

A BID FOR A BRIDE

By BLANCHE EARDLEY

Author of "Kitty Ball—Actress," "The Lady Killer," Etc.
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"It was all my fault," he said quickly. "I told her I loved her the day I took Pitt to her, and I said I would call and see her father and ask him to give his consent to Stella breaking off her engagement to Clifford Hawke, whom she did not love, and if he refused, I had arranged to go and tell you everything and get you to help us like the dear you are."

"And then your accident happened?" she said slowly. "I was very anxious about you, and so was Stella, though she did not mention your name but I could see. Then we both heard that you had been seen in Ostend alive and well."

"In Ostend?" he exclaimed incredulously, "who on earth told you that? It was a lie—a foul lie! I went straight from Stella to the place in the east end where I thought Lottie was! Tell me from whom you heard it!"

"I can't really remember," she said slowly, "but never mind now, dear. What does it matter so long as you are here alive?"

"It matters a great deal," he exclaimed quickly. "I would not for worlds have Stella believe that I would go about enjoying myself at Ostend while I should have written to her. I sent her a message yesterday by Lottie," he added. "I hope she got it."

Lady Mary started. "Yesterday?" she left town yesterday," she said slowly.

He smiled. "She will come back when she gets that. Promise you will let me know and bring her to me."

Advertiser Patterns

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Name

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Age (if child's or misses' pattern)

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"My dear boy!" she exclaimed, "don't ask me any more questions. I can't promise anything. I—I— She stopped at the door of the ward opened, and as the nurse admitted another visitor Jasper gave a quick cry of surprised delight.

"Stella!" he cried. "I knew you would come, darling; I was trapped and kept a prisoner for days, and only came to myself here, where Lady Mary brought me the other day. You did believe in me, didn't you?"

The girl brushed past the nurse, past Lady Mary's outstretched hand, and bending over the bed took both his hands in hers.

"I came as soon as I could!" she said in a low steady voice. "I could not get away before; I was in the country."

"I was telling Lady Mary that I knew you would understand when you got my message," Jasper went on, "I came here from the place where they found me in Greenwich. It's a long story, dear."

"You have been hurt seriously?" Stella said breathlessly.

He gave a boyish laugh.

"It was not pleasant at the time; but I'm all right now. But I'd like to know who it was that told you I was at Ostend?" he added.

Stella raised her head and gazed at Lady Mary. "I can't remember," she said slowly, "but we will talk about things later on when you are better. I am glad to have seen you again; we shall meet at Lady Mary's, and now, dear, I must say good-bye," she added. "I came to see Lady Mary, and did not know at first that you were here."

A few moments later she and Lady Mary were sitting in the electric brougham on their way to the latter's house.

There was a long silence between them, then Lady Mary said at last: "Stella! Am I mad or were you married yesterday to Clifford Hawke? What is the meaning of this strange appearance without your husband?"

Stella drew in her breath sharply. Her face was very pale, but her eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"I married Clifford Hawke yesterday, but left him last night. I can never go back to him."

CHAPTER XVI.

"For Her Sake You Must Not Speak"

Stella sat with a white tense face listening to Lady Mary's worldly wisdom. They had driven home to Lady Mary's house, and though the servants had been too well trained to show any surprise, they were sure to express themselves freely in the servants' hall, and it was this view that Lady Mary was impressing upon Stella in the drawing-room.

"It's madness, dear, sheer madness; you married the man—took him for better for worse only yesterday, and you must live with him. Think of the scandal the awful laughing stock you are making of him and yourself. You must go back."

"I can't," Stella whispered hoarsely. "You blame me now, but I did not go without a struggle; I knew it was my duty to stay, but I could not. I had a telegram from some anonymous person telling me to ask my husband about his first wife and child, and when I asked him with it he did not deny that he had been married before. He had lied to me, cruelly lied, and when I asked him about it he laughed and said the past was not my business, only the present."

"Of course it's not pleasant to know that he had kept it from you," Lady Mary said, "but, my dear child, that hardly constitutes a good reason for leaving him like this."

Stella rose and paced the room restlessly. Her face was flushed, and there was a look of pain in it that made Lady Mary's heart ache with unspoken sympathy.

"You have not heard all," she said in a low voice; "he seemed infuriated when he saw the telegram I had received, and all his superficial polish left him, and—and he kicked Pitt, the dog, out of the drawing-room, and then insulted me because I left the room and took her upstairs. Oh, dear auntie," she went on, falling into the old childish form of address of years ago, "you don't know how I hated him when I saw him kick that dog."

Lady Mary sighed.

"It's very dreadful, dear; I sympathize most utterly, but what can you do? The man might be a scoundrel in his home, but he probably was unstrung and excited at the thought that you were criticising him. Give him a trial, dear. Think of the insult you have dealt him by leaving him."

"That is nothing compared to the trap he laid for me," she retorted quickly; "he even told me that he loved me, and that he was going to try and break off my engagement to him, and he plotted to prevent me. He is cruel and bad; why, it was his car that knocked down poor Lottie that time, and he did not even stop to help her or call when she was ill! I will never—never go back to him—nothing will make me!"

"Mr. Hawke," said a servant's voice at the door, and turning sharply both women saw Clifford Hawke, suave and polite. His eyes rested for a moment on Stella, then he glanced at Lady Mary.

"I am sorry to intrude, Lady Mary, but I have called for my wife," he said. "I knew I should find her here."

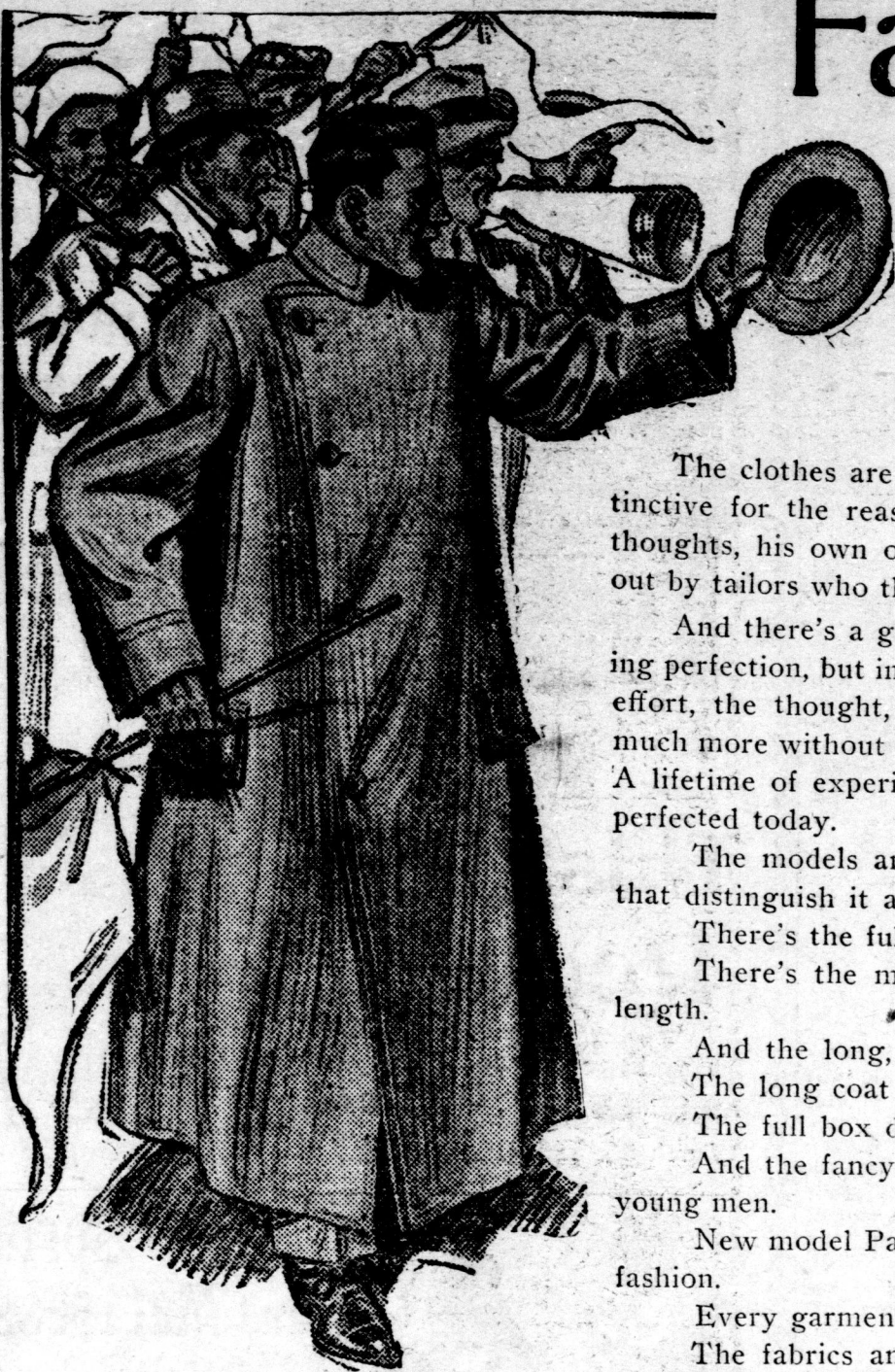
"I was amazed when Stella arrived," Lady Mary said gravely. "She seems to have a good reason for running away, Mr. Hawke."

He laughed contemptuously.

"She is hysterical and foolish. I punished a stupid little animal for getting in my way, and Stella immediately thought fit to run away and denounce me as a scoundrel!"

"You know it is not only that," Stella said quickly; "you know that you dared to cruelly kick my dog."

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delay of another day would have proved fatal. Mr. Runnels has not yet recovered from his heroic act.

LOCKJAW FROM SCRATCH

Stony Creek Merchant Dies as Result of Slight Accident.

Hamilton, Oct. 9.—J. K. Lottridge, a Stony Creek coal merchant, died in agony about 4 o'clock this morning as

the result of a peculiar accident on Saturday. He was alighting from a H. G. and B. electric car, when his foot caught in the step. He fell to the ground and scratched his thumb. When he arrived home a doctor dressed the injury, which was not thought to be serious. On Wednesday lockjaw developed. An operation was performed, but it was of no avail, death relieving the unfortunate man's sufferings this morning.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GARGET IN COWS.

proving his repentance."

"If you will leave me with Lady Mary for a moment," she said slowly, "I will try and make up my mind, but I shall have conditions which you must agree to before I can live with you under the same roof."

He bowed, and when the door had closed upon him Stella reached out her hands to Lady Mary.

"I see now—it is my duty. But though I will share his home, I can never really live with him as his wife. I cannot! I was mad not to have realized before what it meant."

"I am glad you are going back, dear," Lady Mary said gently. "It is the only thing you can do now. Give him another chance!"

Stella pressed her hand to her brow. "I will try, though I can't help feeling that there is a mystery somewhere, that I shall learn far worse things about this man who is now my husband! Oh, if only I had waited," she broke out passionately, "if only I had not given up hope, I should have been free to marry Jasper now!"

"Dear," Lady Mary said gravely, "if you want any peace in your married life you must put all these thoughts behind you and be brave. Though you cannot love your husband you can at least behave outwardly as though you were happy with the lot that has fallen to you. All the other arrangements of your life together lie only between you and Mr. Hawke; no third person can interfere between you."

(To be Continued.)

THE MARINE INQUIRY

The Accounting System in the Montreal Office Not Defective.

Montreal, Oct. 9.—The marine inquiry was continued today, with Mr. Merwin and Mr. Lebel on the stand. Mr. Merwin told of his meetings in New York with Mr. J. E. Fraser, who has been suspended from the service of the department on the charge of having received commissions from the Safety Car Lighting and Heating Company of New York.

In opening, Mr. Lebel appeared before his honor and asked permission to make a statement in his own behalf. He claimed that he had been misrepresented by a morning paper in its report. His honor admitted that report was an injustice to Mr. Lebel, and Mr. Watson, counsel for the Government, asked Mr. Lebel to advise the press to make the necessary corrections. Mr. Lebel complained that he had never admitted that anything irregular had been committed in the Montreal office since he had been act-

ing as assistant agent. Moreover, since he had been doing the work of accountant there had been three different inspections by officers from the Government at Ottawa, and they had complimented the Montreal agency upon the management of the business here.

Mr. Merwin was then examined. He stated that on no occasion had he done business with the department in his personal behalf.

"Will you tell us why the transactions and accounts of the companies for whom you were agent appear in your name?"

"I don't know."

Severely cross-examined as to whether Mr. J. E. Fraser was the principal official of the department the witness saw in relation to orders, Mr. Merwin emphatically denied this, saying that he did not see Mr. Fraser any more than he saw the minister and the deputy minister. He saw all three alike, one as often as the other. The transactions between 1904 and 1907, he said, amounted to a large sum. He could not recall the exact sum now. It may have been a quarter of a million, and it may have been a half. All the records are in New York. The transactions were in his name, he said, and it was not his fault. It was a mistake, and an examination of the invoices will show how that mistake was made.

MAROOED WITHOUT FOOD

Three Canadians Have Thrilling Adventure in Alaskan Wilds.

Vancouver, Oct. 9.—The annals of the north furnish nothing more thrilling than the recent experiences in the wilds of Alaska of Mr. George Bruce White, of Ottawa, Canadian representative on one of the American parties engaged in the Alaska boundary survey, and his assistants, Mr. D. V. Ritchie, of Ottawa, and Mr. Archie Runnels, of this city.

The three Canadians were marooned on an island in the swift-running Alsek River owing to their boat escaping from their moorings. The craft virtually contained all their food, with the exception of a few supplies landed for use while in camp. Mr. Runnels volunteered to go for assistance. Breathlessly his companions watched him struggle through the rapids, never expecting him to reach the shore. Then, after a four day's walk across the mountains without food, he dragged himself into the main camp of the expedition. It was on the tenth day after his departure that he brought help and food to the famished Canadians, who were found utterly exhausted. A