This Represents

A Typical Canadian

clean-cut, smart and soldierly under the most trying circumstances—always at his best.

Regimental Pride

is no stronger than his personal pride and he tries to be as well groomed in the trenches as he is on parade.

He knows that with a

Three-days-old beard

he would look like a savage, so he doesn't let it grow, but he shaves every day.

WOULD YOU SEND HIM TO THE FRONT WITH A CHEAP RIFLE? Why then should he take a cheap razor with him? THE BEST IS NONE TOO GOOD!

Give him an AutoStrop

The only Razor which NEEDS NO NEW BLADES because it is the only razor that sharpens its own blade.

At the Front there is little enough comfort but he will find a

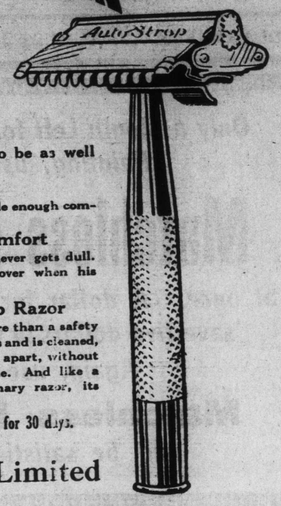
World of Comfort

in using a razor which never gets dull. A man feels clean all over when his face is clean.

The AutoStrop Razor

is more than a razor, more than a safety device. It strops, it shaves and is cleaned, without taking anything apart, without even removing the blade. And like a perfectly stropped ordinary razor, its blade improves with use.

You may try this Razor for 30 days.



ASK ANY DEALER

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., Limited

TORONTO - ONTARIO

(MADE IN CANADA)

22-16

WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XI.

A Bid For Love.

For all his outward show of composure, he was feeling anything but comfortable, and as he stood with his hand upon the drawing-room door, there was a strange look upon his face, a look that expressed something more than the usual lover's despondent timidity, something more than the ordinary nervousness; it was rather that of a man who was playing a dangerous and desperate game, and who stands upon the brink of a precipice, which, linked as it may be with flowers, means, if he should fall, death and destruction.

"The old man was easy," he muttered, "but it's different with her. By Heaven, if she knew!"

The thought, whatever it was, seemed to increase his uneasiness, and he wiped the perspiration from his face, which had suddenly grown white under the reflection.

Then he opened the door. Olivia was alone, and seated at the piano, but not playing. Her hands were lying clasped loosely in her lap, her face and her whole attitude expressive of complete abstraction—so complete that she did not hear him open the door, and it was not until he was close beside her and had spoken her name, that she knew he had entered.

"Mr. Bradstone," she said, with a slight start. "I thought you had gone," she added, coldly.

The sullen look came into his eyes for a moment.

"No, I ought to have gone; but I have been talking with the squire," he said.

"Yes?" she said. "Is my father in the library?" and she half arose, a plain intimation that she should, if Mr. Bradstone would leave her free to, join him.

"Yes, he is in the library; but you will wait a minute, Miss Olivia——"

She sank back, and began putting the music together.

"You can't guess what we have been talking about, I'll be bound," he said, with a feeble attempt at a laugh.

Olivia just frowned at him.

"I haven't any intention of trying," she said, not insolently, but with an indifference which was sublime. It made Bartley Bradstone wince—simply wince.

"You'd be surprised if I told you it was—you," he said.

She looked at him now, a look of calm displeasure and incredulity.

"I should, indeed!" she said.

"But we were," he continued, trying to smile, and leaning on the piano; "we were talking about you, and have been for some time. I—in fact—don't be startled, don't be angry—I went to ask him to—to let me—in fact—I've told the squire that I love you, Olivia."

Her face did not change, not a muscle moved. She simply regarded him with cold incredulity, and the amazement which one expresses at the impertinence of an inferior.

"You don't believe me; but I did. You must know—you must have seen," he went on, huskily, his hands clasping and unclasping each other, "that—that I loved you. I do love you; I've loved you ever since—Olivia, won't you say a word? Don't, for Heaven's sake, don't stare at me like that! Your father did not treat me like this——"

"My father?" she said, after a pause. "You told my father what you have told me?"

"Yes, I did. I know what's proper, and I went and told him before I spoke to you. And now, Olivia, now you must know, what do you say? Wait a moment. I—I'm afraid I haven't done the best for myself. I'm—I'm not a lady's man, and I've sprung it upon you too sharply. But it was dangerous, this hanging about and waiting, and—and I got anxious. But you know it now. I'm not a bad sort of fellow, I fancy, and I can offer you——"

She rose from the seat and moved toward the door. He stood in front of her, desperate—imploring.

"Let me pass, please," she said, quietly.

"Wait, wait!" he exclaimed, huskily. "You're treating me badly, like the dirt under your feet, by Heaven! This isn't the way I was treated by your father."

Olivia stopped and looked at him.

"You are right and I am wrong," she said. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Bradstone! This is not the way my father would treat you. Whatever he may have felt, he would have behaved with courtesy. Yes, I beg your pardon! You tell me that"—she paused as if the words cost her an effort—"that you love me, and ask me to be your wife?"

"I do, I do!" he broke in. "I love you to distraction! I haven't a thought in the world but you! You are just life to me; I swear it! I've told the squire what I will do—I'd spend my last penny in making you happy! I'd lay down my life——"

She stopped him with a cold, but queenly gesture.

"Please," she said, in a low voice, "I am sorry, very sorry, Mr. Bradstone, but it cannot be; I mean that I cannot be your wife."

"You can't? You refuse?" he stammered, his small eyes growing red, and an ugly stiffness coming over his mouth.

"I do refuse, as gently, as—as considerately as I can," said Olivia. "I am grateful to you for the honor——" She stopped. "Oh, let me pass, please, and never, never"—and her dark brows came down straight and majestic as Diana's—"never speak like this to me again!"

He did not move; but stood regarding her with feverish and sullen resentment.

"That's not what your father says," he said.

Olivia looked at him with imperious questioning.

"What do you say?" she said.

"I say that it wasn't in this way your father heard me," he answered, sullenly. "He didn't treat me like this—he consented."

Her eyes flashed back the retort, and as eloquently as eyes could speak, said: "You lie!"

His face grew red; it had been white a moment ago.

"You don't believe me?" he said.

"I do not! Let me pass, if you please, Mr. Bradstone."

"But I say it's true!" he exclaimed; "I say he consented! He's ready to accept me for a son-in-law if you'll say 'Yes,' and——" He paused. "I think you will say 'Yes,' with all your cursed pride!"

The word slipped from him, and he would have recalled it the moment after he had uttered it.

But its effect upon Olivia was not what he expected.

"You are right, Mr. Bradstone," she said, quietly; "I am proud, and apt to forget that others have as much pride as I have. I beg your pardon again. You have misunderstood my father; I am sure of that——"

"No, I haven't," he put in.

"I know my father," she said, as quietly as before, "and it is impossible that he should have—have spoken as you say he did. Let there be an end of this. I thank you for the honor—it is an honor for any woman to receive an offer from a man—I thank you, and beg you to believe that it is impossible that I should accept it."

"Why?" he persisted.

Her lovely eyes rested on him for a moment, then looked aside.

His face went white.

"I understand," he said, hoarsely, "you—you think I am no more than the dirt under your feet. You think, because I made my own way in the world, and haven't got an old name or a title, that it's an insult for me to ask you to be my wife! You wouldn't treat Lord Bertie or—or that fellow Faradeane like this——"

At Bertie's name a smile flickered about her lips, but at Faradeane's name a wave of color swept over her face and neck.

"Ah!" he said, with passionate anger. "That's true, I can see. But let me tell you that I think myself as good as either of them. Stop"—for she had made another attempt to pass him—"as good, and better. Could either of them offer what I do? I've just told your father that I'd settle fifty thousand pounds upon you. I tell you now that that's nothing to me; I didn't make it more for fear of hurting his feelings; but I tell you I'll settle a hundred, two hundred thousand——"

She put out her hand.

"Oh, hush!" she said, as if his words covered her with shame. "If it were a million——"

"Oh, I know," he broke in, huskily; "it's as he said. You don't care for money. It's all the same to you whether a man's poor or rich; but money's something. Olivia——"

"I am usually addressed as Miss Olivia Vanley," said Olivia, flashing down upon him.

He bit his lip.

"I say it's all the same to you; but it isn't to him. No! And I'll bet before we part to-night you'll consent, as he did."

She looked at him, calmly—questioningly. For a moment there arose in her mind the suspicion that he had been drinking, and he read it in her eyes.

"No, I'm not drunk!" he said, bitterly; "I'm only half mad, driven so by your words and looks! And I mean what I say—you will consent, as he did!"

"Consent to marry you!" said Olivia, stung into retort.

"Yes," he said, sullenly; "for his sake, if not for mine or yours."

"For his sake—for my father's?" she said.

He nodded.

(To be Continued.)

for a fine complexion

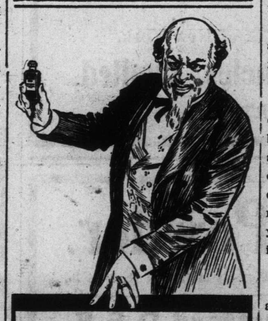
you must do something more than use cosmetics. You must keep the blood pure, the liver and kidneys active and the bowels regular. You must also correct the digestive ills that cause muddy skin and dull eyes.

Beecham's Pills

offer you the needed help. They are mild in action, but quickly strengthen the stomach, gently stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. They put the body in good condition so the organs work as nature intended. Backed by sixty years of usefulness, Beecham's Pills

are worth a guinea a box

Directions with Every Box of Special Value to Women. Sold everywhere. In boxes, 25 cents.



Quackery and Corns

Hundreds of treatments have been offered for corns.

Some were sedatives to quiet pain. Some were acids, harsh and risky. Some mere quackery.

But one man—a famous chemist—studied corns for 25 years. And finally discovered Blue-jay.

That is now the standard treatment, gentle, certain, scientific. It is used on a million corns monthly.

It has stopped the corn pain instantly, 70 million times. It has ended the corns completely within 48 hours, in 91 per cent of the cases. The others take a little longer.

Stop paring corns. Stop treating them in wrong ways. Use Blue-jay, and that ends them in a gentle, easy way. Prove that tonight.

Blue-jay

Ends Corns

15 and 25 cents—at Druggists

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

BAUER & BLACK, Chicago and New York

Makers of Surgical Dressings, etc.

Incandescent Gas Lighting.

The remarkable economy of the incandescent gas lamp is by no means either its chief—or even an important—claim for popularity. It meets better than any other source of artificial light the requirements of ideal light.

In the color of the light produced it is far superior to any other illuminant in general and universal use. The investigations of acknowledged authorities indicate that for the approximation of artificial daylight the gas mantle has at least one and one-half times the value of the carbon-filament electric lamp.

This quality is highly desirable, indeed absolutely essential where the approximation of daylight color values is important. For lighting shops, displaying haberdashery, suitings, gowns, millinery, etc., the incandescent gas lamp is not even remotely approached by any other incandescent lamp.

Of all the manifold advantages of gas light, perhaps the most important is its favourable effect upon the eyes. The development of the incandescent electric lamp with its intense brilliant and glaring filament has been accompanied by hitherto unheard of prevalence of eye troubles and diseases which are forcing themselves upon the attention of the medical fraternity. This is resulting in a greater appreciation of the soft mellow quality of gas light and is rapidly enlarging its field of use.—july13,eod

THE DEAD ONES.

We have grown up in the belief that all geniuses are dead; the living writers run to beef, instead of brains, within the head. We talk of Addison and Steele, and grow excited o'er their charms; and as we talk of them we feel that modern scribes are false alarms. The other day, distraught and tired, I took Joe Addison, his book, and, hoping that I'd be inspired, I read it, in the inglenook. Oh, yes, he has a graceful style—as Goldsmith had, and all that bunch—but you must read about a mile before you come across a punch. And Joseph's morals were O.K., the output of a thoughtful dome; but he would preach for half a day, to drive one little lesson home. If I should make my screeds so long, you'd close your eyes and gently snore, or else, impelled by sense of wrong, you'd shoot me for a turgid bore. I don't believe that he or Steele, or any other old time bard, could sell the stuff they used to reel, to-day, and get five cents a yard.

Everyday Etiquette.

"Please tell me which is the correct color for a girl baby," asked Helen.

"There is a difference of opinion as to the correct colors for a girl or boy baby. The tendency, seems now, however, to use pink for a boy and blue for a girl," replied her older sister.

Stafford's Phoratone Cough Cure is the best preparation for all kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and various Lung Troubles. Price 25c. Postage 5c. extra.—jly22,tf

With a piece of heavy silk and a number of bright beads, the clever woman can make for herself a charming and fashionable bag.

Our Volunteers.

A squad of volunteers visited the South Side Rifle Range yesterday afternoon and some excellent scores were made. The Non-Com's class were instructed by Capt. O'Grady, while the balance of the men were put through squad drill. The following young men enlisted:—

Wm. Sheppard, Grand Falls.
Wm. Baggs, Broad Cove, B.D.V.
Geo. Ballam, Curling.
Samuel Maybel, Trinity.
Jos. Turpin, St. Lawrence.

"With Full Military Honours"

Funeral of Private P. J. Brown in England.

3018|118.

27th July, 1916.

His Excellency the Governor,
St. John's, Newfoundland.

Sir,—

I have the honour to report on the funeral of No. 1053, the late Private P. J. Brown.

Private Brown was buried with full military honours at Wandsworth Cemetery, on 22nd July, 1916.

The number of his grave was 764 and was in the R. C. ground.

Plate on coffin, which was covered with the Newfoundland flag:—

"Pte. P. J. Brown,
Died July 18th, 1916,
Aged 20 years."

Wreaths were sent by the following:—

1. Unknown donors.
2. Wreaths of white lilies, "in loving sympathy for bereaved parents and relatives at home."
3. Miss A. E. Westecott, 3 Knoll Road, Wandsworth, lilies and roses.
4. N. C. O's. and Men of the Canadian Expeditionary Force, Pinewood Sanatorium.
5. One of artificial roses in glass, and one of white lilies.
6. The Newfoundland War Contingent Association, Laurel leaves and red roses.

The funeral service was conducted by two priests, and at the close a salute of three rounds was fired by a detachment of the Rifle Brigade, and the Last Post sounded.

Among those present were:

E. R. Morris, Esq., who had visited the deceased many times during his illness. Pte. T. M. Hussey, representing the Pay and Record Office.

I have the honour to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
(Sgd.) H. A. ANDERSON,
for Paymaster and O. i|c Records.

Private John Brown, who is in the Regiment at Ayr, is a brother of the brave young soldier who has given his life for his country.

At the City Hall.

The full Council was present at last night's meeting, Mayor Gosling presiding.

Hon. R. Watson, Church Warden of St. Thomas's, asked that the Council have the rail fence near the Church painted, as the Church and the Canon Wood Hall are being painted at this time. The fence is the property of the city. He also requested that a crossing be laid on Military Road at the head of Cochrane St. Both requests were referred to the Engineer.

Two sanitary men, Thos. Power and Joseph Chafe, asked for a rise in wages on the ground that they worked every day of the week. Referred to the Sanitary Supervisor for report.

James Brennan, refused permission to build at the junction of New Gower and Casey Streets, offered to arbitrate the matter and indicated Mr. P. C. O'Driscoll as his arbitrator. Council will consider.

An inquiry will be made into the report of Mr. John Coady that he saw Impounder Duffitt enter Prowse's Field and remove cattle therefrom.

Mr. A. H. O'Keefe asked that the watering carts visit William, Mullock and Maxse Streets. Referred to Engineer.

Plans of Mr. W. F. Butler for a dwelling on Waterford Bridge Road, were approved.

Applications by Mr. D. J. Barron and Mr. D. McCrindle for leave to repair houses on Deady's Lane and Duckworth Street respectively, and by Mr. G. Herder, Casey Street, to put new steps in front of his house and to build an annex to his house in Rocky Lane, were referred to the Engineer.

Plans by Mr. W. Cummins for a house on Pleasant Street were approved.

Councillor Ayre will submit a plan at the next meeting for the installation of water and sewerage system at Mr. R. B. Job's residence "Rostellan."

The Engineer's report showed that 6,384 feet of pipe had been laid on Portugal Cove Road for the new service. Operations at George's Pond were delayed by the non-arrival of a flood gate.

Water and sewerage will be installed at the house of Mr. Joseph Moore, Pleasant Street. Notice was given to Mr. Joseph Hussey to consult with the Engineer on the same matter.

Sanitary Supervisor Dwyer reported a shortage of hay at the stables. Tenders for ten tons will be asked for.

A Water Street house will be given final notice to instal sanitary appliances in their factory.

Councillors Vinnicombe and Mullaly reported on the bad condition of several streets in the town.

The Assistant Engineer gave the names of several persons who were building without permission. They will be dealt with in accordance with the provisions of the law.

Councillor Vinnicombe gave notice that at the next meeting he would move that the Impounder be empowered to enter on unfenced pasture land to impound cattle grazing there.

After passing of the pay rolls, the meeting adjourned at 10.15 p.m.

EPIDEMIC OF MEASLES CHECKED.—The epidemic of measles that broke out at Bell Island a few weeks ago, has been checked; no new cases were reported this week. The child suffering from supposed black measles succumbed to the disease.

WOMAN WEAK, DIZZY, NERVOUS

Health Restored by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Jamaica, N. Y.—"I suffered greatly with my head and with backache, was weak, dizzy, nervous, with hot flashes and felt very miserable, as I was irregular for two years. One day when I was feeling unusually bad my sister-in-law came in and said, 'I wish you would try Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound.' So I began taking it and I am now in good health and am cured. I took the Compound three times a day after meals, and on retiring at night. I always keep a bottle in the house."—Mrs. L. N. BURNHAM, 35 Globe Ave., Jamaica, N.Y.

Women who recover their health naturally tell others what helped them. Some write and allow their names and photographs to be published with testimonials. Many more tell their friends.

If you need a medicine for Women's Ailments, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) for anything you need to know about these troubles.

Hr. Grace Notes.

Yesterday we enjoyed the first of the Wednesday holidays for the summer, all the others being wet and otherwise disagreeable. A large number of people took advantage of the day to go in the country, trouting, picnicing, etc.

The schr. Arthur H. Wight, Capt. Diamond, is now loaded with fish, and expects to sail this afternoon for market.

Mr. John Davey, of St. John's, is in town visiting friends and enjoying a little holiday.

Four female tourists on "a tramp" passed through the town on Tuesday evening. Some of our people thought they might be German spies, but a spy would have a poor chance about here now as all our people are spying for spies and rightly so.

The police were engaged lately in sampling beer to see it is not overproof.

Some trouters did well yesterday if we can take all reports as granted, but in some cases, to our mind it would be well to take the reports with a little salt.

A number of the employees of the Harbor Grace Boot & Shoe Factory are camping on New Harbor Barrens this week. The ponds in that neighborhood abound with speckled beauties, and we expect good catches will be made by the boys who look after our understanding.

Fish and bait are now very scarce here, but the fishermen are hoping that squid will strike in soon, when they (the fishermen) will reap good returns from their trawls.

The old coal shed on the north side of Water Street is being taken down, as it was considered dangerous, and likely to fall. This coal shed was formerly part of the premises of Messrs. Rutherford Bros., but has passed into several hands since.

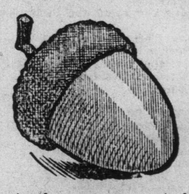
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Pike, of Bell Island, spent a few days here this week. They intend going to the Island by way of Kelligrews, to-morrow.

Several sheep were harrassed and killed by dogs last week.

Mr. Ernest Ash, of St. John's, arrived from there yesterday on a ten days' holiday to friends here.

—COR.

Hr. Grace, Aug. 17, 1916.



As the acorn grows to be the mighty oak, so children, when rightly nourished, grow to be sturdy men and women.

Good flavor and the essential nourishing elements for mental and physical development of children are found in the famous food—

Grape-Nuts

Made of whole wheat and malted barley, this pure food supplies all the nutriment of the grains in a most easily digested form.

It does the heart good to see little folks enjoy Grape-Nuts and cream.

"There's a Reason"

Sold by Grocers.

Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.