



Author of "Tiger Standish," "The Evil Chateau," Etc.

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GUTTA PERCHA TIRES

for quick STARTS



and sure STOPS



PERFECT GRIP

Safety Razors the Only Kind Made in Dominion

The fashion amongst men of the present day to shave their faces clear of hair is not new.

Of late years the safety razor has become very popular, but the old-fashioned straight affair with the loose handle has still a large army of devotees.

However, most of the safety razor blades sold in Canada, as well as safety razors and strops, are made in the Dominion.

This information comes from reports issued by the Metallurgical and External Trade Branches of the Dominion Bureau of Statistics, Department of Trade and Commerce.

Every drop passes fourteen tests for purity

CANADA DRY

The Champagne of Ginger Ales

Now available in new handy home packages

BE BEAUTIFUL By ELSIE PIERCE FAMOUS BEAUTY EXPERT



Adopt a simplified diet following the principles Miss Pierce has outlined in this series. Then spend a goodly portion of your time in exercise. JEAN HARLOW finds golf interesting and beneficial.

Specimen Diets for Reducing

On Monday we referred to No. 1 or 5 p.c., and No. 2 or 10 p.c. vegetables. Let's see what they are.

- Dinner: 6 oysters, 1 small broiled lamb chop, 1 tablespoon young cooked green peas, 1 small lettuce head, 1 uniced biscuit, 1 demi tasse, 1 peach.

Cent-A-Mile To TORONTO

Hamilton Smithville, Dunnville Welland Buffalo, Galt Woodstock London, Kitchener Guelph Chatham Windsor and Detroit and return Going Thursday, August 20 (By T. & N.O. Train No. 2 and Connections) RETURNING UP TO Sunday, August 23

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE TORONTO

Upper School for Boys from 14-18. Preparatory School 8-14. For Boarders and Day Boys. Boys prepared for Business, Universities and Royal Military College.

Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Paul Marve, an eccentric inventor and genius, perfects an implement of war so terrible that he imagines he has the world at his mercy.

But Sir Harker Bellamy, head of the important branch of the British Intelligence, "Q-1," persuades the British Cabinet to have Marve over from Paris so that he may discuss his invention with various experts.

After reporting to Sir Harker, Renton adds, "Our old friend 'The Priest' is back in London!"

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY. CHAPTER IV THE END COACH

Peter Renton awaited the arrival of the channel steamer with mingled feelings of excitement and trepidation.

Sir Harker Bellamy had put it this way: "You shall go down to Dover to meet this man, Peter, because I believe in giving a reward for good work done.

He had understood very well; it was part of Bellamy's definite policy—once he had made sure that the other was worthy of his trust—to pile one responsibility after another on this luckless individual's shoulders.

self would remain. In each of the neighbouring compartments Q.1 men armed with revolvers and ready to use them, would be seated.

The scene all around him was an animated one. Amongst the crowd on the quayside were a number of soldiers and officers waiting for the London express.

But before he could speak to the chaplain—for this had been his intention—a soldier approached the officer and smartly saluted.

"I have found your kit, sir," he said; "shall I see it through the Customs?"

Renton remained where he was. The insane—or was it insane?—thought had occurred to him that this fussing Army chaplain might possibly be his old enemy The Priest—Pierre Laroche, to wit.

Renton checked himself from making an obvious reply. He might very well have answered: "Well, they don't appear to have done you much harm so far," he reflected.

Had she identified him with the poverty-stricken insurance agent who had called on her in Paris two days before? It did not seem likely—but on the other hand there was her fixed and it seemed, semi-hostile scrutiny.

Renton, ignoring the statement of Marve, now endeavoured to interest the girl. She was worth interesting, he decided; although straight off the boat after a rough crossing, she looked even more attractive than when he had seen her in Paris a couple of days before.

mademoiselle?" he asked. The reply was not very encouraging. "I was born in London," she said.

"Your French is so good that I hope you will excuse my mistake?" A short inclination of the head was her only reply.

"Everything seems to be okay, sir," he said. "The compartment next to Williams and Bentley is occupied by an army chaplain and three soldiers."

"No—nothing." But all the same a momentary doubt flashed through his mind; it was strange that that army chaplain should have selected the compartment so close—

"No, sir—third." "The soldiers are with him?" "Yes, sir."

At that moment the train started. If he had not pledged himself to stay with his two charges, Renton would have gone along to take a look at the democratic-minded army officer; as it was, he returned to his carriage and resumed his seat.

"What has happened?" called the girl, looking across at Renton.

The signals must be against us," he replied, "there's no need to be worried." Nevertheless, some of the misgivings which Elsie Norris was feeling must have been passed to him for he glanced to the left where the Q.1 man on guard in the corridor should have been standing.

The train had stopped in a cutting. Some gangers were working on the line. Everything on the surface appeared normal, and yet there were two circumstances which made Renton feel uneasy.

He'd have a word with Bentley—the man in the next compartment. But to Renton's amazement when he looked into the carriage the latter was empty. What was this? An Italian vanishing trick out of an old Maskeyne and Devant show?

An odour which Peter was not able to give a name, but which was vaguely familiar, stung his nostrils as he bent down to pull out the striken man from beneath the seat.

And then, as he got a grip on Bentley's leg, a crashing blow descended on to his head from behind—and, dead to the world, he fell to the floor by the side of his unconscious assistant.

The coup had been well planned. Pierre Laroche as he watched the remainder of the train speed away after the last coach had been uncoupled, smiled like a man who had seen a great deed succeed without a hitch.

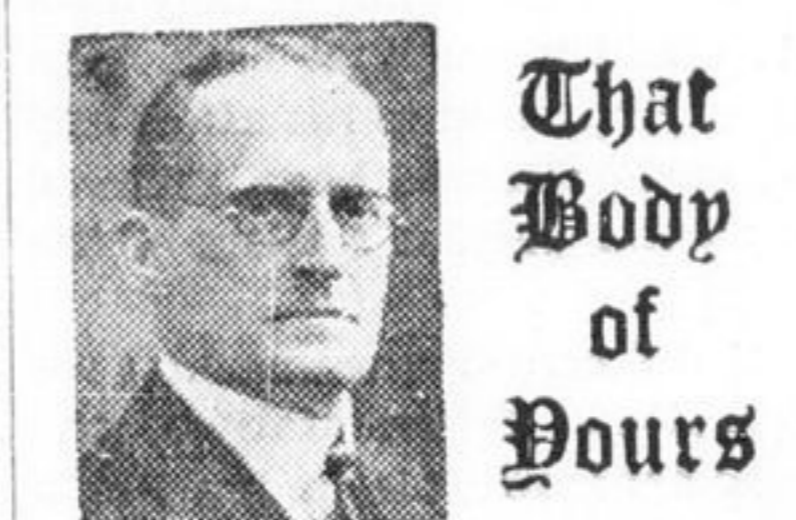
It had really been quite simple—although the audacity of the plan would have left the average person breathless. The first thing had been to ascertain on what boat Paul Marve and his daughter—quite pretty this girl; well he could always find a use for attractive girls!—was crossing.

It had all worked out very well. The supposed soldiers whom he was believed to be escorting from Dover to London had looked and behaved like real soldiers; the other members of his organizations had looked and behaved like real gangsters at the Headsford cutting, the guard in the corridor had succumbed very quickly to the drugged cigarettes that had been planted on him and, overtaken by nausea, had sought refuge in the lavatory, there to crash his head against the basin in the act of falling; the other Q.1 man in the nearest carriage had had his face turned when he—Laroche, had noiselessly tird the ammonia-charged gun. . . . Yes, it had all developed very smoothly. But, then, wasn't he Pierre Laroche?

Elsie Norris had started to scream when she first caught sight of the man dressed as a British soldier who was threatening her with a revolver, but quickly any thoughts for her own safety were forgotten in the greater anxiety. Paul Marve, now an unconscious figure, was being carried out of the carriage by two other men both dressed as soldiers. The young man who was to have seen them safely to London had disappeared!

MIGHTY DRAMA of Sight and Sound. CANADIAN NATIONAL EXHIBITION TORONTO. AUG. 28 SEPT. 12. Includes photos of people and exhibition scenes.

Huntingdon Gleaner:—The first long-distance television telephone is now in regular operation between Leipzig and Berlin. There are several television-telephone booths in both towns open to the public, and in these, two persons can talk over a distance of more than 100 miles and at the same time see each other a small screen. A conversation costs \$1.50 for three minutes.



By James W. Barton, M.D., Toronto

Cancer is Curable Though the Cause is Unknown

When we read that cancer is increasing and that its cause is still unknown it is naturally very discouraging, especially when we know that in every civilized country scientists are trying to find the cause and cure of cancer.

It must be admitted that cancer comes so quietly, in such an innocent form—a simple lump, a slow or non-healing sore—that the patient is not apt to treat it seriously.

Sometimes, however, and for no known reason, some of these tiny cells go on a rampage; they multiply and develop much faster than any of the surrounding cells; they spread in every direction and destroy any cells that may be in their way.

The "danger" signals by which cancer may be recognized early are (a) a sore anywhere on the body which shows no tendency to heal within a week; (b) any abnormal thickening or swelling which the patient may see or feel; (c) continuous indigestion; (d) blood in the urine, or bleeding from other organs.

Kidnapping Reported at Cochrane Last Week

Elzsa Charron, a young man who was married some three weeks ago, and who resides some five miles from Cochrane, reported to the police last week that he had been kidnapped and held for a couple of days and nights with little to eat in the meantime.

Ottawa Journal:—A man who can play the fiddle but doesn't is always a desirable neighbour.