



The TRIFLERS

By Frederick Orin Barlett

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CHAPTER XX.—(Cont'd.)
 Monte swung open the door.
 "Come in," he said.
 "I thought I'd like to talk with you, if it isn't too late," explained Peter nervously.
 "On the contrary, you couldn't have come more opportunely. I was just thinking about you."
 He led Peter to a chair.
 "Sit down and make yourself comfortable."
 Monte lighted a cigarette, sank into a near-by chair, and waited.
 "Beatrice said she told you," began Peter.
 "She did," answered Monte; "I'd congratulate you if it wouldn't be so manifestly superfluous."
 "I didn't realize she was an old friend of yours."
 "I've known her for ten years," said Monte.
 "It's wonderful to have known her as long as that. I envy you."
 "That's strange, because I almost envy you."
 Peter laughed.
 "I have a notion I'd be worried if you weren't already married, Covington."

"Worried?"
 "I think Mrs. Covington must be a good deal like Marjory."
 "She is," admitted Monte.
 "So, if I hadn't been lucky enough to find you already suited, you might have given me a race."
 "You forget that the ladies themselves have some voice in such matters," Monte replied slowly.
 "I have better reasons than you for not forgetting that," answered Peter. Monte started.

"I wasn't thinking of you," he put in quickly. "Besides, you didn't give Marjory a fair chance. Her aunt had just died, and she—well, she has learned a lot since then."
 "She has changed!" exclaimed Peter. "I noticed it at once; but I was almost afraid to believe it. She seems steadier—more serious."
 "Yes."
 "You've seen a good deal of her recently?"
 "For the last two or three weeks," answered Monte.
 "You don't mind my talking to you about her?"
 "Not at all."
 "As you're an old friend of hers, I feel as if I had the right."
 "Go ahead."

"It seems to me as if she had suddenly grown from a girl to a woman. I saw the woman in her all the time. It—it was to her I spoke before. Maybe, as you said, the woman wasn't quite ready."
 "I'm sure of it."
 "You speak with conviction."
 "As I told you, I've come to know her better these last few weeks than ever before. I've had a chance to study her. She's had a chance, too, to study—other men. There's been one in particular—"

Peter straightened a bit.
 "One in particular?" he demanded aggressively.
 "No one you need fear," replied Monte. "In a way, it's because of him that your own chances have improved."
 "How?"
 "It has given her an opportunity to compare him with you."
 "Are you at liberty to tell me about him?"
 "Yes; I think I have that right," replied Monte. "I'll not be violating any confidences, because what I know about him I know from the man himself. Furthermore, it was I who introduced him to her."

"Oh—a friend of yours."
 "Not a friend, exactly; an acquaintance of long standing would be more accurate. I've been in touch with him all my life, but it's only lately I've felt that I was really getting to know him."
 "Is he here in Nice now?" inquired Peter.
 "No," answered Monte slowly. "He went away a little while ago. He went suddenly—God knows where. I don't think he will ever come back."
 "You can't help pitying the poor devil if he was fond of her," said Peter. "But he wasn't good enough for

her. It was his own fault too, so he isn't deserving even of pity."
 "Probably that makes it all the harder. What was the matter with him?"
 "He was one of the kind we spoke of the other night—the kind who always sits in the grandstand instead of getting into the game."
 "Pardon me if I'm wrong, but—I thought you spoke rather sympathetically of that kind the other night."
 "I was probably reflecting his views," Monte parried.

"That accounts for it," returned Peter. "Somehow, it didn't sound consistent in you. I wish I could see your face, Covington."
 "We're sitting in the dark here," answered Monte.
 "Go on."
 "Marjory liked this fellow well enough because—well, because he looked more or less like a man. He was big physically, and all that. Besides, his ancestors were all men, and I suppose they handed down something."

"What was his name?"
 "I think I'd rather not tell you that. It's of no importance. This is all strictly in confidence."
 "I understand."
 "So she let herself see a good deal of him. He was able to amuse her. That kind of fellow generally can entertain a woman. In fact, that is about all they are good for. When it comes down to the big things, there isn't much there. They are well enough for the holidays, and I guess that was all she was thinking about. She had had a hard time, and wanted amusement. Maybe she fancied that was all she ever wanted; but—well, there was more in her than she knew herself."

"A thousand times more!" exclaimed Peter.
 "She found it out. Perhaps, after all, this fellow served his purpose in helping her to realize that."
 "Perhaps."
 "So, after that, he left?"
 "And he cared for her?"
 "Yes."
 "Poor devil!"
 "I don't know," mused Monte. "He seemed, on the whole, rather glad that he had been able to do that much for her."
 "I'd like to meet that man some day. I have a notion there is more in him than you give him credit for, Covington."
 "I doubt it."
 "A man who would give up her—"

"She's the sort of woman a man would want to do his level best for," broke in Monte. "If that meant giving her up—if the fellow felt he wasn't big enough for her, then he couldn't do anything else, could he?"
 "The kind big enough to consider that would be big enough for her," declared Peter.
 Monte drew a quick breath.
 "Do you mind repeating that?"
 "I say the man really loving her who would make such a sacrifice comes pretty close to me asuring up to her standard."
 "I think he would like to hear that. You see, it's the first real sacrifice he ever undertook."
 "It may be the making of him."
 "Perhaps."

"He'll always have her before him as an ideal. When you come in touch with such a woman as she—you can't lose, Covington, no matter how things turn out."
 "I'll tell him that too."
 "It's what I tell myself over and over again. To-day—well, I had an idea there must be some one in the background of her life I didn't know about."
 "You'd better get that out of your head. This man isn't even in the background, Noyes."
 "I'm not so sure. I thought she seemed worried. I tried to make her tell me, but she only laughed. She'd face death with a smile, that woman. I got to thinking about it in my room, and that's why I came down here to you. You've seen more of her these last few months than I have."

"Not months; only weeks."
 "And this other—I don't want to pry into her affairs, but we're all just looking to her happiness, aren't we?"
 "Consider this other man as dead and gone," cut in Monte. "He was lucky to be able to play the small part in her life that he did play."
 "But something is disturbing her. I know her voice; I know her laugh. If I didn't have those to go by, there'd be something else. I can feel when she's herself and when she isn't."
 Monte grasped his chair arms. He had studied her closely the last few days, and had not been able to detect the fact that she was worried. He had thought her gayer, more light-hearted, than usual. It was so that she had held herself before him. If Peter was right, and Monte did not doubt the man's superior intuition, then obviously she was worrying over the technicality that still held her a prisoner. Until she was actually free she would live up to the letter of her contract. This would naturally tend to strain her intercourse with Peter. She was not one to take such things lightly.

Monte crossed the room, and placed his hand on Peter's shoulder.
 "I think I can assure you," he said slowly, "that if there is anything bothering her now, it is nothing that

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will last. All you've got to do is to be patient and hold on."
 "You seem to be mighty confident."
 "If you knew what I know, you'd be confident too."
 Peter frowned.
 "I don't like discussing these things, but—they mean so much."
 "So much to all of us," nodded Monte. "Now, the thing to do is to turn in and get a good night's sleep. After all, there is something in keeping normal."

CHAPTER XXI. Back to Schedule

Monte rose the next morning to find the skies leaden and a light, drizzling rain falling that promised to continue all day. It was the sort of weather that ordinarily left him quite helpless, because, not caring for either bridge or billiards, nothing remained but to pace the hotel piazza—an amusement that under the most favorable conditions has its limitations. But to-day—even though the rain had further interfered with his arrangements by making it necessary to cancel the trip he had planned for Marjory and Peter to Cannes—the weather was an inconsequential incident. It did not matter greatly to him whether it rained or not.

This morning Marjory would perform remain indoors, and so if he went to see her it was doubtful whether he would be interfering with any plans she might have made for Peter. An hour was all he needed—perhaps less. This would leave the two the remainder of the day free—and, after that, all the days to come. There would be hundreds of them—all the days of the summer, all the days of the fall, all the days of the winter, and all the days of the spring; then another summer, and so a new cycle full of days twenty-four hours long.

Out of these he was going to take one niggardly hour. Nor was he asking that little for his own sake. Eager as he was—as he had been for two weeks—for the privilege of just being alone with her, he would have foregone that now, had it been possible to write her what he had to say. In a letter it is easy to leave unsaid so many things. But he must face her leaving the same things unsaid, because she was a woman who demanded that a man speak what he had to say man-fashion. He must do that, even though there would be little truth in his words. He must make her believe the lie. He cringed at the word. But, after all, it was the truth to her. That was what he must keep always in mind. He had only to help her keep her own conception. He was coming to her, not in his proper person, but as just Monte. As such he would be telling the truth.
 (To be continued.)

THE MAN WHO BLOCKED U-BOATS

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ROGER J. B. KEYES, C.M.G., D.S.O.

Made Record in Boxer Rebellion and Decoyed German Cruisers Early in the War.

Roger Keyes is his name, Vice-Admiral Roger John Brownlow Keyes, and he found fame by raiding Zeebrugge and Ostend with the gallant Dover patrol.

He is young as Vice-Admirals go, only 45, and he has the vigor and air of youth. Years ago when the Boxer rebellion in China was at its height and it was as much as a white man's life was worth to show his face inland he took a couple of destroyers up the Yang-Tse-Hei and boarded and captured four Chinese torpedo boats. Then he landed with about a dozen men, seized a Chinese fort which threatened trouble and despite the garrison blew the place up and withdrew his little party without a single casualty.

That is one of the reasons his capabilities are so highly thought of. That and the fact that he is a leader, who even in the British navy, where the standard of energy and courage is high, has always been noted for his combination of coolness and extraordinary daring.

Served in Africa.
 As a midshipman he served in one of England's petty wars in Africa. As a lieutenant he leaped into fame by his conduct during the Boxer rebellion. Of him it might be said that he has done nothing without putting forth all his strength, and that, like his immortal predecessor, Nelson, he has always counted nothing done while aught remains to do.
 For his services in China Lieut. Keyes was promoted to the rank of Commander, was mentioned in despatches and received the praise of the Admiralty. A few weeks later he again distinguished himself by diving from a height of thirty feet into the

Peiho to save a midshipman from drowning.

In the years before the present war he specialized as a submarine and torpedo officer, and for his daring and enterprise was chosen to command the British submarines. In the operations against the German high seas fleet carried out by the British navy on August 28, 1914, he was once more conspicuous. Hoisting his flag as Commodore in the Lurcher he set out with eight submarines which were used as bait to decoy the Germans out.

Trap Proved Great Success.

The trap worked so successfully that the German light cruisers Ariadne, Mainz and Koeln were sunk with a loss to the enemy in killed or drowned which was probably 800. Other German warships and destroyers were severely punished, and any attack by German ships on the British transports which were then conveying large reinforcements to France was prevented.

Commodore Keyes was again foremost in the air attack on Cuxhaven which was attempted by British seaplanes on Christmas, 1914, when some damage was done to the enemy and great alarm was caused in Hamburg and Bremen. He went to the Dardanelles when the Government decided to attempt the forcing of the passage and there he served as chief of staff to Vice-Admiral Sir Michael de Robeck.

In 1917, after his promotion to Rear



Vice-Admiral Sir Roger Keyes of Ostend-Zeebrugge Fame.

Admiral, he was appointed director of plans at the Admiralty, a position for which his strong liking for the strenuous offensive fitted him peculiarly. He did excellent work in that position, but his professional qualities and his special aptitude for executive work led to his appointment at the end of last year to the command as Vice-Admiral at Dover.

Results are Far Reaching.

It is not permissible to state what the material results of this change have been, but they have been important and far reaching. It can only be said that his unremitting efforts have made the Straits of Dover less pleasant than ever to the German submarines and thus greatly hampered their campaign against the Allies.

Admiral Keyes has always been unsparring of himself. The heroic fighting men who man the drifters on the Channel anti-submarine guard are all the better at their work because they know that there is no danger of theirs he does not eagerly share.

The secretary of the Admiralty announced on April 25 that "His Ma-

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jesty the King has signified his approval of the promotion of acting Vice-Admiral Roger J. B. Keyes, C.B., C.M.G., M.V.O., D.S.O., to be a member of the Second Class, of Knight Commander of the Most Honorable Order of the Bath (military division) in recognition of his distinguished service in command of the raid against Zeebrugge and Ostend on Tuesday, April 23, 1918."

The Eternal Feminine.

The teacher was examining the class in physiology.
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 "The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

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