



## Field, Stream and Road

How strange the old-time pictures of sport would look today—baseball teams boasting at least half-dozen sets of whiskers—full-bearded cricketers—champions of the scull with their chins concealed.

Today the athlete knows the importance of the well-shaven chin. He is conscious that he is most keen when he is well-groomed—just as is the business man and the soldier.

For men who love outdoor life and sports, men of virile minds and active bodies, we have designed a Gillette Safety Razor with an extra stocky handle—the "Bulldog" Gillette, shown to the left.

Not that the Gillette needs a sturdy grasp. A light touch, with the angle stroke, removes the most stubborn beard with surprising comfort.

But there is a certain appeal in the thicker handle of the "Bulldog". Ask to see this special set and appreciate the point for yourself.

The case, you will notice, is almost as compact as the famous Pocket Edition Gillette, and the price is the same, \$5.00. Sold by all dealers catering to men's needs.

MADE IN CANADA  
The "BULLDOG" Set includes oval Morocco Case with two blade boxes to match, and 12 double-edged blades.

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

# Gillette

## Safety Razor

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"In fact, my dear Clytie," she remarked, "we will, as Per—I mean Lord Stanton said, paint the gay little village a brilliant red."

They went into the drawing-room with Mollie's arm round Clytie's waist; and Mollie indulged in a few waltz turns before she released Clytie and playfully thrust her into a chair. Then she went to the piano and rattled off a waltz, humming the air in her thin, clear voice.

"I suppose it's too soon to have a dance here. Oh, yes; of course it is," she said. "But we will have one in the not far distant future. I don't know whether Lord Stanton can dance. It is to be hoped so; there are not too many young men in the locality. We might have one in the spring; it's not far off now. I suppose it's a long time since the Hall resounded with the music of the harp and the loud bassoon. We might have a fancy-dress dance," she went on, gaily, still strutting, her head on one side, her lips parted with a smile of prospective enjoyment. "You'd look stunning as let's see—Dawn, or the Rising Star, or the White Lily, and I could dress as the Daughter of the Regiment, or Mary, Queen of Scots; curly hair, you know; and Lord Stanton could make up as a Monkey at the Zoo or the Little Boy Blue. Mr. Hesketh Cartwright could come as the Assassin of the Period; he'd look the part. What?"

Clytie did not answer, and after a moment or two, Mollie looked round. Clytie was lying back in her chair, with her hands hanging limply by her side, her eyes were closed, her face—only a few hours ago Mollie had declared to be blooming—was very pale.

"Clytie!" cried Mollie. "Are you asleep?" No answer came; Clytie did not stir. Mollie swung off the stool and stood looking at her sister for a moment with some surprise, for Clytie was not given to falling asleep after dinner; then she went to her and shook her gently by the shoulder; but Clytie did not wake, and Mollie, with a vague fear, bent over her and called to her loudly. After a moment or two, Clytie seemed to hear, and opening her eyes, gazed vacantly up at Mollie's now anxious face. Mollie drew a breath of relief.

"Why, Clytie, you deserve to be called the Eighth Sleeper. I never saw any one sleep so soundly!" Clytie smiled, but her face was still pale and her eyes looked heavy. She rose, and staggered slightly and fell back into the chair again with a deep sigh.

"What's the matter? Are you ill?" demanded Mollie, with a poor attempt at a laugh.

"I'll be," replied Clytie. "I am only sleepy. And my head aches a little. She passed her hand languidly over her forehead and closed her eyes, but opened them again and tried to laugh. "I feel so strange; as if—as if I had suddenly lost all my strength."

"You've got indigestion," said Mollie, with a brusque, kindly only partially concealed her anxiety. "It must have been something we had for dinner; or did you eat some of those hideous scones for tea?"

Clytie laughed; but it was a faint and wavering laugh.

"As it happens, I did not," she said. "I wasn't hungry. So they are blameless. Have the lights gone down; the room seems darker."

"The lights are all right," said Mollie, curiously. "What is the matter with you? I shall send for Doctor Morton."

"You will do nothing of the kind," said Clytie, forcing a smile. "I shall be all right in a minute. Ring for a glass of water for me, dear."

Mollie rang, and the footman brought the water; and Clytie drank some and nodded at Mollie reassuringly.

"I'm quite all right now," she said. "I can't think what was the matter with me; I was just a little tired."

"You are still pale; and your hands are quite cold," said Mollie, taking them in her own warm ones and rubbing them tenderly. "You'd better go to bed."

"I think I had," assented Clytie, laughing. "It is the best place for a person who is behaving so ridiculously as I am."

Mollie went up with her, and, dismissing the maid, helped Clytie to undress; and, despite Clytie's remonstrances, insisted upon sitting beside her until she fell asleep. It was some time before Clytie awoke; and at first her sleep was broken by fits of starting and difficulties of breathing, but at last she fell into a profound

# READY TO SERVE AND GOOD TO EAT

## CLARK'S CANADIAN BOILED DINNERS

W. CLARK LIMITED MONTREAL

fallen in love with Hesketh Cartwright and accepted him? He, Jack, did not like Hesketh, and had had a row with him; but that did not prevent Hesketh from being a good-looking fellow and probably a decent enough chap, excepting in the matter of temper; and as regards temper, Jack was certainly not in a position to throw stones.

He fell asleep at last, which was the best thing he could have done; and he did not wake until the train ran into the terminus. He found London wrapped in one of its own particular fogs; and the state of the weather did not tend to raise Jack's exceedingly low spirits. Fortunately, in his hand, he not to join, hardly having anything but the bag he carried in his hand, he had not to join in the disgraceful scrimmage which goes on round the luggage-van of every arriving train; and he at once made his way into the street, and, walking rather for the sake of change than economy, went to a quiet and inexpensive hotel in one of the streets off the Strand; it was called Harper's, and was used principally by colonials. Jack had not been there before, but was welcomed by the old-fashioned landlady, and given a small but clean and neatly-furnished room.

He had resolved—let us say, half-resolved—to return to Parraluna at once; but, very naturally, he felt very loath to do so. It seemed to him that by leaving England he would cut himself from all hope, would definitely resign Clytie; and, though he told himself there was no chance for him, he shrank from this definite step; besides, he also shrank from the long voyage in which he would have nothing to do but to think of her, to dwell upon all he had lost; he was filled with a spirit of restlessness, and he decided that he would remain in London for a time and try to drown his unhappiness in the noise and turmoil of the great city. Lord Stanton's liberal cheque had supplied him with plenty of money, and, as may be easily understood, he had a craving to lose, for a time, at any rate, his identity, the character of fisherman and laborer.

Some men might have been tempted to plunge into dissipation, but Jack was not built that way; and even if he had been, the truth and purity of his love for Clytie would have saved him from such folly and madness. (To be continued.)

ASSESSMENT SYSTEM.  
**Canadian Order of Chosen Friends**  
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Whole Family Insurance.

The Order furnishes insurance to its members at Ontario Government Standard rates. For full information write to any of the following: J. L. Davidson, Grand Councillor; W. F. Montague, Grand Recorder; W. F. Campbell, J. H. Bell, M. D., Grand Organizer; HAMILTON, ONTARIO.

**Pluck and Luck In Air Fights**

Many fine pilots, both German and British, were shot down in aerial combat on the Western front through over-confidence and pure bad luck.

One of the most glaring exhibitions of carelessness that ended in disaster was a display in the last month of the war by Captain Baron von Schroeder, of the German Imperial flying corps. He paid for his over-confidence with his life.

A British artillery aeroplane was sent out about noon to locate and destroy two German batteries the other side of the line. This was to be done by means of artillery fire. The artillery was cutting it off. They attacked, and the British pilot "stuck his nose down" and dove straight into the formation.

They tore through the astonished patrol the pilot and observer both got a good view of the machine. They were all Fokker biplanes painted black, pink and white.

Fokkers turned quickly and soon overtook the laboring Britisher. They attacked singly and then in groups, the observer reporting heavily hit to no effect. Meanwhile the pilot (both he and the observer were Canadians from Toronto) kept firing the "buns" around to throw off the aim of the enemy pilots. It was a running fight.

By some miracle neither the pilot nor observer were hit, although the wings, fuselage and tail were riddled. The observer tried hard to down one, but the fast Hun scooped his sights.

"If the Fokker dives on your tail and hooks up to the right, go after him. He'll hang on for a minute. That advice had been given the observer by a famous pilot a few days before, and he remembered it. "If one only does, watch men," said the grim observer.

The Fokker of all who had been taking shots at the English machine from all angles, he now turned up and climbed behind the RED just out of shot of the observer. Suddenly he "stuck his nose down" and dove straight into the British machine. He got very close; the observer was hanging away hard. But, strangely enough, neither scored.

The Hun pulled up, climbing hard to the right.

The observer sat down calmly on his stool, took careful aim between the wheels of the enemy machine, and pressed the trigger. The Hun rolled over, dived vertically, and started to spin rapidly. The rest of the Huns, dazed by the fall of their leader, drew off, and gave the delighted British machine a lead good enough to get away. Had they kept on at the artillery bus he most certainly would have become their victim.

The Hun spun all the way to the ground, and as he struck burst into a great sheet of flames. A week later when the territory was captured, the British found a small oak cross behind the charred wreck of a German aeroplane, and on the cross was inscribed in German: "Here rests Captain Baron von Schroeder, German Imperial Flying Corps. Victor in forty-two aerial engagements with the British and French."

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# ROYAL YEAST CAKES

There is more energy in a pound of good bread made in the home with Royal Yeast Cakes than in a pound of meat. Bread making is a simple operation and requires no previous experience. Full instructions in Royal Yeast Bake Book, mailed free on request.

E. W. GILLETTE CO. LTD. TORONTO

In one of the greatest air battles of the war, the great dog fight in which the famous Captain Baron Richthofen was shot down by Captain Brown, D. S. O., D. E. C., a Canadian, a rank German beginner shot down a promising young Toronto flight commander. It was a pure fluke, and the worst luck possible.

This gallant young Canadian in an S. E. coast type of British scout, was having a fine time in that famous "dog fight." His companions told afterwards of how he had shot three down and forced two to quit the fight. He was seen diving vertically on another Hun. From outside the main fight a wary enemy machine started both guns cracking. They kept on going, both spitting tracers at nothing. But down came that young Canadian's sights on a Hun below, and straight through that flow of bullets he went. His machine burst into flames.

And the Hun who had shot him down kept straight along, both guns playing away at nothing. He was in a funk. One of the young Canadian's comrades at once dived on this machine and shot it down with no show of resistance from the enemy.

On another occasion a British reconnaissance formation, bound over the lines encountered thick grey clouds at the altitude at which they had hoped to fly. The leader signalled, and they went down beneath the clouds. One of the observers, to test his machine gun, fired into a cloud bank.

His amazement knew no bounds when from beneath the clouds the remains of an enemy aeroplane came tumbling down. They were to have been ambushed, for in the east of that cloud the patrol discovered five enemy machines.

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