

If You Want To Know What "An Easy Shave" Feels Like, Use the "New Process" Blades

NO doubt you thought perfection had been reached when you shaved with the Gillette Safety Razor and the usual Gillette Blade. We thought so, too—at first. But four years ago, we started out to make a better blade. That was a big undertaking.

First of all, we were then using the hardest steel that the greatest steel makers in the world could produce. We set experts at work to create a new steel, that would take a keener shaving edge than had yet been possible and still be rolled as thin as a sheet of paper.

It took nearly three years before our steel experts perfected the formula for this super-fine steel.

Then the tempering process had to be regulated to give increased hardness to the steel. And finally, automatically regulated machines had to sharpen the blades on both sides with unswerving precision.

All this was accomplished in four years. To-day, we offer you, in "New Process" Blades, the *keenest, most durable razor edge that the world has ever known.*

If you want to realize what a real easy shave feels like—if you want to enjoy, to the full, the supreme luxury of an absolutely smooth, comfortable shave—get a box of "New Process" Blades on your way home and shave with one in the morning.

"New Process" Blades are put up in handsome nickel-boxes, which hermetically seal themselves when closed—and which make convenient match-boxes when empty. 12 "New Process" Blades (24 shaving edges) for a dollar.

Gillette Safety Razor and 12 "New Process" Blades, \$5. At leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores, or from

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA LIMITED. - MONTREAL.

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING NO HONING

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Hotel York New York



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\$2.00 to \$4.00, with private bath

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In all sizes and styles, and different weights to suit the constitution of the wearer.

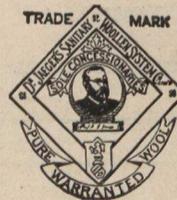
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Jaeger Underwear has warmth without undue weight.

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TRADE MARK



CANADA'S TEN BIGGEST MEN—No Fees, No Prizes.

Send in your ballots at once and help influence the late voters. Any resident of the Dominion, male or female, over 21 years of age may vote. Don't vote for more than ten, otherwise your ballot will be disallowed. See page 12, issue of October 31st. Address: VOTING COMPETITION, CANADIAN COURIER, TORONTO.

IN ANSWERING THESE ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THE "CANADIAN COURIER."

as she calls it, keeps peeling off and showing the raw material underneath. Why, when her husband introduced me to her she shook hands and simply said, 'Mrs. Green,' and added that she was glad to see me in her home." As I did not show due horror at this *faux pas*, Cynthia continued, "She has evidently been told that perfect ladies make three distinct words of 'notatall' instead of running them all together as most of us do, and that it is dictionary elegance to speak of one's 'nevew.' Perhaps you would have been imposed upon by those trademarks of acquired cultivation, but I should have liked her much better if she had remained the nice, simple little country girl nature intended her to be."

"Well, but her husband, now," I began. "There's no pretense about him."

"Not a bit!" my wife rejoined with misleading heartiness. "He wears just the kind of ring that railroad conductors always wear, and he says 'culch-er' quite frankly, and swallows in the middle of the word; besides, no one that tries to cover up his mouth with his hand when he laughs could possibly be called pretentious."

At last in desperation I brought home a man whose business path sometimes crosses mine. He has not the strictest sense of honour, nor the highest regard for truth, nor the most refined brand of humour when he is with his own sex. In fact, he is a man whom other men call a cad, yet he is not without personal attractions, chief among which is an enviable sense of ease in whatever circle he finds himself—particularly if that circle be largely feminine. This specimen I cautiously submitted to Cynthia's all-seeing eye.

"There!" she exclaimed, almost before the door had slammed after him, "that is a gentleman! Oh Jack, don't you *feel* the difference? Don't you see that a man like that can say things that in some people would be—well, almost questionable—and yet in him they're all right just because he has that indefinable something—"

But I could stand it no longer. "He has that definable something which makes every man who knows him distrust him," I began; but I heard her murmuring, "Unconscious jealousy," and I knew that my words would be wasted.

"The truth is, my dear Cynthia," I said in a fatherly tone, but without caring to meet her eye, "you are like all of your sex, absolutely illogical. A man knows a gentleman when he sees one even if his teeth do grow out of his gums and his hair out of his head. Men are better judges of human nature than women."

"Do you mean to say that you seriously place a man's clumsy reasoning above a woman's delicate intuitions?" Cynthia asked incredulously.

"I do," I responded heartily.

"Now who shall arbitrate?" quoth Cynthia. "Ten men love what I hate." When she wishes to annoy me particularly she quotes Browning at me.

"I have decided to submit the question to a Club I know of," I answered grandly. "It is composed of ladies of cultyur and gentlemen of culch-er." Then, with a sudden stroke of genius, I added, "You have probably never heard of the Club; your invisible antennæ don't reach so far. It's on the other side of the Atlantic."

A small Londoner, being asked to say who the Pharisees were, replied: "The Fareses are a very mingy, measly lot. One day one of them gave Our Lord a penny and Our Lord took it in His hand and looked at it with scorn and said, 'Whose subscription is this?'"