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write to Lydia Lynn, Mass., of many years



How strange the old-time pictures of sport would look today—baseball teams boasting at least half-a-dozen sets of whir-kers—fullbearded 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 Gillettes, and the price is the same, \$5.00.

Gillette > MARI>

Gillette Safety Razor

# SIR WILLIAM'S

She told her some of her little troubles in connection with the management of the estate, plainly revealing her newly found interest; and they talked for some time, Hesketh giving her the benefit of his advice. The teacame in while they were still talking, and he reached for his hat; but Clytic, promptly.

"Ah! you're getting too clever to live," said Mollie. "You've guessed rish the very first time, with the exception of one word. She has asked us; you don't suppose she would leave you out, leave you here alone!"

"You all dend for Doctor Morton."

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

Mollie rang, and the footman brought the water; and Clytic drank some and nodded at Mollie reassuring-live," said Mollie. "You've guessed right the very first time, with the exception of one word. She has asked us; you don't suppose she would leave you out, leave you here alone!"

"You are still pale; and your hands"

at his watch, he yielded.

There was the usual dish of tempting but, it is to be feared, indigestible There was the usual dish of tempting but, it is to be feared, indigestible tot scones; and Clytie, having poured out the tea, rose to put the dish of cakes within the fender.

"Oh, pray, allow me!" said Hesketh, rights on the control of the contr

rising quickly

"Oh, don't trouble," she said. "It is better to keep them warm, isn't it?" She knelt beside the fire and moved the old-fashioned fire-irons to make a place for the dish. With his eyes fixed on her back and a sudden pallor in his face, Hesketh's hand went quickly to his breast pocket; then it hovered for a second over the tea-try. fixed on her back and a sudden pallor in his face, Hesketh's hand went quickly to his breast pocket; then it hovered for a second over the tea-tray and returned to his pocket. When she had returned to her place, he was leaning back in his chair some little distance from the table and regarding a memorandum he had made of some of the things they had been discussing. Their conversation took a lighter turn, and he laughed quite lighter and more cheerful than she had ever seen him; it was evident that he was not brooding over her refusal of him.

She was at the piano, playing, when

She was at the piano, playing, when

She was at the piano, playing, when Mollie came in, splashed with mud but brimming over with high spirits.

"Have you enjoyed yourself, dear?" asked Clytie over her shoulder. "But it is scarcely necessary to ask."

"Oh, yes, we had a high old time—as Lord Stanton would say," she added quickly. "We've been playing billiards. And Lady Mervyn marked for us. If I thought I should be as charming as she is at her age, Clytie, I don't think I should object to grow-

Where Service is not Sacrificed to Size

it be delightful, Clytie! Think of a time in London, in a jolly little house in Mayfair, with theatres and concerts and shopping, and a carriage to take us about, instead of the useful but promiscuous penny 'bus we used to patronize! It will do you all the good

resuming her playing.

Mollie made a grimace. "You are right to say only Mr. Carton; he does not count. Strange how I dislike that man! All right—all right; I'm not going to enlarge upon it! And I sup-pose he stayed to tea and purred like a cat? Thank Evings, I was out!" She waltzed to the door; but as she passed out she looked over her shoul-

der and said:

"Oh, Percy asked me\_\_\_\_"

"Who?" demanded Clytie, with raised eyebrows.

Mollie blushed, but shrugged her

Mollie blushed, but shrugged ner shoulders defiantly. "Sorry, Clytie! Caught it from Lady Merwyn. But you must admit hei's just the kind of boy to answer to Percy." She mimicktd Lady Mervyn's affectionate way of pronouncing the name. "Well. Lord pronouncing the name. "Well. Lord Stanton, if you insist upon it, asked me to tell you that there is no news of Jack Douglas."

Clytie looked straight at the piano. "Oh," she said, quietly, "did he expect any?"

"I don't know," replied Mollie. "If

"I don't know," replied Mollie. "If he did, he was doomed to disappointment. That remarkable young man has vanished into the Ewigkeit. Do you know what that means?"

"Yes," replied Clytie, rather gravely. "Well, I don't; and I don't want to know. Good-by, Miss Bluestocking."

The two girls chatted brightly through the dinner, Mollie reveiling in the anticipatory ioy of their visit to the anticipatory joy of their visit to London, and planning with minute detail a large amount of theatregoing

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

No answer came; Clytle did not stir. Mollie swung off the stool and stood looking at her sister for a moment with some surprise, for Clytic was not given to falling asleep after dinner; then she went to her and shook her geutly by the choulder; but Clytic did not wake, and Mollic, with shook her gently by the choulder; 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 Eleeper. I never saw any one sleep so soundly!"

Clytie smiled, but her face was still pale and her eyes looked heavy. She rose, but staggered elightly 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.

"Ill? No," replied Clytie. "I am only sleepy. And my head aches a little." She passed her hand languidly little." She passed her hand languidly clytic laughed. "I am not at all like."

ppened 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 Molie, with a bruskness which only par-

tially concealed her anxiety. "It must have been something we had for din-ner; or did you cat some of those hid-eous scones for tea?" Clytle laughed; but it was a faint

"I can't think what was the matter with me."

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

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

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

"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 waitz 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.

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, galy, still strumming, 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 drees as the Daughter of the Regiment, cr Mary, Queen of Scots; carroty hair, you know; and Lord Stanton could make up as a Monkey at the Zoo or the Little Boy, Blue. Mr. Hesketh Carton could come as the Assasin of the Period; he'd look the part. What?"

Clytle did not answer, and, after a moment or two, Mollie looked round.

pale. "Clytie!" cried Mollie. "Are you

only sleepy. And my head aches a little." She passed her hand languidly over her brow and closed her eyes, but Clytic laughed. "I am not at all like

Clytie laughed. "I am not at all likely to do it again," she said. "I am not one of the fainting sisterhood; I suppose I must have fainted?"

Mollie regarded her thoughtfully. "Yes, I suppose it was a faint," she said; "but whatever it was, don't you do it again, for I don't like it. Oh, no, you won't get up. You'll have breakfast in bed as a punishment for frightening your little sister."

Clytie laughed, but sank down on her pillow again resignedly; for her head still ached, and she felt strangely limp and weak.

CHAPTER XXI.

Jack had anything but a pleasant

Clylie 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, curtly. "What is the matter. with you? I shall send for Doctor Morton."
"You will do nothing of the kind."

CHAPTER XXI.

Jack had anything but a pleasant journey to London; and, as the train was a slow one, he was afforded plenty of time for reflection.

Now, love, especially when it is combined with jealousy, is apt to warp a man's judgment, and it is simpossible for him to see things in their proper porportions. There were, however, moments during that journey in which Jack was visited by gleams of common sense; and he was almost resolved to take the first train back, make known his identity, openly declare his love for Clytle, and fight Hesketh Carton for her in the usual legitimate way; but these gleams were rare, and were obscured by the false pride which is so latent in all of us and which is so latent in all of us and which these gleams were rare, and were obscured by the false pride which is so

found himself.

It seemed to him to be playing it rather low down, now that he had lost Clytie—for he had quite misinterpreted the scene in the conservatory—to return and force her to marry him

but at last she fell into a profound

READY TO

EAT

CLARK'S

CANADIAN

BOILED

DINNER

in all of us, and which was

bound to make itself under the peculiar circumstances in which Jack found himself.

return and force her to marry him or relinquish Bramley and Sir Wil-liam's fortune.

After all, why shouldn't she have

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. SERVE AND weather did not tend to raise Jack's exceedingly low spirits. Fortunately, in his hand, he not to join hrdlu having nothing 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 GOOD

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

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 neaty-furnished room.

He had resolved—let us say, half-resolved—to return to Parraluma at once; but, very naturally, he felt very loath to do so. It seemed to him that by leaving England he would cut himself there was no chance for him, he 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 from the great city. Lord Stanton from the long will be sunhappiness in the noise and turmoil of the great city. Lord Stanton from the long will be sunhappiness in the noise and turmoil of the great city. Lord Stanton from the present change in the had meen, the truth and parity 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 meen, the truth and parity of this love for Clytie would have saved him from such folly and madness.

(To be continued.)

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Sick and Funeral Benefits are also given if desired. The order furnishes insurance to make the country of the countr

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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 glaving exhibitions of carciessness that ended in disaster was displayed in the last month of the war by Captain Baron von Schroeder, of the German Imperial flying Corns. He paid

by Captain Baron von Schroeder, of the German Imperial flying Corps. He paid for it with his life.

A British artillery aeroplane was sent out about noon to locate and destroy two German batteries situated somewhere behind Cambrai. This was to be done by means of artillery fire. The artillery bus found the two batteries. He "took them on" and two of our batteries opened up. Three of the Hun guns were shenced after direct hits on their pits. The weather grew thick and hszy. The job was not completed, so the pilot and observer decided that they would have to work further over the line. A Hun patrol appeared, and then veered off in the mist.

in the suddenly the enemy formation wung around to the west of the artillery swung around to the west of the artillery swung around to the west of the artillery did not be state that the British pilot "stuck his nose down" and dived straight into the formation. As they tore through the astonished partor the pilot and observer both got a good view of the machines. They were all Fokker biplanes painted black, pink and white.

all Fokker biplanes painted black, pink and white.

The Fokkers turned quickly and soon overtook the laboring Britisher. They attacked singly and then in groups, the observer replying heartily, but to no effect. Meanwhile the pilot (both he and the observer were Canadians from Toronto) kept flinging the old "bus" 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, fusilage and tail were riddled. The observer tried hard to down one, but the fast Hun scouts avoided his sights.

"If the Fokker dives on your tail and

server tried hard to down one, but the feast Hun scouts avoided his sights.

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

The leader of the formation, the fastest Fokker of all, who had been taking shots at the English machine from all angles, but his nose up and climbed behind the RES just out of shot of the observer. Suddenly he "stuck his nose down," his guns spitting venomous tracers and explosive bullets at the two Canadians. He got very close; the observer was banging away hard at him. But, strangely enough, neither scored.

The Hun pulled up, climbing hard to the right.

strangely enough, neither scored.

The Hun pulled up, climbing hard to the right.

Ah!—

The observer sat down calmly on his stool, took careful aim between the wheels of the enemy machine, and presed 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 frantry found a small oak cross beside 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."

fallen in love with Hesketh Carton and accepted him? He, Jack, did not like Hesketh, and had had a row with like Hesketh, and had had a row with nim; but that did not prevent Hes-keth from being a good-looking fel-low and probably a decent enough chap, excepting in the matter of temp-er; and as regards temper, Jack was certainly not in a position to throw ROYAI 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 pre-vious experience. Fullinstructions in Royal Yeast Bake Book, mailed free on request.

### TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

Entries close for the 10th Annua Entries close for the 10th Annua Fat Stock Show, to be held at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto or December 11th and 12th, on Novem-ber 24, 1919. Intending exhibitor are requested to make their entries at once to Box 635 West Toronto. En-try forms and premium lists can be had on application.

FLAPPER ORTHOGRAPHY.

Punk, London.)

Boss-How do you spell "income?"
You've got here "i-n-c-u-m."
Flapper-Good heavens! How did ;
come to leave out the "b"?

## TONIC TREATMENT FOR THE NERVES

Neuralgia and Other Severe Ner vous Disorders Cured Through the Blood.

In many severe nervous disorder the best remedy is often a tonic. The most active tonic treatment is re commended by the highest medica authority to arrest the progress o such disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pill are a tonic that acts on the nerve through the blood, which carries to the nerves the elements needed t build them up and restore them to .

normal condition.

Neuralgia, sciatica, nervous head aches and a number of more seven nervous troubles are properly treated by building up the blood with Dr Williams' Pink Pills and are often en tirely cured in this way. If you are nervous you can help yourself by re fusing to worry, by taking proper and sleep, by avoiding excesses and by taking out-of-door exercise. Fo medicine take Dr. Williams Pin medicine take Dr. Williams Pinl Pills and you will soon notice the beneficial effect of this tonic in every part of the system. Miss Annie L. Johnston, R.R. No. 1, Listowel, Ont. is one of the numerous sufferen from nervous troubles who has found a cure through Dr. Williams Pinl Pills. Miss Johnston says:—"For a long time I was a severe sufferen from nervous troubles, with the reservoir sufference of the severe sev from nervous troubles, with the re sult that I grew very pale and weak Medical treatment did not help me and various medicines had no bene ficial effect, until finally a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams Pinl Pills. I began their use and tool the pills regularly for several months with the result that I not only grained in weight, but have recovered my full health and strength. I cannot praise Dr. Williams Pink Pills too highly for what they have done for ma.

To build up the blood there is one remedy that has been a household word for a generation, Dr. William Pink Pills for Pale People. They tone up the entire system, make the blood rich and red, strengthen the nerves increase the appetite nut color in the rich and red, strengthen the nerves increase the appetite, put color in the cheeks and lips and drive away that unnatural, tired feeling. Plenty of sunlight, good wholesome food and fresh air will do the rest. You can get Dr. Williams Pink Pills through any dealer in medicine, or by mat at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

