

A BID FOR A BRIDE

By BLANCHE EARDLEY

Author of "Kitty Bell—Actress," "The Lady Killer," Etc.
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"Very well," he said again, "I'll wait a bit. Perhaps I might meet Messrs. Lestocq and Waterfield through someone else. You see, I am ambitious too," he smiled. "I'm not going to stay in the gutter; I've found a goal I'm working up to, though it's a good distance off so far."

Hawke smiled grimly. "So? Well, I congratulate you. It's good for a man to have a goal before him. Is yours money?"

Steinway shook his head. "No—something far more difficult to get than money! But I'll get it," he added, "it may be that I'll ask your help—but I will only do that at the last; I'd like to get it without help."

When he was alone Clifford Hawke's face grew grim and thoughtful. He knew he had only put off the evil day, when Steinway would again

ask something of him. The man's calm languid manner had impressed him slightly in spite of himself, and he had felt that behind his apparent indifference lay a new strength—a fresh danger to himself.

"I was a fool to have let him corner me!" he muttered. "It was weak and unlike me, and now he has made money he is getting ambitious. No, I must put a stop to Mr. Paul Steinway's ambition before he grows stronger than myself."

It was late when he went into the outer office. Mr. Traine had gone some time ago, and only a head clerk, a man who had grown middle-aged in Mr. Traine's service, remained.

"Has Steinway gone, Clarke?" he said.

"Yes, sir, half an hour ago," he replied.

"Ah! that's a nuisance. Let me see, what's his address?"

The man turned to a book and whistled over the pages: "88, Claver-ton street, S. W.," he said.

"Thanks. If I have time I'll wire him a message. It's important."

A few minutes later he was in a hansom, driving towards the east end, a strange inscrutable look on his face.

Through grim sordid districts, streets dark and dreary with the ruff-ruff of humanity, the hansom bowed and finally, down a particularly loathsome thoroughfare near the docks, he stopped the cab, and after paying, got out and walked, wending his way through the maze of noisome alleys with the air of a man who knew what he was doing.

At last he reached his destination, a mean little dwelling that looked as though only rats might be its inhabitants. He raised his hand and gave three quick knocks, and suddenly the door was opened on noiseless hinges, and he passed into a room that was in darkness, except for the dim light from swinging lamps and the atmosphere of the whole place reeked of the unmistakable fumes of opium. Silent inert figures lay prone on the ground, or on roughly constructed divans, and others, in the first clutch of the fascinating opium slowly drawing their heaven through thin pipes.

Clifford Hawke looked round with a contemptuous smile. This sort of thing had no charm for him. He was made of too strong a stuff to let a weakness become his master. He stood for a moment watching the scene, then, turning to a yellow-skinned, evil-looking Chinaman in a dirty dress, he said curtly:

"Let's get away from this disgusting scene. Take me where we can talk in peace."

The man nodded, and shuffling before him led him to a room at the back of the house, which was furnished by only a deal table and a couple of wooden chairs. Hawke sat down in one of these and drew out a cigar, the Chinaman looking at him intently through his cruel oblique eyes.

"You wantee talkee bisnis?" he said in a high, sing-song voice.

Hawke nodded.

"Yes, I want you to bring all your mental cunning and knowledge of the east to bear upon what I'm going to say, so keep your ugly ears open."

The Chinaman grinned, showing two rows of glistening yellow fangs.

"Are we quite private here?" Hawke went on.

"Yes, yes, no one come in. No one wantee me now. All smokee," the Oriental replied.

"That's well. Let's hope they'll all smoke themselves to blazes!" was the indifferent reply. "Now listen to me, Li, listen for all you're worth, for I've got a ticklish job for you."

A couple of hours later Clifford Hawke left the opium den by a back entrance, and three quarters of an hour later was driving into the Albany. He looked well pleased with himself, and hummed a little air from the latest comic opera.

He ran up the stairs with light, springing steps, and entered his flat with his latch key. That evening he was dining with Stella at Park Lane, and he had one or two things to do before dressing. He wondered whether Stella had been annoyed at his failing to lunch at the Savoy with her, or had she not even given it a thought? No matter, she would be his wife soon, and then his love and devotion would speedily put the matter out of her mind. He would so color it with his strong personality that there would be no room for the artist's weak "daubs."

As he paused in the hall to take up one or two letters that were lying there, the telephone bell rang sharply. He took up the receiver and listened.

"Hello! Who is it?"

Mr. Traine's voice answered, "Is that you, Hawke? Oh, all right! Awfully sorry, old man, but must put you off tonight. Stella not well. Keeping her own room."

Hawke muttered something, he couldn't remember what, and then he was rung off. He turned away with a muttered curse of disappointment. What had happened since he had last seen her? She had deliberately made this excuse about not being well. Stella was a girl who hated shams and excuses, and rather than not see anyone would suffer torture of headaches and other pains, and yet she had put him off—her future husband—on a paltry excuse like that! What could have happened? he wondered again. Surely he was not going to lose her at the eleventh hour?

Suddenly his thoughts were called back by a sound that sent the blood pulsing to his brain with amazement. It was a laugh—a woman's laugh—and it came from the drawing-room.

He paused a moment, and then, BEWARE OF HEALTH SALTS.

Avoid strong cathartics, when you need physic—take a tested family medicine like Dr. Hamilton's Pills—mild, act in one night, make you feel well next day—that's how Dr. Hamilton's Pills work. 25c per box.

striding forward, pushed open the door.

CHAPTER X.
A Man and a Woman.

As he stood inside the room Hawke could hardly restrain an exclamation. He didn't know whom he had expected to see. At first a mad thought had suggested that Stella had played him a practical joke, and then he remembered that such a thing was impossible. She had never yet been to his chambers with anyone, let alone by herself. No—it was not Stella, but who was it?

Then he had entered the room and had uttered the exclamation of amazement. Seated on a low couch in an attitude of indolent comfort was Isobel Frant! As their eyes met she laughed again, though a slight color deepened her cheeks.

"Surprised, I suppose, Mr. Hawke," she said, rising and holding out her hand, "surprised, and of course somewhat scandalized, like a properly brought up engaged young man ought to be!"

He flushed at the rally in her voice. After that first shock he had recovered his grip of himself, and remembered that she had perhaps come as a dangerous enemy, and he instantly took his cue from her.

"Surprised isn't the word, Miss Frant. But from being scandalized as you suggest, I am not bringing up has been left in my own hands to such an extent that, notwithstanding my being what you call 'an engaged young man,' I am quite charmed to see you, though of course I hope nothing serious has brought you here."

"When I heard your step outside in the hall," she said abruptly, "I thought that you had brought someone in with you, and I wondered what on earth I should say to explain my presence here."

He looked at her curiously. "And that's why you laughed, I suppose?"

She nodded. "Yes, it would have been so funny if people had begun to gossip about us as the consequence of my being here—alone—wouldn't it?"

"I should hardly call it a matter for amusement myself," he replied dryly; "let us be glad, however, that no one came in with me. By the way, did my man let you in, or had you a latch key?"

"I'm not so fortunate as to possess a latch key of my own, let alone other people's," she retorted gallily. "But, seriously, you may let me in. I said I was your cousin and had come to see you on important business, so he let me in like a lamb, and here I am."

"So I see!" he remarked grimly. To tell the truth he was puzzled. He had barely noticed Isobel Frant before, and when he had except on the occasion of their tete-a-tete in the park, he had thought her rather a handsome sullen sort of girl, with no particular charm about her, but now, as he looked at her, and listened to her assumed airiness of manner, he was inclined to think that there was something of the audacity of a daring of a clever woman about this cousin of Stella's.

"She was handsome, too, in a style that did not appeal to him, but that might appeal to a hundred other men. She knew that he knew she had come to his chambers with a stronger motive than her light words conveyed, and he shot an anxious glance in the direction of the desk under the window. It was locked, and he knew that no one but himself had a key that would open it. He turned to find that she was looking at him with quizzical smile.

"You are wondering why I came to see you," she said. "Let me begin by telling you that I had no burlesque motive; it might relieve your mind to know that so far your secrets are in your own keeping."

He laughed.

"I'm not so sure of that! However, I must confess to some slight curiosity as to the reason of this visit, Miss Frant, because I am not vain enough to imagine that a frivolous one brought you here."

"Your surmise is quite correct. I had a reason in braving Mrs. Grundy, and calling here. It was my only chance of seeing you alone. Mr. Hawke, and," she went on, eyeing him through mocking eyes, "you happen to be very interesting to me in a sense."

He bowed.

"You flatter me, Miss Frant. May I inquire what nature that interest takes? And why you should take all this trouble to tell me so?"

"Because," she said, slowly, weighing each word carefully, "I am watching a silent duel being fought between two strong men, and I am wondering which one will win. Sometimes I think you will—others I fancy that Paul Steinway might."

In spite of the self-control he had over his nerves, Hawke gave a start. "Steinway?" he said. "You mentioned that name to me before, Miss Frant. Do you know anyone of that name?"

"I saw Paul Steinway today lunching at the Savoy with another man who looked like a cold," she said calmly, "and I was interested in them because I knew that Paul Steinway was your enemy."

He looked at her curiously.

"Do you think I have any cause to be frightened of this marvelous person, Paul Steinway?" she said with a laugh. "If I remember rightly you referred to this individual before."

She raised her head and looked at him with shining eyes. Excitement was deepening the color in her cheeks.

"Why should we fence any longer?" she said softly. "You must know that I am talking of things I understand that I have discovered, accidentally perhaps, but which I have kept so far to myself, because of my interest in you. The other day you betrayed your knowledge of Paul Steinway by the sudden start you gave, and the lightning of your eyes. You can't surely deny that you know him?" she went on, watching his inscrutable and somewhat amused face with eager eyes.

(To be Continued.)

There were \$4,112 miles of overhead and cable wires in operation in India in 1907, against 4,555 in 1907. The annual earnings of the cables between India and Europe since 1902-1903 show a surplus each year of from \$1,000,000 to \$1,200,000.

MR. ROBLIN AND THE ADVERTISER

Winnipeg Free Press Says Advertiser's Assertions Were Perfectly True.

Winnipeg Free Press: In his speech at London, Mr. Roblin stormed and thundered in his most approved style against the editor of the London Advertiser, for certain statements about his record in Manitoba, which had appeared in that paper. The audience not knowing Mr. Roblin, have been impressed by his loud-sounding defense of himself, but no Manitoba audience could be imposed upon so easily. What The Advertiser said about Mr. Roblin was perfectly true and very much to the point. It said that this man, who was calling upon the electors of Canada to put in office Conservatives to preserve the public domain from exploitation, had himself in his capacity as premier of Manitoba, been guilty of this very offense which he charged against the Laurier Government. It said specifically that in disposing of the half million odd acres of Manitoba and Northwest lands, Mr. Roblin had caused a loss to the province of at least \$3,000,000. The statement is indisputably true. The Roblin Government by reversing the policy of the Greenway Government and selling these lands, not to actual settlers, under conditions of settlement, but to speculators in blocks, dispossessed itself of practically the entire tract at an average of something less than \$4 per acre; whereas the land, which might just as well have been held until the present time, is now worth, at least, from \$10 to \$15 per acre. This land must be borne in mind, is choice, selected land. The action of the Roblin Government in disposing of it by secret sale, in a great majority of cases to their political friends at from \$3 to \$4 per acre and often, under circumstances which bespeak graft, deprived this province of an asset which properly husbanded, would have met every dollar of public indebtedness and left a surplus of millions.

These facts are so well known in Manitoba that discussion upon them is unnecessary, and ultimately they will be a factor in the downfall of the Roblin Government. Meanwhile they serve to point a warning to the western electors. If, with a mere half million acres to exploit, Mr. Roblin and Mr. Rogers could perform such prodigies in the way of spoiling the public domain for the private enrichment of their friends, what could they not do if the tens of millions of acres of land still the property of the Dominion of Canada were put at their disposal? The imagination balks at an estimate of the amount of wealth which Mr. Robert Rogers would display if the electors of Western Canada were ever crazy enough to put him in charge of the public domain.

HODGINS—WILKIN

Fashionable Church Wedding Takes Place at Birr.

A very pretty wedding was solemnized in Trinity Church, Birr, on the 30th ult., when Miss Mary Louisa, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Wilkin, 15th concession, London Township, was united in marriage to Mr. Austin Hodgins, son of Mr. John R. Hodgins, of the 14th concession. Promptly at the hour appointed, the Rev. Father, Rev. J. C. Caplan, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played by Miss M. J. Maxwell, the bridal procession started up the aisle of the church. First, there were six young ladies, handsomely dressed in cream, pink and blue; they were ladies-in-waiting to the bride and they walked to the front in pairs. They were Misses E. Legg, M. Rowell, B. O'Neill, A. Scott, L. Beattie and J. O'Neill. Following these, and immediately preceding the bride (who advanced to the altar leaning on the arm of her father), were the little flower girls, the daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm O'Neill, and nieces of the bride. They looked very pretty in pink silk, one carrying the ring in a silver basket on a cushion of ferns, and the other holding a beautiful bouquet of pink carnations. The groom, Mr. J. C. Caplan, followed by the bridesmaids, Ernest Hodgins, brother of the groom, and Allan Wilkin, brother of the bride.

After the interesting ceremony was concluded, the happy couple and the invited guests, the number of 40, drove to the home of the bride, where a tempting and dainty dinner was prepared. After this was partaken of, the health of the bride was proposed by Mr. McCracken, and responded to by Messrs. M. O'Neill and Ross Hodgins. The bride was beautifully gowned in white silk, trimmed with Valenciennes lace, and carried a bouquet of white roses. The presents were beautiful and numerous, and attest to the popularity of the young couple.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins left for London the same evening, whence they went to Niagara, Toronto and other places. On their return they will reside on the 14th concession, where Mr. Hodgins has a first-class farm. Mr. and Mrs. Hodgins will be at home after Oct. 10.


HE DOUBTS GEORGE.

Kingston, Oct. 2.—A Kingston merchant offers \$100, or any part of it as a wager against the accuracy of each one of George Taylor's forecasts as to the coming election.

Only the choicest selected hill-grown tea leaves are used in "Salada" Tea, giving it a delicate fragrance and delicious flavor.

Haunts of Fish and Game.

Is a charmingly-illustrated fifty-six-page booklet, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway system, full of valuable hunting information, including maps, game laws, etc. A free copy of this booklet can be obtained by addressing J. D. McDonald, district passenger agent, Toronto, Ont. 7th.



Perrin's Biscuits

"Now good digestion wait on appetite and health on both."
—Shakespeare

Leap Year

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CARLING'S

"LOCALO"

TEMPERANCE BEER

Absolutely Non-intoxicating

Brewed exclusively from the choicest malt and hops and guaranteed to contain less than 1 per cent alcohol, for which we hold Government certificates.

A light, wholesome and delicious beer. Order a case from any grocer or liquor store. Every bottle is guaranteed non-intoxicating.

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DESERTS ON WEDDING DAY

Shop Girl Says She Does Not Love Her Wealthy Spouse.

Fosteria, Ohio, Oct. 2.—"My love, my heart, myself, are for another. I knew that when I married Charles S. Church in Fosteria last Saturday. It was the realization that I should never love him that made me desert him in Norway seven hours after I became his wife. Justice to him and my own self-respect prevented me from playing further the farce of love."

These were the reasons given today by Mrs. Edythe Somers Church, 18, shop girl, for deserting Charles S. Church, wealthy oil investor, of Litchfield, whom she married at Fosteria at 3 p.m. Saturday and deserted at Norwalk at 10 p.m.

For five days Mrs. Church has been fleeing from city to city to avoid being located by her husband. She has visited Sandusky, Toledo and Tiffin. Church is heartbroken at his desertion on the day of his wedding.

"I dearly love Edythe," said he; "how I wish she would reconsider. Even now! I would give the world to win her back again. No one knows how I love her."

THE GOULD DIVORCE CASE

Mrs. Gould Says Howard Was Jealous of the Egyptian Khedive.

New York, Oct. 2.—That \$2,000 had been offered an employee of the Hotel St. Regis to give false testimony against Mrs. Howard Gould was the substance of an affidavit purporting to have been made by the Rev. Dr. Jos. G. Murray, which was presented to Justice Glendier in the supreme court today.

The Murray affidavit declares that Michael H. Duddy told the priest that while he was employed at the Hotel St. Regis where Mrs. Gould lived, a detective attached to the hotel went to him with the proposition that he "give a proper report of Mrs. Gould's comings and goings at the hotel, the amount of wine she drank and the names of her visitors, notably those of them that were men." Duddy is alleged to have said that the detective told him there would be \$5,000 for the detective, too, if Duddy carried out his contract.

An affidavit was submitted by Mrs. Gould in reply to allegations of her husband that she is addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors. It reads:

"When living in the country and spending most of my time in the open air, I have drunk a cocktail on sitting down to luncheon and generally a glass of white wine with luncheon. At dinner, whenever I felt like it, I have drunk a cocktail and a glass of champagne. We were always accustomed to have wine served at these meals, but that was the extent of my drinking."

Then she accuses her husband of gross habits of intoxication. She says that she was particularly annoyed by her husband during a trip to Egypt where they were entertained by the Khedive and Prince Mohammed Ali. She accuses Mr. Gould of being jealous when she went driving with the Prince while he went in a carriage with another woman who was a guest at the luncheon.

DASHED TO DEATH.

Hamilton, Oct. 2.—John Harrigan, a Freelon hotelkeeper, was almost instantly killed, while his wife had a remarkable escape in a sensational runaway on King street shortly before 11 o'clock this morning.

Harrigan was driving a team of

splintered horses, which suddenly became frightened and dashed down King street, crashing into a westbound street car. In view of scores of people Harrigan was dashed to death on the pavement. His wife was only slightly injured. The horses were badly cut.

CHOLERA AT MANILA.

Manila, Oct. 2.—Four cases of cholera are reported in Manila today including that of G. D. Mitchell, an American dentist, whose wife died a fortnight ago from the disease.

MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

FURNITURE BARGAINS for Next Week

Below you will see a partial list of the special values offered for next week. Our new Fall Stock is here, and our stock was never so large or well chosen.



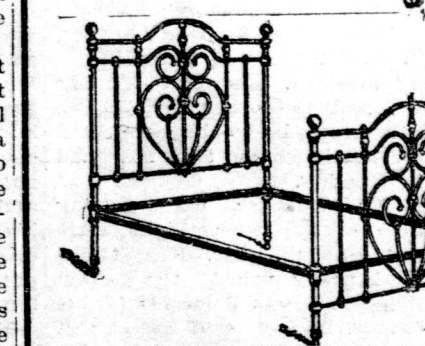
24 Kitchen Cabinets to clear at less than regular wholesale prices. They range from \$6.00 up to \$28.00.

Our \$28 (like cut) now **\$21.00**
Our \$22 Cabinets now **\$16.50**
Our \$19 Cabinets now **\$14.50**
Our \$16 Cabinets now **\$12.50**
Our \$12 Cabinets now **\$8.00**



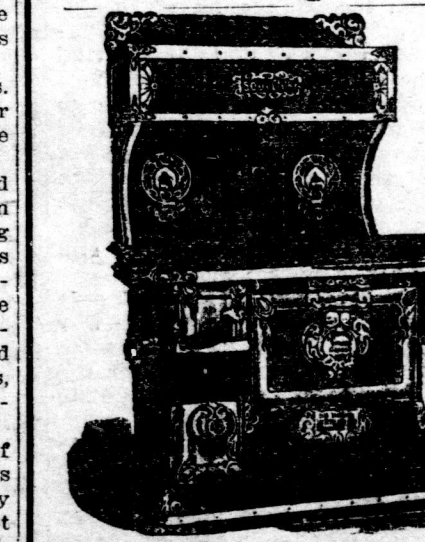
A large number of beautiful Buffets, purchased from a factory that needed the money, at 60c on the dollar, to clear at:

Five \$33 Buffets (like cut) **\$24.50**
Two \$38 Buffets now **\$29.00**
Two \$35 Buffets now **\$28.00**
Three \$25 Buffets now **\$19.50**



Two carloads of Iron Beds, purchased at a big reduction, to clear at once.

Our \$9 Beds (like cut) **\$7**
Our \$12 Beds now **\$8.25**
Our \$15 Beds now **\$10.50**
Our \$7 Beds now **\$5.00**
Our \$4 Beds now **\$3.00**



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MILNARD'S LINIMENT CURES COLDS, ETC.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAR.



A PRACTICAL OUTFIT FOR THE BUSY WOMAN—851.

The busy housekeeper will not fail to recognize in the accompanying illustration a most attractive and practical outfit, consisting of apron, cap and sleeves. It will afford protection to the daintiest gown, and will leave the hair neat and tidy even after a busy morning's work. The front is cut in princess style and fits close to the figure. A prettily shaped bib extends out over the shoulders in a manner very becoming. Gingham was used for the making, but percale, linen and holland are suggested. The medium size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for the apron, with 1 1/2 yards extra for the cap and sleeves.

Ladies' Apron, Sleeve Protector and Cap, No. 851. Sizes for small, medium and large.

A pattern of the above illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Province

Name

Town

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 a 36 3/4, 34, or 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.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT,

LONDON ADVERTISER.

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