

My Intimate and Trusty Friend

who, snugly hidden in my grip or pocket, goes with me on all my journeys—who waits my convenience, day and night, to transform my stubbled jaw into the well-groomed cheek of a respectable citizen—who, at my pleasure, caresses my cheek lightly or with searching keenness—and who demands none of my time or attention in return—this true friend, to whom I owe so much, is the

GILLETTE Safety Razor

The GILLETTE is the keenest, quickest, handiest razor the world has ever seen. The thin GILLETTE blade, perfectly tempered, honed with diamond dust, held rigid between guard and cap, glides through the stiffest beard with never a pull, never a gash. Moreover, the GILLETTE is adjustable, by a slight turn of the screw handle, for a light or a close shave. It is the *only* razor which thus adapts itself to every beard and every face.

At your Hardware Dealer's, Druggist's or Jeweler's, buy a Gillette—you'll enjoy it. Standard Sets, \$5.00—Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00—Combination Sets, \$6.50 up.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited
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The Snake Scotched Justice Done.

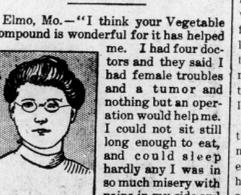
CHAPTER IV.
(Continued.)
"Wee, he's a celder beggar; and he's never more clever nor more effective than when he's turning on his friends. He is the coming man, there can be no doubt of that. And yet I don't like him. But I don't know him so well as you do."
"Oh, I know him well enough," said Boucher; "but I don't like him any better than you do. He's one of the best-looking men in the House, and his manners are simply perfect; and yet there is something about the man that repels one. Oh, I don't mean because he has a slash at his party now and then; that's the fashion, it pays. It is something in the expression of his eyes, in his voice. Whenever I am talking to him or listening to him I seem to be talking or listening to a man who is wearing a mask; I am always suspicious of a man who is always on guard; and I never part from Talbot Denby without thinking, 'There is a mystery about that man; there is something in his life he is concealing.'"
"You ought to have taken to fiction," said the famous Mr. Boucher, with a sigh and a weary glance round the crowded House, still listening with strained attention and tense excitement to Mr. Denby's cutting remarks. "I hear that his uncle, Lord Lyndborough, and he do not get on very well together," said Welch, after a pause.
"Not particularly well, I believe," assented Mr. Boucher. "Talbot Denby's father and the earl quarrelled—the old man has a genius for quarrelling—I should say Talbot Denby gets his bitterness from him. It was not until Talbot's father died that the earl recognized and took up Talbot. He was in succession. The earl makes him a very good allowance, and they see each other occasionally and keep the peace, mainly owing to Talbot, who is too wisely to quarrel with his bread and butter; in fact, too wise to quarrel with anyone. That's his way. He will be quite affable and friendly with his party, notwithstanding this speech which is making them all mad. And really there is nothing against the man, though you and I don't like him. He leads, apparently, an irreproachable life; lives quietly in quiet modest rooms in Chelsea; goes into the proper kind of society; entertains his friends occasionally in an unobtrusive way, and appears to have no vices."
"Just so, observed Mr. Welch. "Just the man to succeed; and of his shadow-to-night there can't be a shadow of a doubt. His party will have to do something to shut those thin lips of his or he'll ruin them. How the other side cheer! And yet he seems quite unmoved; there isn't a touch of colour in that white face of his, not the trace of a smile in his eyes or on his lips! 'Pon my soul, I believe that young man to be incapable of feeling any emotion; incapable of experiencing one thrill of honest triumph, of generous impulse; incapable of any love.'"
"Excepting for himself," put in Mr. Boucher. "Well he's—finishing. There'll be no division to-night; let's get out of this insupportable hole and go to bed."
Mr. Talbot Denby concluded, not with an eloquent peroration, but with a short sentence which seemed like the last out of a lanceet, the last thrust of a poisoned dagger; then, while the opposition was still cheering and laughing, he took his hat and, passing through his "friends" with his white, impassive face and half-closed eyes, he left the House.
The evening of the day which had shone so brilliantly on Veronica as she rode across the moor had clouded over, and the air was blowing with a pleasant coolness as he walked across the yard and, calling a cab, was driven to his flat in Charlotte Mansions,

Chelsea. He let himself in with his latch-key and went into the dining-room where Gibbon, his man, had set a spirit stand and siphon and a biscuit-box on the table as usual.
Talbot Denby rang the bell and Gibbon appeared. He was not altogether unlike his master; a tall, thin man with downcast eyes and a repressed manner; a toneless kind of man with colourless eyes and colourless hair.
Mr. Talbot Denby had shown a somewhat peculiar method in his choice of a servant, for he had taken Gibbon from the "Prisoners' Aid Society." The man was a convicted thief; but his master did not appear to be afraid to trust him, and he trusted that his uncle, Lord Lyndborough, was swayed by love or fear or gratitude; Gibbon was that extremely rare avis, a faithful, devoted servant.
"I am going out again, Gibbon," said Mr. Denby. "You need not wait."
The man inclined his head, and his

lips moved in a scarcely audible, "Yes sir," and, with a glance round the room of his colourless eyes as if to see if there was anything wanting, he went out.
Talbot Denby leant against the mantel-shelf for a minute or two, his thin lips curved with a smile that was half a sneer; he was thinking of his night's triumph. Presently he took up a biscuit, but though he broke it, he did not eat it, and throwing it on the table, poured himself out a soda-water and brandy. He was about to drink this as a draught but checked himself, and, setting the glass down, murmured:
"No, no! I've got to keep cool to-night."
He smoked a cigarette with the same air of repression, but with a kind of patient impatience, as if he were waiting for something; then, when half an hour had elapsed, he opened the door quietly and, crossing the small, artistically decorated corridor, listened at Gibbon's door. The man was snoring. Talbot Denby came back to the dining-room and, unlocking a safe—an unusually large one—took out first a cash-box and then an old, long overcoat and a soft felt hat. From the cash-box he lifted a small bundle of notes and some gold.
As he counted these his lips grew tight and his dark brows drew together with an anxious frown. He put the notes and the gold in his pocket, replaced the cash-box in the safe and put on the long overcoat and hat, turning up the collar of the former and pulling down the latter well over his face. As he assumed this disguise his erect figure became bent, and, as if mechanically and instinctively, he slouched across the room instead of walking at his usual light and firm gait.
As he let himself out of the flat stealthily, he listened once more at Gibbon's door. Striking across Low-Sloane Street he went quickly but slouchingly through the smallest and least frequented of streets until he reached Soho, and, stopping before an ordinary-looking tobacconist's, which appeared to be closed like the rest of the shops in the squalid street, he knocked four times on the shutter.
The door was quickly but stealthily opened by an unseen hand, and Talbot Denby, going down the narrow passage, looking neither to right nor left of him, as if he were familiar with the place, passed through a door into the usual kind of shop parlour, in which there was yet another door. He gave the four knocks on this, and it was opened by a short, thick-necked, ally, foreign Jew, with a villainous countenance which was rendered still more villainous by the smirk with which he welcomed his visitor.
"Goot-efening, goot-efening, sare!" he said, in a hoarse whisper, half servile, half impudent, and with a confidential leer which one would have thought would have been an irresistible temptation to the great Mr. Talbot Denby to strike him across his thick, evil lips. "I was afraid you wasn't coming; you wash so unlucky the other night. But there! Luck ish always changing; thatsh the beauty of it; thatsh what makes it so—what you call it?—fashinating. Come this way; there ish a goot company to-night."
Looking straight before him, Talbot Denby followed the man in a low-browed room, dimly lit by an evil-smelling paraffine lamp which hung from the ceiling, so that its murky rays should fall upon a round table covered by a greasy green cloth, in the centre of which was a battered roulette board.
Round the table were seated about a dozen men; a motley crew. There was the dissipated "gentleman" with bloodshot eyes and bags under them; the swarthy Pole with hollow cheeks and pointed chin adorned by a blue stubble; the well-to-do Jew merchant in evening dress, with a diamond stud in his creased shirt-front and rings half way up the fingers of his dirty hands; the gilded "youth about town," with a vacuous smile on his flushed face; the book-maker, with red, swollen lips and bulbous eyes; in short, the usual crew of lost souls which may be found any night in their fitting places—the low gambling halls of London or Paris or Vienna.
They were so absorbed in watching the roulette board that they scarcely noticed the entrance of the new-comer, and Isaacs, the keeper of the hell, had to push two men apart so that he could place a chair for Mr. Talbot Denby.
One of the men he had displaced, the man on the right, gave a kind of snarl and muttered an oath as he looked up and sullenly shifted his chair. He was an evil-looking fellow—but so were they all—with shifty eyes and a cunning, cruel-mouth which writhed as he blinked at the dancing ball on the roulette board. Talbot Denby scarcely glanced at him; and, taking his seat, at once fell into the attitude of the rest, as he placed some gold on the table and pushed a sovereign into a black square of the design painted in circular form on the table. The ball fell to the corresponding colour, and he raked in his winnings with a curved white hand. As the play proceeded he won or lost his stakes grew heavier, and some of the notes had taken their place beside the gold. There were many such piles in front

DOCTORS GAVE HER UP

Mrs. Stuart Finally Saved By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—Her Story Interesting.



Elmo, Mo.—"I think your Vegetable Compound is wonderful for it has helped me. I had four doctors and they said I had female troubles and a tumor and nothing but an operation would help me. I could not sit still long enough to eat, and could sleep hardly any I was in so much misery with pains in my side and back."
"A year ago last spring my doctor gave me up, and he was surprised to see me this spring and to see my condition. I give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound the praise wherever I go for I know I would not be here today or have our fine baby boy if I had not taken it."
—Mrs. SARAH J. STUART, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 16, Elmo, Mo.
The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down, feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the standard remedy for female ills.
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.

of the players; it was astonishing that such a crew should be possessed of such wealth.
For a time Talbot Denby's luck swung backwards and forwards from good to bad; but presently the bad set in firmly and one after another of the notes disappeared, but he played on, apparently unmoved, though his fellow-gamblers might have seen, if they had not been too engrossed to notice, that his lips were growing tighter and more bloodless, that his nostrils were becoming white and strained, and that the black eyes were glowing like points of fire under the half-lowered lids.
There were but few of the notes left and he was placing one of them on a red square, when suddenly his lips parted with a snarl like that of a dog, his elbow crushed down upon the hand of the man beside him and he turned on him with the fury of a wild beast; he had caught the man in the act of stealing one of the notes.
The sudden low, repressed cry, all the more startling for its repression, shook the other players from their absorption. Snatching up their money, they sprang to their feet as one man, leaning forward and staring breathlessly at Talbot Denby, who had clutched the thief by the throat with an expression so savage, so primal in its malignant ferocity that it was, in its incongruity with the refined face and graceful form, simply appalling.
The detected man struggled in the grasp of the long, lean fingers which held him as if in a vice and threatened to choke him, the two men were swiftly locked in a fierce embrace and swayed to and fro, overthrew the table. There were no shouts; indeed, not a loud word was spoken, as if, even in that moment of intense strain and excitement, all were aware that they dared not make any noise.
Isaacs rushed toward them, waving and wringing his fat, dirty hands, and regarded the man's working face and blood-shot eyes with haughty indifference, and turned away contemptuously.
He stood for a few moments leaning against the wall, his arms folded, his eyes downcast. The table had been put on its legs again, play had been resumed as if nothing had happened. Isaacs came back presently.
"He's quite gone, sare!" he said, stretching out his hands apologetically. "I'm sorry! I keep a respectable house, as you know, sare."
Talbot Denby waved his apologies aside and left the place. As he emerged into the cool air of the June morning, he drew a long breath through his closed teeth and shrugged his shoulders.
"The cursed luck!" he muttered. "I shall have to go to the Court, after all!"
It was characteristic of him that he had forgotten the thief, the struggle, the man's heart—everything but his ill luck. In short, Mr. Talbot Denby, the "coming man," the rising politician, the heir to the Earldom of Lyndborough, was a born gambler of the worst and most vicious type.



Delicious Bread or Your Money Refunded

Every Barrel Cream of the West Flour Guaranteed for Bread

Yes, madam, I am the Cream of the West miller. I know what Cream of the West is. It's a strong flour. It has extra bread-making qualities, and I'll guarantee great, big, bulging loaves of the lightest, whitest, most wholesome bread.

Cream of the West Flour

the hard wheat flour that is guaranteed for bread

Tell your grocer you want to try Cream of the West. Buy a barrel subject to the guarantee. Tell him we expect him to refund your money if the flour fails to do as we claim. He won't lose a cent. We will reimburse him in full. Show him this paper with the guarantee. It is his authority to pay you back if you ask him.

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WE hereby affirm and declare that Cream of the West Flour is a superior bread flour, and as such is subject to our absolute guarantee of money back if not satisfactory after a fair trial. Any dealer is hereby authorized to return price paid by customer on return of unused portion of barrel if flour is not as represented.

The Campbell Milling Company, Limited, Toronto.
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R. C. ASH & Co., St. John's, Wholesale Distributors.

Heaviest Rain in 40 Years.

Two Inches in Two Hours at Boston.
Boston, July 19. — A cloudburst which poured nearly two inches of rain into the city streets inside of two hours yesterday afternoon and added an inch more during the evening, created a record for Boston as the heaviest rainfall in any one day in 40 years, or since the establishment of the weather bureau station.
The downpour created havoc with construction work on two new subway, flooded innumerable cellars in the lower part of the city and caused no little damage by backing up sewer and drainage pipes and flooding many buildings.
In a hoarse whisper imploring them to be quiet.
"Shentlemen, shentlemen!" he hissed, hoarsely. "What ish the matter? Oh, Moses! The policemen—they'll hear you! What ish the matter?"
Talbot Denby moistened his lips and turned his dry tongue in his mouth ere he could speak.
"This scoundrel has stolen a note from me," he said in a low voice.
"It's a lie!" retorted the man, pawing at his throat and glaring at the white face above him with the air of a cur bawled of a bone.
"He has it in his hand now," said Talbot.
As he spoke, he bent towards a side-table and, snatching up a spirit decanter, struck the man's fist a terrible blow. The man's head opened and the crumpled note fell on the floor.
He made a rush for his assailant, but before he could reach him, the Jew had flung his arms round him and, aided by some of the other men, had dragged him to the floor.
In springing back, the soft hat fell off, and he stood, the centre of the excited group, a strange contrast to the rest. He caught up the hat and put it on. The thief had got to his feet, but was still held by Isaacs and a couple of men.
"Out you go!" said Isaacs. "You're a cheat, a low cheat! We don't want your kindish here. Thish ish a respectable place." As they pushed the man towards the door, he turned and looked over his shoulder and waved his bleeding hand at Talbot Denby.
"See this!" he cried, hoarsely, as if he were still choking. "I'll make you pay for this some day. I'll make you sorry for it, swell as you are! I'll wait on you! It may be for months, it may be for years, but it may be to-morrow! I'll be even with you!"
Talbot Denby, calm and cold again, regarded the man's working face and blood-shot eyes with haughty indifference, and turned away contemptuously.
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A Wealthy New Yorker

Arrested on Charge of Killing Woman Companion.
New York, July 20.—Geo. R. Harkness, a wealthy real estate dealer of Sea Cliff, Long Island, was arrested by the police here early to-day, charged with having shot and killed Mrs. Florence Hopp, of Lewisburg, Pa., at the Hotel York shortly after midnight.
Mrs. Hopp, who was 25 years old and a handsome brunette, had been in Harkness's company for several days. It is alleged, Harkness declared that the killing was accidental, occurring while Mrs. Hopp was examining an automatic revolver he had recently purchased.
The experience of Mr. McG. Hood of Montreal, is a sample of what Egyptian Liniment will do. He tells it himself. "I met with a serious accident at Belleville, breaking my leg and dislocating my ankle. On leaving the hospital, where I was confined eight weeks, I had to go on crutches, with my leg in a rubber bandage, suffering agony from swollen and contracted cords. For four weeks I tried every liniment without benefit, then I procured Egyptian Liniment and from the first application the pain almost ceased. In less than two weeks I put away the crutches and walked with a cane though I weighed 221 pounds.
I cannot speak too highly of this Liniment."
Not only the severest cases, but the scores of little troubles that come up, cuts, bruises, burns and the like are quickly relieved and cured by Douglas' Egyptian Liniment.
25 cents at all Dealers, free samples on request. Douglas & Co., Napanee, Ont.

PAIN ALMOST CEASED

FROM THE FIRST APPLICATION OF DOUGLAS' EGYPTIAN LINIMENT.
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Fads and Fashions.

Tucked net and eyelet embroidery are a favorite combination for inexpensive lingerie dresses.
Coats of linen or tweed are now being made in three-quarter lengths, and the linens are frequently belted.
One of the new umbrellas has a distinct reminiscence of the East Indian Durbar in its oddly curved cover.
Belted mackinaw coats, built like the northern woodsman's jacket, are in great favor for women going north.
Broadcloths, velvets, satin-finished silks and brocades, faille and moire are all favorites with Parisiennes.
Pleated skirts have their pleats held together by an inner tape so that the narrow figure silhouette is not lost.
For summer evenings at mountain and seashore little two-toned scarves of spun silk are very much in evidence.

The W Ends

Some years ago a chemist invented the now famous B wax. To apply it we invented the Blue plaster. Since then millions of corns have been ended forever by this little application. It is applied simply. The pain instantly ends, and the B & B wax goes. A in the picture B protects the corns C wraps around D is rubber adhesive.
Blue-jax
Sold by Dr. Sample M. Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York, N.Y.

Violating the



To quarrel with air one's own disfigurements, front of one's eyes is painful had taste. To appeal these outside to take sides expressing the opinion on points of attention is wiser than had taste. It is discouraged. It is unkindness; it is a flagrant violation of the golden rule. For everyone knows how embarrassing it is to be pealed to in this way. To have to a witness to a family disagreement had enough. It makes one feel awkward and self-conscious, so painful in the way and so wishful of an Aladdin's carpet on which to whisk oneself to the farthest corner of the earth. But to be appealed to to take sides—that is the last straw.
A friend tells me that she actually ceased to visit at one home because the husband and wife were continually embarrassing her by urging her to express her opinion.
"I suppose they are fond of each other," she said, "but they never agree on anything, but they never have the slightest hesitancy about arguing the front of me. I wouldn't mind that so much, but they always insist on me saying what I think, and when the one I disagree with gets cross with me. I try to be polite and not take sides, but you know sitting on the fence all day is kind of hard work. One time it was whether to do the living-room over in brown or green and the next it was an argument of woman's suffrage, and the next it was

MAN AND THE

Dr. R. V. Pierce of Buffalo, author Medical Adviser, says "why does not the body as he treats the land he cultivates. I phate what he takes out in crops, or the farmer should put back into his soil exhausted by labor, or by ill-health or disease." Further, he says, "the great Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a tonic to the stomach and purify to the blood, nature with the substances that build it up is due to its effect on the stomach and cases that begin in the stomach are cured simply the result of an effort made and exhausted. I have found the 'Disulator and rich blood-maker.'"
Miss LORRAINE KINSLEY of Perth, Kansas, writes: "I have used your remedy for two years or more. Doctored with various kinds of so-called 'stomach cures' but none could not sleep at night into the present. Was weak, could eat scarcely anything. About one year and a half ago I began, and after having taken several bottles can now eat without distress and have gained weight for your remedy and wish you

WINARD'S LINIMENT CURES BAR-GET IN COWS.

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