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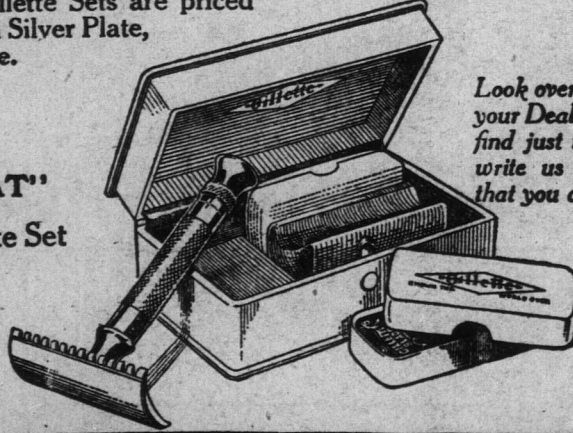
These two new Gillette Sets are priced as usual—\$5.00 in Silver Plate, \$6.00 in Gold Plate.

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The "ARISTOCRAT"—the new Gillette Set in French Ivory.



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Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited
Gillette Bldg. Montreal.

Only a Beggar;

A Queen Among Women

CHAPTER XXIX.
"No-yes!" said Vane.
He told the man to drive him to the large thoroughfare from which Spencer Street struck, and leaned forward with painful eagerness. Discharging the cab, he walked quickly down the street, and found himself in a small open space close to the river.

The night was dark, and the faint gleams of a feeble gaslight in a dingy street lamp just revealed the squalor of the place. In front of him some barges were moored to the shore; at the end of the street was a boarding round the tottering remains of a ruined house. There was no one in sight, no sign of life save that supplied by a cat crawling toward some scrubby shrubs that grew in the garden of an empty house.

Vane shuddered as he thought of Diana, whom he would have screened from every ill wind, every evil sight, coming to such a spot. But it did not matter; he would take her away. Lady Selina was stopping in town; he would take her there. Yes; she should not leave him again!

A wheezy clock in the tower of a neighboring church chimed the quarter to ten. He sighed impatiently. Would she be late? No, he felt that she would not. He proceeded to pace up and down and had come to the end of the street when he heard footsteps behind him. Quite convinced that he was not deceived, he turned to meet a tall figure that flung itself upon him with one hand upraised.

In the murky light Vane caught the gleam of steel in the menacing hand, and instinctively gripped the arm of his assailant and tried to shout; but a strong arm was across his throat, pressing it to the point of suffocation, and he could only struggle in silence.

He was weakened by illness—and, alas! past dissipation—and the man who had attacked him had the advantage of him. Setting his teeth, Vane tried to free his neck and wrench round the arm with the knife, the two men swayed from side to side, giving and taking inch by

inch, foot by foot, as the unknown foe tried to free his arm and force Vane to his knees or on his back. And moving thus, they came directly under the light of the lamp, and Vane saw that he was struggling with Desmond March.

The signs of recognition flashed in his eyes, and his lips framed the name. With a tremendous effort, inspired by fierce indignation, he pressed on Desmond March's breast with such force that March felt his breast-bone giving, and with a snarl like that of a dog he, too, made a fearful



effort and swung Vane round and almost to his knees.

At that moment, the critical moment, they both heard the scream of a woman; and a girlish figure, after pausing for an instant, as if transfixed with horror, rushed toward them.

Vane looked round and saw that it was Diana. His terror for her unnerved him and caused him to release his grasp. Desmond March shook it off, and with another snarl struck downward twice. Then, as Diana flung herself upon him, he hurled her away and darted up the wharf. But suddenly stopped, for a man was coming toward him; not running, but slowly, and bent, as an animal is bent when it is about to spring.

He was almost upon March, had almost got his hands at his throat when March swerved aside, dashed across the road, and sprang upon one of the barges.

The man followed, but, in his blind rush, his foot slipped, and he fell into the hold; and Desmond March, leaping almost over him, gained the quay, and in an instant had disappeared.

So desolate, so unfrequented, was the spot—the bargemen were drinking at a neighboring tavern—that Diana's cries for help met with no response for some minutes, and in a frenzy of terror and anguish she knelt beside Vane, essaying to stanch the blood that flowed from his wounds and every now and then calling upon him in distracted tones.

At last a policeman heard, and came running to the spot, flashed his lantern on the white, drawn face against her bosom, and blew his whistle.

"Let me see him, miss," he said. "Why, he's a gentleman! And he's badly hurt, I'm afraid; stabbed in two places."

He looked at her suspiciously, and when, in a hoarse whisper, she said: "Yes, I saw him do it; he has escaped," he shrugged his shoulders. "It's a nasty place, this, miss," he muttered. "Scarcely a night but what there's something happens; and it isn't the first time highway robbery with violence has been done here. His watch is there, all right; and his money, too—I suppose you came up in time and frightened the man off? I wish my mate would come! Ah, here he is! Gentleman been stabbed, George, badly stabbed, I'm afraid. You get a cab at the top of the street

and we'll take him to the hospital. You'd better come, too, miss. I'll try and stop the bleeding with my handkerchief."

The cab came rattling up, and Vane was lifted in, and with his head still on her bosom was driven slowly to the hospital.

She was, of course, shut out of the examination room, but she threw herself down on the bench in the hall, and one of the policemen stood near her, as if on guard.

But presently the door opened and one of the house physicians came out to her.

"Yes; he is alive," he said, answering the anguished inquiry of her eyes. "He has been badly stabbed; and but for your coming up as you did, I've no doubt that—Ah, you're not going to faint? Porter, a glass of water!"

Diana put it to her lips, then rose, fighting against the deathly stupor that threatened to overcome her.

"Can—can I see him?" she asked almost inaudibly.

The surgeon hesitated. "It's not usual; he is in a very critical condition. Well, I'll see."

He went away, but returned very quickly.

"Well, just for a moment," he said. "You will not speak?"

Her lips formed an assent, and she followed him into the room; and, closing her eyes for a moment, went up to the bed on which Vane lay. Then, with clenched hands and throbbing heart, she bent over him and looked at his white face, as if her soul were in her eyes.

The surgeon touched her arm, and she followed him into the hall again, where the policeman was waiting for her.

"We have found the gentleman's card-case," said the surgeon. "You will like to know his name; he is Lord Dalesford. Let me see, that's Lord Wrayborough's eldest son. We shall, of course, communicate with the family at once."

The policeman drew nearer.

"I shall have to trouble you to come to the police station. I'm afraid, miss, he said, 'I've kept the cab.'"

At the police station an inspector asked a few perfunctory questions, and Diana was dismissed.

A guarded telegram was sent to Lord Wrayborough, and he and Mabel reached the hospital in the afternoon. Vane was conscious, but so weak that he could scarcely speak, and they sat beside him in speechless fear for a little while, and then went sadly away.

CHAPTER XXX.

As the clock struck the following morning, Diana, closely veiled, was among the small group of persons waiting in the hall; and presently the surgeon came out to her.

"I'll give you ten minutes," he said gravely; "and I'm afraid I shall have to cut those short if he is at all excited. He is better, but—oh, very weak, of course."

"Fighting for calm, striving to bring the color to her white lips, to drive the agony from her eyes, Diana followed him into the room in which Vane lay.

"Diana!" breathed the man on the cot.

The nurse went to the other end of the room, casting a meaning glance at Diana, who sank on her knees beside the bed, and, taking Vane's hand, laid it against her cheek in silence. He trembled at her touch, but controlled himself, for he knew that if he showed any excitement they would take her from him.

"Diana! Come back to me! Come back to me! Oh, my dear, my dear!"

"Hush!" she said, her eyes filling with tears, her lips quivering. "Yes; I—I had to come; if—if only for the last time. Oh, Vane, Vane!"

He smiled at her.

"Not the last time, dearest," he said. There was silence for a moment, then he whispered: "The second time you have saved my life, Diana. And you think it does not belong to you—even now! You—you weren't hurt, dearest? The dread has haunted me, tortured me, even when I was able to think of nothing else."

"No, no," she said; then suddenly but firmly: "Vane, it was the same man! I saw him distinctly! Though only for a moment."

He nodded almost carelessly. "Yes; it was my cousin, Desmond March."

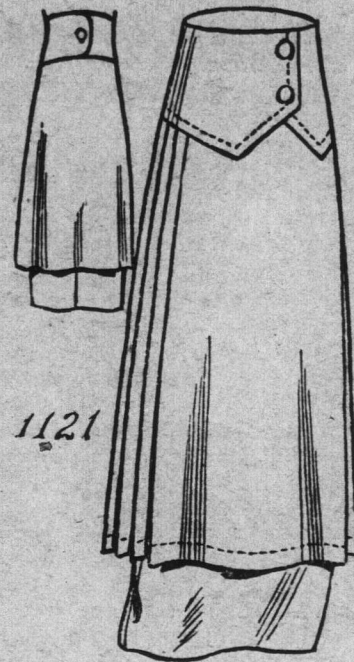
(To be continued.)

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Pattern Cuts. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

1121—A NEW SKIRT WITH TUNIC AND GIRDL.

Ladies' Skirt, With or Without Tunic and Girdle.



This style shows a tunic with plaits at the sides, and a girdle with front and back edges lapped. The style is fine for remodelling and if the plaited portions are made of contrasting material together with girdle and underskirt, the effect will be very stylish. One could have serge and plaid woolen with the plaid for contrast. Or if made of cashmere, crepe or albatross, the underskirt and girdle with plaits could be of charmeuse or satin. The design is also good for velveteen, broad cloth, guvetyn, wool mixtures and novelty weaves. The Pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 inches waist measure. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 36 inch material for the skirt, and 4 5/8 yards for tunic and girdle for a 24 inch size. The Skirt measures about 2 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. in silver or stamps.

1124-1125—A SMART GOWN FOR HOME, CALLING OR BUSINESS WEAR.



Novelty suiting in blue and white plaid with threads of green is here becomingly developed, with blue taffeta for vest, collar, cuff and pocket trimmings. The skirt is a splendid model with its simple lines, and the pockets are a convenient and practical style feature. Broad cloth, voile, velvet or corduroy are also appropriate for this model. It is composed of Ladies' Waist Pattern, 1124, cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure, and Ladies' Skirt Pattern, 1125, cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 36 inch size. The Skirt measures about 2 3/4 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for TWO separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10c. FOR EACH pattern in silver or stamps.

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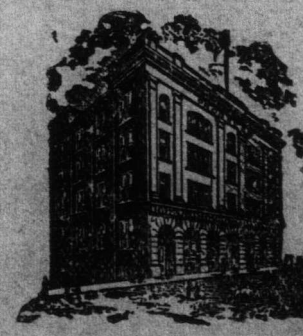
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