

## My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson

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

Yet there was no other door save only that of the cedar-lined wardrobe, and it was certain that nobody had been concealed there, for I had happened to hang up my gown on one of the hooks before I went to bed.

Where did the noise come from? I lost all sense of direction, and tried in vain to remember in the darkness how the bed stood in the room. My recollection of the place had turned to chaos, and all the while I could hear a soft sound of breathing.

Then suddenly a board in the old floor creaked under a footstep. My heart leaped until the bounding blood in my veins well nigh choked me; but it was intense relief I felt, not added fear. Surely a material board would not groan under the light, immaterial weight of a spirit foot.

The presence in my room must be human, like myself. How it had come there I could not guess, but the conviction held, and as my horror of the supernatural faded, my mind worked quickly. I thought of the housekeeper, with her false hair and blinking eyes. Perhaps she had only told me the ghostly stories to prepare the way for this episode. She had some sly reason for wishing to enter my room in the night, and she hoped, by chance I lay awake, to be taken for a ghost. I hoped desperately that the breathing footsteps, meant only Mrs. Walsh, for I was not afraid of her.

### CHAPTER XXVI.

A Flash of Light on a White Hand. After the board creaked all was still for a long moment. Somebody was waiting, listening to find out if the noise had caused the sleeper.

My dry lips formed the words, "Who is there?" but though a faint flush of returning life and courage warmed my veins, I was still almost powerless af-

## Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



6938

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The woman who prefers to wear lingerie waists the year round—and she is to be found in all latitudes nowadays—knows by personal experience the value of a lining slip for wearing under the waist on unusually cool days. In most cases, too, she prefers either to make such accessories herself, or else to have them made under her own personal supervision, for those purchased ready-made are unpleasantly prone to be anything but a perfect fit. The lining illustrated may be used for the purpose indicated or as a lining for a full waist, and in either case will be a boon to the home dressmaker. It may be made in round or pointed effect at waistline and in high, round or square neck, with a choice of two styles of sleeve. The medium size calls for 2 1/2 yards of 27-inch material.

6938—9 sizes, from 32 to 48. The price of this pattern is 10c.

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

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

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CAUTION—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When the pattern is bust measure you need only mark 22, 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, LONDON ADVERTISER.

ter the shock I had received. Besides, I felt dimly that silence was safer; and perhaps even if I could have uttered the words I should have refrained.

My suspense was soon broken. Out of the darkness a ray of light was born—a slim, straight, yellow ray that grew as it traveled, while at the same time a just perceptible odor of hot metal and burning oil reached my nostrils.

I had never seen a dark lantern, but I instinct told me that I watched the working of some such thing now. And ghosts did not carry dark lanterns.

The light was moving toward the bed. A second or two more and it would find my face. Those eyes which I could not see, would find mine whether mine were open, staring through the darkness. When they saw that I was awake—what then?

What if it were not the housekeeper paying a visit of curiosity, but a thief, who would stab me rather than I should have the chance of raising an alarm?

By a strong effort I closed my lids. I shall never forget how long they were in meeting, how stiff they felt.

The light had caught my face now. It filtered beneath my lower lashes, and I felt that, despite my determination to lie passive, they flickered nervously.

My sensitive hearing could even detect a faint rustling as the bed covering rose and fell over my wildly-beating heart.

I strove to make my breathing regular and natural as that of a peaceful sleeper, but it whistled in my own ears, and it seemed that I could not possibly deceive other ears, sharpened by suspicion as mine by fear.

But after remaining stationary for a time that appeared interminable to me the light moved away, the soft pad of slippers felt began once more. Assured that I slept, perhaps their owner was not quite as cautious as before.

Stiffly again I opened my eyes, with something like the mechanical jerk of a French doll's. Oddly, I thought of the simile even at that moment of suspense and fear.

The darkness was not as intense as it had been, for the lantern had not closed, but was still moving like a Will-o'-the-wisp in a marsh at night. It had gone farther away from the bed now, and while I lay waiting for the thing that should happen next, a hand came under the yellow ray—a long, pale hand opening the drawer of my dressing table. My heart grew sick for it was the hand of my blind employer, Mr. Raynor. If he had been really blind, he would not have needed a lantern to light him on this secret expedition. It had been a lie, then—a monstrous fraud from beginning to end—built up with deadly purpose. Mr. Raynor was not blind. Even at this instant I knew that his eyes were helping his hands in a search for something of mine that he wished to see. Either the man was mad, and had advertised for a secretary because of some morbid motive which I could not fathom, or else—

The thought of that something else chilled the blood that rushed so wildly through my veins.

"A long, sweet, dreamless sleep!" I could hear Mr. Raynor's strangely muffled voice murmuring the wish as he pressed me to drink the green chartreuse. It was easy to find an inner meaning in that wish now; easy to see why he had urged me to drink the liquor, refusing to accept a denial. No wonder I had waked with the same horrible sensations which had racked my brain after taking that dose of laudanum years ago. A few drops of the drug at the bottom of the ruby-colored glass had given the curious bitter "undertone" I had detected, unsuspiciously attributing it to some disagreeable quality in an unfamiliar drink.

With most people the small dose would have induced a sound sleep, not to be broken by ordinary noises; and the man who had administered it could not possibly have guessed that I should be a somewhat remarkable exception to the rule. Had he meant to kill me, I wondered, or would he have been satisfied to have me sleep while he explored my room for the thing which he had gone to such lengths in his desire to obtain? I could not answer this question, but I was sure that if my employer at Arrish Hall were the person I began to take him for, he would not hesitate to remove any obstacle which threatened his success.

He, who had so far carried out his plans with such skill would be clever enough to account for my death, if it were necessary that I should die, without drawing suspicion upon himself. Mr. Raynor, a helpless blind man, would not easily be suspected of a crime committed seemingly without a motive. It would be shown that I had killed myself; a letter would be found, perhaps, with a confession. I could almost see that letter as my mind projected itself into the future—a future in which I as a living, breathing, human being might have no part.

As my thought traveled, the light moved slowly, purposefully, about the room. By the stealthy sounds I heard I judged that every drawer had been opened and thoroughly searched. My clothing, folded on a chair, was examined; I could guess why now. The man hoped to find certain papers, which I might have sewed into one of my garments. Once I opened my eyes far enough to see that the pocket of my black dress, taken from the cedar wardrobe where I had hung it up, was being turned wrong side out.

I shuddered with horror as instinct told me that presently Mr. Raynor—who was Mr. Wynnstay as well—would come creeping cautiously to the bed, and feel for what he wanted under the pillow. He would look everywhere

else first, it was probable, for there would be the risk of arousing me, which he would doubtless be glad to avoid; but in the end he would come. What that happened, I could no longer trust myself to stimulate sleep. He must discover that I was awake, that I had been watching him, and then—I dared not think what he would be likely to do then.

I waited for the dreaded moment to come. I experienced a strange clarity of mental vision, looking back into the past. I was sure now, when it was too late to escape the consequences of credulity—more sure than I had been when I met those eyes, that did not match, in the convex mirror—that I had not seen Mr. Wynnstay for the first time at Holland Park Mansions. He had been the kind old clergyman in the train, long ago, who lent papers to my mother and me.

He had been as skillful, as calculating, of future consequences, then, as he had shown himself of late. I believed now that he had somehow been an active agent in my mother's death. Perhaps he had not meant to do murder, but he had determined to obtain any papers which she might have with her, and probably had obtained the letter which had excited her before starting on our journey that morning, as certainly it had disappeared. How he had contrived to administer any drug or poison I could not tell, but I believed that he had done so, and my mother, who suffered from heart disease, had readily fallen a victim to it.

That night at Holland Park Mansions, when I had walked into his net, he had made another attempt to possess himself of the papers which he fancied I might carry about my person. Or, perhaps, failing that, he would have put out of the way of those he served. I should never have known what had been in his mind that night; but soon I should know what was his ultimate purpose now. For since then I had sealed my own fate, and he had gone too far to let himself fall at last.

The light that guided me to these deductions showed me that I owed my present position to the deception I had practiced upon Diana Dunbar at Southwood Park. I had told her then that I had found the secret drawer of the Chippendale escritoire, and that henceforth the papers I had discovered there should never leave me.

I guessed now that Mr. Wynnstay had been with her that night, waiting in the carriage which had brought her to Southwood. No doubt, she had given him a rapid account of all that had passed between us, adding, that if I discovered her version of the Seaforth story to be true I would leave Sir George's house—according to my own threat—without delay.

She, possibly, had gone back to the house where she and Lady Dunbar had been staying, while the man had deemed it worth his while to wait upon my movements.

No small, lurking creature of the night had made the rustling I had heard in the shrubbery when I had stolen out of the house an hour later. My enemy had been watching, taking it for granted that I would keep my word, and he had not been disappointed.

Others had failed, or had not cared, to find me; but he had not failed; while I fancied myself safe from pursuit, sadly congratulating myself on skillfully covering my tracks, he had followed. He had known from the first where I had gone, and had laid his plans accordingly.

Once assured that I was in the neighborhood of The Pines waiting for Miss Smith's return, he would have had time to look for a house not too far away, and take it. Mr. Raynor's haste to secure Arrish Hall and move in was fully explained now. To see why he had urged me to drink the liquor, refusing to accept a denial. No wonder I had waked with the same horrible sensations which had racked my brain after taking that dose of laudanum years ago. A few drops of the drug at the bottom of the ruby-colored glass had given the curious bitter "undertone" I had detected, unsuspiciously attributing it to some disagreeable quality in an unfamiliar drink.

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## REDMOND SURE OF HOME RULE

Government Will Abolish House of Lords, Thinks Noted Irish Leader.

Aughrim, Aug. 24. — J. E. Redmond, the Irish parliamentary leader, who came to Wicklow for a rest, takes a hopeful view of prospects for home rule. He said:

"We shall triumph in the movement of our Government in the near future. The obstacles which barred our progress to the obtaining of national self-government are rapidly disappearing. The vast majority of the Liberals and the Labor party are strongly in favor of Ireland's claims to home rule. The hostile sentiment has entirely disappeared. The condition we have to face now is neither friendliness or apathy, but violent opposition has entirely disappeared. This is a tremendous advance on the road to home rule, and an achievement to which the Irish party can point with pride.

End for the House of Lords.

"I think the Government will introduce a measure following the spirit of a resolution which was passed by a great majority a little while ago—that the House of Lords should be abolished. The Government will, I believe, translate the resolution into a bill. This bill will be rejected by the House of Lords. There will be a general election by the beginning of 1909 at the latest. If the Liberals win that election by a substantial majority the veto of the House of Lords will, I believe, be limited or abrogated altogether, and in that way the real obstacle to the passage of the full measure will disappear. Meanwhile we are going to press for and expect a university bill, a bill amending the land purchase act of 1903 giving compulsory purchase powers and breaking up the great grazing tracts. We introduced a bill to this effect and carried it by 150 majority last March; we are awaiting the decision of Lord Dudley's commission, which is still considering the question, before proceeding further with the bill.

Needs New University.

"The amendment of the land purchase act and university bill are important. We want a national university in Ireland. The Dublin University is an ascendancy institution, what you might call a 'class' institution in America. We want a university where rich and poor will stand upon an equal footing with respect to class or creed. We want no religious tests. We will press, and expect to have carried these two questions. We shall raise the home rule questions also in the next Parliament. I don't think the Government will introduce an amended bill, but we will press the questions, however. We will also raise the question of the overtaxation of Ireland. Ireland is overtaxed to the extent of three million pounds annually. The financial relations committee, the majority of which were Englishmen, found that to be the correct figure."

"No importance do you attach to the Sinn Féin movement in Ireland?"

"No importance whatever. There's nothing new in the Sinn Féin business. There always has been a revolutionary movement here, and so far as it is honest I have no quarrel with it. A movement of that kind is made up of many sorts of people, but there are always cranks, soreheads and frauds connected with it. The doctrine of Sinn Féin—the policy of relying upon ourselves—has always been the sentiment of the Parnell movement. It is one never stronger than it is within our own ranks today."

Is Against Withdrawals.

"You do not favor the withdrawal of the Irish members from Parliament?"

"Most emphatically, no. The withdrawal of the Irish Nationalist members from Parliament has been against the policy of every national party from O'Connell's time down to our own day. There is nothing in it which matters worth bothering about. So far as the Sinn Féin is an honest movement, I wish it luck; so far as it is a fraud it has no backbone anywhere in Ireland."

"Why, I was never more confident of the ultimate success of our movement. I have never tried to raise false hopes in the hearts of our countrymen at home or abroad. A thing that is worth winning is worth fighting for. We have lost no ground."

RAIN DOUSES FIRES.

Kingston, Aug. 26.—A good rain on Saturday afternoon stopped the spreading and advancing of the bush fires about Parham, and gave the residents a rest after two days' toil in fighting the fire. Many buildings were saved from destruction only through the vigorous work of volunteers. It is hoped the fires are well damped out now.

Australia has arranged for the repatriation of a thousand discouraged Australians now in South Africa.

Made in various styles and at different prices, but only one quality—the best. A piano is bought for a lifetime of wear. We warrant all

Martin-Orme Pianos

to be perfect in construction and to improve in tone with age, instead of weakening, as ordinary instruments do.

Where the Martin-Orme piano is not represented, we ship direct and guarantee safe delivery to your nearest station, in any part of Canada.

Write for descriptive booklet, prices and terms, free on request. ORME & SON, Limited, OTTAWA, ONT.

Stem-winding watches were the invention of Noel in 1851.

(To be Continued.)

Shows how progressive he is. He must use the neatest, cleanest and best printing that he can get if he would impress his business forcibly upon his fellowmen. We are prepared to give you NEAT, BUSINESS-BRINGING PRINTING just the kind you are looking for.

The Advertiser Job

TELEPHONE 175

## CASTRO FINES ASPHALT COMPANY

Condemned to Pay Nearly a Billion for Starting a Revolution.

Caracas, Aug. 26.—Three years after the beginning of the sensational trial of the New York and Bermudez Company for complicity in the Matos revolution, judgment was rendered on Monday last against the defendant company, it being condemned not only to pay five million dollars' damages, the calculated cost to the Government of subduing the revolution, but also to pay other sums to be fixed by a commission of experts and which may amount to \$10,000,000 more. The present judgment is appealable to the superior court and from there to the court of cassation. The sentence announced by Judge Juan Liscano, of the civil court of first instance, concludes:

"For these reasons, and administering justice in the name of the republic and by authority of the law, this complaint is declared to be well founded, and in consequence the New York and Bermudez Company is condemned to pay the sum of bolivars 24,178,638 47, which is the amount of the erogations made by the national treasury for the purpose of suppressing the revolution, as has been proven in the records, and also to reimburse the nation, according to a just assessment and injuries."

"The discredit which, because of the war, the Venezuelan nation may have suffered in the conception of other nations with whom relations of an international or mercantile order existed."

"The loss of Venezuelan citizens withdrawn from commercial pursuits, agriculture industries, and from the activity of republican life, because of the war."

"The necessity for the creation of a war tax, which produced bolivars 3,867,530.74 in 1903 and bolivars 12,928,870 in 1904."