



WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXX.
"Quits."

He was so absorbed in his reflections that he entered the Grange avenue without noticing it, and, suddenly looking up, he found himself by the rail over which he had leaped when he went to meet Bella-Bella. He stopped for a moment, and glared fearfully toward the shadows of the wood, then, with a shudder and a shake, as if a chill had fallen on him, hurried on.

The squire was out, the butler said, and Miss Olivia—he begged pardon, Mrs. Bradstone—was lying down, and not well enough to see anyone. Would he come in and wait for the squire?"

Bartley Bradstone shook his head, and turned aside that the man might not see the evil look that crossed his face. At that moment Bessie crossed the hall, and he called her.

"Here," he said, "Just give this to Mrs. Bradstone, and tell her that I am so glad to hear she was able to go out to-day."

In taking out the letter, he also pulled out Faradeane's, which he thrust back hurriedly into his breast pocket. Then he went down the steps. At the bottom he paused and looked round, thinking he would go home by a road that avoided the awful spot; but he set his hat firmly on his head, and clinched his teeth, muttering:

"No, no; no use giving way like that. I shall have to pass the cursed place half-a-dozen times a day in the future."

He walked down the avenue, but, though he had nerved himself to the utmost, as he approached the particular railing his heart began to thud and his cheeks to whiten. And suddenly, as he neared in the direction of the glade, his heart seemed to stop beat-

ing and his brain to whirl, for there, there on the very spot, was something, something in the shape and hue of a woman's dress coming toward him. Was it a living woman or—

With a low cry of horror he staggered, and clutched at the railing with both hands to keep himself from falling, for his knees bent under him, still staring at the dimly-seen figure.

A second or two, that seemed like years, passed in that awful suspense; then the figure—living or dead—disappeared among the trees.

With a moan of terror he managed to stand upright, and, mopping his livid face with his handkerchief, struggled for courage to call out.

His voice came at last, and huskily and feebly he called:

"Who's there?"

No answer came. He waited for a minute, until the use of his legs came back to him, then set off, as fast as his trembling limbs would permit, down the avenue.

Almost before he had reached the lodge, the figure came out from among the trees, and gliding from the shelter of one trunk to another, made for the railing and looked after him.

Then, if Bartley Bradstone could have summoned up courage to look back, he would have seen that what he had taken for the wrath of the woman he had shot was Seth the gypsy, clad in an ordinary carter's frock and wearing a slouch hat that nearly concealed his face.

Seth got over the fence and, stood looking up and down the avenue warily. The smock was torn with brambles, Seth's face looked grimy and drink-worn, and there was a furtive, sinister gleam in his black, cunning eyes.

"Give you a fright, did I, Master Bradstone!" he muttered, huskily. "I'll give you one or two more afore I've done with you."

Then he was about to leap over the railing back into the wood again, when something white lying on the ground where Bartley Bradstone had been standing, caught his eye.

He pounced upon it as only a lurcher or a gypsy can, and turned it over with eager curiosity.

It was the letter containing Bartley Bradstone's confession, which he had pulled out from his pocket with his handkerchief.

Seth shrugged his shoulders. "Only a letter. 'Tain't no use to me; if it 'ud been his hankercher, now!" With a contemptuous grimace he tore it in half, and was about to fling it away, when he stopped his hand. "I dunno," he muttered, "perhaps I'd better keep it; he might give me something for it. I'll offer it him anyhow." And he thrust it carelessly into his trousers-pocket.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"We Shall Save Him Yet."

Bessie took the note up to Olivia's room, and found her still kneeling beside the bed, her arms stretched out upon the white coverlid in utter exhaustion; and yet the hands were



HEY! THERE,
your premises are afire. Are you prepared for such an emergency? That's our question, and which refers to insurance.

WHEN BURNING IT'S TOO LATE TO INSURE.
Now is the time. Give us your order and we will write you a policy at once.

OUR STRONG COMPANIES GIVE AMPLE SECURITY.

PERCIE JOHNSON,
Insurance Agent.

moving to and fro restlessly, as if the brain were racked by anxious thought.

Bessie bent over her and softly drew the long hair from her face, which was burning hot.

"Ah, miss, you will be ill again!" she said, reproachfully. "And he said I was to take care of you."

"Yes! It is always of me or some one else he is thinking!" Olivia moaned, impatiently. "Always of some one else—never of himself. Oh, Bessie, what shall I do to save him? What shall I do? Every hour, every minute, that slips by so stealthily and so swiftly, adds to the danger. I can't think; I can't even pray. What shall I do?" and she wrung her hands.

"Hush, hush, miss!" murmured Bessie, soothingly. "Something will be done; the truth must come to light."

But though she tried to speak confidently, her voice trembled, and she had to turn her face away.

"Yes, the truth will come to light when it is too late and they have—killed him. Oh, if there was only some one I could go to, some one to help me! If I were only a man instead of a weak, feeble woman! What is that?" she broke off sharply, as she caught sight of the note in Bessie's hand.

Bessie held it out reluctantly.

"From him!" panted Olivia.

"No, from—Mr. Bradstone, miss," replied Bessie, pronouncing the name as if with an effort.

Olivia drew the hand back as if the envelope had power to sting her; then she took it slowly and read it.

With a cry she let the letter fall from her hand, and flung them before her face as if to shut out some fearful sight. Bessie flew to her with an exclamation; but suddenly Olivia's emotion seemed to change, and, darting upon the letter, took it to the window and read it again with dilating eyes. Then she turned and grasped Bessie's arm.

"Bessie," she whispered, hoarsely, a strange thrill in her voice, a strange light seeming to shine upon her face, "did you ever doubt his innocence? Did you? Did you?" she demanded, feverishly.

Bessie looked at her indignantly.

"No; nor I! But if I had, if even for a moment such a doubt had entered my heart, I should doubt no longer! Do you know why?" and her grasp tightened upon Bessie's arm and stiffened her. "I will tell you! Because Mr. Bradstone says that he saw him do it!"

Bessie shrank back with a low cry of horror.

"Says—Oh, no, no, miss!"

"Yes. Listen! No, I will not sully my lips with the lie—for it is a lie! If it had been true, he would not have waited until now! Ah, no!" She stopped and looked before her into vacancy, her dark brows drawn straight. "No, he would not have waited; he would have been only too glad to tell it. Then—her voice dropped still lower—"why does he say it now? Why? why? Help me, Bessie," and her hands worked convulsively. "There is some reason. Ah!" she started and shrank, and her face went white. "I see!"

Panting and trembling, Bessie clung to her.

"Oh, what is it, miss? What is it you think you have found out?"

"I have found out this: I am sure that Mr. Bradstone knows who committed the murder!" replied Olivia, almost inaudibly.

Bessie's brain reeled, and it was she

who clung to Olivia for support—Olivia, who every moment seemed to be gaining greater physical and mental strength.

"He—he knows, and he says it was Mr. Para— Oh, Miss Olivia!" and she began to cry.

"Hush, hush! Let us think!" said Olivia, almost sternly. "Why does he accuse him? Why does Bartley Bradstone screen the real criminal? Is it some friend—some one he knows? Ah, I cannot see; it is all dark! If there were only some one to help me! But there is no one, no one, if Bertie—"

She stopped with a cry. "But I sent him away! I have brought trouble, nothing but trouble to all who— who loved me!" and she hung her head and sighed. "He will not speak, he will keep silent, but Bartley Bradstone will not be silent. He will tell this lie in open court, and—"

She stopped, and a shudder shook her from head to foot. Then she was silent for a moment, still thinking deeply. Suddenly she looked up. "Bertie may be in England; no one can tell. If he were—he loves him, I know. Bessie, you must go to London—"

"Me! To London!" said Bessie, with a start; then almost instantly she added, quietly, "Yes, miss, I can be ready in a quarter of an hour," and she drew herself up and stood with flashing eyes expectantly.

Olivia drew her toward her and kissed her.

"Now listen to me," she said, in a low voice, that was firm and steady for the first time since the awful day of the wedding—and the murder. "First, Bessie, go to Lord Carfield's—I will give you a note." She darted to her desk and wrote rapidly. "It is asking him to tell me Lord Bertie's address. If he says he does not know it, go to London to the detective—Mr. McAndrew, of whom you have told me—and tell him to find out if Lord Bertie is in England or within reach. If he is, Mr. McAndrew is to give him this message: 'Olivia Vanley—'"

She stopped, and her face grew red and then white. "No, 'Olivia,' only Olivia, wants you to come to her on a matter of life or death. That is all. He will ask you for money, very likely."

"No, 'Olivia,' only Olivia, wants you to come to her on a matter of life or death. That is all. He will ask you for money, very likely."

She flew to her jewel-case, which Bessie had arranged, and snatched the first thing that came to hand.

It was Faradeane's present. Her lips quivered and her eyes filled with tears as she looked at it, and she was putting it back in the case, when she stayed her hand and exclaimed, suddenly:

"Yes, this! How better could I use it than in his service? Take this and give it to Mr. McAndrew. You will find him at Scotland Yard; see, I have written down the address. Telegraph to me, or come back to me with the news; and, oh, Bessie, remember that you and I, two helpless women, are trying to save the life of the man who saved yours, and who is risking his life now to screen some one else!"

Bessie gave a great sob, then set her teeth hard, and hurried from the room.

In half an hour she had reached Carfield Towers and delivered the note. Lord Carfield came out to her, as she was waiting in the brougham.

"Tell your mistress, my girl," he said, sadly, "that I am as ignorant as she is of my son's whereabouts. Of course, it is on account of Mr. Faradeane and this terrible mystery that she wants him?"

(To be Continued.)

NERVOUS HEADACHE

Nervous, sick headaches tell of exhausted nerves, and warn you of approaching prostration or paralysis. By enriching the Blood Dr. Chase's Nerve Food restores the wasted nerve cells and thoroughly cures headaches, sleeplessness and other nervous disorders.

50 Cents a Box, all Dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

BOOKS FOR HIGHER EDUCATION EXAMS.

AND ALL OTHERS NOW IN STOCK.

PRIMARY.

Literature—Richard of the Lion Heart, Ballads of British History. History—Blackie's History Reader, Book 3; Cambridge History Reader, Book 2.

Hygiene—The Way to Health, Part 1. PRELIMINARY.

Literature—Richard of the Lion Heart, Xmas Carol, Ballads of British History, Book 1.

History—Nelson's Highroads, Book 4A. Prothero's, Gardiner's, Part 1.

Hygiene—The Way to Health, Books 1 and 2. Scripture History—St. Luke. Geometry—Hall and Stevens' Geometry, Part 1.

Latin—Macmillan's Shorter Latin, Part 1.

Book-keeping—Thornton's Primer and Easy Exercises.

School Management—A Primer of School Method, or Practical School Method.

Domestic Economy—Chamber's Home Management Manuals, 1 and 2.

Algebra—First Algebra, by Baker and Bourne; Hall & Knight's, Blackie's.

INTERMEDIATE.

Literature—A Book of English Prose, Gray's Elegy.

Geometry—Hall & Stevens', Books 1, 2 and 3.

History—Gardiner's Outlines, 55 to 130; Hist. Geography of the British Colonies, Prothero's.

Navigation—Macmillan's Primer of Navigation.

Chemistry & Physics—Jones', Gregory & Simmonds.

Household Science—Home Management Manuals, 1, 2 and 3.

Latin—Macmillan's Shorter Latin Course, Part 2; Eutropius, Macmillan's Elementary Classics.

Greek—First Greek Book, by White.

French—Stepmann's Primary French, Part 2.

Office Routine—The Beginner's Guide to Office Work.

School Management—Garlick's Primer of School Method, Practical School Method, Cox & McDonald.

Scripture History—Old Testament History.

ASSOCIATE.

English—Henry VIII., Julius Caesar, Saul and Rabbi Ben Ezra, Essays and Tales, by Joseph Addison.

Literature—Richard II., Quentin Durward.

Navigation—Hall's Theory & Practice of Navigation.

Elementary Lectures on Teaching, or Manual of Method, Garlick Fitch; Foster's & Shore's Physiology.

Algebra—Baker & Bourne's Elem. Algebra, or Hall & Knight's Elem. Algebra.

Trigonometry—Hall & Knight's, Pendlebury's.

Euclid—Euclid, Books 1-4. Latin—Caesar, Book 2; Cicero—in Catinian, Canto Prima.

Greek—Xenophon's Anabasis, Book 1; Euripides' Alceste, by Garlick's Primer of School Method, Practical School Method, Cox & McDonald.

Geology—Geikie's Classbook of Geology.

Hygiene—Practical Domestic Hygiene.

Elementary Physics—Lessons in Physics, by Higgins.

S. E. GARLAND,
Leading Bookseller.

"Dogs Head" Brand,

"Bass Ale" and "Guinness's" Stout,

QUARTS

As we have a large stock of QUARTS to dispose of during the remaining 3 months we will accept a reduced price to clear.

J. C. BAIRD.
Water Street.

Fountain and Stylographic Pens!

We have a large stock of both. The Fountain Pens priced from 25c. to \$6.00, and the Stylos from 55c. to \$1.75 each.

The "Beaver" Fountain Pen, 25c. 35c. and 70c. each.
The "Camel" Fountain Pen, with Gold Pen, \$1.75.
The "Falcon" Fountain Pen, 45c.
The "B. & H." Self-Filling Fountain, fitted with Gold Pen. Prices \$1.75 and \$2.50.
The "Temco" Fountain Pen, a pen of superior writing qualities, fitted with 14k. Gold Pen. Price \$5.00.
The "Onoto," a self-filler, built to last a lifetime, \$4.50 each; gold band, \$5.50.
STYLO PENS.
The "British Bulldog," 55c.
The "Scott's Collie" in mottled vulcanite, 75c.
The "St. Bernard," large ink holding capacity, 95c.

GARRETT BYRNE,
Bookseller & Stationer.

Ladies' Coats,

FOR FALL AND WINTER NOW SHOWING AT

BLAIR'S

Our Values are Absolutely the Best Obtainable.

This year's style in Coats is distinctive. The Coat with the flare (or wide) skirt is the mode. Coats this year are either without belts or come with a half belt effect. This is quite different from last season's Military Coat, which had a belt all round and was much lighter in the skirt.

Despite increasing cost of Coats, through rising prices of materials, and the fashions demanding more cloth in each, we are enabled to offer you the **NEWEST GOODS at the LOWEST PRICES.** This we are enabled to do by our early contracts and also by our moderate margin of profit, which has built us up such a successful coat business, as it is well known our values are the best. Our prices are:—

\$4.90, 5.90, 6.90, 7.90, 9.50 and upwards.

We are also busy opening a full selection of

Misses', Children's and Infants' COATS,

which you can depend will be the best values procurable.

Henry Blair

Spring Suitings!

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.

John Maunder's

TAILOR'S CLOTHIER
St. JOHN'S, N.F.

TAILOR and CLOTHIER.
281 and 283 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.

PILK HOOK.

The best Jigger ever invented. Ask for O. MUSTAD'S and see if you don't get the fish every time. Use a swivel at each end of the sed line, this makes the jigger act as a spinner.

sep2,eod,tf

Even the Sharks Refuse to Bite. By Dorgan.



MAYO

is a household word in our own little Island, where the fisherman has his eye on you'll find Mayo's easy and an old and valued friend.

Mayo's—The plug that stays at home.

Imperial Tobacco

My Interview With Venizelos

WHAT WILL HE DO IF RETURNED TO POWER?

Mr. Crawford Price, who has an intimate acquaintance with Balkan Wars and Politics, is visiting England on a mission from M. Venizelos in connection with the forthcoming Greek Elections, the result of which may have far-reaching consequences.

Once, after I had introduced a British lady to M. Venizelos, she returned to me enchanted with her short interview. "So perfectly charming," she exclaimed, "so brilliant, and yet so kind and gentle."

"Yes," I replied, "and one of the finest revolvers in Europe."

Venizelos appears to be gifted with a dual nature. The "Mr. Premier" you meet in society, the statesman who is an outstanding figure in European politics, is hardly compatible with the old revolutionary leader of the Cretan hills.

It is only when you get him with his back to the wall, or roused to anger against injustice, or combating interference with the freedom of men or nations, that you see sparks from the fires of enthusiasm for God and humanity that burn ever brightly within him.

Nature has well fitted him to be a chief among his fellows. Watch him handle a crowd. There is no wild waving of the arms, no theatrical trick of oratory; but he holds the audience unto him, as if were, tells them what he thinks (not necessarily what they want), focuses them to decision, and sends them away convinced that this man can point the road to the realization of their national aims and ambitions.

See him in private. He has a winning smile worth untold gold that pre-disarms his critics, and a gift of persuasion that generally seals his victory.

Regard him in diplomacy. He has a clear vision that looks far ahead, a memory that forgets nothing, and one of those keen, brilliant minds that make their decisions quickly and rarely regret them.

Mistakes? Well, he is human, and he is accused of being too impetuous. History alone can decide, and, meantime, it is working in his favour. He has a capacity for making staunch friends and vicious enemies, and perhaps his most noticeable fault lies in a too liberal distribution of his confidence.

Finally, he has "luck"—luck so persistent as to warrant a belief that even at this eleventh hour he will come back and save Greece from complete disaster.

It was my recent privilege to spend a short holiday with M. Venizelos at Loutraki, a little thermal station on the shores of the Gulf of Corinth and opposite the town of that name. He went to Loutraki to rest while in preparation for the stress and turmoil of a strenuous electoral campaign.

Greece's Lost Opportunities.

We held most of our own conversations away down by the seashore, when the broiling sun had gone to rest and the hot breezes were fanned down by their sweep across the placid waters of the gulf. He swayed to and fro across the Balkan history of the last two years. We talked of the proposals that led him to discord with the throne, of the growth of German