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LORD MORDEN'S DAUGHTER
—OR—
THE TRAGEDY OF THE CEDARS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

"Not a scrap," replied Tomkins, "but quite a pile of money, which I've locked up in my desk. However, he'll soon be able to speak for himself," he added, cheerfully.

The doctor went away, and John Tomkins rubbed his hands together gleefully.

Meanwhile, the patient talked a little in his delirium, and it was always of Dora.

On the third day he was quite sensible, and opened his eyes wonderingly, upon the whitewashed walls of the cottage by the sea.

He heard voices in the room beneath, and the boom! boom! of breakers on the shore.

"Great Heaven!" he muttered. "What does this mean?"

He passed his hand wearily over his brow; then listened again.

Yes, there were voices below, but they were strange to him. The dialect was distinctly of the Essex countryman.

Gradually the mists cleared from his brain, and he remembered that the last he knew of life was when he was stricken from behind on Waterloo Bridge. He had just left his father with the knowledge—the awful knowledge—that that father whom he had always revered, was a slayer of his fellow-man, was a thief of the most contemptible kind, and the one who had suffered at his cruel hands was Dora's parent.

"I wonder," he thought, "if some footpad really assaulted me, and after robbing me, toppled me into the river, or whether I became maddened for the moment, and leaped into the water? Ah, my poor Dora! My darling Dora! What does she think of my absence? And yesterday was our wedding day! What time is it? I must keep my appointment with Fairfax—I must see Dora, and I cannot meet her with a lie upon my lips, with a secret in my heart. I must say to her, 'Dora, my father is your father's murderer! Can you bear to look upon his son again?'"

He shuddered, and raised on one elbow, to rap on the wall.

In a moment, John Tomkins appeared. He had been expecting this, and he walked quietly into the room, while Locksley stared at him inquiringly.

"That's right, sir; I am glad you've come round at last," he said, cheerfully. "I've spent three days by your bedside."

"Three days!" ejaculated Edmund.

"Every minute, sir, to say nothing of the nights. I can see you are a bit hazy, and taken aback like, so I'll just say at once that you are at Southend, and this is my cottage."

"Go on," groaned Locksley, despairingly.

"And it's nearly five days since I rescued you, at the risk of my life," continued Tomkins.

"One word," interrupted Locksley. "Have you communicated with my friends?"

"Now, sir, how could I?"

"My pocketbook contains letters," began Locksley, but added: "Perhaps it is lost."

"Oh, no, sir! I've put it up safe, but, of course, I couldn't think of opening it and prying into affairs that didn't concern me."

"Yes," Locksley murmured. "I am under the impression that I was struck behind my some street ruffian and knocked over the parapet of Waterloo Bridge. My mind is not clear, as I had just heard news which had partially stunned me."

"That's just where I found you—floating with the tide, as me and Will—that's my man—was rowing our barge, which was anchored close by. Your face in the dark nearly scared me to death, and after you'd floated past, I jumped into the river, and, after a fine tussle, got you landed."

"How can I ever repay you?" murmured Locksley.

Tomkins glanced toward the desk, wherein reposed his patient's pocketbook and purse.

"Why did you not hand me over to the police, or send me to a hospital?" the young man went on.

"Now, sir, that's where I'm perhaps to blame, but I could see you was gentleman, and I didn't know but what, in a moment of desperation, you'd tried to commit suicide. You might have been drunk—excuse me, sir—and I didn't know how the disgrace would affect you; so I says to Will: 'We'll hush this up, and may be when the gentleman comes to himself, he won't be ungrateful.' Then we brings you down here on the barge, tending you carefully all the way, and puts you to bed, sends for a doctor, and here you are! You might have had a rap on you head, a regular foul blow, because there's a dozen stitches in it now, but it wasn't for me to say how you got it. The doctor's been very curious, but I've been guarded, sir, for your sake."

"I am sure that I shall be eternally grateful to you," said Locksley. "Will you kindly assist me to rise?"

Tomkins regarded him with horror.

"I know what I am doing, Mr. Tomkins."

"John Tomkins, sir."

"Mr. Tomkins, you see, I am a doctor myself. The brief spell of fever is gone, but it will return again if I do not get back to London. If I may trespass upon your kindness, Mr. Tomkins, I would ask you to prepare me a bath of tepid water, and some strong beef tea. I shall then be ready to travel. This weakness will soon wear off."

Tomkins darted from the room, and for an hour Edmund was left to his own bitter reflections.

"Heavens!" he groaned. "What has happened in five long, long days? To me they are a blank. To my poor darling they may have been death! Yes, yes—I was assaulted by some coward hand, I remember the blow,

the beneficent light, the roar of the waters in my ears. What a marvelous escape! What do I not owe this simple-hearted boatman?"

He slid from his bed, and glided to a small glass over the mantelpiece. What a change had taken place in him in a few short days! His face was white and drawn, and there was an ugly bruise half-down one side of his head.

"It was a vengeful hand that struck that blow," he thought. "And I must have been thrown into the river! I have not been robbed; I did not know that I had an enemy in the world!"

Then his thoughts went back to Dora, and he burned with impatience to be gone.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

It took three hours to complete the arrangements for Locksley's departure, for Mr. Tomkins' wardrobe was not an extensive one, and the town had to be visited for fresh linen and a respectable hat.

Finally, Edmund was assisted into a fly by Tomkins, and Tomkins took his seat beside him, for the stranger was too weak to travel alone.

"You are good to take so much trouble, and to waste so much time in my behalf," Edmund said, gratefully. "I will ask you to go as far as the Temple with me."

"Yes, sir; I will look after you all day, if you like."

"No, that will not be needed. I have a chum in the Temple who will take me home," Locksley told him, "and you will understand that I shall always hold you in grateful memory. I will not ask you at what you value your services, Mr. Tomkins; a man of so brave and generous a heart would be content with the knowledge that he has done good."

Mr. Tomkins began to look worried.

"But to me the service is inestimable," continued Locksley, "and not to be discharged by mere monetary considerations. Here, Mr. Tomkins, is a banknote for fifty pounds, and if you are ever in trouble, you know where to find a friend."

John Tomkins took the money, with a gasp of delight. To him the sum of fifty pounds appeared to be a fortune.

From Southend railway station, they went to Fenchurch street, and it was twelve o'clock when Locksley heard the welcome din of the London streets. From Fenchurch street they went in a hansom to the Temple only to find that the barrister's door was closed, with notice pinned to the panel to the effect that he would not be back until three.

"Help me back to the cab," said Locksley, very much disappointed. "I will go on to Hammermith."

"Shall I go with you, sir?" Tomkins asked. "You are really not well enough to travel alone."

"No, thank you; it is all right now. From Hammermith it is possible that I shall drive home, where my wife will be anxiously waiting for me."

His eyes were momentarily filled with a strange fire.

"That's Dora," thought Tomkins. "And he must be very proud of her, too, if I'm to judge by the fuss he made when his mind was wandering."

Tomkins parted from him reluctantly, though he was anxious to return to Scotland, to boast of his good luck. It was the nearest thing he had had to actual romance in the whole of his life, and there was the possibility that he would yet be wanted to give his evidence as to the rescue of Mr. Locksley in a court of law.

The hansom moved on again, and Edmund was glad to be alone, his mind was in such a whirl of hope, doubt, and vexed anticipation.

(To be continued)

the lift to descend was being injured in the dining room on the first floor, into which he had rolled from the lift. His companion, seeing him disappear, had put his head down the lift shaft. The action of the man rolling from the lift into the dining-room caused the balance weight to descend, with the result that the head of the other man, at the top of the shaft, becoming wedged between the weight and the side, was cut open.

After considerable difficulty he was extricated, placed under arrest, and taken to hospital. The man who had fallen into the dining-room was also arrested and taken to Bishopsgate-street police station.

Healthy Women, Happy Homes

Good dispositions succumb. Irritability and snappy retort take the place of happiness and amiability. Sunshine is driven out of homes; in fact, they are often wrecked, and friends are estranged because women suffer with ailments peculiar to their sex. The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will overcome such ailments and restore health and happiness. Do not resort to strong stimulants or narcotics when this great strengthening, healing remedy made from roots and herbs is always within reach.

DIFFERENT TASTES.



The things that Peter Perk admires give me an oblong pain; he listens to my talk and tress, I talk to him in vain. He's seated at the head of his greenwood tree at closing of the day, from all his weary labors free; I go to him and say, "Oh, come and see my garden patch, it will relieve your gloom! My succotash is hard to match, my onions are in bloom!" "I do not care for garden truck," old Peter makes reply, "but come and see my Peking duck, and watch my goslings fly!" I read a book that's conquered fame, a tale of sleuths and crime, and tell him he should read the same, and have a joyous time. "All idle stories I detest," he answers, "they're a bore; a book of sermons suits me best—of these I have a store." "Oh, Peter, come! I sometimes say, 'and hear my photograph, some corking records came to-day—they'll make you weep and laugh.'" "I do not care to weep," he sighs, "I do not wish to grin; in yonder church, grand anthems rise, with a majestic din." And since we have divergent views on all things 'neath the sun, we jog along and never lose the friendship we have won. We nod politely as we go, on foot or in a car, but keep our distance, for we know how different we are. We know if we should argue things, between our divers huts, we'd soon be swapping left-arm swings and deadly apparatus. And so he reads his sermon book, and I read jazzy tales, each in his quiet nook, and balmy peace prevails.



Fads and Fashions

Radio diamonds of black braid trim a coat of navy blue reps. Many of the coats fare in front over embroidered tunic blouses. The inverted plaits gives freedom for movement to the slim frock. Delicate pinks, greens and blues are favored for warm weather. The same print in two colorings is effective combined in a frock. A frock of white muslin is quilted in black and trimmed in white organdy.



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Lift Aids in Police Capture

An exciting chase over roofs in Lime-street, E.C., occurred recently, when large numbers of the City police were brought out to surround some buildings. Soon after ten o'clock two men were seen scampering over the roofs. By means of ladders tied together detectives mounted to a roof and gave chase for over half an hour. Finally they saw the men disappear through a skylight at the Beach of Grapes public house in Lime-street.

The detectives lowered themselves through the broken glass but could not see anyone. A few seconds later they heard moans, and on switching on the light they saw that a man who had fallen on to the service lift at the top of the building and had caused

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