

Gillette Safety Razor

NO STROPPING. NO HONING.



A Revolution— nothing else.

In less than three years, more than a million men have revolted against the tyranny of the old-fashioned razor and enlisted under the "GILLETTE" standard. This razor means freedom from honing and stropping—freedom from face cuts—freedom from shaving troubles. Do YOU know this easy, speedy method of shaving?

The GILLETTE Safety Razor consists of a Triple Silver Plated Holder and 12 double edged flexible blades, packed in velvet lined leather case. Price \$5.00—at all leading Jewelry, Drug, Cutlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores. Write or ask your dealer for free booklets. If he cannot supply you, write us.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. Canadian Factory, MONTREAL.

No Need to Go Without a Substantial Breakfast
During Lent. Better Than Eggs or Meat is

SHREDDED WHEAT

Ideal for breakfast during Lenten days. Contains more nourishment than meat. Best food for all sorts of weather; supplies enough energy for a good half-day's work.

You Can Get Along Without Meat by eating Biscuit for Breakfast.
All Grocers, 13c a carton, 2 for 25c.

802

PAGE WHITE FENCES
Get the Best. Styles for Lawns, Farms and Ranches. Made of high carbon wire, galvanized and then painted white. Tougher and stronger wire than goes into any other fence. Get 1908 prices and illustrated booklet.

THE PAGE WIRE FENCE CO., LIMITED
Largest fence and gate manufacturers in Canada.
WALKERVILLE TORONTO MONTREAL ST. JOHN WINNIPEG

FREE
Send us your name and address for 12 pieces of Jewelry to sell at 10 cents each. When sold send us the \$1.20 and we will send you these TWO SOLID GOLD filled RINGS. We trust you with the Jewelry and will send it all charges paid. Send us your name and address now.

STAR MFG. CO., 38 Bay St., PROVIDENCE, R.I., U.S.A.

Duc de Montebello

A champagne of the highest quality. Try it and be convinced.

For sale at all the best hotels and clubs everywhere

LONDON & LANCASHIRE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

8 Richmond St. East, Toronto
ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager

LITERARY NOTES

A BARR NOVEL.

A NEW novel by Robert Barr is announced by D. Appleton and Company of New York. It is entitled "The Measure of the Rule," the hero of which works his way up from being a teacher in a backwoods town to achieving fame as an artist in Paris. It is to be hoped that the story is as good as the *Stranleigh* yarns by Mr. Barr, now appearing in the *Windsor Magazine*.

* * *

A PROBLEM FOR THE PUBLISHERS.

THERE has been recently in both London and New York much searching of heart among the publishers of books. The magazines have taken up the subject of, what is called in the commercial speech of the day, a "slump" in books. It is alleged by Mr. Forrester, who writes *What Has Happened to the American Book-Publishers?* for the April issue of *Munsey's Magazine*, that from 1895 to 1900 the American publishers reaped a golden harvest. It is almost unnecessary to state that the sheaves of this bountiful yield were works of fiction. "Beginning with *Trilby*," says the writer, "and continuing with the books of Ian Maclaren, Conan Doyle, Hall Caine, James Lane Allen and Paul Leicester Ford, there was an eager demand on the part of the public, which presently led to the enormous sales of *Eben Holden* and, above all, of *David Harum*—which last book represents the high-water mark of that period, with an output of some six hundred thousand copies in less than two years after the date of its publication." More serious works were also registered as "good sellers," Nordau's *Degeneration*, Kidd's *Social Evolution* and Drummond's *The Greatest Thing in the World* being of this class.

But the record of the last two years shows that such figures are not the present condition and, for the falling-off in book-sales, the writer frankly blames the American publisher who has failed, so it is asserted, to keep up with that uncertain quantity, the "times," and appears to be most unwilling to admit that "the old order changeth." It is urged that since the cheap magazines have made a difference in the reading matter scattered on the counters of the railway book-stall or the shop, the sum of one-dollar-and-a-half appears decidedly large to the average householder. He is likely to estimate that he might buy ten fifteen-cent magazines for that sum, thereby securing a great variety of stories and articles, to say nothing of the beautifully-illustrated advertisements which are "thrown in." The publisher of books is warned that he must reduce his prices to fifty or sixty-five cents a volume ere the days of *Trilby* and *David Harum* records will return.

The British publisher, with an astuteness not always attributed to the London business man, has already grasped the situation and the result is the sixpenny classic. Several London publishing-houses have begun to issue new novels at the retail price of half-a-crown or about sixty cents. The more conservative houses frown upon the venture and are prophesying disaster, but the cheap novel is selling and, after all, the commercial proof of a book is the buying.

The true book-lover will consider all this discussion of prices and profits but one remove from profanity, unless, indeed, he be afflicted with the scribbling mania, when he will take a feverish interest in the question of

royalties and the feasibility of street-car advertising. The man who comprehends Milton's definition of a book will not desire greatly a sixty-cent copy of Miss Corelli's or Mr. Caine's latest production, even when accompanied by a rare portrait of the author. The cheap novel may be good enough for the boat, the hammock or the smoking-car; but the book to be kept as a friend, to lie on the library-table or on the corner of the mantel-shelf, within easy reach of a groping hand, must have something better than the binding of a day and the cover which falls away after a second reading. For the story which is a painstaking imitation of *The Prisoner of Zenda*, for such verses as are written by the minor bards of the magazines, sixty cents may be a magnificent price; but we do not crave *Marius the Epicurean* for half-a-dollar nor *Comus* for ten cents.

* * *

LOVE'S HERITAGE.

By ARCHIBALD SULLIVAN.

COLD world by world the stars may
fade away
From out the skies,
Still my soul stars will tremble in the
dusk—
Your eyes.

The crimson rose may wring her vel-
vet hands
Athwart the South,
Still my soul rose, love-kissed, will
blossom red—
Your mouth.

God's heaven may fade gold cloud on
crystal sea
High up above,
Still my soul's paradise will breast
the years—
Your love.

—Smart Set.

* * *

ACCORDING TO HOYLE.

AN interesting story, says the *Argonaut*, attaches to the picture which appears on the autograph edition of "Hoyle's Games." The portrait of Edmund Hoyle, the father of whist and the first writer on indoor games, who lived in the eighteenth century, has been eagerly sought in private galleries and among old woodcuts. Hoyle seems to have had no time for the artist. By the merest chance Mr. Frederic Jessel of London, the connoisseur on games, who owns the finest card library in the world, looking over some old books, pictures and bronzes at Brighton, happened to run across a medal that bore the name of Edmund Hoyle and which was of eighteenth century workmanship. The medal was reproduced in plaster, photographed, and now appears on the cover of Hoyle's book.

(Continued from page 21)

sounds, and the *Sailor's Chorus* from *The Flying Dutchman* showing the class of composition favoured by the Victoria club. De Koven's *Serenade* and G. L. Osgood's exquisitely plaintive *Folk Song* represent the softer measures.

Victoria has justly earned a reputation for musical appreciation, which is largely due to the interest aroused and fostered by such associations as the Arion Club. As in every such case, much credit is due the man who conducts and organises; but the enthusiasm which leads the members of a chorus to devote months to this work is also an attribute of which only finer natures are capable.