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Dr. Chase's Ointment

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"Willful Murder."

The detective looked at him calmly and thoughtfully.

"Because the man who shot this woman went to meet her fully intending to shoot her," he said, quietly.

"What I want to get at is this gentleman's Mr. Faradeane motive for getting rid of the woman. That's what I want to find out."

"Do you know the woman? Have you identified her?"

"It was Bartley Bradstone who asked the question, and he did so with affected indifference, as if he were merely asking from curiosity.

The detective shook his head.

"Not had time yet, sir; but I shall know all about her directly."

At this tone of confidence Bartley Bradstone shifted in his seat.

"What does Mr. Faradeane say?" he asked.

"Surely he has explained his presence on the spot, and the revolver," said the squire.

Mr. McAndrew shook his head.

"That's the queer part of it, sir," he said. "I've seen Mr. Faradeane before and after the inquest, and he declines to say a word. Now, if he had been the man he'd have been full of explanations; do you follow me, sir?"

"Perfectly," responded the squire, with a sigh.

"They always are. They can account for everything; but Mr. Faradeane doesn't seem to take the trouble to explain. That strikes me as being peculiar."

"Perhaps he can't explain," said Bartley Bradstone, his eyes fixed on the carpet.

The detective looked from him to the squire, and then out of the window, abstractedly.

"If he can't, then—"

He stopped.

"Well?" demanded the squire.

"Then he's a lost man," replied the detective.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A Lost Man.

Not within the memory of the oldest inhabitant had there been so much excitement in the county.

That a murder should have been committed within a quarter of a mile of the Grange, on Olivia Vanley's wedding day, was bad enough; but that the suspected man should be the mysterious Mr. Faradeane of The Dell, raised popular curiosity and interest to fever heat. Then came the news that the bride had been stricken down with fever, and was lying dangerously ill at her father's house.

Scarcely any other topic was discussed, and persons eagerly asked one another whether any new phase of what was already called "the Hawkwood tragedy" had appeared. The only man who seemed to have retained his calmness in the midst of the excitement was the prisoner himself. While everybody else was eagerly debating the probability of his guilt or innocence, and endeavoring to ascribe the motive for his crime, if indeed he committed it, Harold Faradeane uttered no word which could tend toward a solution of the mystery.

Some thought that it was impossible for him to be innocent; and when the coroner's jury had returned a verdict of willful murder, people shook their heads, and pursed their lips significantly.

Then came the examination before the magistrates. Long before the hour appointed for the sitting, the small court at Wainford was crammed. Men who had met and taken a sudden liking to the grave, handsome stranger, and ladies who had admired and wondered about him, filled all the available seats. On the bench sat Lord Carfield, the chairman, and two of his brother magistrates, but, as was expected, the Squire of Hawkwood was absent; though it was remarked that a groom from the Grange was on his horse outside the court, ready to carry home the result of the examination.

A look of grave and painful earnestness sat upon the old earl's face, and he leaned his head upon his hand, and bent his eyes upon his desk. He, like the squire, had taken a great liking to the man accused of this terrible crime, and, but that it was a principle of his life never to shirk a duty, however painful, he too would have been absent from the bench. In the well of the court, near the clerk, sat the commonplace-looking London detective, keenly noting every face and every voice around him, though to all appearance wrapped in stolid reflection.

Presently, in the midst of the hum and buzz, the clerk called "Harold Faradeane," and a policeman opened the door of the dock, and the prisoner entered.

He was very pale, and those who knew him felt a thrill of pity as they saw how haggard and drawn his face had grown during the days of his imprisonment. But with the feeling of pity was mingled one of puzzled surprise. It seemed impossible to connect a vulgar crime with the grave, patrician face and bearing, which remained calm and dignified under the battery of eyes, and seemed to give a direct denial to the charge which the clerk read out. As he would not be required to plead guilty or not guilty until the trial—if the magistrates should decide to send him for trial—Harold Faradeane remained silent.

"I propose to produce sufficient evidence to warrant my demanding that the prisoner should be sent for trial my lord," said the superintendent of police, and he called the constable and Browne, the keeper.

They told the now-familiar story of the finding of the body, and Faradeane in close proximity, waiting, as it almost seemed, for detection, and the picking up of the revolver near to his feet.

The spectators listened breathlessly; some of them had heard the story in the Grange hall on Olivia's wedding day; but they listened as intently now as if it were all new to them.

Faradeane stood with one hand resting on the rail in front of the dock, his eyes fixed on the ground, his whole bearing that of a man completely resigned to whatever might happen; not indifferent, but simply resigned.

The earl looked up and at him as the evidence was concluded.

"Have you any questions to ask, Mr. Faradeane?" he said in a grave voice, and the crowded court remarked that he addressed the accused by his name instead of as "prisoner."

"No, my lord," came the quiet reply.

Lord Carfield's brows came together.

"Surely you must have some explanation to offer," he said, just as he had said on the day of the murder. "Is it possible that you should fail to recognize the serious position in which you are placed?"

Faradeane raised his sad eyes, in which, sad as they were, there was nothing of craven fear or imploration.

"I fully appreciate my position, my lord," he said, "and I regret that I have no explanation to offer."

Lord Carfield pushed his notes aside with a grave impatience.

"Was there no one near the body excepting Mr. Faradeane?" he asked Browne.

"No, my lord."

"You met no one? Think, and answer carefully. There was a large number of persons present at the Grange on that day; did you meet no one in the drive or in the wood?"

"No, my lord. The folks were all on the lawn listening to the singing and speech-making in the tent. I met no one, till I fetched the constable."

Lord Carfield asked the same question of the constable, and received the same answer. No one had been seen in the wood or coming from it but the dead woman and the man Harold Faradeane, who stood so patiently and calmly waiting.

"Has the murdered woman been identified?" asked Lord Carfield. "Is anything known about her? There should be some evidence of motive."

"The woman has been identified, my lord," said the superintendent, entering the box. "Her name is Bella Lee, but she was known as Bella-Bella. She was a professional acrobat, and quite famous in London, my lord."

"And in what way do you connect Mr. Faradeane—the prisoner—with her? I cannot see—"

He stopped. It was apparent that he was endeavoring to find any loophole for escape or explanation.

The superintendent hesitated; then, catching the placid eye of Mr. McAndrew, replied:

"Some information is in our possession, my lord; but we do not propose to produce it at this stage. We depend upon the evidence of the gamekeeper and constable."

"Our duty is clear," said Lord Carfield, but with a reluctance which was distinctly palpable. "We must commit the prisoner for trial. Have you anything to say?" he asked.

At this moment there was a slight disturbance among the closely-packed persons near the door, and Mr. Bartley Bradstone entered. He looked round him with the air of a man determined not to show nervousness, and then up at the face of the prisoner. Had he anything to say?

Harold Faradeane glanced ever no

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Why not give up that snuff and stop dosing your stomach? The one sure treatment is "Catarrhose," a sure cure because it goes where the disease really is. Certain to cure in your case because it has restored tens of thousands worse than you are. Catarrhose is a thorough cure because it destroys the causes as well as the effects of the disease. Relief is prompt, cure is quick with this powerful remedy which is guaranteed to cure Catarrh in any part of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes or lungs. To be really cured, use only Catarrhose and beware of dangerous substitutes meant to deceive you from genuine Catarrhose which is sold everywhere, large size contains two months' treatment, costs \$1.00; small size 50c; sample size 25c.

slightly at Bartley Bradstone, then met Lord Carfield's grave and troubled regard.

"Nothing, my lord," came the reply.

"Remove the prisoner," said Lord Carfield in a low voice, and Faradeane followed the policemen from the dock.

A murmur of pent-up excitement rose from the crowded court, and several ladies who had grown pale and somewhat hysterical during the examination drew long and audible breaths of relief.

"That man is not guilty," said one of them. "I am as certain of it as I am that I am sitting here. No man capable of shooting a defenceless woman could stand up and look as he did. If he were a bad man he would brazen it out, and he would show himself to be a hardened criminal; and if, on the other hand, he were only a weak man, who had yielded to a sudden temptation, he would, this morning, have been utterly cast down and overwhelmed with grief and remorse. Instead of presenting either appearance, he looks round like a man who who is too noble to have committed the vulgar crime, and still too noble to despise us for suspecting him."

Now, Mr. McAndrew was standing just beneath the lady who had delivered her opinion, by no means in a whisper, and he looked up at her, and smiled behind the hand which he passed over his mouth. And he was still smiling as, shouldering his way out of the court, he came upon Mr. Bartley Bradstone, who in a purposeless kind of fashion was standing and being generally pushed about, as he stared with a species of fascination at the dock in which Faradeane had just stood.

Mr. McAndrew touched his hat.

"Good-morning, sir; quite a crowd."

"Yes, yes," replied Bartley Bradstone.

At that moment there came the tramp of drilled footsteps in the corridor in which they were standing, and a cry of "Make way there! Stand back!"

It was the prisoner being escorted to the closed fly which was to take him back to the prison.

Bartley Bradstone started, and took half a step forward, his eyes fixed on Faradeane's face.

"How is Mrs. Bradstone this morning, sir?" asked Mr. McAndrew, standing right in the way of the policeman, and their charge.

"Very ill, dangerously ill still," said Bartley Bradstone, still with his eyes on Faradeane.

Faradeane started and stopped. He had caught the reply. His face went white, and seemed to quiver, as if with some sudden fury.

"Ill! Dangerously ill!" he said, in a hollow voice.

There was still a crowd in the corridor, and all eyes were turned upon him.

"Move on, please, sir," said the policeman, not roughly but firmly.

(To be Continued.)

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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 6 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 2 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/4 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.

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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 woolsens 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.



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Capt. Butler Writes.

"A LITTLE MEDAL"

Mrs. John J. Butler, of Topsail, recently received a letter from her son, Captain Bertram Butler, who, we need hardly remind our readers, has been awarded the Military Cross. He enclosed the following letter from General Hunter Weston, of which he is justly proud:—

Headquarters, VIII Corps, B.E.F., 22nd August, 1916.

To Capt. B. Butler, 1st Battalion Nfld. Regiment.

I heartily congratulate you on the honour done you by His Majesty the King in awarding you the Military Cross for your gallant action on the night of 26th-27th June, 1916.

AYLMER HUNTER WESTON, Lieutenant-General, Commanding VIII Corps.

In his letter, Capt. Butler says: "We have been out of the trenches for a week now, but we shall be going back again in a few days' time. I am getting quite used to it now, and an getting an expert at dodging bullets and shells. So far I have kept out of their way generally, and I hope to be able to stick it out right through."

When I go to London I shall be sending you home a little medal to keep me in remembrance. It ought to be worth more than a football medal, so I want you to keep it yourself until I shall need it, which I hope will be very soon. It was a little warm the night I won it, but thank God, I came through all right, though some of the boys did not. I'll tell you all about it after the war."

There were lots of these medals won by our boys on July 1st, which nobody will ever hear of, and which will never be awarded; but war is an awful game—some have the luck to be noticed and others haven't."

Personal.

Rev. Dr. Fenwick, Mrs. Fenwick and Miss Alice Fenwick left by last evening's express en route to Toronto.

Mr. Hutchings, K.C., went out for a few days shooting on last evening's express; also his daughter Miss Irene Hutchings, who goes to Toronto where she will attend college.

Dr. L. E. Keegan left on last evening's express for the West Coast.

Misses Mews, Darby and Moore left by last evening's express for Sackville University.

Magistrate Fitzgerald returned yesterday to Grand Falls.

Everyday Etiquette.

"What is the proper way for a married woman to sign her name to letters?"

"When signing a business letter and she wishes to indicate that she is a married woman she should sign (Mrs.) Mary K. Jones. When signing a social letter she should use her full name without the prefix," replied helpful Auntie.

EARLY SHIPMENTS.—Fish shipments from points in the Bellefleur Straits are unusually early this season.

SAGONA HEARD FROM.—The Red Newfoundland Co. received a message from Capt. Parsons of the S.S. Sagona, saying she reached Hopetown on the 18th and was then coming south. Almost all the floaters were leaving the coast and within a few weeks the fishery would be over.

The Good Mother Were Good

But modern skill of surpassing flavor

Same with old but modern appetizing

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They are so different you will never know New Post Toasties

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Why Harry Moved Back to the City—By Dorgan

