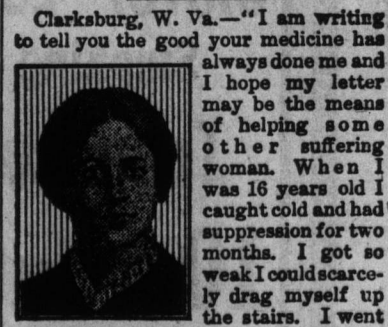


WHEN LOVE AT ALL STAGES OF LIFE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXV.
For Another's Sake.
He stopped and turned aside. Lord Carfield sank into the chair, and covered his eyes with his hands, and the constable retired with his prisoner.
At sight of them the crowd, which had been impatiently waiting at the front, set up a roar; but as Faradeane looked down at them, something in his face silenced them, and a man's voice cried out:
"Shame on ye! What! will ye judge a man guilty 'fore he's tried?"
It was Alford, and he forced himself to the front, and made a lane through the mob by the simple expedient of swinging his huge arm. "Don't be cast down, sir. We know you're innocent, right enough; but most of us have had too much liquor. Now, make way there!"
"Thank you, Alford," said Faradeane, simply, and the three passed through the crowd, which closed up behind them, and followed them to the end of the drive.

The constable had taken the precaution to order a carriage to await them at this point, and he and Faradeane got in, and were driven sharply away.
Faradeane sank back with a sigh, and closed his eyes, and remained silent for a few minutes; then he said, quietly:
"Where are you taking me?"
"To Wainford, sir," replied the constable. "You'll be more comfortable in the regular prison there than in the Hawkwood lockup."
"Thank you," said Faradeane. "That is thoughtful of you."
The man eyed him with a strange expression.
"Come, sir," he said, bending forward. "You know, and I know, that you didn't do this. Why not up and out with the truth? If you didn't like to do it before all these people, why not tell me? I know it's not quite regular, but I'll be hanged if I use a word against you!"
Faradeane shook his head.
"You mean well," he said, wearily. "I appreciate and understand your kindness, my good fellow; but you cannot help me. You must do your duty."
"Yes, I must do that," said the man, gravely. "But every minute you let this charge hang over you, settles it more firmly down, and—there's danger in it, sir."
"Yes, I know that," assented Faradeane, calmly.
They reached Wainford, and found the prison officials prepared for them by telegraph.
The governor, as he read the warrant, glanced once or twice at the pale face.
"All right and regular, Wilcox, I

The Woman's Medicine. Good for All Ages. Mrs. Harold Smith's Experience.



Clarkburg, W. Va.—"I am writing to tell you the good your medicine has always done me and I hope my letter may be the means of helping some other suffering woman. When I was 16 years old I caught cold and had suppression for two months. I got so weak I could scarcely drag myself up the stairs. I went to two doctors, then my mother got a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I took it. I never had any more trouble and got strong fast. Then I took it again before my little girl was born and it helped me a good deal and I give the Compound the credit for it. Then this spring I felt very badly again, but I took the Compound and have been well all summer. I cannot be grateful enough for your medicine." — Mrs. HAROLD M. SMITH, 470 Water Street, Clarkburg, W. Va.
For forty years it has been making women strong and well, and curing backache, nervousness, uterine and ovarian inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularity and periodic pains.
If you want special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass.

"suppose?" he said. "No mistake, eh?"
"No, sir," said the constable, and he rapidly recounted the facts, and showed the revolver.
The governor nodded.
"Anything to say?" he asked of the prisoner, courteously.
"Nothing," replied Faradeane, gravely.
The governor signed to a turnkey, and Faradeane was conducted to his cell.
As the lock sprang into its place with an ominous click, and he found himself alone, he started, and looked round like a man awaking from some hideous dream, and made a step toward the iron door; then he stopped, and with a sigh, sank on to a prison bed.
"God give me strength to go through with it!" he murmured. "Let me remember it is for her sake! Oh, my darling, for your sake!"

CHAPTER XXVI.
"Whifful Murder."
The shades of evening fell upon the wedding day; the guests had gone, with one theme upon their lips; the village was all astir with excitement; the Grange was thronged with a hustling crowd, all talking of the tragic event which had fallen like a thunderbolt upon the marriage festivities.
Olivia lay still unconscious. The Wainford doctor was in close attendance, and had issued a strict command for profound quiet. A hush deep as that which waits on death prevailed throughout the great house, which a few hours ago had been brimming over with talk and laughter.
Beside the bed, his white head buried in his hands, sat the squire, and, kneeling with her beloved mistress

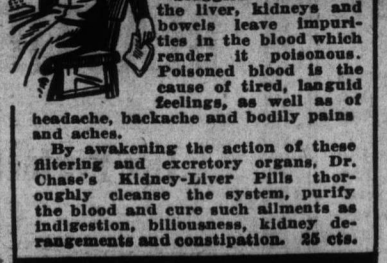
hand in hers, was Bessie. She was almost as white as the face that lay so calm and still on the pillow, but every now and then her lips twitched and a spasm of agony passed across her face.
Downstairs in the library Bartley Bradstone paced to and fro. He had got a decanter of brandy from the dining-room cellaret, and every now and then he filled a glass with unsteady hand.
Now and again he stole to the door and, opening it cautiously, listened intently. Then, as no sound reached him from the room upstairs, he went back to his brandy and his restless, fearful pacing.

For hours, far into the night, Olivia lay wrapped in the deep unconsciousness which is so nearly akin to the great sleep; then suddenly the doctor held up his hand and bent over her.
"Do not speak to her!" he whispered to the squire, who rose trembling. She opened her eyes and looked round dully and vacantly, then she murmured, faintly:
"Where am I?"
Bessie drew herself up and put her arm across her.
"Here, Miss Olivia, here in your own room, at home, at the Grange. I am with you—Bessie—and the squire."

A look of relief crossed the lovely face.
"Thank God!" she breathed. "I—I made an effort to rise. 'Where is he?'"
"Hush, hush, my darling!" said the doctor. "He is downstairs in the library."
She sank back, and her lips quivered.
"In the library. Here, and—and safe! Ah, what a dreadful dream!"
"Bartley is safe, quite safe, of course dear," he said, soothingly.
She started, and her eyes dilated, as they fixed themselves on his face.
"Bartley Bradstone! Is he here? Father!" and her voice rang with an awful dread. "You will not let him take me away, you will not—"
"No, no, no, dear!" said Bessie, quick to divine her fear. "No one shall take you!"
She sank back again, but tossed her head from one side to the other, her eyes glittering feverishly.
"I—I am trying to think; I can't remember! What has happened? Something dreadful—dreadful! Tell me, Bessie—tell me, or I shall go mad."
The squire bent over her; but the doctor held up his hand.
"Let the girl speak to her," he whispered.
With the tears filling her eyes, Bessie drew the hot, restless head upon her bosom.
"Is it this mistake about Faradeane, miss?" she said, with forced carelessness.
"Yes, yes!" panted Olivia, her eyes seeming to glow upon Bessie's face.
"Tell me!"
"It's all a mistake," said Bessie, calmly, setting her teeth almost defiantly, "a stupid, senseless mistake that people will be sorry for—" and unconsciously her voice rose.

The doctor raised a warning finger. "Don't excite her," he said.
Bessie's voice sank again.
"Don't think anything of it, Miss Olivia. It will all come right. You and I—everybody knows he didn't do it—couldn't do it."
"Couldn't? Ah!" Her hand clutched Bessie's arm, and she stared at her wildly. "They say he had committed murder! I heard them! I heard them! They have taken him away, Bessie. Bessie, I must go. No!"—and she moaned—"I cannot. But you must go and tell him that I know—do you hear?—I know he is innocent. That if any harm comes to him I—shall die!"
She sank breathless and exhausted. The squire's face went white, and he turned his head away.
"She is wandering, poor girl," said the doctor, with prompt presence of mind. "The shock of—of this terrible business coming so closely upon the excitement of the day has prostrated her. There has been a strain upon her mind for some time past. Don't attach any value to her wild words, sir."
The squire drew back into the shadow and groaned:

Fatigue from Poisoned Blood



Sluggish action of the liver, kidneys and bowels leave impurities in the blood which render it poisonous. Poisoned blood is the cause of tired, languid feelings, as well as of headache, backache and bodily pains and aches.

By sweetening the action of these filtering and excretory organs, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills thoroughly cleanse the system, purify the blood and cure such ailments as indigestion, biliousness, kidney derangements and constipation. 25 cts.

"My poor girl!"
The doctor went round and, taking his arm, led him outside into the corridor.
"Come, squire," he said, gently but firmly, "you mustn't give way; our only chance is to keep her free from excitement. If I can only keep her quiet she will be safe. If not—the first thing to do is to get rid of Mr Bradstone."
"Get rid of him?" groaned the squire.
"Yes," he said; "his presence here in the house affects her; there is no accounting for the fancies of fever. Tell him how ill she is, and persuade him to go home, so that I may tell her he has gone. Leave the rest to me. I can manage very well with Bessie for nurse; and no one else must enter the room. You understand?"
The squire grasped his hand and wrung it.
"Yes, I understand," he said, sorrowfully. "I will do as you say—if he will go."
"Tell him her life depends on it," said the doctor, sternly.
The squire went downstairs into the library, and Bartley Bradstone turned and faced him. His eyes were bloodshot, his lips hot and dry, and his hands plucked nervously at the edge of his coat.
"Is—she better?" he demanded, huskily.
The squire shook his head.
"My poor child is very ill, Bartley," he said. "I fear there is—danger! You must go home!"
"Go home!" repeated Bartley Bradstone, dully.
"Yes," said the squire; "the fact of your being here in the house agitates her—her mind is wandering. You will go home, will you not? I will send to you every hour."
To his surprise, Bartley Bradstone made no remonstrance.
"I'll go if you—she wishes it," he said, staring at the carpet like a man in a dream. "Yes, of course."
"I'll tell them to get a carriage—and yet the noise. Will you walk?"
"Yes," he said; then he looked up with a sudden start of fear, and shuddered. "Yes, I'll walk; but—but I'd like to have some one—one of the servants with me. I'm—I'm upset, you see," he stammered, wiping the cold sweat from his brow.

(To be Continued.)
Pale Cheeked Women Told About Restoring a Rosy Complexion.
A few years ago the girl with pale, drawn cheeks scarcely knew what to do in order to restore her fading appearance. At that time there was no blood-food medium made that really would put color and strength into systems that were more or less worn out.
To-day it is different. The blood can be quickly nourished, can be made rich, red, and healthy. All you have to do is take two Ferrozone Tablets with a sip or two of water after meals. The effect is almost magical. Mothers, look at your children. Are they ruddy and strong—do they eat and sleep well, or are they pale, weak, and anemic?
FERROZONE will rebuild them. Take your own case—is your blood strong and rich? Have you that old-time strength and vigor, or are you somewhat under the weather?
FERROZONE will supply the strengthening elements you require. It is a blood-forming, nourishing tonic that makes every ailing person well. FERROZONE is a marvellous remedy; it contains in concentrated form certain rare qualities that especially fit it in cases of anaemia, poor color, thin blood, tiredness, and loss of weight.
Every day you put off using FERROZONE you lose ground. Get it today, sold in 50 cent boxes by all dealers, or by mail from the Cattaraugus Co., Kingston, Ont.

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.

A STYLISH DRESS.



1824 — Taffeta, serge, gabardine, nun's veiling, satin, velvet and broadcloth are well adapted for this design. The waist may be finished without the cape collar. The sleeve is close fitting from elbow to wrist. The skirt is fitted with deep pockets, and is gathered under the belt.
The Pattern for this model is cut in 8 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. It requires 7 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3 1/2 yards at the foot.
A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A POPULAR MODEL.



1831—Middy Suit for Juniors. Linen, galatea, voile, khaki cloth, gingham, chambray, percale, mixed suiting and flannel are good for this style. The blouse is made to slip over the head. The skirt has shaped yoke sections which may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44-inch material for a 14-year size. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

PERFECTION.



When you buy from us you get
Fine Gold, Good Weight, Bright Finish,
and every Ring is carefully examined before going out. Out of town orders receive ever attention from
T. J. DULEY & Co.,
THE RELIABLE JEWELLERS, ST. JOHN'S.

This Dry Cleaning Process Has a Wonderful Scope.

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.
Ungar's Laundry and Dye Works,
HALIFAX.
Messrs. NICHOLLE, INKPEN & CHAFE, St. John's, Agents for Newfoundland.
aug7.31.coed

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

Pictorial Paper Patterns, FOR OCTOBER, ON SALE.

A SPECIALTY.—The Silax Glass Coffee and Tea Filter. A free trial if desired.
CHARLES HUTTON,
Fancy Goods Department.

Advertise in The Evening Telegram

SOMETHING GOOD WITH

NEW Celebrated ELLIS & 203 Water Grocers and

We have received
18 Hogshaws CELEBRATED
Equal to
1000 Gallons
or 450 Cases
or 5400 Bottles

We are now booking delivery, or within the Gallons or Bottles. This opportunity and time. It improves with proving.
Also, remember
WINES—Sparkling Whiskies, Brandy, and Liqueurs
have all to be disposed of at a special price.
4
Don't Neglect
and not leave

Germany Facing Disaster

(Frank H. Simonds in New York Tribune.)
The chance for victory was gone when Falkenhayn came, unless the victory could be won by relative minor effort and by exhausting Russia and Russia before Britain was enabled to escape by retreat; but that was ended by the magnificent resistance at the Meuse. And if the Meuse was a victory of generalship, Verdun was a triumph of the soldiers, whose commanders had, for a moment at least, failed them. But Verdun was a complete failure. After eighteen months Falkenhayn failed at the task set for him when he took command. He did not succeed in disposing of either Russia or France, and now not only is Britain in the field, but Italy has long been fighting and Rumania is just enlisted.
If Hindenburg were the supreme genius the German people believe him to be it would be a good sign of the change in command. But as it is it is impossible not to believe that the change has been made for political reasons and an inferior commander has replaced an able strategist—no has failed at an impossible task simply because the change will have a momentary effect upon the German people, whose discouragement can no longer be doubted. It may even be conjectured that the Kaiser made the change with great reluctance, for Falkenhayn is his protégé and his personal selection.
Hindenburg's task is colossal. He has at once to decide whether he will shorten his lines. If he does so do this he will presently find himself in the same situation as that of Napoleon in 1813, when the Emperor was a political rather than military leader. He has at once to decide whether he will shorten his lines. If he does so do this he will presently find himself in the same situation as that of Napoleon in 1813, when the Emperor was a political rather than military leader. He has at once to decide whether he will shorten his lines. If he does so do this he will presently find himself in the same situation as that of Napoleon in 1813, when the Emperor was a political rather than military leader.

They Couldn't Fool Ed: By Dorgan.

