

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. M. Williamson

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

Would I come to him? This was a very different way of putting it from what I had expected. No questions asked, no references required. I ought to have been delighted; but—perhaps it was the cold twilight and the musty smell of the big room, with its faded furnishings, that had disheartened me—I felt vaguely miserable.

I did not let my stupid depression interfere, however, with a speedy snapping up of the luck which had befallen me. Eighty pounds a year! Why, with economy, I might easily send sixty to Sir George Seaforth at the end of the first year, and so on, until he was repaid for his "experiment," so costly to me as well as to him.

I lost no time in announcing that I could come next morning, or even that same night if necessary. Mr. Raynor—it appeared that my employer's name was Raynor—preferred the latter arrangement, and so it was settled.

I stayed for a few moments longer, discussing details of future occupation, learning that the new master of Arrish Hall spent most of his life in India, and had come to Dorsetshire because his doctor had recommended sea air and complete quiet; then, veiling the light of triumph on my face as I passed the waiting candidate, for whom disappointment was in store—I was shown out of the front door.

The distance did not seem so long now, nor the heat so great. I walked more briskly, planning ways and means to speed the sending of that check, to increase its size by diligent economy. I was no happier that I had been on the night that I fled from Southwood Park; my wrongs rankled as deeply now as then, but I had an incentive. I was buoyed by the hope of administering punishment—a mean, unworthy hope, perhaps; but it would scarcely have been natural if in a week the desire to make the sinner suffer as he

had made me suffer should have been superseded by softer feelings.

I had only passed the gates of The Pines by a few yards when I was obliged to step out of the way of an approaching brougham. A face looked at me; it was "plain Miss Smith's."

I uttered a slight exclamation of surprise, which was echoed by one from her. She had recognized me, and, what was more, she was calling me by name, not the new name, with which I had hardly made myself familiar yet, but the old one—Consuela Brand.

"What are you doing here?" inquired the spinster when the brougham had been stopped and I had obeyed her beckoning summons to the window.

"Then you didn't get my letter?"

I answered her question by another. "Haven't had a letter from a human soul for a fortnight. Gave orders not to have any forwarded. I've been disappointed, my girl. Went on the continent for the first time in my life. To tell the truth, my idea was to see the eye-doctor in Wexbaden that everybody goes to. I had a scare about my sight, but he laughed at me, and told me I wanted stronger spectacles, that was all. I made the mistake of forgetting I was growing old. In my relief I was inclined to remain on the continent for some time. I did remain, and I think I shall occasionally repeat the experiment. I wish you had been with me. Are you and Lady Sophonisba, or whatever her name is, visiting in these parts, or are you free to come with me to lunch?"

"Lady Sophie de Gretton and I have parted," I exclaimed, vividly blushing. "I'm lodging in a fisherman's cottage at present. In future I'm to be secretary to a gentleman at Arrish Hall, but for the moment I am free to go anywhere where you are willing to take me."

"Then get in and tell the coachman to drive on," directed Miss Smith. By the time we had reached the house door at The Pines I had, without taking her entirely into my confidence, told my companion with what she had come, when I found myself in need of a friend, to Dorsetshire.

"And you did quite right, too. It's my boast that I'm a woman of my word," she had just responded as the door was thrown open by the superior maid who had pulverized my vanity during my former call.

Her face when she beheld me entering the house in familiar converse with Miss Smith was a study. She even looked somewhat alarmed; but I had not told tales out of school, and she was safe with her mistress so far as I was concerned.

On Miss Smith's desk, in a room ambitiously named "the study," reposed my letter among numerous others; and when the spinster had greeted her monkey and bevy of other pets, she insisted on reading it as a sort of preface to my explanations.

"Can't you get out of going to this man Raynor, and come to me instead?" she asked abruptly.

"I'm afraid not," I said. "It wouldn't be very honorable, would it? You see, it is my fault that he has told other people his arrangements are already made, and if I went back upon the agreement now I might cause him a great deal of trouble, poor old man! Though there isn't any written contract, and though the whole affair has been conducted on both sides in a very unbusinesslike way, I feel bound in honor."

"I suppose you'll have to carry out your bargain, then," sighed Miss Smith. "And you're right, no doubt. Only it is rather trying that I should have come home just too late. I told you in London that I liked you, and I tell you so again in Dorsetshire. It would please me very much to have your face where I could look at it whenever I wanted to. I was on the point of giving you an invitation to come here and stop with me as long as you choose that day at my sister-in-law's, when in sailed Lady Sophonisba and snatched you away from under my nose. Now it's this Raynor man—this goodness knows what—who has taken that old ghost trap, Arrish Hall. You're not superstitious, evidently, my dear, or you wouldn't be found dead living there—as an Irishman would say."

"No, I'm not superstitious," I returned. "Besides, beggars mustn't be choosers; though, of course, I should have been much happier if I could have stopped for a time with you."

"Well, I shouldn't have paid you eighty pounds a year, my child. I consider the man is throwing money away on you, though it's an ill wind that blows nobody good; and I dare say you're pleased to get it."

I admitted that I was pleased, though I did not confess why I cared so much, so very much; and, after all, I began to think that I had done well in answering the advertisement.

"Run over and see me every day if you can, when you are settled down at Arrish Hall," said Miss Smith, when, after luncheon, I was ready to depart. "I certainly can't go to you, or folks would be putting it round that I was setting my cap at this old widower, or bachelor, or whatever he is. Good-by, and remember that if you don't like your place, there's another one open to you."

Mrs. Nye, while expressing herself as sorry to lose the "sweetest face she'd ever had inside her house," congratulated me on my luck and helped me to pack. My luggage did not necessitate the expense of a cab—every shilling saved was to go toward the great sum—but my good landlady would not permit that I should carry it. Thomas Nye should see to that, and glad he would be to do anything for Miss Burns. I could just go on by myself, with my hands crossed, and leave the rest to him.

There were tears in my eyes when

I bade the kind woman good-by at last, though three miles or so was not a very formidable distance; and I am not ashamed to tell that I kissed her. I did not start until after I had my supper—with an extra dish, and a few homemade cakes to put in my bag, as a present, from Mrs. Nye—for I did not wish to arrive at Arrish Hall until after my employer had dined.

My breakfast and luncheon were to be served to me alone in my own sitting room at my new home; but dinner was to be eaten in state, with the companionship of Mr. Raynor; and this ordeal had seemed too much for the first night of residence.

The same servant I had seen in the morning let me in again in the evening, when I had found my way up through the shadows of the avenue to the old hall. Mr. Raynor had hoped to greet me. I was informed, but a severe attack of gout had driven him early to bed. The housekeeper would show me my rooms—I had not seen them earlier in the day, though Mr. Raynor had seemed half to suggest that I should—and I would not be needed until 10 o'clock next morning.

For a few moments I was left alone, standing in the large hall. A hanging lamp of quaint old fashion had been lit, but the dim light it gave seemed only to render darkness more visible, to make the shadows crowd nearer from the corners. The place looked as if it had lain under a ban.

For the first time my thoughts dwelt upon the vague, references made by Mrs. Nye and Miss Smith to the stories told about the house. It was said to be haunted, I knew, and to have stood tenanted for years. I began to wonder, with a slight creepiness running down my back, what were the tales that had kept Arrish Hall empty for so long.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Story That the Housekeeper Told.

So deeply was I engrossed in thought that I believed myself to be still alone in the hall, when a voice spoke suddenly close to my ear. I turned, with a start and a suppressed exclamation, to see an elderly woman, whose slipped feet, had made no noise in their approach.

"Good evening, miss," she remarked. "I am Mrs. Walsh, Mr. Raynor's housekeeper, and I am asked to show you your rooms."

She was staring at me, blinking and peering from under her bushy hair, wrinkled lids, that looked like badly rolled-up blinds, over the dull windows of her eyes. I did not like her face at all. The features were prominent and slightly misshapen by a severe attack of smallpox, which had left her skin deeply pitted, faded to the color of clay.

Its cadaverous effect was heightened by a dark red from false hair folded smoothly over the ears under a smart cap with lavender ribbons. She had keys in her hands—they were knotted, deceitful-looking hands, with incredibly long fingers.

No, I did not think that Mrs. Walsh and I were likely to be friends. I said something, I hardly knew what, though I tried to make it civil, and followed her out of the hall, through the corridor I had seen in the morning, past the door of the dreary "library" where I had talked with Mr. Raynor, and so upstairs.

At the top Mrs. Walsh lighted a candle among several others in brass sticks on a table. We walked along a narrow passage, which would have been dark save for our candle, and a light that came dimly from below. At a door halfway down its length the housekeeper paused.

"Your sitting room, miss," she announced, with an air of pride. It was a very good room, as far as size and shape were concerned, and it was evident that some pains had been taken to make it habitable. I was grateful for this, and glanced about with a certain interest.

"It is very kind of Mr. Raynor to give me such a nice room," I said. "He seems to be a great sufferer. Have you been with him long?"

"Oh, no, miss," exclaimed Mrs. Walsh, with an air of surprise. "I never saw Mr. Raynor till a few days ago. I was caretaker here. I've lived in the house ever since Sir Marmaduke Yorke, who owns the Hall, took a distaste for the place, and went away, leaving it shut up but for me and my son, who's gone to America now. Mr. Raynor came down with a gentleman, and was taken through all the rooms. They were described to him, though he couldn't see. Then he seems to have decided on renting the Hall at once, for within a few hours I got word that he would move in the first of the week, and would keep me on as housekeeper, if I could cook. That was what I was used to in old days. I don't say it isn't a rise for me to be in my present position, but I intend to give satisfaction to Mr. Raynor if I can."

"I've been expecting a batch of his servants down from town," continued Mrs. Walsh, "but the master doesn't wish to have them sent for, it appears, until the place has been got into better shape. Thinks they might find fault and be discontented, I suppose; though what's been good enough for me in these years ought to be good enough for them. And Mr. Jennings, Mr. Raynor's own man, who has come with his master, to make himself generally useful until the others arrive, has not complained of the way he found things in the house. If the rest are anything like him, we shall do very well."

As she talked the woman settled her cap and her collar, giving her neat black cashmere gown a pat now and then, which expressed the pride of novelty. If she was repulsive in her respectable, housekeeperly dress, I wondered what she must have been when, free from the obligation to live up to a new position, she had merely been caretaker.

(To be Continued.)

Cardinal Merry Del Val, the papal secretary of state, is said to be one of the most modern of men. He usually drives about in his old world coach, and is said to play an excellent game of golf and can send a rifle bullet through a 10-cent piece at 20 yards.

NO ONE NEED FEAR CHOLERA or any summer complaint if they have a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial ready for use. It corrects all looseness of the bowels promptly and causes a healthy and natural action. This is a medicine for the young and old, rich and poor, and is rapidly becoming the most famous medicine for cholera, dysentery,

Attention! Ladies! Read the News of Saturday's Big Sale

A large list of big savings will be found below. Read every item. Then make a resolution to start early on your savings tour through the store tomorrow.

Tweed Dress Skirts Reduced From \$5 to \$2.65

A splendid lot of skirts in colors both dark and light. Also a few lusters. Sold regularly up to \$5 each. Saturday.....\$2.65

Balance of Cotton Shirtwaist Suits Sharply Reduced

Pretty striped and dotted styles. Worth up to \$5 each. Clearing Saturday at the astonishingly small price of.....\$1.50

All Panama and Lustre Waists at Half Price

And the half-price attraction is good for Saturday only. Browns, navys, greens and black in the assortment. Saturday.....Half Price

Emphatic Shattering of Prices on White Waists

Various styles—every one up to date. Well made, prettily trimmed. \$1 waists for 79c. Waists worth to \$2 for \$1.25. Waists sold regularly up to \$3.50 for.....\$2.50

Vests For Children and Misses: Big Snaps

It's a case of hurry-up Saturday for these. Can't last but a short time. Prices forbid their lingering more than a brief interval. Made of extra fine yarn. Sleeveless and short sleeves. Prices good just for Saturday. Sizes 1, 2 and 3, worth 12½c, Saturday.....7½c Sizes 4 to 9, worth to 20c, Saturday.....10c

Shortened Prices on Long Lace Gloves and Mitts

Those who have attended our previous Glove Sales will not need to be told to be on hand early Saturday morning. These are in both black and white. Regular 75c pair. This price good only for Saturday.....48c

\$1.00 Silk Gloves For 69c

This, too, is good for Saturday only. Black, gray, navy and white. Regular \$1.00, for.....69c

58c For 75c Aprons

Don't forget to look over this lot of aprons when in the store Saturday. They are of extra fine lawn. Bib is trimmed with fine tucks and dainty embroidery. Two different styles. Worth 75c each. A business boomer for Saturday at.....58c

A Wash Collar Surprise!

Balance of our Wash Collars, worth up to 50c, to clear on Saturday at 10c each. Isn't that a surprise? No need to tell you there are some really exceptional treasures in the lot.....10c

EARLY CLOSING---Store Closes Daily 5 p.m., Except Saturday 9 p.m.

150 Dundas and Carling

GRAY & PARKER

150 Dundas and Carling

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



6943—A PRETTY AND USEFUL NEGLIGEE.

A pretty breakfast jacket that is at once easily slipped on and comfortable to wear is an absolute necessity to the woman of dainty habits. Both of these desirable qualities are to be found in the becoming negligee shown in the accompanying drawing, a unique feature of which is its ready adaptability to a variety of becoming styles. It may, for example, be worn either with or without the cape, collar and belt, although these accessories insure for the wearer the long, sloping shoulder and slender waistline which are now so fashionable. Figured dimity is used for the development pictured, with lace and ribbon for garniture; but any soft wash fabric, with appropriate trimming, may be chosen. The medium size calls for 4½ yards of 27-inch material.

6943—Six sizes, 32 to 42 inches, bust measure. The price of this pattern is 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....

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 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.

HOOD'S The Painless Cathartic PILLS

Easy to take, easy to operate; cure biliousness, constipation, morning and sick headache; break up colds and ward off fever. All druggists. See G. L. Hood & Co., London, Ont.

B. W. Leader, R. A., considers that to an artist clouds are the most difficult of all studies.

GET A GOOD START

Right now is the best time to start taking something to get your Kidneys and System in shape to withstand the sudden changes of Fall and Winter, which bring on Rheumatism and other Kidney disorders.

Bu-Ju

is the remedy to take. "Bu-Ju" is guaranteed, your money back if it fails. 50c. at Drug Stores or by Mail. 89 The CLAFIN CHEMICAL CO. Limited, WINDSOR, Ont.



A Man Who Shaves

himself, needs no talcum—no witch-hazel—no "cream"—if he uses

"Royal Crown" Witch-Hazel Toilet Soap

The witch-hazel in the soap allays all irritation—takes away the smarting and burning—beats the cuts—leaves the skin soft and smooth.

Not a shaving soap—but cooling and delightful after shaving.

3 cakes for 25c.

At Druggists and Dealers.

Not a shaving soap—but cooling and delightful after shaving.

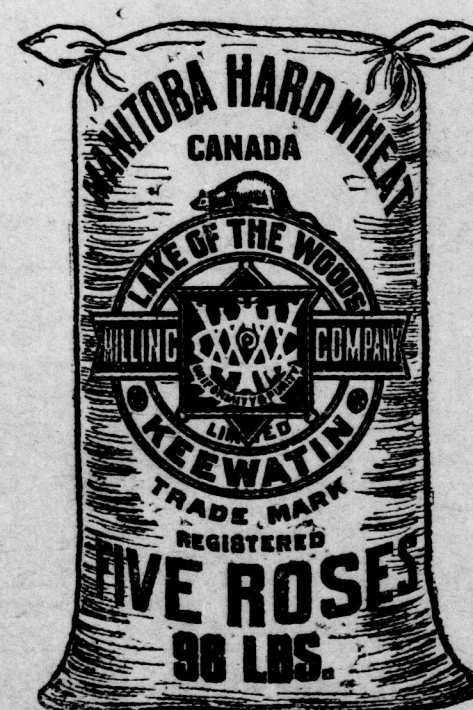
3 cakes for 25c.

At Druggists and Dealers.

Not a shaving soap—but cooling and delightful after shaving.

3 cakes for 25c.

At Druggists and Dealers.



KEEP YOUR TEMPER

Save your time and your strength. Do not waste them trying to make good bread and pastry with an inferior flour. You will get only trouble and disappointment for your pains.

The easy and satisfactory way to bake is to use "FIVE ROSES" Flour, as this brand never gets lumpy or hardens, and never needs any special preparation for use.

Its uniformity is such that, unlike ordinary brands, the same methods, all of them simple, can be used with every bag. "FIVE ROSES" Flour, an oven, some water, a little yeast and common sense will give you a whiter and sweeter loaf, and lighter and flakier pastry, with less trouble than any ordinary brands on the market. Users of it save time, temper and money. "FIVE ROSES" is, in fact, the flour that satisfies.

Ask your grocer for it.

Lake of The Woods Milling Co., MONTREAL, Limited.

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

Belgian glass manufacturers have formed a syndicate at Charleroi to export glass and china. They intend to corner the market in France.

Anise is a favorite flavoring for beverages in the Mediterranean countries. In Athens anise brandy is a popular drink, and is sold not only at cafes, but also by street vendors, who

carry their glasses in a belt made especially therefor.

BILIOUSNESS BURDENS LIFE.—The bilious man is never a companionable man, because his ailment renders him morose and gloomy. The complaint is not as dangerous as it is disagreeable. Yet no one need suffer from it who can procure Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. By regulating the liver and obviating the effects of bile in the stomach, they restore men to cheer-

India will eventually control the Oriental coal markets. At present Japan is her only competitor, but Japan's coal area is only 6,000 square miles, with an annual output of 10,000,000 tons. India's present output is not so much, but her possibilities as a coal producer are far greater than Japan's even including the Fushun mines in Manchuria.