

"You're The Sign I'm Looking For"

It's mighty easy to find dealers who handle GILLETTE RAZORS and BLADES, these days.



The big blue, yellow and black signs of The Gillette Safety Razor

stand out like the head-light of a locomotive.

Dealers were quick to put up these attractive signs, because the men have gotten the daily-shave habit and they want GILLETTE RAZORS and BLADES.



"GILLETTE" is the password that admits you into The Order Of Easy Shavers.

Gillette dealers will gladly explain all the exclusive features of the "Gillette", or write us for booklets.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited.
63 St. Alexander St., Montreal. 160

THE FAIR IMPOSTOR.

CHAPTER XIII.
"The Play's The Thing"
(Continued.)

DO not think you have kept us waiting. It is very much better late than never in this case.

Her voice, though low and flute-like, was as calm and steady as his; her eyes met his unflinchingly.

And this was all, only two polite, conversation sentences, while the hearts of each throbbled under the strain of the sudden recognition; while each saw not the gay and glittering crowd that filled the handsome room, but a street in the quiet suburbs of San Francisco.

Talk of Spartan heroism, of Roman heroism, they fade and dwindle to insignificance before the very possession and self-restraint of the nineteenth century.

With his white fingers playing with apparent carelessness with the jeweled handle of his sword, stood the man who had suddenly, without a hint of warning, come upon the woman whose face had haunted him, and whom he had longed to see, as

only such a man could long, for three weary months; stood carelessly waiting and talking, his heart on fire, his brain reeling with astonishment, delight, curiosity.

And by his side, erect and composed, with her delicate lips curved in a faint, sweet smile, the girl who stood face to face with the detector of a crime—face to face with the man who by a word could ruin her—face to face with one who must either be a passionate lover or a deadly foe! And before her was a task in itself sufficient to try the strongest of the uttermost—a task requiring all the delicate fire of genius, all the calm composure of trained talent.

How could it be possible that she should go through with it with this man—this relentless pursuer watching her every word and look for some sign of weakness?

Realize it; no pen can describe it. "Well," said Gerald, "are you ready?"

Dawson Slade glanced at the whitening face; then put his arm in Gerald's.

"One moment," he said. "It is rather a heavy line for me, old fellow. Is there any champagne?"

"Champagne!" exclaimed Gerald, with eager alacrity. "Of course."

And half a dozen flew to one of the tables.

With a quiet "Thanks," Dawson Slade poured out a glass and turned to Julian.

She shook her head with a smiling

negative, but he still held the silver gilt salver before her.

"Take the advice, Miss Woodleigh, of one who has, unfortunately, gone through this sort of thing several times—whereas for you, probably, amateur theatricals are quite a novel experience! One little glass of champagne is of great assistance."

As he speaks, Gerald notices that all the sulky indolence has disappeared from his voice, the dark gray eyes are flashing with unwonted fire; there is scarcely any need for rouge. What has come to the man?

Lilian hesitates a moment, then she takes the glass. Does he know that her throat feels parched and burning, that her heart beats so fast as almost to prevent her speaking? What does it mean? Is he merely playing with his victim, or does he intend to encourage, and, if need be, protect her?

His face, handsome enough at all times, is made like a Titian by the long hair that flows to the broad, shapely shoulders, by the artistic powdering and painting of the face, by the rich color of the satin and the velvet, and antique jewels; the face tells nothing.

"Another glass—permit me?" he says, looking at her with the champagne bottle upraised; but she shakes her head and turns away.

"Why," says Gerald, "you have taken none yourself."

"Ah, no," he said, with arched eyebrows, and slowly, as if a couple of hundred people were not waiting for him, he fills a glass and rises it to his lips; as he does so, he looks over the glass with a strange smile.

"It is bad manners to propose a toast, but if it were not, I should like to drink to Miss Woodleigh's success as Juliet, or any other part she may play! Are we ready? Now for it, then; the play's 'the thing whereby we'll try the conscience of the—'"

"Hush!" says Gerald. "Take your places."

CHAPTER XIV.

Great Acting and Dangerous.

THERE was a delightful ripple of applause at the beautiful scene, another and still another as each actor came on; then, with moody, abstracted step, entered Romeo.

At sight of the tall, richly dressed figure there was loud welcome—then a little buzz and hum of surprise.

"Why—why," said the duke, "that isn't Rayburn! Who can it be?"

"It is—no, it isn't—yes, it is! It is Dawson Slade," said her grace, in a whisper.

"Eh?" muttered Sir Talbot, leaning forward. For him everything faded in interest before the one event—the appearance of his beautiful child. "Dawson Slade, is it? I haven't seen him for years. Where is Rayburn, then?"

"As usual, anywhere but but in the right place," said the duke. "By George! Slade is in his right place. Plays like a professional. That man always had the nerve of three men rolled into one! Didn't know he was here! Won't Gerald be delighted?"

So also were the audience. They had been quite satisfied to get a handsome Romeo in Lord Rayburn, but this was something more.

Composed, self-possessed, Dawson Slade played as if he were earning his bread. Letter perfect, action perfect, but like an admirable machine. For all the time the one question rang in his ears: "How came Hilda Fane to be Lilian Woodleigh?"

He went off to a hearty round of applause. Gerald caught him at the scene—and looked up into his face eagerly.

"Come, Slade, you've forgiven me! How well you played! Didn't I say so?"

"Well, did I?" said Slade, and he smiled, curiously. Then he looked round quickly. But she whom he sought was nowhere to be seen.

"Miss Woodleigh had gone to her own room for a few minutes' rest," said Gerald. "She has been standing so long, and helping everybody, and I thought—we all thought—she looked faint. Ah! here she comes!" he broke off, as Lilian entered. She did not look faint now, and no one could detect the delicate touch of rouge on the olive cheek.

Not faint, but calm, and smiling softly, as one might do whose heart and mind were at peace.

"Have I been called?" she said, looking round, her eye resting for a moment on Dawson Slade's handsome face.

"Not yet," he said; "they are shifting the scene. Will you take a seat?" She declined with a slight gesture, and stood looking past him towards the wings, and his eyes watched her with only half-concealed earnestness.

Suddenly Harold came round, perspiring as usual. "All ready!" he said, dropping into a chair, and looking at Lilian with admiring, wistful eyes. "Now for your boasted courage, Lilian! Are you sure you feel calm?"

She raised her head and looked at him, then carried her gaze on to where Slade stood watching her.

"Quite," she said. "I have courage enough to carry it through, of that I am confident."

And in her eyes shown, for a little moment, a little gleam of light.

"I also am confident of that," said Slade, significantly.

Harold turned to him with a sort of introductory smile and look of inquiry.

"Mr. Slade," he said, "we have not been introduced, but allow me to congratulate you on your confidence. You took that scene with everything well in hand."

Slade bowed. "Had a struggle to remember every word," he said. "I am sure I shall break down."

"Juliet!" the nurse, Lady Capulet! called the call boy.

With one glance round, Lilian moved away, followed by the other characters.

Harold looked after her for a moment, then he turned, to find Slade looking also, and with a strange expression on his handsome face. It struck Harold.

"By the way," he said, "have you met my cousin—Miss Woodleigh, you know—before, Mr. Slade?"

To be continued.

Sing Care Away.

Better be singing than sighing
Whenever a thing goes wrong,
For often our troubles goes flying
Away on the wings of song.

Better be smiling than weeping
Over the cares of life,
For tears have them all in keeping
And lengthen the bitter strife.

Sing, and your load seems lighter,
Smile, and your shadows flee,
As the gray old world grows brighter
When the sunshine floods the lee.

God's in his world above us;
Friends are both near and dear,
And, as long as true hearts love us,
We can have heaven here.

So sing in the time of trouble,
As the robin sings in rain,
And care, like a bursting bubble,
Will pass with the song's refrain.

Digby, N.S.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.
Gentlemen.—Last August my horse was badly cut in eleven places by a barbed wire fence. Three of the cuts, (small ones) healed soon, but the others became foul and rotten, and though I tried many kinds of medicine they had no beneficial result. At last a doctor advised me to use MINARD'S LINIMENT and in four weeks time every sore was healed and the hair has grown over each one in fine condition. The Liniment is certainly wonderful in its working.
JOHN R. HOLDEN.
Witness, Perry Baker.

Typing Letters.

Owing to its inception to the London & Northwestern Railway Co., a time-saving device has been introduced which will be of great advantage to business men, to whom minutes are precious.

Every week day, except Saturday, a corridor express runs from Birmingham to Broad street, London, and this carries a short hand-typist, who takes down from dictation the answers to letters which passengers have received in the morning, and which they have read comfortably at breakfast en route. Then the typist works her machine while the train is travelling through the country at about a mile a minute, and those letters that are not ready are done during the day, and await the signature of the passenger on his return for the homeward journey to Birmingham.

In the execution of her duty, the typist travels a distance of 200 miles a day, or 1,000 a week.

Canadian Bear's Grease

Is unequalled to promote the growth of the hair,

BEARINE

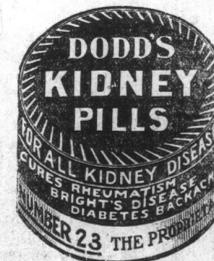
Delicately perfumed, it is supplied so as not to become rancid or stale.

50c. per Jar.
Davis & Lawrence Co., Montreal.

May Hiss in Theatres.

Decision of an English Court Where Man Was Ejected.

A British army officer gained £100 damages in an English Court recently in return for being ejected from a music hall because he had openly expressed disapproval of the performance.



A comedian declared that the officer and others who occupied a box with him had shouted "rotten" and made noises like a motor horn. "I thought they were drunk," he continued. "I said to the audience, 'When you see sardines in a box they are usually well oiled.'"

The gallant officer admitted he had indulged in back chat with the performers, and was sustained by the judge, who quoted old decisions allowing playgoers to express their emotions or hisses, so long as they had not attended with the intention of making themselves unpleasant by condemning an actor or a scene.

MINARD'S LINIMENT CURES DISTEMPER.

ROBIN HOOD FLOUR

IS DIFFERENT

IT HAS ROUSED THE CURIOSITY OF THE WHOLE WEST

"Do you really think" one housewife will say to another "that this new flour can be better than the flour we are using?" Madam, there is no doubt about it. But there is just one way you can be convinced. You must use it yourself.

Our claims will not satisfy you, but we back up our claims in such a way that you will lose nothing by trying Robin Hood.

Your grocer will tell you about our guarantee which gives you back your money if you are not satisfied.



THE SASKATCHEWAN FLOUR MILLS CO. LIMITED
MOOSE JAW SASK.

We're Easy!

Five Dollar Greenbacks are Burning Holes in our Pockets

Do You Want One?

Save the Alphabet Cards in all pound packets of Union Blend Tea, bring to us and get the money.

H. W. de FOREST TEA CO'Y.

NO THOUGHT READER

Can foretell the day or the hour when your property may burn. Most people are aware of this and make provision for the disaster by insurance. Why are you not so insured? I offer the lowest rates and strongest offices. The promptness and liberality of my settlements are well known.

PERCIE JOHNSON, Insurance Aet.

Office: corner Duckworth and Prescott Streets

Princess Dresses

Just received, another shipment of PRINCESS DRESSES—all beautifully made and trimmed. Fine Embroideries, Laces, etc.

The Newest and Latest Styles.

No Summer wardrobe is complete without one or more of these dainty Dresses.

See Window.



U. S. Picture & Portrait Co.

Sale of Men's Summer Underwear!

A Special Lot of Men's Fine Balbrigan Shirts and Drawers, Clearing at 36c. a Garment.

WILLIAM FREW, Water Street, nearly opposite Court House.

POLO SHOE POLISH is put up in the biggest box for the price—big enough to keep the brush from daubing over the edge on the hands—big enough to mean more paste—big enough to keep that paste oily and fresh longer—to make it a better leather food. Ladies like it—so easy to use.

Polo Shoe Polish both cleans and polishes—leaves the leather its natural color.

"Good for Leather Stands the Weather"

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POLO SHOE POLISH
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SHOE POLISH

For Spec good Ge in 24 Ev W. J. W. F.

As Elect reach short its in the I ture broog by re Volun tion, for get the me (to se clecte servit ary emp ed a mine vices at th the Mayc It cize valie mans suffic than men wish not satis far f cogn some reall, valu cite to pu scape the c repr with ricta see whol

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