



Use the GILLETTE With the Angle Stroke

Jack-knife—draw-knife—plane—scythe—lawn-mower—all edge tools cut cleanest and easiest with the angle stroke. The angle stroke was the only thing that made the old open-blade razor possible—except as an instrument of torture. Yet many men use the GILLETTE like a hoe and expect it to cut clean and easy. The superb quality of its cutting edge is proved by the fact that even when used in this way the GILLETTE gives a good shave. But to get the real satisfaction which the GILLETTE is capable of giving you, you naturally must use the angle stroke. Then you will know and appreciate the genuine luxury of the clean, cool, comfortable, easy three-minute GILLETTE shave.

Buy a GILLETTE and enjoy it—if you haven't one already. If you have one now, use it right and enjoy it to the full.

Standard Sets \$5.00 — Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00. At your druggist's, jeweller's or hardware dealer's. The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited Office and Factory, - 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal

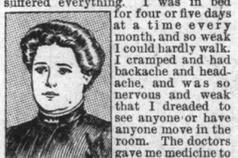
Tale of Mystery

CHAPTER VII. 'I Want to Know Also Who You Are' (Continued.)

"Yes," answered her companion, impatiently and almost angrily. "But there is something behind that 'if' and when you say it I turn chill, and almost fear you, for the possibility of parting it suggests. Do you know, Dessie, I believe I could hate even you if you tried to come between us." Then she got up hastily out of her chair and began to walk about the room; and Dessie thought it best not to answer. Soon afterwards they both went upstairs to bed; the girl real-

SEVEN YEARS OF MISERY

All Relieved by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Sikeston, Mo. — "For seven years I suffered everything. I was in bed for four or five days at a time every month, and so weak I could hardly walk. I cramped and had backache and headache, and was so nervous and weak that I dreaded to see anyone or have anyone move in the room. The doctors gave me medicine to ease me at those times, and said that I ought to have an operation. I would not listen to that, and when a friend of my husband told him about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and what it had done for his wife, I was willing to take it. Now I look the picture of health and feel like it, too. I can do my own housework, hoe my garden, and milk a cow. I can entertain company and enjoy them. I can visit when I choose, and walk as far as any ordinary woman, any day in the month. I wish I could talk to every suffering woman and girl." — Mrs. DEMA BETHUNE, Sikeston, Mo. "The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is more widely and successfully used than any other remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pain, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. Why don't you try it?"

ising more completely than she had yet done how strong and deep was the man's grip on her friends life. As soon as she was alone in her room she found her nerves were really unstrung. She was full of apprehensive fancies and fears. She seemed to picture the man as he might have glided about the room that evening when searching for the poison and hunting among her things. The picture which her thoughts had painted for her of that other grim search of his in the Pyrenean homestead, when his thoughts were busy with the purpose of murder, also came back to her now; and she glanced about the room as if calculating how it would adapt itself to such a purpose if he were to come there to kill her.

She was so fearful that she examined every nook and cranny of the room—under the bed, in the wardrobe, in the cupboards, even in the large drawers, everywhere where a man could possibly or impossibly hide. When she had satisfied herself that no one was in the room but herself she locked the doors and fastened the window; and then fortified all three by placing things in such a position that anyone opening either door or window would be sure to make sufficient noise to wake a sleeper. And when at length she got into bed, she left the gas burning high enough for her to detect the slightest change in the position of anything.

All this was absolutely foreign to her custom, but the shock of the afternoon's attempt had unhinged her. She could not sleep. As often as she dozed she fell into some troubled dream from which she would wake up full of nervous dread, and more than once in a clammy sweat of fear. Nothing occurred to substantiate the fears which spelt her night's rest; and when daylight came she fell asleep with a feeling of profound thankfulness. She rose the next morning comparatively unrefreshed, of course, and with a splitting headache, and though she could laugh at the daylight at her fears, and make fun of herself of the elaborate preparations of the night before, she knew that many such nights would have serious consequences to her health. But her mind was soon absorbed by thoughts of the appointment with de Montant, and of what she had to do before it.

Mrs. Markham was going to breakfast in her room, the maid told her, and this set Dessie free pretty early. Her first task was to take the little

bottle of poisoned tea to have it analysed; and she started as soon as she had finished her breakfast. After that she hurried on to her rooms to get what letters there might be—she knew there would be one from Tom Chertton—and as soon as she had them she had no time to read them before starting on her return journey to South Kensington to be in time for her appointment with the Count.

She travelled back by the Underground Railway and read her lover's letter as she threaded her way through the squares to Gower Street Station, and finished it and the rest on the train. Tom's letter was a long one for him—cherry and bright and loving as usual; but hotting out no hope of an early return. His uncle, Samuel Daventant, was really ill this time, he said. Not dangerously but lingeringly ill; and he was altogether loath to let Tom out of his sight. "I think it would have been a jolly good move if I'd brought you down here with me," wrote Tom, "and just let him see what a natty little beggar you can be when you choose. If those little fingers of yours had been busy making my poor old uncle comfortable, instead of dipping into other people's pies, I fancy it might have been a deal better for you both, to say nothing of me. I hope, by the way, that you're not getting your fingers too deep into the mess; but I suppose I shall hear. Anyway, you will have to manage without me for a time—and perhaps a long time. Oh! how I wish you were here."

Dessie smiled at the last sentence, but frowned rather wearily at that which said he was to be away a long

time. Then she reflected that by then he would have her letter explaining that matters had taken a turn; and she hoped that in consequence he might be able to get away and come to her.

There were three other letters. Two on business about work—some fiction and some articles that had to be written—while the third was in a handwriting she did not at first recognize. She looked it over in that ridiculous way in which people do turn over letters in a strange or forgotten handwriting; but when she opened and read it a deep flush mantled in her cheeks, and an angry light brightened her eyes. It was short.

"My Dearest Dessie, "Don't start with anger when you see how I address you. You can never be anything else to me than Dessie. I have been needing you a very long time and have only just now found your address. That indeed has been almost by an accident. But I shall call and see you to-morrow morning and tell you of the deep, deep love that has been growing and strengthening in my heart ever since we parted years ago under circumstances I am now ashamed to recall. "Ever your devoted friend, "EDMUND LANDELA." It was from the man of whose abominable treatment of her years before she had told Dora, when warning her how utterly contemptible and base some men could be; and as Dessie read the letter and thought of the past and of the man's conduct her heart was full of both bitterness and rebreoding. He knew much, and was scoundrel enough to use his knowledge for her harm.

The knowledge that he was coming again into her life was galling and disheartening; and all the time she was in the train she sat brooding unhappily over the possible complications and troubles that might be the result to her.

Now more than ever she fretted at her lover's absence from London, and regretted she had not already told him what had to be told. She needed his strength; the comforting assurance of his love and above all the certainty that what had to be told would make no difference in his feeling for her. Her present mood made her take the darkest and gloomiest views of everything. Though there was nothing in the past disgraceful to herself, yet there were undoubtedly certain things which any man must hear with great regret and which many a man would regard as serious obstacles to making her his wife.

She felt as sure of Tom Chertton as a woman could be of a generous true fellow who loved her with all his heart. She had once felt sure of this contemptible scoundrel, Landela, and Tom also had to look to his position, and—but at that point she broke off the thread of this thought; to scold herself for harbouring even an implied suspicion of her lover's loyalty. But for all that she could not be quite easy.

If only he had been in town that morning she would have gone to him there and then and told him everything without reserve. Out of this came an impulse. She would send off the telegram she had thought of the previous night in her moment of panic; and as soon as she left the South Kensington Station she did so, urging him to run up to her at once, if only for an hour or so as something most serious had occurred.

The sense that the message would bring him to her help within a few hours calmed her agitation somewhat; but Sir Edmund Landela's letter was altogether the worst possible preparation which she could have had for the interview with the Count de Montant, and she was very nervous and unstrung as she walked along the Cromwell Road, and on bearing the short street, leading to the assuredly tight sight of his tall, powerful figure waiting for her. "You are not looking at all well. Miss Merrion," was his greeting, as he looked keenly into her face—he did not now attempt to shake hands "You are not fitted for work of this kind."

"I have not come to discuss my looks, but to hear what you wish to say to me," said Dessie, coldly. "I admire your courage; but at the same time the fact that you have thought it wise to come shows me you can temper it with a shrewd discretion."

H.P. SAUCE

is now enjoyed daily by those who previously never used sauces.

Its new and delicious flavour is quite unique

ALL GROCERS SELL H.P.

"I have no wish to bandy words or terms with you. The reason for my greeting is this. I told you yesterday I should tell Mrs. Markham what I knew about you if you went again to the house without giving me proofs that you are not the man I say. You did go again to the house, and said that you had the proofs with you. Instead of producing them, you made a dare-devil attempt to poison me. I have sent the poisoned tea to be analysed so that there may be no mistake on that score. You then made a desperate endeavour to get possession of the poison by stealing up like a thief, into my room, and ransacking every nook and cranny. You failed; but even then, unabashed, you had the hardihood to tell me you knew I had discovered your action, but that you would meet me this morning and give me the proofs you had before said you could produce—proofs that you are the Count de Montant, and not Roland Lespard, the murderer of old Paul Duvier."

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is **Laxative Bromo Quinine** Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

on box

"You have an excellent faculty of direct speech, Miss Merrion," said the man, with a sneer. "A trick of journalism, I suppose. "Please be good enough to keep to the unpleasant subject that has made this meeting necessary," interrupted Dessie, curtly.

"That is just the point which you have missed. But to do you justice, I am not sure that you quite know what that is. If you remember, I promised you something more than the proofs you wanted." He stopped and looked at her with an indescribably evil smile. "Ugh? you remember now?"

"No, it is not unimportant," he said in answer to the gesture. "It is most important. It means no less than that this interview may end in your arrest, Miss Merrion. Your arrest on a most serious charge. You want to know who I am, and will not believe that I am what I say. I want also to know who you are, and why you stole jewels worth thousands of pounds five years ago, and have made no effort to restore them. Steal them from a waiting-room at the Birmingham station on the 14th of March 1887."

For all this strange career and experience, Dessie was a far better actor than he; and though now taken infinitely by surprise, she held her feelings splendidly in check, and answered in a deliberate tone and calculating manner, as though recalling facts from memory. "The fourteenth of March—the fourteenth of March. I am not surprised you have that date well in your

memory. The door must be promptly closed. This can be done by taking a complete rest, with plenty of fresh air, and Father Morriess's No. 10" (Lung Tonic). This medicine clears out the passages, relieves the cough and heats the delicate membrane of lungs and air passages. But perhaps most important of all, it builds up the whole system, giving Nature the needed assistance in fighting off the dread disease.

"Though other remedies may have failed, don't give up. Try Father Morriess's No. 10," combined with fresh air and exercise, and even though you are in the first stages of consumption there is hope of a permanent cure. Sample bottle 5c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morriess Medicine Co., Ltd., Montreal, Que.

thoughts. That was the day when you were arrested for the murder of Paul Duvier, on the very spot you mention—the platform of Birmingham station."

By the time she had finished her sentence, she had recovered her composure. The danger of the crisis quickened her wits, and she looked at him coldly and sternly, as she added:

"Why do you tell me this? I see in it no proof that you are not old Duvier's murderer. On the contrary, it only shows that I am right about you."

To be continued.

Finance of Home Rule

A BUSINESS COMMITTEE.

The following are the names of the persons composing the Committee which has been appointed to ascertain and consider, among other things, the existing financial relations between Ireland and the component parts of the United Kingdom, and to distinguish as far as possible between Irish local expenditure and Imperial expenditure in Ireland:— Sir Henry Primrose, ex-chairman of the Inland Revenue (chairman); The Most Rev. Denis Kelly, Bishop of Ross, member of the Agricultural Board for Ireland, member of the Royal Commission (1906-09) on the Poor Laws and Relief of Distress; Lord Pirrie of Messrs. Harland and Wolff; Mr. W. G. S. Adams, reader in political theory and institutions at the University of Oxford, and recently head of the Statistics and Intelligence Branch of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction for Ireland; Mr. Henry Neville Gladstone, senior partner of Ogilvy, Gillanders, and Co., of London and Liverpool, director of Sir W. G. Armstrong, Whitworth, and Co., Limited, the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, and other public companies; Mr. Frederick Huth Jackson, director of the Bank of England, president of the Institute of Bankers, 1900-1910; Mr. William Plender, of the firm of Deloitte, Plender, Griffiths, and Co., president of the Institute of Chartered Accountants.

The McLean's Loss.

Mr. A. H. Murray yesterday had particulars of the loss of the schooner A. K. McLean. She left Louisburg with a cargo of coal for A. H. Murray on Good Friday and came south to clear the ice, but becoming becalmed two days after was dragged into the floe by the current when the ice came together, she was crushed and began to leak so freely that the pumps could not keep her afloat, and Captain Murray decided to abandon her. Provisionally a boat was hauled over the bow for much exertion, and getting to open water and after a long and toilsome row the men reached the Cape-Boston Coast. The schooner was a fine one and value for about \$10,000, but was only insured for \$5,500.

Indigestion & Dyspepsia

In all its forms can be cured. It is quite a daily occurrence to hear persons say: "Oh, what a feeling of distress I have after meals, fullness of the stomach, heaviness and head ache, I feel too tired to do anything I have no heart to exert myself and a dinner I care for nothing. I often have a pain in the pit of my stomach, no appetite, my heart beats rapidly on the slightest exertion. I feel just as tired when rising in the morning as when retiring to bed. My sleep is often disturbed, and I often awake with a sense of suffocation and difficulty of again going to sleep. I have to be careful of what I eat, my life seems a veritable burden. Now, it seems a shame and a pity for persons to be suffering like this when it is in their power to get cured by taking a Bottle of Dr. Stafford's Prescription A. A sure cure for persons afflicted with stomach troubles. It can be obtained at

DR. F. STAFFORD & SON, Duckworth Street and Theatre Hill. Small size, 25 cents; postage, 5c extra; large size, 50 cents; postage, 10c extra. Mail orders must be accompanied by remittance.—Oct 29, 1911.

Making the Lace for Queen Mary.

Mrs. Jane Morris, in Northamptonshire, at Work on Bedfordshire Pillow.

LONDON, April 19.—In a pretty little cottage in the pastoral village of Shelton, near Rushden, in Northamptonshire, lives Mrs. Jane Morris, a little clerdy woman, who is earnestly engaged making the Bedfordshire pillow lace for the coronation attire of Queen Mary. She has been engaged on her delicate task since last October, and must finish it by the end of this month. The lace, which is of exquisite beauty, is being made on a wonderful parchment more than seventy years old, that was used for the late Queen Victoria's coronation lace, representing the crown and pendant worn by the Queen. Each diamond in the crown is represented by a dot, there being ten in the flourish, twelve round the outside of the crown, twelve in the crown and five round the lower part. The thread is as thin as a hair, and "I have worked some very fine bread in my time, but never anything like this," said Mrs. Morris to a visitor. The lace is about three inches broad. Mrs. Morris is making four yards, and it takes a whole day to make an inch and a half. "She uses 180 bobbins for the work," said Mrs. Morris's visitor, "and it is wonderful to see her fingers moving among them with amazing rapidity and never picking up the wrong bobbin. The intricate revolutions, so quickly and dexterously,

MESSAGE OF CHEER FOR TIRED WOMEN. MRS. GEO. BUTLER FINDS RELIEF IN DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Farmer's wife who was weak, nervous, and suffering from backache, tells her suffering sisters how to become well. Paquetville, N.B., April 28. (Special) It is a message of cheer that Mrs. Geo. Butler, wife of a well-known farmer living near here, sends to the tired, nervous, run-down women of Canada. "My trouble was brought on by hard work," Mrs. Butler states. "For four years I suffered from pain in the back. I was always tired and nervous. My head ached, and I had dark circles under my eyes, which were also puffed and swollen. I had flashes of light and floating spots before my eyes, and was generally in a run-down condition. "I was feeling very bad when I began to take Dodd's Kidney Pills, and I can only say I found relief at once. "To all who are suffering from pain in the back I recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills. They will find relief. The health of the women of Canada depends on their kidneys. If the kidneys are right all else will be right. If the kidneys are wrong, sickness and suffering must ensue. Dodd's Kidney Pills always make the kidneys right. made, give to the inexperienced eyes an impression of muddled up cotton, and when one looks at the lovely face one finds it hard to imagine how it is possible to transform the threads into such a marvellous combination of beauty."

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DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURED ALL KIDNEY DISEASES

BRONCHITIS, RHEUMATISM, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, CALCULI

ANCHER 23 THE PROPRIETOR

River Still Frozen.

Yesterday the S. S. Samara from South America to Campbellton, Nova Bay, put into St. George's it being impossible to proceed through the ice there. She reports three other steamers in the Gulf near St. Paul's Island with heavy loose ice about them. The Lawrence is still frozen and no steamer could get beyond St. Paul's Island. The Amethyst, coming to Shear & Co. will be the first ship down the river this season, and if at all possible will leave Montreal next week.

Sciatic Rheumatism

Unable to work or sleep—Six years of suffering—Cured by DR. A. W. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD. Mr. Alex. Ethier, Jr., Clarence Creek, Russell Co., Ont., writes:—"My nervous system has run down to such an extent that I suffered a great deal from weakness of the nerves and sciatic rheumatism, and at times was like one paralyzed. I could not work, was unable to sleep, and had no appetite. "Nothing seemed to build up my nerves until I made use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. After having used about \$15.00 worth of this medicine I feel like a new man. I can walk all right, do a great deal of work, have a good appetite and sleep well every night. "When you have tried of experiments you can turn to Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Food knowing that persistent treatment is bound to be rewarded with lastingly beneficial results. But you must get the genuine, bearing portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M. D. 50 cts. at all dealers or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto. Write for free copy of Dr. Chase's Recipes.

ROB BAKER'S ECONOMIC

The ing to get at the Roy pur the poss est Roy fair at i aged qua of t

Mixtures made are frequently of stores. France, Germany, prohibited by physicians cond

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ed and lifelong demic was anxious, namely, just-like-theous to see how his



She went beautiful three days. We were all duly admire her fine points and feet, her glossy chest, her excellent

The cynic was but that he almost forgot So happy that he eye Molly passed over the said she'd rather have less knee action and out. And then one more animal was not taken

The cynic came back thoroughly rest character of cynic. "The horse is gone plained. Her front legs. The stable people don't what's the matter. probably will be all finite out of them. A squint at her legs and bet the animal goes just my luck."

Of course we all pressed, him up—even joined in the assurance the horse would be better two. And then the author came in and heard the "Well, now isn't that

SH Needs just ing and ea the BIG bo "Good