

GOOD NEWS ABOUT SHOES

**It Doesn't Matter
What Kind of a Shoe
It Is—If We Have It
You Can Have It at a
Substantial Reduc-
tion.**

It has been the custom in London for shoe dealers to put on clearing sales at the close of each season to clear up on odds and ends. It has been our custom to put our sales on right when shoes are most needed—spring and fall—because we don't believe in waiting until everybody is well supplied. When you have bought all you want for yourself and family it is aggravating to read later on that you can buy at half price.

SALE STARTS WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, AT 9 A. M.

And will continue until Saturday, Oct. 24, at 10:30 p. m. We want everybody to get these dates firmly fixed in their minds. We won't sell a shoe at sale prices after sale closes. We want you to find out the values of the shoes we sell and to make this your shoe store. That's why we do it. Come early, because the earlier you come the bigger the stock you have to pick from. We are more particular about selling from the lots we have most of than from the smaller lots, because having this sale in view we bought heavily on certain popular lines.

**The Whole of Our
New Stock at Your
Disposal. We Have
Every Pair Advertised
and Will Sell Every
Pair at the Price
Quoted.**

Boys' \$1.50 Strong School Shoes. Sale price	98c
Boys' \$1.75 Box Kipp Shoes. Sale price	\$1.48
Boys' \$1.75 Patent Bluchers. Sizes 8 to 10½. Sale price...	\$1.18
Boys' \$2 Box Calf School Shoes. Sale price	\$1.88
Boys' \$1.35 Heavy School Shoes. Sizes 11 to 13. Sale price...	98c
20 pairs only Infants' Dongola Button Shoes. Sizes 1 and 2 only; hard soles. Sale price	18c
Boys' \$1.40 Heavy Shoes. Sizes 8 to 10½. Sale price	\$1.08
Boys' Box Calf \$1.60 School Shoes. Sizes 8 to 10½. Sale price	\$1.28

LADIES' \$2.75 DONGOLA BUTTON SHOES. SALE PRICE \$1.48	
60 pairs Men's \$1.75 Strong Work Shoes. Sale price	\$1.28
38 pairs Men's \$1.50 Molders' Gaiters. Sale price	\$1.28
Five cases Men's Heavy \$2.50 Work Shoes. Sale price	\$1.78
60 pairs Men's \$2.50 Heavy Blu- chers. Sale price	\$1.98
A quantity of Men's \$2.50 Heavy Bluchers, not all sizes of any one kind. Sale price	\$1.48
60 pairs Men's \$4.00 Patent Bluchers. Sale price	\$3.28
60 pairs Men's \$4.00 Plain Leather Bluchers, Goodyear welt. Sale price	\$3.28
Men's \$1.75 Tan Romeo Dongola Slippers	\$1.08
90 pairs Ladies' \$1.60 Dongola Gaiters, 2½ to 7. Sale price	\$1.08
30 pairs only Ladies' Dongola Lace Shoes. Sale price	\$1.48
One case Women's Heavy Grain Shoes, regular \$1.60. Sale price	\$1.08
Ladies' \$3.50 Patent Bluchers, new style. Sale price	\$2.28
60 pairs Ladies' Dongola Walking Boots, Goodyear welt, regu- lar price \$3.50. Great bar- gain	\$2.28

Child's Cloth Slippers, sizes 3 to 7, regular 30c. Sale price...	18c
Child's Scarlet Sateen Slippers, sizes 7 to 10, regular 40c. Sale price	28c
Misses' Cloth Slippers, sizes 11 to 13, regular 35c. Sale price...	20c
Misses' Scarlet Sateen Slippers, regular 60c. Sale price	35c
Ladies' Felt Slippers, regular 40c. Sale price	28c
Men's Cloth Slippers, solid com- fort, regular 50c. Sale price	35c
Men's Plaid Cloth Slippers, regu- lar 75c. Sale price	58c
Men's Black Cloth Slippers, regu- lar 50c. Sale price	38c

**DURING SALE NO GOODS WILL BE
SENT ON APPROVAL**

**IT IS OUR DESIRE THAT ALL GOODS
SHALL BE TRIED ON To Avoid Exchanges**

**MANY OF THESE SHOES ARE LESS
THAN WHOLESALE COST**

**LADIES' AND MEN'S FINE MOHAIR
LACES AT 8c. DOZEN**

**174 DUNDAS STREET
NEXT TO WOOD'S FAIR**

MATTHEWS & GRANGER

**WAVERLY SHOE HALL
174 DUNDAS STREET**

A BID FOR A BRIDE

By **BLANCHE EARDLEY**

Author of "Kitty Bell—Actress," "The Lady Killer," Etc.
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Stella flushed suddenly and darted a reproachful glance at her godmother. "Fifi shall be a personal friend—not a present to be labelled and put in a cabinet like the others," she said gently, "and now I am afraid I must be off," she said rising. "May I take Fifi with me or will she fret at first, to you think?"

"I am afraid she might if she sees me leaving her," he answered. "I can send her to you though, Miss Traine."

"I would rather you brought her," she said slowly. "Can you come to-morrow afternoon? I will be alone."

"His face flushed. 'Then I will bring Fifi to you tomorrow, Miss Traine,' he said, after a pause, 'a bone will make her forget me for a moment. May I see you into the carriage?'"

"He went on; 'I am also going now.'"

Outside by the kerb a great red car stood waiting, and he recognized it at once. It was the car in which she had gone away from the studio on that afternoon. It was, of course, a present from Clifford Hawke.

"You mean, 'I may call with Fifi?'" he said in a low voice.

She nodded.

"Yes, please, I shall expect you."

Then for an instant her fingers rested in his, cool and soft, and as the car moved on with a sudden snort, she vanished from his eager gaze.

He ran back into the house to say good-bye to Lady Mary. She was standing with a lace handkerchief in her hand.

"Stella has just left this behind," she said; "you might take it with you when you call tomorrow with the dog." Then she handed the handkerchief to him, and he saw that it was the same one that she had given him when he was a boy.

Moved by a sudden impulse he gripped her hand.

"I love her," he said hoarsely. "I have tried to keep it myself. I'm only a penniless artist, but I love her, and that chap isn't fit to touch her shoe-lace for all his money."

"I know he isn't. But he is her future husband—only a few weeks now before she becomes his wife; but you can do nothing to stop it. From now on, Jasper, that you will not add to the burden that girl has to bear in the future," she said earnestly.

"I'm not a brute," he replied. "I am going away tomorrow, but don't ask me to deny myself one last glimpse of Paradise before I go!"

Then in a different voice he went on: "May I leave Fifi here, Aunt Mary, while I go to Scotland Yard? I will

call for her later on."

"Come back and dine," she said impulsively. "I have a few interesting people coming in—one or two big city magnates," she laughed. "What a pity you are not a money-grubber, Jasper, they might help you to become a financier."

"Thanks," he retorted gaily. "I'm afraid I have too much conscience to make a success in finance."

Half an hour later he had reached Scotland Yard, and was ushered into a room where a quiet, gentlemanly-looking man was sitting at a writing table covered with papers and plans. It was Wellington Scafe, a detective inspector of fame. After a few preliminary remarks the detective said in a languid voice:

"Well, Mr. Tennant, I understood from your letter that you wanted me to find a man who came to London about twenty years ago or more, and deserted his wife? You said you had papers and other details to give me."

"I had and have details," Tennant replied. "The man's name in Australia, when he married my sister, was John Ford, and that is the name they had in London, but as to the papers, including the half-finished sketch of the man done by my sister, I had them until a few days ago, when they mysteriously disappeared from a drawer in my desk where they have been for years."

"Disappeared!" the detective repeated, "and you don't know by what means. Do you suspect anyone of the theft?"

"No, I know of no one who knew the story, except one or two friends who were keenly interested in my finding this man. I am, of course, awfully upset about the loss of them, because it makes it far more difficult for us to get hold of a clue."

"On the contrary," was the quiet reply. "It makes it simpler, Mr. Tennant. The other day there was someone who was eager to get the papers and who was in London, alive, and apparently well. I think that the first person to be found is the thief," he smiled; "then we'll turn to the older affair. Have you left the studio yet?"

"Yes, practically, and the furniture has gone to be stored, but will you come and look at the place tomorrow? I have the keys, as the studio is still mine."

The detective rose.

"Yes, I will do that. And in the meantime, Mr. Tennant, don't discuss your affairs with anyone. By the way, have you any idea what your sister's husband was when he left Australia?"

"Not the least, but he was poor, and hard up. I know so much. He had been trying his luck on the gold fields."

When he left the office he felt glad that he had put the matter into competent hands, and then he dismissed it from his mind. He wanted to think about Stella and their meeting the next day, and he also wanted to buy some grapes and take them to Lotie. As he made his few purchases, including a new silver collar to be engraved for Fifi, with the date of her acceptance by Stella, he felt suddenly conscious that he was being followed. He jumped on to a bus in Piccadilly, then looked behind. Yes, he had been right; he was being shadowed by the same man he had seen in the silver-smith's and Fenol's—a yellow-faced Chinaman with black oblique eyes, and a slit-like mouth.

his keen eyes glancing from column to column with lightning-like rapidity, as though searching for something of importance. Presently he caught his breath and his face grew pale with excitement, though the paragraph he read was not concerned with the money market.

"Fire in Piccadilly," it was headed, and ran: "In the early hours of the morning a fire broke out at No. 98, a Claverton street, Piccadilly, and within a short time the whole of the premises were gutted, in spite of the efforts of the fire brigade to save them. So far as has been ascertained, there were four fatalities, two of the lodgers on the top floor, and the landlady and her crippled mother. The cause of the fire is a mystery, but the police suspect that a lamp must have been upset by someone, for a broken lamp was found amongst the debris on the kitchen floor."

Clifford Hawke smiled grimly.

"So! It has been quick in coming, but though no names are given I am sure that it is all right. There will be no further fear of those damning proofs being held up now—they have gone in the fire that destroyed the house where they were treasured!"

Then flinging the paper aside he finished his breakfast, only pausing occasionally to glance at a photograph of Stella that stood on the mantel-shelf in a silver frame. In each room of his flat there was a similar photograph of the girl whose wedding day could now be counted on his fingers.

"So you have taken to treating me coldly and disdainfully," he muttered. "You hope to force me to give up back your liberty, but you don't know me, Stella—you don't know what I want. I always get—whether it is money, position or a woman. And if I can't win your love then I must be satisfied with your obedience. I only hope that that puppy of an artist will soon be out of your way—and mine."

Half an hour later he was at the office in the city, and soon was lost in the throes of money-making, his strong, flexible brain evolving ideas and bold plans with Napoleonic generalship. When he left for his brief luncheon hour he remembered the fire.

"Where is Mr. Steinway?" he said carelessly; "tell him I want to see him before I go out."

"He's not come down this morning, sir," the man answered. "They say that he might be one of the people who were killed in that fire, sir," he went on. "I believe he lived in that district."

"I suppose we shall find out soon," Hawke replied carelessly; "tell someone to make inquiries if he is not here tomorrow. It is most unfortunate he should be away, especially now."

"I was right to go and call on Li Yen that day, it was a happy thought of mine. I think I might consider that I have managed this little affair very well. I shall be able to put everything behind me now and turn

my thoughts back to Stella."

In truth he was very much concerned about the manner in which his engagement with Stella was turning out. In his way, the only way possible for a man of his domineering masterful nature, he loved her, but his love had that tendency to brutality in it that mars the love of men who regard a woman through the senses only. He could not understand that a girl with Stella's fine principles would shrink from a man whom she could not respect, and that anything in the light of cruelty would assuredly kill any faint spark of regard with which the might have begun her engagement.

"I will buy her a present this afternoon," he mused. "I'll go and see what Spinks has in the way of pearls; she said the other day that she loved them better than anything else. All women love jewels, and they might make the coldness between us melt a little." And a cynical smile played about his thin lips. Clifford Hawke's experience of women was that their love could be bought by a sufficiently large bribe.

It was late when he left the big jewellers in Piccadilly, having bestowed upon the head man a check large enough to pay the rent of the premises for a year, and carrying away with him a velvet case in which there lay a string of pearls that a queen might condescend to wear.

As he left the shop a light touch fell on his arm, and turning quickly he saw Lady Mary Steiner.

"How do you do, Mr. Hawke? Are you busy, or can you come and have a chat and a cup of tea with a stupid old woman?" she said pleasantly. "I saw you coming out, and stopped my carriage."

"I shall be delighted to have tea with you," he answered after a pause, "but I cannot agree that you are a stupid old woman, Lady Mary. One moment, while I send my car home to the garage."

As he helped her into her neat victoria and turned to give his instructions to his chauffeur, Lady Mary's clever face wore a triumphant smile. Quick as lightning had come the thought that that afternoon Stella had asked Jasper Tennant to call on her with the dog, and if she could do him with the dog, and for an hour it might keep away the fear of a meeting between the two men who hated each other already.

"I hope you are not going to do anything very important," she said as he sat down by her side. "I know that you city mammon worshippers are."

He laughed.

"I am taking a holiday, and was just going to call on Stella and take her a few pearls, but I can go on to her afterwards," he added. "She doesn't expect me."

As she looked at his hard, ambitious face, with its grim lean outline, Lady Mary was glad that she had done what she had, and for a moment she wondered whether, after all, it would not be better for Stella to break off this marriage even at the eleventh hour. Life with Clifford Hawke would not be all roses, in spite of his wealth. But she exerted her best powers of entertainment to keep him interested, and unconsciously touched on a subject that sent a thrill of startled wonder through him.

"You remember that day Mr. Tennant was showing us his picture at his studio?" she said abruptly.

He nodded. "Yes, why?"

"Only because he has given up art, and is going in for a rural life," she answered briskly.

"A very wise decision," he said grimly; "he is a protégé of yours, is he not?"

"Yes, his mother was my best and dearest friend, and I promised to look after the boy. He is one of the best men in the world," she added indignantly, and clings to his purpose in life with wonderful tenacity.

Clifford Hawke looked at her sharply.

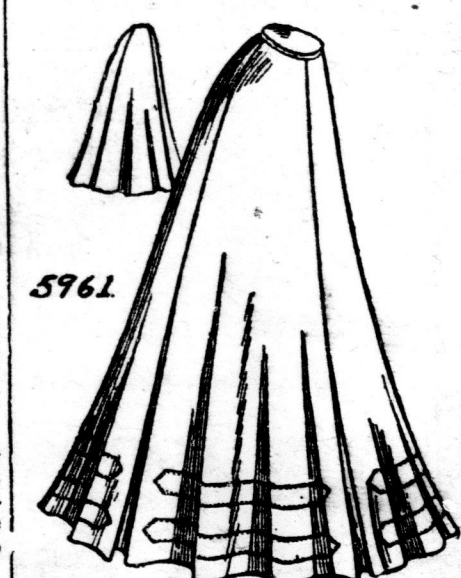
GENEROUS TREATMENT.

Hamilton, Oct. 5.—Mrs. William Maloney, widow of William Maloney, who was killed in the wreck on the T. H. and B. last Sunday, has just received a check equivalent to two years' wages from the International Harvester Company. The check was sent to Mrs. Maloney by an Employees' Benefit Association, and into which Maloney had only paid 30 cents up to the time of his death.

After Jan. 1, 1909, the city of Para, Brazil, will levy a tax on all travelling salesmen. The tax will amount to about \$100, with additional fees, bringing the total up to about \$120.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



A SMART WALKING SKIRT—5761.

One of the most attractive among the new skirt designs is shown in this model. It consists of four gores, and is laid in an inverted box pleat at each seam. The top is given close adjustment, while the lower edge flares in prevailing style. Bands of the material, finished by machine stitching, form a most effective trimming, but may be omitted if plain effect is desired. The design would make up stylishly in grey herring-bone cheviot, trimmed with black braid, but mohair, tannan, and English suitings are all suitable for reproduction. For 28 inches waist measure 4½ yards of 44-inch material will be required.

Lady's Skirt, No. 5861. Sizes for 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. A pattern of the accompanying illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Province

Name

Town

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 sent measure you need only mark 32, 34, or 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.

**PATTERN DEPARTMENT,
LONDON ADVERTISER.**

Two Flours in One

Beaver Flour is the best "pastry flour," just as it is the best bread flour. Because it is a blend of the two flours that are best for bread and best for pastry.

Beaver Flour contains Manitoba wheat, which is rich in gluten, and makes bread that is both tasty and nutritious. Beaver Flour also contains Ontario wheat, which is famous for the light, delicious Cake, Pies and Pastry it makes.

Beaver Flour is always blended in just the exact proportions, so that it is always the same and always gives the same results when you use it.

Beaver Flour

Depend on Beaver Flour for all your baking.



Your Grocer has it!

Dealers—write for prices on all kinds of Feeds, Coarse Grains and Cereals.
T. H. Taylor Co. Limited, Chatham, Ont.
72



The Best Wooden Pail

can't help but lose its hoops and fall to pieces. You want something better, don't you? Then ask for pails and tubs made of

EDDY'S FIBREWARE

Every one a solid, hardened, lasting mass, without hoop or seam. At all good grocers.

Always, Everywhere in Canada, Ask for Eddy's Matches.

DONALD McLEAN, Agent, 426 Richmond St., LONDON

An unsuccessful attempt has been made to give the Indian city of Delhi electric lighting and street car service.



Examine the Trade Mark

when you buy spoons, forks, knives, etc. It is

"1847 ROGERS BROS."

you are sure of your money's worth in artistic patterns, style, finish and quality. Rogers' ware, including spoons, forks, knives, etc., of extraordinary beauty and wearing quality are made by MERIDEN BRISTLE CO.

GILLET'S

HIGH GRADE

CREAM TARTAR

ABSOLUTELY PURE.

SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS.

Same Price as the cheap adulterated kinds.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

CHAPTER XII.
A New Danger.
Clifford Hawke opened his morning paper, and turned the pages quickly