



## The "New Process" GILLETTE Blades

The Gillette Safety Razor Company has brought out a New Blade, Keener and More Durable than any Razor Edge Ever Before Produced.

### THE ACME OF SHAVING LUXURY

This "New Process" Blade is the result of over four years of careful study and experimentation.

The blade is superfine steel, now made after our own secret formula, and is the only steel made that will take the superlatively keen edge given "New Process" Blades.

The steel is rolled to the thinness of paper—made flexible—and stamped into blades.

The blades are then subjected to our new tempering process, which renders the steel so hard that it will cut glass.

Automatically regulated machines sharpen both edges on every blade with powerful pressure and unswerving precision, producing a shaving edge keener and more durable than any other razor edge ever before produced.

No matter how satisfactory the "GILLETTE" has been, you will find that the "New Process" Blade—because of its greater keenness and durability—will give you a more delightful shave and a greater number of them than ever before.

"New Process" Blades are sold in nickel plated boxes, absolutely damp-proof, which hermetically seal themselves every time they are closed. This box, when empty, makes a handsome waterproof match case. Twelve "New Process" Blades (24 razor edges) are packed in each box. Price, \$1.

If you have been using some other shaving device or have the "barber shop habit," adopt the "GILLETTE" and learn the quick, easy, comfortable way of shaving yourself, no stropping, no honing.

Gillette Safety Razor sets and 12 "New Process" Blades from \$5 up. At all Jewelry, Drug, Outlery, Hardware, Sporting Goods and Department Stores.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR CO. OF CANADA, LIMITED

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colour that made her positively pretty. "He was a kind of connection, miss." "Well, he was a very smart boy," said Elizabeth warmly. "I have often wondered if he's doing well. Do you know?"

"I guess—he's gettin' on all right," said the waitress huskily, turning away as the proprietor hurried forward with a muttered warning to "waste no time chattering when there were three more tables to be cleared."

From that night, Mary Vosper would allow no one else to wait upon the two students who took the Clover Cafe dinner by way of variety. The least watery milk, the most generous slices of pie, the unleathery roast beef were saved for the table where Elizabeth and Ruth talked over the day's lectures and anticipated the ordeal of May examinations. The holidays came and they departed, leaving Mary in tears though enriched by a silk shirt-waist which they decided to bestow upon their willing waitress.

But Elizabeth and Ruth are not of the lilies-of-the-field; so they came back early to the city for some special work which they had soberly planned in the preceding spring. The Clover Cafe, crowded with returning customers, was once more the scene of their evening dissipation. But they looked in vain for Mary Vosper.

"Mary's gone," said the proprietor sullenly. "And it's none so easy to get another girl like her. She did more work in less time than any other girl in the place."

The next afternoon Ruth Morris went for a long walk with the young theologian on whom her affections were set and came home at six o'clock with armfuls of autumn leaves and her eyes shining with excitement.

"Elizabeth," she said as they met in a corner of the Clover Cafe, "whom do you suppose we met beyond Wells Hill."

"Someone from Hamilton," said Elizabeth with a weary attempt at facetiousness.

"Mary Vosper. Do you know, she was married to that Jim Vosper more than a year ago—the blue-eyed boy whom you taught at Limehurst. They quarrelled because Jim was a tease and laughed at Mary's pancakes. So the silly little thing got angry one morning and ran away, leaving Jim to cook for himself. But she got so homesick last winter in Toronto, especially after what you said about Limehurst and Jim being so smart that when June came she went straight back to the country, to find Jim in a lonesome and forgiving mood. You should have seen them this afternoon! They had come to Toronto to buy some new furniture. Mary's cheeks are fat and rosy and Jim says her cooking is the best ever. It was awfully funny. The two young things told me the story of their lives, as we walked down Bathurst Street. Mary was wearing the blue silk waist we gave her last spring. Just think of the Clover Cafe evolving a romance like that!"

"I always thought Mary had a love-story left in the country on Proctor's Hill. She talked about that place so often." The lights in the cafe suddenly flickered and almost went out. "See here," continued Elizabeth, with swift decision, "I'm sick of this place and economizing. I don't care if you are going to marry Henry Carter and go to Patagonia or Peru, you're coming with me to the Royal Alexandra to-night. We need a change."

### THE BOSS GUESSED IT.

Office Boy: "I would like to go to my grandmother's funeral this afternoon."

Employer: "All right! Drop in on the way home and tell me the score." —*Bohemian.*