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WINNIPEG TORONTO, ONT. MONTREAL

WHEN LOVE

Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Assassin.

"Hush, hush," he said, looking round nervously. "You'll—you'll have somebody hear you. The place is full of people; some one may come this way any moment——"

"And find Mr. Bartley Bradstone has left his newly-made bride to meet a strange young woman in his father-in-law's park." She leaned against the tree and laughed with malicious enjoyment. "What a row there'd be! What a prime, glorious row! Lord! I'd like to be in it. As for you"—her tone changed—"you deserve anything. Nothing's too bad for you. You to go and make a victim of that girl! What harm had she done you, I should like to know?"

"Hush!"

"And what did she marry you for?" she went on, unheeding his remonstrance. "You don't mean to tell me she cares for you, because if you do I'd tell you that you lied. She care for you! Why, you ain't fit to wipe the dust off her boots! And—you've—married her!"

"Bella, listen to me," he said, hoarsely. "I've—I've met you as you insisted, you know at what risk, and I've brought you what-you wanted and fifty pounds more. Now, what are you going to do? Be sensible, for Heaven's sake, be sensible. It—it can't matter to you what I've done."

"You're right. So far as you are concerned," she put in with unmitigated contempt, "you might marry twenty times a month for what I cared."

"I know that; don't I say so?" he went on hurriedly, "and and so—as it's a matter of indifference to you—you said so, you know—why—why, you can keep your tongue quiet. There's—there's no reason why—why anybody should know anything about. If—if we meet at any time, you—you—can pass me by——"

She stopped him with a laugh.

"Do you think I'm a child?" she said, scornfully. "I know what you want, and I'll do it—for a price."

"That's right," he said, with a gasp of relief. "That's talking sensibly. I knew you'd say so, Bell."

"Yes, you knew I'd sell myself, didn't you?" she retorted, with a dangerous flash of her black eyes. "Well, we'll see. Give me hold of that money, first."

He took out his pocket-book, and with a hot, trembling hand extracted the notes and held them out to her.

She took them carelessly, but counted them.

"Right," she said. "And now about the future. You think I'm a fool——"

"Bella——"

"No; I suppose we lived long enough together for you to think different to that; it wasn't long, was it?" with a grin.

"It wasn't my fault we didn't get on," he stammered.

She laughed scornfully.

"Yours? No, I'd had enough of you pretty quickly. I don't like your kind, Mr. Bradstone. I like a gentleman or a rough; you're a half-and-half, and a thorough cad! Poor girl! how I pity her!" and she laughed.

He winced and his face went livid.

"Never mind her——" he said, hoarsely.

"Oh," she cut in, "I'm not good enough to mention her, ain't I? What's her name?"

"Olivia," he said, reluctantly.

"O—livia. And she's a swell, of course? Oh, I've heard all about her, excepting how you managed to get her in your clutches. And I'll know that soon. I'll get her to tell me."

He started, and let his shifty eyes fix themselves on her face.

"You'll get her to tell you?" he breathed.

"Yes," she said, defiantly, with a grin. "I'm going to make you open your eyes, Mr. Bradstone. I'm going to be a great lady myself. Oh, you may stare! And I mean to know your wife. I've took a fancy to her; she's the swellest thing I've ever seen, even among the swells, and I mean to get as close as wax with her."

"You——"

He put his hand to his forehead and looked at her in amazement.

She laughed.

"Yes, and you can't prevent me, Mr. Bradstone. No, I think not! Oh, I know your game; but it won't do. Just whisper a word against me to your pretty wife, and I'll up and tell her the whole story."

His hand dropped, and he stood as if turned to stone, his small eyes fixed upon her mocking face.

"I—I don't understand. By God you're enough to drive a man mad." His teeth clinched. "If this is a joke get it over and come to business. How much do you want to hold your tongue? Out with it and have done with it."

She advanced toward him, threateningly.

"Drop that," she said. "Don't use that kind of tone to me. I'm not going to be bullied, Mr. Bradstone. You'd better come down a peg or two or I'll ——" She looked round. "I suppose I could collect a reg'lar crowd in a couple of minutes," and she opened her lips.

He seized her arm, his face working.

"Hush!" he said. "I—I was only in fun. What is it you do mean? How can you be a great lady, as you call it? How can you—you know my wife?"

"Your wife!" she laughed, scornfully, and he winced. "Never you mind; you're too curious, you are. Don't ask me any questions, and I'll tell you no lies. Anyhow, you can tell your wife that I mean what I say. Your wife—your wife!—and me is going to be great friends. I shouldn't be surprised if she asked me to stay with her. That will be fun!" and she threw her head back and laughed with malicious enjoyment of the vision her words called up. "Only fancy, Bella-Bella chumming with a great swell's daughter! Oh, Lor'!"

He stood and looked at her, and a new expression was coming into his eyes, an expression of watchful cunning.

"Well," he said, "funnier things have happened. "It's—it's a strange world——"

"I should think it is after the wedding I've seen this morning," she retorted.

"And—I've nothing to say against it," he went on, trying to speak carelessly; "only I should like to have a warning. But I'll make a bargain with you, Bella. Give up the idea—I don't see anything in it to your advantage—and I'll give you——"

"How much?" she said, with a sneer. "But don't trouble yourself, I shan't want it. I shall be as rich as you, I expect; and if it wasn't that I love bleeding you, you skinflint, I'd fling these notes back in your face. But I'm going to keep 'em for the present. Perhaps I'll buy a weddin' gift for your pretty, young wife, Mr. Bradstone," and her laugh rang out again.

He took out his watch—the silver one; and she, with a smile of derision, pulled out his watch—the gold one.

"Gettin' late, I suppose. You want to be off for the honeymoon. Well, I'll come with you—just as far as the drive. Perhaps we shall meet the young lady, and you can introduce me here and now. Ah——" she broke off, for with a snarl he snatched something from his breast pocket. There was a flash, a sharp twang, a little puff of smoke, and the next instant the magnificent form of Bella-Bella, the Queen of the Air, was lying full length on the mossy ground.

She had scarcely uttered a cry louder than the fear-breathing "Ah!" and yet it seemed to the trembling wretch who stood with the smoking revolver in his hand that the wood echoed with fiendish yells. The great trees waved and danced before him, the earth seemed to rock under his feet, and he quaked like one of the rustling leaves, which all had tongues to cry "Murder!"

So he stood, and so she lay, breathing short, but speechless, while one could count twenty. Then the assassin's first instinct, flight, smote upon him, and he turned and fled. But no farther than the edge of the drive. There a horrid remembrance flashed upon him. On that prostrate figure which he had left for dead, were the notes, which could be traced, his watch, his silver cigar case, which a hundred people would recognize as his.

There was a direct path to the scaffold before him. With a low cry, he turned back, and, bending over her, forced the notes from her hand, keeping his eyes away from the white face, and above all—ah, above all—the thin stream of red which trickled from her side.

The notes were his. With a shudder he thrust them into his pocket, and bent over her again, when suddenly he uttered a cry, a smothered yell of hysterical fear, and looked up. Above him stood Harold Faradeane!

CHAPTER XXIV.

To the Man and the Coward.

The miserable wretch shrank back, putting out his hands as if to ward off the stern, accusing eyes, and groaned. Faradeane flung himself down on one knee beside the prostrate form, and raising her head, looked into her face. As he recognized her, he gave a start of surprise, but instantly placed his hand over her heart. Then he turned his eyes upon the cowering Bradstone.

"You have killed her!" he said, in a low, hoarse voice.

"No, no!" groaned Bartley Bradstone. "She—she is not dead. For God's sake, don't say that!"

"You have killed her!" repeated Faradeane, grimly. "Why did you do it? What was she to you——"

He stopped, for Bartley Bradstone had crawled to his knees.

"Faradeane, have mercy on me, have pity," he whined, almost speechless with terror. "I—I didn't mean to—to—kill her, only to stun her—to—to—I'll tell you all, so help me Heaven, if you'll let me go——"

Faradeane, with Bella's head upon his knee, held up one hand.

"They will hang you," he said, grimly. "You are mad! What have I to do with saving you? You are beyond help, and you must know it."

Bartley Bradstone uttered a whine.

"Oh, my Heaven! What shall I do? Faradeane! Faradeane! save me!"

Faradeane scarcely heeded him; his brain was whirling as he loosened the woman's collar, and tried to pour some brandy past her paling lips.

"Save me, save me, Faradeane!" cried Bartley Bradstone, in a kind of suppressed shriek. "I can explain everything. I'll do anything! I'll—I'll—oh, God! if you won't do it for me, do it for her! Remember whom I married this morning!"

A quick shudder ran through Faradeane's veins, and the blood left his face. In the horror and excitement of the moment he had forgotten—forgotten that this blood-stained wretch, who crawled at his feet and begged like a cur for his life, was the husband of Olivia Vanley! The husband!

He looked up speechless for a moment.

"Great God! I had forgotten!" dropped from his white lips. "You—you fiend!"

"Don't—don't!" whined Bartley Bradstone. "I—I know all you can say; but—but if you'd seen how she drove me! She had no mercy! She drove me till I was mad! Yes, that's what I am!" he gasped, hoarsely. "I'm mad! Tell them I'm mad. They can't hang me! They can't! You said so yourself. Oh, Faradeane, have pity on me! Think how young I am! I—I am no older than you! Have pity on me!"

"Silence!" said Faradeane, and his voice rose like that of a stern, relentless judge. "I am thinking. But not of you! I am thinking of her—of the girl whose life you have wrecked and ruined, whose heart you have broken! Don't speak!" He held up his hand. "Every word you utter tempts me to call for some one to drag you away. You, the husband of—— For your own sake, don't speak to me."

Bartley Bradstone crouched on the ground, his hands clutching at the grass, his face hidden.

A minute or two passed, as Faradeane bent over the pallid face upon his knee, his own almost as white, his heart racked by the awful torture of the position. All his thought was of the sweet, innocent, pure-hearted girl, for whom he would have gladly laid down his life, and whom this blood-stained wretch had linked to his own shameful name.

Then, as he looked down upon the woman, scarcely seeing her, he was recalled to the fact of her presence by a slight movement of her eyelids.

They opened. For a moment there was nothing but a dense shadow over them; then she recognized him.

"You!" she breathed, with a faint flicker of surprise in her face.

(To be Continued.)

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Columbus, Ohio.—"I had almost given up. I had been sick for six years with female troubles and nervousness. I had a pain in my right side and could not eat anything without hurting my stomach. I could not drink cold water at all nor eat any kind of raw fruit, nor fresh meat nor chicken. From 178 pounds I went to 118 and would get so weak at times that I fell over. I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and ten days later I could eat and it did not hurt my stomach. I have taken the medicine ever since and I feel like a new woman. I now weigh 127 pounds so you can see what it has done for me already. My husband says he knows your medicine has saved my life."—Mrs. J. S. BARLOW, 1624 South 4th St., Columbus, Ohio.

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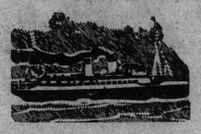

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$1.50 Rods at $1.13
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War News.

Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.

OFFICIAL.

LONDON, Sept. 11.

The Governor, Newfoundland:

In the Somme sector the advance continues. All counter attacks failed. The toll of prisoners daily increases The French have taken seventy-seven hundred prisoners during the week.

At Verdun the French have taken the whole first German line on one mile front of Vaux, Chapitrele Chenois, and again the whole first line east of Fleury.

In Galicia the Russians are closing in on Halicz, but are meeting stubborn resistance on the Narajowka.

In the Balkans the enemy captured Turtukai and Silistria in Dobrudsha. The Roumanians, on the other hand, are progressing steadily in Transylvania, and bombarding Bulgarian fortresses on the Danube.

BONAR LAW.

IN PERSIA.

PETROGRAD, Sept. 11.

Victory for Russians over Turkish troops in Persia, is reported in today's war office statement. In the region of Takkinz the town of Bana has been occupied by Russian forces, following a battle in which the Turks were defeated. Russian troops are now pursuing the beaten force, adds the statement.

RUSSIAN FRONT QUIET.

PETROGRAD, Sept. 11.

There have been no important developments in the situation along the Russian front from Riga to Roumania, according to an official statement.

ITALIANS CAPTURE POSITION.

ROME, Sept. 11.

The Italians have captured a strong position in the Leno Valley on the Trentino front, the war office announced to-day. Ground has been gained also in the Upper Posino Valley.

"LEONARDO'S" DEAD.

ROME, Sept. 11.

A total of 248 lives were lost when the Italian dreadnought Leonardo di Vinci caught fire and blew up in the harbor of Larento, Italy, on August 2, says an official statement to-day.

ZAIMIS CONFERS WITH CONSTANTINE.

LONDON, Sept. 11.

A Reuter's Agency despatch says that Premier Zaimis had another conference with King Constantine on Sunday afternoon, after which the Cabinet met. In regard to shots fired in the neighborhood of the French Legation, the despatch says that the Allies' demands have apparently been fully accepted although nothing has been officially announced. Closing of the clubs of the reservists' league, a step demanded by the Entente, was begun on Sunday evening.

REVOLUTIONARY MOVEMENT ACTIVE.

PARIS, Sept. 11.

A despatch to Le Temps from Salonika says that the revolutionary movement is active at Verra, about 40 miles southeast of Salonika, where Capt. Bartcocas has announced to General Cordonnier, commanding the French troops, his intention of fighting with the Entente Allies. The battalion commander at Verrai has also announced that his battalion will participate in the movement. These events are parts of a rapidly extending plan for the formation of a Greek army of national defence. Numerous volunteers for this army are arriving here daily, coming from remote islands and regions of old Greece. The recruits are equipped immediately with khaki uniforms, and are sent to camps a few miles outside of the city.

BRITISH ROUT BULGARIANS.

LONDON, Sept. 11.

British troops in their advance

This is the can that holds the coffee you hear so much about

SEAL BRAND Coffee try it!

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 166