

My Lady Cinderella

By Mrs. G. N. Williamson

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

"Ask George himself, I dare you to ask him," Diana taunted me.

"I would not so insult him. You are safe in bidding me do that, and you know it. Why—? and I seemed to draw a breath of free air, as I caught at the wings of hope—why, you are my enemy! You want to ruin me. You have tried before, and failed. Girls in certain books and plays believe what the villains tell them, and die of grief, or give up the men they love, for a lie's sake. You are the villain of my story; but I am not such a poor toy. I am a living, breathing woman. I do love Sir George Seaford, and I think that he loves me. I should be unworthy of his love if I wronged him by so base, so hateful, a suspicion. Only you could have been cruel enough to invent such a tale. Now that you have told it, now that you have done your worst, leave me, with this thought that you have failed again."

"You are less of a woman than I fancied you," she cried. "You do believe, but you would shut your eyes to the truth. You would marry him in spite of all, because he is rich, because he could give you a good position. But you will find yourself mistaken. He has gone as far as he will go in this flirtation. You will never be asked to be his wife, and you will have dragged your name through the mud."

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



6949—A DRESSY AFTERNOON FROCK—6950.

There is always a place in the well-appointed feminine wardrobe for a pretty frock that may be worn upon any occasion, and at any season of the year, and the model here sketched is a charming realization of such a costume. The waist, simulating the popular over blouse, is prettily shirred and tucked over a fitted lining, and is finished at the neck with a chemise of all-over lace. Full-length sleeves may be substituted for the elbow sleeves shown, in which event, the plain lower portions may be covered with lace matching the chemise. The skirt, which can be made in either sweep or round length, owes much of its graceful effect to the circular upper part, which is shirred around the hips, and lengthened by the addition of a shaped sectional flounce, this also being shirred at wide intervals. Lace insertion is used for trimming, but passermenterie or silk braid may be substituted. As pictured, the dress is modeled in pongee-colored foulard, figured in golden brown, but voile, collienne, nun's veiling or henrietta are suitable materials. To develop the medium size 2 1/2 yards of 27-inch goods will be needed for the waist, and 7 yards of the same width for the skirt.

Two Patterns: 6,949—6 sizes, 32 to 42 inches bust measure; 6,950—7 sizes, 30 to 30 inches waist measure. The price of these patterns is 20c, but either will be sent on the receipt of 10c.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

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

Name

Street Address

Town

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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 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.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, LONDON ADVERTISER.

say nothing to you which you need mind. George doesn't love her, and never did, though she inveigled him into a mild flirtation last year. He loves you, and she can't take his love away from you. There, doesn't that cheer you up?"

She patted my shoulder with a firm white hand. "Nothing can cheer me till I've relieved my mind by telling it all to you—the whole hateful story. She said, oh! the most monstrous thing, Lady Sophie—that—that Sir George made a wagger—"

Under my arm, which belted her waist, I felt a slight start, that made me glance quickly up into her face. What I saw there turned my heart sick. Her eyes looked suddenly to have dilated, and when I would have drawn them, with my pleading ones, they avoided the appeal.

"You shouldn't have listened to that malicious girl," she said hastily. "You owe it to George. After strength had come back to me, and I could break in upon her, I told her to leave me. But, oh, Lady Sophie, what I have suffered! I wouldn't believe—but tell me—for the love of heaven tell me—that there never was such a wagger—that Sir George never came to you asking you to find him a girl, that he might make an experiment, for the sake of winning a bet, I—"

"Hush—hush, dear!" faltered Lady Sophie. "Diana has grossly exaggerated."

"Exaggerated? My God! then there is truth in it, after all!"

My arms dropped from her waist. I caught at the back of a chair and held myself up, with a rigid grasp, for my knees were giving way.

She came quickly to me again, and snatched one of my hands, though it lay limply in hers.

"Don't, don't be foolish, Consuelo," she commanded, almost harshly. "I can't wonder, if you heard this story from Diana, that you are mortified and shocked. But you must let George speak for himself. I would tell you all there is to tell—really, there's not a great deal!—though I would gladly have kept it from you if I could; but it will be so much better coming from George. He has the right—"

"He has no right if he has done this thing!" I cried.

"You forget, child. He is a man of the world, flattered and spoiled since his boyhood, tired years ago of all the pleasures which seem so wonderful, so entrancing, to a debutante. Naturally, he took up a novel idea. There are a hundred excuses for him, which only he can plead. You do not really love him, if you could not forgive. Probably Diana has given you a totally wrong version. You must let George know that something of this sort has reached your ears, and put him upon his defense. He will confess everything, like the brave, true fellow that he is at heart."

Confess! Ah, this was perhaps what he would have confessed on that sweet, white day among the lilies. How I wished now that he had finished then! for everything would have been long ago, and this burning pain at the core of my heart might have ceased to throb so fiercely. By this time a merciful numbness might have come to help me; and at least I should be far, far away, out of his reach, out of his life forever.

"Come—come, dear," Lady Sophie was saying. "Let me go to George. You shall have a word with him out in the garden. No one shall know. I will arrange it all. In an hour you will be happy again."

I heard her but vaguely. As I answered a hand seemed clutching at my throat choking my breath away.

"I can't speak to him," I said, as firmly as I could. "Nothing that can urge would make me do that. I would have done any good, I couldn't; but for you are taking so much—so much for granted. He has never said a word of love to me. If he had, I had been asked to be his wife, and had accepted—if we had been engaged when this story reached me, I might have gone to him with it; though even then I can't see that I would have done any good. I couldn't have forgotten; he should never have been sure that he was not trying to atone. You admit that—that the thing's true. That ends it."

"How cruel, if you must hear this, that it couldn't have been later!" she exclaimed. "I see how you feel. I see that it would be harder for you to accuse him and ask explanations, than I had thought at first. It might seem a little suggestion that he must compensate you by making an offer of marriage, though I know as well as I know I live that such a thing would not even occur to George. But write him a letter. I'll help you with it."

"No, no," I persisted chokingly. "You must tell me, if I am to hear more."

"I don't know what you have heard already. You are obstinate, unreasonable, Consuelo. You—"

"Is it true that he asked you to find a girl for him—poor, unknown, but a lady, and—not bad-looking? Is it true that this girl was to be used as a pivot for his vanity to turn on—made into a celebrity, by a process of vivisection, for all the world to see?"

"The world was not to know. Sir George, two other men, and I—"

"Oh, Lady Sophie, this is the motive for all your kindness, then? That day in the park—and I loved you so! I could have died for you, in my gratitude!"

"My child, my child, you wring my heart! So did I love you, so do I love you now. I can't tell you how dear you have grown to me, truly, honestly. I entered into this fest before I knew you—"

"This fest!" I echoed, sobbing. "It bids fair to be a sorry fest for me! It will be what you make it. For heaven's sake, like this more quietly, more sensibly, Consuelo. You are shattering my nerves. Good gracious! how shall I talk to you, how can I best make you see reason? Listen to me. Do you remember coming upon George and me that first night at Lady Dunbar's ball, before he had been introduced to you? I don't know whether you heard anything or not, I was afraid then that you had."

(To be continued.)

The population of baptized citizens in Japan has increased since 1872 from nine to more than 50,000.

FUGITIVE CONVICT STILL AT LARGE

British Columbia Shows Little Interest in Pursuit of "Bill" Miner.

Vancouver, B. C., Aug. 15.—From the time "Bill" Miner and his companions slipped under the penitentiary wall last Thursday afternoon and disappeared into the forest, they have been lost as completely as if they had been swallowed up in the earth. Difficulty in finding Miner himself was expected, but the fact that the three other men, no one particularly clever, have succeeded in effacing themselves from the eyes of the penitentiary posse, is causing much public criticism of the authorities.

That Miner had outside assistance there is no room to doubt. Popular belief has it that he is being housed right in New Westminster or Vancouver, and that he will be spirited away when traveling becomes safer for him. On the other hand, he may have been taken down the river in a fishing boat, or he may have got across the international boundary line into the woods of his old haunts, where he escaped after the robbery of the train at Mission Junction two years ago.

Public sympathy with him is not the least remarkable feature of the remarkable escape. Nineteen out of every twenty people met on the street declare they hope that he will get away. It develops today that he has a sister and two brothers living in Vancouver and that they are well supplied with money. Rumor has it that a former friend of the train-robbler, living in Similkameen, arrived in Vancouver ten days ago with \$5,000 which he declared was spent in securing freedom for the aged train-robbler.

Penitentiary guards and policemen all in nice bright uniforms have in parties of twos and threes scouring the woods on the outskirts of Westminister.

The Dominion Government has offered no reward for the recapture, and the rank and file of detectives and police in Vancouver and throughout the mainland are certainly not bothering themselves getting in the way of Bill Miner.

Up in Nicola where Miner lived and horse-traded for half a dozen years since his years of servitude in San Quentin penitentiary, the entire population is in sympathy with Miner. Not only that, but even the "best business" men of the district whom they would go out of their way to give Miner all the assistance possible and shelter him against the police.

It is the proud boasts of Deputy Warden Bourke that during his twelve years of service here, and while in Manitoba where he was transferred, no convict in his keeping escaped and retained his liberty.

THE WAYS OF WINGHAM

Death of Three Aged Residents—Talk of Carriage Factory Plan.

Mr. Thomas Field, butcher, owns a stock farm at what is known as "The Bend." Now, the Bend is one of the green spots in the whole Malton River, and is consequently a great rendezvous for our local Nimrods. The past few days Mr. Field has had men employed in fighting a bush fire, caused by fishermen, who have camped by the river. Mr. Field says his men spots in the whole Malton River, and is consequently a great rendezvous for our local Nimrods.

The residents in the extreme end of Edward street were roused early Sunday morning from their slumbers by a woman's voice shouting "Fire." The lady was Mrs. Herby, who since her widowhood has been living most of the time alone. When she retired the previous night everything was all right, but about half-past 4 she was awakened by smoke and fire in her room, and gave the alarm. Willing hands saved most of the furniture, but the house was badly wrecked. It was insured, but not the contents.

There died in Uxbridge on Saturday Eliza, widow of the late W. Drew, at the age of 67 years. The remains were brought to Wingham for interment, beside those of her late husband. They were for many years residents of our town.

There also died in Wingham on Saturday Mrs. Cur, widow of the late Angus Cur, aged 82 years. Her remains were taken to Ingersoll for burial.

Death claimed another on Friday, in the person of Mrs. James Ford, one beloved by all who knew her. Her long, painful illness was borne with Christian fortitude, and with a firm trust in her Saviour Mrs. Ford was 66 years of age.

Mr. A. Cook, of Chatham, is visiting at Mr. Dore's.

Last winter a bylaw was passed by Wingham ratepayers, authorizing a loan of \$5,000 for the benefit of Messrs. Dore and Cook, to build a large carriage factory in Wingham, and we have heard very little of their intentions since. We hope Mr. Cook's presence in our midst will result in plans whereby we may again welcome back to our town Mr. and Mrs. Cook.

Mrs. John Teriff, of Cornwall, formerly of Wingham, is visiting at the home of Mr. John McCool.

Mr. H. Hamilton, of Chatham, is visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. Hamilton, town.

Mrs. Goy is now in the hospital for treatment.

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NEW SCHOOL AT CENTRALIA

Centralia, Aug. 15.—A public school meeting was held yesterday, and after a lively discussion, the trustees were empowered to issue debentures for \$1,800 towards the erection of a new school house. The plans and specifications are on exhibition, and tenders are advertised for. But, as is usual in such a case, the formation of a new section has caused some friction, which it is hoped will now be allayed. The building promises to be a credit to our neat and orderly village.

The official board of the Methodist Church at their meeting last evening voted an increase of \$100 towards Rev. W. H. Butler's salary, thus making it \$800, besides house-keeping. The congregations are increasing, and the outlook is bright for the future of the church.

The farmers are very busy in the harvest field, and they report, on the whole, a good average yield. The oat crop, which threatened to be a failure has picked up greatly the last two weeks, and will yield fairly well.

Private parties, almost daily, visit Grand Bend.

NEWS FROM NEWBURY

Marriage of a Moss Young Man in Vancouver—Local Happenings.

Newbury, Aug. 15.—The Daily Province, Vancouver, B. C., says that a Presbyterian Church was the scene of a pretty wedding on June 26, the contracting parties being Miss Grace E. Bradshaw, of Vancouver, and Mr. Charles Haggitt, of the C. P. R. staff at Nelson, B. C., formerly of Mossa.

The bride was given away by her brother, Mr. Joseph Bradshaw, of Nelson, while Miss Kate Douglas was bridesmaid. The bride was attired in a handsome costume of silk gloria cloth over white taffeta, with the usual veil and orange blossoms. She carried a beautiful bouquet of cream roses, with asparagus fern tied with white ribbon. Miss Douglas looked charming in a dress of white net with picture hat and ostrich feather. She also carried a bouquet of roses and asparagus ferns tied with pink ribbon.

Mr. C. R. Greer was best man. Rev. C. C. Owen was the officiating clergyman. The groom's present to the bridesmaid was a handsome pearl brooch and to the best man a stickpin. The happy couple were the recipients of many very fine presents.

Mr. and Mrs. Haggitt drove to 1044 Horn street, where a wedding breakfast was served, and left in the afternoon amid showers of rice, for Nelson, where they will reside.

Miss Ida Tims and Miss Kate Sydney are spending their vacation at Mrs. Jas. Winkler's.

Master Laurie and Harold Telfer returned to Sarnia last week.

Miss Ida M. Haggitt and her aunt are visiting at London and Lambeth.

Mr. W. Bristow has gone to Detroit for the fall.

Mr. and Mrs. Tibble of Detroit, and Mrs. J. Scarlett and son Glenn; Mrs. Quiles and two children, of Ridgetown, and Mr. McCabe, of Inwood, all called on relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Johnston and Mrs. A. R. Winslow were at Orillia this week as delegates to the I. O. O. F.

POPLAR HILL

Poplar Hill, Aug. 15.—The congregation of the Regular Baptist Church will hold a social and entertainment on the church grounds here on Friday evening. Supper is to be served from 6.30 to 8, and afterward an excellent programme, consisting of first-class talent, will be given in the church. An entertainment of this quality does not often pass by without a record crowd.

Miss Josie Schooley has returned to her home in Cleveland after a pleasant visit with relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Munson, of St. Thomas, visited here recently.

The Elderton Tennis Club, with a large following of rooters, is expected here on Friday.

Miss Margaret Trehan is home on a visit from New York.

Miss Ada Gray has returned after spending a short but most enjoyable vacation in Detroit.

Mr. Harley Glass, of Greenville, Mich., is spending holidays in this district.


The baseball team journeyed to Elderton last Tuesday and met defeat at the hands of the home nine. Never-

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