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And Have Them done in First Class
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83 REGENT STREET.

Minty's Toilet Powders

Odors—Jac Rose and Brise Char-
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flatters him, the average man gets re-
assurance from the saying that the
camera does not lie."

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A safe, reliable regulating
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Green mill wood, \$2 per load. F. Ful-
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families. Apply by letter or in person
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will hold their fingers as tight as a
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Boys and girls, these are the best
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Also contains a Flirtation Sign
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MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

The old reliable remedy for rheu-
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sprains.

Best Liniment Made

MR. A. E. LAURENCE, REMINGTON, writes—
"I fell from a building and received what
the doctor called a very
bad sprained ankle, and
told me I must not walk
on it for three weeks. I
got MINARD'S LINI-
MENT and in six days I
was out to work again.
I think it the best lini-
ment made."

Minard's Liniment
always gives satis-
faction. For any
ache or pain. It
gives instant relief.
Minard's Liniment
Co., Limited
Yarmouth, - N.S.

The BLACK BOX by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Novelized from the Photo-play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal
Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of
the world, finds that in bringing to justice
Maddougal, the murderer of Lord Ash-
leigh's daughter, he has but just begun a
life-and-death struggle with a mysterious
master criminal. In a hidden hut in Pro-
fessor Ashleigh's garden he has seen an
ape skeleton and a living creature, half
monkey, half man, destroyed by fire. In
his rooms have appeared black boxes con-
taining notes, signed by a pair of armless
hands. Laura and Lenora, his assistants,
suspect Craig, the professor's servant, of
a double murder. The black boxes con-
tinue to appear in uncanny fashion. Craig
is trapped, but escapes to England, where
Quest, Lenora and the professor follow
him. Lord Ashleigh is murdered by the
Hands. Craig is captured and escapes to
Port Said, where Quest and his party also
go, and beyond into the desert. They are
captured by Mongers, among whom Craig
seems to be in authority, escape with
Craig as their captive and are rescued by
British troops.

TWELFTH INSTALLMENT.

CHAPTER XXV.

'NEATH IRON WHEELS.

Side by side they leaned over the
rail of the steamer and gazed shore-
wards at the slowly unfolding scene
before them. For some time they had
all preserved an almost ecstatic si-
lence.

"Say, but it's good to see home
again!" Laura sighed at last.

"I'm with you," Quest agreed em-
phatically. "It's the wrong side of
the continent, perhaps, but I'm aching
to set my foot on American soil again."

"This the wrong side of the con-
tinent! I should say not!" Laura ex-
claimed, pointing to where in the dis-
tance the buildings of the exposition
gleamed almost snow white in the daz-
zling sunshine. "Why, I have never
seen anything so beautiful in my life."

"I guess there's one of us here,"
Quest observed. "Who is none too
pleased to see America again?"

Lenora shivered a little. They were
all grave.

Quest moved slowly down the deck
towards Craig's side, and touched him
on the arm.

"Give me your left wrist, Craig," he
said quietly.

The man slunk away. There was a
sudden look of horror in his white
face. He started back, but Quest was
too quick for him. In a moment there
was the click of a handcuff, the mate
of which was concealed under the
criminologist's cuff.

They stepped along the deck to-
wards the rest of the party. Lenora
handed her glasses to Quest.

"Do look, Mr. Quest," she begged.
"There is Inspector French standing
in the front row on the dock, with two
enormous bunches of flowers—carnations
for me, I expect, and poinsettias for
Laura. They're the larger bunch."

Quest took the glasses and nodded.
Slowly the great steamer drifted
nearer and nearer to the docks, hats
were waved from the little line of
spectators, ropes were drawn taut.

The inspector was standing at the
bottom of the gangway as they all
passed down. He shook hands with
everyone vigorously. Then he pre-
sented Lenora with her carnations and
Laura with the poinsettias. Lenora
was enthusiastic. Even Laura mur-
mured a few words of thanks.

"Some flowers, those poinsettias,"
the inspector agreed.

Quest gripped him by the arm.

"French," he said, "I tell you I shall
make your hair curl when you hear all
that we've been through. Do you feel
like having me start in right away,
on our way to the cars?"

French withdrew his arm.

"Nothing doing," he replied. "I
want to talk to Miss Laura. You can
stow that criminal stuff. It'll wait all
right. You've got the fellow—that's
what matters!"

Quest exchanged an amused glance
with Lenora. The inspector and Laura
fell a little behind. The former took
off his hat for a moment and fanned
himself.

"Say, Miss Laura," he began, "I'm
a plain man, and a poor hand at
speeches. I've been saying a few nice
things over to myself on the dock here
for the last hour, but everything's
gone right out of my head. Look
here, it sums up like this: How do
you feel about quitting this bunch
right away and coming with me to
New York?"

"What do I want to go to New
York for?" Laura demanded.

"Oh, come on, Miss Laura, you know
what I mean," French replied. "We'll
slip off and get married here and then
take this man Craig to New York. Once
get him safely in the Tombs and we'll
go off on a honeymoon anywhere
you say."

Laura was on the point of laughing
at him. Then the unwonted serious-
ness of his expression appealed sud-
denly to her sympathy. She patted
him kindly on the shoulder.

"You're a good sort, inspector, but
you've picked the wrong girl. I've run
along on my own hook ever since I
was born, I guess, and I can't switch
my ideas over to this married stuff.
You better get a move on and get
Craig back to New York before he

slips us again. I'm going to stay here
with the bunch."

The inspector sighed. His face had
grown long and the buoyancy had
passed from his manner.

They found the others waiting for
them at the end of the great wooden
shed. Quest turned to French.

"Look here, French," he said, "you
know I don't want to hurry you off
but I don't know what we're going to
do with this fellow about in San Fran-
cisco. We don't want to lodge two
charges, and we should have to put
him in jail tonight. Why don't you
take him on right away? There's a
limited goes by the southern route in
an hour's time."

French assented gloomily.

"That suits me," he agreed. "You'll
be glad to get rid of the fellow, too,"
he added.

They drove straight to the depot,
found two vacant seats in the train,
and Quest, with a little sigh of relief,
handed over his charge.

"Now for a little holiday," Quest de-
clared, passing Lenora's arm through
his. "We'll just have a look around
the city and then get down to San
Diego and take a look at the exposi-
tion there. No responsibilities, no one
to look after, nothing to do but enjoy
ourselves."

Quest and Lenora turned away from
the window of the hotel, out of which
they had been gazing for the last
quarter of an hour.

"It's too beautiful," Lenora sighed.
Quest stood for a moment shaking
his head. The professor, with a pile
of newspapers stretched out before
him, was completely engrossed in
their perusal. Laura, who had been
sitting in an armchair at the farther
end of the apartment, was apparently
deep in thought.

"Say, you two are no sort of people
for a holiday," Quest declared. "As
for you, Laura, I can't think what's
come over you. You never opened
your mouth at dinner time, and you sit
there now looking like nothing on
earth."

"I am beginning to suspect her," Len-
ora chimed in. "Too bad he had to
hurry away, dear!"

Laura's indignation was not alto-
gether convincing. Quest and Lenora
exchanged amused glances. The for-
mer picked up the newspaper from the
floor and calmly turned out the pro-
fessor's lamp.

"Look here," he explained, "this is
the first night of our holiday. I'm go-
ing to run the party and I'm going to
make the rules. No more newspapers
tonight or for a fortnight. You un-
derstand? No reading, nothing but
frivolity. And no loveliness, Miss
Laura."

"Loveliestness, indeed!" she re-
peated scornfully.

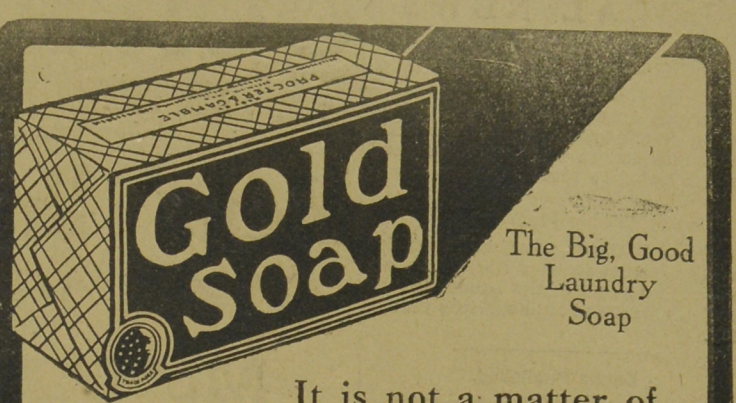
CHAPTER XXVI.

Quest took the dispatch which the
hotel clerk handed to him one after-
noon a fortnight later, and read it
through without change of expres-
sion. Lenora, however, who was by
his side, knew at once that it con-
tained something startling.

"What is it?" she asked.

He passed his arm through hers and
led her down the hall to where the
professor and Laura were just wait-
ing for the lift. He beckoned them to
follow him to a corner of the
lounge.

(To be continued.)



It is not a matter of
imagination, habit or prejudice.
The people who use Gold Soap do
so because they can see that Gold
Soap is a bigger cake and that it does
better work.

Gold Soap is made in Canada in the Procter & Gamble Factories
at Hamilton.

Gold Soap

WOMAN'S COLUMN

WORTH KNOWING.

Devote one evening a week to
looking after your clothes. Brush
and press your skirts. Air and
press your waists. Have a gener-
ous supply of underwear, stockings
and handkerchiefs always on hand
and learn to twist a piece of rib-
bon into a bow and give the right
tilt to the brim of a hat. If you do
this your millinery bills will never
be high.

Rumpled skirts and cloudy blous-
es, even though they be of silk or
show hand embroidery, will never
redeem the wearer in the eyes of
the looker-on, but the girl whose
fresh cotton shirt waist shows the
sharp creases of the iron will fa-
vorably impress the most disinter-
ested passer-by.

Keeping one's clothes present-
able means effort, but there is ef-
fort attached to everything worth
while. If we would look as if we
had just stepped out of a band-
box, we must never lag in our ef-
forts to appear refreshingly neat.

To keep an open pail of paint
fresh stir it well to dissolve all the
oil, then fill the pail with water.
When the paint is again needed
for use pour off the water.

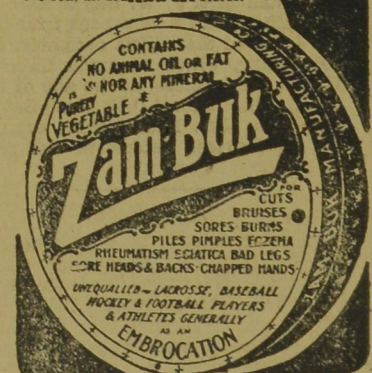
Before using table oilcloth paste
at each corner of the wrong side
a square of cotton material. This
will prevent the unsightly crack-
ing of the corners which so often
comes long before the body of the
cloth shows any sign of wear.

PINEAPPLE SHERBET.

Two cups grated, or canned pine-
apple, 2 cups sugar, 1 cup water,
juice of 1 lemon, whites of 2 eggs.
Mix syrup of sugar and water;
cool, add the pineapple and lemon
juice; partially freeze; the add well
beaten egg white; finish freezing;
ripen well.

If you suffer from
this painful malady,
apply Zam-Buk. It
is purely herbal,
quickly eases the
dull, gnawing
pain, stops bleed-
ing, ends the
irritation, and
in a short
time com-
pletely and per-
manently
cures.
Zam-Buk
should be
in every
home.

Mrs. C.
Hanson,
Poplar,
B.C., says:
"I suffered
for years with
bleeding piles.
The pain was
often so bad I
could hardly walk.
I tried remedy after
remedy, and finally
underwent an op-
eration, but only got
temporary relief. At
last I tried Zam-Buk.
Perseverance with this
completely cured me and
there has been no return of
the trouble."
50c box, all druggists and stores.



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