

Got Overheated—sat in a Draught—that night I had a chill—and the next day, my back nearly killed me.

"Luckily, I happened to think of my old friends, GIN PILLS, and started right in to take them. In a few hours, the pain was easier—and by suppertime, I was able to sit up. Next day, I was all right again."

You have got to be mighty careful in hot weather, if you don't want to be laid up with Kidney Trouble. You are so apt to be imprudent and do things which you shouldn't, in warm weather. And it is so easy to take cold, even on the hottest days.



We all sit in draughts and get chilled, in our endeavor to keep cool. The first thing we know, we have a pain in the back. Some times it is preceded by a fit of sneezing, then a chill and finally a good hard pain in the small of the back; at other times, the pain just grips you and you know you have "Kidney Cold".

When the first symptoms appear, you should take "Gin Pills". They will cure pain in the back and kidney colds quicker than any other medicine known.

GIN PILLS are wonderful in their action on the Kidneys and Bladder. They relieve the congestion—soothe and heal the inflamed membranes—and neutralize the excess of uric acid which accumulates.

You feel the relief at once—and a short treatment with GIN PILLS will promptly cure the trouble.

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National Drug and Chemical Co. of Canada Limited, - Toronto.

conceit. But, yes, I own I did try to flirt with you a little, and was piqued because Lynette's rustic charms rivaled mine. But that is all past now, and I'm your friend, and want to help in your suit with her, because—well, because I want to marry Stephen Belcourt myself."

After this admission they became quite confidential, and talked on in lowered voices, Vida bringing her woman's wit to bear on ways and means for weakening the impression Belcourt had almost certainly made on Lynette's heart.

So when he left her presently and strolled off to the orchard to find Lynette, the angry light that had burned in his eyes was replaced by one of indifference, and almost the first words he said to her were these:

"I changed my mind yesterday and went off to the barbecue, as you wished me, to cavort for Belcourt. He was there, too, in the afternoon, and addressed the crowd. How they cheered him, and how grateful the fellow seemed! Well, politics is a deceitful trade, isn't it? Belcourt's as haughty as Lucifer, you know, and wouldn't look at such people ordinarily; but there he was after the speech joking with the farmers, flirting with their wives and daughters, and kissing the babies. Lord! I never saw such an arrogant flirt as that fellow. There he was hanging round those trisky girls, each one making eyes at him, and promising he'd see them again at the fair. Oh, dear, and all the time I knew he was secretly disgusted and loathing the whole lot knowing that by his flirtations he was just getting all the votes of their nice folks."

He saw the blank change that came over Lynette's face, saw the hot color flush up to her brow, marked the quiver and fall of her long lashes to hide the pain in the starry-brown eyes, and knew that she should have said what was on her mind. She was thinking, in keen self-contempt:

"What a little fool I was yesterday! Not being what I am, and all the time he was just amusing himself, making sure of Uncle Jack's vote through my favor."

But all that Prentiss had said was cruelly false, and he should never have thought of himself only for Vida's tutoring.

He smiled knowingly to himself at Lynette's big concealed discomfiture, and added:

"Is it true, as I have heard, that you will not join in the ladies' ride at the fair? Surely you know you ride better than any other."

"Yes, I know that," she answered, with a little nervous smile. "But—well—I'm not going to ride, you see, because my uncle could not afford me a new riding-habit."

"What a shame!" cried her lover warmly; then, eagerly, "Darling, why will you endure this wretched holding of toll and poverty, when by holding out your little fingers to me, I could make your life so happy—surrounded by love and luxury like a little queen?"

Lynette drew her little graceful figure to its full height then flashed out reproachfully:

"And do you think I'd marry a man who has had three wives?—one just for ease and luxury—without love? Oh, no, never, never! I'm young and strong, and work and poverty will never kill me, at least; no, nor make me weak enough to marry anyone but the right man."

"The right man?" she repeated, questioning, and she answered, with glowing cheeks:

"Yes, the right man—the one whose glance could make me tremble with joy, whose touch could thrill me with delight, whose presence could make my heaven, whose absence my despair!"

He trembled as he met her burning glance, and cried ardently:

"It is what I have been hoping and trying to make you feel for me, Lynette! It has succeeded!"

"No, oh, no!" and in her sweet voice there was girlish pity mixed with repulsion. Not for him, this dark, impassioned lover, oh, never would the voice of love speak in Lynette's heart. If she had ever doubt of it, the truth had come to her in the last twenty-four hours.

But it made her heart ache, the pain and anger she read on his face, and she cried impulsively:

"Oh, why should I keep you in doubt and pain any longer? The certainty of anything is better than the cruelty of suspense. I—I have made up my mind fully. Take your answer now. I do not love you! I can not marry you!"

For a moment she thought he was going to fall down dead at her feet, he grew so pallid and trembled so through all his large, well-knit frame.

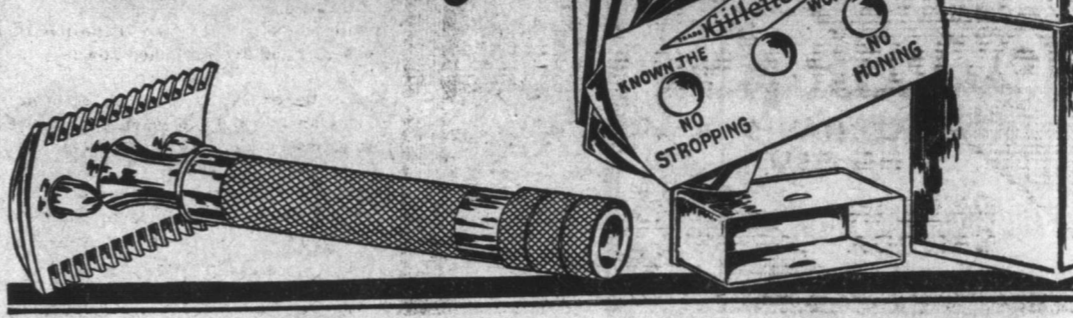
The fear made her put out her hands and cry imploringly:

"Oh please do not take it so hard do not look so ill! I—I will always be your friend, and there are other girls who would be glad to love you!"

"Fush-h-h!" he almost hissed, grasping the outstretched hands before she could withdraw, and clenching them so tightly that she moaned with pain.

So holding her tight, gazing deep into her shrinking eyes, with fire in

"The Razor of To-day"



GILLETTE Blades Are Harder—Keener—Smoother—Than Forged Razor Blades

Before the GILLETTE was invented razor blades were all forged. That is, a piece of mild steel was heated and hammered until it took the form of a razor blade. Every heating, every hammering, changed the hardness of the steel a little—how much, no man could tell, but more in some parts than others, because these parts were hammered more.

Naturally, to temper perfectly a blade of such uncertain and uneven hardness is impossible.

In making GILLETTE blades we start with an ingot of steel, too fine in quality to stand forging, whose composition we know by analysis. We roll this out to the thickness of the finished blade, then stamp out the blades ready for tempering.

The composition of the steel is not altered by the rolling and stamping as it is by forging, so that each blade comes out not only even in texture throughout, but of the same quality as every other blade. As our patented automatic tempering process tempers each blade through and through in precisely the same way, the finished blades have an even, uniform hardness which cannot possibly be equalled in forged blades.

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Factories also in New York, Chicago, London, Eng., and Shanghai, China.
Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris.

At the Eleventh Hour!

CHAPTER III.

The Candidate For Governor.

As Vida saw Prentiss coming up the steps, she smiled, well pleased, thinking that she had a poisoned arrow for his heart to pay him out for his indifference to herself.

"Ah! good morning, Mr. Prentiss, Be seated," she exclaimed brightly, pointing to a rustic chair. "Where have you been since yesterday? It was strange not to see you here for the whole of the twenty-four hours," she continued bantering-ly.

"Did Lynette miss me?" he exclaimed, with a flash of pleasure in his somber black eyes.

"She did not say; but I did not think so. She was well entertained otherwise," significantly.

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed jealously.

"Oh, nothing at all! But where did you say you went yesterday?"

"Oh, to the barbecue at Meadow Bluff!" he replied, flushing slightly at her look of surprise.

"To the barbecue? Why, you told us that you did not intend to go there!"

"I changed my mind quite late that evening, mounted my horse, and made the whole twenty miles by half midnight. I wanted to be on hand

When You Feel Cross

And are worried and irritated you can get the liver right by using Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

Life is too short to be cross and grouchy. You not only make yourself miserable, but also those about you. Don't blame others. Blame yourself for not keeping the liver right.

There is nothing in the world which will more promptly afford you relief than Dr. Chase's Kidney and Liver Pills. This statement is true. A trial will convince you.

Mr. Thos. Bosard, Lac aux Saables, Portneuf County, Que., writes: "I have found Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills the best treatment obtainable for indigestion and impure blood. They cured me of indigestion, from which I suffered for four years."

"This certificate is given without solicitation, so that others may not waste their money buying medicines of no value when they can get Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, which I am convinced are the best."

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents at all dealers, or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

very early in Belcourt's interest, and I secured a number of votes for him."

What a hateful laugh—low, grating, ironical—shriiled over Vida's thin red lips!

"She sneered sibilantly: 'One good turn deserves another! Graham Prentiss drew his thick dark brows together in a vexed frown, and asked, for the second time: 'What do you mean?'"

Vida laughed, as if she found the situation vastly amusing, and returned tauntingly:

"While you were at the barbecue electioneering for your candidate, he was here courting your sweetheart!"

The young man sprang from his seat as if he had been stung, his dark face writhing with jealous passion.

But suddenly the cloud cleared up as if by magic, and he said hoarsely:

"You are teasing me, Vida, but I see it's only a joke, for Belcourt was with us himself yesterday afternoon, late, it is true, but in time enough to make a clever little speech."

"Not as clever as the little speech he made to Lynette yesterday morning," glibbed Vida; and she poured out the story just as she had received it from her aunt.

CHAPTER IV. IN HONOR BOUND.

She had meant to sting and hurt the vindictive beauty, and she had full measure of success.

The cyclonic temper of Lynette's admirer was fanned into flame by his jealousy of Belcourt.

His dark face flushed and paled alternately, his lips writhed beneath his drooping dark moustache, his eyes, dark and deep-set, seemed to emit sparks of fire.

Vida saw his strong muscular hands clench and unclench themselves in a fury, as if they were clasp- ing his rival's throat. His long, white teeth fastened themselves on his lower lip, as if to hold back a threat or an oath.

Vida, sly cat that she was, beheld these manifestations of smouldering wrath with inward delight, and went on fanning the flame.

"I have told you all this because I thought you ought to know how Lynette's uncle has proved traitor to your cause after pretending to favor you all the while."

Prentiss hissed bitterly: "Oh, I understand the case. Lewis is ambitious—would like to see his pretty little niece the governor's lady!"

"Yes—but will you permit it?" Vida's voice was very suggestive, and he frowned heavily as she contin- ued.

"Every one is expecting that Lynette will marry you. How will you bear to be thrown over at the last— even for the sake of the governor?"

He looked angrily into her smiling face, and said, in a voice that held a menace sweet to her ears:

"Not governor yet!"

"Yes; but he is sure to be elected. Mr. Lewis says he is the most popular candidate ever put forward in the State. The people will bear him in their arms to the gubernatorial chair."

He looked at her with a light in his eyes that was not good to see, and quoted grimly:

"There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

"You mean?" she said significant-ly; and he answered menacingly:

"If Stephen Belcourt dares to rival me with Lynette, it shall cost him his life."

"Oh, Heaven! you do not mean—his life?" she gasped, startled out of her malicious glee by the lengths to which she had carried the jealous lover.

Lynette glanced up at her in alarm, his face whitening as he muttered:

"Not his life—certainly not—do you take me for a murderer?—I mean his election!"

He was about to rush down the steps in a white heat of rage, when she called him back softly:

"Don't go until you have talked over ways and means with me. I am your friend."

Something in her look and tone drew him back to her side, but he said, with brutal frankness:

"How can I believe you're my friend? Don't you know I—cared for me—at first yourself, and were jeal-ous of Lynette? And you've been gloating over my pain while you've been telling me about my rival. You can't deny it."

She started and flushed with mortification as she saw how he had read her inmost thoughts, but, biting her lips, she held back the indignant re- minder until she was calm enough to say:

"How clever you are, Mr. Prentiss! You men have such a stock of self-interest."

HEALTH RESTORED TO THIS FAMILY

Wife's experience with Dr. Chase's Nerve Food led to husband's cure.

"Since childhood I was afflicted with biliousness and sick headache," writes Mr. A. K. Van Wyck, Park Hill, Ont., "and as all the doctors' medicines and prescriptions failed to do me any permanent good, I had lost faith in all medicines. It was by accident that I came to use Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, for it had been recom- mended for Mrs. Van Wyck and did her so much good that she wished me to try it."

"I did so, and was surprised at the results. It is now three years since I discontinued the medicine and I have not had an attack of the old trouble. I hope that others may benefit by my experience."

The cures effected by Dr. Chase's Nerve Food are lasting because it builds up the system and removes the cause of trouble. 50 cents a box, 5 for \$2.50; at all dealers, or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

his own that almost scorched his face he continued fiercely:

"I will not take this answer! There is a week yet of the time you asked to consider my proposal. I will not abate one hour of it! Who knows what may happen in my favor in that long week? Remember, I hold you bound to me—in honor—till that week is ended, and come again!"

Throwing her hands from him, he strode away in a passion of wrath.

Sunday passed, and then there lacked but one day to the fair, which would begin on Tuesday.

Lynette asked herself, with a new-born, girlish cynicism, if Belcourt were really counting the days, as he had declared he would.

Then she reminded herself, with a bitter pique, that he was a flirt, and told all the girls the same flattering story, according to what she had been told by Graham Prentiss.

"He has forgotten my very exist-ence by now," she thought, and there was a keen pain in the conviction.

For Lynette could not deny to her- self that half-hour beneath the apple-tree with Stephen Belcourt had been the happiest one of her whole life.

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Household Linen
Dinner Napkins, 5/6 x 7 1/2, \$1.42 doz. Tablecloths, 21/2 x 3 yds., \$1.09 ea. Linen Sheets, 3 x 2 yds., \$2.14 pair. Household ditto, 3 x 2 yds., \$1.20 pair. Hemphill's Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 in., \$1.20 pair. Filled Linen Pillow Cases, 20 x 30 in., \$1.20 pair. Linen Hark Towels, \$2.10 doz. Glass Towels, \$1.08 doz. Kitchen Towels, \$1.25 doz.

Embroidered Linen
Afternoon Towels, from 96 ea. Side-board Cloths from \$1.22 ea. Cushion Covers from 48 ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from \$1.40. Linen, 200 ea., \$1.50 doz.

Dress Linen
White and all newest shades, 45 in. wide, 36 and 38 1/2 in. long. Union Line Poplin, in all new shades and white, 27 in. wide, 27 1/2 in. long.

Handkerchiefs
Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, 70c doz. Ladies' Handkerchiefs, hemstitched and embroidered, from \$1.65 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, \$1.25 doz.

Underclothing & Laces
Ladies' Nightdresses from 96 ea. Chemises, trimmed embroidery, 96 ea. Combinations, \$1.08 ea. Briefs, Trousers, from \$2.50. Layettes, \$1.25. Irish Lace goods direct from our own workery at very moderate prices.

Collars and Shirts
Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from \$1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, matchless quality, \$1.42 each. Zipper, Oxford and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff collars and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

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The Evening Chit

By RUTH CAMERON

An old aunt of ours paid us a visit last week and during her stay told me the following little story about my gran, a d r a t a t h e r which I venture to think worth repeating.

Granfather's oldest son was in his early youth a ship's carpenter.

His first long voyage was to Calcutta. He was gone several months and when it came time for him to return, grandfather, of course, began to make all sorts of preparations.

Days before the ship was due to sail down to the wharf to meet John, and what they would have for dinner, and all the dear delicious details of his homecoming.

During this planning, grandfather was strangely unenthusiastic. "I wouldn't plan too much, mother," he would urge. "Suppose the ship is late, or something."

Grandmother thought all this very strange, for grandfather was usually a wet blanket; but she held it to an unsuspected streak of superstition, and let it go at that.

When the ship was actually sighted in the harbor, grandfather acted even more strangely than before. He didn't want grandmother to lay out the "boiled shirt" she had ready for John, and he wouldn't even let her go to the wharf with him.

So he went alone to meet John, and by and by he came back in a carriage with John with east and his own and the whole story of it seemed that grandfather had never risen out of the rut as John's ship was about to board except the had some kind of to be left behind ship's carpenter.

All the family had been correct about not about John had had 'risen out of the day the ship's being taken home. And all these had been bearing down to the wharf to meet John, and what they would have for dinner, and all the dear delicious details of his homecoming.

Do you know, I felt a new in my grandfater. And more than in my own weakness.

That is why I tell this of family life. "What good does said grandfather? What good does to darken someone's anxiety that is own?"

A Poor Weak Woman

As she is termed, will endure bravely and patiently agonies which a strong man would give way under. The fact is women are more patient than they ought to be under such troubles.

Every woman ought to know that she may obtain the most experienced medical advice free of charge and in absolute confidence and privacy by writing to the World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y. Dr. Pierce has been chief consulting physician of the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., for many years and has had a wider practical experience in the treatment of women's diseases than any other physician. His medicines are world-famous for their astonishing efficacy.

The most perfect remedy ever devised for weak women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. IT MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG.

Her manly and varied symptoms of women's peculiar ailment forth in Plain English in the People's Medical Adviser (1909 revised and up-to-date Edition of which, cloth-bound, will receipt of \$0 one-cent stamps to pay cost of mailing 95¢.

Fads and Fashions.

Veiled effects for evening are still in vogue. Barrings should never be worn in the morning. A new color alliance is mahogany and peacock blue. Blue and red is one of the new color combinations.

In the evening (music dominates evening). This year the promises to be much. Silk dresses are the dressy tailors. Hats are trimmed set with brilliant Or. The sleeves of new bathing suits are blue. The striped straw so popular has almost disappeared. White buckskin pique have crisp little bow. In the evening and three-quarter sleeves favor. Many afternoon froc bodices of contrasting color. Foulard is combining the "trotteur" or con dress. Lovely are the bags decorated with narrow black beads. The material of the possible purpose from ball gown is volle.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. ALL KIDNEY DISEASES. RHEUMATISM. BRUISES. SWELLINGS. GRAVEL. DIABETES. BACKACHE.