

Shave with this Razor Progressive Men Everywhere Use It

Gillette SAFETY RAZOR

No Stropping—No Honing

Triple silver plated, with 2 blade boxes, and 12 double-edged blades in next case.

Standard Set, \$5.00

Pocket Editions, \$5.00 to \$6.00

Combination Sets, \$6.50 to \$50.00

THE Gillette beats every other shaving device in a lot of ways—it's safe, it's quick, it's economical, it shaves clean and easily, it requires no stropping nor honing, it's always ready and it can be adjusted to suit the face of any man who shaves.

The toughest beard and tenderest face each receives a perfect shave.

Get into the Gillette class and save time, trouble and money.

Ask your dealer to show you the Gillette. If he has neither the goods nor our catalogue, write us. We will see that you are supplied.

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

NO STROPPING—NO HONING

312

DIAMONDS FOR THE BRIDE

Or, a Proposal by Proxy

CHAPTER XXI.—(Cont'd)

He looked at her, still grasping her arm; the flush which had mounted to his forehead beginning to fade. Having said as much as this, she must say more. His eyes compelled it; whether his lips spoke, probably none of them knew. "I ought to have told you when you came to me at High Mount. It is my shame that I was silent; but, Otho, I loved you, I could not. It was so long ago. I was so young. I was deceived."

It was a pitiful story, told even thus, in a dozen words; gasped out in agony, like a wretch confessing on the rack.

"I ran away from school. I thought it was a marriage, but the man was a villain. He got into a scrape and deserted me, went away abroad, and then it was found to be no marriage after all. Otho, I was only sixteen. It was all hushed up to save me from shame; no one was ever to know. I was sent to a farmhouse in Vermont, under another name, and there Harold was born. Think of the years that had gone by when you came to me. And I loved you; you were not like that other. It was wrong of me to have Harold here; but he was going away, and I wanted to say good-bye."

The flush faded by this time, and the pallor was growing livid; but still Colonel Swayne held her and looked at her—he looked at May no more.

"Otho, the wretch who betrayed me is back again in England, wanting money. It is he who has taken Ernest. You may be comforted; Ernest is alive and safe. I was telling Harold, now, this moment. He is going for us; he will get the child."

These last words fell upon deaf ears. His grasp relaxed, and he dropped senseless to the floor.

May caught him, breaking the fall. Annabel, spurred by necessity, wrung by the agony of her avowal, had lost sight of her husband's danger. She was forced to speak, though convinced she destroyed herself by speaking. And now it seemed she had done more than this—she had brought destruction on another.

"I have killed him," she cried out in her misery. "I ought to have remembered. I should have waited."

Another attack had come on. There was again the stertorous breathing, the fixed face; here was

the return against which Dr. Gregson had warned them as a danger to be feared.

"No, no," May said, trying to console her. "You could have done nothing else; he was bound to hear. It was the effort of leaving his bed. That was enough; you could not help the rest. Let us get him back into the other room, and then I will call help."

Colonel Swayne was a tall man, large-framed though lean, and heavy to carry. But the two between them half lifted and half dragged him back, and laid him again upon the bed. Annabel was so distracted that May thought it well to caution her. "Say nothing but that he insisted on getting up. There is no need for more."

So for a while longer the secret would be a secret still, as the only other repository was a man unconscious, perhaps dying. Annabel was hanging over him, clasping his cold hand to her breast. "I loved you," she sobbed. "I loved you, Otho. Say that you forgive me?" though she knew that there could be no answer.

"You must try and command yourself before I go," May warned her. "I am bound to rouse the house and fetch the doctor. You will be careful what you say?"

She looked up, and, with a sigh of heartbreak, strove to gather back her self-control. She was used to acting a part; she had acted it for half her life; she must assume again the mask which had been torn away. It was a necessity—now, she told herself, for the sake of her husband's honor as well as for her own advantage. It need never be spoken, the tragedy of that last hour, unless he, recovering, chose to speak.

May ran down to call the servants. Bells were rung, the alarm spread quickly through the house. Help was immediately at hand—the servants, Hartopp, Margaret, and even Dulcie; but Colonel Swayne knew none of them. May had roused the stables and sent forth a messenger early in the new day Dr. Gregson was at the bedside.

The attack had returned with increased severity, and the doctor no longer attempted to disguise from the wife and daughters the presence of danger. Nothing could be done in this stage of unconsciousness; they could only wait and see whether Nature retained sufficient force again to rally. They must watch this death in life, and keep all dis-

turbance and excitement from the room.

"I will send you a good nurse first thing in the morning," Dr. Gregson said to Annabel, they two being alone with the patient. And then he asked, "Was there any cause for excitement?" and she, answering, knew she must lie, at any rate by suppression.

"He was very much excited. He seemed to have waked suddenly from sleep. I had gone only into the dressing-room, and, before I could return, he had got out of bed."

"Ay! Well, you will have the nurse in the morning, and for some hours there is no likelihood that he will move. Mrs. Hartopp will be watch enough till then, and in the meantime I must have you rest."

CHAPTER XXII.

Mrs. Hartopp was established in charge, but she could drop no more poison into that deaf ear. Annabel lay down apart, but found a sleeping pillow; she came in now and again to look at her husband, and see with her own eyes how he did; of the old servant she asked no question. As soon as the house was stirring in the morning, and the hour such that they could meet without remark, she and May were closeted in Colonel Swayne's study.

She was dressed with her usual exactness, not a hair was out of place, and it made the desperate change in her all the more conspicuous. She had been dragged through deep waters, that was plain to see. But the abandon of the night was gone. She meant to fight till the last, fight for a lost cause, as she told herself bitterly, repeating the same to May.

"Not lost," replied. "He may forgive you when he comes to himself. Or—"

Annabel knew well how the sentence would have ended, but that May hesitated to speak out. There might be no revival. Her husband might die in his trance, and leave her position unassailed. She loved him; in the night love had been paramount and her anguish real. Now came the whisper of another thought: his death might be better for her than his life. She would not listen yet; she turned from the suggestion, but still it was present beside her. Lost or not lost, she would fight.

No further word came from Vince; but May's appointment with him stood for that day at noon. "I don't mind what is paid," Annabel said to him. "At any cost, get Ernest away. Will you take the securities? I have kept the key. Surely sixteen hundred pounds will be enough?"

"If I have my will, he shall not have sixteen pence. He made a false move in kidnapping the child, though it was a bold one. Kidnapping is felony; but, you see, he is confident we dare not prosecute. He holds the secret against us, and he holds the child. But when he finds the secret is a secret no longer, that you have told your husband, his security is broken down."

"Harold, I have been thinking. The secret must still be kept, for the sake of the Swayne family, until—until I know what is likely to happen. As you say, my husband may forgive me. I cannot give up my last chance."

"You shall not give it up, but I shall try to bluff it against him, and so will Glennie. I have Glennie to back me, and he knows more than Vince thinks for. Leave it to me; I will be careful, upon my soul I will forget nothing. But I am convinced the bold way is the safe way now."

"You will take the money with you. Have it at hand. Suppose he will not give up Ernest unless something is paid down."

"Leave that to Glennie. I will tell him you are good for sixteen hundred, and that I can furnish something beyond. You may trust him not to part with an unnecessary sovereign; and, what is more important still, to hold his tongue. I was afraid Vince might shy at the family solicitor, but it appeared he did not know, or did not remember, who acted for the Thorolds. The firm was Bradley and Glennie twenty years ago; now it is Glennie only."

"I shall be terribly anxious. You will come back to-night?"

"If I can; and any way you shall have a message, as much information as I can safely send. And you had better make it known we have a clue. Say you have reason to believe the boy has been stolen, as a letter came to you, offering to sell information. You have sent me to London to inquire into it. So much as that must needs be made public, for it will have to be accounted for—the bringing back, as well as the taking away."

So the ambassador went forth, and this anxious-eyed woman was left behind in her suspense. She would have preferred action; to meet the man herself and demand her child; to fear him with her hands; had that been possible, till Ernest was restored. Instead of this she had to trust an envoy, to sit at home in silence till news should flash over the wires, counting the slow minutes which made up that long day.

Colonel Swayne lay in the same state, but signs of improvement could hardly be expected yet—so said the doctor at his morning visit.

The trained nurse was installed, taking control of the sick room, and thus setting Annabel free. A useless freedom she felt it, for she could not rest. She wandered up and down the house and into the nursery, neatly ordered and vacant, as if the darling in whom the family life had centred were lying dead indeed. A happier woman might have been moved to tears, but her burden was too great for any ease of weeping; a moan came from her lips as she looked round, and she pressed a hand against her heart as if to stifle the pain there. If only she could set back the clock of Time!—set it back, say, to the Thursday of a week ago. She remembered how Ernest romped about the room with the toy horse now set aside in the corner, and how his father stood and watched him!—both here with her, and not a cloud on the horizon, even of the bigness of a man's hand!

During that day inquiries were many; tidings of the loss and of Colonel Swayne's state had gone abroad. Most of these were answered at the door; cards heaped on the table; but in two instances Annabel was summoned. First came Hungerford to know if the dragging should be continued; and to him she confided that a clue had been received, in pursuit of which May had gone up to town. "We dare not wholly trust to it," she said to him, "and my husband can be told nothing; but I am beginning to let myself hope."

A BRAIN WORKER.

Must Have the Kind of Food That Nourishes Brain.

"I am a literary man whose nervous energy is a great part of my stock in trade, and ordinarily I have little patience with breakfast foods and the extravagant claims made of them. But I cannot withhold my acknowledgment of the debt that I owe to Grape-Nuts food."

"I discovered long ago that the very bulkiness of the ordinary diet was not calculated to give one a clear head, the power of sustained, accurate thinking. I always felt heavy and sluggish in mind as well as body after eating the ordinary meal, which diverted the blood from the brain to the digestive apparatus."

"I tried foods easy of digestion, but found them usually deficient in nutriment. I experimented with many breakfast foods and they, too, proved unsatisfactory, till I reached Grape-Nuts. And then the problem was solved."

"Grape-Nuts agreed with me perfectly from the beginning, satisfying my hunger and supplying the nutriment that so many other prepared foods lack."

"I had not been using it very long before I found that I was turning out an unusual quantity and quality of work. Continued use has demonstrated to my entire satisfaction that Grape-Nuts food contains the elements needed by the brain and nervous system of the hard working public writer." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

7% GUARANTEED

AND A SHARE IN THE PROFITS

A Safe Investment in a High Class Security on which 7% is guaranteed and paid twice a year. Your money back after one year on 60 days Notice. Write at once for particulars. Business established over 25 years. Dividends have been paid to-date, and will be continued regularly.

NATIONAL SECURITIES CORPORATION, LIMITED
Confederation Life Bldg., TORONTO 303 Board of Trade Bldg., MONTREAL



No More Cold Hands

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

A woman often does not notice what a cold day it is so long as she is bustling around the house. But when she sits down to her sewing and mending, she soon feels chilly.

It is then she needs a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. Its quick, glowing heat warms up a room in next to no time. That is the beauty of a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater. It is always ready for use; you can carry it wherever you please; and you light it only when you want it.

The Perfection Oil Heater is smokeless and odorless—a patented automatic device insures that. It is reliable, safe and economical—burns nine hours on one filling. Handsome, too—drums finished either in blue enamel or plain steel, with nickel trimmings.

Dealers everywhere; or write for descriptive circular to any agency of

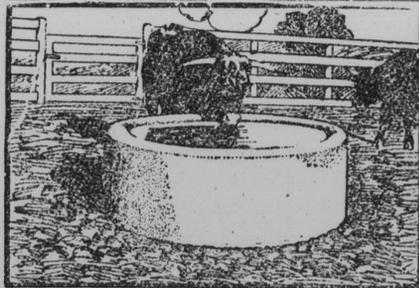
The Queen City Oil Company, Limited

QUEEN MARY'S COURT TRAIN.

The court train subscribed for by Irish ladies as a coronation gift to Queen Mary is now finished and on exhibition in Belfast. The train, which is said to be the finest piece of point needlework ever made, has occupied fifty seamstresses in Youghal ever since the order was given six months ago. It is four yards long and nearly two yards wide at the bottom, tapering to the width of the shoulders at the top. It is worked in a cobwebby design of fuchsias and roses, and contains more than five and a quarter million stitches and 20,000 yards of thread. The ladies who are making the presentation intended that the train should be ready for the durbar, and Queen Mary has expressed her intention of taking it with her for the festivities there.

RAIMENT AND FOOD.

But with whatever motives the annual sacrifices are made here, one cannot visit the spot without feeling that it is holy ground. Groves of cypress trees surround the altar inclosure, except to the north, where a series of triple gates marks the way to the Temple of the Universe, while in the distance beyond the roofs of the Temple of Heaven can be seen. Never had imperial worship a more perfect setting. In his annual pilgrimage to the altar the emperor carries on an immemorial custom, handed down through generations, and by so doing he publicly claims by divine right, answerable only to Heaven for the manner in which he performs his mission as sovereign of one of the largest empires of the world.



The dampness which destroys lumber only intensifies the strength and hardness of Concrete.

You can impair a wooden trough with comparatively little use; but it takes a powerful explosive to put a Concrete water tank out of business.

Which

is your choice—expense-producing Wood, or money-saving Concrete?

We'd be glad to send a copy of our book, "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete,"—Free—if you'll ask for it. It tells the many uses of Concrete in plain, simple language—tells how to make

- | | | |
|----------------|----------------|------------|
| Barns | Hens' Nests | Stables |
| Cisterns | Hitching Posts | Stairs |
| Dairies | Horse Blocks | Stalls |
| Dipping Tanks | Houses | Steps |
| Foundations | Poultry Houses | Tanks |
| Fence Posts | Root Cellars | Troughs |
| Feeding Floors | Silos | Walks |
| Gutters | Shelter Walls | Well Curbs |

Canada Cement Co.

Limited
30-35 National Bank Building, Montreal



Which is Your Choice?

Sloppy, leaky wooden troughs, or clean, durable Concrete?

Wooden drinking troughs are about as reliable as the weather.

They are short-lived and require replacing every few years—not to mention continual patching to keep them in repair.

The best of wood cannot withstand, for long, constant dampness and soaking. Its tendency to rapid decay soon shows itself in leaks and stagnant pools of water around trough.

Contrast with this the durability, cleanliness and well-ordered appearance of Concrete.

Which?

That Splitting Headache
will vanish if you take
"NA-DRU-CO" Headache Wafers
Give quick, sure relief, and we guarantee they contain nothing harmful to the heart or nervous system. 25c. a box, at all drug stores. 26
National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Montreal.

QUALITY IN SUGARS
All Sugars do not look alike, if placed alongside each other. Every Grocer knows this. We want the Consumer to know it. Insist on having

Redpath
EXTRA GRANULATED SUGAR

You will not only have a good Sugar, but the best on the market. The clear white color proves the superiority of "Redpath" Sugar.

When buying Leaf sugar ask for REDPATH PARIS LUMPS in RED SEAL dust proof cartons, and by the pound.

The Canada Sugar Refining Co.,
MONTREAL, CANADA. Limited
Established in 1864 by John Redpath