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Farm Notes.

It does not pay to carry unprofitable stock through a long winter. Get rid of it now.

The farmer who depends upon the dealer for the replenishment of his dairy goes to a dear market.

Buckwheat cakes and sausage gravy are among the things that make the hog so very popular.

Pedigree counts in the selection of live stock, but to pedigree must be added performance. A cow of illustrious lineage which does not make good at the milk-pail might as well be a scrub.

We observe that a great many people who own automobiles still keep their driving horses. One man explained the situation by saying that he likes to drive something that has intelligence.

Profitable hog raising is best attained by providing for two litters a year, something that seldom happened in former times. The new efficiency demands that everything be kept constantly moving.

Rights They Were.

"Now, boys, I want to see if any of you can make a complete sentence out of two words both having the same sound to the ear." First Boy—"I can, Miss Smith." Teacher—"Very well, Robert. Let us hear your sentence. First Boy—"Wright right." Teacher—"Very good." Second Boy—"Say, Miss Smith, I can beat that. I can make three words of it—Wright, write right." Third Boy (excitedly)—"Hear this—Wright, write rite right."

Little Courtesies of War.

The Young Lady (going on a visit across seas, to nervous aunt)—We're all right, Auntie. Don't you worry about us. The voyage is soon over. Besides, I expect we shall have destroyers to look after us. Auntie—That's right. Do, dear, I'm sure it's worth it, even if you do have to pay a little extra!

British Plantation Rubber Is Saving Canada Millions

Low Prices of Rubbers and Overshoes
Due to Britain's Control of Situation

Here in Canada many of us have fallen into the truly Anglo-Saxon habit of considering the "Mother of Parliaments" slow and a bit behind the times. The present price of rubber, when its cause is revealed, affords one of the many proofs that such an opinion is away off the mark.

Thanks to great rubber plantations established, in the face of criticism and ridicule, many years before in her tropical Dominions, Great Britain at the outbreak of war held a firm and tightening grip on the world's supply of raw rubber—a grip reinforced by her dominating navy. From 60% in 1914, the production of these plantations has grown this year to 75% of the whole world's output, leaving only about half the requirements of the United States alone to come from all other sources.

The result has been that the needs of the Allies, enormous though they are, have been plentifully supplied, while Germany has been reduced to registered mails and the "Deutschland" in desperate attempts to mitigate her rubber famine. Neutrals have been allowed all the rubber they want, at prices actually lower than before the war, so long as they prevent any of it from reaching the enemy, while Canada and other parts of the Empire have an abundant supply at equally favorable Government regulated prices.

In this foresight and generosity of the British Government lies the reason why rubber alone, of all the great staples, has not gone up in price—why rubber boots, rubbers and overshoes are as inexpensive as ever, while leather shoes are costing several dollars a pair more. Wearing rubbers or overshoes through this winter to protect these expensive shoes, or rubber farm shoes to replace them, is more than practical thrift—it is grateful patriotism, for in thus saving leather we make it easier for the Government to secure the absolutely necessary supplies of this alarmingly scarce material for our soldiers.

Both Thrift and Patriotism Point to Rubbers!

THROUGH THE DARK SHADOWS

Or The Sunlight of Love

CHAPTER XIII.—(Cont'd.)

"Yes; well, I met him yesterday and promised to intercede for him with you." He laughed harshly. "What fun it is, poor idiot! He shook my hand with profuse expressions of gratitude. Mr. Leroy will back the renewal and you can let it run. Beaumont's second son, Lord Dunford is on his last legs, and the heir won't live another year; we can come down like kites when the gallant Captain has the title and estates. Till then, we'll wait; but stick out for another two-and-a-half per cent. Make the calves bleed, Harker; it will do them and me good."

"About that small matter of the young artist, Wilson, sir?" "Eh! Wilson? Oh, yes. You got instructions to proceed in the usual way to sell him up."

"Yes, sir, that was your order. He called yesterday, and pleaded for another week. His wife is dying, and they are starving. He begs hard for another week—"

"Stuff, another week! the dog means another year. He should have thought of the time for repaying when he was borrowing. Another week—not another day. Start proceedings at once. Mind, I say it. Didn't I hear him call me a parasite from the pavement one night at a ball? Screens have ears, Mr. Wilson, and parasites have memories. Sell him up—do you hear, Harker?"

"I do, sir; it shall be done," replied his servant meekly.

"And now for Leroy's account." With a gleam of fondish delight in his eyes, he scrutinized the figures and statements. "Ah! you are getting them in fast."

"All Mr. Leroy's bills we are getting in—buying up wherever they are met with, sir, according to your instructions."

"Right, get him into your hands—you know how. Be prepared for—you know!"

Mr. Harker inclined his head. "Now for the women. Ah, those dear butterfly creatures will come to the nasty sticky papers; they were meant to catch bluebottles only; well, then, they must take the consequences. What! Lady Merivale—the fair Eveline. Does she want to borrow money?"

"She dabbles in the Stock Exchange. I know her business man; he owes us money, sir, and we know some of his secrets. She has been losing lately, and has deposited her diamonds, sir."

"Her diamonds? The famous Merivale diamonds? Where are they?" "Here, sir," Mr. Harker produced from his long pocket a shallow morocco case which he tendered mechanically to his employer.

Jasper Vermont opened the case, and gazed on its contents with twinkling eyes; then, shutting it with a laugh, he leaned back in his chair, rubbing his smooth fat hands over his chin.

"What will her ladyship do for them, and when were those left? I saw her last night and—by Heaven! she wore—"

"Paste imitations, sir. I had them made up for her. Did you think the counterfeit good?"

"Capital. Oh, isn't it rich! That old idiot must have eyed her proudly, gazing over his famous diamonds on his wife's fair bosom, little guessing they were Mr. Harker's tawdry glass mockeries. Capital, Harker, but take care, take care. Remember the duchess who brought her jewels to pledge, and discovered that they were paste already, and that the duke had done the transmutation before her. Beware!"

"I am careful, sir, I am careful, very; I do not think—I trust—there have been no losses, not even small ones. I do my best to secure your interests."

"Well, I believe you. You keep up the appearances, I hope? Never forget to tell people that you are only a subordinate, that you are acting for others and strictly on the instructions given to you by them. The more you assert it the more they'll think it a falsehood. Keep it up, Harker, and then, well, you know I keep my promises. By the way, how is the little Lucy?"

As he spoke the name, half scornfully, half indifferently, a visible change came over his tool and puppet. His face became paler, if that were possible, his head seemed to drop, his whole figure was expressive of deepest dejection, fear, supplication.

"Well, sir, quite well, and deeply grateful for your kindness," he said, wetting his dry lips.

"Ah! and so she should be, young hussey. A fine thing for her. Married and respectable. If that soft-hearted, simple little husband of hers knew all I know! Strange that I should have dropped on to her and that first lover of hers down in that quiet place. Strange, wasn't it? Now I daresay they thought they were as safe as at the bottom of the sea. Didn't I think that Mr. Jasper Vermont, a friend of the family, could be staying at the same hotel. He ought to have married her, of course. Better that he didn't, eh? Yet that weak, amiable grocer, innocent and unsuspecting, lets her have it all her own way, and be-

lieves her just a little paler and whiter than the angels. Clever little thing, Lucy. Makes him think she loves him. I daresay."

"My poor child loves her husband better than her own life, sir," breathed the father. "She is so happy, they love each other so, and she is my own flesh and blood. Forget that accursed night and the devil that led her astray. Forget that she is anything but the wife of an honest man. Have mercy on her, sir."

"Well, Harker, I will; I am all Mercy. Do your duty by me and I won't go down to tell the story of that night to Lucy's good, trusting husband. But don't ask me to forget, my good fellow, for that's folly. I never forget!"

"Thank you, sir, thank you," Harker said, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "I will do my duty and work day and night in your interests, if you will only spare my child and keep others from knowing of this one false step."

Mr. Jasper Vermont leaned back in his chair, and regarded his servant's agitation with quiet amusement for a few minutes; then he gathered all the papers together, put them away in his desk, and dismissed Mr. Harker with a nod, saying:

"You can go now. Don't forget the Leroy paper, renew Beaumont, but sell up that artist scamp to the last stick and stone. Parasites can bite as well as cling, Mr. Wilson."

CHAPTER XIV.

The afternoon following the race the Castle guests returned to town, Lord Standon amongst them, and as that light-hearted gentleman departed without making any formal proposal for the hand of his young ward, Lord Barminster was greatly puzzled.

All that day he had watched Lady Constance with an unceasing vigilance, of which, fortunately, she was unaware; but he could detect no traces of affection in her intercourse with Lord Standon, nor could he find any reason for her son's despair.

Like a wise man, however, he made no reference whatever to the conversation of the preceding night, for which Adrien was exceedingly grateful, as he felt ashamed of having exposed his real feelings, even to his father.

Instead, therefore, Lord Barminster endeavored to find out the true state of the case from his sister Penelope. That lady, disturbed from her afternoon slumber, was inclined to be testy. As far as she was concerned, she was very much against the idea of Constance marrying anyone, for the girl's presence saved her a great deal of trouble in many ways; the consultations with the housekeeper, the choosing of books, the writing of invitations, these and a hundred other trifles which in the event of Constance's marriage, would be shifted back on to her own shoulders.

Naturally therefore, she considered the suitor who would be less likely to inconvenience her; and he, of course, was Adrien. For if he married Constance, there would be, at least, some time during the year in which she would be at Barminster, and leave Miss Penelope free to resume the novel reading of which she was so inordinately fond. She scoffed, therefore, at any likelihood of Lord Standon's suit, and flatly refused to believe a word of it.

Meanwhile, Adrien was in a state of restless excitement, for which he himself could scarcely account, and accordingly he determined to return to London next day.

That night they were a family party of four, and Lady Constance noticed that her guardian's manner was considerably more cheerful than was its wont, and that during dinner, he glanced with even more affection than usual at the handsome face of his only son.

Afterwards, when the old man had returned to his own apartments, Adrien found his cousin in the silver drawing-room, with Miss Penelope. The latter had taken up her latest novel, and was devouring it with rapt attention.

Lady Constance, with a smile, beckoned to her cousin and made room for him beside her on the Chesterfield. He sank down with a sigh of content. "You leave us to-morrow then?"

"Yes, I am going back to try and put my affairs in better order. My father has been pulling me up—quite rightly, of course. I ought to have seen to these things before. I am afraid I have not been a good son to him."

"You do not see him very often, do you?" said Lady Constance, who knew to a day how often Adrien had visited the Castle during the last twelve months, during which she herself had sighed for his absence.

"No," he admitted. "I always seem to have so many engagements, but now I am going to try a new mode of life—thanks to your words."

"My words?" echoed Lady Constance, in genuine surprise. I thought you said uncle had been speaking to you."



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"Yes," he agreed. "But it was what you said to me during our ride that decided me really—about the tenants, and all that."

"You must not listen to all my complaints," she said, smilingly. "I am proud of the Barminster estates, naturally, and I cannot bear that they should be inferior to those of our neighbors—"

"Who is that?" he inquired quickly. "Why, Lord Standon, of course," was the calm reply.

He started at the sound of the name of one he deemed his rival. The jealous blood rushed to his face, and his heart beat fast.

"Naturally," he said, in tones as quiet as he could make them, "you would compare all estates with his—now!"

With womanly intuition she saw his meaning, but did not choose to dispel his suspicions just then. Not that she was a coquette or flirt, for she loved this man with all the strength of her being; but, on the other hand, she knew, or thought she knew, his disposition only too well, and she feared to yield to her natural inclinations, which were to allow him to see that he had only to speak, and she was ready and willing to listen. Instead, therefore, she merely said lightly:

"Yes, he makes a good landlord, for all he declares to the contrary. Then, too, he has a capable agent."

"Like Jasper," put in her companion, trying to keep his eyes away from her pretty, vivacious face.

Lady Constance was silent. However much she might dislike and distrust Vermont, she never expressed her opinion of him to Adrien. She therefore turned the subject quickly by inquiring after the next race.

"The Brigades—in two months' time," he replied.

"The 'King' will run, I suppose?" she asked.

(To be continued.)

By royal order the celebration of Arbor Day has been made obligatory in every township and municipality in Spain, and tree-planting is to be carried on upon a more extensive scale than heretofore.

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The Farm

Storing Farm Machinery.

For a great many farmers storing farm machinery is no problem. They do not store it. For others it presents difficulties, for they would like to store it and have not a suitable place. Still others have the implements shed, but are more or less careless in getting their machinery to it and in packing it away; and a fourth class have the shed, know that it pays to keep their machinery inside and keep it there in first-class order so that no time is lost when any machine, implement or tool is required.

The first class of people mentioned are more or less hopeless; they do not seem to realize that rust and decay quickly consume the best of implements and machinery which represent their good money. They are just careless and indifferent about their binders, mowers, rakes, cultivators, disks, plows, harrows and the whole business, and these may be found scattered about the place, under trees, in fence corners, down the line or behind the barn, rather than inside. They have the biggest implement shed in the world—all outdoors—and they scatter their valuable property around as though they owned all the shed.

The Careful Farmer.

The second class of farmer is generally a careful man who keeps most of his machinery inside, even though he has no regular implement shed. Crowding in his barn or drive-shed is all that keeps him from having all his machinery and implements well-stored at all times. This man usually finds time to gather up all the implements and machinery about the place and pack them away on a part of the drive-shed floor or on one of the drive floors in the barn before winter sets in. He is the man who will have an implement shed before long, because, by taking care of things on the farm, he will soon make money enough to build an implement shed, for he understands the benefit such would be. For the man with the big implement shed badly arranged and whose implements and machinery are found in the fields when they should be inside, there is little excuse, and there are altogether too many of this class in Ontario. Why anyone will allow plows to freeze in at the back end of the farm, cultivators to stand in the fence corner for weeks at a time, and even more expensive machinery to be exposed to the weather for many days when they have a large enough implement shed to house them all is almost beyond conception, and yet such is the case. We have been in implement sheds where the machinery, implements and tools were so badly jumbled up that the shed was a nuisance, too much time being lost in getting at what was wanted from time to time.

For the man who has the shed and keeps his implements therein at all times very little need be said. He knows what the shed is for and uses it for that purpose. His binder and mower and such machines as are used only at a certain season and are not wanted at any other, are put in the most remote corner, while those machines and implements, such as cultivators, disks, manure spreader, plows, etc., are arranged at the front of the shed where they may be hitched on to at any time without moving half a dozen other machines or implements out of the way. His implement shed is an orderly place, or, if you like, simply a well-arranged file of his farm necessities.

Clean the Instruments Well.

There are a few little things to remember in putting implements and machinery away for the season. In the first place, whether you have a special shed or not, put the implements under cover. The barn floor is just as good if not quite as handy as the implement shed. Clean all the implements well, take all the dirt off the disks, the cultivator teeth and the plow, and put a little oil or grease on; this will prevent rust, and make them work better in the spring. Arrange things so that all nuts may be gone over and loose ones tightened during the winter off-season; prepare to wash up the wooden parts, if dirty, and during mild weather give them a coat of paint. Take the teeth from the harrows, and have them sharpened ready for the next year, and they may be brought home from the shop and put in place sometime during the winter. Take all the knives from mowers and binders; put them where they may be looked over, sections replaced and all sharpened ready for next year. A little oil on the knife after grinding will prevent rust. Tongues may be taken from many of the larger machines and implements, painted and hung from the rafters. This saves space, and especially with heavy machines, saves springing them out of shape.

The farm wagons are very often not considered with the implements, or at least are not stored as they should be. The life of the average farm wagon could be prolonged at least fifty per cent, if it were given the same care that the young man on the place gives his buggy or automobile. There is no reason why the wagon should not be kept washed clean and painted once in a while in order to prolong its usefulness.—Farmers' Advocate.

If some men were to lose their self-conceit there'd be nothing left.