug in the modern market. He was polite enough to them all—they greased the wheels of modern life, and their small chatter filled up the convenient gaps—society, in fact, could not go on without them; but there was nothing arousing or stimulating in their presence, at any rate to him. Something more original and less shallow was necessary for him to feel such results. And women in Barty's sphere—or he fancied so—were usually either commonplace or shallow; but the moment his eyes fell upon Mrs. Keith Ronaldson he admitted to himself that here was one who seemed to be neither the one nor the other. Her beauty, too, accustomed as he was to a critical examination of lovely faces, struck him as something equally new and original. He had never seen such a face before in all his thirty years. It was one to arouse the coldest being from a sleep of indifference, to fire the enthusiasm of the most jaded of mankind. And having made her acquaintance, he found the very peculiarities which turned some of her own sex against her but so many additional attractions in his own

eyes, wearied as they were of the sameness and tameness of London society. Her little foreign accent and gestures, her occasional ignorance of social laws, her almost childlike simplicity of heart and speech, gave her a freshness which greatly enhanced her wonderful beauty. He watched her with an interest of which he was scarcely aware himself. Sufficiently shrewd to read much of her character, although not to suspect its force, he felt a curious fascination in the woman who was so fearless and so innocent, so good and so simple-hearted, saying to himself, with the instinct of such a man, "How long will it last—when will she become like other women?"

Mr. Barty was not among the number of actors. He had been pressed much to take a part, but excused himself on the score of inability as soon as he perceived that Mrs. Keith Ronaldson was not included among the company. It was quite true that he had never done much in the histrionic line; but it is certainly equally true that had Margherita been engaged to assist, he would have found himself capable of doing the same.

Margherita did not take any particular interest in Mr. Barty; she observed that he was very gentle and courteous toward herself, that he missed no opportunity of ministering where possible to her comfort or enjoyment, this also too unobtrusively to attract observation; and in her simplicity she felt grateful to him. She began, after a day or two, to regard him as something of a friend; and felt sorry, for his sake, one morning she overheard two ladies seated not far from herself, disposing of his morals in a way that seemed to her both cruel and terrible.

"George Barty?" said one, laughing. "Oh, yes, all the women in town are in love with him, they say. No wonder, he's so good-looking; and that sort of silent way of his has a certain fascination about it. He's an awful flirt, I must say, though he doesn't trouble himself to say much."

"And yet you know," observed her companion, "I always fancy he keeps himself remarkably cool; it never strikes me that he has much heart to give away himself."

"I dare say," said the first, "that he has found discretion the better part of valor. You have heard, I suppose, the rumor that he has a wife somewhere in petto?"

"Yes, I know it is said. What do you suppose she is—an actress, or a bad sort, or what?"

"No, they say she's a decent girl, but of low birth, a pretty milliner, or something of that sort. My husband declares it's a true story. But, of course, one can't wonder that he keeps it quiet."

"Of course. One can hardly expect a man—especially a man like George Barty—to wish all the world to know that he had made a fool of himself."

Margherita turned away abruptly, and betook herself to the garden. A wintery sun was shining on the shrub-bordered walks, and here and there the gold and crimson chrysanthemums lifted brave and rosy faces from some sheltered southern wall. It was a calm, lovely, still day, so mild as almost to remind her of the winter beauty of her own sunny land of Capri; yet was she sad and sore of heart. At the time, she thought little of whether the story of Barty and his low-born wife were true; it was the abstract principle itself which disturbed her. More clearly than ever before, she was beginning to appreciate her own position, Keith's impulsive disposition, the rashness of their own marriage; her eyes were being opened during this visit, as never before, to see painful facts in all the harsh nakedness of their unvarnished reality.

"It was not to be wondered at if a man wished to keep such a matter quiet—not to be expected that he should wish all the world to know that he had made a fool of himself." Ah, was that how her own sex, how women looked at the matter? Were they right? If so, had she not done a little wrong? Had he not been generous beyond common in acknowledging her, in keeping her publicly beside him—had she any right to feel wounded, hurt, and sore if he neglected her at times, if he did not always treat her with the love and consideration of the first few months of their married life?

She picked a golden chrysanthemum, and stood twisting it absently between her fingers, the sunlight falling on the dark coils of the bowed head, and on the sad, thoughtful young face.

Suddenly she started as a step approached, and straightened herself. It was George Barty himself, and in his hand he held a light wrap.

"Mrs. Ronaldson," he said, "I took the liberty of bringing you this. I saw you pass the library window with nothing over your shoulders. It is not prudent at this time of the year; you will take cold. And we could none of us afford to lose your singing."

She put the shawl obediently round her.

"But I do not need it, you know," she said, smiling a little sadly. "I was never brought up to luxuries, Mr. Barty."

"You were brought up in Italy," he remarked; "and cannot play tricks with our cold English climate. Do not go in yet, Mrs. Ronaldson; now that you have your shawl, will you not come a little further? Come and see the horses exercising. Do you know which are going to ride tomorrow?"

"I am not sure whether I shall go tomorrow—to the meet."

"Oh, you must come. Stockton, of course, will be proud to give you a mount."

"Yes, he did say he would lend me a horse. But I do not know if I ride well enough," she added wistfully, quite ready to relinquish her own enjoyment if Keith should deem her performance unlikely to redound to his own credit.

"Ride well enough!" he repeated. "Why, you have a beautiful seat on horseback. I never saw any woman sit better, and you seem to me to have a good hand on the reins."

"I should like to go to the meet," she said.

"Not only to the meet—you must follow the hounds."

"But I cannot leap, Mr. Barty."

"Never mind. I know the country well enough; I will take you round, and you shall leap little or nothing."

"I could not spoil your day for you—oh, no, Mr. Barty!"

"You wouldn't spoil my day!" he exclaimed, earnestly, then suddenly checked himself, with the instinct that

had he continued and said all that was on the end of his tongue to say, he might, very probably, have ruined his cause. "I should enjoy teaching you," he remarked; "it isn't often I get the honor of giving a lady lessons in riding. If you would only take my horse now—she's a perfect little fencer, and as gentle as a lamb—and I will ride one of Stockton's. Will you, Mrs. Ronaldson?" he asked, eagerly.

"No, oh, no, Mr. Barty, I will not take your horse. But I will go on a little bit, if my husband does not mind my going. Perhaps," she said, half to herself, with sudden color and a wistful tone, "perhaps he will teach me how to follow the hounds."

The wish in her heart was so plainly emphasized on her face that it would have been impossible for anyone to misread it, and Barty remained silent for a moment, half touched, half angered by her simplicity. What other woman of his acquaintance would have revealed her soul so plainly, without plique or ill-feeling against the man who was treating her at the moment with so marked a neglect? What other woman would have failed to respond, more or less, under the circumstances, to advances so flattering to her own wounded feelings, coming as they did from one so generally admired and admitted irresistible as himself?

He was annoyed, astonished, disgusted. But he was one of those men so accustomed merely to stand with his mouth open in order for the ripe fruit to fall into it, that the very novelty of defeat and uncertainty did but plique his vanity, and redouble his earnestness.

To be Continued.

DETROIT TUNNEL PLAN APPROVED

Dominion Railway Commission Dealt With It—Big Blaze at Ottawa.

[Special to The Advertiser.]

Ottawa, Sept. 20.—The railway commission has approved of the plans for a tunnel by the Detroit Channel Company. The tunnel under the Detroit River will cost from \$7,000,000 to \$10,000,000. There will be two tubes laid in cement, 65 feet below the bed of the river. The tunnel will be operated by electricity.

Big Lumber Fire.

Ritchie Bros.' upper piling grounds at Aylmer were destroyed by fire this morning. The loss is estimated at \$90,000 to \$100,000. About 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 feet of lumber was destroyed. In addition to the lumber the old Presbyterian manse, now occupied by Station Agent Cleary was burned to the ground. If a high wind had been blowing the whole town would have been wiped out.

Canadian-Australian Preference.

A cable dispatch says that Premier Deakin, of Australia, complains that he got no answer to two letters of his in connection with the subject of a preference between Canada and Australia. The exact position of affairs will be shown when the whole correspondence is presented to Parliament next session. It is, however, well known in Ottawa that Australia got the offer of a preference in the first instance ten years ago and did not accept. There was a standing offer to the colonies.

New South Wales came under that offer and got preference. When New South Wales was absorbed in the commonwealth, the general tariff was so much against Canada as not to entitle it to preference. Later on Canada endeavored to arrange a preference with Australia. Trade Commissioner Ross was specially instructed to carry on negotiations and had done so. He was on the spot. It looked at one time as if Canada were to succeed, but instead we got duties raised against us. Australia knows that Canada was anxious to get a preference and instead a higher tariff was extended to the Dominion. This, briefly, is how the matter stands.

FATAL EXPLOSION.

Fort William, Sept. 21.—Three men are dead and eight are injured as a result of the inadvertent explosion of a dynamite cap, which occurred Wednesday in the Grand Trunk Pacific tunnel at Pinemark. The dead are Peter Wetli, 33 years; Henry Parviainen, 22 years; Nestor Rajala, 48 years.

The accident occurred early Wednesday forenoon. The injured men who survived the shock have been taken to the private hospital of Foley Bros. at Kamistiquia. All will recover.

At the time of the explosion the laborers employed at the tunnel were engaged in removing debris that had been blasted from the cut on the previous day.

Charles J. Johnston, a foreman, had his left arm blown completely from his body.

FIFTY YEARS IN PRISON.

Wilmington, Del., Sept. 20.—Charles Conley, a negro who attacked and seriously injured a woman and her daughter on a public road ten days ago, was sentenced yesterday to 50 years' imprisonment and to receive 30 lashes at the whipping post. Conley was arrested Monday. He confessed and today was indicted, tried and sentenced.

A POINTER FOR BRYAN.

Washington, Sept. 21.—Ex-Senator James K. Jones, chairman of the National Democratic committee and manager of both the campaigns for the presidency of Wm. Jennings Bryan, has written to Mr. Bryan advising him strongly to drop the subject of government ownership of railroads and to take a firm stand in favor of an enforcement of the law that is on the statute books.

Poverty is not a crime; it is the only luxury in which the rich cannot afford to indulge.

BROTHERS FIGHT SANGUINARY DUEL

Virginia's Most Noted Outlaw Mortally Wounded By a College Graduate.

New York, Sept. 20.—A Huntington, Va., dispatch to the World says that "Cap" Hatfield, the state's most noted outlaw, who for years has spread terror among the natives along the West Virginia-Kentucky border, especially the McCoy family, is dying at Wharncliffe, Mingo County, the result of two bullet wounds, inflicted it is charged by Dr. Elias R. Hatfield, his youngest brother.

"Cap" and the young doctor had not been on the most friendly terms for a few weeks, but why no one may never know. They met yesterday on the railroad track just below Wharncliffe. "Cap," as usual, carried a Winchester rifle, while the younger Hatfield had a pistol. The men began shooting when within forty yards of each other, and the young doctor proved the better marksman, and it is alleged, put two bullets directly through the chest of his outlaw brother.

"Cap," it is said, has killed more than a dozen men.

Dr. Hatfield has surrendered to the Mingo authorities. He is 26 years old, and is a graduate of the Louisville Medical College.

BULLETS FLYING OVER STREET CARS

Some 200 Passengers See Two Men Murder a Third in Brooklyn Highway.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 20.—With pistol bullets humming like bumble bees about their ears, 200 passengers on an Ocean Avenue trolley car returning from the Gravesend races and another bound for Sheepshead Bay from Manhattan were thrown into panic. The shots were fired by two men who had killed a third on Marcy avenue, Brooklyn.

Both cars were open. As they arrived at the spot, the passengers, mostly women, saw two men with revolvers shooting at a third. At the first shot the man fell. As he was falling, another shot entered his head.

The men who had shot him ran down Marcy avenue toward Flushing avenue, pursued by 50 factory hands who had just quit work.

Fusillade of Bullets.

The two men turned and began firing at the crowd of pursuers. The shots were high and the bullets went singing through the trolley cars, which had stopped. Passengers screamed and dived to get beneath the seats. Some jumped from the Gravesend car and tried to crawl beneath the car. Hand-somely dressed women sat down on the floor, cowering behind seats. Everyone appeared to be trying to get behind everybody else.

Above the cries of the women and the tramping of those seeking a refuge could be heard the singing of the bullets as they passed through the car above the heads of the passengers.

Some one in the cars shouted to the motorman to "go ahead." About the time the cars started the shooting ceased, and the two men who had been doing the shooting ran into Flushing avenue and, turning into an alley, disappeared in the basement of a house.

The excitement was so great that the reserves of the Clynne and Vernon street station were turned out to restore order.

The man who was killed was Michael Ross, 34 years old, the foreman of a gang of street pavers repairing the pavement in Marcy avenue. Ross had remonstrated two men who shirked their work. The men quit and demanded their pay. They were told to come back for it Saturday. They returned to work and worked until noon, when they quit and again demanded their money. Ross told them to wait until Saturday and threatened them with arrest. They went away and nothing more was heard of them.

How Ross Was Killed.

Shortly after 6 o'clock, after the workmen had gone home and as Ross

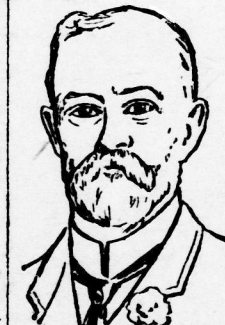
A Toronto Man Tries

Something New and Is Delighted Feels Like a Boy.

Mr. M. N. Dafeo, manager The Dustless Brush Co., 29 Colborne street, Toronto, is telling his friends how he found health after years of illness and pain. He says: "I have been a great sufferer from dyspepsia for many years. I have been treated by local doctors and have the advertised remedies with only temporary relief, if any at all, but since using Anti-Pill I can eat anything the same as when a boy. I have been taking one Anti-Pill at bedtime for the past three months, and find they regulate both stomach and bowels. My old time vigor has returned, so 'pat my spirits are buoyant and temperamental.' As a result of this, I hoped for experience I am in duty bound to give all credit to this wonderful remedy, Anti-Pill."

Every druggist sells Dr. Leonard's Anti-Pill, or a sample will be sent free by The Wilson-Fyle Co., Limited, Niagara Falls, Ont.

The remedy that cured Mr. Dafeo is completely is surely worth a trial. The remedy that cured Mr. Dafeo is completely is surely worth a trial.



"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money"

Our \$10 Coats are the Surprise of the Season

How we manage to get such high-quality materials, and have the garments so faultlessly finished and stylishly designed, and only charge ten dollars apiece for them, is what has mystified the visitors to our Mantle Department lately.

Truly our \$10 Coats are the surprise of the season—and all who miss seeing them are passing by the most unusual coat values offered for many a year.

Just two examples for your careful perusal:

Stylish Gray Check Tweed Coats, strong, sturdy materials. Loose, mannish cut. Seventh-eighth lengths, velvet collar and patch pockets. One of our ten-dollar coat surprises **\$10**

Fashionable mixed tweed effects. Well tailored, perfect fitting garments, superbly trimmed with self-strappings and buttons, long lengths. Another wonder value **\$10**

Very Handsome Coats of Overcheck Tweeds. Fancy colorings. Two styles in long loose coats to choose from. Trimmed with self-strappings and broadcloth pipings **\$13.50**

Saturday the Day for New Dress Goods and Silks

No time like the present for choosing the new fall Dress Goods and Silks. Our stock is now at its best—overflowing with the newest, most fashionable goods. And Saturday we are offering you several special inducements that make it decidedly worth your while to come that day.

10 pieces New Tartan Plaid Silk. Always sold at 75c the yard. Saturday morning, your choice **50c**

Look for this PANAMA CLOTH, All pure wool, 42 inches wide. All the newest shades, including light navy, green, brown, cardinal and wine shades. Saturday **50c**

Very fine All Pure Venetians, 42 inches wide. Best value for the money. All the stylish shades. Suitable for children's and misses' dresses. Our special Saturday **50c**

Remember that our assortment of TARTAN PLAIDS is practically unbeatable. Finest, all pure wool. Good widths **50c, 75c**

64-Inch GRAY TWEEDS, natty over plaid effects, stylish materials. Our price for Saturday, only the yard **\$1**

New DIAGONAL COATING for the long, loose coats. 56 inches wide. Three shades of gray **\$1.25**

50 pieces of TWEEDS, bright and dark mixtures, over plaid effects, etc., 42 and 44 inches wide, Saturday **50c**

Buyers should flock for these.

150 Dundas and Carling.

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling.



The Pure Food Movement

is very strong in Canada to-day. In no article of diet is purity so important as in flour, for flour is the basis of more than half your food. It is your duty, therefore, to see to it that the flour you use is pure.

"FIVE ROSES" FLOUR is made by a process which insures absolute purity, in so far as it can be secured by the most scientific milling methods. From the time the wheat enters the mill until the flour reaches the cook it is untouched by human hands. The grain itself is thoroughly cleansed before grinding, whilst the flour is sifted, time after time, through the finest silk cloth, in order to remove the smallest impurities.

These processes render "FIVE ROSES" an easy and satisfactory flour to use, and insure better results on baking day than can be obtained with any ordinary brands.

Ask your grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.

MONTREAL.

Limits, I.

Local Office, Canadian Bank of Commerce Chambers, London, Ont.

Clothes of the Hour

FOR YOUNG MEN

Our Swagger, Long Cut, French Back Suits, in single and double breasted styles, strike a responsive chord in the mind of every YOUNG FELLOW that sees them—"They're Simply It." FOR SUCH SUITS the tailor would say, \$25, \$30 and \$35. Quite a difference when we say \$16, \$18 and \$20.

YOUNG MEN are the first callers and they know, and must have, the newest things. Judging by the number of YOUNG MEN we've sold these suits to already this fall, we are promising ourselves the big end of the YOUNG MEN'S trade this season—"We're here with the goods."

OAK HALL SPECIAL SUITS, \$6.50 TO \$12.00
SOVEREIGN BRAND SUITS, \$12.00 TO \$20.00

THE HOME OF GOOD CLOTHING

OAK HALL 154 DUNDAS ST. Wm. Gibson, Mgr.

The disappointment of failure is not so poignant as the disappointment of success.

PREVENT DISORDER.—At the first symptoms of internal disorder, Farnell's Vegetable Pills should be resorted to immediately. Two or three of these salutary pellets, taken before going to bed, followed by doses of one or two pills for two or three nights in succession, will serve as a preventive of attacks of dyspepsia and all the discomforts which follow in the train of that fell disorder. The means are simple when the way is known.

As a blind man sees no more from a pinnacle, just so a fool learns no more from his opulence.

The irony of poverty is its wealth of possibilities; the irony of wealth is its poverty of ideas.

SOMETHING MORE THAN A PURGATIVE.—To purge is the only effect of many pills now on the market. Farnell's Vegetable Pills are more than a purgative. They strengthen the stomach, where other pills weaken it. They cleanse the blood by regulating the liver and kidneys, and they stimulate where other pills compound depression. Nothing of an injurious nature, used for merely purgative powers, enters into their composition.

It is less bitter to starve in an attic than to feast upon plates of gold, with suspicion as your portion.

Advertiser Patterns

Designed by Martha Dean.



A FIRST SHORT SET FOR THE LITTLE ONE.—4101.

What lovable little creatures babies are in their first short clothes! and especially when they begin to push themselves about the floor to show their independence. A set of short clothes is sketched here which is very sensible and attractive. The dress has a pointed yoke and deep bertha collar and sleeves which may be long or shorter. A sheer nainsook would serve for this with a simple embroidery as trimming. The undershirt closes in back and has tabs at the lower edge to hold the drawers. The latter are all in one piece and very easily made. The skirt is a straight round one, finished with a hem or narrow embroidery. The material needed for these in the medium size is as follows: For the dress, 2-8 yards of 36-inch goods, 7-8 for the petticoat, 3-4 for the drawers, and 3-8 for the undershirt. 4101—Sizes, 1-2, 1, 2, and 3 years.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below, to

Name

Street Address

Town

Province

Measurement: Bust.....Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern).....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure, you need only mark 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure representing the age. It is not necessary to write "inches" or "yards." Patterns cannot reach you in less than three or four days from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or postage stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.