



MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Magic Baking Powder costs no more than the ordinary kinds. For economy, buy the one pound tin.

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

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER VIII.
"Too Late!"

"You have not detained me at all," responded the squire, in his quiet, direct way. "I am an old man, and am delighted to meet with one so well informed, and, permit me to add, so good a talker as yourself. You must have seen a great deal of life, Mr. Faradeane."

A grave look seemed to settle for a moment on the handsome face, and the dark eyes grew momentarily sadder, and the squire instantly saw that he had touched a tender spot; but almost immediately the younger man replied, with a smile:

"Yes, more than most men of my years, sir."

"I am afraid you will find Hawke rather dull, and the inhabitants very old fogies; but we must do our best to amuse you. I don't know whether you care for fishing; if you do, I hope you will flog the river as often as you please. I am afraid to say how long it is since I threw a fly."

"Thank you," said Mr. Faradeane. "Yes, I am an angler."

"And in the autumn I can promise you some fair shooting. The keepers tell me that the birds are looking well. I hope you intend staying with us. We've a very good pack of foxhounds, and I know that you ride, for I have heard one of my groomers expatiating on the fine qualities of your horse."

"Thank you, again, sir," said Mr. Faradeane. "He is a faithful hunter, and a very good companion. Yes, I intend remaining for some time, I like Hawke. I have purchased 'The Dell,' as you may have heard."

"Es," assented the squire, almost reddening angrily as he thought of the unwarranted suspicions Mr. Sparrow had given expression to about the newcomer.

"Yes," assented the squire, almost Mr. Faradeane, "and had intended playing the hermit, but"—and the rare smile shone in his eyes for a moment—"but your kindness has rendered that impossible."

"I should think so," returned the squire, with unusual heartiness. "You are not the stuff of which hermits are made, Mr. Faradeane, and I am only afraid we shall trespass on your good nature. Hawke does not get a novelty very often, and will, very properly, regard you as an acquisition. I understand my sister Amelia has already coaxed you into assisting at one of her local enterprises. Take care! If you give an inch to one of these charitable ladies, they will take an ell!"

"It is a very small inch," said Mr. Faradeane, simply. "I am only going to recite at some penny readings."

"And the next thing she will want you to do will be to take a tray at a

tea-meeting," said the squire, with a laugh.

"Would that be very difficult?" inquired the younger man, with such quaint gravity that the squire burst into a laugh of keen appreciation.

It happened that Olivia was passing through the hall at the moment, and the sound of her father's laughter, which had become so rare of late, almost startled her.

"Who is in the drawing-room?" she asked of the butler.

"The squire, miss, and Mr. Faradeane, of 'The Dell,'" he replied.

Olivia stopped short with a sudden throb of her heart that sent the blood to her face, and she bent down and gathered the skirt of her habit—she had just come in from a gallop—to hide it.

"Mr. Faradeane, the new gentleman, miss," said the butler, and he moved toward the door as if to open it for her, but Olivia shook her head.

"No, I am not going in," she said, and went quickly upstairs. As she did so, the drawing-room door opened, and she heard the squire say, in his most genial tone—the tone which indicated that he was peculiarly well pleased, "You must let me show you round the old place, Mr. Faradeane," and she paused and listened for the grave, musical voice replying in the affirmative; then, leaning over the old oak balustrade, looked down at them as they passed out, with a strange expression on her lovely face—an expression which it had never yet worn for any man she had seen!

The squire and Mr. Faradeane made their way round the grounds, and presently, as if unconsciously, the elder man linked his arm within that of the younger, an action very unusual with the squire, and one which indicated the favorable impression his visitor had made upon him.

"It is a very beautiful place," said Mr. Faradeane, when they had made the round of the flower gardens and lawns, and looked in at the great, walled garden, with its hundreds of peach and nectarine trees, and at the long length of green-houses in which the gardener grew the choice flowers which would, if he had entered them, have taken the first prize at all the local shows, "a very beautiful place; I think it would be sinful not to be proud of it, Mr. Vanley."

The squire looked at him with a nod of appreciation, then suddenly his face clouded, and he stifled a sigh.

"There is plenty of room for improvement," he said, as if to account for the sigh.

"There always is," said Faradeane. "Fortunately, no place is perfect—we should tire of it very soon if it were. Don't you think a plantation on that rise to the left of the lawn would be a good thing?"

The squire nodded.

"Yes," he said, moodily. "Yes; but it would cost—"

He stopped and glanced at the handsome face quickly. "I'm afraid you think I must be very niggardly to grudge a few hundred for so evident an improvement; but—"

He paused; and Faradeane, with

the tact which seemed so easy when he chose to display it, said:

"In these days no man has too much money."

"That is true," assented the squire, as if glad of the excuse so pleasantly offered. "Quite true; these are hard times for my landlords everywhere."

"Indeed they are," acquiesced Faradeane.

The squire looked at him.

"Are you one of the unfortunate army of landowners?" he inquired.

Faradeane paused for half a second, and he laughed.

"You forget that I am the landlord of 'The Dell,' and quite half an acre of garden land! And that reminds me that I must be going. Thank you very much, Mr. Vanley."

The squire shook the strong, shapely hand warmly, and stood for a moment looking after the tall, patrician figure as it made its way with strong, easy stride across the grass; then he went back to the house with a grave, wistful face. Perhaps he was wishing that Heaven had given him such a son as a brother to his precious Olivia; or, perhaps he was thinking of the plantation and the hard times which made the expenditure of the "few hundred" not only difficult, but impossible.

Olivia was standing at the door, waiting for him.

"You have had a visitor, papa?" she said, quietly, and in the tone one uses when one has rehearsed a speech—almost too careless and indifferent.

"Yes, yes," he said, "Mr. Faradeane. He has just gone. I am sorry you were not in to see him."

"Was he worth seeing, then?" said Olivia, still too carelessly.

"He is one of the most cultivated men I have ever met," replied the squire, warmly and emphatically, "and when I think of the absurd nonsense old Sparrow talked the other day, I am inclined to call him an idiot. Mr. Faradeane is a gentleman every inch of him, and one of the most charming young men possible."

"I am very glad you like him, as he is so near a neighbor," she said.

"Yes, liking is the word. He has quite taken a hold on me. The reason for his coming and burying himself at 'The Dell' may be a mystery, but it is no unworthy one; I am quite convinced of that. He talks admirably; not with the straining after-effect which is the great vice of the present day, but with the pleasant manner of a man who wants to hear you as well as himself. By the way, your aunt has caught him for that entertainment of hers on the twenty-ninth. Do you think he would dine with us?"

"Do I think?" replied Olivia, raising her dark brows with a smile. "You know more of Mr. Faradeane than I do, papa? What do you think?"

"I don't know," said the squire, thoughtfully. "I've an idea that he forced himself to call, and that he might decline. It isn't pride; no, that man couldn't foster so vulgar a sentiment; not pride, but a strange kind of reserve that crops up now and again in his manner and conversation. Strange! Perhaps it is some past trouble. Well, we can but ask him."

Olivia turned her head aside, and toyed with a branch of Virginia creeper.

"Very well, papa; any one else?"

"Oh! Oh, yes, if you like. Bartley Bradstone and Bertie. Bertie likes him, I'm sure; and Annie and Mary Penstone. As many as you like—no, don't make it a large party. I fancy he would prefer a very small one."

"You are more considerate of Mr. Faradeane's whims and fancies than you usually are of other people's, papa," she said, with a smile.

He looked at her as if the same idea had struck him.

"Am I? Well, I've taken a fancy to him, I suppose; at any rate, I should like to know more of him. Ask him, and see what he says."

Faradeane was sitting at his desk writing, when, the next morning, a groom rode over with the invitation, and he took it and looked at the address, in Olivia's handwriting, for a good minute before opening the envelope. Then he read the short, formal note, and reread it; got up and lit a pipe, and paced up and down with the letter in his hand, a troubled, wistful expression on his face, an

expression of hesitation, over which longed predominated.

"Too late!" he muttered; "too late to draw back now. I have passed the Rubicon, and yet—oh, fool! fool!"

Then he sat down and wrote a formal acceptance.

People did not refuse an invitation to dine at the Grange unless they were positively compelled, for the squire's dinners were as nearly perfect as they could be; and those who did not set their hearts on the dinner found the prospect of a couple of hours spent in the Grange drawing-room, with Olivia to talk to and perhaps to sing for them, equally irresistible; and all the guests the squire had named to Olivia came up to time on the twenty-ninth.

It was an early dinner, for the entertainment commenced at eight, and all but the squire, whom wild horses would not have drawn out of his house after dinner to an entertainment, were going to Aunt Amelia's concert.

Annie and Mary Penstone had driven over in the afternoon to snatch a very precious quiet hour with Olivia, and they were both on the tip-toe of feverish excitement and curiosity about the mysterious Mr. Faradeane.

"Is he so very strange, Oly dear?" asked Mary, eagerly, and in a hushed voice. "We hear such extraordinary stories—all invented, of course—but do tell us! What is he like? Of course, we know he is handsome. Annie says that he is the handsomest man she has ever seen; but that's nonsense while Lord Granville is here. What does he seem like? What does he talk about?"

"Papa could tell you better than I can," replied Olivia, smiling. "I have only spoken to him once or twice. He has a very pleasant voice and—he would hear him speak at the picnic."

"Oh, yes, wasn't that awful! I shall never forget the look of his eyes! If he had looked at me like that, so—no, not contemptuously quite, but so calmly and indifferently—I can't express it—as he looked at Mr. Bradstone, I should have gone through the ground!"

"Like one of the patent tube wells," said Olivia.

"Don't laugh at me, I mean what I say, dear," said Mary, pouting. "I'm sure I shall be afraid to speak to him, in case he would snub me. He looks as if he could be awfully severe."

"He is not, I assure you; a child could play with him," said Olivia.

"There you are, laughing again. It's all very well for you; of course, he'd be nice to you, everybody always is; nobody could be otherwise to such a dear, beautiful girl; but poor Annie and me—"

(To be continued.)

Blood was like Water Anaemia

You cut your finger and the wound is slow to heal. The blood is watery and fails to form a clot. The lips and gums are pale. You are anemic.

This condition is best overcome by using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. In this food cure there are combined in concentrated form the elements that go to form new, rich, red blood. The appetite is sharpened, digestion improves, color and strength return, and you rid yourself of weakness and many annoying derangements. 50 cts. a box, 6 for \$2.50, all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

expression of hesitation, over which longed predominated.

"Too late!" he muttered; "too late to draw back now. I have passed the Rubicon, and yet—oh, fool! fool!"

Then he sat down and wrote a formal acceptance.

People did not refuse an invitation to dine at the Grange unless they were positively compelled, for the squire's dinners were as nearly perfect as they could be; and those who did not set their hearts on the dinner found the prospect of a couple of hours spent in the Grange drawing-room, with Olivia to talk to and perhaps to sing for them, equally irresistible; and all the guests the squire had named to Olivia came up to time on the twenty-ninth.

It was an early dinner, for the entertainment commenced at eight, and all but the squire, whom wild horses would not have drawn out of his house after dinner to an entertainment, were going to Aunt Amelia's concert.

Annie and Mary Penstone had driven over in the afternoon to snatch a very precious quiet hour with Olivia, and they were both on the tip-toe of feverish excitement and curiosity about the mysterious Mr. Faradeane.

"Is he so very strange, Oly dear?" asked Mary, eagerly, and in a hushed voice. "We hear such extraordinary stories—all invented, of course—but do tell us! What is he like? Of course, we know he is handsome. Annie says that he is the handsomest man she has ever seen; but that's nonsense while Lord Granville is here. What does he seem like? What does he talk about?"

"Papa could tell you better than I can," replied Olivia, smiling. "I have only spoken to him once or twice. He has a very pleasant voice and—he would hear him speak at the picnic."

"Oh, yes, wasn't that awful! I shall never forget the look of his eyes! If he had looked at me like that, so—no, not contemptuously quite, but so calmly and indifferently—I can't express it—as he looked at Mr. Bradstone, I should have gone through the ground!"

"Like one of the patent tube wells," said Olivia.

"Don't laugh at me, I mean what I say, dear," said Mary, pouting. "I'm sure I shall be afraid to speak to him, in case he would snub me. He looks as if he could be awfully severe."

"He is not, I assure you; a child could play with him," said Olivia.

"There you are, laughing again. It's all very well for you; of course, he'd be nice to you, everybody always is; nobody could be otherwise to such a dear, beautiful girl; but poor Annie and me—"

(To be continued.)

What Are You Doing for that Eczema?

"Nothing; I've about given up trying to cure it."

"That is not wise. Do as I did and you will probably be cured in a short time. I used Zylex and Zylex Soap with it and my Eczema began to improve at once. A couple of boxes cured. You can get Zylex at your druggists."

Zylex, 50c. a box; Zylex Soap, 25c. a cake.

Never then the sailor hat is the scoop shape with the shortened rim in the back and a suggestion of a poke in the front.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES GLEET IN COWS.

Fancy Fair a Splendid Success.

OVER FOUR THOUSAND DOLLARS RAISED.

Yesterday afternoon and night the Government House Grounds were crowded by hundreds of people who attended the Fancy Fair in aid of the C. of E. Orphanage, many prominent citizens being present. His Excellency the Governor and Lady Davidson, to whose kindness and devotion to the fatherless little ones the success of the Fair is largely due, moved among the visitors and made one and all welcome. The side shows and attractions, as on the previous day, were again going strong and the times and nickels came along fast. The mysterious tent, where you are told about meeting the fair-haired lady, and that you are going to cross water etc., did a rushing business. The tea tables alone netted over \$500. Rossie's troupe were in attendance and performed in a very graceful manner. Ye Old Inn, which had been erected on the lawn, was of a very pretty design, and offered a warm welcome to all. Rev. Bro. Ennis, who alone knows what it is to care for the fatherless, was in attendance with the Mount Cashel boys, whose dancing evoked much applause and admiration from the hundreds of people who witnessed the performance. The war trophies exhibition was also well patronized, while the vaudeville show managed by Mr. Macklin added much to the success of the day. At 5 o'clock Mr. J. Rossie auctioned the remaining goods which fetched a nice figure. The orchestra of the Florizel very kindly offered their services and supplied excellent music for which the committee are grateful. After the inner man had been satisfied dancing on the village green was kept up till 10 o'clock. A goodly number of the soldier boys were there, and with the fair ones tripped the light fantastic to the sweet strains of the music. The promoters wish to thank all who attended and helped by their presence to make the fair a splendid success; also those who took an active part in the various entertainments, tea tables, fancy tables, etc. Over \$4,000 was realized, a sum which exceeded all expectations. The committee are to be congratulated on the great success they have achieved.

Everyday Etiquette.

"What is the correct way to use a finger-bowl?" inquired Helen.

"In using the finger bowl, only the finger tips, and those of one hand at a time, need be dipped in the water. The napkin serves to dry the water from the finger tips," helped her mother.

Here and There.

Turkeys, Ducks and Chicken at ELLIS'.

LABRADOR SERVICE.—The s.s. Meigle will take up her regular service to the Labrador early next week.

St. Ivel Cheese, small tins, at ELLIS'.

VOLUNTEERS PARADE.—To-morrow morning the usual church parade of volunteers will be held.

ADVENTIST.—Subject: "The Way that seemeth Right." All welcome. Evangelist D. J. C. Barrett.

Enjoy your meals by taking a teaspoonful of Stafford's Prescription "A" before eating. Price 25c. and 50c. Postage 5 and 10c. extra.—jly22,tf

RETREAT CLOSED.—The retreat held at St. Bon's College for the R. C. clergy closed yesterday.

A WARNING.—Berry picking parties visiting the Southside Hills should take notice and keep a reasonable distance from the Rifle Range.

BACK FROM STRAITS.—The schr. Dunner arrived back at Little Bay Islands yesterday from the Straits with 500 qtls. of fish.

SPECIAL TO FORD CAR OWNERS.—Just received a shipment of Nathan Detachable Seat Covers and Genuine Mohair one-man Tops for Ford Cars. GENERAL MOTOR SUPPLY CO., Geo. M. Barr.—jly24,tf

WILL REFLOAT HER.—Nearly all the lumber cargo of the S. S. Matatus, ashore at Peter's River, has been saved and it is expected to have the steamer refloated in the course of another day or two.

TO-MORROW'S FLOWER SERVICE.—Preparations are being made for the S.O.E. annual flower service to be held at the General Protestant Cemetery to-morrow afternoon; flowers will be thankfully received at 144 Gower Street.

GOODYEAR TIRES.—In stock the following sizes non-skid: 28 x 3, 29 x 3 1/2, 30 x 3 1/2, 31 x 4, 35 x 4 1/2, 33 x 4, 700 x 80, 650 x 65. GENERAL MOTOR SUPPLY CO., LTD., Geo. M. Barr.—jly24,tf

IS ON COAL CARRIER.—Mr. R. Phipps who used to be chief engineer on the ill-fated Regulus, Virginia Lake, Grand Lake and others and latterly attached to the ammunition factory, is now chief on the coal carrier Jacobson.

NEGOTIATING FOR PURCHASE.—We hear that a local company are now looking to buy two steamers for the coal trade and if the purchase materialize cargoes will be brought here weekly from Sydney.

CANADIAN AND BRITISH CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS Are Always Ready And Always Welcome

W. CLARK, LIMITED MANUFACTURERS MONTREAL

Alameda Reports Passing Strange Ship.

The schr. Alameda, Capt. M. Picco, reached this port last evening from Oporto, consigned to the owner, Mr. Joseph Miller, with a cargo of salt and corkwood. Very poor weather was met with for the whole trip, especially from the Western Islands, where a heavy gale of wind from the northwest, lasting forty-eight hours, was encountered. Capt. Picco reports that four days after leaving Oporto in latitude 40.50 N. and long. 15.35 W., a strange looking steamer was sighted. At first she appeared to be laying to stationary, but soon after was observed to be bearing down on the Alameda. The stranger never hailed the schooner and showed no signs or signals. She had no name on her. Her hull was painted lead color and her top seemed to be covered in with yellow canvass. After getting the name of the schooner the stranger bore away in an opposite direction.

The Regular Quarterly Meeting of the St. John's Mechanics' Society will be held in their Hall on Monday evening at 8 o'clock. By order, J. A. LEAHEY, Sec.

DOG DAYS.

The sun trails on, across the brassy sky, the grass is brown, the earth is hard and dry, the trees are drooping in the yellow glare, the birds are swooning in the torrid air, and melting man cries out—alas, in vain!

"I'd give three bones to see a good wet rain!" Men stand and gasp, apostrophize the heat, where moulting elms cast shade upon the street, relate old tales, and say they will be burned, if ever yet they were so scorched and burned. The women rest in hammock and in chair, and with their fans attempt to stir the air; in modest terms they say there is no sense in heat that melts the knotholes in a fence. The little kids don't play upon the street, but hang around and talk of prickly heat. The wilting dogs, for which these days were named, crawl in their holes, embarrassed and ashamed. Cheer up, sad hearts, and think about the coal for which you soon must blow the hard-earned yell! Full soon these days of torture will be gone—how will you then redeem your duds from pawn—the duds you'll need to keep your systems warm, and shield your whiskers from the bitter storm?

THANKS.—The Treasurer of St. Vincent de Paul Society (Men's) gratefully acknowledges the sum of \$250.00, bequest of the late Hon. John Harris, per the executors, T. Harris, Esq., and Mrs. A. Tobin.—avr11

Obituary.

MRS. S. GLENDINNING.

There was laid to rest on Sunday last the oldest member of the Presbyterian Church of this city in the person of Mrs. S. Glendinning. Coming to this country on a visit to her brother-in-law (the late Mr. Andrew Thompson, the first manager of the St. John's Gas Co.), she joined the old Presbyterian Church which stood on the same site as the present one, and whose pastor was then the late Donald Fraser, D.D., 1746. She was here during the fire and visited the ruins. After a sojourn of two years she returned to the homeland, coming back a few years later with her husband to take charge of Strawberry Farm; afterwards removing to Mount Pearl, where her son Andrew is now residing. She also leaves four daughters in this city—Mrs. John Skinner, Mrs. A. H. Knight, Miss Glendinning and Mrs. J. F. Calver, and her two eldest sons, Peter and James, in the States.

Reids' Boats.

The Argyle left Placentia at 3 a.m. to-day.

The Clyde has not been reported since leaving Lewisport yesterday morning.

The Dundee left King's Cove at 4.35 p.m. yesterday, outward.

The Ethie left Port aux Choix at 7.10 p.m. Thursday, going north.

The Glencoe left Placentia at 11 p.m. yesterday.

The Home left Fortune Harbor at 1.05 p.m. yesterday, outward.

The Lady Sybil arrived at Port aux Basques at 6.50 a.m. to-day.

The Kyle left Port aux Basques at 1 a.m. to-day.

The Wren has not been reported since leaving Clarendville yesterday morning.

The Meigle left Placentia at 11.05 a.m. yesterday for Louisbourg.

The Sagona is north of Twillingate.

From Cape Race.

Special to Evening Telegram.

CAPE RACE, To-day.

Wind S, light, dull preceded by fog last night. The s.s. Eagle passed west at 5.30 a.m. and the schooner Western Annie in at 10.30 a.m. to-day. Bar. 29.44; Ther. 70.

Fresh Cream—daily. AMERICAN BEAUTY FRESH BUTTER.

Bishop, Sons & Co. Limited. Grocery Department.

N. Y. Chicken, N. Y. Corned Beef

Liver Sausage, Pork Sausage, Veal and Ham Sausage, Frankfort's Sausage, English Brawn, Oxford Sausage in Tomato.

Egg Plant, White Squash, Horseradish, Cucumbers, Cauliflower, Fresh Corn, White Table Onions, Lettuce, Radishes, Celery, Mushrooms, Asparagus, Tomatoes.

Cream Chicken a La King, Sweetbreads in Tomato Sauce, Wild Boar's Head, Indian Curried Rabbit.

Royal Mint Sauce, Spanish Paprika, Dry Serrano, Cut Okra, Spaghetti in Tomato, Royal Lentils in Tomato.

Moirs Slab Cake.

Olives, Plain, Olives, Pimento, Olives, Celery, Olives, Imp. Mixed, Olives, Sandwich Salad.

The Original Bath Oliver Biscuit.

Orange Butter, Banana Butter, Pineapple Butter.

Bananas, Oranges, Grape Fruit, Pineapples, Red Plums, Blue Plums, Yellow Plums, Lemons.

BELGIAN HARES KILLED TO ORDER.

Abdulla Cigarettes.

Egyptian, Turkish, Virginian.

Abdulla Smoking Mixture

'Phone 679.

UPPER CA