



WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER X.
In The Moonlight.

"I have been devoted to—Miss Olivia for months past," he continued. "I'm not good at this kind of thing, and I don't express myself very well; but what I've said is true. I do love her, and I'll do all in my power to make her happy."

He cleared his throat, and took up a match to relight his cigar, which had gone out.

The squire stared at the carpet with grave, troubled eyes for a moment. He had expected this; in his heart of hearts he had desired it, and yet—yet now it had come, it seemed to chafe him with an indefinable repugnance. "Have you intended to Olivia, Bradstone?" he asked, and his voice was rather that of a man speaking of a funeral than a contemplated marriage.

Bradstone colored.

"No," he replied. "I have said nothing to Miss Olivia. I thought it my duty to come to you, her father, first; it's the proper thing, isn't it?"

"Yes," assented the squire. "Yes—usually, thank you—yes, of course, it is the proper thing. But—" He paused. "But I ought to tell you at once that in this matter my daughter will be quite uninfluenced by me—I mean that she will be left to decide for herself completely."

"Then, if she says 'Yes,' I'm to understand that you will not object?" said Bartley Bradstone.

The squire looked up at him with a half-sad, half-reluctant expression in his eyes. "Why should I object?" he said, as if to himself. "We have known you for some time, you are a near neighbor, and—I speak frankly, Bradstone—you possess the wealth without which, alas! few marriages can be happy."

"Yes," said Bartley Bradstone, and for the first time he drew himself up. "I think I can satisfy you on that point. I think I may say that Olivia will, as my wife, be able to live as comfortably as she has done as your daughter."

The squire winced at the vulgarity and familiarity of the speech, as he nodded assentingly.

"It is a consideration that has weight with me," he said. "But I ought to tell you, though you do not need telling, I am sure, that it will not have a feather's weight with Olivia."

"Most women like money," said Bartley Bradstone.

Join the Army of Health

Why be a straggler in the rear guard limping along half dead with nerves, chronic indigestion and lower vitality? Desert to-day from the army of General Debility and enroll under the banner of General Good Health. You need assistance! Zoetic is a faithful friend that will put you on your feet again. This famous health tonic supplies in a most pleasant form just those elements which your nerve torn fibres are crying for. Take it for two weeks. And if you cannot report real progress toward renewed health we will refund the purchase price. That's how sure we are of it. So how can you longer trifle with this urgent matter of getting well again? Sold by T. McMurdo & Co., Sole Distributing Agents for Newfoundland.

The squire winced. "Yes, most. But not Olivia. She cares nothing for it. She would be as contented in one of the keeper's cots as here at the Grange or at The Maples—that is, so far as money is concerned. But all this is premature and useless talk. You have not spoken to her yet, you say. It will be time to talk of the financial part of the subject after—"

He paused and suppressed a sigh. "No, I don't agree with you, sir," said Bartley Bradstone, with an air of great respect, but eyeing the grave, sad-faced old man out of the corner of his restless, suspicious eyes. "I like everything to be fair and above board—"

"Fair and above board!" echoed the squire, almost angrily. "I—I mean straightforward and plain," stammered Bartley Bradstone. "I must tell you what I intend to do if Olivia accepts me and becomes my wife—"

The squire rose and leaned his elbow on the mantelshelf and his head on his hand, and seemed engaged in some mental struggle for a moment; then he raised his head, and looking every inch the true-hearted English gentleman, he said:

"Wait a moment, if you please, Bradstone. Before you say any more, I think—I am sure—it is my duty to be as plain and straightforward—say, to use your own words, as 'fair and above board' as you are. I have to tell you this: You may suppose, and very naturally, that as the daughter of the lord of the manor, of a man with a large estate and occupying a prominent place in the county, Olivia will have a dowry suitable to her position."

Bartley Bradstone opened his mouth; but the squire, with a gesture of gentle dignity, motioned him to silence.

"Hear me out. I find it difficult to tell you what I have to tell you. I say that it is only reasonable that you should suppose my daughter would come to you with a marriage portion suited to her rank in life. I am sorry, bitterly sorry, to tell you that Olivia will go to the man she marries with empty hands!"

If the squire had expected his auditor to express astonishment or chagrin, he was agreeably relieved, for Bartley Bradstone merely nodded his head.

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me, sir," he said, with a shrug of the shoulders. "It is Olivia I want, not money; thank Heaven I have enough—too much, perhaps—of that already. If you give me your consent—"

"One moment more," said the squire interrupting him in a low voice. "It is my duty to tell you something more, Bradstone. If you are utterly indifferent to the fact that she will have no dowry, you may consider that, as my only child, she will and should inherit this," and he waved his hand. "What if I tell you that she will not even do that?"

Again Bartley Bradstone expressed neither surprise nor disappointment.

"No?" he said. "Well, that is of no consequence to me, sir. As I said, it is Olivia I want, not money nor the Grange; though, mind you, I think it a pity that a fine old property that has been in the family so long—"

"Should depart from it forever," said the squire, in a low, sorrow-stricken voice. "A pity! Yes! But so it must be! Bradstone, having told you this much, I may—indeed, it is my duty to—tell you all. You see before you a man who is a living lie!"

—his voice broke—"a sham and a counterfeit, the Squire of Hawkwood who cannot give his daughter a poor thousand pounds as a wedding present, the lord of the manor every acre of which he is in hourly danger of losing. Bradstone, I am weighed down, sunk to my neck in debt, and the Grange may at any moment be in the bailiff's hands."

He did not drop into a chair or burst into tears, did not even utter a groan, but stood with pale, set face and steady, unflinching eyes—the aristocrat even in this moment of his deepest humiliation, the humiliation of having to confess his ruin to this parvenu, would-be son-in-law.

Bartley Bradstone looked at him with the grudging admiration of a vulgar mind for that higher type

Note Your Increase In Weight



By making the blood rich and red Dr. Chase's Nerve Food forms new cells and tissues and nourishes the starved nerves back to health and vigor.

By noting your increase in weight while using it you can prove positively the benefit being derived from this great food cure.

20 cents a box, all dealers, or Edman, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

which it can never hope even to imitate; how he would have sighed and groaned and grieved if he had to make such a confession!

"There is my case," said the squire, after a moment's pause. "And I shall not deem you selfish or unreasonable if, after having heard it, you withdraw your proposal, Bradstone."

"But I do not do anything of the sort," said Bartley Bradstone. "I repeat it. It makes no difference to me, sir—not a bit. As to the estate going, I'm not so sure that that can't be prevented."

The squire shook his head sadly. "Oh, I don't know," said Bartley Bradstone, thrusting his hands into his pockets. "I'm not so sure of that. And now, sir, let me imitate your candor. You've told me how you stand; I'll tell you my position. I believe—it's difficult to calculate exactly—that I'm worth three-quarters of a million, more or less, and I should think—"

The squire raised his brows. "Yes, that's about the figure. Now, if Olivia says 'Yes,' if she accepts me, I'm prepared to settle fifty thousand pounds upon her for life, for her own, you know, and I'll give her The Maples, too. If that isn't enough, if you think that it ought to be more—"

The squire's pale face went crimson, and he made a gesture of repudiation. "No, no! It is most liberal, most generous," he said, and for the first time his voice quivered. "It is too large a settlement for a portionless girl—"

"Not for my wife," said Bartley Bradstone, with a charming self-consequence which made the poor old squire shudder inwardly. "A man who is worth three-quarters of a million doesn't miss fifty thou. In fact, I expect that your lawyer fellows will want a great deal more than that—"

The squire reddened. "My lawyers will express my sentiments, Bradstone," he said, quietly.

Bartley Bradstone bit his lip. "I mean they'll consider that it ought to be more, and if they do, I'll make it just what they want. In fact, I'll do anything to get—"

—prove my love for Olivia; and I'll undertake to make her happy, if a man could do it."

The squire did not hold out his hand, as a father usually does under such circumstances, as he would have done, for instance, if Bertie or some one like him had made the speech, but he bowed his head in acknowledgment.

"It is a liberal, generous proposal," he said. "You have my consent, Bradstone, and—my best wishes. But remember that Olivia will be left

Is Your Tongue Furred? Have You Headache?

How few feel well this time of the year? The whole system needs housecleaning; the blood is impure; it needs enriching. Nothing will do the work more effectively than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Take them at night and you feel better next morning. They work wonders in the body while you sleep. Being composed of pure vegetable extracts and juices, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe for the young and old alike. Try this wonderful family medicine to-day, it will do you a world of good. Whether for biliousness, headache, lack of appetite or constipation, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly cure, 25c per box at all dealers.

perfectly free; by no word or look would I endeavor to influence her. If she accepts you, it will be of her own accord, and if she should refuse—"

Bartley Bradstone bit his lip again. "You will understand that the— the matter is at an end."

"I understand, sir," he said. "And now we have settled, perhaps I had better speak to Olivia," and he flung his cigar in the fireplace.

The squire gave a slight start. "To-night?" he said. "Well—yes—I suppose a lover's impatience—"

"Oh, I don't like it," said Bartley Bradstone, with a faint laugh. "But that if a disagreeable—I mean a hard job has got to be done, it's better to set about it at once and get it over. I shall speak to Olivia to-night—the sooner the better. If I waited—he hesitated, then blurted it out—"If I waited, I might wait too long; some other fellow might step in. I'll go now, I think, sir."

"You will find her in the drawing-room, and alone, I think," said the squire, with a faint sigh. "I heard the Penstone carriage go a quarter of an hour since."

"So did I," said Bartley Bradstone, with a knowing look. "I was only waiting for their departure," and he went out.

He had not told the squire that he held all his bonds in his hands, and that at any moment he could crush him, ruin him, turn him out of the Grange. Bartley Bradstone was clever enough to know that if he had done so, and had also intimated that his price for sparing her father was the daughter's hand, the squire would have turned him out of the house, and probably kicked him into the bargain. No, Bartley Bradstone, though a vulgar parvenu, was too clever to make such a false move. He reserved it.

"That was all."

(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—Stafford's Liniment.

It makes stiffened and some muscles supple and ready for work. For your baseball friends—your local tennis or football players—and all who indulge in any form of athletic recreation.

"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 Phoratox.

Your Boys and Girls.

By gentle massage a very young baby's nose can be often vastly improved. Grasp the nose between the thumb and middle finger and gently massage it downward for a few moments twice daily.

Eye-strain is the main cause of nervousness and headache. That most mothers know. But do they know that eye-strain is in many cases at the bottom of other troubles—stomach disorders, irritability, inability to progress in school?

The near sighted child is soonest discovered. He holds his book too close to his eyes; he must sit near the blackboard at school. But the far-sighted child, the astigmatic child, may suffer a long time before the trouble is suspected. See that the eyes receive only the best treatment.

A baby's nerves are much more delicate and sensitive, in proportion to his size, than those of a grown person, and the foundation of an adult life of acute suffering is often thoughtlessly laid out for him while he is yet too young and helpless to protect himself.

Headless slamming of doors, boisterous talk or laughter, and, in fact, sudden or unexpected demonstrations of any sort are all disturbing to the baby's nervous system, and all produce ill-effects that are more or less lasting.

Many little children are rendered nervous and irritable nowadays by too great a number and diversity of toys. The fewer things a baby has to play with the better, and there should be nothing that is not of the simplest construction.

No material makes a prettier dress than Georgette crepe. It can be effectively trimmed with satin of the same shade as the dress material.

Richard's Liniment Cures Diptheria.

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 Onions, 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.

ARTISITIC CROCHET BOOK,

Containing novel headings, inscriptions and edgings, suitable for underwear and dress trimmings, exquisite floral designs in Irish crochet, also practical suggestions, both simple and advanced, for tea cloths and bed spreads. Price 35c.

THE ETIQUETTE OF TO-DAY.

(Edited by Flora Klickmann.) The chief rules of the etiquette observed in the ordinary affairs of everyday life are set forth as concisely as has been deemed advisable. Price 35c.

NEW FICTION, 35c.

Ann Veronica—H. T. Wells. McClusky the Reformer—A. C. Hales. A Spur to Smite—G. B. Lancaster. A Silent Witness—R. Austin Freeman. The Turbulence—A. E. W. Mason. The Way of an Eagle—E. M. Dell. The Children of the Sea—H. De Vere Stacpole. The Trail of '92—Robt. W. Service. A Daughter of the West—Maurice Gerard. A Spinner in the Sun—Myrtle Reed. Whirligig—O. Henry. The Business of Life—R. W. Chambers. Loneliness—R. H. Benson. The Edge of Beyond—Gertrude Page. Meave—Dorothy Conyers. The Knave of Diamonds—S. M. Dell. General John Regan—Geo. A. Birmingham. French Yarns—"Peter". The Dream Doctor—A. B. Reeve. The Beetle—Richard Marsh.

GARRETT BYRNE, Bookseller & Stationer.

Canadian Butter!

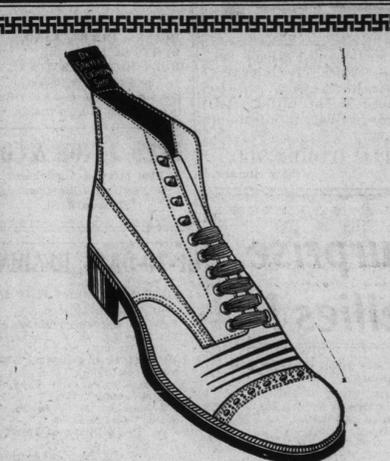
NEW GRASS CANADIAN BUTTER. (Wholesale and Retail.) A few Cases FRESH EGGS, large size.

JAMES R. KNIGHT

Cabbage, New Potatoes, etc.

Due per Stephano Thursday, 50 Brls. New Potatoes, 50 Brls. Green N.S. Cabbage, 25 Bunches Bananas, 25 Cases Sweet Oranges.

GEO. NEAL



Cushion Sole Shoes.

If you have that "tired feeling" in your feet, sir, just try our Cushion Sole Shoes. It's not necessary to have your feet hurt you. Look into the Cushion Sole proposition at once. Our comfort shoes will rid you of corns, bunions, burning feet, tired feet and all the ills that abused feet are heir to. Our comfort shoes work wonders for the relief of troubled feet. We're experts at shoeing men correctly. If you'll turn your feet over to us we'll furnish you with every foot comfort at once.

DR. SAWYER CUSHION SHOES, \$7.50 per pair.

F. SMALLWOOD,

THE HOME OF GOOD SHOES.

IN STOCK!

1000 Barrels

Granulated Sugar,

100 lb., 50 lb., 25 lb., 10 lb. 5 lb. and 2 1/2 lb. Bags.

Domino Crystals, Cube and Powdered Sugar always on hand.

Harvey & Co., LIMITED.

Our Great Summer Sale,

Now in full swing. Wonderful Bargains in ONE-PIECE DRESSES, DRESS MUSLINS, PERCALES, LADIES' BLOUSES, LADIES', MISSES' and CHILDREN'S GINGHAMS, ETC., ETC.

Call to-day and see our Great Bargain Offerings.

William Frew.

MID

As usual, we Sale we will offer

BOYS' KHAKI BELT PIECE SUITS

8 to 16 years. All one price

MISSES' MUSLIN D

Slightly soiled. Retail \$1.50 and \$3.00 to 72c. and \$1.00

BOYS' WASH SU New clean stock, 65c. \$1.50.

Worth from 80c. to

ROBE

Sergeant George Dick

We have little to add this week what was said last week about the death of this brave young fellow through wounds received on 2nd day in the forward movement by the British troops. Sergt Dick was over four years in Newfoundland, where he was employed with Messrs. J. J. & Co., St. John's. He joined the Newfoundland contingent in the beginning of January last year. After coming over to this country with the contingent for training he left Aldershot for the East in August last. Some of his chums who were present at the funeral came through the sea fighting of November last at the dunnels along with him. He afterwards sent to the Force on the Western front, where he received wounds that caused his death on the 12th. The news of his death was sent to his father by telegram from a military hospital there, and was confirmed the next day by an official letter.

Military Funeral.

The remains of Sergt Dick were brought to Largs from the hospital in London where he died, on Saturday and interred in Largs Cemetery with military honours. There was no

T. J. Edens

By S. S. Stephano, Aug. 17, 16. N. Y. Turkeys, N. Y. Chicken, N. Y. Corned Beef.

Bananas, Cal. Oranges, Grape Fruit, Plums—Blue, Plums—Red, Cantaloupes, Pears, Gravenstein Apples, Cal. Lemons, Celery, Tomatoes, Cauliflower, New Potatoes, Native Cabbage, Turnips and Beet.

Fresh Supplies of Baker's Chocolate, Campbell's Soups, Robinson's Groats & Barley, Goodwin's Toilet Soaps, Fidelity Hams & Bacon, Bologna Sausage, Fresh Country Eggs, No. 1 Salmon, 1916 pack.

Use the Tea of Teas, BULLDOG BRAND, 45c. lb. 5 lbs. for \$2.00.

T. J. EDENS

Duckworth Street and Military Road.