

"The Razor of To-day"



GILLETTE Blades are Harder —Keener—Smoother Than Forged Razor Blades

Before the GILLETTE was invented razor blades were all *forged*. That is, a piece of mild steel was heated and hammered out till it took the form of a razor blade. Every heating, every hammering, changed the hardness of the steel a little—how much, no man could tell, but more in some parts than others, because these parts were hammered out more.

Naturally, to temper perfectly a blade of such uncertain and uneven hardness is impossible.

In making GILLETTE blades we start with an ingot of steel, *too fine in quality to stand forging, whose composition we know by analysis*. We roll this out to the thinness of the finished blade, then stamp out the blades ready for tempering.

The composition of the steel is not altered by the rolling and stamping as it is by forging, so that each blade comes out not only *even in texture throughout, but of the same quality as every other blade*. As our patented automatic tempering process tempers each blade *through and through* in precisely the same way, the finished blades have an *even, uniform hardness* which cannot possibly be equalled in forged blades.

Two of the hardest, keenest, smoothest shaving edges the world has ever seen are found on each and every GILLETTE blade. Not only is the GILLETTE the safest, quickest, most convenient and only adjustable razor, but it carries the best edge. That is what interests the shaver most.

Standard Sets \$5.00. Pocket Editions \$5.00 to \$6.00.

At your druggist's, jeweler's or hardware dealer's.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory, - 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Offices also in New York, Chicago, London, Eng., and Shanghai, China.
Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris.

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Essential to Comfort

PERFECTION
SMOKELESS
OIL HEATER

Warmth is essential to comfort. As you grow older, it is hardly less essential to health.

Get a Perfection Smokeless Oil Heater, and you keep warm and comfortable in your home, no matter what the weather without.

The Perfection gives a strong, widespread heat, and gives it quickly. It is always ready for use and burns nine hours on a single filling—no more trouble than a lamp. It can be carried anywhere; no pipes, no wires, no flues; no smoke, odor or dirt.

The heater that gives complete satisfaction.

This year's Perfection is finished in either blue enamel or plain steel; nickel trimmings; light and ornamental, yet strong and durable as can be made. All parts easily cleaned. Automatic-locking flame spreader prevents smoking.

Dealers everywhere; or write to any agency of the

The Imperial Oil Co., Limited The Queen City Oil Co., Limited



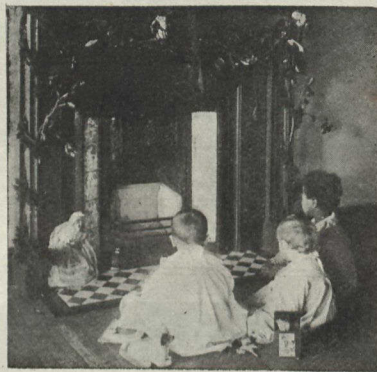
WITH THE JOURNAL'S JUNIORS

A Corner for the Small Person

By COUSIN CLOVER

Our Competitions

OF course, the very first thing we want to say to all of you is, "A Merry Christmas." We hope that the December Twenty-fifth stocking will contain all that you could possibly desire, and perhaps that stocking will even overflow with skates and sleds and toboggans, which would never go in a small person's stocking. In the midst

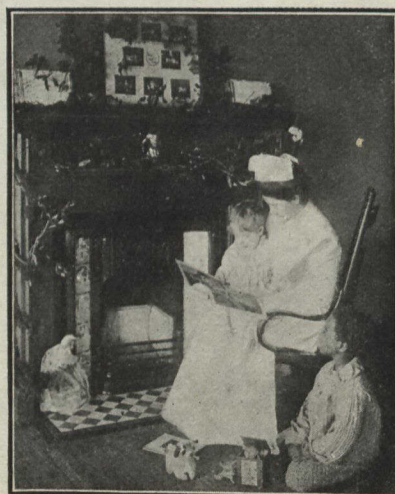


HAPPY TIMES FOR SICK LITTLE ONES

of all the fun of this merriest month, do not forget the little ones who are sick and whose Christmas must be spent within the walls of a hospital. In the Hospital for Sick Children, at Toronto, are many who need your kindly thought and good wishes at this glad season, and we hope some of our Juniors will remember these sick ones with words and deeds of good cheer.

The letters we have received on "A Summer Holiday" are so cheering and bright that we are sure our Juniors, who are scattered so widely, must have opportunities for the very happiest holidays in the world. It has been hard to make a selection where all have done so well, but we have finally selected the prize-winners. The first prize of three dollars goes to Miss Isabel Turnbull, Bird's Hill, Manitoba; the second prize of two dollars is awarded to Miss Dorothy Marston, Toronto. We have found it impossible to publish all the letters, but we know you have enjoyed those already printed.

In our new competition, we are offering two prizes for Juniors under fifteen years of age, for the best articles—not exceeding five hundred words, on "A Winter Adventure." The competition will close February 15th, 1912, and the



CHRISTMAS IN HOSPITAL

prizes will be three dollars and two dollars. We have extended the closing date by a fortnight, and hope to hear from many of you again.

Rebus and Puzzle

FOR your special delight at this season we have a rebus, which you will find on the opposite page, and also this Santa Claus puzzle. The first who sends in a correct solution of the

rebus will be given a prize of two dollars, while to the first who solves the puzzle we shall give a year's subscription to this publication. The following is the clever rhyme, sent by your good friend, Mrs. E. M. Gardner.

A Christmas most happy, dear friends, to you all,

A New Year most prosperous too; Come, guess what I've got in this ponderous pack,

And then you'll know just what to do. For I'm sure you'll agree not a worthier gift

Could a friend on a loved one bestow Than the one you will find if you properly guess

What is written my picture below. My first you will find in my ample moustache,

The next in my old heart so gay. My third shows distinctly in both of my eyes,

My next's in my cap, so they say; My 5th's in my ankle—indeed 'tis in both,

While my 6th in my nose you will see. My 7th and 8th you will find in my hands,

Which are active and strong as can be.

My 9th's to be found in my whiskers so fine,

And the 10th in my shaggy white hair.

My next in my rheumatic knee holds a place,



And my 12th in my shoulders so square.

My 13th you'll find in my mouth when I speak,

And my next when its silent and still. My 14th shows up in my rosy red cheeks—

—You may take a rest now if you will—

My 15th you'll find in my joints rather stiff,

My body so round holds the next. Seventeen you will see in my pupils so bright,

And 18 in my arms—don't be vexed If I tell you the next will be found in my nails,

In each one of the twenty, for sure; And the next, with the last, in the calves of my legs.

That is all! I regret they're not fewer.

Our Holiday Letters

Toronto, Ont., Sept. 1, 1911.

Dear Editor of Journal's Juniors:

As the summer competition is on "Our Summer Holiday," and the best time of the year, except Christmas, is in the summer, I thought I would enter the competition.

We camped for two blissful summers in a little town about twelve miles west of Toronto. We camped in an orchard, and, although we didn't leave the plums and cherries entirely alone, we could have done worse. The only thrilling experience we had in that line was when I broke a limb off a cherry tree, when we were tasting of its forbidden fruits. Have you ever broken a limb off a cherry tree? If not, you can't sympathize. It is impossible to imagine the