



The men who are doing the big things to-day, are the men who think for themselves.

The men who think for themselves, think about themselves.

All men, who are making reputations, know the value of personal appearance.

They use the GILLETTE, and look the whole world in the face, with clean shaven faces.

The Gillette face is the sign of success.

You are in company with the biggest men on the continent when you shave with the GILLETTE.

This is the new Gillette Sign, displayed by dealers handling Gillette Razors and Blades.

Look for the sign—look at the Razor. The dealer displaying this sign will gladly point out the unique features of the Gillette—or write us for descriptive booklets.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED, MONTREAL.



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THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Miss North's Story.

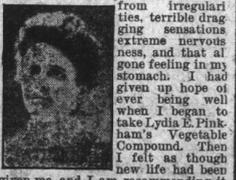
'That would be something,' said Louis, with unflattering candor. 'So it would,' she said, with a smile. 'Well, we will try it. You take up the soup, nurse, and I'll go and play something quietly. He may like it.' 'He's far gone indeed if he doesn't,' said the dame, almost indignantly, as she went up with the soup. Ethel wiped her hands and went into the parlor and opened the piano. But she stood a moment or two looking at the keys; she had not touched since that night when Harold Woodleigh had held her hands and looked into her eyes. That never-to-be-forgotten night when paradise seemed to open its doors only to close them again, and leave her life all the more sad and hopeless for that one bright ray of exquisite delight. No one knew how much the gentle-hearted girl had suffered, since that night she had gone into the church and realized how far above her was the man she loved—yes, loved with all her heart and soul; and he had

realized it, for he had not come near her since that night. With a gesture of impatience at her weakness, weakness which she felt would cling to her for life, for she was not one to love and unlove in a breath, she sat down and began playing softly a sonata of Haydn's. The dame found the sick man leaning back in his chair, staring at the canvas, and she scarcely removed his eyes from it when she entered; but there was a bitter, hard look in them that was almost worse than the old indifference. Suddenly he looked round at her and pointed to the canvas. 'Take that away, will you, dame?' he said, quietly. The dame took it from the chair and placed it behind his chair. 'You'll try and eat the soup, sir, won't you?' she said, looking at him with that look of maternal affection which all good nurses feel for the creature they have pulled through the shadow of death. 'I should be an ungrateful beast if I didn't try to eat a horse if you asked me, dame,' he said, looking up at her. She courted and looked pleased. He stared at her curiously. 'You are a good soul,' he said; 'you puzzled me. Why have you taken so much trouble to keep the life in this miserable carcass—why?' 'Oh, sir,' said the proud old soul, taken aback at the strange conundrum. 'Don't vilify yourself like that. A better man and a handsomer—excepting my Harold—'

'Con—confound your Harold!' he groaned, and turned to the fire with a long sigh. The dame was flying, aghast, but with a gesture of his white hand he stopped her. 'I—I beg your pardon,' he said. 'Yes, Harold Woodleigh is a fine fellow, there are few like him; and—' and he is the luckiest man in the world. The soup, thank you!' The dame stole downstairs, and he put the soup down again untasted, and covered his face with his hands. Presently there rose a soft strain of music, but he did not move; suddenly there mingled with it a human voice, exquisitely melodious and soul-touching. With a deep sigh, scarcely realizing that it was a human voice and real music—he had been delirious, remember, for nearly a week!—he looked round the room; his eyes fell on the picture beside the chair, and with an effort he raised it to his knees and sat staring at it. Then, with trembling fingers, he drew off the cover, and let his eyes rest on the lovely face that suddenly looked out at him with the large, dark, mournful eyes and sensitive lips. And as he looked his lips quivered, his eyes grew moist, he was as weak as a child; and his hands trembled so that the exquisite face grew blurred and indistinct to his sight. Then the cry of passionate despair welled from his heart: 'Oh, my love, my love! And I have lost you!' Suddenly the music ceased; as it awakened, the hard look came into his face again, and, averting his eyes, he threw the covering over the picture, and laid it down beside the chair again.

AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound



It was a strange speech, as strange as his look. 'Yes, until I came here, my life was one continual sorrow; but it has not made me weary of the world.' 'That is a bit at me,' he said, without a smile. 'I confess that I am weary of it, for I have ceased to believe in it, but at least, Miss North, I have drained the cup to its dregs. I cannot go into some country village and play the organ, because I am not a woman. Women never cease to trust Heaven after they are loved. Men lose their faith; I have lost mine. Were you ever in love, Miss North?' At any other time, from any other man than this mere shadow, Ethel North, quiet as she was, would have risen with indignant anger, but now she looked at him, and that look was enough. To be continued.

Then he started, and touched the bell. 'Was—that some one singing downstairs?' he asked, as Louis entered. 'Yes, sir,' was the reply. 'Ah! I thought I had been dreaming. Who was it?' 'Miss North, sir—a friend of Mrs. Hester's.' 'I never heard of her,' said Slade, languidly. 'She lives here, sir—eastways she did. These are her rooms.' 'And I have turned her out!' said Slade. 'She doesn't mind that, sir. No one could have been kinder all the time than Miss North. She's downstairs all day, helping Mrs. Hester—and a lady, too, sir.' 'It is very kind,' said Slade, thoughtfully; 'I don't understand it. Louis, take my compliments, and—no I will wait till I see her to thank her.' 'Would you like to see her now sir?' said Louis. 'She'll be only too pleased—'

UNCLAIMED LETTERS, REMAINING IN G. P. to SEPT. 1910. 3rd.

Table listing unclaimed letters by name and address, organized in columns A through Z.

SEAMEN'S LIST.

Table listing seamen by name and ship, organized in columns A through Z.

Advertisement for THE HOLLOWAY STUDIO, featuring portrait work, copying, and photography services.

Advertisement for A GOOD AD IN A BAD PLACE, featuring a cartoon illustration of a man with a sign.

Advertisement for JOHN MAUNDER, Tailor & Clothier, featuring the latest style and workmanship.

Advertisement for EUROPEAN AGENCY, featuring wholesale and retail goods.

Advertisement for THE NEW FRENCH REMEDY THERAPION, detailing its benefits for various ailments.