

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXV.
For Another's Sake.

"Beg pardon, squire; but I caution Mr. Faradeane. I've done so already, as he'll bear witness. I've told him that anything he says may be used against him."

There was a moment of suppressed excitement. Faradeane stood perfectly silent and calm.

"You have cautioned Mr. Faradeane!" said Lord Carfield. "Do you mean to say—"

He stopped unable to form the question.

The constable nodded grimly.

"Yes, my lord. I'm very sorry to have to do it, but it's my duty to charge Mr. Faradeane with willful murder."

The crowd of guests exchanged murmurs and glances of amazement, and in the midst of the excitement Olivia glided down the stairs and stood beside her father. She clung to his arm, but did not remove her eyes from the face of the accused.

The last person who was expected to speak broke the silence. It was Mr. Bartley Bradstone. In moments of great peril, sometimes, your thorough-paced coward is stung into something that has, at any rate, the appearance of courage.

With flushed face and a forced laugh, he stepped forward.

"What nonsense is this?" he said, and he looked round with an air of impatience. "Mr. Faradeane charged with— it's perfectly ridiculous!" and he laughed the forced laugh again. "Of course Mr. Faradeane can explain this—this absurd mistake. Better do it at once, and let the constable look for the right man, Faradeane."

Faradeane just glanced at him; it looked a mere casual glance, but Bart-

ley Bradstone read it as one of warning, and changed color slightly.

"Let us go into the library," faltered Lord Carfield.

But the poor squire shook his head.

"There is no need for that," he said, confidently. "As—as Mr. Bradstone says, Mr. Faradeane can explain this mistake at once, and in a few words," and he looked at him with anxious appeal.

The constable waited a second. Every one seemed to wait while the clock ticked a full minute; then, as Faradeane remained silent, the constable, after a glance round, said:

"This is the case, squire: It was at the end of the lane when Browne ran up and told me to come with him into the wood—something had happened. I went, and I found the body of a young woman. She was quite dead—been shot. Close beside her stood Mr. Faradeane. I asked him what he knew about it, and he—"

He paused a moment. "Well, squire, he refused to say anything!"

"Well!" said the squire, sharply.

"That is not sufficient reason for charging Mr. Faradeane with—"

"No, squire," assented the man, respectfully. "But while I was trying to persuade him to answer my questions and tell me what he knew, I saw something lying on the ground. It was this," and he took the revolver from his pocket and handed it to the squire.

He took it and looked at it, and then at Faradeane. Every eye was fastened on the tiny toy.

"Well? What has that to do with Mr. Faradeane?" demanded Lord Carfield.

"Yes, what has it to do—" echoed Bartley Bradstone, indignantly.

The constable glanced at him.

"If the squire will please to look at the pistol, he'll see why I arrested the gentleman," he said, stubbornly.

The squire held the revolver to the light, looked at it, and let it drop. It fell upon the tiled hall with an ominous clang, and Lord Carfield stooped and picked it up.

"That revolver has got Mr. Faradeane's name engraved on it," said the constable. "I asked him to explain—he'll bear me out, squire—how it came there, just close to the body, and he wouldn't tell me. There was nothing for it but for me to do my duty, and I did it. I told Mr. Faradeane he'd better come with me to you and my lord, the magistrates, and I advised him to clear the matter up, squire. Perhaps he'll explain what he was doing there, and how his revolver happened to be lying beside the woman as was shot, my lord."

Lord Carfield nodded.

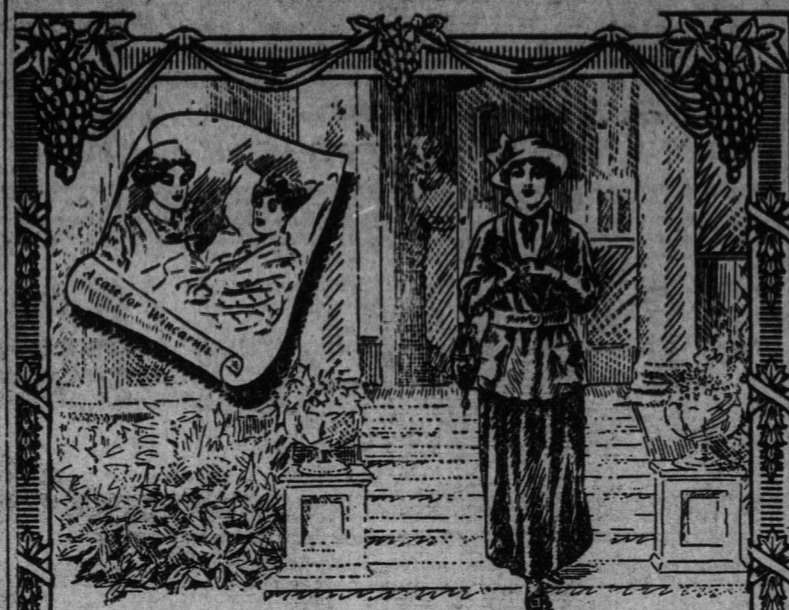
"You did quite right," he said. "Mr. Faradeane will explain, of course," and he looked at him.

Every eye was fixed on him, every ear strained for his response to this appeal.

Slowly and distinctly came the accused man's reply:

"I have nothing to say."

A thrill ran through the listening



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and watching crowd. Charged with a cruel murder, and—nothing to say! A half-articulate groan burst from the squire's lips.

"Faradeane!" he made a movement toward him. "You—you have nothing to say! No answer! Impossible!"

Faradeane's grave, sad eyes met his anxious ones steadily.

"What the constable says is true," he said, slowly. "I have nothing to add to it—nothing to explain."

Insensibly—but how significantly!—the constable drew closer to him.

"That's what he said over and over again, squire. I couldn't persuade him into anything else. It's my duty to ask for a warrant."

"No, no! Impossible!" said the squire, hoarsely.

"A warrant on the charge of willful murder," said the constable, firmly, but respectfully.

As the words rang in the ears of the horrified group, Olivia left her father's side, and approached Faradeane.

For a moment she stood speechless, her dilated eyes fixed on his face, her lips moving, her hand pressed to her heart.

He did not flinch; but there was no assurance of his innocence in his eyes, nothing but a sad impassiveness.

"Why—why do you not tell them?" broke from her, at last. "Why do you not tell them that you are—innocent?" and she caught his arm and clung to it. "You are innocent! Tell them so! Tell them so!"

It was an awful moment. It was an ordeal compared with which the torture of the rack is as nothing. Bartley Bradstone's face blanched, and he made a slight movement; then, as Faradeane raised his eyes, he fell back, for he read in them the assurance that his substitute would re-

more self-possessed than he had been all day notwithstanding that his bride had been carried from him lifeless.

"This—this is all nonsense, of course," he said, addressing no one in particular. "Faradeane can explain it, if he likes, I'm sure. I don't know why on earth he don't. But, anyway, I'll be bail for him, Lord Carfield."

There was a murmur of approval, for not one of the spectators who looked in the face of the accused believed in the possibility of his guilt.

"Bail is not granted in cases of—cases of this kind," said Lord Carfield, in a low voice, and he sat down and wrote out the warrant. "If—you choose to confine Mr. Faradeane in his own house—"

The constable shook his head.

"I couldn't take that responsibility, my lord," he said, respectfully. "The gentleman will have to go to the lockup."

"I am quite ready," said Faradeane, again. "Do not make any exception in my favor."

"Once more, Faradeane," said Lord Carfield, rising and stretching out his hands, "will you not explain?"

He shook his head.

"I have nothing to explain, my lord. Ah!"—and his voice almost broke—"don't think me ungrateful for your consideration! If you knew—"

(To be Continued.)

An Old Fashioned Battle.

(From the New York Times.)

At last in the west there has been a real battle of the old-fashioned kind, a battle of armies in the open, a battle of bayonets between great forces. The war of trenches was suspended. Armies went forward to meet each other just as they did in feudal times, but on a vast scale and with real fighting. The feudal baron ran no risk when he advanced to meet his foe, gallantly scoring advantages of position. That is just what the French and Germans did on Sunday, with much more courage. The French came out of the trenches cheering and singing, the Germans rushed to meet them. At Soyecourt the enemy with the bayonet, took their machine guns away, and turned them on their former owners. The British, at their end of the line, were fighting the same way. "Aviators, who looked down upon the scene, saw it as a mad football scrimmage of struggling figures."

There has been such fighting before in this war, but never on such a scale in the west. Brigades have fought hand to hand, but these were armies. This was a great battle, a battle in the old-time sense; and it was a clean-cut victory. The assertion so often made by Frenchmen and Englishmen that, terrible as the German is in the mass, he is no match for them man to man, may be proved and disproved often before the war is over. This great battle has given the French and English some color for their boast, for the time at least. The German was not able to retrieve his losses, either, as he has so often done; he was too badly punished. He did make small gains here and there, but no such fight to regain his place as he has been accustomed to make. He was beaten thoroughly, and beaten in the open. His resistance was brave and valiant, his recuperation languid.

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YOU

YOU

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YOU

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BRITISH GAINS ON THE SOMME

LONDON, Sept. 15.

Smashing the German line on a front of six miles north of the Somme in France, the British forces have made probably the most notable advance since the Anglo-French offensive began on July 1st. Three towns and two woods and the possession nearly all the high ground between Comblès and Pozieres-Bapaume road fell to the British. Not only did the Germans lose these points but the British drive imperils Comblès at the Thiéval positions on the other end of the British front. The gain of the high ground north of Comblès gives the British command of the approaches to Bapaume. The front on the northern end of the front was for a distance of two miles. Courcellette, east of Thiéval and north of the Pozieres-Bapaume road, and Martinpuich, south of the road, fell in the hands of General Haig's men. Further south they took Floers at the high wood, making secure the possession of Ginchy. The German under Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, fought stubbornly to hold their ground. London says, and fighting was severe all along the line. More than 2,300 prisoners were taken by the British. Aiding the British encirclement of Comblès, the French have taken additional trenches north of Le Priez farm. South of the River three German trenches near Bernen-Santerre were taken by the French; they captured 200 prisoners. Berlin claims the repulse of British attacks southeast of Thiéval and the French effort between Rancourt and the Somme. The official statement admits the loss of Le Priez farm, west of Rancourt. In northern Macedonia the British, French and Serbian armies have gained additional successes, breaking down the Bulgars' defence in the centre, and on the wing the French troops took Balgare an positions half a mile deep on a front of one mile. West of Lake Ohrid the Serbs captured Malkin. The British attacked west of the Vardar and also gained ground. It is officially reported that the Bulgars retreated 15 miles on the front before the entente rush. Athens reports the abandonment of Kastoria by the Bulgarians. Berlin says the entente attacks in the Macedonia section of the Vardar were repulsed. The Italians have begun a new drive in the Trieste area. Austrian entrenchments east of Vallone have been taken. Rome reports, together with more than 2,000 prisoners. Vienna, while admitting the Italian success on the Isonzo front, declares that from the first the assault was looked upon as a failure. In Dobruja the Rumanian, Bucharest admits that the Rumanian forces are retreating before the advance of the Central Powers. Violent fighting is in progress in this region. In Transylvania the Rumanian forces are continuing their progress and have reached the river, northwest of Kronstadt. There has been no change in the situation on the eastern front from the Carpathians to Rila.

The greater part of Bouleaux wood, the high wood, and the towns of Floers, Martinpuich and Courcellette, have been taken by the British forces, who, in addition, captured all the

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