



More than a Safety razor. It combines stropping, shaving and cleaning in one.

**Valet Auto-Stop Razor**

\$5. up to \$25; other models at lower prices.

**THE PANGS OF REMORSE**  
— OR —  
**A COMPLICATED TANGLE.**

CHAPTER V.

Was there anything in that to upset his clerk? He could find nothing, nor would he have discovered the slight thing that had touched the chord in the young breast if he had learned the letter by note and examined it with a microscope, but it was a simple thing enough—it is always the simple things that move us.

The woman's Christian name was Lily.

Coming upon it suddenly at the bottom of the plain, matter-of-fact business letter, the tiny word had opened such a floodgate of memories that the tide had swept his composure away and left him weeping over the prosaic letter like a broken-hearted child.

But it was past now and he was ready to take his master's instructions for the day.

"I've got a case at the docks," said Mr. Walker, finding that nothing was to be gained by worrying his clerk to go home and rest. "A man wants me to buy a cargo of Yankee notions. He's a gentleman, I guess, by the letter, or else I'd tackle him myself. You go down, however, and open up, and say you'll send a valuer to-morrow."

"I understand," said Mr. Clifford. And getting the name of the shop and its owner, he took his hat and started.

Mr. Walker called him back. "Take a cab," said he.

But Mr. Clifford declined respectfully. "Ah!" said the Yankee, "what a man you'd have made if nature had only given you a slice of obstinacy!"

The grave clerk smiled at this, but went on his way, walking notwithstanding.

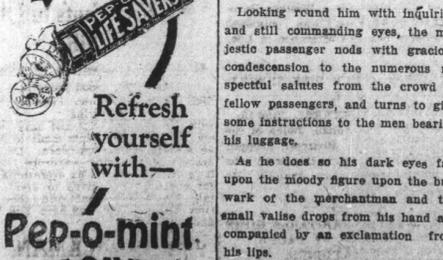
All the way to the docks his heart kept repeating, "Lily, Lily!"

It was an unfortunate thing, that letter, for, although Mr. Clarence Clifford's love had never died out or abated one jot, he had by dint of hard striving managed to keep it down far away at the bottom of his heart with a daily conscientious load of business at the top of it.

But this chance meeting with the name had fired the spark and up came the fatal flame, breaking through the mountain, a blazing, roaring volcano.

He had reached the docks and found the ship before the fire had abated, and then it was only by sheer force of will that he had managed to drag himself from the past and remember that the present consisted of an interview concerning Yankee notions.

He saw the owner of the cargo, Lily.



Refresh yourself with—  
**Pep-o-mint LIFE SAVERS**  
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

Cool Crisp Delightful

Always Good Taste  
GERALD S. DOYLE, Agent.

The men stare, the crowd buzz curiously. What all the gentleman? "Nothing! twisted his ankle!" he explains, with a smile that shows his shining teeth, and the crowd, satisfied, returns to its squabbling with the porters and dockmen.

"This way to a cab!" says the gentleman, wrapping his comfortable cloak around him, and settling his travelling cap farther over his head.

A cab is found, the luggage is on

the top, but the traveler does not enter.

"Wait by the wall there," he commands, pointing to the dock wall. "I have a little business."

The cabman touched his battered hat, obeys, and the fare strolls back to the crowd.

In its midst and shielded by its swaying to and fro and confusion, he watched the motionless figure upon the deck of the merchantman.

Presently, as if awakened from his reverie, the young man descended the ship's side by its rope ladder, followed by the captain. The watchful, restless eyes noted the agile grace with which the youthful figure swung down the ladder and drew back a little as he and the captain ascended the quay and stood talking.

They shook hands presently and the young man walked quietly away, the captain looked after him with honest admiration and a shake of his head.

"Spoiled as a land lubber," he growled. "Wants a deck o' man-o'-war to bring him out."

"You think so?" said the traveller, who had stepped up in a noiseless sort of way behind him.

"Eh? Oh, beg pardon! Yes, I was looking after that landsman. Light-built schooner, eh?"

"Very!" assented the traveller, who even while speaking had not taken his eyes off the departing Clarence, until he had got out of sight. "Very!" as well-built and trimmed a young fellow as I ever saw!"

"You're right, sir," said the captain, cordially. "Just come off the Nancy Bray?"

"Yes," said the traveller, "and feeling my landlegs before I go any farther. You are master of that merchantman?"

"Yes," said the captain; "yes, for the last time. Ship and cargo to be sold."

"Indeed!" said the traveller, quickly. "Pardon me, was that young fellow the likely purchaser?"

"No, not exactly," said the captain, adding, after the open-hearted, wide-mouthed manner of a sailor, "leastways, nothing is settled. He may buy the cargo and he may not."

"Oh, a ship broken, eh?" asked the traveller, then observing that the captain looked at him curiously askance, added: "But pardon me, that is your business. I felt interested in the ship; she is a good one, as it were, built as I have seen—corresponds with the young man."

"Oh, no offense," said the captain, heartily. "No, he's not a ship broker, a sort of partner, I believe, to a man who does business on the quay."

"An agent?" asked the traveller, no nearer the mark than before—the mark being to learn where and what the youthful stranger was.

"Yes, something of that sort."

"Ah, just the man I was looking for," said the traveller. "I have some business that requires an agent and that young fellow has taken my fancy. What is his name?"

The captain turned to answer, then broke off.

"I was going to say I didn't know," he said, "but here's the owner. He'll know, for I found him talking to the agent."

"His name?" repeated the owner, when the question had been put to him, and eyeing the well-dressed traveller, who had lifted his hat with the air of a king. "I—stop, here is his card. Jeremiah Walker, 2 Little Broadway."

The traveller's face lit up with an expression of delight.

(To be continued.)

**Columbia Dry Batteries**  
—they last longer—

Obtainable everywhere at little cost; give more power for a longer time.

for:  
Bells  
Buzzer  
Radio  
Gas Engines  
and  
All general purposes.

National Carbon Co., Inc.  
30 East 42d Street  
New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

**The Passing of the Shingle**

I never like to own to my Grampus that he is right—and I won't, if I can help it, this time. But he has maintained hope for the last three months that shingling was going out of fashion, and to-day my hairdresser took the same view. He told me—much to my surprise—that he is busy all day long making up "postiches" for ladies who are tired of their short hair, and wish for something to hide it until it grows again. He also told me that he had heard from a friend in the same business in Paris that still fewer shingled heads are seen there, and that the fashion has quite passed. So there it is.

My hairdresser-man's opinion is that what killed shingled hair among the great majority of people is the expense. To look really well, it should be trimmed up ever week, and few people can afford this regular visit to the barber. Consequently one sees so many women about whose hair is neither shingled nor bobbed, but just short, and presenting a most untidy, uncare-for appearance. Long hair, which does not need so much attention, is certainly easier to manipulate.

**Mysteries of the Ancients**

The Department of Agriculture of Egypt has seeds which were found in age-proof containers in the tomb of King Tutankhamen which they will endeavor to propagate at their Agricultural Research Laboratories. These seeds may represent herbs containing medicinal properties that this age and generation knows not of. It was the simple roots and herbs of the field that half a century ago produced Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a remedy that has never been equalled in overcoming ailments peculiar to women.

**GOOD BUSINESS.**

To-day I ate my dinner at Bingle's dining hall; the coffee was a winner, likewise the codfish ball. I ate a brace of chickens, a codfish and an eel, and I muttered, "Oh, the dickens, how satisfied I feel!" And when I went to settle, the boss was standing there, with coffee in a kettle, and salad in his hair. I said, "Oh, Mr. Bingle, your hash-house can't be beat! Your victuals make me tingle with joy from head to feet! I like your scrambled taters, the finest writers, you have the ablest cooks!" And Bingle was so tickled the poor man almost cried, and from his eyes there trickled the tears of joy and pride. Then to his desk came Dutton a man with frozen face; he said, "My slice of mutton was simply a disgrace; the vands you are selling are not as advertised; your kraut is evil-smelling, your pies are vulcanized." Then Bingle said, severely, "I do not want your trade; you are accustomed, clearly, to grub this is decayed." Now when again he sees me in Bingle's bean bazaar, the boss will strive to please me in all the ways there are. He'll give me meat that's tender, and cake that's like a kiss, and doughnuts that engender the ultimate of bliss. And so the path is easy down which I gladly tread; though compliments be wheezy, I see that they are said.



**MAVIS de Vivaudou FACE POWDER**

Use Mavis Face Powder and you will be fascinated with the result. It adds charm to the most perfect complexion.

Alex Mavis Range  
V. VIVAUDOU, INC.  
Paris New York

**Lost on Mountain**

RESCUER'S SIX HOURS' CLIMB TO STRANDED YOUTH.

Lost on the slopes of Cader Idris in a fog, a Bristol youth who had set off with a companion got into a perilous position among the rocks. For six hours Mr. Griffith Pugh, of Penryn-gwyn Farm, and his servant, were engaged in planning and carrying out rescue efforts with the aid of ropes. They eventually succeeded in bringing the youth to safety. When es-

veloped in fog on the mountain the two young climbers separated, one trying to descend by Foxes Path. He lost his way, and his companion, fearing an accident, was able to reach the farm and get help from the farmer.

The New Wembley has fully justified the high hopes of its promoters. The attendance on May 31st, when His Majesty the King formally opened the new Exhibition, was nearly double that of the opening day last year. And since then the brightness and colour of the new Exhibition and the May sunshine have combined to bring a record number of visitors to Wembley.

Within the first fourteen days of the Exhibition His Majesty the King paid four visits to Wembley, and Majesty the Queen, five. The justices expressed themselves as delighted with the improvements that have been effected in the Pavilion grounds, in the lighting and generally for the comfort and pleasure of Wembley's patrons.

**Hudson's Super Soap**

**Takes the Rubbing Out of Scrubbing**

Sprinkle a little on your floor canvas then wash with a wet cloth. Best for washing windows.

Cheaper than "elbow grease," a package costs only 3 cents. Hudson's will wash very much soiled articles without boiling.

**Hudson's SUPER SOAP POWDER**

It's so easy You rest---it works

**An Unusual Display**

OF

**LOW PRICED FAMILY FOOTWEAR**

—FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—

LOOK OVER THESE PRICES AND NOTE THE MONEY-SAVING OPPORTUNITIES WE ARE OFFERING:—

**MEN'S DRESS BOOTS**  
in Dark Mahogany shade, Blucher style, rubber heels attached. All sizes.  
**\$4.20 \$5.00**

**MEN'S BOOTS**  
in Black Kid and Calf Leathers, Blucher style; all solid leather. Special Prices,  
**\$4.20 \$4.50 \$4.75**

**BOYS' BOOT VALUES**  
**BOYS' CHROME BLUCHER**  
Sizes 9 to 13 ... **\$2.50, \$2.75**  
Sizes 1 to 5 ... **\$3.00, \$3.30**

**BOYS' BOX CALF BOOTS**  
Blucher Style; "Our Own Make."  
Sizes 9 to 13 ... **\$2.75, \$3.00**  
Sizes 1 to 5 ... **\$3.30, \$3.50**  
(rubber heels attached)

**SNEAKERS SUPERIOR QUALITY.**  
Black, Brown and White.  
Child's ... 6 to 10 ... **90c.**  
Misses' ... 11 to 2 ... **\$1.00**  
Boys' ... 3 to 6 ... **\$1.15**  
Women's ... 3 to 6 ... **\$1.15**  
Men's ... 6 to 10 ... **\$1.25**

**MEN'S LOW SHOES**  
In Black and new shades of Tan, perforated and plain styles, at  
**\$4.50 \$5.00 \$5.50 \$6.00**

**MEN'S CREPE SOLE OXFORDS**  
**\$7.50 \$8.00**

**LADIES' CREPE SOLE SPORT SHOES**  
in the new shades of Tan.  
**\$6.00**

**WOMEN'S WHITE CANVAS BOOTS**  
Medium and Low Heels; all sizes, real value for the money. Special Price,  
**99c. the Pair.**

**CHILD'S & MISSES' WHITE CANVAS BOOTS**  
High lace and good quality. Sizes 6 to 2. Special Price,  
**99c. the Pair.**

**CHILD'S & MISSES' CANVAS SANDALS**  
(Brown); leather soles; all sizes 6 to 2. Special,  
**99c. the Pair.**

Same style in White; sizes 6 to 10. Special ... **99c. the pair**

**LADIES' MAHOGANY SHADE STREET SHOES**  
Medium heel and toe; sizes 3 to 6. Special Price ... **\$2.50**

**LADIES' BLACK LACE OXFORDS**  
Medium rubber heels, very dressy; sizes 3 to 6. Special,  
**\$2.50 the Pair**

**Parker & Monroe, Limited**  
The Shoe Men

**mundson**

Premier Aid in Gil Warner by Her Subject Sydney M rioting.

MUNDSEN BACON ST NEW YORK

It was reported here that a message had been telegraphed from London to the explorer, saying that from 5. Prentiss, brother of the explorer, had been in London, and that all six members of the expedition had returned safely.

PORT OF FUEL STOCHELOI

A despatch received from Munden used to be unable to return to the port of FUEL STOCHELOI.

MUNDSEN'S RETURN NEW YORK

The North American news announces that Munden has returned to the North Pole.

PREMIER ARMED TORONTO, ONT.

The afternoon of the day the Premier was in the city of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, at the invitation of the Methodist Church, to attend a meeting of the miners, and to decide for yourself what the nature of Premier's visit is a matter of public interest. The Premier's visit to the miners, and to the miners, is a matter of public interest. The Premier's visit to the miners, and to the miners, is a matter of public interest.

THE ABOVE DISPATCH ON THE CANADIAN PRESS, KILLED ON THE HALL OF THE CANADIAN PRESS, BY PREMIER ARMED TORONTO, ONT. THE ABOVE DISPATCH ON THE CANADIAN PRESS, KILLED ON THE HALL OF THE CANADIAN PRESS, BY PREMIER ARMED TORONTO, ONT.

STRENGTHENED ENGLISH HALLOWEEN

Publication of the Atlantic States, and the Bay Relief Committee, Executive of the States of America, and the Bay Relief Committee, Executive of the States of America, and the Bay Relief Committee, Executive of the States of America.

**DO NOT KIDNAP PILL**