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Results from neglected chafing and skin irritation. As a preventive and cure there is no treatment to compare with Dr. Chase's Ointment. Use it after the bath.

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**Dr. Chase's Ointment**

**WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.**

CHAPTER XXIV.

To the Man and the Coward.

"Forgive me, miss," she whispered, "but I love you, and my heart truly bleeds—"

For answer, Olivia laid her cold face against the girl's faithful one and let it rest there.

The time was up; the guests had gathered in the hall with the customary slippers and handkerchiefs of rice. The bride and bridegroom's carriage was at the door.

Pacing to and fro in the study was the old man who was now to lose his darling, only child, the pride, the joy, the solace of his life.

He, too, had borne up well through-out the trying day; but he was feeling that his strength to command himself was growing weaker; and he waited, longing, dreading, for the moment of farewell.

The best man hurried to and fro, glancing at his watch anxiously.

"Time's up," he said to Lord Carfield. "They'll lose the train if they don't mind. Where the deuce has the fellow got to?"

Lord Carfield looked up at the great hall clock.

"He went home to fetch something he had forgotten. That was—oh, an hour since; he should have returned long ago. Perhaps he is with the squire, or somewhere about the place."

The young fellow went to the study door and opened it, then closed it softly and reverently.

"No," he said, anxiously. "The squire is there—alone. Bradstone may be in the house; but I don't see how he could get in without our seeing him. But I'll look."

He was gone four or five minutes; then he came back looking still more worried and anxious.

"He's not in the place, confound

him," he said. "I don't know what to do."

Aunt Amelia came fluttering out of the drawing-room with one elaborately embroidered slipper—which would have fitted a child of four, but which she fondly hoped would be mistaken for her own.

"Where's dear Olivia? Where's Bartley?" she sipped, with an hysterical little giggle. "Isn't it time they started? Why, what is the matter?" she demanded, looking from one to the other of the now silent and curious groups.

"Hang it all," said young Vernon, the best man, "I must do something or I shall get mad. Look here, I'll dash off to The Maples. If I find him there, I'll bring him; if I don't—I mean if he passes me on the way—tell him I've gone on to the station to take the tickets. Every moment will be of consequence. Don't be upset, Miss Vanley," he added to Aunt Amelia, who was already exhibiting signs of hysterics; "it's all right! I'll bet ten to one Mr. Bradstone will be here before I'm back," and he dashed off.

The study door opened and the squire looked out.

"Olivia," he said, "isn't—isn't the time up?"

Lord Carfield went to him, and putting his arm through his, drew him into the study again.

"There's a little delay, squire," he said. "There is plenty of time."

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed, and then there came upon the air the sound of rapidly approaching wheels, a carriage stopped at the door, a groom sprang to the heads of the steaming horses, and Vernon jumped out. Then he turned, and the crowd watching from the hall, saw him help Bradstone out.

He was pale, but for two spots that burned like blood upon his cheeks, and his eyes glittered unnaturally.

"Hurrah! here they are!" said some one. "Look sharp, Bradstone!"

The two men came up the steps into the hall, Vernon with Bradstone's arm in his.

"I'm—I'm late, I'm afraid," stammered Bradstone; "the fact is I was kept by a most important letter involving thousands."

As he spoke, those nearest him noticed that his lips were dry, and that he smelled strongly of brandy. Vernon left him and ran to the study, and Lord Carfield, hearing the shout, came out and seized him by the arm.

"I've got him," whispered Vernon, "but—but—confound it, I have to say it! but—but I think the fellow is more than half drunk!"

"Impossible!" said Lord Carfield, in a low tone of horror.

"But—but I'm afraid it's true, my lord," said Vernon. "I've given him soda water, and made him bathe his head. Oh, Lord! it's too awful to think of! That sweet young creature!" and the young fellow uttered an oath which will probably be forgiven him.

Lord Carfield held the study door

**HELP FOR WORKING WOMEN**

**Some Have to Keep on Until They Almost Drop. How Mrs. Conley Got Help.**

Here is a letter from a woman who had to work, but was too weak and suffered too much to continue. How she regained health:—

Frankfort, Ky.—"I suffered so much with female weakness that I could not do my own work, had to hire it done. I heard so much about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that I tried it. I took three bottles and I found it to be all you claim. Now I feel as well as ever. I did and am able to do all my own work again. I recommend it to any woman suffering from female weakness. You may publish my letter if you wish."—Mrs. JAMES COXLEY, 616 St. Clair St., Frankfort, Ky.

No woman suffering from any form of female troubles should lose hope until she has given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a fair trial.

This famous remedy, the medicinal ingredients of which are derived from native roots and herbs, has for forty years proved to be a most valuable tonic and invigorator of the female organism.

All women are invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass., for special advice,—it will be confidential.



in his hand.

"Keep him out of the squire's sight," he said, in a troubled voice. "I suppose she must go now with him. What can have come to him?"

"Oh, she must go," assented Vernon, despairingly. "Here"—to the footman—"tell Miss—confound it! I mean Mrs. Bradstone's maid—that the carriage is waiting. Be sharp."

The footman was hurrying across the hall, when, forcing his way through the crowd of guests, a man whom everybody recognized as the head keeper, caught him by the arm.

"The squire!" he said, breathlessly. "The squire! Where is he? At once! I must see him!"

"S—sh!" warned the footman, "don't make that noise, Browne. You can't see him now!"

"I must—Lord Carfield."

The earl came forward.

"What is it, Browne? Why are you so excited? What's the matter?"

"Beg pardon, my lord," said the man, agitatedly. "It's murder; that's what's the matter."

**CHAPTER XXV.**

**For Another's Sake.**

"Murder!" It is an awful word. No wonder that a shudder ran through the gayly dressed guests. Even Aunt Amelia may be excused for falling into hysterics, which, of course, she did instantly.

Lord Carfield stepped forward and held up his hand to the keeper, warningly; but the warning gesture came too late. Miss Amelia's shrieks were ringing through the vaulted hall, and at the head of the stairs, looking down upon the scene of confusion and consternation, stood Olivia. Bestie was by her side with her traveling wrap over her arm, and instinctively she stretched out her hand and grasped her mistress. So the two girls stood and waited.

"Now, my man," said Lord Carfield, sternly, "if you haven't taken leave of your senses, tell me what has happened."

The keeper looked round, confused in his excitement by the crowd of anxious faces, and still more by the sight of the squire, who came forward and stood beside the earl.

"Shall we go in the library?" whispered Lord Carfield.

The squire shook his head and glanced round.

"It is too late now," he replied, in as low a tone. "He may as well speak out before them now. Go on, Browne."

The keeper touched his front lock. "I beg your pardon, squire, but I'm skeard-like. It—it come so sudden. I was passing through the wood to the big tent, when I see it lying on the ground just by the felled oak there—"

"Saw what?" said the earl.

"The woman, my lord," replied Browne, with a shudder. "I—I thought, seein' as she was a stranger, that—beggin' your pardon, my lord—she might have had too much drink in the tent—some of 'em has, you see

—and was just lyin' asleep; but when I stooped down to wake her, I saw that she was—dead."

A thrill of horror ran through the group of silent listeners. Death is a grim visitor at all seasons; but at a marriage feast!

"Dead!" echoed the earl.

"Yes, my lord; quite dead. There weren't no difficulty in telling how, for there was the wound in her side plain enough. She'd been shot, squire; shot."

Bessie's hand closed more tightly on Olivia's.

"I called out for help, squire, and then—"

He stopped and hesitated, like a man reluctant to go farther.

"Go on," said the earl, gravely.

"Well, my lord, a gentleman came up. I—I think he was waiting near. I—I don't know; but he came up at once. He—he—says to me"—he stopped again and looked troubled—"Go for the constable, Browne. You'll find him at the entrance to the lawn. I'll wait and watch here. I—I ran off at once, and I found the policeman and sent him to the wood, and—and then I came on here."

There was a moment's silence, then Lord Carfield said, solemnly: "Who was this gentleman, Browne?"

The keeper opened his lips, and, glancing round, hesitated.

"Am I to say, squire?" he asked.

Before the squire could reply, a roar as of an approaching crowd reached the hall. It came nearer and nearer, until it seemed as if it were just outside; then, as the footman opened the door, the wedding guests saw an immense throng of people gathered outside. The policeman, with another man beside him, separated themselves from the mass, and walked into the hall.

A thrill of surprise ran through the spectators, for the man beside whom the policeman stood so closely and watchfully was Harold Faradene. His ordinarily pale face was graver than usual, but it was perfectly calm, and he looked round and met the curious gaze of those about him with a calm steadfastness. For a moment only, as he saw Olivia on the staircase, his eyes wavered and his lips trembled; then he seemed to recover himself, and stood silent and self-possessed.

"Faradene!" exclaimed the squire. "What is this?" and he went toward him agitatedly.

If Faradene intended responding, the constable prevented him. Almost stepping in between him and the squire, he said, respectfully enough, but firmly:

(To be Continued.)

Usually the fitted effect is merely suggested in smart waists.

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This is to prove that every corn which stays and hurts is folly.

Lovers of dainty footwear are bound to start corns. But nobody needs to keep them.

At the first sign—or anytime—apply a Blue-jay plaster. That ends all pain. And it ends the corn. In two days it disappears. You know that paining never cures.

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Now you should know Blue-jay. It has ended 70 million corns. To a world of men and women it has brought perpetual freedom.

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Our process has a wonderful scope for cleaning all sorts of garments and material. Elaborate or fragile texture, as laces, silks, chiffons, and all tender materials, which cannot be cleaned by this process without injury.

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Have just opened our new Spring Suitings. We were fortunate in securing a splendid range of

**English Worsteds and Irish and Scotch Tweeds.**

Notwithstanding the scarcity of the woollens and the drawbacks in freights, we are able to show as good a selection as before the war. The latest in cut, the best in make. Write for samples and self-measuring cards.

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Direct from the British markets, Ladies' New

**Autumn and Winter Coats.**

This lot embraces all the leading styles, perfectly tailored in the newest and most reliable materials. Call and see them to-day.

**William Frew.**

**Read The Telegram**

**Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.**

The Home Dressmaker should have a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



1590—Ladies' Costume with Sleeves in Wrist Length, with or without Deep Cuff or in Short Length with or without Flare Cuff.

This portrays a very smart style, suitable for any of the combinations now in vogue. In blue poplin or moire, with satin to match or green serge and matched satin it will make a very handsome gown for afternoon or calling. The waist has surplice fronts which form a yoke over the upper part. The sleeve may be finished in wrist length with a simulated or added deep cuff or in short length with a new flare cuff. The skirt is cut with ample fullness and has platted extensions at the sides of the front panel. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 will require 6 yards of 44 inch material for a Medium size. The skirt measures 3 1/2 yards at its lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

**A PRACTICAL UNDERGARMENT.**



1838—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Undershirt.

This style is good for batiste, main-sbook, lawn, crepe and silk. The cover is cut in round neck outline. The skirt has three gores, lengthened by a gathered flounce. Lace or embroidery form a suitable trimming. The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. ....

Size .....

Address in full:—

Name .....

.....

Burnt goosefeathers is a curious new decoration for a hat brim.

Black satin gowns have corraages of black chantilly or fantasy net.

Many varieties of the long tunic are being used for the dressy skirts.

The most liked trimmings are those which are at once simple and rich.

**War News**

**Messages Received Previous to 9**

**BERLIN OFFICIAL.**

BERLIN, Sept. 15.—An official announcement, under date of Sept. 15th, says an arrangement has been made to bring to Germany Greek troops were at Kavala, in North Greece; at the time of the arrival of the Bulgarian forces, which of the eastern portion of Greek donia. The announcement shows German troops co-operated with Bulgarians in the occupation territory.

**TROUBLE IN HAMBURG.**

AMSTERDAM, Sept. 15.—A despatch to the Exchange graph Company says that food occurred in Hamburg on Saturday evening. According to Berlin, a mob of angry women raided shops which had been closed of a shortage of meat and vegetables while another crowd, composed before the town hall, shouting with the Junkers; down with the torturers. Thirty-seven were arrested. Two policemen badly injured by stones through windows.

**THE MEN HOLDING ON.**

LONDON, Sept. 15.—A conference between representatives of the railway companies and their employees who had been in session for the past two days in London broke up to-day because of the refusal to entertain the companies' offers to their insistence upon a 10 per cent shillings advance in pay which had demanded and which they refused to grant. It is still possible the conference may be resumed tomorrow.

**ENTENTE POWERS NOT Satisfied.**

ATHENS, Sept. 15.—The Entente Powers are not satisfied with the programme outlined by Demitracopolis, who accepted the premiership in Athens on Saturday. He has, therefore, announced the effort to form a cabinet.

**BRITISH MAKE FURTHER GAINS.**

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The British have made further gains on the Somme front. On Sunday, it was announced officially.

**OFFICIAL.**

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The British official issued tonight stated that the generation was unchanged. South of the Ancre reciprocal artillery engagements continue. On the front between Arras and Ypres, artillery trench mortars were active during the evening. A German mine near Neuville St. Vaast was considerable aerial fighting. Hostile machines were brought in flames, and another was being ground. One of our aeroplanes is missing.

**BULGARIANS REPLICATED.**

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The Times' Roumanian correspondent to-day, says that the Bulgarians on Tuesday attacked the Russian position at Lipnitz, but were pushed after a fight lasting six days. They lost eight guns.

**SERBIA VS. BULGARIA.**

PARIS, Sept. 15.—Serbians and Bulgarians engaged in violent fighting on the danian front.

**FRENCH SUCCESS CREATES ENTHUSIASM.**

LONDON, Sept. 15.—The big bite the French took on the German front on Tuesday, a great prominence by newspapers and commented upon with enthusiasm. Every Frenchman arouses immense enthusiasm for the British army and makes out as most as happy as if they had done themselves. One of the correspondents with the army in France graphed: "I believe the French towards us is as cordial as towards them. I doubt if ever before they have two Allies worked so well with such perfect unanimity and more ungrudging admiration for the others gallantry." The

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They gently stimulate the stomach—purge the bowels. These benefits are particularly such times when nature their vitality. The next time you feel ill, take Beck's Pills.

**Give Out**

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**Always Look Before You Leap :-**

BY DORGAN.



OH YES I'M SO GLAD THAT YOU CAME, COUNT!

LET ME TAKE YOUR HAT AND CAME!

HAVE A CHAIR, COUNT!

SUFFICATED WITH PLEASURE BUT—

NOT NOW!