



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.

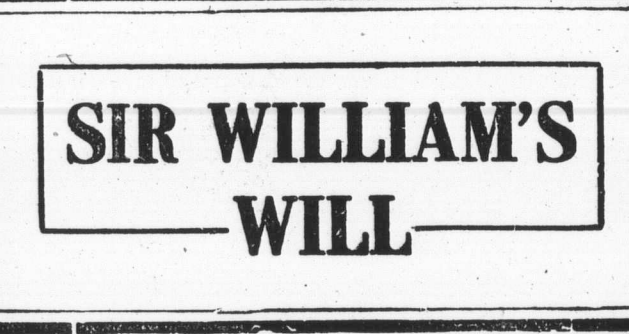
The case, you will notice, is almost as compact as the famous Pocket Edition Gillette, and the price is the same, \$5.00.

Sold by all dealers catering to men's needs.



MADE IN CANADA
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Gillette Safety Razor



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 lightly as 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.

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?"

"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 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 he 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—ah—Folly'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! Right—all right; I'm not going to enlarge upon it! And I suppose 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 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 twilight. Do you know what that means?"

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

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

Where Service is not Sacrificed to Size

THE HOUSE OF PLENTY

Walker House

"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 waltzes 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; carrotty 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 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, 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 slept; 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 suddenly 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 journey to London; and, as the train was a slow one, he was afforded plenty of time for reflection.

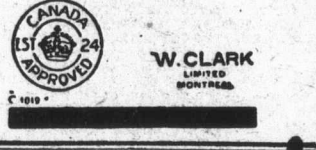
Now, love, especially when it is combined with jealousy, is apt to warp a man's judgment, and it is impossible for him, to see things in their proper proportions. There were, however, moments during that journey in which Jack was visited by gleams of common sense; and he was almost resolved to take the first train back, make known his identity, openly declare his love for Clytie, 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 was bound to make itself under the peculiar circumstances in which Jack 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 or relinquish Bramley and Sir William's fortune.

After all, why shouldn't she have

READY TO SERVE AND GOOD TO EAT

CLARK'S CANADIAN BOILED DINNER



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fallen in love with Hesketh Carton 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 him. 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 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 nicely-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.)

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Pluck and Luck In Air Fights

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

One of the most glaring exhibitions of carelessness that ended in disaster was displayed in the last month of the war by Captain Baron von Schroeder, of the German Imperial flying corps. He paid for his rash 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 the use of artillery fire. The artillery bus found the two batteries. He "took them on" and two of our batteries opened fire. The Hun guns were silenced after direct hits on their pits. The weather grew thick and hazy. 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 direction of their life.

Quite suddenly the enemy formation swung around to the west of the artillery bus, cutting it off. They attacked, and the British pilot "stuck his nose down" and dived straight into the formation. As they tore through the astonished Hun formation, the Hun pilots were 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 the aim of the enemy pilots. It was a running fight.

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

If the Fokker dives on you 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 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 pilot, who had been taking shots at the English machine from all angles, but his nose up and climbed behind the HES 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 banking away hard at him. But, strangely enough, neither scored.

The Hun pulled up, climbing hard to the right.

Ah!—

The observer sat down calmly on his stool, took care to 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 Huns spun all the way to the ground, and he struck burst into a great sheet of flames. A week later when the territory was captured, the infantry 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."

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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 Huchthofen was shot down by Captain Brown, D. S. C., D. F. C., a Canadian, a rank German aviator 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. B. 5, a fast type of British scout, was having a fine time in that famous "dog fight." His companions told afterwards of how he shot down a Hun plane and forced two others to quit the fight. He was seen diving vertically on another Hun. From outside the main fight a wary enemy machine started both guns cranking. They kept on going, both spitting tracers at nothing. But down came that young Canadian, his plane a flash below, and straight through that burst of bullets he went. His machine burst into flames.

The Hun who had shot him down kept straight along, both guns pouring away at nothing. He was in a blue 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 formation was bombing a railway junction 20 miles behind the lines. No enemy machines came up to fight them. Far below, the enemy turned sharply, omitted a great rush of smoke, and fell in a mass of flames to the ground!

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. So the leader signalled, and they went down beneath the clouds. One of the observers saw an enemy machine. He tipped his two Lewis guns over the side, took what he thought to be a right aim, and fired. To his intense astonishment, and the astonishment of the other observers, who had also seen this machine, the enemy turned sharply, omitted a great rush of smoke, and fell in a mass of flames to the ground!

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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.)

Yess—How do you spell "income?" You've got here "i-n-c-o-m-e" Flapper—Good heavens! How did I come to leave out the "b"?

TONIC TREATMENT FOR THE NERVES

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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 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 mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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