

A BID FOR A BRIDE

By BLANCHE EARDLEY

Author of "Kitty Bell—Actress," "The Lady Killer," Etc.
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"I understand," Stella said wearily. "I will do my best, but promise me that you won't let Jasper think I have ceased to love him," she went on with a sudden flush. "I shall always love him—always—though I shall have to look it all away in my heart!"

She paused a moment, then in a different voice said: "Call him in and tell him that I will go back, and as you say, we must settle how we shall live when we are alone."

A week later Lady Mary was talking to Jasper Tennant in the room where she had last seen Stella patch up her quarrel with her husband. Jasper was better, though still weak, and as she looked at his pale face Lady Mary knew that he had learnt the news about Stella's wedding that she had kept from him all this time.

"So you read it in the paper?" she said gently. "My dear boy, you must be brave, as I will go back, and as you say, we must settle how we shall live when we are alone."

"Brave!" he exclaimed bitterly. "I am to see my life's happiness flung from me by a designing scoundrel, and

then grin and bear it! Of course you may depend upon me not to thrust myself upon her," he went on, "but one day I shall punish Clifford Hawke for this last coward's work."

Lady Mary looked at him with startled eyes.

"What do you mean, dear?" she said quickly.

"I mean that while I was lying in that hospital I have been thinking, piecing together a puzzle, and now I know that I was purposely kept away from those ten days before that wedding—that I owe my detention to Clifford Hawke's evil agency."

"Surely you are mistaken!" Lady Mary said quickly. "You must not let your natural disappointment and grief warp your sense of justice. I don't like Clifford Hawke any more than you do, and yet I am convinced he had no idea where you were."

"And yet he told you and Stella that I was at Ostend, well and flourishing!" he broke in quickly. "You would not tell me who gave you both that piece of lying information, but I found out that Clifford Hawke had been to Ostend during those ten days, and it did not take me long to put two and two together."

"All the same," she repeated, "you must not accuse him without proof, Jasper, and for Stella's sake, I hope you will remember that any public quarrel between you and Clifford Hawke would only pain her infinitely more than it would him."

"Heaven knows that I would rather die than bring any worry upon her dear head," Jasper exclaimed, "but I will find out the truth, and when I am convinced that my suspicions are right then Clifford Hawke, successful financier as he is, will have to meet me face to face."

"And Stella—what of her if she should learn that her husband, the man to whom she is tied for better and for worse, is the cause of your failure to keep your word?" Lady Mary asked gravely. "Whatever you discover, Jasper, whether rightly or wrongly, for her sake you must keep silent now."

"Yet it may be for her sake that I shall have to speak one day," Jasper answered slowly.

CHAPTER XVII.

Isobel Prant Pays a Visit.

Isobel Prant was one of those women who, when they hate, do so with a thoroughness that might have been applied to a worthy object. There were two people whom she now hated with the full force of her strong, passionate nature, and they were her cousin Stella and Clifford Hawke—the girl for winning the man she wanted for herself and the man for loving the girl. When Stella and her husband were on their honeymoon, Isobel spent her time as she liked, having absolute freedom given her by Mr. Traine, who never made any effort to control her actions. One morning she received a letter that made her smile with satisfaction, and after breakfast she left the house, and walking down Park Lane, boarded a motor bus that ran out Hammersmith way. Presently she got out, and turning down a street past Hammersmith bridge, she walked down it, and stopped at No. 15.

In answer to her request to see Mr. Smith, the child of 7 years, the door stared at her curiously for a moment, in a way that brought a flush to Isobel's face, and said curtly: "What name, please, Miss?"

"Just say a lady wishes to see him," she replied quietly, and there was something in her manner that checked further curiosity, and the door of the landlady. In a few seconds she returned and said, "Come this way, please."

Isobel followed her and found herself in a sitting-room facing the back garden. It was a pleasantly furnished room, plain and homely, and had communicating doors which evidently separated the bedroom from the sitting-room. As she stood gazing round curiously, the door opened, and a man entered the room. As soon as he saw Isobel he flushed awkwardly beneath his sunburnt skin.

She held out her hand with a smile. "You see I got your letter this morning, and have come at once."

"It is good of you to be so prompt," he replied, holding her hand a second longer than was necessary before he released it. Then he went on quickly, "My cousin married, Clifford Hawke the other day, and her photograph as well. She has a sweet face."

Isobel's lips grew straight. "You did not send for me to tell me of your admiration for my cousin, I presume," she said coldly. "Does this mean that you are not going on with our plans? I thought from your letter that you had some definite news to give me."

"So I have," he answered, "only I hate hunting a woman. You see, Miss Prant, I am not naturally a black-guard, and though Hawke has done me about the dirtiest trick a man can do, I'd not like to drag down a woman who is young and beautiful, and might love him."

She broke into a contemptuous laugh. "You need have no fear on that score. My cousin married Clifford Hawke because she was weak, and had not the courage to break off her engagement; but her heart belongs to another man. You are surely not going to be weak now that you have everything your own way!" she went on; "you have completely covered your

tracks, Clifford Hawke thinks you are dead, and that his secret is buried with you in the Clayerton street fire. Now is your chance to wreck him completely. You must remember," she added, "that had it not been for me you might have died."

"I shall never forget that," he said quickly, while his face flushed. "I know that you have brought something new into my life, an interest and eagerness I never possessed before, and that is why I am so loath to hunt a woman who may not know how vile her husband is."

She reached out her hand and touched his arm. All the while of the accomplished coquette were at her finger tips, and it was necessary to her scheme of vengeance to have this man who was passing under the name of "Smith" her willing, dazzled slave.

"We are friends, you and I," she said softly, "and we have one common bond of interest—that of Clifford Hawke."

"You have not told me why you hate him," he said suddenly.

"We have only met twice, and in that time have talked about so many other things. But I hate Clifford Hawke because I know him to be a bad, false man, and a liar, and I should like to see him exposed for the man he is," she finished under her breath. "Now tell me what you have done," she went on. "I am longing to know."

"I have already ten thousand shares in the mine that Hawke has his eye on, and I am the biggest shareholder in it now; by and bye I shall buy up the other remaining shares, and as Mr. 'Smith,' I shall hold Hawke financially. He has dropped a lot of money lately, besides having borrowed far more than he can pay back. I know that he is already heavily in debt, and that his credit is not so good as it was."

"I am glad," she said slowly. "I want to see him down—so far down that he can never rise again. You can do this for me."

He nodded.

"Yes, but one day we shall come face to face, Hawke and I, and then there will be another settling day—beyond the financial one."

"Are you quite sure that he believes you dead?" she said.

"Quite. You see my old pal Car-

raw, stayed at Clayerton street that night, and was wearing my clothes. There was no positive proof that I was not there too. I had intended to stay with him, but as I was going in to the country for a couple of days, I could not, suppose he let himself in with my latch key, and the landlady never saw him come or go. I only hope he escaped. So that is how it happened so strangely. Clifford Hawke hopes I have been burnt."

Isobel looked at him thoughtfully. "You are not going to make yourself known to him as Paul Steinhart yet?" He smiled.

"No, let him tell himself asleep with the idea that I am out of the way. I can afford to wait."

"I don't know," she replied. "Clifford Hawke is a clever man. He will find anything that seems odd or out of the way at once, and if he suspected that the man who had his secret was still alive he would be capable of any trickery. I know him. He has more courage and cunning than any man I have ever met."

"I don't think there is any fear of his tracing Mr. Steinhart to me; I am not going into the city now, and I will not be seen in public even with you, Miss Prant. It was risky that other time when he was still in town."

"I was stupid," she said, "but I could meet you no other way then. Then she said slowly, 'You told me that his first wife died, but what became of the child?'"

"Probably it died too," he answered. "I never knew anything about it. That is not the secret I held over his head, though it formed part of the chain of evidence."

"You won't tell me the real secret?" she asked.

He shook his head.

"Not even you yet. It would be too dangerous. One never knows how things leak out; if you knew it I could not rely on your silence—even yours," he repeated. "Don't ask me—you will know one day!"

She looked at him curiously. "I suppose I must wait then. But you have told me that I shall know you will keep your promise?"

"I will keep my promise—you shall know one day," he replied, "the day that the rest of the world knows."

(To be Continued.)

SUICIDE FOR PICTURE

Each Movement of the Victim Faithfully Recorded.

Paris Oct. 10.—A tradesman at Terolien has committed suicide before a cinematograph machine.

Having focused the machine and set it running, he proceeded to kill himself. The films are perfect, each movement of the unhappy man being faithfully depicted.

He is shown looking for a chair, seating himself on it and loading his revolver, remaining a while in thought before his mirror, and then suddenly starting up and blowing out his brains.

These last pictures are of an indescribable realism, and reproduce the awful scene in all its tragic details. Fortunately the police were able to confiscate the rolls, the exhibition of which might have led to dire consequences in the case of morbid or nervous spectators.

EVIDENCE NOT STRONG.

Montreal, Que., Oct. 10.—Frederic Oliver Jock has been acquitted of the charge of robbery from an unlocked Ottawa mail car, notwithstanding the circumstantial evidence that had been brought against him. Judge Choquet, in announcing his decision in the court of special session, stated that there was a strong doubt in connection with the case, which he was obliged to decide in favor of the prisoner. In view of this, Jock walked out of the dock a free man, after about six weeks' imprisonment. It was stated in error yesterday that Jock had got a ten-year sentence.

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TO STIR UP THE TIMID SISTER

English Leader of Suffragettes Scores the Rich American Woman.

Buffalo, Oct. 11.—Added interest has been given the fourteen annual convention of the National American Suffrage Association, which will open here on Tuesday, by the action of Mrs. Annie Coburn Sanderson, the militant English leader of the suffrage movement, who has taken occasion to extend her criticism of the "idle rich" to the women of this country in a letter which will be read at the convention.

Mrs. Sanderson is at present the storm centre of a controversy in England that has arisen as a result of her severe reprimand to what she terms the "idle rich" of that country, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward has been foremost in the ranks of those who have replied to the views of Mrs. Sanderson. Mrs. Sanderson's views also met with rebuke here on the part of those who oppose the suffrage movement.

Mrs. Sanderson says in her letter, which is addressed to Mrs. Harriet Taylor Upton, treasurer of the National American Women Suffrage Association, that she is glad of the opportunity of replying to the reports which have been given in the American press with regard to her opinion of the "idle rich."

"So far as my remarks apply to the idle rich women of your country, I do not think there has been any exaggeration," she writes, and adds that these women are the active force working against the granting of the suffrage to women.

"They represent the power of wealth and monopoly," continues the English woman, "just as the women led by Mrs. Humphrey Ward in England, who have formed themselves into an Anti-Women's Suffrage League; represent the spirit of feudalism, the two most modern imperialism, the two most retrograde elements in English politics today."

Mrs. Sanderson stated that American women are more timid than their English sisters and for that reason less prepared for an aggressive attitude. The American women work to keep men in power, she says, and existing evils have become so deep-rooted that they "can no longer be endured."

"A moral revolution is needed, equal in force to the struggle which brought about the emancipation of the slaves," the writer says. She asks the American women to introduce into the suffrage movement in this country more of "the fire of revolt" and to make the movement "a living, burning issue."

Many women of national and international prominence will attend the convention, which will extend over a period of six days.

A feature of the convention will be a programme commemorative of the sixtieth anniversary of the first woman's rights' convention held in this state, the famous meeting of 1848, held at Seneca Falls, where the late Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton offered the resolution asking for women "the sacred right of the elective franchise."

The leading speaker on the commemorative programme will be Mrs. Harriet Stanton Blach, a daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton.

The suffragettes of England will be represented by Mrs. Phillip Snowden, wife of a member of parliament, and herself a full-fledged suffragette.

The suffrage movement among college women will come in for consideration at the convention. On Monday, Oct. 18, the great theme of women's suffrage will come up for general consideration and discussion.

BRITISH

A nine-foot bottle-nosed shark, captured by Folkestone fishermen, is being exhibited in the neighborhood. It is the largest shark ever brought into the harbor.

Lay clerks of St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle, were exempted from jury service at Windsor on Tuesday on the ground that they were household servants of the King.

So great is the demand for pennies at present that the mint has been falling behind in attempting to cope with it, although the daily output lately has been four tons, or 464,000 pennies.

Judge Emden received a scalp wound on Tuesday as the result of a collision between two motor cars on Farnborough Hill, between Sevenoaks and Bromley. Mrs. Fulcher, who was in the other car, was slightly hurt.

Contracts to the aggregate of 126,000 tons have, says a Glasgow telegram, been placed with Clyde shipbuilders, this being the largest total for two years. Three months, however, must elapse, it is stated, before the workpeople can benefit.

Tuesday was Michaelmas Day, but according to the poultryers the ancient custom of eating hot roast goose on that day has died out altogether. In fact, this succulent bird has fallen off in popularity considerably during the last thirty years.

The Bishop of North Queensland gave an address at 7.45 on Monday morning, at All Hallows Church, London Wall, where early morning services are held for men and women who come into the city by workmen's cheap trains.

During the last four months 5,392 stray cats were rescued from a lingering death by the London Institution for Lost and Starving Cats. The largest catch made on any one day was on Aug. 21, when 112 cats were taken to the home.

Inspector Green, of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who is stationed at Redhill, took two starving dogs to his home. One of the animals broke its chain on Tuesday and killed thirty-eight of the inspector's prize poultry, in addition to twenty canaries.

A cruel hoax was perpetrated at Dover on Tuesday. Three hundred children were invited by an unknown

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