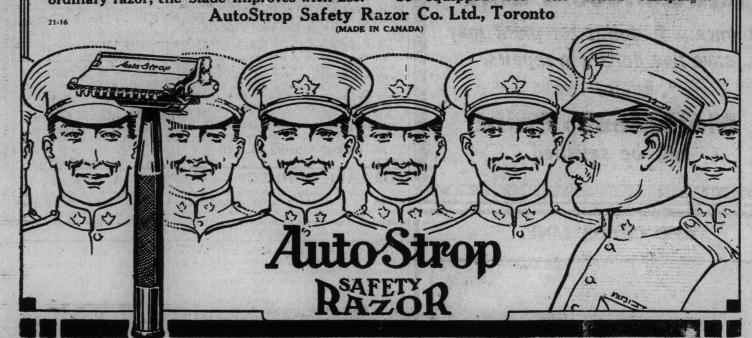
Which of these men uses the AutoStrop Safety Razor? Take a look along the line and pick him out. Judging from appearances they all use the AutoStrop. It's smooth-shaving comfort brings a smile to every man's face.

In Camp, on Transport, in the Trenches a man is far from the corner store, and he needs a dependable razor, one which sharpens its own blades and doesn't go dead on his hands. The AutoStrop 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, the blade improves with use.

Would you go the Front with a rifle which would play out after firing ten shots, or a pipe which would be no good after filling it a few times? Then what about your razor? Will you be forced to grow a beard because it hurts to shave, or will you take an AutoStrop with you and be perfectly independent of new blades, (because you can strop them) and thus be equipped for the entire campaign.



Came Too Late.

"I've Found Him!" glass of chainpagne, she sang, with a "go" and a spirit which would have won her as much applause at the Palace as her trapeze business, one of the

Her audience clapped, and knocked one of the slums would have done; but Seth remained silent, his eyes fixed on

"My cousin don't like that kind of half-sullen, half-threatening. in lower tones she sang a song in I might have known you'd come some gibberish which was unknown to all but Seth, whose eyes flashed his face did not move a muscle.

"What language is that. Bella?" asked Sir Harry, with a laugh, as the applause subsided. "Italian? Spanish? It sounded like the last, I fan-

"Never you mind," she retorted. "It's a lingo my cousin understands, so he's cleverer than you."

Then she broke out into the las comic ditty, and had them worked un to a pitch of languid delight, when suddenly-so suddenly that her words came into the middle of the chorus (in which they all joined) and could be heard above it-she said, sharply: "That's enough, I'm tired. You

"Oh, but by Jove! it's early yet, Bella!" remonstrated the young lord. be tired. Anyway, I'm tired of you. Good-night, all of you."

antrums in another moment," said eyes fixed on her watchfully.

gold, as the waiter deftly swept it up, of any man living-" with a keen hunger—and the two were

"Well?" she said. "What have you yours-"

him. "This is more in his style," and I've been looking for you for months. "Al Ithat nonsense is dead and gone. for Faradeane came often to the todded, with a touch of bitterness he

"You might," she said, with a tired kind of contempt. "But London's

"Yes. I shouldn't have found you even now, if I hadn't seen a likeness of you in one of the shop windows." "Ah, yes! I see!" she said, shutting

her lips tight. "And now you've found me you want money. I suppose?" "Of course," he assented, roughly.

"And suppose I don't choose to give

"Then," he began, but he stopped as she sprang to her feet and looked down at him with her black eyes flash-"Look you here, Seth!" she said,

and you know whether you can frighten or bully me. You tried it once, and you know the result! I'd rather die"

He took a bunch of hothouse grape from the plate, and picked them of

All Women Need

a corrective, occasionally, to right a disordered stomach, which is the cause of so much sick headache, nervous

For Better Health

"Come on, she'll be in one of her one by one, keeping his small, dark decided to strike while the iron wa

pay the bill—Seth eying the pile of not afraid of you, Seth; I'm not afraid server he would have passed as a re-

watching her keenly.

"It's a lie!" she retorted. "I wasn't and to Olivia was devoted and rever-Her face had grown pale and haggard, there. You've come after me for tear!" and there was a weary, worn look in money, and I've told you that you won't get any. I've done with you and

followed me for? How did you find "No gypsy can get clear of her peo-He looked at her with an expression established fact beyond question.

She laughed defiantly.

He sprang to his feet, his face flushed for the first time.

"You better keep that between you teeth, my girl," he said, threateningly. much do you want-five pounds?"

He sank back in his chair, and re sumed the grapes with a laugh. "I want twenty times as much."

Her eyes flashed down on him. "Then you may go!" she said, re solutely. "A hundred pounds!" scornfully, "why should I give it to you-

peated, frowning. "What do you mean? Speak out."

"All right," he said; tossing the

or than I've asked. I've found him." "You've-you've found him!" sh

"I have," he said, coolly, shaking his rm free of her steel-like clasp. "Come outside"-he glanced at the or-"come out of this, and I'll tel

> CHAPTER XIX. "Love Came Too Late."

Mr. Bartley Bradstone, as he left the nt interview with Harold Faradeane

markably good-tempered man. He

"Bradstone has improved since his only a business matter." engagement," said Lord Carfield. "But had forgotten him, when suddenly she time'll come when I'll show you, and daily intercourse with Olivia Vanley ed. "I may be able to help you; at

> He watched Olivia as a cat does a nouse, and she was quite afraid of

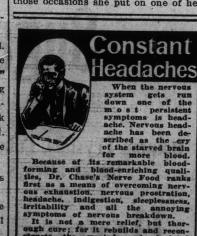
To Harold Faradeane, too, his manner was quite friendly; and he had

Sometimes he would walk in afte finished. In the latter case, he would sit and talk with the squire until the farm on the estate. And Olivia noticed that whenever Harold Faradeane came her father's face brightened, and los owner of The Dell, a liking that grew day by day into a warm friendship.

To Olivia, Faradeane's bearing was Oh, I don't want you to give it to me and her heart had leaped at his ap-

Sometimes he would be persuaded to





best frocks, and was more than usually careful with the thick coils of hair which nestled like a crown of silk on her shapely head. Often she stood before the glass when her maid had left her, and looked at herself with a strange, absent air, seeing not the re-

Then she would sigh heavily-au ah! so wistfully and wearily-and go down to the drawing-room to see his tall, patrician figure and handsome face beside the plebeian one of Bartley

All through the dinner Bartley Bradstone would covertly watch the wo; even while he was apparently engaged with his plate or in talk with of any understanding between her and Faradeane. Always pleasant and and Bartley Bradstone guessed nothdea of the effect upon Olivia which every word of Faradeane's, every mile of his, produced.

The days sped on without anything of consequence occurring, until Bart-

One evening, just after the post had ome in Olivia went into the study to

and his voice sounded harsh and "Cept one," he remarked, quietly, was polite to the servants, deferential strained. "That is, I have had to the squire, attentive to Miss Amelia.

"Let me see it, dear," she said, putting her arms round his neck.

"No, no!" he said, hurriedly. "Itit is nothing you would understand

any rate, I can share the trouble with

expressing a desire for anything, lest lie should rush off and procure it for lie should rush off and procure it for

thing," she said, without glancing at "Find you! Yes, I'd trouble enough. "That's rubbish," she said, promptly plenty of opportunity for showing it, understands business, at least," she

"No," he said, with a faint tinge of I would show you this letter if it could do any good, but it could not." (To be Continued.)

A Paris Chemist Has Discovered How to Grow Hair.

In Paris the ladies have entirely abandoned wearing rats, which is due entirely to this new discovery.

It has been proven that Henna leaves contain the ingredients that will positively grow hair. That they contain this long-looked-for article is proven every day. proven every day.

roven every day.

The French are now placing on the larket a preparation containing the market a preparation containing the extract from Henna leaves, which is extract from Henna leaves, which is having a phenomenal sale.

This preparation is called SALVIA and is being sold with a guarantee to cure dandruff and to grow hair in abundance. Being daintily perfumed, SALVIA makes a most pleasant dressing, and is sold by your druggist.

Everyday Etiquette.

intry home of the Deans, and I feel o sad to think I cannot return their ospitality. You see I have no home to entertain my friends in, I do wish I ould show my appreciation," sighed

record for the graphaphone, as all of sive, and yet difficult to get in the country," suggested her girl friend.

Soft girdles tied to the left of the enter in front, and caught with a ose or two, make a pretty finish to he waistline of many of the newest

ble, in that it does not muss and is not easily soiled, than silk jersey loth, and this is what many of the ewest children's dresses are made of.

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



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Travellers on the railway or elsewhere.

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