

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson

Author of "My Friend the Chauffeur," "Lady Betty Across the Water," Etc., Etc.

They had been whispering together of a wonderful change that was to come into their monotonous life, all through a letter which had arrived that morning—a change the mother could not explain then, but that the little girl would understand by and by, when it came, when everything was different, and they were happier than they had ever been.

The two spoke in low voices, but an old clergyman (with beautiful white hair and a long white beard) who had got in at a station after theirs seemed interested in the couple. When they relapsed into thoughtful silence he kindly offered the mother a share of his papers and magazines. Later, when she complained of a headache, he took from his bag a bottle of smelling salts, begging her to keep it as long as she liked.

She went to sleep with it in her hand at last; and, rather than wake her, the child gently withdrew the bottle from the clasping fingers when the old clergyman was about to leave the train, returning it to him with a grateful smile.

He had bent down to take it, and as he did so the little girl looked up into his eyes. They were curious eyes—one brown, the other grayish-blue, with a mottled line round the pupil. For years the child had not thought of those strange eyes, because a few moments after the clergyman had left the compartment a thing had happened which made all the past seem dim and far away.

At the next station the slender figure in black had fallen sideways, with a slight jerking of the train as it stopped. The little girl, frightened, had attempted to rouse her mother in vain. The sleep into which she had sunk had been that dream sleep which knows no waking.

"Heart failure," the doctors had said; but that was afterwards. The picture which had risen to blur the features of the handsome, commonplace room in Addison road held only the sleeping mother, the white-haired clergyman with the curious eyes.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4144

A SMALL FRENCH DRESS WITH SEPARATE GUIMPE—4144.

A pleasing little frock built on the chic French lines, and worn with a separate guimpe is shown. There is no style which renders the small maiden more quaintly attractive than this same long-waisted, style, and while it is simple to make it is sure to prove becoming. The dress shown is unique in its stole berth, which joins the giraffe in front, and may be adorned or left plain. The dress is equally fetching in a supple cloth or a lingerie fabric, the lincens, chambrays or Swisses being very charming. For the medium size 1 1/2-8 yards of 27-inch goods are needed for the guimpe, and 3 1/4 yards for the dress. 4144—Seven sizes, 2 to 9 years.

The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

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 sent 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 "years." Patterns cannot reach you in less than one week from the date of order. The price of each pattern is 10 cents in cash or in postage stamps.

Address—
PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

Yet I could do nothing. My body refused obedience to the brain. The mat gathered me up in his arms and moved across the room. A minute more and my dress was drenched with eau de Cologne. I wondered mistily if it were meant to drown the odor of the chloroform. At all events, it was not dashed into my face, and evidently was not used with the intention of reviving me.

Once more Mr. Wynnstay moved with me in his arms. To my surprise and almost incredulous joy he was going toward the door that led into the hall.

I heard him call in a fussy, anxious tone: "Denby! Denby! come here, quick!"

The door squeaked faintly, and the janitor's startled accents responded: "Well, sir? Why, whatever's the matter, sir?"

"Good gracious! can't you see for yourself the girl's fainted?—fell over in her chair before she could finish a letter I was dictating to her. She must have been ill when she came—most inconsiderate, I must say. Call a four-wheeler, Denby, as quick as you can. I shall take her to my doctor's house. I can't stand a fainting woman on my hands."

"Pshaw, sir, she'll soon come round again," soothed the janitor. "I won't trust to that. I'm not the man for this sort of thing. The cab, and make haste about it, Denby. I'll follow you out of doors with her, where it's dark. Not very pleasant for me if anybody should be coming in and catch me with a fainting woman in my arms. A nice situation!"

"All right, sir, if you're bound to have her out of the house," the janitor acquiesced, with a humorous quaver of indulgence in his voice. "I'll have whistled you a four-wheeler inside a couple of minutes, I dare say, though it's a bad time for cabs in this neighborhood, I'm afraid."

Mr. Wynnstay was carrying me out of the house. A cool air blew on my face, and a flurry of rain that had begun to fall from long threatening skies spattered my forehead.

"Confound it!" the man muttered, and with what secretiveness I could imagine, once more pressed over my mouth and nose the chloroformed handkerchief, which he must have hidden in his pocket.

He was afraid of the very thing which had occurred, and behind Denby's back was endeavoring to counteract the restorative effect of wind and rain.

I had been summoning all my strength, all my energies, for an effort to break my invisible bonds; and now I was to be defeated in the moment of success. If I could only hold my breath, and not draw in those deadly fumes—

There was the whistle for the cab which was to take me away—where? To my death, perhaps. I believed now that I must be in the hands of a madman, for he could have no sane motive in wishing to compass the destruction of so insignificant a creature as I. A madman would stop at nothing. It was now or never with me.

Again and again the whistle, and then came the rattle of wheels. A cab had driven through the gates, and the horse's feet were crunching the gravel of the short drive that led up to the house.

The man who held me started forward, the handkerchief no longer covering my face; then I heard him draw in his breath sharply, stepping back so hastily that he stumbled.

Involuntarily, in the instinctive effort to save himself from a fall, his grasp was loosened. I felt myself slipping out of his arms, and with one supreme effort, staggering, panting, quivering, I threw him off, keeping my feet as they touched the ground.

"Help! help!" I whispered feebly, when I would have shrieked aloud. My eyes were wide open now and staring, though everything swung before them, as if I had been made giddy with the long-continued motion of a merry-go-round. What I saw, what I heard, mingled together in clamorous confusion—a pair of bright lights like great eyes, a hansom, and two men getting out of it.

The yellow light shone on the face of one. I remembered it, and was vaguely glad. But, strangely, being glad caused me to weep, and through my weeping I could still hear down by the gate the shrill whistling that was to summon a four-wheeled cab.

"Save me!" I articulated hoarsely; and tottering forward I kept myself from falling by seizing with both hands a black coat sleeve which seemed to stretch itself protectively toward me.

"Don't be frightened. Of course, I'll help you," a voice said soothingly. "Has this man been annoying you?"

I pressed closer to him, farther from Mr. Wynnstay, whom with clearing vision I could distinctly see, his whiskered face now benevolent of aspect than ever now that the smoked glasses once more hid the queer disparity of his eyes.

"He—he was going to kill me, I think," I panted. "Somehow, looking at that mild countenance, my words sounded unconvincing, foolish. I realized this, and was abashed. Mr. Wynnstay laughed good-naturedly. "There!" he exclaimed, "that's what an old bachelor gets meddling with what doesn't concern him. It's just what I was afraid of." He lifted his voice, and called to the janitor, "Never mind the cab, Denby. The lady has come to herself."

"Whatever this man says, don't believe him," I pleaded. "For heaven's sake, don't let him take me away with him."

"Certainly not," he whose arm supported me returned with decision. "But—" "Certainly not, indeed!" broke in Mr. Wynnstay irritably. "It is the last thing I want. I can tell you, young lady, now that you seem to need a doctor as little as I do. I really must ask you to let me explain this most vexing dilemma, sir. You are Sir George Searforth, I believe? I've seen you here before, as well as elsewhere. You will probably recognize my name also when I mention it—Nathaniel Wynnstay, not quite unknown as a solicitor."

"I think I have friends who know you," replied the other, somewhat impatiently I thought. "Still—" To Be Continued.

MUSICAL STUDENTS WHO SUCCEEDED

Results of the Recent Toronto College of Music Exams.

The examination results of the Toronto College of Music, given below, include all grades.

Among those who passed and won honors are the following:

Teachers' certificates (piano)—H. Roy Robertson, Mount Forest. Piano (third examination) first-class honors—Alma Duffy, Chatham; Mabel Sanders, Chatham; Marion Ferguson, Stratford; Mae Roberts, St. Thomas.

Honors—Irene M. Philp, Mt. Forest. Pass—Bertie Graham, Stratford. Piano (second examination) first-class honors—Pearl Steinhoff, Stratford; Myrtle H. Mosher, Sarnia; Winifred Theobald, Stratford; Edith F. Westley, Sarnia; Grace Randall, Chatham; Gertrude Morson, Stratford; Meryl J. Luckham, Sarnia; Hazel Lynch, Chatham; Vila M. Gilbert, St. Thomas.

Honors—May H. Hutchinson, Sarnia; Lottie Kewley, Sarnia; Mabel E. White, St. Thomas; Alice L. Smith, Sarnia. Pass—Tillie A. McIntyre, Sarnia; Hazel Sanders, Chatham.

Piano (primary examination) first-class honors—Dora H. Stock, Stratford; Alberta Parsons, Sarnia; Grace Stovel, Stratford; Margaret McLean, Sarnia; Leah Jones, Chatham; Gladys Wees, St. Thomas.

Honors—Fred. Shaw, Sarnia; Ethel Dutton, St. Thomas; Agnes Pearson, Stratford; Wm. Brush, Sarnia; Lillian Taylor, St. Thomas; Laura Kruspe, Stratford; Ruby Moore, Chatham; Vera Masterman, St. Thomas; Dolly Scott, Chatham; Winnifred Singer, Chatham; Florence Thompson, Chatham.

Pass—Winnifred Merner, Stratford; Gladys A. Holliday, Stratford; Florence Gray, Sarnia; Mary Coughlin, Chatham; Ivy Rawlings, Sarnia.

Vocal (primary examination) first-class honors—Rheta Stoddart and M. Ola Chrysler, Delhi; Garnet Hopkins, St. Thomas; Florence E. Power, Delhi; Queenie Evans, St. Thomas; Kathleen Owens, St. Thomas; Bella G. Thompson, St. Thomas; Maggie Fletcher, St. Thomas; Natalie Beverley, Sarnia; Nora Daniels, Chatham; Daryl Laughlin, Stratford; Celis Pagler, London; Edna Pierce, St. Thomas; Myrtle Stephens, Chatham.

Pass—Beulah Connors, St. Thomas; Ida Kelley, Chatham; Louise Gordon, Stratford.

Violin, honors—Hazel S. Noble, St. Thomas. Vocal (first examination) first-class honors—Maud Nickerson, St. Thomas; Ernest Beech, London.

Counterpoint, pass—Mabel Brown, Chatham.

Written harmony, pass—Mabel Brown, Chatham; Kate F. Stewart, Chatham.

Honors—Mae Roberts, St. Thomas; Irene M. Philp, Mt. Forest.

Pass—Alma Duffy, Chatham; Grace Randall, Chatham.

Practical harmony (second examination) honors—Mabel Brown, Chatham. Practical harmony, honors—Anne M. Torne, Stratford; Margaret Ferguson, Stratford; Mabel Prowse, Forest.

History (second examination) first-class honors—Jennie Pickard, Exeter.

Pass—Mabel Brown, Chatham.

History (first examination) first-class honors—Jennie Pickard, Exeter; Alma Duffy, Chatham.

Honors—Mary Sutter, Stratford; Gertrude Morson, Stratford; Grace Randall, Chatham; Annie M. Horne, Stratford.

Pass—Alberta Graham, Stratford.

Vocal (normal)—Alvent M. Springer, Guelph.

Senior rudiments, first-class honors—Mrs. May MacIntyre, Sarnia; Margaret McLean, Sarnia; Belle Wilson, Chatham; Jettie Carrick, Sarnia; Leah Jones, Chatham; Jennie Pickard, Exeter; Pearl Steinhoff, Stratford; Norma Shillingford, Chatham; Florence Thompson, Chatham; Florence Lewis, Stratford; Mary H. Stewart, Stratford; Margery Fishie, Mt. Forest; Wm. Brush, Sarnia; Laura Kruspe, Stratford.

Honors—Hazel Johnston, Stratford; Winifred Merner, Stratford.

Pass—Ira Rawlings, Sarnia; Ruby Moore, Chatham; M. Halliday Guttridge, Sarnia; Gladys Holliday, Stratford.

Junior rudiments, first-class honors—Margaret Evans, St. Thomas; Olivia R. Brown, St. Thomas; Bella E. Thompson, St. Thomas; Natalie Beverley, Sarnia; Nora Daniels, Chatham.

DOES YOUR SIDE "CATCH?"

That's the sign of pleurisy. Rub well with Polson's Nervine. It eases the suffering at once, cures the pain, and makes you well. No liniment so penetrating. Large bottles for 25 cents.

The Mikado and the Crown Prince of Japan are each having an album made of photographs of all the military and naval officers killed in the war with Russia.

ALWAYS A GOOD FRIEND.—In health and happiness we need no friends, but when pain and prostration come we look for friendly aid from sympathetic hands. These hands can serve us no better than in rubbing in Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, for when the Oil is in the pain is out. It has brought relief to thousands who with-out it would be indeed friendless.

Harry S. Howland, just 28 years old, is the youngest major in the United States army. He is now with the Fourth Battalion of Philippine scouts.

CHOLERA MORBUS, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather. Fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarrated from eating these tempting things, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is able to check every disturbance of the bowels. The average Englishwoman is two inches taller than the American.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Springs, Beds, Brass and Iron Beds, Stairs, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory, J. P. HUNT & SONS, 608 Richmond Street. Phone 977.

"Always the Best of Everything for the Least Money."

Tuesday, Remnant Day

We've set apart Tuesday to rush out a large accumulation of remnants. Prices have been shortened in a truly astonishing manner for the event. Read on:

REMNANTS OF SILKS AT 25c YARD

Lengths from 1 1/2 to 10 yards. A host of different weaves. Plain and fancies, including stripes, checks and plaids. A complete color range from light to dark. Worth to \$1.00 a yard. Tuesday, and Tuesday only, at, 25c per yard.

DRESS REMNANTS, TOO, AT 25c YARD

Tweeds, Venetians, Panamas, Voiles. A wide color range. 1 1/2 to 5 yard lengths. Worth 75c yard. Tuesday at, yard..... 25c

WHITE COTTON REMNANTS AT 8 1/2c YARD

1 to 4 yard lengths. Wide widths. Selling at the rate of 10c cottons for, yard..... 8 1/2c

Early Closing. Store closes daily at 5 p.m., except Saturday, 9 p.m.

150 Dundas and Carling **GRAY & PARKER** 150 Dundas and Carling

No Baker Can Make Good Bread

with a flour which is not uniform in strength. A brand which necessitates every batch of dough being treated differently will result in the loss of time and money, to say nothing of being the cause of much spoiled bread.

"Our 'FIVE ROSES' and 'HARVEST QUEEN' brands are the most uniform flours on the market. They are made by a process which guarantees uniformity, and every bag and barrel of flour which leaves our mills is tested thoroughly, in order that its uniformity may be maintained.

Users of these brands may rely upon getting flour which gives uniform results—the best—every day. Send us a trial order today, or let us quote you. We want to please you, and we know we can do so with 'FIVE ROSES' and 'HARVEST QUEEN.'

Lake of The Woods Milling Co.,

MONTREAL.

Limited.

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

Perrin's Biscuits

"JUST A LITTLE BETTER THAN THE REST" Arrowroot—

The presence of "Arrowroot"—that light, mild, healthful, easily digested article of diet—makes this biscuit exceptionally wholesome and nourishing. Especially adapted for the sick and convalescent as well as for infants and children.

Ask for it by name—"Perrin's Arrowroot." Your grocer will fill your order.

FOR BREACH OF PROMISE

Old Lady Sued by a Gay Lothario, but Case Fails.

Vienna, July 29. — Frau Poeckh, who is 70 years of age, was sued in the high court here yesterday for \$10,000 damages for breach of promise.

Herr Johann Eggenberger, a retired shopman of Baden, who brought the action, said Frau Poeckh had lived at his house, and some time ago insinuated to his daughter that it was a pity he did not marry again.

He thereupon proposed to the old woman, who has considerable wealth, and she consented on condition that he give up his business. The engagement was ratified by a handshake and a kiss.

Herr Eggenberger disposed of his shop, when Frau Poeckh changed her mind, and advised him to get a wife from some almshouse, as she could never think of marrying anyone who had been a shopman.

Frau Poeckh denied that she ever became engaged, and added that she would rather hang herself than remarry. The court accepted her version and gave a verdict with costs accordingly.

An insurance of nearly \$500,000 is carried on St. Paul's Cathedral in London.

For the Noonday Lunch Nothing So Satisfying as

TRISCUIT

It is whole wheat, steam-cooked, shredded and baked and compressed into a wafer, presenting greatest amount of nutriment in smallest bulk. Delicious as a toast, with butter, cheese, marmalades and beverages.

Always ready to serve. Crisp, tasty and nourishing. All Grocers—13c a carton; 2 for 25c.

This is called the practical age; at all events it is a time when people like to get value for their money. This is assured when you buy

COWAN'S Perfection COCOA

(MAPLE LEAF LABEL). It is absolutely pure, very nutritious and very healthful. The COWAN CO., Limited, TORONTO

Use Big 6 for unnatural discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Pains, and not setting. Sold by Dr. J. D. Kellogg, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles \$2.50. Circular sent on request.