A BID FOR A BRIDE

By BLANCHE EARDLEY

Author of "Kitty Bell—Actress," "The Lady Killer," Etc.

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"And, by heaven, poverty-stricken devil as I am, not a red cent would I take! I accepted the other paltry fiver because I was starving, and I knew you would not miss it, but now I can just hang on and make my own terms!"

"What are they?"

"That you as secretary of the Amalgamated Copper Trust can easily give me an opportunity of earning my own living!" was Steinway's answer, given in quiet, cool tones. "I don't want your paltry price. I want a chance of building up a new life for myself as you have, and perhaps of becoming another success in finance as you have! And you are the man to help me do that, and that is my price!"

For a moment rage choked Hawke's speech. He felt an insane longing to take the man before him and throttle his audacious demand in his throat. He had expected blackmail—and was prepared to meet it—but this price that Steinway had set up was impossible, ridiculous, mad!

"Come" he said, harshly, 'I've not the time for jests of this sort. I refuse such a request."

Steinway rose.

"Then we need not waste any more time discussing it. Remember you had your chance, and you've chucked it away."

As his tall, thin figure stood silhouetted against the pale blue curtain that formed a portiere between the archway that divided the room from an inner one, Clifford Hawke's eyes rested on him with hatred.

This man actually dared to pit his brain against his! He dared to think that he could fight him, that he was the type of man to be bullied into accepting any terms he laid down!

"Stop!" he said in a low, suppressed voice. "You really mean that money won't buy you?"

"I really mean that the only price I accept for my silence concerning an interesting little episode is that I am taken into your office and given a billet. Failing that——" He paused significantly, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Failing that, you say what you know," Clifford Hawke snarled. "Have you considered that you might not be believed, my dear Steinway? Your word against mine, you know"

"Your word against my proof," was the sharp retort, "and you know how many enemies you have waiting to see you fall. You are best judge as to whether you can face the music, besides according to a society rag, I see you contemplate marriage."

The veins stood out like cords on Clifford Hawke's brow. He was cornered, and the knowledge made him writhe. If glances had had the power to kill he would have slain Paul Steinway there and then, but with a great effort he swallowed his rage and tried to speak with some of his old self-control.

"We will not discuss that subject, if you please," he said slowly; "and since you will agree to no other terms than your own, I will do as you ask—only it will be the worst venture you ever undertook in all your life."

Paul Steinway's eyes flashed with triumph. "I'll risk that! You made a pile in the city, why shouldn't I? I'm not afraid. I've a brain of my own, though it may not be so keen as yours." Then he went on slowly "You'll try no bluff game on me, Hawke? This is going to be a fair and square deal?"

Clifford Hawke nodded. His eyes had grown sombre, and the red light in them glowed like dying embers.

"It will be a deal," he replied grimly, "a deal in which the best man wins!"

CHAPTER VII.

A Mad Confession.

The light was waning in Jaspar Tennant's studio. He had been working hard, putting into the picture on the easel all the concentrated essence of that feverish energy that had gripped him since he had met Stella Traine. At last he flung down his pallet and looked at the girl who had been silently regarding his movements for some time.

"Finished for today, Lottie!" he said cheerfully, "are you tired?"

She shook her head, and smiled. "No, Mr. Tennant, I like being here, it's all so restful, so—so—a" she paused for a word, "so different from everything else."

He looked at the pretty fragile face with kindly eyes. The pale brown hair and forgetmenot blue eyes had a special claim on his sympathy because of their resemblance to that long-dead sister whose life had been wrapped in mystery for so long. He was glad, for her sake, that he had been able to help this girl.

"You'll soon grow tired of it, Lottie," he said slowly. "And I daresay something far better will turn up for you to do, I saw that young lady the other day—the one who was so interested in you, you know—and she asked me about you. Perhaps she will call on you soon."

The girl's face flushed warmly.

"She is very good," she murmured. "I can't think why everyone is so good to me; I seem to have found such good friends just when I was desperate with the need of one. That day," she went on quickly, "I had been dismissed from the place where I worked in a shop off the Tottenham Court road, because I was always fainting, and I didn't know where to turn. I walked about wondering what I should do, and how I should pay the six shilling rent a week for my room, and then some wonderful good fortune sent me to you!" With trembling lips she added, "I can never never be grateful enough."

"That's all nonsense, my child," he answered briskly. "I might answer that some wonderful fortune sent you to me; you see I have been able to go on with my picture now that I have found you, so it cuts both ways."

She shook her head with a sigh.

"You say that because you don't want me to feel that you are doing anything for me, but I know, and I feel just too grateful even for thanks!"

Tennant looked at her with interested eyes. In her shabby old dress and worn leather shoes, she was peculiarly attractive. There was a simplicity and delicacy about her that made him curious. There was nothing of the cockney about her, none of that pert readiness and cynical acquaintance with "gutterdom" that had been the characteristic of his former models. She was like a flower that had been plucked from a garden and flung into the gutter.

"When did your mother die, Lottie?" he asked, after a pause.

"When I was fifteen. We lived just out of London then, at Brixton, and mother used to do sewing, she did nothing else. She was always sad, alway sweet," the soft young voice went on, "and then one day I came home and found her dead."

"Poor girl!" Tennant murmured, "and your father died when you were younger, I suppose."

She nodded.

"Yes. Mother never mentioned him—never. Only once she told me that he had broken her heart."

"Never mind! The past is past, and now you have good friends who will see that you don't have any cause to go about fainting any more," Tennant said cheerfully. "When my picture is finished we must think of something else, only don't worry—just look ahead!"

As he spoke he put his hand on her shoulder and gave it a brotherly pat. She was so much younger than he was that it did not occur to him that the vivid blush that stained her pale cheeks was caused by his friendly act or that in the girlish eyes lifted to his there was the dawning light of a woman's adoration.

But another figure that suddenly appeared on the threshold of the studio, and saw that familiar attitude recognized what the man failed to see, and when Jaspar Tennant, with an exclamation of pleased surprise, turned to greet her, he wondered at the coldness that had fallen over the lovely proud face.

"Miss Traine! what good wind blows you here? Is Lady Mary downstairs?"

She shook her head, and a faint color stained her cheeks.

"No, I was driving past, and I thought that I would leave a message, and then your old housekeeper said you had your little model here, so I changed my mind and came up."

She glanced at Lottie, who had been looking at her with large awestruck eyes. Never in all her life had the girl beheld such a dream of loveliness as this tall, graceful girl in her clinging white gown and large picture hat. Lottie's eyes drank in with passionate admiration the vision of wealth and beauty. They saw the knot of malmaisons tucked into the belt, caught the gleam of a diamond bracelet on a white gloved wrist, and her nostrils were assailed by the faint perfume of some rare costly scent. Stella, as though conscious of the girl's silent admiration, smiled, and the coldness left her face as snow melts beneath the warm sun.

"So you are better, and able to sit to Mr. Tennant" she said quietly, "I have been wanting to see you, but my time has been so dreadfully occupied that I have never yet found time. Can you come to me one day?" she went on. "Come on Wednesday and have tea with me, and we will have a nice talk. Mr. Tennant will tell you my address."

And then, when Lottie had faltered out her fluttering thanks and disappeared, a sudden silence fell between Stella and Tennant.

"You said you had intended leaving a message for me," he said abruptly. "Was it an important one? Can I do anything for you? I know it is absurd of me to offer my services," he laughed, "but anything I can do you may rely upon my doing with all my heart."

"You are very kind," she replied, flushing, "but it was nothing important, Mr Tennant. I was passing the studio and I thought I would run in and tell you myself that I was sorry that I should be engaged on Tuesday, and hoped you would forgive my not seeing you."

"I understand," he said in a quiet tone. "I shall not call, then, Miss Traine; you were right to say it was nothing important, just a broken engagement," he laughed bitterly, "that's all."

"You are wrong to think that," she began hastily, "I am sorry—more sorry that I can say—but I cannot explain why I have asked you not to call—and if you are as generous as I think you are, Mr. Tennant, you won't ask me." Then before he could interrupt, she went on, "I am going to be married to Mr. Hawke in five weeks' time, and of course I shall be very busy—with my trousseau."

"Married in five weeks' time," he repeated. "Isn't that—sudden?"

"Yes, but my father and Mr. Hawke wish it," she said wearily, "and after all, what does it matter when I am married—next month or next year?"

Her words, unguarded and spoken on the spur of the moment—the moment when a woman forgets to play a part—sent the blood to his veins in a flood of surprised joy. This marriage with the rich and powerful city man was not a love match—she had given her hand where her heart was not—and now was she regretting it? Little glances and phrases came back to him. She was not happy. This beautiful girl, whose love should crown any man's life, was eating her proud heart out through a sense of honor.

He took a step towards her. They were alone in the studio. The sinking rays of the sun caught a coil of her russet hair and burnished it into a band of gold. Never again might such an opportunity occur when they would be alone.

"Miss Traine," he said hoarsely, "you are unhappy in this engagement—oh, you can't deny it!" he went on passionately, as she raised a proud, angry face to him, "it is too late to pretend to me. You are unhappy, I repeat it—and you must break this engagement off."

"Really, Mr. Tennant," she laughed, after a moment's angry surprise, "you are presuming too far in your idea of how far an acquaintance should go in dictating to anyone upon quite private matters. Please will you see me downstairs now?" she added in a trembling voice. "I am late as it is."

His outstretched hand fell by his side.

"Forgive me," he said humbly, "I had no right, I know. I am barely an acquaintance even, but your happiness is more to me than your opinion of me even! And I hate to see you unhappy! Oh, of course, I am 'impertinent' and 'presuming,'" he said, with a dreary laugh, "but I can't help it—I love you——"

(To be Continued.)

Advertiser Patterns

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A PRETTY CORSET COVER—904.

Ladies' Square Neck Corset Cover, Cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Size 35 will require 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Fitted by shoulder and under-arm seams. The square yoke may be made from a strip of embroidery, the other parts from linen, nainsook and lawn. The fullness at the waist-line is gathered and held in place by ribbon-run beading.

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

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HARVESTS OF IRISH RUINED BY STORMS

What Promised To Be Best Crops of Years Flooded and Blown Over.

Dublin, Sept. 29. — What promised to be one of the best harvests that Irish farmers have enjoyed for many years has been ruined by the disastrous storms and floods which have prevailed throughout the north and west of the country during the last week or two. Grain that had been cut and stocked in the fields has been swept away, and even large quantities of oats and hay in stacks have been blown away by the wind. Cattle and sheep have been drowned in large numbers and a great many farmers have been ruined.

The damage is worst in Derry, Tyrone, Donegal, Carlow, Roscommon and Galway. There was a waterspout a few days ago near Derry which filled one of the reservoirs that supplies the town with water and caused it to burst. Fortunately the millions of gallons of water it contained were caught by another reservoir lower down, and the city was saved from what might have been a great disaster. As it was all the low-lying streets were flooded and there has been great distress among the poorer inhabitants. A large part of Strabane, the chief town of County Tyrone, has been under water and relief has been carried to the poor in boats which navigated the main streets. The farmers along the Finn and Mourne Valleys have suffered great loss.

The floods were so bad that traffic on the Donegal and Lough Swilly Railway was entirely suspended for a whole day. In some places the track was five feet under water.

Red Tape Closes Libraries.

The newspaper rooms of the Dublin public libraries have been closed and no more shining example of the absurdity of Government red tape could be wished for than this. The money appropriated for the libraries fund has been exhausted, and although there are substantial surpluses in other funds, and although every member of the corporation is anxious to keep the news rooms open, it has been found impossible to do so, and there is no prospect of relief even at the opening of the new financial year, as the law limits the amount to be spent on libraries to the product of a tax at the rate of 2 cents in the $5. If the corporation should vote to transfer some of the money lying idle in other funds to the libraries fund, the local government board, which is a bureau of the castle government, would step in and surcharge every member who voted for the resolution, with the result that they would have to pay the money out of their own pockets.

Another example of the work of the local government board has been provided at Belfast, where the board has actually surcharged three members of the corporation with $2,700, which was spent for feeding the troops which were sent to quell the riots there last year. The corporation had nothing to do with sending the troops, and, in fact, did not want them, but when they were there it was impossible to see them starve. The three members who have been surcharged are the officials who actually signed the check given in payment for the supplies.

CANADIAN

The St. Lawrence is now clear of fog.

Malachi Seager, of Beverley, died yesterday.

Frank Else, farmer, of Southwold, is dead, aged 56.

The Klondike's gold output this year will total $5,000,000.

Robert Noble, proprietor of Norval Mills, Norval, is dead.

James Iredale, a prominent Hamilton Oddfellow, is dead.

There are 33,643 names on Winnipeg's municipal voters' lists.

Stratford's assessment totals $6,638,000, and the population 14,489.

The late Charles D. Gage, of Barton, left an estate totalling $56,169.

Burglars looted four residences in St. Catharines on Sunday night.

St. Mary's Cathedral, Hamilton, is to be redecorated at a cost of $10,000.

On Sept. 16 the number of idle railway cars was 49,045 less than on Sept. 2.

H. A. Seguin has been chosen as the Liberal candidate in L'Assumption.

Wm. Burgess was arrested in Hamilton on a charge of assault and robbery.

Joseph Griffin, of Kental, was one of those lost on the ill-fated Star of Bengal.

The Bell Company offers Hamilton $4,000 per year for five years for a franchise.

Daniel Mahoney, arrested in Hamilton as insane, was found to be ill of appendicitis.

The Raymond and Standard Fitting and Valve factories in Guelph have resumed business.

Mrs. W. H. Clarke, of Belleville, caught in the bay a maskinonge weighing 25½ pounds.

W. R. McInnes, freight traffic manager of the C. P. R., values the western crop at $135,000,000.

The saw mills of Thos. Darling & Sons at Callander, were burned with 300,000 feet of lumber.

Edward Vincent's house, Springfield, was destroyed by fire and Frank Brady was seriously injured.

Welland County board of trade has been organized with J. E. Ribstock, of Ridgeway, as president.

Charles Wright, of St. Catharines, was killed on the Lake Superior division of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The directors of the Mexican Heat and Power Company declared a quarterly dividend today of one per cent.

Brantford ladies sold red tags on Saturday in aid of the fund for a nurses' home in connection with the hospital.

Mrs. Paterson Hall, of Montreal, is the new president of the Women's Auxiliary of the Anglican Missionary Society in Canada.

The 6-year-old son of James Gillick, of Belleville, cut his right eye with a jack-knife, and may lose the sight of that organ.

CORNS CURED IN 24 HOURS

You can painlessly remove any corn, either hard, soft or bleeding, by applying Putnam's Corn Extractor. It never burns, leaves no scar, contains no acids; is harmless because composed only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in use. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists 25c. bottles. Refuse substitutes.

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Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacturers of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, $3. Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 593 Richmond street. Phone 997.

Bookkeeping, shorthand, touch typewriting, thoroughly taught in the evening school. F. C. B. College, Y. M. C. A. 70k

SAYS ALL HAVE HAD TUBERCULOSIS

At One Time or Other All Over Thirty Have Had the Disease.

Washington, Sept. 29. — The second day's session of the International Congress on Tuberculosis opened at 9:30 a.m. The entire morning was devoted to the work of section 1, with Dr. Wm. H. Welch, of Baltimore, presiding. Participating in the discussions, which dealt principally with such phases of tuberculosis as channels of infection, latent infection, predisposition, and heredity were many distinguished medical scientists from abroad. Surgeon-General Simon Von Unterberger, of St. Petersburg, honorary physician at the Czar's court, contributed his views of "Heredity in Tuberculosis."

"All tendency to disease that appears in any individual," asserts Dr. Unterberger, "is to be regarded as hereditary whether or not the corresponding disease can be traced back each time to parents or ancestors. The tendency to consumption is inherited and may be developed by various agencies. Numerous autopsies shows that every man over thirty years of age has old remains of a tuberculous infection. These facts show how comparatively easy the human organism can overcome the tubercule bacilli and give us the indication for our treatment, the strengthening of the organism by hygienic and dietetic means."

Stomach Is Sensitive.

Dr. Julius Bartel, of Vienna, discussing the routes of infection, said: "The infection from pharnyx, stomach, and intestines, is far more frequent, particularly during early life than generally has been considered."

Dr. Carlart, of Berlin, in his views on the subject of predisposition of the apices of the lungs to pulmonary tuberculosis, declared that aside from infection, the cause of pulmonary tuberculosis in youthful individuals is to be sought in an individual predisposition due to anatomic and functional disturbances of the normal conditions around the superior aperture of the thorax.

Aerial Germs Blamed.

Dr. Samuel Bernheim, of Paris, quoting from clinical facts and experiments on animals, drew the conclusion that tuberculosis is chiefly transmitted by aerial germs and by way of respiratory tract, although it is sometimes acquired through the skin.

After a recess sections 1 and 2 of the congress held a joint session this afternoon, convening at 2:30 o'clock. The principal subjects discussed were "Conjunctival and Cutaneous Tuberculin Reactions," "Opsonic Index," and "Serum Diagnosis."

THAT CLEVELAND LETTER

Attorney Jerome May Prosecute the Paper That Published It.

New York, Sept. 29.—District Attorney Jerome announced today that he would investigate the facts connected with the sale of a New York paper of an article on the issues of the political campaign purporting to have been signed by the late Grover Cleveland, former president of the United States.

According to the New York Times, which originally published the article, F. S. Hastings, executor of Mr. Cleveland's estate, at first vouched for the genuineness of the article, and later withdrew the voucher.

The Times has not submitted the matter to the district attorney.

Mr. Jerome said today: "The question of the authority of this article seems to be not only important from the standpoint of the criminal law, but to have a large public importance. If the article is a forgery, the person responsible for it and for its sale, if the sale was consummated, knowing it to be a forgery, should be severely punished, for wrongdoing of this character, in the midst of a bitterly-fought campaign, might have very serious consequences."

TWO MURDER SUSPECTS

Arrested in Saskatchewan in Connection With Manitoba Man's Death.

Grenfell, Sask., Sept. 29. — Last evening Constable Brown, of the Royal Northwest Mounted Police, made two arrests, which, it is believed, will turn out to be of importance in connection with the murder of Michael Sager, a former resident of Stirling, Ont., at Elkhorn, Man.

The two men arrested are being detained until an investigation can be made, as they cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves, and the story they tell seems improbable. They give their names as Henry Hubble and James Campbell. Although they admitted having been travelling on freight trains, beating their way through the country, they found that Hubble had $212 in his pockets, and Campbell about $20. They told Constable Brown that they spent Saturday in Winnipeg and had gone from there to Virden, where they put in part of Sunday, leaving on a westbound freight train. Beyond this they were unable or unwilling to account for their movements or explain possession of so large a sum of money. The entire west has been interested in the hunt for Sager's murderers.

Sager was murdered while defending Earle's store, in which he was employed.

Only the highest grade teachers are employed in the F. C. B. College evening classes. 70k

KNOX ALUMNI.

Toronto, Sept. 29.—The annual meeting of the Knox College Alumni Association opened this morning at Knox College with a large attendance, Rev. Robert Martin, of Stratford, being in the chair. The addresses and papers of the morning session were of a religious character.

Cured her Father's Drunkenness by a Simple Remedy.

Saves her father from a drunkard's grave. Free sample of Samaria Tasteless Prescription checks his drinking and leads to a complete cure.

"It seemed hopeless to keep father from drinking, and we all felt the disgrace. When things were at their worst a friend advised me to try Samaria. I saw that you offered a free sample treatment and that the remedy was tasteless and could be given secretly. I determined to try it, and have been glad every day since. The full treatment, which I gave him in his tea, cured him, and I am pleased to say he never touches whiskey now. How glad I am that I wrote you and how happy we all are together Father says that he could never have stopped drinking of his own accord."

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75c Venetians at 57c

All-Wool Venetians, 46-inches wide, in all the best colors, such as browns, greens, navies, grey and black. This is the regular 75c cloth, going on sale Thursday morning at, per yard ..... 57¢

New Stripe Dress Goods, in all colors. Prices at, per yard 50¢, 75¢, $1, $1.25

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All-Wool Poplins, 40 inches wide. This is one of the best wearing cloths made; suitable for children's or ladies' dresses. Colors are red, brown, navy, cream, green, grey and black. Remember, 50c cloth for ..... 37¢

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The last call for these sample Skirts. There are only 50 in the lot. To make a quick riddance they go on sale Thursday at $1.50

Colors are black, blue, brown, and a few Tweeds, worth all the way up to $5, for .. $1.50

Something New in Linings

Looks like a silk. Comes in all colors. Wears well, and the price is only, yard, 25¢

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