

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson

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

"But he'd met you twice after I'd talked with you in the park, not dreaming that you were the girl I had chosen for my experiment. He had ever seen, and begged that, if it were not too late, I would no longer try to find a protegee to chaperon on his behalf. If you could be got to fill the place it would be perfect from his point of view. But already he was half in love, and his conscience had begun to wake."

"He saw that, though in carrying out his plan a girl would have advantages given her which otherwise she could never enjoy, still she might have reason to complain if she learned the truth, discovered that she had been used as a sort of pawn in a game of chess. He felt it might be an injustice; but then you came up with Captain Weyland and interrupted us. I had guessed already from his description, that the paragon of beauty he had seen was none other than Conuelo Brand."

"The day before, I prevented his meeting you at my house, for I wanted him first to behold my protegee in her pretty new clothes, charmingly framed, presented against a becoming background. But Fate had circumvented me, and I scented a romance. You can imagine what concealed delight I felt in introducing him to the 'experiment' in the shape of the girl he had found and lost again."

"I had almost given up finding the right sort of person when I chanced to see you in the park that afternoon, and overheard your wish for a different lot in life. Then a voice seemed to say to me, 'There's the very one you have been looking for.' And you must remember, Consuelo, that I asked if you would be ready to give up your old, dull existence for even a few weeks of pleasure and admiration?"

"I remember everything—everything," I said.

"You took your chances. And I honestly thought them very good. I'm a poor woman, and I should not have been able to provide for you; but I saw that you were beautiful, and might be made far more beautiful. I hardly dared to hope you would succeed in

snaring so splendid and wary a bird as George Seaforth, but it was probable you would have opportunities of marrying well. Now, as it has turned out, you have done better than any other debutante for years. Don't, for the sake of pique, throw away your happiness."

"I could not answer. I had dropped into a chair, at last, and sat with my face buried in my hands."

"Tell me, dear, that you are going to be a good, sensible girl," she went on coaxingly.

"What should I say to her? My mind was fixed up. There was only one thing for me to do, and I meant to do it. If I killed me, but I did not want to make a scene, which would only inflame the wound that had been dealt by turning the dagger in the quivering flesh."

"I felt so weak, so utterly spent in body, that I dreaded lest my spirit also should be robbed of strength if again it were flooded with the torrent of her pleading."

"Let me think—I beg that you will let me think," I implored.

"I did not look up, and my fingers still covered my wet eyes, but I heard a faint, quick sigh of relief."

"Of course you shall think, child, as much as ever you like," Lady Sophie soothingly assured me. "It is only sudden decisions that I dread. Think—think how good George really is, how handsome, how dearly he loves you, how his heart would be broken if you would not forgive him. When you have thought of all those things, and said to yourself 'Perhaps if I'm harsh with him now I shall lose him irrevocably, because in sheer misery and angry pique he may ask some other less scrupulous girl to marry him,' you will be ready to possess your soul in patience, and quietly wait for him to propose to you. When he has safely done that, you can fly out at him and accuse him of what you like. He will know then how to defend himself and win your pardon. I defy the hardest woman not to forgive George Seaforth, with his arms around her, those honest eyes of his looking into hers. Now dear, I'll bathe your head with eau de Cologne as you did mine when I was ill; and presently you'll be ready to tell me that you've thought it all satisfactorily out, that you are yourself again."

"Thank you, Lady Sophie," I whispered brokenly. "But—but I want to be alone. You are kind—you mean to be kind—only it is better for me to be alone. Please, please! I don't know what will become of me if I can't be quite by myself for a while."

"My voice rose stormily. I could not hold it in control; and Lady Sophie rose from her knees by my side with rustling haste."

"Very well. You know what is best for yourself, I suppose," she agreed. "I should have liked to stay with you, but, of course, if you don't want me now, I shall come again by and by."

"Not too soon, please. I must have a little time," I pleaded. "If—if anyone asks for me, I have a headache."

"Trust me for that, my poor one; I know how to manage these affairs. Inquiries will come, without doubt, from a certain person by whose desire I really made an excuse to run up and find you. I said I would look for a book I'd brought to Southwood with me, a book we'd luckily been talking about downstairs. They will think I have been a long time gone, but what they think doesn't matter."

"No; what they think doesn't matter," I repeated drearily.

"I'll go now, then, since you send me away. Won't you give me some little message for poor George?"

"Poor George! What of poor Consuelo? I bitterly thought."

"I can't say anything," I sharply uttered aloud.

"Oh, well, I can make up something that must do instead."

"My lips opened to beg that she would do no such thing, but they closed coldly together again. What did it signify what she said in this brief interval? He would know the truth soon enough."

"In an hour or so I shall peep in at you again," purred Lady Sophie. "Then I hope you will look at me with a smile on your poor little face. Good by, dear. Is it in your heart to give me a kiss?"

"For an instant I hesitated. But it was only for an instant. At the end, I lifted my tear-stained face, and we kissed each other on the lips. Mine quivered under the touch of hers, and the tears fell once more. I had loved her well. I had been so happy only an hour ago."

"Good by," I said softly.

"Good by is a sad word. An revoir—let it be an revoir."

"I like good by so much better," I insisted. "Good by, dear Lady Sophie. Good by."

In another moment the door had gently closed after her sweeping salutes, and I was left alone.

My mind was ready made up as to my next act, which was to close the next chapter in my brief love story. What I had to do must be done quickly, for I could not count upon more than one undisturbed hour. I had told Lady Sophie that I wished to think; but thought must be beyond all else avoided—until the afterwards."

If I sat still and let myself weep over the pictures of the past which would be before me in a panorama, George Seaforth's face and figure always in the foreground—such little strength and courage as were left to me would go."

No sooner had the door shut behind Lady Sophie than I sprang up and began unfastening my dress.

"His money had paid for it," I reminded myself, with a sick shiver. "I am the doll which it has amused him to see tricked out in the latest fashion. His doll was to be the smartest in the sphere of dolls, or he would not be satisfied. Oh, my God! I thought him so honorable, so chivalrous!"

But I was thinking again, and I must not think. I tried desperately to fix my attention on the business of the moment. What would I not have given

if the despoiled and long-discarded Peckham garments had been in my box, under all the finery brought to Southwood Park. But they lay at the bottom of a drawer at home—no!—at mustn't call it home any more!—at Lady Sophie de Grette's house. The best I could do was to dress myself from head to foot in the plainest things I had at hand—the things, I bitterly reflected, which had cost Sir George Seaforth the smallest amount of money."

Some day, perhaps, I could repay him. My heart beat with a fierce agony of joy as I saw myself in the future writing a check for money. I had earned. It would have to be a large check. I should send from some far-off place, the farther away the better; and I should add a line, saying, "This is, as nearly as I can calculate, the sum to which I am indebted to you for board, clothing, and incidental expenses during the season I spent in Park Lane."

If he had any heart any manliness left, this would cut him to the quick. But till then the fact that I must leave his house dressed in the garments paid for by him would remain a part of my humiliation."

I roused myself with a start. Once more I had indulged in the forbidden luxury of thought. In a few minutes I was clad in traveling dress, the neat little frock which I had hopelessly put down that afternoon for the short journey."

Then, with a shock, realized the difficulty regarding money. In my hurried preparations I had not fully looked that question in the face. My purse (what a mockery to call it mine!) was still in the pocket of the gray mohair gown. I remembered, with curling, quivering lips, that it held nearly ten pounds. I could go a long distance with ten pounds. I had not yet quite forgotten how to be economical. But I could not take that money. I could not touch a penny of it, knowing whence it came."

I had kissed Lady Sophie when she had given it to me, as I always did, with a passionate impulse of gratitude which must manifest itself with each new kindness. No wonder she had blushed and looked uncomfortable sometimes, saying that she "wished I would not thank her."

There were so many things I understood now, and, understanding, felt that the world was a cold and cruel place—a place for hypocrites, for pit-falls under the roses, for grinning skulls where once I had seen faces benevolent. I marvelled that I did not feel greater bitterness against Lady Sophie for her part in my tragedy. But I told myself, sadly, that I could forgive her, because I had not to teach her image from my heart, leaving wounds that must bleed forever. There were other roots that had gone deeper, and they—but I turned my back to the crude question of money."

There was my little store of jewelry in the morocco case, and the string of pearls also, which I had hung down on the dressing table after wearing it tonight. But these things had come from Sir George, though they had passed as presents from Lady Sophie. I saw now that my suspicions should have been roused long ago by such gifts from a woman who never ceased to bemoan her poverty. I could not make use of the jewels, but thankfully I remembered certain other possessions, comparatively insignificant, yet enough, perhaps, for the present emergency. And afterwards might come the deluge, for all I cared."

Once I had admired an old-fashioned ring, containing a sapphire and a few small diamonds, which Lady Sophie sometimes wore. Next day she had insisted on transferring it to me, saying it was too tight."

There was also a red enameled watch, a brooch of curiously twisted gold, and a bangle with a pearl and ruby butterfly. These trifles had been Lady Sophie's. Sir George Seaforth had never owned part or lot in them. (To be Continued.)

FIRE AT BRIDGEPORT

Sixty Thousand Dollars Damage Done to Pleasure Park.

Bridgeport, Conn., Aug. 18. — Fire swept the amusement grounds at Steeplechase Island today, causing \$60,000 damage and creating something of a panic upon the 20,000 visitors.

No one was seriously injured. Six structures were burned, including the grandstand and bleachers on the baseball diamond, where 8,000 persons had gathered for the Chicago-Bridgeport game. The greater part of the loss falls upon George C. Tillyou, proprietor of the amusement grounds, whose Steeplechase Park at Coney Island was burned a few weeks ago.

A woman likes to be proud of her husband if it's only about how he once saw the President at a public meeting. About all you have to do to take the fun out of a thing to give it a reputation for being healthful.

Wonderful Miracles Worked By Dr. Hamilton's Pills

Learned Physician Astounded by the Increasing Number of His Cures.

—Halifax, N. S., Aug. 19. — That unusual knowledge is possessed by Dr. Hamilton is evidenced by the statement of Mrs. MacLeod, of 514 Campbell road, of this city. For years this lady suffered with torturing, reeling headaches that could only be allayed by strong narcotics. "Dr. Hamilton's Pills," she states, "failed, so I decided to see what Dr. Hamilton could do. I purchased a few boxes of his Mandrake and Butternut Pills and their use immediately gave me the most grateful relief. Headaches and their depressing influence left me. Spells of fainting weakness, long hours of sleeplessness, fear of nervous collapse, all these disappeared after treating with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. My restoration to vigorous health is complete and no remedy could do more than Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut."

By searching out all weak spots, by enriching the blood, nourishing and purifying the system, Dr. Hamilton's Pills work marvels for the sick and weak. 25 cents per box at all dealers.

OPERATOR FAILS TO "BURN UP" CHIEF

Chicago Man Spurts With Dots and Dashes and Gets a Shock.

St. Louis, Aug. 16. — One of the Chicago operators of the Postal Company opened his key and called St. Louis yesterday. The response was not forthcoming immediately, and he monotonously reiterated the "a" which represents the St. Louis call where-ever the Morse code is known.

After several minutes of drumming the circuit sharply broke with a curt "G. A." the signal to go ahead. Then, wondering who was on the south end, he proceeded to increase his speed until he was "burning up" the wire. Still no break.

One message followed another in quick succession, but the operator on the south end declined to be "frazed." When all the messages were in there was an instantaneous "O. K.—H. M." and the northern operator nearly fell off his chair, for he had been trying his hand against S. H. Mudge, of St. Louis, the general superintendent of the company for the southwestern division.

Mr. Mudge's start in the telegraph service was in a little inland town in Illinois years ago, and his first position was as night operator for the Jacksonville and Southeastern Railroad, which is long since out of existence. For eight or ten years his duties have been managerial, but this week he has shown that the dots and dashes never have gotten away from him.

London, Aug. 16.—After an all-night sitting the House of Commons this morning passed to third reading the deceased wife's sister bill and sent it to the House of Lords, where it has so frequently been rejected.

Shortly before midnight a little band of twenty-seven church stalwarts entered the Opposition benches, prepared to fight every point of progress. Their efforts were defeated. There were several divisions, the vote of which averaged 205 to 26, the result being received with ministerial laughter and cheers. Some passages of arms in the course of the debate kept the House lively.

Lord Robert Cecil, the leader of the supporters of the canon law, wanted members of the Church of England exempted from the operations of the bill.

"Would you," asked Jesse Collins, "set up rivalry between a man's love for his church and his love for a woman? If you do the woman will prevail."

"Unfortunately, there are men who love a woman without thinking of marriage," retorted Lord Robert Cecil. "Your argument would lead to the abolition of the moral law."

"No, no," cried Collins, jumping toward the table, "they would leave the church in order to get married."

Then the third reading was closed and carried.

In 1847 a royal commission was appointed to examine the marriage laws of Great Britain, and from 1849 up to the present day attempts have been made repeatedly, both in the Lords and in the Commons, to carry a bill making marriage with a deceased wife's sister legal. They have always failed. As a rule the House of Commons has passed the bill by a large majority, but it has been thrown out by the House of Lords.

In 1896, however, the bill was passed by the Lords. But it went no further. The colonial bill, to make marriages of this kind lawfully contracted in the British colonies valid in England, having a similar object has never been carried. The fight for and against the proposed law passed by the Commons today is carried on by two organizations, namely, the Marriage Reform Association and the Marriage Law Defense Union.

Did You Have The Ideal Summer Food

SHREDDED WHEAT

TRY IT WITH MILK OR CREAM. All Grocers—13c a Carton, 2 for 25c.

GEMS ON WOMAN'S NECK

Search of a Year for a Stolen Necklace is Rewarded.

St. Louis, Aug. 18. — The problem of finding a needle in a haystack was outdone in St. Louis today, when Mrs. Hamilton P. Prather, 328 North Euclid avenue, accomplished a more difficult task, that of recovering a necklace intrinsically worth more than \$1,000, and valued besides because it was an heirloom. For more than a year Mrs. Prather has felt that she might recover the valuable, and today the habit of watching the jewelry worn by her was rewarded.

In the flash of a street lamp near her home, Mrs. Prather saw the heirloom on the neck of a fashionably-gowned woman, snatched it from her throat, and called the police. The woman wearing the necklace was George A. Menkel, 5784 Delabre avenue, told Chief of Police Creedy that her husband bought the necklace for \$15 from a stranger. No charge was made against Mrs. Menkel.

TO PREVENT IS BETTER THAN TO REPENT—A little medicine in the shape of the wonderful pellets which are known as Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, administered at the proper time and with the directions adhered to often prevent a serious attack of sickness and save money which would go to the doctor. In all irregularities of the digestive organs they are an invaluable corrective, by cleansing the blood they clear the exit of imperfections.

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DRESSY, WEAR-RESISTING FABRICS AT SPECIALLY LOW PRICES

Four Pieces of Attractive Tweeds. You'll be surprised at the sturdy quality when you note the price. Ground colors are blue, light gray, brown and dark gray. Patterns are miniature checks. Just the proper thing for school wear. 40 inches wide. Better see these at once as they will just fairly tumble out at the marvelously low price of, yard.....39c

For Half a Dollar a Yard you can get some astonishingly good tweeds. Cannot be beaten—we are positive of that. Decidedly new. Some are checks of brown, gray and blue forming shadow effects. Also stripes shading from light to dark. Come and see them. Bring the children, too, 50c

Plain Cloths at 50c. We never had such a good assortment of weaves and colorings. Panamas, Venetians, Ottomans, Satin Cloths, Henriettas, etc. 40-inch widths. All fine wools, splendid finish. Will return excellent wear. Really extra value at50c

Tuesday, 24 Ends of Goods at One-Third to One-Half off regular prices. Lengths from 2½ to 5½ yards. Panamas, Venetians and Broadcloths, regular 50c to \$1.25 yard, will be found in the lot. Clearing Thursday for.....1-3 to 1-2 Less

150 Dundas and Carling GRAY & PARKER 150 Dundas and Carling



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 even, 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.

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Did You Have The Ideal Summer Food

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for breakfast? It contains more nutriment than corn or oats, and is more easily digested. The Whole Wheat, steam-cooked, shredded, and baked.

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A dainty little biscuit, slightly sweet to the taste. You'll find "Marie" very popular with those who attend or give smart afternoon teas or luncheons.

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4226

4226—A DAINTY LITTLE BERTHA FROCK.

The little dress here illustrated will be a joy to the maternal soul. It is made with exquisite simplicity of fine French batiste, the yoke and bertha being decorated with delicate hand embroidery; but the design lends itself equally well to development in almost any fabric suitable for children's wear, whether of linen, silk or fine wool. To develop the medium size 3-8 yards of 24-inch material will be required.

4226—Six sizes, ½, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 years.

The price of this pattern is 10c.

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