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It matters little where you are, if you want a shave and have a GILLETTE. With it, shaving is not a ticklish task, to be performed circumspectly on solid footing. Wherever there's water, soap and a towel you can enjoy a safe, clean, quick GILLETTE shave. That's why the GILLETTE Safety Razor is the standard equipment of the men who frequent Pullmans

—the trusty friend on shipboard—and an essential part of the camping outfit or the vacation grip. The GILLETTE is always ready (no stropping, no honing), always keen. It shaves as no other razor can shave, because it is the only razor which can be adjusted to suit any beard and any face. Ask your Jeweler, Druggist or Hardware Dealer to show you the GILLETTE.

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The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

OFFICE AND FACTORY The New Gillette Bldg., Montreal.

A True Diamond

CHAPTER XI. A KNIGHT ERRANT. "I think we must go this way. Do you know, Crumpet, that we are going to see the 'family foe'?" "The 'family foe!'" "Yes. Just to pay a call, you know. It will give you new ideas to neighbour a bit, and then I'll go and meet Uncle Evas. He'll like being met; it will cheer him up, won't it?" "Oh, but—I must get home—and the gentlemen. No, no, indeed I must not—Toney, I must walk back directly."

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Established in 1876 at Belfast, the centre of the Irish Linen trade, we have developed our business on the lines of supplying genuine Linen goods direct to the public at the lowest net prices. For manufacturing purposes we have a large, fully-equipped power-loom linen factory at Banbridge, Co. Down, hand looms in many cottages for the finest work, and extensive making-up factories at Belfast. We have held Royal Warrants of Appointment since the year 1878, and have furnished Mansions, Cottages, Villas, Hotels, Clubs, Institutions, Yachts and Steamships with complete linen outfits in almost every country in the world.

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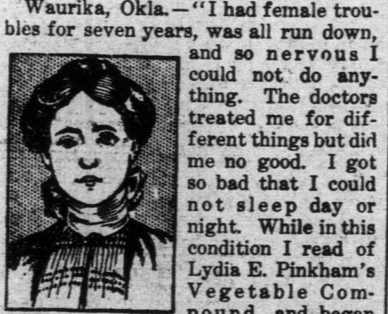
ROBINSON & CLEAVER, Ltd. DONEGALL PLACE, BELFAST, IRELAND. LONDON. LIVERPOOL. Telegrams: "Linen, Belfast."

who have seen her," and he laughed. "Oh," said Toney, "you don't believe in your family ghost! I am sorry." "Of course not, Toney," put in Miss Crump, smiling. She was now really using her eyes, for of late she had almost lost the power of seeing anything intelligently, except the things belonging to her daily drudgery. "Well, I do, and in fairies and the little people, and oh, heaps more. Do you know, Mr. Waycott, that I think you are like King Leodagan." "I'm afraid I have not the honour of knowing him." "Don't you? He was a kind man. He entertained people rightly royally in his castle." Lewis laughed. "Anyhow, I'm sure if he were here, King Leodagan would order tea." He rang the bell accordingly. "Now come this way, and you shall see the chapel and the old stone statue of a Waycott who went to Palestine, and some other relics." Never in all her life had Miss Crump had such an interesting afternoon, and, as for Toney, she enjoyed herself immensely. All was glist that came to her mill, and she cat-ted on with so much effect that her companions were kept very merry. Tea followed, and it was an amusing episode, for Lewis was not a very handy tea-maker, and Toney jumped up to relieve him. "If you had been brought up at home you would be more up to the mark, I imagine. Pups and I had sometimes rare days in the bush. He said no one could make tea as I did." "Take my place then, Miss Toney," said Lewis, delighted to see the girl's swift motions, full of natural grace, whilst her bright eyes spoke more than her tongue, and both were in constant service. "This is quite like the Island of the Mighty, isn't it? Oh, dear! What's the time, Crumpet? We must go. I feel like Cinderella, and soon the clock will strike twelve. At home we never used to mind about times; but here it is all like a prison. Oh, that dreadful time-table!" and Toney burst into peals of laughter, so that Miss Crump had to explain about the morning's mistake. Lewis thought he had never laughed so much, but he was obliged to obey Toney's command and to send for her pony. "This is not like a prison, I hope," he said. "No, not with you here alone; but I expect your women folk are all snicky too. We have had a rare time. Now, poor Crumpet has to go back to do endless jobs. Out! but I shall go and meet Uncle Dove."

"I can't go back alone!" said Miss Crump nervously. "And it's too far to walk, I'm afraid. Oh, dear Toney, we ought not to have come." "That's awkward! Yes, I forgot."

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If you want special advice write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman and held in strict confidence.

and Toney stood thoughtfully on one leg. "I'm going that way," said Lewis. "I'll take Miss Crump back." "Oh no, no! I wouldn't hear of it," sighed Miss Crump, alarmed at the very idea of Mr. Waycott's returning with her. But Toney thought otherwise. "That will do nicely. You will feel like one of the knights of King Arthur, who found a princess in the wood and offered at once to take her home. They were real men, his knights." Lewis remembered the look of Miss Crump and the old pony, and he could not help silently laughing at the princess idea; but he hid the cause of his merriment. Toney seemed to think it quite natural and did not even imagine there could be any condescension on his part, so that Lewis suddenly thought how much grander ideals than himself this girl possessed. "Now are we ready?" he said, going to the door. "Oh, Miss Crump must be lifted on, please, Mr. Waycott. It's quite easy; and when you get to the gap she has to come off, and then you must put her on again after jumping the pony over. He wants encouragement. I'll take Trick with me because he'd have, or he might have, a sudden wish to bite your heels, or else Selim's heels. Trick isn't quite perfect yet." "Don't you think we had better go round the road?" suggested Lewis. "There is no time; besides it's more private this way." Lewis assented quickly. He knew that he dared not meet all his ladies, and in this he felt himself inferior to Toney, whose only thought was of Miss Crump's comfort, not at all of his feelings. Indeed, she gave him credit for possessing none so base. At the end of the path they separated. Toney running off at a brisk trot towards the station, whilst Selim, Miss Crump and Lewis, shuffled off for the gap in the Dove estate. Strange to say, now that she had to depend on herself, Miss Crump blossomed out into conversation, but the theme was Toney. "She's a very wonderful girl, Mr. Waycott. I have never seen any one like her before, have you?" "No, certainly not," said Lewis, smiling. "She thinks as much about my pleasure as her own; I really think she thinks more about it, and not mine only." Lewis was suddenly struck with the pathos of the remark. "You have not many friends, I fear, about here." "No, not any; but of course Lady Dove is very kind to have me. When my father died—he lived at Winchley—she took me in."

"When I was a boy I knew all the Winchley people. I must have known your father," said Lewis. All his inclination to laugh was gone. "He had the drapery shop," said Miss Crump, forgetting her pride, for Lewis spoke so naturally about the Winchley people. "Oh, yes, next to Mr. Faber, the bookseller. I know young Faber. He was very clever, and somehow got ordained afterwards." "He went out to be a missionary," said Miss Crump, blushing in spite of herself. "I owe him a debt of gratitude. Once when I was a boy, I was riding along the road, when my pony shied and I was thrown right in the way of a passing carriage. Young Faber was walking by, and at the risk of his own life, he made a dash at me and dragged me away. I was stunned, and I didn't know anything about it till afterwards."

Lady Sykes' Wild Career

WENT THE PACE WHEN YOUNG. Her Extravagant Habits Did Not Go So Well With Her Husband's Penuriousness. London, June 4.—The death is announced of Lady Sykes, wife of Sir Tatton Sykes, whom she married in 1874, when she was 18 years old. Lady Sykes had a remarkable career. She was an authoress and editor of a newspaper, and a hospital nurse in South Africa during the Boer war. She was formerly Miss Christiana Cavendish-Bentinck, daughter of the late Right Hon. George Augustus Cavendish-Bentinck.

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THOMPSON, N.S., Mch. 29, '06. Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S. Dear Sirs,—Yours of the 27th to hand re Mathieu's Cough Syrup, and would say it gives the best results of any cough syrup we have ever handled. The Medicine is all right. Yours truly, ARMOUR & MATTINSON.

Port Hawkesbury, C.B., Apr. 3, '06. Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S. Dear Sirs,—I rec'd yours of the 27th ult. asking about Mathieu's Syrup. It is an excellent medicine for coughs, cold and consumption. Please send me another lot of 2 doz. bottles with samples. Enclosed find \$3.00 the amount of my bill. Yours truly, A. F. DICKSON.

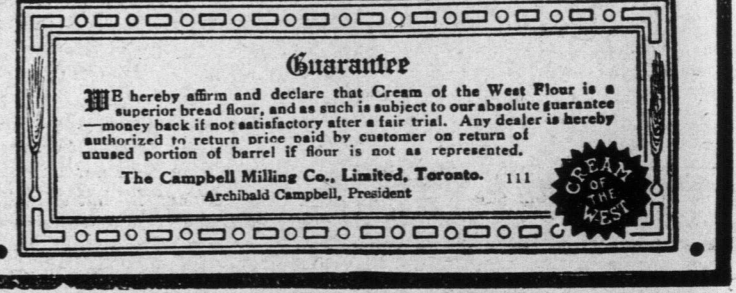
SPRINGHILL, N.S., April 4. Fillmore & Morris, Amherst, N.S. Dear Sirs,—In reference to your inquiry as to the selling qualities of Mathieu's Syrup, we might say that it is of no use whatever for us to keep any other Cough Medicine in stock. When you first began to sell it here, the Druggists did not handle it, and now every Druggist in town has it, and we are sure they find a ready sale for it. Mathieu's Syrup is sold by at least 18 dealers in Springhill. FERRIS & PEEL.

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The B Present Undre or dry rot, finish, not We ha to combin our success Anchor in many in our midst economic