

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER III.
"To know her is to love her," said Bertie, promptly and heartily. "I wish it!" repeated the squire, almost frowning; "why should I—?" Then he stopped short, and rather inconsistently said, with something like irritation: "My dear Bertie, the man has settled here in our midst, and is our neighbor. But don't let us talk any more about him. Come in. Of course you will dine with us?"

But, strange to say, Bertie, with a faint accession of color, pulled out his watch and shook his head.

"I can't, I'm sorry to say. I'll come over to dinner to-morrow, if I may." The squire looked disappointed.

"I thought your father would have spared you to-night, my boy," he said. "But come over to us to-morrow then," he added, as he shook his hand.

Bertie lingered a moment or two beside Olivia, after the squire had gone up the steps.

"What do you think of Mr. Bradstone, Olivia?" he said, in a low voice. Olivia smiled faintly; then her brows contracted.

"Exactly as you do," she replied, and held out her hand.

Bertie took it and held it.

"Yes? Then why on earth does the squire have him here, and—and—praise him, and all that?" he asked. "I never knew him make excuses for a cad before."

Olivia looked straight before her.

"I give it up," she said; "ask me no more."

Bertie looked at her averted face with a half-troubled questioning, then his brow cleared.

"I tell you what it is, Olivia," he said, as if he had found the solution. "The squire is too good natured by half, that's what it is!"

"I dare say!" she said, quietly. "Mind, we expect you to-morrow!" and covering him with one of her rare smiles as with a flash of sunlight, she drew her hand from his clasp and ran up the steps.

Bertie watched her till she had disappeared through the French window; watched her with an expression on his handsome, girlish face that made it very sweet and tender with its reverent admiration; then, with a little sigh of wistful longing, turned and walked quickly across the lawn.

He passed out into the lane that led to The Dell, and stopped at the rustic gate and pushed it open.

As he did so, a man dressed something between a butler and a game-keeper, came toward him.

"Can I see—?" commenced Bertie; then he stopped, for the "mysterious stranger" himself appeared in the doorway and walked down the path.

"Hallo! why, my dear—?"

"Mr. Faradeane," interrupted the owner of The Dell. "Come in, Lord Granville, and he opened the door. Bertie, coloring with a look of mystification and bewilderment, passed in and followed his host into the sitting-room of the cottage. The latter shut the door, and placing his hands—they were long and white as a woman's; but as strong as a blacksmith's—on Bertie's shoulders, gently forced him into a chair.

"Well?" said Mr. Faradeane, standing over him and looking at him with a strange smile, which was as sad as the shadow that dwelt in his eyes. "Well?"

FOUR DOCTORS DISAGREED

Pains Disappeared After Use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Wilmington, Del.—"I was suffering from a terrible backache and pains in my side, with bearing down pains and was very nervous. I was always tired, always drowsy, never could get enough sleep and could not eat. I had four doctors and each told me something different. I read of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it. I got good results and I now feel better than I have felt for years and I am gaining in weight. I can gladly recommend it to all women."—Mrs. GEORGE W. SIMON, 1611 West 4th Street, Wilmington, Del.

Backache and bearing down pains are danger signals which every woman should heed. Remove the cause of these aches and pains by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, that good old root and herb medicine. Thousands of women have testified to its virtues.

For forty years it has been making women strong, curing backache, nervousness, ulceration and inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularity and periodic pain.

If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. Confidential, Lynn, Mass.

"Well!" repeated Bertie, almost glaring at him. "My dear—"

"Faradeane," interposed the other. "What on earth does this mean?" continued Bertie.

Instead of replying, his companion took a cigar case from the mantel-shelf and tossed it to him, then slowly and deliberately lit a pipe.

Bertie took a cigar, but instead of lighting it, stared round the room at the old oak chairs and table, at the gun and pistol rack over the fireplace, at the books in the bookcase, at the grave and singularly handsome face of his host.

"A light?" said Mr. Faradeane, with a smile which was almost an amused one. "Better smoke, my dear Bertie; there is nothing like tobacco on these occasions."

Bertie pliantly and helplessly lit his cigar, and still staring at the dark, thoughtful face, said:

"Well, this beats—"

"Cock fighting," filled in Mr. Faradeane. "Fire off all your battery of astonishment, my dear Bertie. Don't mind me."

"Yes; but I say!" exclaimed Bertie. "This is—don't you know—extraordinary! What on earth! My dear—"

"Faradeane," put in the other, quietly.

Bertie sprang to his feet, but the strong, white hands fell softly on his shoulders and forced him into his chair again.

"Take time, Bertie," he said, grimly, "take half an hour, if you like. But don't forget that my name is Faradeane."

Bertie leaned forward and stared at him for a moment in densest perplexity; then he laughed.

"Confound it!" he said, "this is the strangest business; why, my dear—"

"Faradeane," put in the other, with a faint smile. "I'm sorry to interrupt Bertie; but if walls have ears, as they say they have, I have the strongest objection to their hearing the name you will persist in trying to shout. I know what you want to say, what you want to ask. You want to ask me why I am living in this out-of-the-way place, and why I decline—absolutely declined—to be addressed by any other name than that which I have, I am afraid, rather obtrusively given you."

"By George!" said Bertie, puffing at his cigar, that's just what I do want

thus affords a sure barrier to the re-establishment of congestion. You see the relief you get from Nerviline is permanent.

It doesn't matter whether the cause is spasm or congestion, external or internal; if it is pain—equally with its curative action upon neuralgia—Nerviline will relieve and quickly cure rheumatism, sciatica, lumbago, strains, swellings or enlarged joints, and all other muscular aches.

Nerviline is a guaranteed remedy. Get the large 50 cent family size bottle; it is far more economical than the 25 cent trial size.

An Amazing Cure For Neuralgia Magical Relief For Headache

The Most Effective Remedy Known is "Nerviline."

The reason Nerviline is infallibly a remedy for neuralgia resides in two very remarkable properties—Nerviline possesses.

The first is its wonderful power of penetrating deeply into the tissue which enables it to reach the very source of congestion.

Nerviline possesses another and not less important action—it equalizes the circulation in the painful parts, and

to know! I parted from you rather more than two years ago in London, and left you as jolly and chirpy as a cricket; well, not exactly that, for you never were one of the mad ones; but you were all right, at any rate, and now— it's the strangest business! Why, I scarcely knew you just now, when you came up with the dog; you've—you've—"

"Aged so much!" finished Faradeane, with a grim smile, as he leaned against the mantelshelf and looked down at Bertie's bewildered face. "Yes, I have aged, Bertie. But not so much as some people have done. Didn't Marie Antoinette's hair turn white in two days? Whereas mine, you see, has only got speckled in a couple of years. Still, I'll admit I am, as you say, changed."

"What—what has happened, old fellow?" asked Bertie, in a lowered voice. "I'm afraid you have had some big trouble—"

The other looked down at him and then at the door, and appeared to be considering some question. Presently he looked up again and shook his head.

"I've been wondering whether I could bring myself to tell you my story—the story of the last two years, Bertie; and I'm sorry to say that I can't. For two reasons: First, because the recital would shock you, and cause me a rather unpleasant half hour; and secondly, because the secret is not all my own. I'm only a partner."

"Secret! There is a secret! And you—you—"

The other held up his hand. "Take care!" he said, warningly. "My man is just outside. I beg of you not to speak my name."

"No, no, I won't. I will be careful," said Bertie, flushing. "But you have a secret—Faradeane! You who were always so—so—"

"Too 'high and proud' for that kind of thing, you were going to say? Thanks for the compliment, my dear Bertie; but, alas! it is quite unmerited. I have a secret, and I cannot tell it to you."

"And it is of such a character," said Bertie, slowly, and regarding him with pained surprise, "that you feel compelled to—"

"Hide myself here like a poisoned rat in a hole," put in the other, calmly. "Yes, it is. It is so bad that it has put me out of the world as completely as if I had turned hermit. The shady side of Pall Mall and I have seen the last of each other, Bertie; I have bidden good-by to the world you and I found so pleasant. Scarcely that, however, for I left it so suddenly as to leave no time for good-bye."

"Great Heaven!" murmured Bertie, still staring up at the handsome face with its sombre, quietly resigned smile. "But—but why did you come here? Why didn't you go abroad?"

Faradeane smiled.

"For the best of all reasons. Because my pursuers, when I disappeared, at once jumped to the conclusion that I had sought refuge on foreign shores, and are now, I humbly trust, spending their time and energy in scouring the Continent after me."

Bertie almost groaned.

"Your pursuers!"

Such a word in connection with the noble form and face seemed, indeed, incongruous and absurd.

"Yes, my pursuers," said the other, gravely and quietly, "and now you wonder what it is that I have done. I wish I could tell you, Cherub, but I can't. There are some things that man cannot bring himself to confess, even to his dearest friend; this is one of them. And now what will you do?" he asked, fixing his eyes intently upon Bertie's eloquent face. "I've told you enough to show you that my society is not desirable, and that you will do wisely to get up and go. You see, after all, it is a mistake on your part. The man you are listening to is not the old friend you mistook him for, but only a certain Mr. Faradeane, a perfect stranger who somewhat resembles that old friend. Take my advice, Lord Granville; make a polite bow, excusing yourself for intruding, and leave me."

Bertie's face grew crimson, and he sprang to his feet and laid his small hand upon the broad, straight shoulder.

"Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" he said, in a voice that trembled with indignation. "What do you take me for, old fellow?"

Faradeane put up his hand, and clasping the tiny one, pressed it in silence for a moment.

"I might have known what you would say, Cherub," he said, his voice softening for the first time. "I might have known— Well, so be it! But remember, remember—impressively—that it is, indeed, and in truth a mistake, and that I am not the man you mistake me for. I am Harold Faradeane, and you make my acquaintance for the first time to-day."

Bertie nodded, and dropped back into his chair.

"I—I consent," he said, in a low voice. "Of course I consent. But is there nothing I can do—"

"Nothing," was the calm and instant response. "My case is beyond the help of man. Neither you nor any one else can help me, Bertie. I have got to 'vree my weird,' as the Scotch say, and—alone!" He looked round the room slowly, then went on: "You asked me why I chose this place. It was an accident. Knowing that the people who were hunting me—Bertie winced—"would jump to the conclusion that I had gone on the Continent, I determined to remain in England. In the course of my wanderings I happened to come upon this place. Its utter seclusion struck me; its beauty—it's pretty, isn't it?"

—Bertie nodded—"It's beauty completed the conquest. You remember, I was always inclined to the artistic in the old days when I was not an out-cast and a fugitive; and he smiled.

Bertie sighed.

"You don't know how it pains me to hear you talk like this, Faradeane!" he said, in a low voice.

"And it costs me a great deal to talk like it, though I try to hide it," said the other, gravely. "I don't think there is much more to tell you. The isn't much, is it, that I have told you?"

(To be Continued.)

A LITTLE CHANGE.

My wife keeps busy round the shaft; she works until she strains her back; she cleans the dishes and the spoons, she darts the shirts and cooks the prunes; she molds the pies bread, and sends the nineteen kids to bed. And every now and then I say, "You've had a long and weary day, so let us don our lids and go and see the moving picture show." Or let us seek the ice cream joint, and our insides with cream anoint. Put on your farthingale, my Belle, and let us go to yon hotel, and buy our dinner for a change, and eat it in surroundings strange." Then—Susan Belle puts on a smile, and sings around the coop awhile, and bids farewell to cares that cark, and says she's happy—as a lark. Some small attentions, such as these, the jaded brain are bound to please. They lift a burden from her mind, and they relieve the weary grind. I know so many working wives who might have sunshine in their lives, if their Old Men would only say, "You've had a hard and weary day, so let us go, on eager feet, and see the dogfight down the street."

Stafford's Phoratoxine Cough Cure is the best preparation for all kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and various Lung Troubles. Price 25c. Postage 5c. extra.—July 22, 2f.

Minard's Linctum Cures Diphtheria.



Low spirits, discouragement, the blues usually result from a tired brain and exhausted nervous system. Start the rebuilding process to-day by beginning the use of the greatest of nerve restoratives.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

"I'm not a dog that he should do this thing!" he said, in a voice that trembled with indignation. "What do you take me for, old fellow?"

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(To be Continued.)

For the Ball Players.

STAFFORD'S LINIMENT.

For bruises and pains—aches and sprains and similar troubles of the man, who trains—sell "Stafford's Liniment."

It makes stiffened and sore muscles supple and ready for work.

For your baseball friends—your local tennis or football players—and all who are in any form of athletic exertion.

"STAFFORD'S LINIMENT." Even the man who unaccustomed to strenuous exercise attempts to mow his own lawn or perhaps spends a day on the links may be interested.

Stafford's Liniment is prepared only by DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, St. John's, Nfld. Manufactures of 3 Specialties: Stafford's Liniment, Stafford's Prescription "A," Stafford's Phoratoxine.

GRAND PICTURES AT NICKEL TO-DAY.

As will be seen by advertisement elsewhere in this issue a grand programme has been arranged for the Nickel to-day and to-morrow. The charming serial which is even more popular with the young folk than "The Goddess" will be continued. The chapter is entitled: "The Perjury" and the acting is really the finest seen yet. Then there is the brilliant three act comedy-drama "The Heart Breakers" produced by one of the best casts. Miss Jackie Saunders, a young artist of wonderful ability in the leading role and plays her part admirably. Wednesday of this week "The Juggernaut" will be put on Thursday and Friday the Stephens' orchestra will be present and for the week end performance "The Diamond from the Sky" will be continued.

Cure Your Bad Cough by Breathing "Cattarhoxone."

You may dislike taking medicine—but coughs are best cured without medicine. The modern treatment is "Cattarhoxone"—it isn't a drug—it's a healing vapor full of pine essences and healing balsams. It spreads over the surfaces that are weak and sore from coughing. Every spot that is congested is healed—irritation is soothed away, phlegm and secretions are cleaned out, and all symptoms of cold and Cattarh are cured. Nothing so quick, so sure, so pleasant as Cattarhoxone. Beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you for genuine Cattarhoxone. All dealers sell Cattarhoxone. Large size, which lasts two months, price \$1.00; small size 50c.; sample size, 25c.

VOLUNTEERS PARADE.—Upwards of three hundred volunteers, headed by the T. A. Band attended Divine Services at the respective churches yesterday.

COX'S GELATINE.—Mark the brand. The housewife's choice and the old favorite that stands every test. For sale at all first-class grocers. Insist on getting Cox's.—June 24, 2f.

REPORTED WOUNDED.—In a casualty list published in Ottawa, midnight July 28th, the name of Llewellyn Butt appears, his address being given as Newfoundland.



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Beatty is the Boy.

You've heard of Kaiser Billy.— But nothing good of late. And the gallant K. of Khartoum And how he met his fate. And all have heard of Jellicoe And how he won his spurs. But gallant young Dave Beatty— Why, he's on the German nerves.

When some two years or so ago Old England pulled her sleeves, And Germany did likewise— Who was to rule the Seas? That fact was soon decided— 'Twas England's mighty Navy: And foremost in the work in hand Was gallant Admiral Davy.

For scrapes he has no equals. They are his pride and joy. The Germans don't like him. He is their "Naughty Boy." For where there's fighting to be done, Sir David isn't shy; He always digs in with a vim. For Beatty is the boy.

The Huns got proof he was alive, In the Heligoland affair— When from their hearts they sorely wished Him anywhere but there; They asked once young Beatty's kick Which made them fairly cry, And when the smoke of battle cleared, Sure, Beatty was the boy.

And then, again, at Dogger Bank, As Fritz was scampering home From that night-time murderous mission With a heart as cold as stone, Again young Beatty "smelt the rat," And eastward sailing, he did fly, And Fritz reached blessed Kiel convinced.

That Beatty was the boy. 'Twas so again at Scaggarack. Beatty had most to say: For when the German Fleet sailed out, 'Twas Beatty blocked the way: Oh, my! how they did swear at him, With cursings loud and high. But Beatty only smiled and smiled— You bet he was the boy.

He was a terror to old Tirpitz; And now he's to Von Scheer; He's brought the hoar-frost to their wig, But what does David care, He's out for dear Old England, Just watch the splinters fly When Beatty comes across 'em. Good! Beatty's the boy.

VICTOR C. BATSON, English Ht., Trinity Bay, Nfld.

Holiday Footwear.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's White Bathing Sandals at 50 cts., 60 cts., 80 cts.

Gentlemen's White Canvas Tennis Shoes, rubber soles, \$2.20.

JUST IN—The White House line of Men's Shoes for young and old; all styles.

MEN'S HIP RUBBERS.

400 pairs Men's Tan Blucher and Button Boots. Regular value \$6.00. Now only \$5.00 per pair.

F. SMALLWOOD, THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

A Word about Carpet Squares!

We have just opened the finest display of Wilton, Axminster and Tapestry Carpet Squares that have ever been seen in the Island.

These Carpet Squares are remarkable for their exquisite colors and perfect design. Beautiful old Blues and deep Brown tones are blended in a fine Wilton that is very pleasing and restful to the eye. Another—a Tapestry in quaint Grey Tints has a lovely Pompadour border of roses in subdued colors. Yet another in lovely Old Rose and Reseda.

There is also a quantity of handsome Axminster Art Squares suitable for Den, Dining-room and Library.

U. S. Picture and Portrait Co.

ONIONS and BEANS!

Arrived to-day per SS. "Durango,"

50 cases Spanish Onions.

200 bags Rangoon Beans.

GEO. NEAL

BANKERS PICKED UP.—Joseph Hynes and John J. Burns, members of the crew of the Fortune Bay banking scho. Bessie MacDonald, went astay in their dory while trawling fishing on the Grand Banks during a dense fog. They were picked up off Cape St. Mary's by a passing steamer and brought into Sydney.

A good way to serve the leftover chicken is to make a biscuit crust, the same as for old-fashioned shortcake. Spread the chicken between and pour gravy on the whole.

MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR SALE EVERYWHERE.

War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

BRITISH GAINS.

LONDON, July 30. Yesterday morning, in co-operation with the French, on our right flank an advance was made on a front extending from the east of Dieulouard Wood to the Somme. As a result of heavy fighting we made progress to the east of Wailot farm, Trones Wood and Maltross farm. The enemy was encountered in considerable strength and must have suffered heavily. We captured 250 prisoners. On our right flank the French have also advanced their line. In the neighborhood of Pozieres the day was spent in strengthening the ground gained last week. There was no infantry fighting in this area to-day. Three hostile aeroplanes were destroyed yesterday. Several others were forced to land in a damaged condition. Between the Ancre and the sea there was nothing important.

FRENCH GAINS.

PARIS, July 30. The French in the Somme region near Hardecourt, have captured German trenches at two places south of Hill 139, on a depth, varying from 100 to 800 metres, according to an official communication issued this evening. Gains were made by the French near the villages of Maurepas and Hem, which were held against powerful counter-attacks.

GERMAN ATTACKS FAIL.

PARIS, July 30. German attacks on Fleury, replied to attacks delivered in a ravine three miles north of Verdun. They were repulsed by the French.

CANADIAN INFANTRY RAID GERMAN TRENCHES.

LONDON, July 30. Parties of Canadian infantry last night successfully raided German trenches at two places south of Ypres, is officially announced to-day by General Haig. A similar raid was carried out by the Royal Munster Fusiliers in the Loos salient. The German casualties in each case, in statement adds, were severe.

PREFER DESERTION.

LONDON, July 30. Telegraphing from The Hague, the correspondent of the Exchange Telegraph Company says he has received the following message from Maer trecht, a Dutch town, 36 miles east of Brussels. Fifteen German deserters, including a non-commissioned officer, arrived here at Maer trecht yesterday. They all came from the Somme region. They said it was impossible to live through the Anglo-French artillery fire without going mad, and they preferred desertion to insanity.

DETAILS OF ZEP. RAID LACKING.

LONDON, July 30. Details of the Zeppelin raid on the east coast of England early this morning, are still lacking. An official despatch says that a German airship proceeded to England for short distance and dropped its bombs on the side of a railway. The Zeppelin then proceeded to an adjacent



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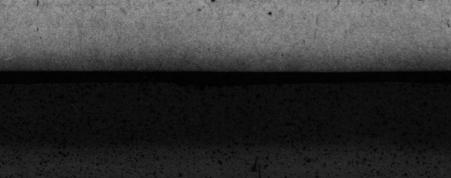
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