

For the Asking

The best table salt costs no more than the poorest—and can be had for the asking.

Windsor SALT

is sold in practically every grocery store in Canada—and is the best. Ask for it.

Central Business College

TORONTO
Trains young men and women for good salaried positions. Fine catalogue free. Write for it.

W. H. Shaw
President



WE MANUFACTURE—

BRIDGE, ROOF and GIRDER PAINTS

VARNISH FOR ALL PURPOSES.

WRITE FOR DESCRIPTIVE BOOKLETS.

THE
CANADA PAINT COMPANY
MONTREAL TORONTO WINNIPEG

USE ONLY THE BEST

GILLET'S
PERFUMED
LYE

Is the STANDARD article

READY FOR USE
IN ANY QUANTITY.

For making soap, softening water, removing old paint, disinfecting sinks, closets, drains and for many other purposes. A can equals 20 pounds SAL SODA.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

E.W. GILLET COMPANY LIMITED
TORONTO, ONT.

The Count's Comedy

(Continued from page 15)

He showed it to Valeska and translated as follows:

"Terrible mistake made. You are in great danger. Meet me Tuesday at midnight in the doorway of No. 573 Eighth avenue. Come alone."

Roughly scrawled on brown paper, and put into a plain but dirty envelope, the note was convincing. Tim, at any rate, would not be able to deny it for sometime. It was not a message that the Count D'Ampleri would dare ignore.

The Count D'Ampleri did not ignore it. Smart and aristocratic in appearance, though foreign looking with his Parisian silk hat, his queer trousers, and his waxed and pointed mustache, he was prompt at the rendezvous. Valeska and John Wallingford Shaw, drifting slowly down the block, noticed him there waiting in the dusky doorway, looking impatiently up and down, smoking a cigarette. The Count seemed to be a bit uneasy. He lighted one cigarette after another.

The two spectators passed again, talking absorbedly one to the other, but watching guardedly as they passed. At the 37th street corner they noticed a man standing, his back against a lamp post. A child would have known him to be a policeman in plain clothes. His burly figure, his bull neck, the very cut of his mustache, proved it indubitably. He gave them a wink as they passed him. They crossed to the other side of the avenue and walked slowly. As they reached the far end of the block they suddenly stopped. Valeska began to giggle, pointed, and excitedly watched the scene across the street. Shaw seized her arm and hurried her over the crossing and to the front of the doorway. The little drama was almost over. As they stopped, staring, a fantastic figure retreated, entered the door, and banged it behind him.

They were laughing at the Count's discomfiture as McGraw came up. He took his cue like an actor, and walking up to the Count grabbed him fiercely by the arm.

"Now then," he said harshly, "what you a-doin' here? What's that you got there?" He pointed to a black bag the Italian still held in his hand. "Who are you, anyway?" said the Count angrily. "Vat beesnees of yours? Tell me that!"

"I'll show you!" and McGraw threw back his coat and displayed his badge. "See here now! What have you got in that bag at this time of night, hangin' round in this doorway?"

"My God! I don't know myself!" the Count exclaimed.

"I'll see, then," said McGraw, and snatching it from him he opened the bag and drew out a diamond tiara.

"You don't know!" he thundered. "We'll see about that at the station house! Come along with me!"

The Count, seeing the jewels, seemed almost ready to faint with surprise and horror. "But I am very innocent!" he wailed. "I am ze Count D'Ampleri. I live at ze St. Regis! You shall see! Before heaven! I never knew that things was there! It was give me just now, by—by—" He paused, discomfited.

"Well, by who?" was McGraw's inquiry.

"You will not believe—nobody won't believe—it ees too much. A mad woman she give me zis bag just now zis minute!"

"What kind of a woman? Out with it!"

"Oh! what shall I say? You will not believe. A woman like a man, with white pantaloons, with a topper hat, a yellow jacquette with stripes like zis." He made a pitiful gesture

down the front of his coat.

"Aw, g'wan!" said McGraw. "Do you expect me to believe a pipe dream like that? That's the worst I ever heard, and I've heard some thin ones."

"But I tell ze truth, I swear it! She have a green ombrelle."

"Any more? Go as far as you like." McGraw's tone was affable.

"She wear big boots of *la gomme*—what you call it—rubbaire."

McGraw towered above him now, and calmly folded his arms. "No blue whiskers, or purple hatpins stuck in her face, was they? She wasn't chewin' shavin's or have red paint on her hands, I suppose? Lord, man! you've got no imagination at all! Why, I can dream out things that would make that old lady seem like a fashion plate. When I dope 'em out they generally wears armour plate and tin gloves at least. But I guess that'll be about all for you. I'm going to run you in."

The Count, in despair, appealed to Valeska. "But ze lady and ze gentleman, she see ze old woman! Ask them! I am spik ze truth to you!"

Valeska, smothering her laughter, did her best to speak calmly. "We saw nothing at all, officer. The man must be intoxicated."

"Or crazy," Shaw put in wickedly. "You see nozzing?" the Count ejaculated in amazement. Then he dropped in a dejected huddle, nodding his head sillily.

McGraw motioned to Valeska, and nodded toward 37th street.

"Well, I'll have to go," she said, smiling. "You'd better be careful, officer; he may be dangerous." And so saying she walked away with Shaw who was too nearly hysterical with mirth to speak for awhile. When he did, it was to say:

"Will you kindly inform Astro when you see him that I take back what I said about horoscopes and occultism? I am quite sure he will understand."

She repeated the message next day, when she and Astro found themselves alone in the studio. Astro smiled. "If they were all like John Wallington Shaw," he said, "you and I wouldn't make much of a living, little girl." Then he added irrelevantly, "I understand that the Count D'Ampleri is to sail on the *Germanic* next week."

"Oh. Then McGraw let him off?" "All McGraw wanted was to get his thousand out of Mrs. Landor, and the less talk about it the better. He telephoned me this morning to say that she gave him a very lively half-hour, but paid. By the way, I wonder if Shaw told his sister Ethel how the matter was solved?"

"He said he intended to, before he went to bed."

"Then we may consider the episode closed." Astro took down a volume of Immanuel Kant. Before he began his reading he remarked casually, "It was a narrow escape for all three. I don't know exactly which one to congratulate the most."

"I'd congratulate the old lady with the white duck trousers and the blazer," said Valeska. "I think she had the merriest time of all."

"Thank you kindly," said Astro, with a rare smile. "I'll accept with pleasure!"

END OF THE SERIES.

A Lottery for Dolly

Margie was industriously sewing for her doll, when she suddenly stopped work and turned to her mother:

"Oo, mama, what do you think?" she exclaimed.

"What is the trouble, dearie?" asked the mother.

"I started to make my doll a bonnet," explained Margie, "and I do believe it's going to come out an apron!" —*Woman's Home Companion.*

Good Intentions

are good—but "doing it" is better.

You "have been intending to get a bottle of Abbey's Salt."

Very good! But *get it*—today—now—and be rid of that Stomach, Liver or Bowel Trouble from which you suffer.

22

Abbey's Effer-Vescent Salt

25c. and 60c. At all dealers.

Head Office for Canada: MONTREAL

W. M. MACKAY,
Gen. Manager.

J. H. LABELLE,
Asst. Manager.



Maguire & Cannon
GENERAL AGENTS

Office: "Royal Building," 27 Wellington St. E., TORONTO.
Telephones: Main 6000. Residence, North 3571 and M. 978.

THIS IS THE LAST DAY

this Limerick will be published, and all replies must be received in Toronto by October 24th.

SEND IN YOURS NOW

Cut out this coupon.

Canadian Courier, Oct. 10th, 1908.

LIMERICK

Said John Bull at his dinner one day,
I'll get rid of my cook right away,
He's served up this course,
Without Holbrook's Sauce,

Fill in last line here.

I agree to abide by the decision of the committee of judges as final, and enter the competition on that distinct understanding.

Signature

Address

All replies to this Limerick must be received by Oct. 24, 1908.

RULES—Read These Carefully

- 1.—Cut out coupon above and write on it your suggestion for the last line of the Limerick.
- 2.—Send with each coupon or Limerick the outside paper wrapper, with label attached, from a bottle of HOLBROOK'S SAUCE.
- 3.—Readers may send in as many replies as they like, only each one must be accompanied by a separate wrapper.
- 4.—The Limericks will be judged by a committee of the following gentlemen, who have kindly consented to act:—
The Editor of The Canadian Courier, Toronto.
The Editor of The Mail and Empire, Toronto.
The Manager of Woods-Norris, Limited Advertising Agents, Toronto.
- 5.—Address and send your communication "Holbrook's Limerick" care Woods-Norris Limited, Toronto.

1142

HOLBROOK'S WORCESTERSHIRE SAUCE