

Chase & Sanborn's

HIGH GRADE COFFEE

Of course, there's a lot in making coffee right. But do your part right, and you need have no fear of the results as long as you use Chase & Sanborn's Coffee.

A BID FOR A BRIDE

By BLANCHE EARDLEY

Author of "Kitty Bell—Actress," "The Lady Killer," Etc.
All Rights Reserved.

"Because I was mad—mad with mortification because you ignored me for Stella!" she went on, "but surely you believe that my object in coming here this morning was to warn you to go, and to tell you that in spite of everything I still cared, and would rather share your exile and degradation than another man's honor and fame!"

"You are very kind," he said quietly, "but I would not let anyone share what is coming to me—not even the woman I love, and who, though our lives have drifted apart, is still my wife whom I worship."

"And who hates you and will be glad to be free from you," Isabel flashed contemptuously, "do you think that Stella—that cold, icy model of convention—would put her arms round your neck and say 'Clifford, I love you, and not one of your evil deeds can alienate my love? No, you fool! she will recoil in horror when she knows how red your hands are with blood!'"

"And, strange as it may sound in your ears," he replied gently, and with a certain dignity that acted on her

passion like a grip of iron might on a runaway horse, "it is her very coldness and iciness that make me love my wife as I have never loved any other woman in my life, for it puts her, in her purity and innocence, as far above my reach as a star is from the gutter!"

"I suppose that type of woman would appeal to a man with your past!" she retorted sullenly, "anyway I am the only person who gave you a thought—I—"

"I am not," she paused suddenly. A curious insistent peal rang through the house, and it was repeated almost at once while a loud knocking began at the same time.

Isabel glanced nervously at Clifford Hawke. His face had grown a little pale, and his figure stiffened with expectation.

"Who is that?" she said quickly. "Why don't the servants answer the bell?"

He smiled. "Because my instructions were that they waited five minutes. There are only two servants in the house, the others were paid off and told to go. I think," he added, "that you did rather an awkward thing in coming here, Miss Frant, I am sorry."

Her cheeks flushed. "I am not. At least, though you don't care about me, you will not be alone—now!"

A gleam of admiration shone in his face for her almost superb courage at an hour when cowardice would be excused in any woman.

"Thank you," he said quietly. "I really appreciate your action!"

His voice was drowned by the renewed ringing and knocking, and instinctively Isabel covered her ears.

"Tell them to open the door," she said, "it is awful—anything is preferable to that noise!"

"I agree with you! I am afraid James is over-zealous in his obedience," he answered with a dry smile. "However, I think I hear the door being opened."

A few seconds later there was the sound of heavy footsteps in the hall outside, and then James' impassive face, slightly perturbed, appeared in the doorway.

"These gentlemen insist on seeing you, sir,"

Clifford Hawke glanced over his head and nodded.

"Quite so," and then as his eyes met those of the foremost of the three men in the doorway he smiled.

"Inspector Scafe on the warpath, eh? You look armed cap a pie! I hope this visit is a friendly one!"

The detective, followed by his two companions, came into the room and closed the door. As Isabel, who had shrunk back into the shadow, saw the face of the third man, she bit her lip with surprise.

"I am sorry, Mr. Hawke," said the detective's cold incisive voice quietly, "but I am here with a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Paul Steinway in his flat last night, and I must warn you that anything you say now will be used in evidence against you!"

"This is absurd!" Hawke said contemptuously. "The man was supposed to have died in a fire—how could I kill him? Besides, what reason should I have? I befriended him when he was a beggar and came to me for help!"

"You know best why you befriended him!" the detective said drily, "and you must not think that there is anything that we don't know, including your murder of Nat Radbourne in Australia years ago—and your theft from Mr. Tennant of the papers that would betray you to him as the man who had deserted his sister!"

"Really you seem very well informed," said the sneering reply, "but may I suggest that all this is a string of nonsense, Mr. Scafe? You have not a particle of evidence to help prove all this against me! You will find that you have made an absurd mistake!"

"Not at all, Mr. Hawke," said the man behind the detective. "I can prove everything—poor Steinway left a written paper with me the night of his death, in which he related all his interview with you."

"This is very amusing," Clifford Hawke retorted contemptuously, "may I ask who you are, sir?"

The stranger stepped forward into the middle of the room.

"I am Mark Cardew, the man who knew you well out in Tarragoola as 'John Ford,' and who gave the police the information that led to your arrest, Clifford Hawke!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A Desperate Courage.

There was a sudden hush in the little room broken only by the quick breathing of the three men, and as she glanced at them Isabel was forced to admit that the one who had the coolest bearing was the accused man.

As she glanced at him curiously, she noticed that while he had been speaking he had stood with loosely clasped hands behind his back, and now she saw his fingers slowly and stealthily spelling out words in the deaf and

dumb language which she alone could see, as the three men were facing him. As she watched him, she knew that the silent message was for her, and she felt a glow of pride that in his hour of desperation he should take it for granted that she would help him, and she fixed her attention feverishly upon his fingers, fearing lest she lost a word.

"You recognize, Mr. Cardew?" the detective said.

Clifford Hawke shrugged his shoulders. "I knew so many adventurers out west that I really can't say. I am amused, though, at the wonderful array of 'evidence' that you seem to have collected. However, the sooner we get this over the better," he went on, "but first I should like you to allow me to see this lady, my wife's cousin, out of the house. This is no place for a woman!"

"I am afraid I cannot allow you out of my sight, Mr. Hawke," the detective said, apologetically. "The affair is far too serious, you see we have taken prisoner the Chinaman Li Yen, and he has confessed everything, including the place where you hid your daughter Lottie!"

"Poor Li Yen! He must be terrified," was the amused reply, "these Orientals have no pluck. I hope," he added, "that Lottie is all right. I told Li Yen to take care of her."

"She has been taken back to Mrs. Hawke," the detective replied, drily, "admirable, in spite of himself, the iron nerve of the man, whose self-control never left him for a second."

"I had better go now, Mr. Hawke," Isabel said quickly. "Don't trouble about me, please, and," she added, "I do hope this dreadful affair will not be as bad as it sounds."

Their fingers, watched by the lynx-eyed detective, met in a hand clasp, and then Isabel left the room, her tall, graceful figure, followed by four pairs of masculine eyes.

When the door had closed upon her, Mr. Scafe turned to Clifford Hawke. "And now, if you please, Mr. Hawke, I think we need not delay any further. The sooner we get off the better."

At that moment there was a scream, so loud and piercing that instinctively the detective and his two companions sprang to the door and looked over the banisters into the lower hall, but the scream was not repeated they hurried back into the room where their prisoner was, the door being wide open. As they entered Mr. Scafe gave a cry of rage.

The room was empty, destitute of that cynical presence that had never seemed quite human.

"Where is?" he gasped. "Good Lord! It will mean the loss of years of work if he slips through my fingers! Fool that I was to go outside!"

They ran to the window, but it had not been touched. Even the faint coating of dust, overlooked by a careless servant, had not been disturbed, and the sole mark on the pane was one through which they had gone themselves, and through which they could not have helped seeing anyone who went out.

Mr. Scafe turned a white face to his companions.

"There have been a trap door or a sliding panel in the room," he said slowly, "yet the house is modern, and I should hardly think it had such a thing as a secret exit from a room. He won't be able to get far; I suppose the men are outside?"

His fellow detective nodded.

"Both back and front are being watched, unless he has an accomplice to distract the men's attention—"

He stopped abruptly. The inspector had given a cry of understanding.

"That woman, Miss Frant. It was she who screamed," he said. "She stood behind him all the time, and must have received some sign from him! That scream was a put up job! Where is she?"

"There's no one in the house except the footman and the valet," Mark Cardew replied. "Probably Miss Frant has gone home now that she has played her part of accomplice. Will you arrest her?"

Mr. Scafe shook his head.

"No, we have no evidence really, but you'd better give the signal, Bates, for the cordon to be doubled. The chances are he is hiding in the house in an underground cellar—or—"

He paused and darted forward with an exclamation to the side of the room where a long, narrow bookcase was.

One book, a dirty yellow one, had fallen forward, and behind it the detective's alert eyes had caught the glint of a steel button.

In less than a second he had pressed the button, and the inside of the bookcase swung open, revealing a dark and steep flight of stairs.

Spurred on by excitement Mr. Scafe and Mark Cardew went down them, while the other detective kept outside. When they reached the bottom of the stairs the two men paused:

"You are armed, of course, Cardew?" the detective murmured.

The other nodded.

"Yes—I know the type of man he is; blood is the same as water to Clifford Hawke."

They shuffled on until they came to a long passage that seemed to terminate in a room or cellar. As they peered about, trying to pierce the gloom, the detective clutched Cardew's arm in a tight grip.

"Look! What's that?—up there in that corner?"

Both men drew out their revolvers and advanced towards the centre of the cellar. For all they knew the man who had eluded them might be waiting till they drew nearer before he killed them. A cornered man is a desperate man, and unless there was an underground passage that led out into the street, their quarry must be there.

"You had better surrender, Hawke," the detective said aloud, "there is no use in resistance, the house is surrounded, and if you got away you'd be caught in no time!"

As he spoke he switched a light from an electric lantern beneath his coat, and as the yellow light flooded the cellar both men uttered a cry of amazement.

Instead of the man whom they had expected to see, they found themselves staring into the white, mocking face of Isabel Frant, who stood in the far corner of the cellar, her white hands clutching her gown from the dirt that lay inches deep on the ground.

(To be Continued.)

ATHLETES.

The foremost trainers condemn the use of oxygen or of alcoholic stimulants in any form, but their favorable opinion of the value of "BOVRIL" is unanimous.

"BOVRIL" gives staying power, and makes the body responsive to the dictates of the will. It nourishes the blood, brain, bone and muscle.

BOVRIL

BELFAST WOMEN STONE MORMONS

City Narrowly Escapes from Having Sect Use Its Hall for Rally.

Dublin, Oct. 22.—Belfast has just narrowly missed allowing the principal public building in the city, the Ulster hall, to be used for a great missionary campaign by the Mormons.

The apostles are conducting a great campaign in Ireland under the personal direction of Apostle Penrose, who is the head of the church in the United Kingdom. A few weeks ago some residents of Belfast applied for permission to use the hall Oct. 12 for "religious purposes," and the permission was granted without inquiry as to the particular brand of religion to be preached there.

A few days after the permission had been received every board in the city blossomed out with posters announcing a great Mormon meeting. The corporation met hurriedly and rescinded the permission to use the hall, and notified the Mormons that if they attempted to enter it they would be stopped by the police. The Mormons tried to hold an open air meeting a few days ago, but they were pelted with stones and mud by the women of Belfast, and compelled to disperse.

The new method by which a Berlin company plates iron and other metals with lead, zinc, tin and their alloys seems to be remarkably simple and effective. After the object to be coated is thoroughly cleaned, the finely pulverized plating metal, mixed with a suitable liquid, is applied as a paint, which is dried and then fused by a gas flame or in a furnace. A pound of the metal paint gives an even, rust-proof coating for nearly 100 feet of old or new surface.

The piano is improved, and its sound increased, according to the claim of J. Cadenbach, a German inventor, by the plan of letting wooden cups into the back of the sounding-board.

You Can Test the Kidneys

THEN LET DR. A. W. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS PROVE THEIR POWER TO CURE.

Let urine stand for twenty-four hours and if at the end of that time there are deposits of a brick dust variety, or if the water becomes smoky and cloudy you may be sure the kidneys are deranged.

Another very marked symptom of kidney disease is pain in the small of the back.

The letter quoted below tells how these symptoms were overcome and kidney disease cured by Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills. Because of their direct and combined action on both liver and bowels these pills cure the most complicated cases.

Capt. W. Smith, a veteran of the Crimean war, living at Revelstoke, B. C., writes:—"I can testify that for years I was a sufferer from chronic kidney disease, which was the verdict after the doctor examined me and analyzed my urine. As his medicine did me no good I bought a box of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and was benefited so much that I kept on taking them until I can say that I am perfectly cured, which the doctor certifies."

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box. At all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills

is a blend of Ontario Fall Wheat

Manitoba Spring Wheat

It is equally good for Bread and Pastry—and best for both.

It's the choicest flour that Canada's choicest wheat can yield. Try Beaver Flour and see how much it improves everything you bake.

At your grocer's. Dealers on all kinds of Flour, Grain and Cereals. T. H. Taylor & Co. Limited, 100 Queen St. East, Ont., Can.

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

Beaver Flour

HIGH GRADE COATS



We are indeed proud of our Coats. Everybody seems to be talking about them. Everybody seems to be pleased with them. There is something about them that distinguishes them from the commonplace. Almost every coat differs in some way from every other in stock. And they all differ from anything shown anywhere else. Differ in style and differ in that subtle thing called taste. Better than reading about our Coats is to see them.

Coat of Extra Quality, All Wool Kersey

This cut is an exact reproduction of our Special Black All-Wool Kersey Coat, trimmed with self-strappings, and silk-stitched, beautifully-tailored, and the price is only \$16.50

Special \$15 Coat

Made of All-Wool Kersey, in colors of brown, navy and black, with Napoleon collar; trimmed with black satin and soutache braid. You are bound to admire this one. At \$15.00

Directoire Coats

This is one of the features of our coat section, in colors of brown, navy, black and green, with the new open-side; braid and button-trimmed. The very newest design \$22.50

Best \$10 Coats in City

Our Coats at \$10.00 are the subject of much favorable criticism. We have both the loose and semi-fitting styles, beautifully-tailored, in a variety of materials and colors. Give us the opportunity of proving our statement. The best coat in the city for \$10.00

Captivating Skirt Sale

We have now on display the largest assortment of Separate Skirts we ever had, comprising every new style, in a great variety of materials and colors, and when you consider the special quality of material and workmanship you'll be surprised at their price-littleness. Prices \$5.00, \$6.50, \$7.50, \$9.00, \$10.00

NOVEMBER FASHION SHEETS NOW READY FOR DISTRIBUTION.

GRAY & PARKER
PHONE 1182. 150 DUNDAS ST., and CARLING ST.



Best Worn—Worn by the Best

PROGRESS BRAND Clothing is not found in every store—nor is it handled by every clothier who would if he could. It is sold only to independent dealers, who are under no financial obligation to the makers and who can stop carrying "Progress Brand" at any time.

These dealers, who have the world's markets to choose from, sell "Progress Brand" Clothing because they know it is the best that they can offer to their customers.

The wearer too, who is not looking for credit or considerations other than the best

garments, that his hard cash can buy, is anxious to find just such a dealer.

The progressive dealer in each town sells "Progress Brand" Clothing. It pays to find him,—pays in actual cash, for "Progress Brand" values mean a saving of from 20% to 30%.

It is easy to recognize "Progress Brand" label, shown above, is in each Suit and Overcoat to guarantee style, fit, and wear. Look for the trademark that protects whenever and wherever you buy.

"Progress Brand"

Evening Clothes

Clothing. The "Progress" label, shown above, is in each Suit and Overcoat to guarantee style, fit, and wear. Look for the trademark that protects whenever and wherever you buy.

The wearer too, who is not looking for credit or considerations other than the best

Sold and Guaranteed By J. H. CHAPMAN & CO.

By his new method of wheat farming Gen. Levitzky, of the Russian army, claims to produce an enormous yield of grain and unusually stout straw, and believes that he has converted the plant into a perennial. He simply sows single grains at the bottom of conical pits, 12 to 18 inches deep. The seed is barely covered with earth, and as the leaves appear above ground it is just covered, the operation being repeated five or six times, until the pit is full. In this way as many as 19,683 shoots have been obtained from one grain.

Feather Beds, Pillows and Mattresses renovated and sterilized; also manufacture of Mattresses, Feather Pillows, Cushions and Spring Beds. Brass and Iron Beds, Stoves, Furniture, Camp Beds, at the Feather Bed, Pillow and Mattress Cleaning Factory. J. F. HUNT & SONS, 528 Richmond street. Phone 277.

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



SOFA PILLOW.—No. 587.

This conventional design is exceptionally effective and easy to work. It may be done in simple outline stitch or an extremely easy and attractive mode of decoration would be braiding. Perforated pattern of sofa pillow, 25 cents.

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.

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

MAKES YOUR CAKES LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BISCUITS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR BUNS LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR LABOR LIGHT.
MAKES YOUR EXPENSES LIGHT.
Order from your Grocer.
E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.