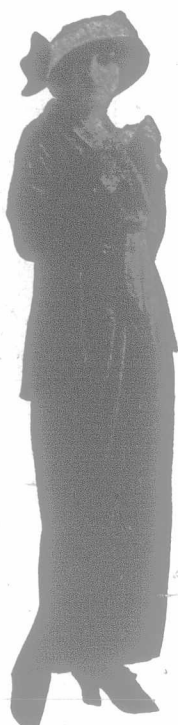


Let Us Help You With Your Spring Clothes



Old Rose Serge
Dyed Black

Why not solve the yearly Spring Clothes puzzle easily? Recolor your last year's suits and gowns with DIAMOND DYES. A new color, a few alterations and perhaps a little trimming will make them as pretty as when new.

Sit down now and write for the DIAMOND DYE ANNUAL and DIRECTION BOOK, also samples of dyed cloth. See our offer at the bottom of this advertisement.

Mrs. John Burnett writes:

"My daughter Mary's old rose serge dress faded badly. I dyed it black with your magical dyes and trimmed it with a new black silk girdle. Mary is so delighted with it that she insisted upon having her picture taken in it and sending one to you."

Diamond Dyes

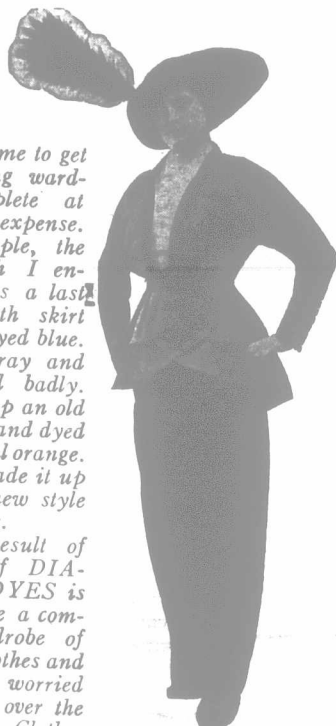
"A child can use them"

Simply dissolve the dye and boil the material in the colored water

Mrs. D. J. Crowell writes in part:

"Your very valuable book has been of great service to me. It helped me to get my Spring wardrobe complete at very small expense. For example, the photograph I enclose shows a last year's cloth skirt which I dyed blue. It was gray and had faded badly. I ripped up an old silk dress and dyed the material orange. Then I made it up into the new style coat blouse."

"The result of my use of DIAMOND DYES is that I have a complete wardrobe of Spring Clothes and have not worried one scrap over the Spring Clothes problem."



Gray Cloth Dyed
Blue

Truth About Dyes for Home Use

There are two classes of fabrics—animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics. Wool and Silk are animal fibre fabrics. Cotton and Linen are vegetable fibre fabrics. "Unlon" or "Mixed" goods are usually 60% to 80% Cotton so must be treated as vegetable fibre fabrics.

It is a chemical impossibility to get perfect color results on all classes of fabrics with any dye that claims to color animal fibre fabrics and vegetable fibre fabrics equally well in one bath. We manufacture two classes of Diamond Dyes, namely—Diamond Dyes for Wool or Silk to color Animal Fibre Fabrics, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton, Linen or Mixed Goods to color Vegetable Fibre Fabrics, so that you may obtain the Very Best results on EVERY fabric.

Diamond Dyes Sell at 10c. Per Package

Valuable Book and Samples Free

Send us your dealer's name and address—tell us whether or not he sells Diamond Dyes. We will then send you that famous book of helps, the Diamond Dye Annual and Direction Book, also 36 samples of Dyed Cloth—Free.

THE WELLS & RICHARDSON CO., LIMITED
203 MOUNTAIN ST., MONTREAL, CANADA

read, were confined in a cage, in brilliant sunlight, and prevented from sleeping by being prodded from without with spears. At the expiration of a week, he had read, the victim goes raving mad. Was this, then Hartmann's intention?

Whatever the man did, he knew he would adopt only such methods as would involve him in no damaging consequences. He might be kept in his present situation until insanity ensued, and Hartmann, with his reputation as a physician, a scientist, could calmly deny any story he might tell, putting it down to the wanderings of a disordered brain.

He realized the cunning of the man, his care to use no physical violence. Should he, Duvall, under the strain of the torture which he realized lay before him, consent to disclose the whereabouts of the ivory snuff-box in return for his liberty, what could he do in retaliation? Hartmann would calmly deny his story, and would doubtless produce witnesses, such as Mayer, to prove that the detective came to him for treatment for some slight mental disorder, some lapse of memory, and that the exposure to the light rays had been but part of his usual treatment. Clearly the doctor had covered his tracks most successfully.

Throughout all these torturing thoughts, the figure of Grace came and went unceasingly. What would she do—what could she do, to aid him? He had warned her not to ask Mr. Phelps to take any steps looking to his release. He realized that were Hartmann to appear now and give him his freedom, he would not dare to accept it. That the doctor might do this very thing was his greatest fear.

If he should insist upon his leaving the place, what could he do, then, to recover M. de Grissac's snuff-box? He prayed fervently that Dufrenne and his companions might in some way work out a plan to set matters right.

Presently he fell to thinking of the snuff-box and its safety. How fortunate it seemed that the doctor and his man Mayer had overlooked the opera-hat. He wondered if they had thought of it since. It was clear that they had not, else he would no longer be kept a prisoner.

What was the room beneath the laboratory used for? Its appearance had suggested that it was not used at all—a mere lumber-room, a place for storing boxes and crates. And then there flashed into his mind the thought, where was he now? From the apparent distance of the ceiling, as shown by the beam of light, he concluded that he was lying on the floor—a conclusion which the hardness and coldness of the surface beneath him amply proved.

Evidently it was a floor of stone, or cement, not one of wood. A certain sense of familiarity in his surroundings came over him. The faint radiance which was diffused about him by the light-cone showed the walls before and on either side of him to be of uniform blackness, unrelieved by any suggestion of windows. He strove with all his power to pierce the shadowy gloom, to come upon some point of recognition, but the darkness baffled him.

In one corner a huge shadow, bulking formless against the wall, suggested the packing-case behind which his opera-hat had been tossed by Mayer during the search the night before. The thought thrilled him with renewed hope. What more likely place, after all, for Hartmann's deviltries, than this silent room beneath the laboratory? If he was lying there now, and chance of escape should come, he might even yet be able to take the missing snuff-box with him.

The hours dragged interminably. He was conscious of a keen feeling of pain, a smarting irritation in his eyes, which caused tiny streams of moisture to trickle beneath their lids and roll unheeded down his cheeks.

The muscles of his neck became sore and swollen from his incessant, though useless effort to turn aside his head. A dull pain began to shoot insistently through his temples, and his limbs became numb and cold. The desire to escape from the relentless brilliance of the light-cone became unbearable; he felt as though he would shriek out in a madness of terror if relief did not soon come.

Then the hopelessness of doing so be-

came apparent, and he nerved himself with all the power of his will to endure the ever increasing torture. Yet this torture was, he knew, largely mental—the actual pain was by no means unbearable—it was only the dull, insistent pounding of the light-rays upon his eyes, his brain, from which he longed to escape.

With closed eyes, and tensely drawn nerves he waited, watching the endless play of the tracery of light in the dull redness of his eyelids.

The sudden, sharp rattle of a key in the door, followed by the turning of the knob, told him that some one was entering the room. He had a momentary vision of a patch of light, yellow against the surrounding blackness, which disappeared almost instantly as the door was closed. Then he was conscious of a shadowy form beside him, and heard the smooth, modulated tones of Dr. Hartmann's voice.

"Well, Mr. Duvall," he said, "how goes the treatment? Memory any better this morning?"

He made no reply. The mockery in the doctor's voice roused him to sudden and bitter anger.

"I'm trying a new modification of the light treatment upon you," Hartmann went on with a jarring laugh. "Dr. Mentone, of Milan, has great hopes of it. Wonderful thing, these violet rays. Have you read of their use in sterilizing milk? No? The subject would interest you. How is your mind this morning? Somewhat irritated, no doubt. Well—well—that will soon wear off. You've only been under the treatment six hours. Scarcely long enough to produce much effect. We'll make it ten the next time. It is necessary to increase gradually, in order not to superinduce insanity."

He went to a switch on the wall and pressed it, and instantly the cone of light disappeared. Another movement, and the room was flooded with the yellow glow of an electric lamp, which seemed dingy and wan, compared with the cold brilliance which it displaced.

The dispelling of the darkness brought to Duvall's brain a rush of sensations, among which the knowledge that he was once more in the lumber-room beneath the laboratory stood forth with overwhelming prominence. He glanced at Hartmann with reddened eyes.

"Let me up, damn you!" he shouted. The doctor bent over him, his face smiling.

"Just a moment, Mr. Duvall. Have a little patience," he began to unbuckle several straps, and presently stood back with a wave of his hand. "Get up," he said.

The detective's swollen muscles, his stiffened limbs, still retained the sensation of being bound; he scarcely realized that his bonds had been removed.

Painfully he crawled to his feet, and stood before the doctor, blinking; trying to collect his faculties. On the floor lay a number of broad, leather straps, secured to iron rings which had been let into the cement floor.

His first thought was to make a quick rush at his captor, and after overpowering him, secure the snuff-box and dash from the place. His eyes must have shown something of his intentions, for Hartmann, stepping back a pace, drew his right hand from his pocket. It contained an ugly looking magazine pistol.

"Don't attempt anything rash, Mr. Duvall. It would be useless. Even should you succeed in disposing of me, which I hardly think possible, you could not get away from my man Mayer, who is waiting in the corridor outside. Enough of this nonsense," he went on, scowling.

"I mean to be quite frank with you, my friend. I intend to subject you to this device of mine," he waved his hand toward the opening in the cell, "until you disclose the whereabouts of the snuff-box. I know it is somewhere near at hand, either here or in Brussels, for your two assistants, whom I have had released, have been hanging about the place all the morning. If the violet rays have no other effect, they will at least prevent you from sleeping, and my experience shows that loss of sleep, if persisted in, will shatter the best set of nerves on earth. You know what the effect is, for six hours. The next time, as I said some little while ago, we shall try ten—and after that, longer periods, until the process becomes con-



QUALITY AND EFFICIENCY

ARE MAIN ESSENTIALS IN A PIANO

YOU GET THESE IN A

BELL PIANO

We take the time and pains to build them right.

There are many good features in the BELL never found in other makes.

Information in our (free) catalogue No. 40. Send for it.

THE
BELL PIANO & ORGAN
COMPANY, LIMITED
GUELPH - ONTARIO



Buy Beds Right From the Factory

SAVE \$5 TO \$40 ON
ANY BED YOU BUY

We are selling at lowest factory prices to people all over Canada. You can buy a brass or enamelled steel bed from us for less than the furniture stores pay.

Hundreds of satisfied customers in all parts of the Dominion are ready to prove the benefits of our great money-saving system. Write to-day, now, for our free illustrated catalogue of brass and steel beds and cribs, mattresses, springs, couches, divans and costumers. Choose the article you want, in the style you like best, pay us only lowest factory price and we do the rest. The goods come to you bright, new and carefully packed—delivered right to your station.

AND WE PAY FREIGHT.

No other Bed Company in Canada will do this for you, remember.

30 Days' Trial

We give you thirty days' trial of anything you buy. If not fully satisfied, return the goods at our expense, and we refund your money. Fair, isn't it?

360 Days' Approval

You get a further 360 days for a thorough test of your purchase in every way. If, during that time, you find any defect in material or workmanship, we guarantee to make it right or back goes your money.

People no longer have to pay double for beds since we started this factory-to-user way of doing business. Our prices will surprise you. Save the dealer's profits!

Write today for Free Catalogue

QUALITY BEDS, LIMITED
MANUFACTURERS

115 Main St. Welland, Ont.

Please mention "The Farmer's Advocate."