



**T**O many women the most puzzling problem that Christmas brings is, "What shall I get him?" The list of possibilities seems surprisingly small, and as you run over them, and over them again, nothing seems to quite suit. It is so much harder to buy for a man than for a woman.

Wait a minute!

Have you thought of the Gillette Safety Razor? That's a gift worth while.

A Gillette, whether Standard Set, Pocket Edition or Combination Set, in gold or silver plate or gun metal finish, looks good—and is good. To the man who has used the open-blade razor or a make-shift safety, the Gillette is a revelation of comfort and convenience.

"But," you object, "he always goes to the barber."

Does he? Then he wastes a week's time or more every year, to say nothing of money. The Gillette will give him a clean, comfortable shave in three minutes, every morning in the year.

You see the Gillette habit is well worth encouraging.

Your hardware dealer, druggist or jeweler can show you a splendid selection of Gillettes.

Standard Sets, \$5. Pocket Editions, \$5. to \$6. Combination Sets from \$6.50 up.

Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada Limited  
Office and Factory, 63 St. Alexander St., Montreal.

## The Contested Marriage.

(Concluded.)  
**W**HAT could this mean? Spite of Mr. Ferret's injunction, I could not help informing the sheriff, who called soon after I received the note, that a discovery, claimed of importance by our emissary, had been made; and they returned home with lightened hearts, after agreeing to repeat their visit on the day Mr. Ferret had named for his return.

On reaching my chambers about four o'clock in the afternoon of that day, I found the ladies there, and in a state of great excitement. Mr. Ferret, my clerk had informed them, had called twice, and seemed in the highest spirits. We had wasted but a few minutes in conjectures when Mr. Ferret, having ascended the stairs two or three at a time, burst, *avec ostentation*, into the apartment.

"Good-day, sir," Lady Compton,

your most obedient servant; madam yours! All right! Only just in time to get the writ sealed; served it myself a quarter of an hour ago, just as his lordship was getting into his carriage. Not a day to lose; just in time. Capital! Glorious!

"What do you mean, Mr. Ferret? exclaimed Emily Dalston: her sister was so agitated to speak.

"What do I mean? Let us all four step, sir, into your inner sanctum, and I'll soon tell you what I mean."

We adjourned, accordingly, to our inner and more private room. Our conference lasted about half an hour, at the end of which, the ladies took their leave: Lady Compton, her beautiful features alternately irradiated and clouded by smiles and tears, murmuring in a broken, agitated voice, as she shook hands with me, "You see, sir, he intended at last to do us justice."

The news that an action had been brought on behalf of an infant son of the late Sir Harry Compton against the Earl of Emsdale, for the recovery of the estates in the possession of that nobleman, produced the greatest excitement in the part of the county where the property was situated.

The assize town was crowded, on

the day the trial was expected to come on, by the tenantry of the late baronet and their families, with whom the present landlord was by no means popular. As I passed up the principal street, towards the court house, accompanied by my junior, I was received with loud hurraing and waving of handkerchiefs, something after the manner, I suppose, in which chivalrous steel clad knights, about to do battle in behalf of distressed damsels, were formerly received by the miscellaneous spectators of the list.

Numerous favors, cockades, streamers, of the Compton colors, used in election contests, purple and orange, were also slyly exhibited, to be more ostentatiously displayed if the Emsdale party should be beaten. On entering the court I found it crowded, as we say, to the ceiling. Not only every seat, but every inch of standing-room that could be obtained, was occupied, and it was with great difficulty the ushers of the court preserved a sufficiently clear space for the ingress and egress of witnesses and counsel.

Lord Emsdale, pale and anxious, spite of manifest effort to appear contemptuously indifferent, sat near the judge, whom he had subpoenaed; why, his Grace had openly declared, he knew not, was also, of course accommodated with a seat on the bench. A formidable bar, led by the celebrated Mr. S—, was arrayed against us, though what the case was they had to meet, so well had Ferret kept his secret, they knew no more than did their horse-hair wigs. Ferret had solemnly enjoined the strikers to silence, and no hint, I heard scarcely say, was likely to escape my lips. The jury, special of course, were in attendance, and the case, "Doe, demise of Compton versus Emsdale," having been called, they were duly sworn to try the issue, My junior, Mr. Frampton, was just rising "to state the case," as it is technically called, when a tremendous shouting, rapidly increasing in volume and distinctness, and mingled with the sound of carriage wheels, was heard

approaching, and presently Mr. Serjeant Ferret appeared, followed by Dalston and her son, the rear of this party brought up by Sir Jasper Thornly, whose jolly fox-hunting face shone like a full-blown penny. The lady, though painfully agitated, looking charmingly; and the timid, appealing glance she unconsciously, as it were, threw round the court would, in a doubtful case, have secured a verdict. "Very well got up, indeed," said Mr. S—, in a voice significantly loud for the jury to hear, "very effectively managed, upon my word." We were, however, in too good-humor to heed taunts; and as soon as silence was restored, Mr. Frampton briefly stated the case, and I rose to address the jury. My speech was purposely brief, business-like, and confident. I detailed the circumstances of the marriage of Violet Dalston, then only eighteen years of age, with a Mr. Grainger; the birth of a son; and subsequent disappearance of the husband; concluding by an assurance to the jury that I should prove by incontrovertible evidence, that Grainger was no other person than the late Sir Harry Compton, baronet. This address by no means lessened the vague apprehensions of the jury side. A counsel that, with such material for eloquence, disdained having recourse to it, must needs have a formidable case. The smiling countenances of Mr. S— and his brethren became suddenly overcast, and the pallor and agitation of Lord Emsdale sensibly increased.

We proved our case, step by step: the marriage, the acquiescence, the handwriting of Grainger. Bileta proved this to the letters addressed to his wife, were clearly established. The register of the marriage was produced by the present clerk of the Leeds church; the initials Z. Z. were pointed out; and the book was deposited for the purposes of the trial with the clerk of the court. Not a word of cross-examination had passed the lips of our learned friends on the other side: they allowed our evidence to pass as utterly indifferent. A change was at hand.

Our next witness was James Kirby, groom to the late baronet and to the present earl. After a few unimportant questions, I asked him if he had ever seen that gentleman before, pointing to Mr. Ferret, who stood up for the more facile recognition of his friend Kirby.

"Oh, yes, he remembered the gentleman well; and a very nice, good natured, soft sort of a gentleman he was. He treated witness at the 'Albermarle Arms,' London, to as much brandy and water as he liked, out of respect to his late master, whom the gentleman seemed uncommon fond of."

"Well, and what return did you make for so much liberality?"

"Return? very little I do assure you. I told you how many horses Sir Harry kept, and how many races he won; but I couldn't tell you much more pump as much as he would, because do ye see, I didn't know no more."

And again, a titter from the other side greeted the witness as he uttered the last sentence. Mr. S—, with one of his complacent glances at the jury box, remarking in a sufficiently loud whisper, "That he had never heard a more conclusive reason for not telling in his life."

"Did you mention that you were present at the death of the late baronet?"

"Yes I did. I told you that I were within about three hundred yards of late master when he had that ugly fall; and that when I got up to him, he sort of pulled me down, and whispered horse-like, 'Send for Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman.' I remembered it, it was such an outlandish name like."

"Oh, oh," thought I, as Mr. S— reached across the table for the parish register, "Z. Z. is acquiring significance I perceive."

"Well, and what did this gentleman say to that?"

"Say? Why, nothing particular, only seemed quite joyful, mazed like, and when I asked in why, he said it was such a comfort to find his good friend Harry had such pious thoughts in his last moments."

The laugh, quickly suppressed, that followed these words, did not come

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from our learned friends on the other side.

"Sir Harry used those words?"

"He did; but as he died two or three minutes after, it were of course no use to send for no person whatsoever."

"Exactly." That will do, unless the other side have any questions to ask. No question was put, and the witness sat down. "Call," said I to the clerk of the court—"call the Rev. Zachariah Zimmerman."

This was a bomb-shell. Lord Emsdale, the better to conceal his agitation, descended from the bench and took his seat beside his counsel. The Reverend Zachariah Zimmerman, examined by Mr. Frampton, deposed in substance as follows: "He was at present rector of Dunby, Shropshire, and had been in holy orders more than twenty years. Was on a visit to the Reverend Mr. Cranby at Leeds seven years ago, when one morning Mr. Cranby, being much indisposed, requested him to perform the marriage ceremony for a young couple then

walking in church. He complied, and joined in wedlock Violet Dalston and Henry Grainger. The bride was the lady now pointed out to him in court; the bridegroom he had discovered, about two years ago, to be no other than the late Sir Harry Compton, baronet. The initials Z. Z. were his, and written by him. The parish clerk, a falling old man, had not of feliated at the marriage; a nephew he believed, had acted for him, but he had entered the marriage in the usual form afterwards."

"How did you ascertain that Henry Grainger was the late Sir Harry Compton?"

"I was introduced to Sir Harry Compton in London, at the house of the Archbishop of York, by his Grace himself."

"I remember the incident distinctly, Mr. Zimmerman, said his Grace from the bench.

"Besides which," added the rector, "my present living was presented to me, about eighteen months since, by the deceased baronet. I must further, in justice to myself, explain that I immediately after the introduction sought an elucidation of the mystery from Sir Harry; and he then told me that, in a freak of youthful passion, he had married Miss Dalston in the name of Grainger, fearing his uncle's displeasure should reach his ears; that his wife had died in her first confinement, after giving birth to a still-born child, and he now wished the matter to remain in oblivion."

He also showed me several letters, which I then believed genuine, confirming his story. I heard no more of the matter till waited upon by the attorney for the plaintiff, Mr. Ferret. A breathless silence prevailed during the delivery of this evidence. At its conclusion, the dullest brain in court comprehended that the case was gained; and a succession of cheers, which could not be suppressed, rang through the court, and were loudly echoed from without Sir Jasper's voice sounding high above all the rest. Suddenly, too, as if by magic, almost everybody in court, save the jury and counsel, were decorated with orange and purple favors, and a perfect shower of them fell at the feet and about the persons of Lady Compton, her sister, who had by this time joined her, and the infant Sir Henry. As soon as the exultations and unmanes of the judge had restored silence and order, his lordship, addressing Lord Emsdale's senior counsel, said, "Well, Brother S—, what course do you propose to adopt?"

"My lord," replied Mr. S— after a pause, "I and my learned friends have thought it our duty to advise Lord Emsdale, that further opposition to the plaintiff's claim would prove ultimately futile; and I have therefore to announce, my lord and gentlemen of the jury, that we acquiesce in a verdict for the plaintiff."

The jury hastily and joyfully assented: the verdict was recorded, and the court adjourned for an hour in the midst of tumultuous excitement. The result of the trial flew through the crowd outside, like wildfire; and when Lady Compton and her son, after struggling through the densely-crowded court, stepped into Sir Jasper's carriage, which was in waiting at the door, the enthusiastic uproar that ensued—the hurraing, shouting, waving of hats and handkerchiefs—deafened and bewildered one; and it was upwards of an hour ere the slow-moving chariot reached Sir Jasper's mansion, though not more than half a mile distant from the town. Sir Ferret, mounted on the box, and almost smothered in purple and orange, was a conspicuous object, and a prime favorite with the crowd. The next day Lord Emsdale, glad, doubtless, to quit the neighborhood as speedily as possible, left the castle, giving Lady Compton immediate possession. The joy of the tenantry was unbounded; and under the watchful superintendence of Mr. Ferret, all claims against Lord Emsdale for received rents, dilapidations, &c. were adjusted, we may be sure, not adversely to his client's interests; though he frequently complained, not half so satisfactorily as if Lady Compton had interfered, with what Mr. Ferret deemed misplaced generosity in the matter.

As I was obliged to proceed on wards with the circuit, I called at Compton Castle to take leave of my interesting and fortunate client a few days after her installation there. I was most gratefully received and entertained. As I shook hands at parting, her ladyship, after pressing upon me a diamond ring of great value, said, whilst her charming eyes filled with grateful, yet joyful tears, "Do not forget that poor Henry intended at last to do justice." Prosperity, thought I, will not spoil that woman. It has not, as the world, were I authorized to communicate her real name, would readily acknowledge.

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Gentlemen,—In July 1905, I was thrown from a road machine, injuring my hip and back badly and was obliged to use a crutch for 14 months. In Sept. 1906 Mr. Wm. Outridge, of Lachute, ured me to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which I did with the most satisfactory results and to-day I am as well as ever in my life.

Yours sincerely,  
MATTHEW X BAINES,  
mark

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There is more nourishment and sustaining power in **EPPS'S COCOA** than in any other beverage

Epps's Cocoa is a perfect store-house of vitality, restoring and maintaining strength and energy. Creamy, delicious and warming. "Epps's" contains the maximum of nourishment in Cocoa. Children thrive on "EPPS'S."

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## New Polo Trophy.

King's Coronation Cup Will Represent the British Championship.

An interesting move has been made by the Ranelagh Club of England in the shape of the establishment of a new tournament for the "King's Coronation Cup," that title having received the approval of his Majesty the King. The cup is a \$1,250 challenge trophy given by the club committee, with four souvenir cups to the winners.

It will be played for annually in July, and is open only to the winners of the Inter-Regimental Tournament, the Hurlingham Champion Cup, and the Ranelagh Open Cup, and approved teams representing India and the colonies and Dominions of the Empire.

Much interest is certain to attach to the King's Coronation Cup, more particularly should the Champion Cup and the Ranelagh Open Cup be won by different teams, as is frequently the case. The two sides could meet in the new tournament for a trial of strength.

The new tournament will take place during the county polo week at Ranelagh, and will give county players an admirable chance of seeing first-class polo.

## THE BEST REMEDY

For Women—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Belleville, Ont.—"I was so weak and worn out from a female weakness that I concluded to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took several bottles of it, and I gained strength so rapidly that it seemed to make a new woman of me. I can do as good a day's work as I ever did. I sincerely bless the day that I made up my mind to take your medicine for female weakness, and I am exceedingly grateful to you for your kind letters, as I certainly profited by them. I give you permission to publish this any time you wish."  
Mrs. ALBERT WICKERT, Belleville, Ontario, Canada.

Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will cure female weakness and so successfully carry women through the Change of Life as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs.

For 30 years it has been curing women from the worst forms of female ills—inflammation, and ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, and nervous prostration.

If you want special advice write for it to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. It is free and always helpful.

## Senator Offered A Huge Bribe.

New York, Nov. 18.—One hundred thousand dollars to vote against the anti-race track betting bills in 1908 was offered to State Senator Eugene M. Travers, of Brooklyn, according to his sworn testimony before the executive graft investigating committee.

A mysterious little man, whose name he does not recall, made the offer in the lobby of the Senate, he said, on behalf of former Senator Frank J. Gardner, and Gardner, he added, confirmed it in a subsequent telephone conversation.

Gardner is now under indictment charged with having attempted similarly, though with a lesser amount, to influence Otto G. Foelker, of Brooklyn, now a Congressman, but then a State Senator. Foelker voted for the bill, as did Travers, and it was passed, notwithstanding the efforts of the race track interests and the alleged use of a fund which previous testimony has placed at \$500,000.

Travers' testimony and the committee's efforts to subpoena James R. Keene and Harry Payne Whitney, two millionaires, whose hobby is horse racing, were the most interesting features of the hearings, resumed after an adjournment on Oct. 22.

Efforts to find Keene and Whitney have so far been without success.

## Blind Girl's Poultry Yard

Recently the writer had the pleasure of meeting a young Scotch girl who though almost blind is active and accomplished to a very remarkable degree. One of her principal interests is her poultry yard, and there her almost unaided efforts have met with truly wonderful success.

Her yearly balance sheet shows substantial and increasing profits, while the care of her birds provides a source of much interest and gives a good deal of healthy outdoor exercise. She keeps careful and accurate accounts, a Braille slate being used for memoranda. She uses a typewriter for correspondence. — From Feathered Life.

**FATHER MORRISSEY'S No. 11**  
FOR DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, GAS, STOMACH, SICKNESS AND ALL FORMS OF STOMACH TROUBLES.  
DIRECTIONS: TAKE ONE OR TWO TABLETS AFTER EACH MEAL.  
THE FATHER MORRISSEY MEDICINE CO., LTD., CHATHAM, N.B.

Each tablet of Father Morrisey's "No. 11" Prescription will digest 1 1/2 pounds of food. This means that though you are a martyr to Indigestion or Dyspepsia, you can eat a good meal and digest it, too, if you take a "No. 11" tablet afterward.

With the aid of Father Morrisey's "No. 11" sick, sour, dyspeptic stomachs quickly recover.

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**Abbey's Effervescent Salt**  
A Bad Stomach becomes an exceedingly good stomach under the helpful healing of  
25c and 60c a bottle.

**Weak Women Should Use DR. BOWEL'S IRON TONIC PILLS**