

### 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.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd., Toronto

(MADE IN CANADA)



## WHEN LOVE Came Too Late.

CHAPTER XVIII.  
"I've Found Him!"

"All right!" she exclaimed. "What will you have?" and, tossing down a glass of champagne, 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 popular songs of the day.

Her audience clapped, and knocked the table—very much, dear reader, for all their aristocratic refinement, as the audience at a "friendly lead" in one of the stunts would have done; but Seth remained silent, his eyes fixed on the table-cloth.

"My cousin don't like that kind of thing," she said, without glancing at him. "This is more in his style," and in lower tones she sang a song in 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 fancy."

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

Then she broke out into the last comic ditty, and had them worked up 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 can go."

"Oh, but by Jove! It's early yet, Bella!" remonstrated the young lord.

"Early or late, I'm tired," she retorted, with a smouldering savageness. "You haven't been hanging by your heels or doing the big drop, or you'd be tired. Anyway, I'm tired of you. Baby, it's time you were in bed. Good-night, all of you."

"Come on, she'll be in one of her tantrums in another moment," said Sir Harry, in an undertone.

They laughed, got their hats, and, wishing her good-night, sauntered out, his lordship lingering a moment to pay the bill—Seth eyeing the pile of gold, as the waiter deftly swept it up, with a keen hunger—and the two were left alone.

"Shut the door," said Bella to the waiter; then, when it was closed behind him, she sank into the chair, and leaned her head on her hand.

She waited with the same impassive silence, and it almost seemed that she had forgotten him, when suddenly she raised her head and looked at him. Her face had grown pale and haggard, and there was a weary, worn look in her expressive eyes.

"Well!" she said. "What have you followed me for? How did you find me?"

He looked at her with an expression half-sullen, half-threatening.

"Find you! Yes, I'd trouble enough. I've been looking for you for months. I might have known you'd come to London."

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

"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 it to you?" she demanded.

"Then," he began, but he stopped as she sprang to her feet and looked down at him with her black eyes flashing angrily.

"Look you here, Seth!" she said, slowly, and between her white, even teeth. "You know me by this time, and you know whether you can frighten or bully me. You tried it once, and you know the result! I'd rather die!"—she caught up one of the knives and flung it down again with a gesture of defiance—"than be the slave of any man, least of all of you!"

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

one by one, keeping his small, dark eyes fixed on her watchfully.

"I'd rather die!" she repeated. "If you think because I'm up in the world you're going to live on the money I risk my life for, you're mistaken. I'm not afraid of you, Seth; I'm not afraid of any man living—"

"Cept one," he remarked, quietly, watching her keenly.

"It's a lie!" she retorted. "I wasn't afraid of him, and you know it! Afraid! No, it's him that has cause to fear, and to fear me!" She shook herself with a catlike motion. "But I don't want to speak of him. The time'll come when I'll show you, and him too—but that's neither here nor there. You've come after me for money, and I've told you that you won't get any. I've done with you and yours—"

"No gyp can get clear of her people," he said, as if he were stating an established fact beyond question.

She laughed defiantly.

"That's rubbish," she said, promptly. "All that nonsense is dead and gone. What, do you think I'd own a set of dirty tramps?"

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

"You better keep that between your teeth, my girl," he said, threateningly.

"Then don't you drive me to it," she retorted in a more subdued tone. "How much do you want—five pounds?"

He sank back in his chair, and resumed the grapes with a laugh.

"I want twenty times as much." Her eyes flashed down on him.

"Then you may go!" she said, resolutely. "A hundred pounds!" scornfully. "Why should I give it to you—what harm can you do me?"

"Perhaps I can do you some good. Oh, I don't want you to give it to me for nothing. I'll sell you something fair and square."

"You'll sell me something?" she repeated, frowning. "What do you mean? Speak out."

"All right," he said, tossing the grape-stems on the cloth. "I'll sell you some news, my girl."

"News!" she echoed, leaning forward, her eyes fixed on his face.

"Yes," he said, with a confident nod. "News you'll be glad to pay me more for than I've asked. I've found him."

She sprang upright, and, clutching his arm, bent down till her face, deadly white, was close to his, her black eyes flaming with intense excitement.

"You've—you've found him!" she breathed.

decided to strike while the iron was hot. He had got the net round Olivia; he resolved to draw it tight. From that evening he kept a close guard on himself, and his manner changed—for the better. In fact, to the casual observer he would have passed as a remarkably good-tempered man. He was polite to the servants, deferential to the squire, attentive to Miss Amelia, and to Olivia was devoted and reverential.

Not only the Grange people but outsiders noticed the change.

"Bradstone has improved since his engagement," said Lord Carfield. "But daily intercourse with Olivia Vanley would tame a savage and educate a bear!"

He watched Olivia as a cat does a mouse, and she was quite afraid of expressing a desire for anything, lest he should rush off and procure it for her.

To Harold Faradeane, too, his manner was quite friendly; and he had plenty of opportunity for showing it, for Faradeane came often to the Grange now.

Sometimes he would walk in after breakfast, sometimes before they had finished. In the latter case, he would sit and talk with the squire until the treat was over; then go round the stables with him, or ride over to some farm on the estate. And Olivia noticed that whenever Harold Faradeane came her father's face brightened, and lost something of its anxious look. In fact, the old man had conceived a great liking for the handsome, grave-voiced owner of The Dell, a liking that grew day by day into a warm friendship.

To Olivia, Faradeane's bearing was one of quiet, respectful courtesy. At first the color had risen to her face, and her heart had leaped at his approval; but though his appearance always sent a thrill through her, she learned to master her emotion, and greeted him as calmly as he greeted her.

Sometimes he would be persuaded to walk over and dine with them, and on those occasions she put on one of her

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 reflection of her own face, but his, as she recalled it on the day he had bent over her and taken her in his arms.

Then she would sigh heavily—and 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 Bradstone, her future husband.

All through the dinner Bartley Bradstone would covertly watch the two, even while he was apparently engaged with his plate or in talk with the squire; but his sharp, suspicious eyes never detected the slightest hint of any understanding between her and Faradeane. Always pleasant and courteous, sometimes witty and amusing, Faradeane never singled her out for any special attention of any kind; and Bartley Bradstone guessed nothing of the scene in the woods, had no idea of the effect upon Olivia which every word of Faradeane's, every smile of his, produced.

The days sped on without anything of consequence occurring, until Bartley Bradstone struck.

One evening, just after the post had come in, Olivia went into the study to get a fresh supply of notepaper, and found the squire pacing up and down, with an ashen face and tightly-drawn lips. In his trembling hand was an open letter, which, at her entrance, he crushed up and thrust into his pocket.

"Papa!" she said in a low, anxious voice, and going up to him instantly, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing, nothing, dear!" he said, and his voice sounded harsh and strained. "That is, I have had a troublesome letter."

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

"No, no!" he said, hurriedly. "It is nothing you would understand; only a business matter."

"But let me see it, dear," she pleaded. "I may be able to help you; at any rate, I can share the trouble with you," she added, sweetly.

But he shook his head.

"No, no; you could not help me. It is an old affair, that has cropped up; it will be all right, but it has taken me by surprise. Leave me now, dear. Bartley is waiting for you."

## Spring Suitings!

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 woolsens 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 cards.

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"Shall I tell him to come to you? He understands business, at least," she added, with a touch of bitterness he did not notice.

"No," he said, with a faint tinge of color coming into his white face. "Why should we worry him? Go now, dear; 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 hats, 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-sought-for article is proven every day.

The French are now placing on the market a preparation containing the 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. A large, generous bottle can be purchased for 50 cents.

## Everyday Etiquette.

"I spent the week end at the lovely country home of the Deans, and I feel so sad to think I cannot return their hospitality. You see I have no home to entertain my friends in. I do wish I could show my appreciation," sighed Ruth.

"I should think it would please your hostess to send her one of the latest books, or a box of chocolates, or perhaps a few sheets of music, or a late record for the graphophone, as all of these mentioned articles are inexpensive, and yet difficult to get in the country," suggested her girl friend.

Silk girdles trimmed with fur promises to be in favor for autumn.

Soft girdles tied to the left of the center in front, and caught with a rose or two, make a pretty finish to the waistline of many of the newest dresses.

There is no material more serviceable in that it does not muss and is not easily soiled, than silk jersey cloth, and this is what many of the newest children's dresses are made of.



**John Maundel**  
TAILOR & CLOTHIER  
281 and 283 Duckworth Street, St. John's, Nfld.

## Keep the Home Fires Burning Every Day!

But in the nights, and when you are away from home, you can

## Use one of our Alcohol HEATERS, at 50c. each.

It's a wonder. Boiler is complete with handle and cover, there is a tripod and a tin holder of solid alcohol (nothing to spill). Everything is compact. Tripod folds up and so does boiler handle, and the boiler will contain tripod and alcohol holder and a cup and saucer. Alcohol refills cost 15c. each. These Heaters are useful at all times, but especially for

Infants and sick people at night. Anyone who hates laying fires in hot weather.

Picnicers, trouters and owners of motor cars, motor cycles side-cars and motor boats.

Travellers on the railway or elsewhere.

## Henry Blair

## SLATTERY'S.

We are in a position to supply the trade with a fine lot of

Denims, Cotton Tweed, and in a few days

A Splendid assortment of Percales, besides several Job Lines, All at Very Low Prices.

**W. A. SLATTERY.**  
Slattery's Bldg., Duckworth & George's Sts.  
P. O. Box 236. St. John's, Nfld. Phone 522.

**All Women Need** a corrective, occasionally, to right a disordered stomach, which is the cause of so much sick headache, nervousness and sleepless nights. Quick relief from stomach troubles is assured by promptly taking a dose or two of

## Beecham's Pills

They act gently on the stomach, liver, kidneys and bowels, assisting and regulating these organs, and keeping them in a healthy condition. These famous pills are vegetable in composition—therefore, harmless, leave no disagreeable after-effects and are not habit-forming. A box of Beecham's Pills in the house is a protection against the many annoying troubles caused by stomach ills, and lays the foundation

## For Better Health

Prepared only by Thomas Beecham, St. Helens, Lancashire, England. Sold everywhere in Canada and U. S. America. In boxes, 25 cents.

**Constant Headaches**

When the nervous system gets run down one of the most persistent symptoms is headache. Nervous headache has been described as the cry of the starved brain for more blood.

Because of its remarkable blood-forming and blood-purifying qualities, Dr. Chase's Nerve Food ranks first as a means of overcoming nervous exhaustion, nervous prostration, headache, indigestion, sleeplessness, irritability and all the annoying symptoms of nervous breakdown. It is not a mere sedative, but through its curative power it rebuilds and reconstructs the wasted and depleted nerve cells.

50 cts. a box, \$ for \$2.50.

**Dr. Chase's Nerve Food**

CHAPTER XIX.  
"Love Came Too Late."  
Mr. Bartley Bradstone, as he left the garden after his remarkably unpleasant interview with Harold Faradeane,

"Perf" These... make them...

We have...

Lunch Boxes and sizes 12...

## AYRE

Thin...

That So...

Its our Summer excellen...

## Our Blo

Now

# S.

## Ladies

\$1.00

Ladies, we...

## Fab

Trimmed and...

## A. &