

### EDDY'S LENT FIVES

the Finest  
ches in the World

They are specially treated to make them safe. They won't split unless they're struck. When they're blown out, they're completely out—there's no danger of a new one being blown in. All Eddy's matches are made in the U.S.A. and are completely safe. Made in the U.S.A. and are completely safe. Made in the U.S.A. and are completely safe.

R. EDDY CO., Limited, Montreal, Canada

in the neighborhood of the Atlantic Ocean, the train would be an island in the sea, with Bermuda off the coast and the Azores in the distance. The city of Buenos Aires, in the south of Argentina, is a city of 2,000,000 people. It is the largest city in the Americas. It is the largest city in the Americas. It is the largest city in the Americas.

ary Searchlights. A searchlight has proved its usefulness during the war in a variety of purposes, and it has undergone very improvement.

As appeared, as one product of a portable electric weighing only 143 pounds.

WINDOWS & DOORS  
SIZES to suit your opening. Fitted with glass. Safe delivery guaranteed.

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WEDDING COMPANY, Limited  
FACTORY DISTRIBUTORS CANADA

can easily be carried by a man or by a mule. Provided with a powerful searchlight, it throws a beam of brilliant intensity. A tendency, however, to get the mirrors for war searchlights. They have two important points: one is that a chance to get them all out of commission, that properly made mirrors cannot be quickly, or easily, broken. Nothing short of a hammer-blow is capable of shattering them out.

They have taken to using the same, which are simply shallow tin sheets iron plated on the inside. They are not mirrors, but they can be turned into mirrors in indefinite numbers that will not break them, and the additional advantage of glass reflectors are very common during the war have been replaced with gold, which, it is said, have great brilliancy. They are, of course, but do not get too hot.

MRS. BOYD  
VOIDED AN  
OPERATION

Ohio.—"I suffered from a tubercle which caused me much suffering, and two doctors decided that I would have to go through an operation before I could get well. My mother, who had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, advised me to try it before submitting to an operation. I relieved me from my troubles. My housework without any trouble. I advise any woman who is afflicted with female troubles to give Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial and it will do as much for Mrs. MARIE BOYD, 1421 5th Canton, Ohio.

When there are serious conditions a hospital operation is the only way, but on the other hand, many women have been cured by this compound and herb remedy. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, after I was told that an operation was necessary, every woman who wants to avoid an operation should give it a trial. The result of many years of experience is at your service.



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

THE "BULLDOG" SET includes oval Morocco Case with two blades. Cases to match, and 12 double-edged blades.

MADE IN CANADA

KNOW THE WORLD OVER

# 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. The tea came in while they were still talking, and he reached for his hat; but Clyde 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 Clyde, 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 to his breast pocket, and then he hurriedly returned to his place. When she had leaning back in his chair some little distance from the table and regarding the memorandum he had made of some of the things they had been discussing. Their conversation took a lighter turn, and he laughed quite lightly and heartily when she repeated one or two of Mollie's quaint and sharp remarks; indeed, when he had gone she reflected that 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 Clyde 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, Clyde, I don't think I should object to grow-

ing old. They talk of going up to her house in Grafton street for a few weeks, and—what do you think, Clyde?"

"She has asked you to go with her?" replied Clyde, 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 you; you don't suppose she would leave you out, leave you here alone!" "It is very good of her," said Clyde. "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, Clyde! 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, Clyde; not that there is anything the matter with you," she added, putting her arm around Clyde's neck and bunching up her cheeks. "You appear to be in what the old-fashioned authors used to call robust health; your cheeks are absolutely blooming!—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—as Polly's when she is munching chocolate. I can't imagine any one coming to kiss you, my dear, wanting to kiss you. Yes, my dear, you are a very satisfactory sister. Any one been here this afternoon?" "Only Mr. Carton," replied Clyde, resuming her playing.

Where Service is not Sacrificed to Size

THE HOUSE OF PLENTY

Walker House

"In fact, my dear Clyde," she remarked, "we will, as you—I mean Lord Stanton said, visit the gay little village a brilliant red."

They went into the drawing-room with Mollie's arm round Clyde's waist; and Mollie indulged in a few waltz turns before she released Clyde and playfully thrust her into a chair. Then she went to the piano and rattled off a waltz, humming the air in her throat, 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 so 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 Blue. Mr. Hesketh Carton, as you are the Assassin of the Period; he'd look the part, wouldn't he?"

Clyde did not answer, and after a moment or two, Mollie looked round. Clyde was lying back in her chair, with her hands hanging limply by her side. Her eyes were closed, her face pale, and she had a look of one who had declared to be blooming—was very pale.

"Clyde!" cried Mollie. "Are you asleep?" No answer came; Clyde did not stir. Mollie swung off the stool and stood looking at her sister for a moment with some surprise, for Clyde was not given to falling asleep after dinner; not when she went to her and shook her gently by the shoulder; but Clyde did not wake, and Mollie, with a vague fear, bent over her and called to her loudly. After a moment or two, Clyde seemed to hear, and, opening her eyes, gazed vacantly up at Mollie's now anxious face. Mollie drew a breath of relief.

"Why, Clyde, you deserve to be called the Eighth Sleeper. I never saw any one sleep so soundly!" Clyde 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 Clyde. "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," said Mollie, with a brusqueness which only partly concealed her anxiety. "It must have been something we had for dinner; or did you eat some of those hideous scones for tea?"

Clyde 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, curtly. "What is the matter with you? I shall send for Doctor Morton." "You will do nothing of the kind," said Clyde, 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 Clyde 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 Clyde, 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 Clyde to undress; and, despite Clyde's remonstrances, insisted upon sitting beside her until she fell asleep; and at some time in the night, it was said, her sleep was broken by fits of starting and difficulties of breathing; but at last she fell into a profound



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READY TO SERVE AND GOOD TO EAT

# CLARK'S

## CANADIAN BOILED DINNER

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

Clyde 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."

Clyde 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."

Clyde 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 Clyde, 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 Clyde—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

Pluck and Luck  
In Air Fights

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

Quite suddenly the enemy formation swung around to the west of the wings and dived straight into the formation.

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