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The Most Effective Remedy Known is  
"Nerviline."

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Nerviline is a guaranteed remedy. Get the large 50 cent family size bottle; it is far more economical than the 25 cent trial size.

## WHEN LOVE

### Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A Gypsy's Evidence.

As he did so, a window in a third class compartment was gently let down, and Seth looked out in time to see Bartley Bradstone's back, as it disappeared. Seth turned to Liz, who was crouched in the corner.

"I'm going to get out here," he said. "You go on to London to the old shop, and don't you stir hand or foot till I come to you—if it's days or weeks, d'ye hear?—or I'll—"

She looked at him; then, with a sigh, flung her shawl over her face.

He got out, and with an affection of indifference, sauntered along the platform, and hiding himself behind the projecting side of the book stall, took out a paper and held it up before his face as if he were reading, but every now and then glanced round it toward the door of the refreshment room.

Presently the man he waited for came out and walked up the platform. He stopped at the book stall and bought a London paper and some magazines. A porter came up, and Bartley Bradstone beckoned to him.

"There is a branch line from here to Paddington, the Great Western station, isn't there?"

"Yes; but it's rather a roundabout way, sir," answered the porter.

"I know," said Bartley Bradstone, as if he had expected to meet the remark. "But I'm in no particular hurry to reach London. I want to sleep."

"All right, sir," said the porter. "Train is due in ten minutes."

Bartley Bradstone gave him some coppers, then went and took a ticket. The station was comparatively empty by this time, and Seth was too cunning to emerge from his hiding-place, in which he waited, still studying his newspaper, until the train came up.

Then he watched Bartley Bradstone enter a carriage, and, carefully screening himself behind the passers-by, Seth stole gently into a third-class compartment, and, covering his face with his handkerchief, began to snore. The ticket collector came and shook

him; but Seth seemed only capable of muttering "London," and eventually the collector gave it up, remarking:

"Well, you'll have to pay at the other end, my friend."

The murky haze of an early autumn morning hung over London, as the train steamed into the terminus. Bartley Bradstone woke—he had fallen into the deep sleep of exhaustion—and got out.

During the journey he had come to a decision as to his movements. He had remembered reading somewhere in connection with the case of a criminal who had succeeded in evading the most rigorous police search, that there was no place in which a man could conceal himself as in a great city.

Why should he go to the Continent, where he could be so easily traced, if anybody wished to track him? Why should he not hide himself in London, where he could inform himself, through the newspapers, of every detail of the trial at Wainford? Then, if all went well—that is, if Faradeane were found guilty and—and— Even mentally he could not conclude the sentence. But if "all went well," then he could go back and claim Olivia; then he could leave England with her—with her!—forever!

In some of the quiet streets leading off the Strand there are several private hotels, as quiet as the streets in which they stand. The patrons of these hotels are colonial and provincial folk, who come and go, appearing on the scene once only, perhaps, and then disappearing, unquestioned and unnoticed—caught up, as it were, on the wheel of the great city, and lost like a drop in the ocean.

He called a cab and told the man to drive to Barlow's Hotel, Denmark Street. A minute or so of delay occurred in the hosting of his portmanteau on to the roof, and in that space of time Seth, with the unobtrusive movements of a gypsy, had got into another cab.

"Just follow my master, will you?" he said.

The two cabs sped on their way; but suddenly the first came to a stop. Bartley Bradstone, in sheer absence of mind, had opened his newspaper, which he had put in his pocket unglanced at when he bought it, and the first words that met his eyes were:

"Disaster in the City. Failure of the South Indian Bank!"

For a moment the line of large type conveyed no special significance to his mind; then suddenly it flashed upon him that the bank was one of the schemes in which he had taken a part and a large part.

He put his hand to his aching brow and tried to remember what he had lately done in the matter. It seemed to him that he recollected sending his tool, Ezekiel Mawle, instructions to sell out his shares and close his connection with the affair; but his brain would not act with its usual readiness in the direction of his ordinary business; it was all too absorbed in the more important matter of life and death.

Had he or had he not given the proper instructions to Mawle? He tried to put the question, the whole business out of his head; but the instincts of the money-spinner over-reached the cunning caution of the criminal, and with a muttered oath, he put up the trapdoor in the cab and told the man to drive him to Ethelred Chambers in the city.

Cabmen are accustomed to these sudden re-directions, and without a word, the man turned his horse in the direction of the city.

"Your gunner didn't seem to know his own mind," growled Seth's cabman, through the hole in the roof.

"Follow him!" said Seth, whose blood was beginning to stir within his veins, as the lurcher's or the sleuth-hound's will when hot upon the trail.

Bartley Bradstone's cab pulled up at Ethelred Chambers, and, telling the cabman to wait, he went up the stairs, and, without knocking, opened the door of a dingy office and walked in. Ezekiel Mawle was seated at a table, his huge mouth open, his lantern jaws eagerly, as he sprawled over a desk, writing apparently for dear life. The office, the furniture of which would not have realized five-and-thirty shillings, was in extreme disorder, and a Gladstone bag was lying half open on the floor, as if it had been hurriedly thrown there.

Mr. Mawle looked up with a start, and, uttering an exclamation, covered the paper before him with his huge, bony hand. If his employer had been a ghost—and, indeed, Bartley Bradstone looked not unlike one—Mr. Mawle could not have been more startled.

"Mr. Bradstone, sir! This is a surprise. How do you do, sir? I am afraid you are not looking well. Take a chair, Mr. Bradstone," and he drew the chair out and stood with his head thrust forward, rubbing his hands and eying Bartley Bradstone with a wary and still startled watchfulness.

Bartley Bradstone took off his hat and wiped his brow.

"I am not very well, Mawle," he said. "I have come up on important business. What the devil is the office in such a state for? Where are you going?"

Mr. Mawle changed color, but stood rubbing his hands and working his long neck.

"The fact is, Mr. Bradstone, I was just thinking of coming down to you."

"Coming down to me?" said Bartley Bradstone, with a frown.

"Why—Well, sir, I wanted to place one of two matters before you. The fact is, things have not been very bright in the city of late, and I have not had the advantage of your advice quite so much, and perhaps you have heard the news."

"What news?" asked Bartley Bradstone.

"I allude to the South Indian Bank, Mr. Bradstone," said Mr. Mawle, passing his hand over his mouth and eying Bartley Bradstone with the same watchful and deprecatory manner.

"Well, what about it?" said Bartley Bradstone; "I wrote and gave you instructions to sell those South Indian Bank shares a week ago."

Mr. Mawle gave a little start, and shook his head apologetically.

"I beg your pardon, sir; I think a slight misunderstanding," as if he were trying to gain time to collect himself.

"Misunderstanding! What do you mean? Do you mean to say I didn't write?"

"I did not say you did not write, Mr. Bradstone; but I certainly did not receive the letter."

Bartley Bradstone rose and clutched the back of his chair, and for a mo-

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ment seemed incapable of speech, and then he said:

"Do you mean to tell me that the shares of the South Indian still stand in my name?"

Mr. Mawle put out one hand.

"No, no, no, Mr. Bradstone, I don't say that," he said, with a sudden change of face; "I said I did not receive your letter. Pray take a seat. Pray sit down again, sir, and compose yourself. Fortunately, I have had my eye upon the bank for some time past, and when the critical moment came, I sold out."

Bartley Bradstone sank into a chair and drew a breath of relief.

"That is well, Mawle," he said. "You gave me a turn. If you had not unloaded those shares for me, things would have looked bad. Now I want you to realize these things."

He took a list from his pocket and handed it to Mr. Mawle.

Mr. Mawle went back to the table and examined the list with respectful anxiety, and as he did so, he put up his hand before his face, which underwent some peculiar changes of expression.

"I think I had better see to some of these things at once, sir," he said.

"Do," said Bartley Bradstone, curtly.

"Will you wait, sir? Or will you come in again? I shan't be more than half an hour or so. I hope things are all well down at The Maples, Mr. Bradstone? What a lovely place it is, to be sure; quite a palace. And Mrs. Bradstone, sir—I do trust she is better. What a painful, mysterious affair that murder is, sir?"

"Yes, yes," said Bartley Bradstone. "Yes, Mrs. Bradstone is better, and a man's being tried for the murder. I think I'll go down to the bank, while you sell that stock. Why the devil don't you open the window in this room? It smells like a charcoal house," and he wiped his burning forehead.

"Yes, it is, sir," said Mr. Mawle; "it is rather close," and he shuffled to the window and made a vain attempt to open it.

(To be Continued.)

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In the case of Volunteers living outside of St. John's, who have been examined and rejected by the Medical Examiner in their district, a certificate from the Medical Examiner showing cause of rejection should accompany applications.

**RULES AND REGULATIONS.**

1. The Badge to be of bronze with Crown, suitable inscription and a number (consecutive).
2. A Register to be kept giving the number of badge, to whom issued, and date.
3. Badges to be issued at Headquarters by the Medical Examiner, only to men of military age, and not to any man obviously unfit.
4. Badges to be issued only to men who have enlisted and have undergone the regular medical examination.
5. Men rejected prior to the publication of the regulations who apply for badges to submit to new medical examination if required, and not to receive a badge unless still unfit.
6. Penalty on any person other than the man to whom badge is issued wearing same, or having it in his possession (except for repairs), \$50.00.
7. Penalty on owner of badge selling it or giving it away or permitting it to be worn by any other person, \$25.00.
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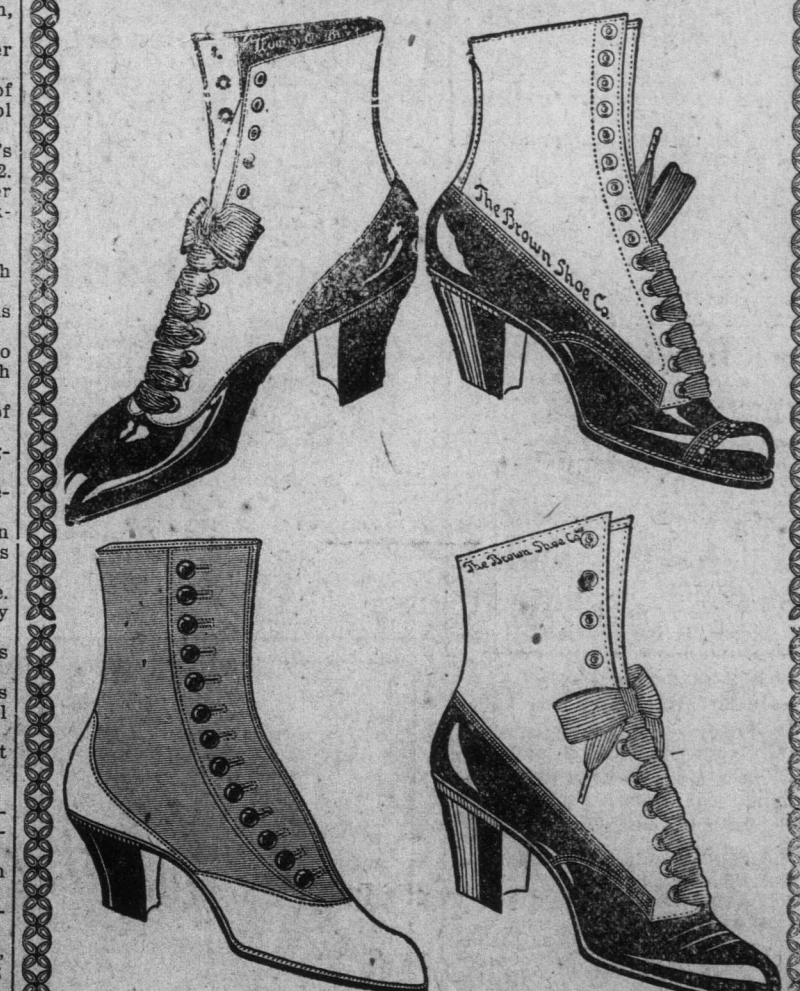
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that ointment ap-  
enter, the system  
stomach? That is

For purity of the  
not only by the in-  
famous English chemi-  
having made an exhaus-  
tion of Zam-Buk says:

in certifying its purity  
for skin ailments and in  
There is nothing can

diseases—nothing so so-  
nothing that allays infla-  
so quickly. Mothers who  
Buk will have no other  
once had Zam-Buk apply  
because they know it cures

As a "first aid" in the in-  
able. Being a strong an-  
cut, burn or wound of a  
tained there is no danger  
poisoning.

Mrs. J. Wilson of Saratoga  
not do without Zam-Buk  
find it so splendid for bu-  
Mrs. J. Knox of Pine Cl  
little daughter, while  
with a rash. Apply



## War News

Messages Received  
Previous to 9 A

POSTPONEMENT OF THE R

STAG.

LONDON, Oct.

Telegraphing from Amsterdam  
correspondent of the Central  
says: It is generally believed  
postponement of the meeting of  
Reichstag is due to dissatisfaction  
with the speech of Dr. Von Bat  
Hollweg. In the meantime stru-  
efforts will be made to recon-  
people to the Imperial Cham-  
policy. Meetings are being ar-  
ranged to be held in a num-  
towns, where members of the  
stag will make addresses. A  
mass meeting at Frankfurt has  
resolution in favor of an early  
The Vossische Zeitung says that  
cellor Von Bethmann Hollweg  
lengthy conversation with  
Prince Von Buelow, the former  
collier.

**GERMANS TAKE THE OFFEN**

PETROGRAD, O.

German forces have taken an  
fensive south of Iwinsky, attack-  
Russian lines in force near Leta  
androvsk, the war office announc-  
day. They were met by an inter-  
fensive fire from Russian guns  
ever, and forced back to their  
tions.

**BRIDGES DESTROYED.**

BERLIN, O.

The war office announced  
that Austrian-German munitions  
destroyed the pontoon bridges  
the Danube in the rear of the  
nian forces which had crossed  
river and invaded Bulgaria.

**BULGAR ATTEMPTS FRUSTR**

ATHENS, O.

Serbian military officials report  
desperate efforts made by the  
to recapture Kaimakalan 1  
which is the key to Monastir.  
been frustrated and that the  
assaulted and captured the im-

**Mother! Don't Take**

**Chances If Child**

**Tongue Is Co**

If cross, feverish, sick, bilious

little liver and

bowels.

A laxative to-day saves a sick

to-morrow. Children simply

take the time from play to empty

bowels, which become clogged

waste, liver gets sluggish, s

sour.

Look at the tongue, Mother! I

ed, or your child is listless,

feverish, breath bad, restless,