



WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER VI.

The Fortune-Teller's Warning. Bartley Bradstone was about to send them about their business with the nearest approach to an oath he dared to utter in the presence of the ladies, when Mary Penstone, with a laugh, said:

"Oh, don't send them away, Mr. Bradstone. I should like to have my fortune told, I should indeed."

"It's all nonsense," he said, with ill-concealed impatience.

"But is it?" demanded Annie, eying the dark-hued gypsy woman, wistfully. "Oh, yes, of course it is, I know; but let her stay, Mr. Bradstone, just for a minute. Mary, lend me a shilling. I'll be the first."

Mary did not possess the coin; but Olivia found one, and Mary, with manifold giggles, gave it to the gypsy.

The woman crossed the soft palm with it.

"Your fortune is easy to tell, miss," she said. "You'll marry the man of your choice and live happy."

Annie snatched her hand away with a disappointed pout of her full lips.

"I don't think that's worth a shilling," she said. "It's a swindle. I ought to have fallen in love with the wrong man and died of consumption. Now, Mary."

But Mary declined, positively. "Well, you, then, squire," said Annie, tugging at his arm.

"My fortune's made or marred long ago," he said, shaking his head as he tossed half a crown to the woman.

"Well, then, it's Olivia's turn," said Annie. "Now, Olivia, you must, you must have your fortune told."

Olivia smiled, and held out her hand promptly.

"Don't prophesy anything very dreadful, please," she said.

The woman crossed her long, shapely hand and peered at it; then she slowly let the hand drop.

"Is there any other gentleman or lady would like their fortune told?" she said.

"Oh, but that isn't fair!" exclaimed Annie Penstone. "You must tell this lady's, you know."

The woman glanced at her, then at Olivia.

"Am I to tell it, miss?" she said.

Olivia smiled. "Of course," she said. "Why not?"

The woman took her hand, and looked into her eyes, just as a short-sighted person might have done; then she glanced behind her at the spot where the man stood in an attitude of perfect repose and self-possession, his dark eyes fixed upon Bartley Bradstone.

"Shall I tell this pretty lady her fortune, Seth—"

The man nodded, and the woman in a low voice said:

"There are lines of much sorrow, miss, and much doubt. You will mate with a man you do not love, and love a man you do not mate. But in the end—"

She stopped short, and, dropping Olivia's hand, bent over one of the children.

Olivia smiled her calm, sweet smile.

"It is your turn now," she said to Bertie; but Bertie, with affected horror and awe, shook his head.

"Your experience is enough for me," he said.

"That will do," said Bartley Bradstone, and he flung a coin toward the group. "Clear off, now."

The woman darted at the coin, but as her hand closed over it she said:

"Let me tell this gentleman his fortune."

"Oh, do! oh, come, Mr. Bradstone!" exclaimed the two Penstone girls, in chorus. "In common fairness—"

"Oh, I'm quite ready," said Mr. Bartley Bradstone, but with anything but alacrity; and, leaning on his elbow, he extended his right hand reluctantly.

"The left, if you please, gentleman," said the woman.

"You are mighty particular," he said, with an uneasy laugh, and he shifted his position, and gave her the left hand.

As he did so the man took a step forward, and whispered something in the woman's ear.

Her face did not change from its impassibility, but she bent lower over Bartley Bradstone's hand, and amidst the almost solemn silence she said in the dreamy voice she had adopted in the former cases:

"It is a fair hand, a clever hand; but there are lines that trouble the poor gypsy. Lines of the past, and the coming future. Beware of the woman with the black eyes and the cut lip."

Bartley Bradstone changed color, and snatched his hand away.

"That will do," he said. "Don't bother us with any more, but take yourselves off. And look here; I don't allow gypsies to settle or squat, or whatever you call it, upon my land."

The woman tied the coins she had received in the corner of her apron with deliberate composure, then, dropping a curtsy, followed the man, who had already struck into the thick undergrowth.

"How delightful!" exclaimed Annie Penstone. "Mr. Bradstone, I believe you had them brought here on purpose, just to make your picnic complete."

"No, I didn't," he said, abruptly. "I hate them. They are the worst thieves—"

He stopped. "Bring some more wine," he called to the butler.

"Beware of the woman with the cut lip and the black eyes, Mr. Bradstone!" exclaimed Annie, laughingly.

The butler filled their glasses, and in the midst of the general laughing and talking Bartley Bradstone was recovering his composure, and feeling pretty comfortable again, when he heard the sound of horse's hoofs, and, looking up, saw a man on horseback riding into the glade.

The horse was a hunter of good character, and his rider was evidently so lost in thought that he had thrown the reins almost on the animal's neck, and was perfectly indifferent to the course it was taking.

All the picnic party stared at him, and Mary Penstone had just time to whisper to Olivia "What a handsome man!" when Bartley Bradstone sprang to his feet, and seized the horse's loose rein.

It was bad enough to have his grand picnic interrupted by ill-conditioned gypsies, but that an unknown rider should dare to intrude was simply intolerable.

Shattered NERVES



How utterly weak and helpless one becomes when the nerves give way. Sleepless, nervous, irritable and despondent, life becomes a burden.

But there is Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to rebuild your exhausted nervous system, restore the action of your bodily organs and change gloom and despondency into new hope and courage. Try it to-day.

50 cts. a box, at all dealers.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

"Here, you, sir!" he exclaimed, angrily. "do you know you are trespassing?"

The gentleman pulled up, and looked on the angry face below him at the rest of the party with a half-awakened expression.

Then he drew the rein from Bartley Bradstone's grasp, and, looking at him calmly, said:

"I beg your pardon. I did not know I was trespassing."

"But you are!" insisted the giver of the feast. "This is private land, and you ought to know it! Confound it, sir, you've no right to ride over private property like this!"

The stranger's face flushed; but before he could speak Bertie sprang to his feet, and approached the two men.

"Mr. Bradstone," he said, "this gentleman is a friend of mine, and I can assure you that he had no desire to trespass—"

Bartley Bradstone looked from one to the other with his characteristic expression of moody suspicion.

"A friend of yours! Of course that makes a difference. I suppose it's all right."

Olivia had risen, and came slowly toward them. The rest kept their seats.

"Yes; this is a friend of mine—Mr. Faradeane," said Bertie; and he laid his hand upon the bridle of the stranger's horse.

He looked from Bertie to Bartley Bradstone, and then at Olivia, and on her face his eyes seemed fixed.

"Although a friend of Lord Granville, I am still a trespasser," he said, "and I beg your pardon;" and he turned and rode off.

Both Bartley Bradstone and Olivia turned upon Bertie.

"Is he a friend of yours, Lord Granville?" demanded Bartley Bradstone.

Olivia said nothing, though her eyes were eloquent enough. The color rose to poor Bertie's face.

"It is Mr. Faradeane, of The Dell," he stammered—fancy the cherub stammering!—"I made his acquaintance the day his dog ran loose, Olivia. That's all."

CHAPTER VII. A Simple Bit of Charity.

It was the morning after Mr. Bradstone's elaborate picnic, and the clock was striking twelve as Olivia, with her hat and jacket on, knocked at the door of the squire's den, as the room in which he kept his guns and fishing-rods, and in which he transacted his business as justice of the peace, was called.

She knocked twice, then, having received no answer, opened the door and entered.

To her surprise she saw her father seated in his well-worn leather chair, bending over the table, his head leaning on his hand. Before him was a goodly—or evil—array of papers, and his face, as he raised it, wore that anxious and troubled expression which Olivia had seen upon it so often of late.

"Why don't you arrange to have two or three couples at your home some evening of to go on an outdoor excursion and invite this particular young man to go along? You really ought to make some advances so that he will know that you did not refuse his invitation merely to cut the friendship," helped her aunt.

"I am afraid not, my dear," he said, cheerlessly. "This is a matter which—"

He stopped and gazed at her with a sad, vacant expression. "Have you found a book for Bessie? By the way, speaking of her reminds me. I called upon that strange Mr. Faradeane this morning."

Olivia bent over the heap of dusty books, and, after a moment's silence, said:

"Yes, papa; I am glad of that."

"Are you? Why? Well, there's not much to be glad of, for he was not at home."

"He was out riding, perhaps," she said, with the faintest tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"No, he was in," said the squire, dryly. "He was in the house, for I saw him at the window as I went up the path."

Olivia looked round thoughtfully. "You saw him—"

"At the window. Yes; and he told his servant to say that he was not at home. I must say I was much annoyed. I am not used to rebuffs of that kind, especially from strangers. I was so irritated that I felt inclined to tell the man that I had seen his master, but I thought better of it, and left a card. I think this young fellow is acting in a very extraordinary fashion."

"I beg your pardon, papa," she said. "I did not want to disturb you, but I knocked twice, and, thinking you were out, ventured in. I want a book for Bessie."

The squire was an inveterate novel reader, and there was always a goodly stock of popular fiction lying about the den.

"A novel. Yes, my dear," and he made an attempt at rising; but Olivia went to him quickly and put her hand upon his shoulder.

"No, you shan't trouble, dear. I can find it. You are busy, I can see."

"Busy?" he said, in a dull way. "Oh, yes, I am, rather," and he sighed.

"Is it anything very troublesome, anything I can help you with?" she inquired, as she turned over the pile of yellow-covered volumes. "I can sometimes, you know."

He shook his head with a mirthless smile.

"I am afraid not, my dear," he said, cheerlessly. "This is a matter which—"

He stopped and gazed at her with a sad, vacant expression. "Have you found a book for Bessie? By the way, speaking of her reminds me. I called upon that strange Mr. Faradeane this morning."

Olivia bent over the heap of dusty books, and, after a moment's silence, said:

"Yes, papa; I am glad of that."

"Are you? Why? Well, there's not much to be glad of, for he was not at home."

"He was out riding, perhaps," she said, with the faintest tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"No, he was in," said the squire, dryly. "He was in the house, for I saw him at the window as I went up the path."

Olivia looked round thoughtfully. "You saw him—"

"At the window. Yes; and he told his servant to say that he was not at home. I must say I was much annoyed. I am not used to rebuffs of that kind, especially from strangers. I was so irritated that I felt inclined to tell the man that I had seen his master, but I thought better of it, and left a card. I think this young fellow is acting in a very extraordinary fashion."

Olivia seemed to ponder for a moment. "Why, dear?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Why?" repeated the squire, with the nearest approach to impatience he ever permitted himself toward his darling. "Well, first by buying 'The Dell in the strange way he did, and then shunning all intercourse with his neighbors in the mysterious fashion he adopts. I hate mysteries! In my opinion, there is always something shady and shameful at the bottom of them."

"Mr. Faradeane does not look as if he had anything to be ashamed of," she said, in the same low, thoughtful voice.

(To be Continued.)

A SIMPLE TREATMENT THAT WILL MAKE HAIR GROW NOW SOLD IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

Every up-to-date woman should have radiant hair.

There are thousands of women with harsh, faded, characterless hair, who do not try to improve it.

In England and Paris women take pride in having beautiful hair. Every Canadian woman can have lustrous and luxuriant hair by using SALVIA, the Great Paris Sage Hair Tonic.

Every reader of the Telegram can have an attractive head of hair in a few weeks by using SALVIA.

All first class druggists sell a large bottle for 50 cents, and guarantee it to banish dandruff, stop falling hair and itching scalp in ten days, or money back.

SALVIA is a beautiful, pleasant, non-sticky Hair Tonic.

Everyday Etiquette.

"There is a young man whom I admire a great deal. He has called me up several times to make an engagement but each time I had a previous date, how can I entertain him at my home," asked Anna.

"Why don't you arrange to have two or three couples at your home some evening of to go on an outdoor excursion and invite this particular young man to go along? You really ought to make some advances so that he will know that you did not refuse his invitation merely to cut the friendship," helped her aunt.

"I am afraid not, my dear," he said, cheerlessly. "This is a matter which—"

He stopped and gazed at her with a sad, vacant expression. "Have you found a book for Bessie? By the way, speaking of her reminds me. I called upon that strange Mr. Faradeane this morning."

Olivia bent over the heap of dusty books, and, after a moment's silence, said:

"Yes, papa; I am glad of that."

"Are you? Why? Well, there's not much to be glad of, for he was not at home."

"He was out riding, perhaps," she said, with the faintest tinge of disappointment in her voice.

"No, he was in," said the squire, dryly. "He was in the house, for I saw him at the window as I went up the path."

Olivia looked round thoughtfully. "You saw him—"

"At the window. Yes; and he told his servant to say that he was not at home. I must say I was much annoyed. I am not used to rebuffs of that kind, especially from strangers. I was so irritated that I felt inclined to tell the man that I had seen his master, but I thought better of it, and left a card. I think this young fellow is acting in a very extraordinary fashion."

Olivia seemed to ponder for a moment. "Why, dear?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Why?" repeated the squire, with the nearest approach to impatience he ever permitted himself toward his darling. "Well, first by buying 'The Dell in the strange way he did, and then shunning all intercourse with his neighbors in the mysterious fashion he adopts. I hate mysteries! In my opinion, there is always something shady and shameful at the bottom of them."

J. J. St. JOHN.

30 brls. SPARE RIBS at \$19.00 brl., or 10c per lb.

50 qts. PRIME SHORE CODFISH at \$5.50 qtl., or 6c. per lb.

150 bags BRAN at \$1.80 bag.

10 kegs IRISH BUTTER, the very best procurable, at 50c. lb.

50 boxes KIRKMAN'S BORAX SOAP, 100 bars, at \$6.50 box, or 8c. bar.

Try Kirkman's SCOURING POWDER, large tins, 8c.

J. J. St. JOHN,

Duckworth St. and LeMarchant Road.

J. J. St. JOHN,

Duckworth St. and LeMarchant Road.



THE FIREMEN may save your home and belongings from utter destruction by the flames, but the smoke and water will create a great deal of havoc.

FIRE INSURANCE will make good your damaged property and supply you with sufficient ready funds to replace destroyed articles. Write us for an insurance policy to-day.

PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Agent.

ARTISTIC CROCHET BOOK,

Containing novel beadings, insertions and edgings, suitable for undergarments and dress trimmings, exquisite floral designs in Irish crochet, also practical suggestions, both simple and advanced, for tea cloths and bed spreads. Price 35c.

THE ETIQUETTE OF TO-DAY. (Edited by Flora Klickmann.)

The chief rules of the etiquette observed in the ordinary affairs of everyday life are set forth as concisely as has been deemed advisable. Price 35c.

NEW FICTION, 35c. Ann Veronica—H. T. Wells. McClusky the Reformer—A. C. Hales. A Spur to Smite—G. B. Lancaster. A Silent Witness—R. Austin Freeman. The Turnstile—A. E. W. Mason. The Way of an Eagle—E. M. Dell. The Children of the Sea—H. De Vere Stacpole.

The Trail of '98—Robt. W. Service. A Daughter of the West—Maurice Gerard.

A Splinter in the Sun—Myrtle Reed. Whirligigs—O. Henry. The Business of Life—R. W. Chambers.

Loneliness—R. H. Benson. The Edge of Beyond—Gertrude Page. Meave—Dorothy Conyers.

The Knave of Diamonds—S. M. Dell. General John Regan—Geo. A. Birmingham.

French Yarns—"Peter". The Dream Doctor—A. B. Reeve. The Beetle—Richard Marsh.

GARRETT BYRNE, Bookseller & Stationer.

JUST AS YOU WANT

we cut the choice meats we offer you. Come in and tell us what you want and how you want it and see how satisfactory

OUR MEATS, our service and our prices prove. You will like sanitary cleanliness of our market, our honest weight and fair dealing also.

M. CONNOLLY,

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

Advertise in the TELEGRAM

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

mar74tu, 2, 4, 12

Due August 5th, ex S. S. Jacobsen, Genuine North Sydney

Screened Coal, \$9.80 Ton

While discharging. A. H. MURRAY, Beck's Cove.

Keep the Home Fires Burning Every Day!

But in the nights, and when you are away from home, you can

Use one of our Alcohol HEATERS,

at 50c. each.

It's a wonder. Boiler is complete with handle and cover, there is a tripod and a tin holder of solid alcohol (nothing to spill). Everything is compact. Tripod folds up and so does boiler handle, and the boiler will contain tripod and alcohol holder and a cup and saucer. Alcohol refills cost 15c. each. These Heaters are useful at all times, but especially for

Infants and sick people at night. Anyone who hates laying fires in hot weather. Picnicers, trouters and owners of motor cars, motor cycles side-cars and motor boats. Travellers on the railway or elsewhere.

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 Maundel

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

Advertise in the TELEGRAM

minard's liniment cures distemper.

mar74tu, 2, 4, 12

A WO

WIDOW AND HER FRIENDS would like to borrow a few dollars to be paid back any time she



No. 2—She is strongly advised to

No. 3—Her father is greatly worried by her

No. 4—Her husband's mother is

Questions From the Potsdam Catechism.

A profound sensation (writes the Exchange Berne correspondent) has been caused by the recent publication on the origins of the war, written by a German; domiciled at Zurich, named Hermann Fernau. The author adopts the view contained in the famous book "J'Accuse," but desires to hide his identity. He demands answers to the following questions:

Why the bullying tone of the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia?

Why the brutal refusal of Austria to the demand for delay made by the Triple Entente?

Why was the Serbian reply with humble astonishment Europe, nevertheless rejected?

Why was Sir E. Grey's proposal for a conference rejected?

Why did Germany declare (the White Book) "Austria could not be cited before a European Tribunal?"

Why did Austria declare that she was obliged to decline the British proposal? (vide White Book.)

Why did not Germany counsel mediation to her ally?

Why did Germany talk so much about localization of the conflict when (as her diplomatic documents show) she knew Russia was bound to intervene?

Why was the Austrian ultimatum approved at Berlin, when it was previous its despatch meant a European war?

Why has the German Government suppressed all reference to the Triple

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS