

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXIII.
The Assassin.

The words and action of the woman were unnoticed in the excitement, and she slipped back behind the crowd and was instantly swallowed up.

Mr. Bartley Bradstone's face could not have looked whiter than it had done, and after the first start of alarm as the flowers struck him in the face, and the woman's mocking voice rang in his ears, he collected himself sufficiently to force a smile, which he bestowed upon the lines of people.

As the carriages dashed off to the Grange the crowd of spectators closed up behind them and followed in the same direction, for the squire had invited every man and woman and child to a good, old roast-beef-and-beer banquet, which was to be served in a huge marquee on the lawn.

In a whirl of excitement the guests thronged into the drawing-room. There is an old-fashioned custom which ordains that the bride shall hold a kind of levee in the interval between the ceremony and the breakfast, and Olivia took her place in the drawing-room to receive the usual homage.

She was still pale, and the absent, preoccupied expression was just as marked as it had been in the church, and her voice as she spoke to one and another seemed like that of one who was repeating some well-learned lesson.

The ordeal—for it is an ordeal to even the ordinary commonplace bride, with happiness to help her through it—passed, and the party went into the dining-room.

Most wedding breakfasts or lunches are alike, and there was the usual amount of chatter and laughter among the young people, mingled with the clatter of knives and forks, and the popping of champagne corks. Bartley Bradstone sat beside Olivia, making a pretense of eating, and trying to talk and look at his ease; but the bridegroom is not much noticed on these occasions—so utterly disregarded, in fact, that it would seem almost possible to give the play of "Marriage" with the part of the bridegroom left out. But all eyes wandered to the bride, the loveliest and most charming girl in the county; and many a young fellow who had, perhaps for years, cherished somewhere in the bottom of his soul a vague hope that he might win her for himself, felt his heart throb and ache as he looked at her in her pure loveliness and realized that she was lost to him forever.

The servants did their spritling nimbly, and before very long the bishop, who had been carrying on a dual flirtation of a mild order with Annie and Mary, laughed softly, looked round with a blandly benedictory air and rose to propose the bride and bridegroom.

No man could do this kind of thing better than his grace, and eyes grew moist and the lace handkerchiefs fluttered, as, in melting tones, he wished the dear and well-beloved child of a beloved and honored parent all happiness in this and the next world.

That Awful Ache of Lumbago Rubbed Away For All Time

Hoosah! No More Suffering—Every Ache Goes Quick.

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Lumbago is a peculiar sort of rheumatic trouble that affects the muscles about the loins and back. At times its agony is intense. Severe spasms of pain shoot in all directions, and become more severe on stooping.

In treating lumbago or stiff in the back, it is necessary to keep warmly covered to prevent a sudden chill. Attend to this, and then apply Nerviline freely.

Almost instantly you feel its warm soothing action. Right through the cords and muscles the healing power of Nerviline penetrates.

Quick as a wink you feel the stiffness lessening. You realize that a powerful pain-subduing remedy is at

WOMAN SO WEAK COULD NOT SLEEP

Made Well by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

North Oxford, Mass.—"I had lost three children and I was all run down and so weak I could not sleep at night. My eyesight would leave me and everything I ate upset my stomach. I was very nervous and if I would start to sleep I would have to stop and lie down before I could finish. I was looking over the paper one day and read of a woman who felt as I did and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I took it too. Now I am proud to tell you I am feeling fine and have given birth to a boy baby. He is my 'Pinkham' baby. I keep a bottle of Compound in my house always."—Mrs. FERRIS MARCO, Box 54, North Oxford, Mass.

Sleeplessness, indigestion, weakness, and nervousness are symptoms which indicate a lowered vitality of the female organism, and the tonic, strengthening properties of the good old fashioned roots and herbs, contained in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are just what is needed by every woman who is in Mrs. Marco's condition.

For free advice in regard to any annoying symptom write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (Confidential), Lynn, Mass.

Bartley Bradstone fidgeted with his wineglass, which he had permitted the butler to fill pretty frequently; but Olivia sat white and impassive as a statue.

Then, after the well-bred cheering had subsided, all eyes were turned upon the bridegroom. His face flushed and went pale by turns as he rose, and for a moment it seemed as if he would sit down without saying a word; but he seized his full glass and drank off the wine it contained, and started, nervously at first, but presently felt into his usual bombastic, self-satisfied tone, and declared his intention of making his wife happy if he spent every shilling in the attempt.

People exchanged glances, the men of cold, critical contempt, the women with a little shudder; but they applauded him as in duty bound, and as he sat down Lord Carfield rose to propose the remaining toast—the health of the squire.

In few, well-chosen words, which in themselves and in the manner of their delivery presented a striking contrast to the last speaker, he spoke of his deep regard and affection for his old neighbour, who was not only the lord of their manor, but of their hearts, and declared that, speaking for himself, he felt that he, too, had lost, like the squire, a well-beloved daughter.

And now for the first time, as the squire just rose and bowed—too moved to speak, his aristocratic, high-bred face working visibly in his attempt to suppress his emotion—for the first time a change came over Olivia's white face. It seemed to melt as did the Snow Maiden's, but not into a smile. Her lips quivered and trembled, and as she raised her eyes to the old man's face, a tear rolled down her cheek. Then Aunt Amelia made a signal to the rest of the ladies, Bartley Bradstone looked at his watch—a silver one, by the way—and said to Olivia: "There's just—just an hour and five minutes; don't hurry—I mean I'll keep the carriage a few minutes for you."

"Very well," she said, without looking at him, and she followed her aunt out of the room. Annie and Mary seized her at the door and hurried her upstairs. Beatie was waiting for her with her traveling dress laid out on the bed, and everything that required packing ready to start.

She glanced at her beloved mistress with an inquiring look, and her eyes grew moist as she saw that the cold, stony look which had been upon her white face still dwelt there.

"Are you tired, Miss Ol—ma'am?" she said, coloring at her mistake. Olivia started and stared at her; then, seeming to realize all that had happened to her in the loss of the maiden prefix, she made a gesture of assent, and sank into the old chair in which she had spent so many hours of late, dreaming of the past and dreading the future.

Beatie bent over her. "Wouldn't you like to rest, miss? There is plenty of time; I can dress you in half an hour."

Olivia raised her eyes to the face of the devoted girl. "Oh, if I could!" she breathed. Beatie turned to the others instantaneously, and said, firmly, but respectfully: "Miss Olivia—my mistress would like to rest a little while, ma'am, if you wouldn't mind leaving her."

"To rest, my dear Olivia!" exclaimed Aunt Amelia; but Annie and Mary, after a glance at the white, weary face of the bride, took the old lady gently by the arm and drew her out of the room.

Then Beatie tenderly, but quickly, took off the wedding finery, and, wrapping Olivia in a soft dressing-gown, put a pillow under her head, and drew the curtains over the window.

"Try and sleep, ma'am," she said, in the loving voice of a sister rather than a servant. "I will wake you—"

"Sleep!" said Olivia, in a voice of despair, but she turned her head from the light and closed her eyes.

Meanwhile the guests of the gentler sex were drinking tea in the drawing-room or flirting with some of the young fellows upon the terrace. Bartley Bradstone moved from one group to the other restlessly, for a few minutes, then, after glancing at his watch for the third or fourth time in a quarter of an hour, he went up to the squire.

"I'll just run over to The Maples," he said, with eyes that carefully avoided the squire's. "I—I—there are one or two things I have forgotten. It will not take me long."

"Let me send for them," said the squire, going toward the bell. "It is a pity you should trouble."

"No, no," he replied quickly. "I shall have to go. You—you need not tell Olivia. I shall be back long before she is down."

"Very well," said the squire. "Take any carriage you can find."

"Take mine, pray," Lord Carfield called after him.

The squire sighed as, with a hurried step, his son-in-law left the room. "It has been a trying day for Bradstone," he said.

"Yes, it is always so, when the bridegroom is really in love with the bride," said Lord Carfield.

The squire pressed his hand. "Thank you for that, Carfield," he murmured, and his voice trembled with emotion. "Yes, I know that he loves her, and that—and that is everything."

"Is everything," echoed the earl, encouragingly.

Bartley Bradstone almost ran down the terrace steps, and stopped before one of the long line of carriages which stood in the drive; then, as if he had changed his mind, he glanced at his watch and hurried down the avenue.

After going a hundred yards or so he pulled up and looked round. Not a soul was in sight; almost the whole village was feasting in the marquee, from which shouts and laughter floated toward him, and, climbing the low park railing, he, running now, made his way into the wood.

The clock struck the hour; three minutes afterward he emerged from among the trees into the open space where he had arranged to meet Bella. She was not there. While yet breathless he flung himself on to the trunk of the tree, and, taking off his hat, mopped his wet forehead.

Five, ten minutes passed; he got up and paced to and fro with his watch in his hand, cursing and chafing.

Sleepless Nights

You can't sleep because the nerves are irritable and exhausted. You can't give you any better help, but Dr. Chase's Nerve Food can.

It cures sleeplessness, irritability, nervous headache, etc., by restoring vigor and vitality to the run-down and exhausted nervous system. The benefits obtained are both thorough and lasting. 50 cents a box, 2 for \$1.00. All druggists, or Edman-son, Bates & Co., Ltd., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

Then he heard a laugh, the laugh that had made him writhe yesterday, and she stood before him. For a minute she stood and looked at him with a mocking smile that scarcely harmonized with a certain angry light in her black eyes, and a hard tightening of her lips.

"Well," she said, eyeing him up and down. "So you were too afraid to stop away, were you? By Heaven! you were right. Do you know what I would have done if you hadn't come?"

"Well, I'm here, am I not?" he exclaimed, timidly. "What are you going to do, Bella? Don't—don't be too hard upon me—"

"Hard upon you!" she echoed. "As if anybody could be too hard upon you. You! Do you know what I meant to do if you hadn't turned up? I'll tell you." She came a step nearer. "I meant to go up to the house—"

"What it called, your father-in-law's grand place?" (no words would convey an idea of the diabolical mockery of her tone)—"your father-in-law's place, and ask for you. I don't think they'd have refused me, when I'd told them who and what I was to you."

"For God's sake, don't go on like this, Bella," he said, nervously, his eyes half-raised imploringly. "I'm—I'm at your mercy, I know. If—if you had turned up before yesterday, if it had only been the day before, I wouldn't have done this; but—but it was too late then. I—I couldn't break it off."

"You're a nice villain, ain't you?" she sneered. "I wonder what they'd do to you if I up and told them all, eh?"

"God knows," he said, hoarsely. "But you won't do that, for your own sake."

"For my own sake," she repeated, advancing upon him threateningly. "Why should I care? I wouldn't mind. Don't you dare me! If you only know what a little would make me do it, how I'm simply dying for the fun that it would make, you wouldn't talk like that, you scoundrel!"

(To be Continued.)

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

Possibly, the feature of incandescent gas lighting most frequently noted by casual observers is the great ease with which tasks, ordinarily arduous under artificial light may be performed under the Weisbach gas mantle. The light has a peculiarly "soft" quality, difficult to describe, but which is readily recognized by those who have had experience with the gas mantle lamp.

In its general effect upon bodily health and comfort, the use of incandescent gas lighting is decidedly favorable. The currents of air set up by the burning gas improves ventilation, tending to expel the air vitiated by respiration and draw in fresh air to replace it. Harmful or dangerous disease germs are instantly destroyed in the flame. The extent to which this effect takes place may be verified by placing a gas lamp close to a ceiling without any provision for interfering with the up-rushing air currents. The charred particles which collect immediately above the lamp are the remains of dust particles which before passing through the flames were laden with germs and microbes. Actual experiments have shown that the burning of gas lamps in rooms previously containing bacteria, resulted in absolute sterilization of the air.

Contrary to the popular notion the temperature of rooms lighted by incandescent gas lamps is seldom markedly greater than under incandescent electric light, even under unfavorable conditions of ventilation, while in rooms provided with the ventilating facilities required by the demands of hygiene, the temperature in gas-lighted rooms is frequently lower.

J. J. M. W. F.

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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.

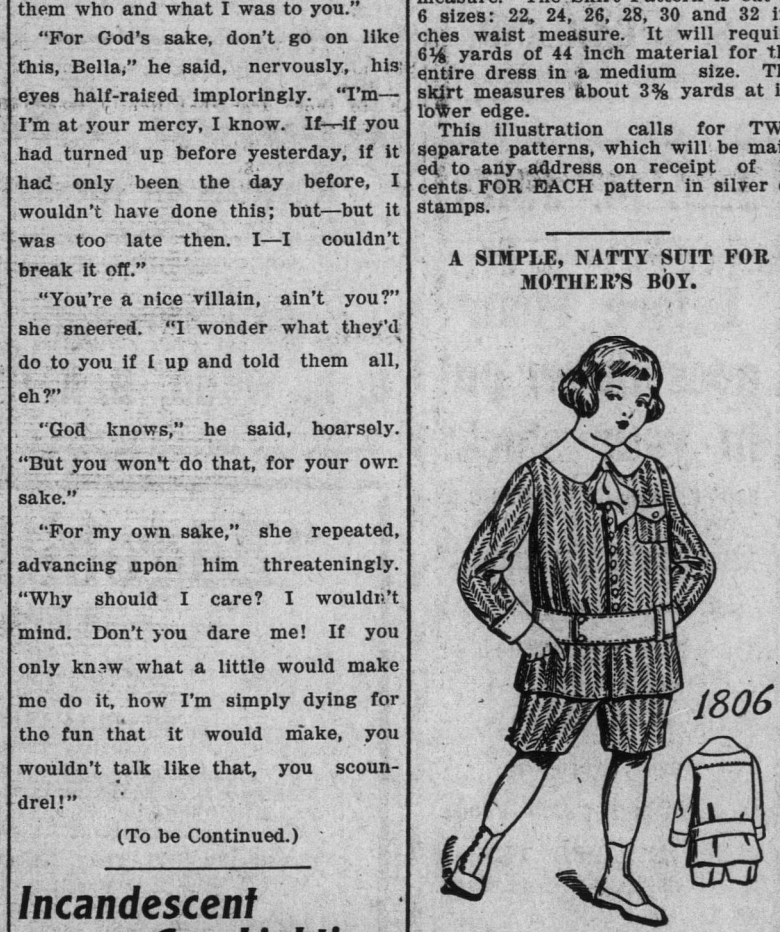
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Waist—1814. Skirt—1815. Pompadour silk is here combined with plain taffeta. The back and front are joined to side sections in bolero effect. The sleeve is smart in its close-fitting wrist length. The skirt has full side portions joined to a round yoke. At the front the skirt forms a panel. Ladies' Waist Pattern 1814 and Ladies' Skirt Pattern 1815 combine to make this attractive model. The Waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The Skirt Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It will require 6 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for the entire dress in a medium size. The skirt measures about 3 1/2 yards at its lower edge.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns, which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

A SIMPLE, NATTY SUIT FOR MOTHER'S BOY.



1806—Serge, chevilot, velvet, velvet-reen, galatea, linen, corduroy, linen and galatea are lovely for this style. The blouse or coat is cut on simple lines. The trousers are mannish with their straight edge. The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. It requires 2 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 4 year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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HOW TO MAKE A SECURE PEACE.

(By the Rt. Hon. Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, P.C., M.P., Ex-President of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches.)

The gloom which gathered over Great Britain and her Allies a year ago has drifted to Central Europe. It is now the German Empire and its dependencies which have lost their former place in the sun. The Power which determines destiny appears no longer propitious to them. "The Lord looked . . . through the pillar of fire and of the cloud and troubled the host of the Egyptians."

This will presently bring about a crisis demanding caution and self-control. It is to this country that Europe will look for a decision. To what ultimate point should our victory be pressed? Now the British are the paymasters to whom the Allies look and without whom further progress would be impossible. We have risen from a modest beginning to be the leaders in the combination—a great naval and military Power whose judgment is decisive. This responsibility imposes upon us a conscientious estimate of the object to be attained in proportion to the sacrifice to be made. We have not suffered as some others have done; our territories are practically intact, and no fear of exhaustion tempts us to make peace.

For the moment we are hacking our way through the hard shell of the German trenches, but all Flanders and Northern France is not honey-combed for defence, and when an evacuation becomes inevitable it will proceed far more rapidly than many anticipate in order that the enemy may save men and material for the defence of the Rhine. A strong man may keep a fever at bay up to the last, but he capitulates more completely than one apparently weaker, and his sudden collapse means death. It is hardly likely that Germany will retain her grip of Belgium at the expense of a German province. When the Russians cross the eastern frontier the western defence must weaken.

With the retirement of the German armies from Belgium a military raid of these islands will have become so remote that it may be left out of account. Our home garrisons will then be available to a greater extent than hitherto for foreign service, and we shall probably not maintain so large a number of men in this country. In spite of our misfortunes in the Dardanelles and Mesopotamia, Turkey must know that she is doomed. Between the upper and nether millstones she will be ground to pieces, thankful for any terms which would include the Calliphate, if indeed it is not late to recover the Holy Places.

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