

# INSPECTION



**INSPECTION of the Gillette Safety Razor by mechanical experts and men of judgment shows clearly WHY seven million shavers prefer it.**

The thin, flat blade is tempered to a uniform hardness impossible in an ordinary thick-backed razor. As a natural result, it takes an edge unequalled for even keenness.

The curved holder supports the blade close to the shaving edges, preventing all that vibration which makes hollow-ground open blades and other safeties pull and irritate when they strike a stiff beard.

Then there's the adjustable feature, exclusive to the Gillette.

By a simple turn of the wrist you can regulate a Gillette shave to a nicely—light, medium or as close as you like.

The toothed guard ensures safety, and permits such free and rapid strokes that a smooth, clean Gillette shave need take no more than three minutes.

Inspect the Gillette and you'll buy it—and shave in comfort thereafter. Go to it! Your Druggist, Jeweler or Hardware Dealer will gladly parade the Gillette Line before you.

*"Bulldog", "Aristocrat" and Standard Sets, \$5.00—Pocket Editions, \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets, \$6.50 up.*

**Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited**  
Office and Factory: The Gillette Bldg. - Montreal

nurse were thinking, the fools, that I was unconscious, I've been doing what I've carefully avoided doing all my life up till now—thinking. Put—put some eau de cologne on my lips; I can smell the filthy medicine. Don't let that fool of a doctor give me any more; I hate smelling like a chemist's shop—thanks. Yes, it was very good of you to come, Clive. I wonder whether you would oblige me by remaining until I have made my exit? Don't promise, if it would bore you too much to stay."

"Of course I shall stay with you, father," said Clive.

"Thank you very much," said the old man, with an attempt at his courtly bow. "It is more than I deserve." There was another pause, during which Clive persuaded the stricken man to assume a lower and easier attitude in the bed; then the earl said in a feeble voice:

"There is something I wanted to say to you, Clive—it has escaped me or the moment; but I dare say I shall remember it before I go. I feel sleepy. I have your promise to remain, and as a boy you always kept your promises."

Clive pressed the old man's hand, and he seemed to fall into a stupor. Clive remained beside him for some time, then went down and sent a wire to Adolphus. The reply came very quickly:

"Extremely sorry to hear news; hope things are not so serious as you imagine. Am too unwell to travel; most complicated case."

ADOLPHUS.

Clive, flushing for shame for his brother, returned to the sick-room and watched through the night. The earl's condition did not change, and in the morning Clive sent his telegram to Mina. In doing so, he felt some relief of his anxiety on her account, and was free to devote himself in heart and mind to his stricken father.

For some days the earl lay in this state of stupor. There was little to be done but wait, but what little there was, Clive did. He took up as well as he could the tangled threads of the household affairs, and as far as he was able took the place of the eldest son, Adolphus. And all the time his mind was divided between his father and Mina. He had written to her a long and loving letter, telling her that he would come to her as soon as possible, and asking her to write to him, if only a line or two.

He was surprised and disappointed at not receiving any reply, but he was not alarmed, his faith in her and her love was too strong for doubt or fear.

The end of Dandy Raforborough came on the fourth day after Clive's arrival. The old man roused from the state of coma in which he had been lying, and his eyes, almost clear again, sought Clive's.

"Here still, my boy?" he said.

"You're kept your promise. And you're here alone? No matter, I don't know that I wanted a large audience. Clive, I've never done you justice, rather late in the day to admit that, isn't it? I see now that you are going to be a credit to the family. Dad, I shouldn't be surprised if you restored it to its old position! Who knows what may happen? Dolph is a wreck, Bertie will probably break his neck, and you'll come in for the title and the old place. Clive, you must marry, marry well. You're the best-looking of the bunch; you have got the Raforborough build and your mother's face. You'll have no difficulty in marrying money—none of us ever had—you can pull the place together into its old form. I've been just what they call me, 'Dandy' Raforborough; Dolph is only an advertisement for a patent medicine—and a poor one at that; Bertie's a waster and has gone to the bad; you're the only respectable one, the only one who counts. For God's sake do your duty by the old name—as we have none of us do. Promise me, Clive, to make a good marriage and restore the fortunes of the family—is my wig on straight? I am going to the Chesterleights' to-night. Gad, if I were a little younger I'd marry that girl of his; she is beautiful, and there'll be the money—a little touch of rouge—not too high—you will stick it on my cheek-bones, you fool." In his wandering mind he thought he was talking to his valet. "Give me the glass!"

There was a pause. Clive moistened his father's lips with the restorative that stood on the table, and, holding the palsied hand, waited sorrowfully.

"You're like your mother, Clive," the labored voice went on again; "the only one who is like her; you take after her in these quixotic notions of hers; she was all for 'doing good,' and fussing about the poor; funny how these weaknesses get handed down to one member of a family while the rest are passed over! There's Dolph, who wouldn't stretch out his little finger to save the whole of his fellow creatures from drowning; and there's Bertie—well, you know what Bertie is. You're thinking that it's rather late in the day for me to recognize and dilate on your good qualities, Clive; but while I've been lying here, and the doctor and the

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**MADE IN CANADA  
REFUSE ALL  
SUBSTITUTES  
AND  
DEMAND  
ROYAL  
YEAST  
THE BEST  
YEAST IN  
THE WORLD  
E.W. GILLETTE CO. LTD.  
TORONTO, ONT.  
WINNIPEG MONTREAL**

Clive, grieved and shocked, would have withheld it, but the nurse whispered, "He will not see," and brought the silver hand-mirror from the dressing-table still laden with rouge-pots, face-washes and cosmetics, and held it up before the fading eyes. Dandy Raforborough, his ruling passion of personal vanity strong in death, gazed at the glass with a complacent smile.

"No one would take me for more than forty," he murmured; "not a day more than forty!"

He put up his shaking hand and smoothed the side curls of his wig; then, with a little chuckle of self-satisfaction, fell back and closed his eyes. Suddenly he looked up and met Clive's gaze. A change came over his face, it grew grave, almost solemn; he raised himself on his elbow and said earnestly:

"Remember! I rely on you—Clive—the only one—"

Clive was terribly cut up by his father's death; all the more cut up because of the temporary estrangement. Adolphus again wired to say he was too unwell to travel, and requested Clive to make all the necessary arrangements for the funeral. He signed himself "Raforborough."

There was, of course, a great deal to do; and Clive did it thoroughly after the fashion of his kind. The funeral was a large one; for, now that he was dead, a great many persons found that they had entertained a great affection for Dandy Raforborough and were anxious to be present at his burying. No one was surprised at the new earl's absence, for all knew his character; nor was anyone surprised at the way in which Clive filled his brother's place, for all knew Clive's.

When the guests had departed and Clive had had his last interview with the family lawyer, he asked for the carriage to take him to catch the evening train; he had done his duty by his dead father, more than his duty by his brother, and he was now free to go to the girl he loved.

He reached his rooms in the early morning, weary but buoyed up by the thought of soon holding Mina in his arms. He went to his bedroom and lay down for an hour or two; then he dressed for outdoors. On his way down the stairs, it occurred to him that a letter from Mina might be lying among the others on the table; but he did not go back, he should see herself in a few minutes.

He went to the Reits and, early as it was, found the inhabitants stirring; the door of the house in which Elisha lived was open and Clive walked up the stairs and knocked at the sitting-room door. No response came and he listened intently, his heart beating fast with the expectation of hearing Mina's voice, but there was no sound; the place struck him as lifeless; he tried to open the door; it was locked.

The poor little slavey of the house had been watching him round the stairs and she now called up to him in her shrill voice:

"'Wot is it, mister?"

"I want Elisha—Mr. Burrell," said Clive.

"'Wot then? They've gone. Been gone ever so long."

Clive came down the stairs slowly "You mean they've gone out?" he said.

"No; I don't. I mean they've gone for good," she said emphatically. "They went away for a holiday, I believe; but they must have liked the place they went to precious well, for Mr. Lisha and Tibby, they come back after a day or two or two sold the furnicher."

Clive was silent for a moment, telling himself that this sinking of the heart was absurd and ridiculous.

"Indeed?" he said. "Where have they gone?"

"I'm blessed if I know; an' nobody else," replied the girl, beginning to move away. "They've sloped, an' that's all I can say, as I told the gent with the wax-work's face as came to inquire the other day. Thank yer, sir," as Clive put a coin in her hand.

"I'm much obliged; but if you was to give me the Bank of Hengland, I couldn't tell you no more; they've just gone, clean gone, an' that's the long an' the short of it!"

(To be Continued.)

Is Your Tongue Furred?  
Have You Headache?

How few feel well this time of the year? The whole system needs housecleaning; the blood is impure; it needs enriching. Nothing will do the work more effectively than Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Take them at night and you feel better next morning. They work wonders in the body while you sleep. Being composed of pure vegetable extracts and juices, Dr. Hamilton's Pills are safe for the young and old alike. Try this wonderful family medicine to-day, it will do you a world of good. Whether for biliousness, headache, lack of appetite or constipation, Dr. Hamilton's Pills will quickly cure. 50c. per box at all dealers.

**YOUR BOYS AND GIRLS**

Children should be taught from the beginning the great moral law of cause and effect; not to look for wealth without work, for honor without honesty. Teach them that character stands above surroundings and that esteem should be bestowed where it is due, whether for mental endowment or material wealth.

It is not all of morals to moralize, and less precept and more example is to be commended. The living realization, the quiet suggestion, the favorable opportunity are the efficient teachers. Ignorance is responsible for a great deal of wickedness, but evil example and parental neglect are responsible for vastly more.

A sense of right and wrong should be cultivated early in a child's life and much may be accomplished in this direction before the child leaves the mother's nursery training.

Novelty pockets continue to be a feature—even on separate waists. Fox furs of all kinds—black, red, white and silver—are the leaders. Silver and gold lace figures among the attractive evening trimmings. There will be a great deal of fur trimming used on collars and cuffs. Linen frocks are the most popular for the little girl's school dress. Lots of new belts have novel pocket arrangements attached to them. The foot wearing the patent leather shoe will be foremost this winter.

**Salves Can't Cure Eczema.**

In regard to skin diseases, medical authorities are now agreed on this: Don't imprison the disease germs in your skin by the use of greasy salves, and thus encourage them to multiply. A true cure of all eczematous diseases can be brought about only by using the healing agents in the form of a liquid.

**WASH THE GERMS OUT.**

The D. D. D. Prescription is a new skin discovery which is becoming famous throughout Newfoundland and Canada. It is a simple wash, compounded as a scientific antiseptic remedy for Eczema, Bad Leg, Ulcers, Sores, Pimples and all skin eruptions. This wash penetrates to the disease germs and destroys them, then soothes and heals the skin as nothing else has ever done.

Don't delay—this wash will cure. Get a bottle of D. D. D. Prescription to-day. Sould everywhere.

## "ECHOES of the Past;

OR,  
The Recompense of Love!"

CHAPTER XVIII.

Clive was driven quickly to the Hall. It was a beautiful old place, surrounded by some of the finest timber in England; an old-world place, rich in historical associations. It was architecturally imposing, but it was very much out of repair and ill-kept, and it had the appearance of all such places when the owners lack ready money to maintain them. Clive, of course, loved it, and even at this moment, when his heart was heavy with anxiety, he was conscious of a feeling of pride and admiration as the carriage swept up the avenue of magnificent beeches, and a turn in the road disclosed the ancient house and home of his race.

The butler met him with a face as grave as the coachman's. "The doctor says that you are to go up directly you come, sir," he said. "His lordship is about the same."

Clive went up the great stairs, and the doctor came into the dressing-room to meet him.

"I am glad you have come, Mr. Clive," he said. "The earl has been

asking for you, fretting. Yes; it was a paralytic stroke. He is conscious and understands what is said to him, but he speaks with difficulty. He knows that you are here, he heard the carriage. I scarcely need ask you to keep him as quiet as possible."

Without a word Clive entered the bedroom, a nurse glided out and Clive went to the bed. He was grieved and startled by the change in his father. Raforborough had not been called "Dandy" Raforborough for nothing; he had been young for his years, and had looked, when Clive saw him last, little more than middle-aged; and Clive could scarcely believe that the shrunken form with the drawn, twisted face and hollow cheeks, could be his sprightly, youthful father. They had removed his wig, there was no rouge on his cheeks, deep lines had been suddenly graven at the corners of his drooping mouth and about his eyes; but though the outer shell was a wreck, the indomitable spirit that must have kept him young still smoldered within Dandy Raforborough, and he flamed up feebly at sight of Clive. He nodded his already shaking head and tried to smile with his twisted lips.

"So you've come," he said. He spoke slowly, forming each word with difficulty, but Clive, by bending low, could hear. "I thought you would come, though I should not have been surprised if you had wired and told me to go to the devil. You're an awful fool, you know, Clive; but 'pon my soul I've a suspicion that you're

the best of the bunch. I've nearly got to the end of my tether. It's a stroke. Extremely annoying! Why on earth couldn't I die in a decent manner? I must look like a figure in a wax-work show, I know. They're taken my wig away—the fools. I wish you'd give it to me and stick it on."

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### "Catarrhzone" Prevents Bad Colds Strengthens Weak Irritable Throats.

Employs Nature's own Methods and is Invariably Successful.

Few will escape a cold this winter, but alas! many colds run into Catarrh.

Neglected Catarrh is the straight gateway to consumption.

Catarrhzone is a germ-killer—destroys microbes that cause Catarrh.

It heals and soothes, relieves the cough, gives throat and lungs a chance, cleanses the nostrils, clears out the phlegm.

You feel better in an hour.

In a day you're greatly relieved, and on goes the curing of Catarrhzone till you're well.

No treatment so direct. Catarrhzone goes right to the spot—acts quickly cures thoroughly catarrh, bronchitis and all throat affections.

"Nothing could kill a cold so fast as Catarrhzone," writes Amy E. Snelling, from St. Johns. "Last month I had a frightful cold in my head, suffered from itching nose, running eyes and torturing headache. Ten minutes with 'Catarrhzone' inhaler gave relief and in one hour I was well of my cold. Catarrhzone I consider a marvel."

Carry 'Catarrhzone' inhaler in your pocket or purse—take it to church—to the theatre—to work—use it in bed. It prevents and cures all manner of nose and throat troubles. Complete outfit, guaranteed \$1.00; small size 50c.; sample size 25c.; at dealers everywhere.

## Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.



Ladies' House or Home Dress, with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. Percale, lawn, gingham, linen, drill, poplin, rep, chambray, serge or cashmere are all suitable for this style. Skirt is cut with ample fullness, and finished at the back with a panel having plaited extensions. The waist has a coat closing and a sleeve that may be finished in wrist length with a hand cuff or in elbow length with a shaped turtleneck cuff. The yoke facing may be omitted. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 3 yards of 36 inch material for a 34 inch size. The skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1474—LADIES' PRINCESS SLIP.



A Desirable Under Garment. This style fills the requirements of a corset cover and skirt combined, and may serve as an underdress for gowns of transparent materials. It may be developed in silk or satin, organdie, lawn, crepe, batiste or cambric. It is simple, and easy to fit and make. Its development at home will be much less than what would be paid for the finished garment if bought ready made. The Pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36 inch material for a 36 inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

Name .....

Address in full— .....

N.B.—Be sure to cut out the illustration and send with the coupon, carefully filled out. The pattern can not reach you in less than 15 days.

Parsnips are usually left in the ground, but hard frost may prevent digging. Store them in ciner ashes in a cool shed, protected from severe frost or wet, or they will spoil.