



## Field, Stream and Road

How strange the old-time pictures of sport would look today—baseball teams boasting at least half-a-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.

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

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# Gillette

## Safety Razor

573

# SIR WILLIAM'S

## WILL

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 tea came in while they were still talking, and he reached for his hat; but Clytie pressed him to stay, and, after a glance at his watch, he yielded.

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

"Oh, pray, allow me!" said Hesketh, 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-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 heartily when she repeated one or two of Mollie's quaint and sharp remarks; indeed, when he had gone she reflected that he had

seemed brighter 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 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; I've 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 growing old. They talk of going up to her house in Grafton street for a few weeks, and—what do you think, Clytie?"

"She has asked you to go with her?" replied Clytie, promptly.

"Ah! you're getting too clever to 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!"

"It is very good of her," said Clytie. "You will like to go, dear?"

"Rather!" responded Mollie, joyfully. "Lady Mervyn is going to write to you or come over to-morrow. Won't 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 in the world, Clytie; not that there is anything the matter with you," she added, putting her arm around Clytie's neck and bunching up her cheeks. "You appear to be in what the old-fashioned authors used to call rude health; your cheeks are absolutely blooming—that sounds like slang, doesn't it? I wonder what we should say if a modern poet talked about a 'blooming girl' as the old ones were fond of doing—and your eyes are as bright as—Polly's when she is munching chocolate. I can't imagine any one coming near you without wanting to kiss you. Yes, my dear, you are a very satisfactory sister. Any one been here this afternoon?"

"Only Mr. Carton," replied Clytie, 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 suppose he stayed to tea and purled like

a cat? Thank Evings, I was out!"

She waltzed to the door; but as she passed out she looked over her shoulder and said:

"Oh, Percy asked me—"

"Who?" demanded Clytie, with raised eyebrows.

Mollie blushed, but shrugged her shoulders defiantly. "Sorry, Clytie! Caught it from Lady Mervyn. But you must admit he's just the kind of boy to answer to Percy." She mimicked Lady Mervyn's affectionate way of 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 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 revelling in the anticipatory joy of their visit to London, and planning with minute detail a large amount of theatregoing and shopping.

"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 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 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 Carton 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—which 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



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any one sleep so soundly!"

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

"No," replied Clytie. "I am only sleepy. And my head aches a little." She passed her hand languidly over her brow 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 brusqueness which 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."

"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, laughingly. "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 sleep. But Mollie would not leave her, and presently crept softly beside her and took her in her arms.

Clytie woke in the morning apparently little the worse for her temporary fit of indisposition.

"You seem all right this morning," said Mollie, as she bent over her; "but don't you do it again, young lady, or I shall send for Doctor Morton, on the instant."

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.

(To be continued.)

## TORONTO FAT STOCK SHOW

Entries close for the 10th Annual Fat Stock Show, to be held at the Union Stock Yards, West Toronto on December 11th and 12th, on November 24, 1919. Intending exhibitors are requested to make their entries at once to Box 635 West Toronto. Entry forms and premium lists can be had on application.

FLAPPER ORTHOGRAPHY.  
(Punch, London.)

Boas—How do you spell "income?"  
You've got here "in-come-in."  
Flapper—Good heavens! How did I come to leave out the "h"?

## TONIC TREATMENT FOR THE NERVES

Neuralgia and Other Severe Nervous Disorders Cured Through the Blood.

In many severe nervous disorders the best remedy is often a tonic. The most active tonic treatment is recommended by the highest medical authority to arrest the progress of such diseases. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic that acts on the nerves through the blood, which carries to the nerves the elements needed to build them up and restore them to a normal condition.

Neuralgia, sciatica, nervous headaches and a number of more severe nervous troubles are properly treated by building up the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and are often entirely cured in this way. If you are nervous you can help yourself by refusing to worry, by taking proper rest and sleep, by avoiding excesses and by taking out-of-door exercise. For medicine take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you will soon notice the beneficial effect of this tonic in every part of the system. Miss Anne L. Johnston, R.R. No. 1, Listowel, Ont., is one of the numerous sufferers from nervous troubles who has found a cure through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Miss Johnston says: "For a long time I was a severe sufferer from nervous troubles, with the result that I grew very pale and weak. Medical treatment did not help me, and various medicines had no beneficial effect, until finally a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began their use and took the pills regularly for several months, with the result that I not only gained 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 me."

To build up the blood there is one remedy that has been a household word for a generation, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. They tone up the entire system, make the blood rich and red, strengthen the nerves, increase the appetite, put color in the cheeks and lips and drive away that unsatisfactory, 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 mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Philadelphia, Ont.

A FOOD COMBINE.  
Ardmore News—Otis Panekke and Jenny Lybrand were married at the West End hotel on Friday afternoon.

READ ON HIM.  
Unlucky veteran who has killed lady's pet poodle. "Madame, I will replace the animal," said the owner. "Sir, you flatter yourself."

OF TWO EVILS.  
Wife: "Richard, I wish you would take care of baby for an hour or two. I am going to have a tooth pulled."  
Husband: "Look here, dear, you mind the baby, and I'll go and get a couple of teeth pulled."

A DIFFERENT PART.  
Mr. Smartie: "She has a very difficult part in the new play."  
His Wife: "Difficult? Why, she doesn't say a word."  
Mrs. Smartie: "Well, isn't that difficult for a woman?"

SUCCESSFUL SEASON.  
(Louisville Courier-Journal.)  
"What kind of a summer did you have?"  
"Splendid, dearie. I not engaged six times."  
"And of them for keeps?"



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