

The TRIFLERS

By Frederick Grim Bartlett

CHAPTER V. Pistols

Evidently young Hamilton did not hear Monte come down the stairs, for he was sitting in a chair near the window, with his head in his hands, and did not move even when Monte entered the room.

"Hello, Hamilton," said Covington. Hamilton sprang to his feet—a shaking, ghastly remnant of a man. He had grown thinner and paler than when Covington last saw him. But his eyes—they held Covington for a moment. They burned in their hollow sockets like two candles in a dark room.

"Covington!" gasped the man. Then his eyes narrowed.

"What the devil you doing here?" he demanded.

"Sit down," suggested Monte. "I want to have a little talk with you."

It was physical weakness that forced Hamilton to obey.

Monte drew up a chair opposite him. "Now," he said quietly, "tell me just what it is you want of Miss Stockton."

"What business is that of yours?" demanded Hamilton nervously.

"Miss Stockton and I are old friends," he answered.

"Then—she has told you?"

"She gave me to believe you made a good deal of an ass of yourself this morning," nodded Monte.

Hamilton sank back limply in his chair.

"I did," he groaned. "Oh, my God, I did!"

"All that business of waving a pistol—I didn't think you were that much of a cub, Hamilton."

"She drove me mad. I didn't know what I was doing."

"In just what way do you blame her?" inquired Monte.

"She wouldn't believe me," exclaimed Hamilton. "I saw it in her eyes. I couldn't make her believe me."

"Believe what?"

Hamilton got to his feet and leaned against the wall. He was breathing rapidly, like a man in a fever.

Monte studied him with a curious interest.

"That I love her," gasped Hamilton. "She thought I was lying. I couldn't make her believe it, I tell you! She just sat there and smiled—not believing."

"Good Lord!" said Monte. "You don't mean that you really do love her?"

Hamilton sprang with what little strength there was in him.

"Damn you, Covington—what do you think?" he choked.

Monte caught the man by the arms and forced him again into his chair.

"Steady," he warned.

Exhausted by his exertion, Hamilton sat there panting for breath, his eyes burning into Covington's.

"What I mean," said Monte, "was do you love her with—with an honest-to-God love?"

"It's with all there is in me, Covington," he said.

The pity of it was, of course, that so little was left in him—that so much had been wasted, so much soiled, in the last few years. The wonder was that so much was left.

"Just what does she mean to you?" he asked.

"All that's left in life," answered Hamilton. "All that's left to work for, to live for, to hope for. It's been that ever since I saw her on the boat. I was coming over here to go the old rounds, and then—everything was changed. There was no place to go, after that, except where she went. I counted the hours at night to the time when the sun came up and I could see her again. I didn't begin to live until then; the rest of the time I was only waiting to live. Every time she came in sight it—as if I were resurrected, Covington; as if in the mean while I'd been dead. I thought at first I had a chance, and I planned to come back home, with her to do things. I wanted to do big things for her. I thought I had a chance all the while, until she came here—until this morning. Then, when she only smiled—well, I lost my head."

"What was the idea back of the gun?" asked Monte.

Hamilton answered without bravado. "I meant to end it for both of us; but I lost my nerve."

"Good Lord! You would have gone as far as that?"

"Yes," answered Hamilton wearily. "But I'm glad I fell down."

Monte passed his hand over his forehead. He could not fully grasp the meaning of a passion that led a man to such lengths as this. Why, the man had proposed murder—murder and suicide; and all because of this strange love of a woman. He had been driven stark raving mad because of it. He sat there now before him, an odd combination of craven weakness and giant strength because of it. In the face of such a revelation, Covington felt petty; he felt negative.

"It seems to me," he said, "that if a man loved a woman—really loved her,—then one of the things he would be most anxious about would be to make her happy. Are you with me on that?"

Hamilton raised his head. "Yes," he answered.

"Then," continued Monte, "it doesn't seem to me that you are going about it in just the right way. Waving pistols and throwing fits—"

"I was mad, I tell you," Hamilton broke in.

"Admitting that," resumed Monte, "I should think the best thing you could do would be to go away and sober up."

"Go away?"

"I would. I'd go a long way—to Japan or India."

The old mad light came back to Hamilton's eyes.

"Did she ask you to tell me that?"

"No," answered Monte; "it is my own idea. Because, you see, if you don't go she'll have to."

"What do you mean?"

"Steady, now," warned Monte. "I mean just what I say. She can't stay here and let you camp in her front hall. Even Madame Courcy won't stand for that. So—why don't you get out, quietly and without any confusion?"

"That's your own suggestion?" said Hamilton, tottering to his feet.

"Exactly."

"Then," said Hamilton, "I'll see you in hell first. It's no business of yours, I say."

"But it is," said Monte.

"Tell me how it is," growled Hamilton.

"Why, you see," said Monte quietly, "Miss Stockton and I are engaged."

"You lie!" choked Hamilton. "You—"

Monte heard a deafening report, and felt a biting pain in his shoulder. As he staggered back he saw a pistol smoking in Hamilton's hand. Recovering, he threw himself forward on the man and bore him to the floor.

It was no very difficult matter for Monte to wrest the revolver from Hamilton's weak fingers, even with one arm hanging limp; but it was quite a different proposition to quiet Madame Courcy and Marie, who were screaming hysterically in the hall.

Marjory, to be sure, was splendid; but even she could do little with madame, who insisted that some one had been murdered, even when it was quite obvious, with both men alive, that this was a mistake. To make matters worse, she had called up the police on the telephone, and at least a dozen gendarmes were now on their way.

The pain in Monte's arm was acute, and it hung from his shoulder as limply as an empty sleeve; but, fortunately, it was not bleeding a great deal, or at least it was not marring things up, and he was able, therefore, by always keeping his good arm toward the ladies to conceal from them this disagreeable consequence of Hamilton's rashness.

Hamilton himself had staggered to his feet, and, leaning against the wall, was staring blankly at the confusion about him.

Monte turned to Marjory. "Hurry out and get a taxi," he said. "We can't allow the man to be arrested."

"He tried to shoot—himself?" she asked.

"I don't believe he knows what he tried to do. Hurry, please."

As she went out, he turned to Marie. "Help madame into her room," he ordered.

Madame did not want to go; but Monte impatiently grasped one arm and Marie the other; so madame went. Then he came back to Hamilton.

"Madame has sent for the police. Do you understand?"

"Yes," Hamilton answered dully. "And I have sent for a taxi. It depends on which gets here first whether you go to jail or not," said Monte.

Then he sat down in a chair, because his knees were beginning to feel weak. Marjory was back in a minute, and when she came in Monte was on his feet again.

"It's at the door," she said. At the sound of her voice Hamilton seemed to revive; but Monte had him instantly by the arm.

"Come on," he ordered. He shoved the boy ahead a little as he passed Marjory, and turning, drew the revolver from his pocket. He did not dare take it with him, because he knew that in five minutes he would be unable to use it. Hamilton, on the other hand, might not be. He shoved it into her hand.

"Take it upstairs and hide it," he said. "Be careful with it."

"You're coming back here?" she asked quickly.

She thought his cheeks were very white.

"I can't tell," he answered. "But don't worry."

He hurried Hamilton down the steps and pushed him into the car. "To the Hotel Normandie," he ordered the driver, as he stumbled in himself.

dangerous. Above all things, he must remain conscious. Hamilton was quiet because he thought Monte still had the gun and was still able to use it; but let him sway, and matters would be reversed. So Monte gripped his jaws and bent his full energy to keeping control of himself until the crossing of the Seine. It seemed like a full day's journey before he saw that the muddy waters were behind them. Then he ordered the driver to stop.

Hamilton's shifty eyes looked up. "Hamilton," said Monte; "have you got it clear yet—that Miss Stockton and I are engaged?"

Hamilton did not answer. His fingers were working nervously. (To be continued.)

THE WIRELESS TELEPHONE.

Enables Aviators to Talk to One Another.

One of the most remarkable achievements of American invention since the war began has been the development of a method by which flying men are enabled to speak to one another over long distances.

Everybody has heard crows calling to one another in the air—talking after their own fashion. Wild geese do the same thing, using a different language.

Now the American birdmen are to do it, the instrument utilized for the purpose being the wireless telephone. Crows and geese, while in flight, limit their conversation to short distances, but our aviators can make their spoken words understood over many miles of intervening air.

The apparatus (as it has been finally perfected) is contained in a box a foot and a half long, a foot wide and a foot high. It is thus very compact, and, weighing only about ten pounds, is easily carried on an airplane.

In the box are coils, condensers and a small storage battery, which is charged with electricity by a revolving fan—a little wind propeller energized by the air pressure as the flying machine is driven along.

The aviator wears a head-telephone arrangement which, with its receivers clasped close to his ears, is structural a part of his leather helmet. A transmitter is attached to his person in much the same way as such things are worn by telephone girls, so as to be convenient for talking.

Suspended from the airplane is a wire that serves the purpose of an antenna. The whole apparatus is remarkably simple, and the claim is made that it will carry vocal speech 200 miles. But ordinarily it will not be arranged for covering any such unnecessary distance.

It is easy to see how useful such a contrivance is likely to be—for example, enabling a flock of fighting birdmen (who often operate in squadrons) to talk with one another while high in the air. They can thus co-operate to greater advantage, perhaps obeying the spoken orders of an officer in command.

The talk of the flying men is audible, of course, only to the ears of one another. In this respect it differs from the conversation of crows and wild geese.

Of the language of these birds some little has been learned by naturalists, who say that it is more complex than most persons would suppose. The crow has three different calls that mean warning of danger, one of them a long-drawn "ca-a-a-aw." Its ordinary conversational remark is "owk, owk, owk," rather quickly uttered.

The danger warning cry of the wild geese is a long-drawn "ow-a-ank." But it has other notes for signalling the start to fly, for social talk, et cetera.

A Sweater for Billy

In a certain department store, says the Washington Star, a large knitting class is held daily. The women are learning to knit sweaters, caps and all sorts of apparel for the soldiers and sailors. The other day a recruit joined the class. She was young, she was pretty, she was everything that a woman should be, and she could knit well. After several lessons the other women began to take an interest in what she was knitting.

"Your sweater must be for a rather small sailor," remarked one woman, gazing at the garment.

"It's for little Billy," said the young woman with a smile.

"Little Billy! What a romantic name for a sailor."

"But—er—my dear," said an older woman, "you have four arms started." The young knitter smiled.

"Two for his front legs and two for his hind legs."

Front legs! Hind legs! The women all stopped knitting. Needles waved helplessly in the air.


"Who is Billy?" they clamored. "Billy is my bulldog."

And now she knits at home.

Articles Wanted for Cash

Old Jewellery; Plate; Silver; Curious; Miniatures; Pictures; Needlework; Lace; Old China; Cut Glass; Ornaments; Watches; Rings; Rich Toys.

Write or send by Express to B. M. & T. JENKINS, Limited ANTIQUE GALLERIES 28 and 30 College Street, Toronto, Ont.



BRUCE'S SEEDS

Business Established 1850

Your Duty—To grow all the foodstuff possible and to get the best results, high-grade seeds, such as BRUCE'S are a necessity.

Our Duty—To provide sufficient seed and of the highest grade possible.


OUR DUTY IS DONE

Our 1918 Catalogue

is ready—112 pages of Seeds, Plants, Bulbs, Implements and Poultry Supplies.

Worth its weight in gold. Free—Write for a copy to-day.

JOHN A. BRUCE & CO., Limited
Hamilton Canada



Food Control Corner

Mr. H. B. Thomson, Canada's new Food Controller, in his first personal public statement to the Canadian Press, called for broad-minded, constructive co-operation by all the people of the Dominion. He also paid tribute to the work of the Hon. Mr. Hanna, his predecessor in the Office.

"When the history of Food Control is written, the initial handling of a most difficult and complicated situation will be appreciated. Not till then will the work of the Hon. Mr. Hanna be fully recognized. The people of this country will then come to the conclusion that Canada was truly fortunate in the selection of Mr. Hanna as Food Controller," said Mr. Thomson.

"Now that the full seriousness of the world food situation has been grasped by Canadians, all will devote their energies to help and constructive co-operation in this nation-wide work.

"Food Control viewed from the eminence of the 'parish pump' is very simple; but there are no 'parish pumps' in Canada of sufficient altitude to command a view of the forty-ninth parallel from the Atlantic to the Pacific, 3,800 miles.

"The war is not being fought by one man. Canada presents a solid front of some 400,000 men in the trenches. The Victory Loan of \$450,000,000 was not raised by a few, but was paid for by one person in every nine throughout Canada. This was all voluntary work under guidance. Now that the whole situation and the pressing necessity of conservation and production have been put before the people, each of the eight million citizens of Canada should constitute him or herself a Food Controller. It is up to everyone of you to see that there is no break in the line.

"The whole urgency of the case is summed up in two words, THRIFT and INDUSTRY. Get to understand the meaning of both of these words and then 'DO YOUR UTMOST.' Miracles cannot be performed, but enormously greater good can be accomplished if we all pull together."

After conference with General S. T. Mewburn, Minister of Militia, the Food Controller has issued a statement pointing out that it is entirely unnecessary for additional food to be supplied by relatives and friends to Canadian soldiers while in this country, in view of the liberal and varied food ration issued to the troops by the Militia Department.

The statement adds that the aggregate quantity of food thus privately sent to the soldiers is very large and that much of it, having been conveyed long distances in heated express or mail cars, is more or less spoiled and consequently injurious to the health of the men. The public are, therefore, asked to discontinue the practice of sending foodstuffs to the soldiers in Canada.

The waste referred to can be checked only by getting each soldier's family and friends to realize that they individually are the persons who are asked to stop sending food in this way. The situation overseas is so critical that every avenue of food waste must be closed, the statement concludes.

Do Not Use Coal Oil.

A prominent surgeon has called attention to the fact that every year there are several cases of fatal burns from coal oil being used to hurry up a slow fire. Sometimes also people will lay a new fire, thinking that the old one is out, and pour on a little coal oil, with the result that the oil takes fire explosively, catches fire to the oil pouring from the can, which in turn ignites the clothing of the person, and perhaps the building.

If you are accustomed to use coal oil, ponder over the possibility that death by burning is exceedingly painful, and that if you continue the practice you may be the next victim.

Blankets were first made in 1340, in Bristol, England. They were named after Thomas Blanked, who first set up the particular looms that were used to weave these coverings.

BOOKKEEPING FOR WOUNDED.

Soldier Farmers Will Become Good Business Men.

Hit and miss business methods for the farmer no longer suffice. Farming is recognized first as a phase of life. The farmer does not figure his accounts on an egg shell in these days of scientific preparation. Modern efficiency has adapted a special book-keeping system directly to his needs, however small his place, and he farms by ledger.

Farm book-keeping is one of courses arranged for by the vocational branch of the Military Hospitals Commission in connection with the agricultural courses offered to returned soldiers in the University of British Columbia. The men who are taking farming courses are mastering the system of debits and credits along with the problems of the soil.

They are grounded in the general principles of business first. Following this they are shown the necessity of accounts and the instruments of credit. Simple farm accounting completes the course. The training is recommended by the vocational officers to all the men who enter upon any special line in farming such as poultry or animal husbandry, as well as those who take the general course in agriculture.

Largest Bud

The largest flower in the world grows on the Island of Mindanao. Its habitation is far up the Parag Mountain, 2,500 feet above the level of the sea. The natives give it the name of bolo. Its full-blown blossoms is considerably over three feet in diameter and weighs twenty-two pounds. The flower was first found in Sumatra and was called Rafflesia Schadenburgia, in honor of its discoverer.

And Ginseng Wanted Highest Prices Paid

Raw Furs

N. SILVER

220 St. Paul St. W., Montreal, P.Q.
29 years of reliable trading
Reference—Union Bk. of Canada



Baby's Own Soap

5815

Vegetable fats and natural flower extracts give BABY'S OWN SOAP its wonderfully softening and aromatic lather. Sold everywhere.

Albert Soaps Limited, Mfrs., Montreal

If there was just one WALKER HOUSE in each town where I go.

My troubles then would last like that Proverbial ball of snow.

Of which I have no doubt at all. But you have oft heard tell. I mean the one which people say was located down in—well!

It doesn't matter 'bout that snow ball, which could never last, what interests you and me is having comforts to us passed. And I know PEACE and JOY and HAPPINESS. To me would flow, if there was just one WALKER HOUSE in each town where I go.

The House of Plenty!

The Walker House

Toronto

Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

Gunns Shur-Gain Fertilizer