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H. R. CHARLTON,
GENERAL ADVERTISING AGENT.

MONTREAL, QUE., September 8th, 1910.
IN YOUR REPLY REFER TO HRC-4

Mr. A. A. Bittues,
Manager, Gillette Safety Razor Coy. of Canada, Ltd.
63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Dear Mr. Bittues,

I am sending to you with this letter a photograph taken at Moose River, British Columbia, about 245 miles west of Edmonton, and in the Rocky Mountains just west of the Yellowhead Pass. The photograph, I think, will be of interest to you as it shows one of your razors in action. I carried one of your metallic box outfits on the tour that I made from Wolf Creek, Alberta, the end of the steel of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, to Fort George, British Columbia, and return, covering a distance of about three hundred miles on horseback and 320 miles in canoes as far as Fort George, but in all, after leaving Montreal, nearly 5,000 miles. The razor was a great comfort, and though I never used a safety before, I found it indispensable before I got through with the trip. Would not do without one now.

Yours sincerely,

H. R. Charlton

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MYSTERY OF THE TOWER

CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.

Though Margaret knew she could not be seen she drew back, watching still. Mrs. Carlingford stood for a long time, then slowly turned, and after a few steps handed the small bag which she carried to a man who approached from the shadows. They walked rapidly away together towards two gleaming lights, and presently there came through the stillness the buzz of a departing motor car.

Margaret went to the door and listened; all was still in the house. She hesitated; her impulse was to go, to escape now, while chance served, from these mysterious people. To do what—to go where? She had no refuge. She lighted a match; her watch told her it was one o'clock. She felt to learn if the bolt on her door was securely fastened, then crept back to bed.

She lay, wide-eyed, looking for solutions. This Mrs. Carlingford, so personally agreeable and congenial, so exquisite in her dress and manner—what was the meaning of her mysterious movements? In league with Mrs. Gascoigne. Hardly possible; the two women were as far apart as the poles. There was no tinge of vulgarity in Mrs. Carlingford, while Mrs. Gascoigne was made up of it. It was impossible to suspect Mrs. Carlingford of any common intrigue which had for its object the few pounds which would result from the marriage of a defenceless girl to an objectionable suitor. Margaret's intuition told her that a lady of Mrs. Carlingford's kind moved in mysteries only under compulsion, only when great things were at stake; and the girl at last reasoned herself to the conclusion that the midnight goings and comings had nothing to do with her. It was reasonable to suppose that the old servant was dying; that the mistress had been unexpectedly summoned; and on this conclusion Margaret slept.

In the morning, however, as she dressed, she came to a quick decision. She was tired of other people's mysteries; she had enough of her own. She would go. She flung on a wrapper, ran into the hall, and tapped on the next door. Hearing no sound, she looked within. The bed was disarranged, but a glance showed that this had been done to deceive. Margaret had somehow expected to find that Mrs. Carlingford had returned from her nocturnal excursion; and she was disconcerted. She finished dressing, wondering what explanation she was to receive from Jones.

At breakfast she listened to profuse apologies. Mrs. Carlingford had been summoned, had left an hour ago, might not return until late. The servant at Horsham was dying. An hour ago—that spoilt the reasonable explanation. Lies, mysteries, Jones a confederate. Margaret, scrupulous in courtesy, resolved to go that morning to Horsham. She owed much to Mrs. Carlingford; she would go in a straightforward manner to that lady, would express her gratitude, and say good-bye for the time being, unless explanations were offered. If these were forthcoming she would stay with this kindly lady.

When breakfast was over, Margaret announced her intention of taking a walk.

Jones, elderly, stout, agreed that it was a very lovely morning for a walk, and said that she would be very pleased to accompany the young lady.

Margaret had expected this. Jones

was her warder. She smiled. Poor Jones!

"Do you know the neighbourhood?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, and a beautiful one it is. 'Ow the sun is shining this morning. It will do your 'eart good to see it."

"Let us go," cried Margaret; "it will be delightful."

As soon as they were in the road Margaret walked rapidly; the morning was hot, and poor Jones began to pant. She talked in little gasps, mentioning incidentally the Spaniards' Inn and Jack Straw's Castle as historical places dimly off miles to the west.

"Ah the Spaniards!" cried the girl, blithely. "I have read of it. Mrs. Bardell took tea there. We will go."

"Walk to the Spaniards, miss?" gasped Jones, stopping short.

"Why, yes," was the smiling answer, "and then we can scamper up to that beautiful Hampstead Heath that you say is beyond. It won't be over ten or twelve miles there and back. That's my usual distance."

JONES, horrified, suggested a cab.

Margaret laughed and shook her head. The maid, quite fagged already, prayed her to return to the house. She shook her head, drew in deep breaths of air, and said she must have exercise.

"It will do you good, Jones," she cried, looking out of the corner of her eye at the panting woman.

Jones exhausted persuasion, then hinted that Mrs. Carlingford might not approve of Miss Lee's going so far alone, that she, Jones, couldn't walk another step, and that she feared her mistress' anger for deserting the young lady.

"I shall be sorry to have to go alone, Jones," responded the girl, sweetly, "but if you really feel that you must turn back, I will take all the responsibility with your mistress. She has no right to blame me."

Jones started at the significant ring in Margaret's voice, and a great resolution shone in her round face.

"I couldn't—I couldn't, really," she said, "allow you, miss, a stranger as you are to these parts, and not knowing English ways, to go alone. I will go."

"Come, then, it will do you good," cried Margaret; and she started on at a round pace.

A hundred yards did it. The poor woman sank helpless on a roadside seat; and then and there, with pathetic warnings of the dreadful people one might meet on that dangerous Hampstead Heath, resigned the young lady to her awful fate.

Margaret went on alone, exulting in the bright, beautiful morning, in the heavy foliage of the trees, and in freedom. London lay at her left in a ruddy haze, and down there, somewhere in that smoke-covered valley, lay railway stations whence one could go to Horsham; but there was no turning. So at last Margaret did actually arrive at the Spaniards, and there she was fortunate in finding a hansom which had just discharged its couple of pleasure-seekers. As she stepped in she heard a cry from behind, and she looked hastily around. Jones was leaning out of the side of an open fly and waving her hand.

"Drive on—quick!" cried Margaret, and her heart beat fast as they bowled along. She did not know the difference between the speed of a fly and a hansom, and that she was perfectly safe; so it was not until they came to the turn in the road by Jack