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The TRIFLERS

Frederick Grim Darlett



CHAPTER IX.—(Cont'd.)
She gave a quick start as she thought of Peter Noyes. She turned away from the mirror as if—as if ashamed. She sprang to her feet, with an odd, tense expression about her mouth. It was as if she were looking into his dark, earnest eyes. Peter had always been so intensely in earnest about everything. In college he had worked himself thin to lead his class. In the law school he had graduated among the first five, though he came out almost half blind. He record, however, had won for him a place with a leading law firm in New York, where in his earnest way he was already making himself felt. It was just this quality that had frightened her. He had made love to her with his lips set as if love were some great responsibility. He had talked of duty and the joy of sacrifice until she had run away from him. That had been her privilege. That had been her right. She had been under no obligation to him now. Her life was hers, to do with as she saw fit. He had no business to intrude himself, at this of all times, upon her.

She took a long look at his steady blue eyes, they braced her like wine. "You must never let me be afraid," she answered.
"Then—en avant!" he called.
In a way, it was a pity that they could not have been married out of doors. They should have gone into a garden for the ceremony instead of into the subdued light of the chapel. Then, too, it would have been much better had the Reverend Alexander Gordon been younger. He was a gentle, saintly-looking man of sixty, but serious—terribly serious. He had lived long in Paris, but instead of learning to be gay he had become like those sad-faced priests a Notre Dame. Perhaps if he had understood better the present circumstances he would have entered into the occasion instead of remaining so very solemn. As Marjory shook hands with him she lost her bright color. Then, too, he had a voice that made her think again of Peter Noyes. In sudden terror she clung to Monte's arm, and during the brief ceremony gave her responses in a whisper.
Peter Noyes himself could not have made of this journey to the embassy a more trying ordeal. A ring was slipped upon the fourth finger of her left hand. A short prayer followed, and an earnest "God bless you, my children," which left her feeling suffocated. She thought Monte would never finish talking with him—would never get out into the sunshine again. When he did, she shrank away from the glare of the living day.
Monte gave a sigh of relief.
"That's over, anyhow," he said.
Hearing a queer noise behind him, he turned. There stood Marie, sniffing and wiping her eyes.
"Good Heavens," he demanded, "what's this?"
Marjory instantly moved to the girl's side.
"There—there," she soothed her gently; "it's only the excitement, n'est ce pas?"
"Yes, madame; and you know I wish you all happiness."
"And me also?" put in Monte.
"It goes without saying that monsieur will be happy."
He thrust some gold-pieces into her hand.
"Then drink to our good health with your friends," he suggested.
Calling a taxicab, he assisted her

It was a blue-and-gold morning, with the city looking as if it had received a scrubbing during the night. So too did Monte, who was waiting below for her. Clean-shaven and ruddy, in a dark-grey morning coat and top hat, he looked very handsome, even with his crippled arm. And Monte made her wish she had taken Marie's advice about her hair. She was in a brown traveling suit with a piquant hat that made her look quite Parisienne—though her low tan shoes, tied with big silk bows at her trim ankles, were distinctly American. Monte was smiling.
"You aren't afraid?" he asked.
"Of what, Monte?"
"I don't know. We're on our way."

NOW there IS just one WALKER HOUSE in ONE TOWN where I stay.

And, say, you ought to see me grin when my trip heads that way.

The only other time I was so happy, Goodness knows, was when a kid Dad bought me Red topped boots with copper toes.

When other travelers hit that town, They, too, don't want to roam, For they say, "At that WALKER HOUSE."

It's just like staying home. Who is in the ONE TOWN where that WALKER HOUSE is? Don't you know?

Why, it's that good old burg spelled T-O-R-O-N-T-O.

The House of Plenty
The Walker House
Toronto
Geo. Wright & Co., Proprietors

It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman
Comfort Lye

in; but before the door closed Marjory leaned toward her and whispered in her ear:—
"You will come back to the hotel at six?"
"Yes, madame."
So Marie went off to her cousins, looking in some ways more like a bride than her mistress.
Marjory preferred to walk. She wanted to get back again to the mood of half an hour ago. She must in some way get Peter Noyes out of her mind. So quite aimlessly they moved down the Avenue Montaigne, and Monte waved his hand at the passing people.
"Now," he announced, "you are none of anybody's business."
"Is that true, Monte?" Marjory asked eagerly.
"True as preaching."
"And no one has any right to scold me?"
"Not the slightest. If any one tries it, turn him over to me."
"That might not always be possible."
"You don't mean to say any one has begun this soon?"
He glared about as if to find the culprit.
"Don't look so fierce, Monte," she protested, with a laugh.
"Then don't you look so worried," he retorted.
Already by his side, she was beginning to recover. A paragon dandy coming toward them stared rather overlong at her. An hour ago it would have made her uneasy; now she felt like making a face at him.
She laughed a little.
"The minister was terribly serious, wasn't he, Monte?"
"Too darned serious," he nodded.
"But, you see, he didn't know. I suppose the cross-your-throat, hope-to-die kind of marriage is serious. That's the trouble with it."
"Yes; that's the trouble with it."
"I can see Chic coming down it," he said, with his face chalk-white and a look of intense concern.
"Don't," she broke in.
He looked down at her—surprised that she herself was taking this so seriously.
"My comrade," he said, "what you need is to play a little."
"Yes," she agreed eagerly.
"Then where shall we go? The world is before you."
He was in exactly the mood to which she herself had looked forward—a mood of springtime and irresponsibility. That was what he should be. It was her right to feel like that also.
"Oh," she exclaimed, "I'd like to go to all the places I couldn't go alone! Take me."
"To the Cafe de Paris for lunch?"
She nodded.
"To the races afterward and to the Riche for dinner?"
"Yes, yes."
"So to the theatre and to Maxim's?"
Her face was flushed as she nodded again.
"We're off!" he exclaimed, taking her arm.

It was an afternoon that left her no time to think. She was caught up by the gay, care-free crowd and swept around in a dizzy circle. Yet always Monte was by her side. She could take his arm if she became too confused, and that always steadied her.
Then she was whirled back to the hotel and to Marie, with no more time than was necessary to dress for dinner. She was glad there was no more time. For at least to-day there must be no unfilled intervals. She felt refreshed after her bath, and to Marie's delight, consented to attire herself in one of her newest evening gowns, a costume of silk and lace that revealed her neck and arms. Also she allowed Marie to do her hair as she pleased.
Whether she wished or not, madame, when she was done with her this evening, looked as a bride should look. And monsieur, waiting below, was worthy of her.
In his evening clothes he looked at least a foot taller than usual. Marie saw his eyes were on her, she slipped over madame's beautiful white shoulders her evening wrap.

CHAPTER X.
The Affair at Maxim's
It was all new to Marjory. In the year and a half she had lived in Paris with her aunt she had dined mostly in her room. Such cafes as she had seen only occasionally from a cab on her way to the opera. As she stood at the entrance of the big room, which sparkled like a diamond beneath a light, she was as dazzled as a debutante entering her first ballroom. The head waiter, after one glance at Monte, was bent upon securing the best available table. Here was an American prince, if ever he had seen one.

Had monsieur any choice? Decidedly. He desired a quiet table in a corner, not too near the music. Such a table was immediately secured, and as Covington crossed the room with Marjory by his side he was conscious of being more observed than ever he had been when entering the Riche alone. His bandaged arm lent him a touch of distinction, to be sure; but this served only to turn eyes back again to Marjory, as if seeking in her the cause for it. She moved like a princess, with her head well up and her dark eyes brilliant.
"All eyes are upon you," he smiled, when he had given her a seat.
"If they are it's very absurd," she returned.
Also, if they were, it did not matter. That was the fact she most appreciated. Ever since she had been old enough to observe that men had eyes, it had been her duty to avoid those eyes. That had been especially true in Paris, and still more especially true in the few weeks she had been there alone.
Now, with Monte opposite her, she was at liberty to meet men's eyes and study them with interest. There was no danger. It was they who turned away from her—after a glance at Monte. It amused her to watch them turn away; it gave her a new sense of power. But of one thing she was certain: there was not a man in the lot with whom she would have felt

CREAM WANTED

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comfortable to be here as she felt comfortable with Monte.
(To be continued.)

SUN LIFE OF CANADA IN STRONG POSITION

As will be seen from the essential features of its year's operations set forth elsewhere in this issue, Canada's largest life assurance company has just closed a highly satisfactory year. Total assurances in force on the books of the Sun Life of Canada have now crossed the \$311,000,000 mark, assurances issued and paid for in cash during the year totalling over \$47,800,000, the largest amount ever issued by a Canadian life company.
The Company's Head Office staff is now installed in the fine new Sun Life Building recently erected on Dominion Square, Montreal, where the adoption of the most up-to-date office equipment should result in still greater efficiency in the administration of its large business.

Food Control Corner

People who wish to help in food conservation should consider potatoes as a partial substitute for wheat flour. Potatoes are the chief staple of the semi-perishable foods. Canadians do not eat their fair share of potatoes even in normal times. We have been largely a wheat, beef and pork consuming people. These staples are now required for overseas and it behooves us to substitute other foods for them whenever possible. We consume, perhaps, two and one-half bushels of potatoes per capita per year, or about one-third of a pound per day—equal to one fair-sized potato. In some European countries one pound per day per capita is consumed, and in some districts four pounds per day, and nearly twenty-five bushels per year.

Despite the increase in price since the war, potatoes are still among the cheapest of foods. One pound of roast beef costs ten times as much as a pound of potatoes, and twenty per cent of beef is bone. Three and a third pounds of potatoes supply 1,000 calories of energy, at a cost of less than 10 cents, while about 2,500 calories are required for full grown persons working indoors. That is to say, if all foods were as cheap as potatoes we could live on 25 cents a day. Healthy men have lived and worked for months on a diet of nothing else than potatoes, oil, margarine and a little fruit. Potatoes contain protein of the very best kind. They also contain mineral salts which neutralize harmful acids in the body. The food material in potatoes is 98 per cent digestible.

Canadians have large supplies of potatoes, carrots, onions and turnips and by consuming these vegetables freely, they can economize with bread. More than 300 ways of cooking potatoes are known. They combine well with many flavors. They can be

used to economical advantage with meat and fish, in stews, croquettes, hash, chowders, meat pies, etc. One half a cup of mashed potatoes and two cups of flour make a bread mixture that helps the flour go farther.

Good cooks know the ways of using potatoes are various—boiled, steamed, lyonnaise, baked, clipped, fried, hashed brown, creamed, scalloped, stuffed, au gratin, and scores of combinations.

Canada has plenty of potatoes and, although the price is high compared to normal times, it is not high in comparison with other foods in war time.

With government encouragement, extensive experiments will be made with a view to reviving the growing of flax in Scotland.
One of the most useful things to have about the house is a roll of surgeons' rubber (Z.O.) adhesive plaster. It can be used for various things but it most useful to protect a wound. Never put it next to the wound, but place a small piece of clean gauze or linen between the cut or sore and the plaster, so that any secretions may escape and not be locked up in the wound.

Articles Wanted for Cash

Old Jewellery; Plates; Silver; Curious Miniatures; Pictures; Woodwork; Lace; Old China; Cut Glass; Ornaments; Watches; Rings; Table Ware.
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ANTIQUA GALLERIES
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Money in Maple Sugar.
Maple sugar and syrup is produced at the time of year when the farmer is least busy, and it costs him little, if any, more now than before the war. By tapping 100 trees he can sell 500 pounds of sugar or 100 gallons of syrup, netting from \$100 to \$150 in three weeks.
This is more than the soldiers fighting in France gets in thrice the time and he offers in exchange his life.
Will you who have maple trees not offer so short a space of your time to help him and to put money in your pocket as well?

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HOW THE LEWIS GUN CAME TO BRITAIN

COLONEL LEWIS, INVENTOR OF FAMOUS MACHINE-GUN

Has Just Told a British Government Committee Some Facts About His Invention.

When the late Sir Hiram Maxim showed his gun to the Kaiser, that astute monarch patted its barrel, and said, "That's the gun!" And that gun is not superseded to-day.
But for trench-work, for aeroplanes, if you ask our boys, they have but one name to say—"Lewis"—that wonderful little machine gun, manageable by one man, light, efficient, dependable.

Like the Maxim, it is the invention of an American, Colonel Isaac N. Lewis. Englishmen are apt to think that an invention has at least a double chance of succeeding in the States, yet both the Maxim and the Lewis guns were taken up by the British, and it seems a providential circumstance, considering what an asset the Lewis gun has been to our men in the trenches and tanks, and in the air, that British capital came to Colonel Lewis' aid and only some twelve months before the war broke out.

German Pre-war Preparations.
After detailing his failure even to give his gun to the American Government, the colonel told the U.S.A. Military Affairs Committee:

"I went over to Brussels in 1912, but I soon found out that my Belgian company was in the hands of the Germans. My president and managing director were both under German influence. My company was about to pass under German control. I succeeded, by the help of my legal Belgian associates, in ousting our president and managing-director.

"I went to London," he continued, "to the Birmingham Small Arms Company. I did not know anybody connected with the company, but I made an appointment to go there with the gun. In forty-eight hours I had closed a contract for the exclusive manufacture of the Lewis gun in Europe. They are delivering guns every week into the British forces."

In writing to the Secretary of War at Washington, under date December 11th, 1917, the colonel has some very interesting information to give. He says:
"The Lewis gun is no longer a new and untried weapon. It has successfully met every military requirement, under a grilling test of more than three years of daily service on the battlefields of Europe during the greatest war in history."

The colonel's story of how his own Government turned his gun down is remarkable:
"As early as 1911, when the first model of the Lewis gun was built, I took it myself to Washington and presented it in person to the Chief of the Staff, requesting him to examine it."
He goes on to tell how his offer was ignored again and again, how, when he wrote as lately as December, 1917, to the Secretary of War, renewing his offer, and asserting his willingness to relinquish royalties aggregating two and a quarter million dollars on forty thousand guns already under contract for the Government, no reply was vouchsafed. Asked why he wished to make these great sacrifices, Colonel Lewis said:

For His Country.
"I got my education at the Government expense. I developed my gun under very discouraging circumstances. I was a poor man with a large family. But there is a deeper question, a far deeper question. This country is facing the struggle of its life. Are we to be a vassal nation or a sovereign nation? That is in the balance to-day."

PURPLE AND FINE LINEN.

The Tastes of Ruling Monarchs Differ Greatly in Matter of Dress.

Before the war the Kaiser was in the habit of changing his clothes at least half a dozen times a day. He was required to be a sort of royal quick-change artist, for he is too much concerned and too jealous of his imperial dignity to appear at any function improperly arrayed according to his idea of what impropriety means. Many of his uniforms cannot be made and trimmed under \$1,500.

His frau, the empress, is still more extravagant—or, at least, she was before the war. In the days of her greatest glory she wore silks and satins costing \$50 a yard, and wore a Court dress usually only once, and never more than twice.

Our own Queen, as everybody knows, is very simple in her taste in attire, and except on some very great state occasion her dress differs little or nothing from that of her middle-class subjects.
George the Fourth's wardrobe fetched \$50,000 after his death. Yet he collected every article in his wardrobe. Had he had a good memory for his obligations he would have been a decent citizen. So much for the so-called First Gentleman of Europe. The contrast between the Fourth and Fifth George could scarcely be more marked, or of better augury for the empire.

SUN LIFE KEEPS GROWING

THE results of operations for the year 1917 show a continuance of the notable expansion that has marked the career of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada. In Assets, Income, Surplus, New Business, and Total Business in Force substantial increases are recorded over the corresponding figures for previous years.

RESULTS FOR 1917

Assets at December 31st, 1917.	\$90,160,174.00
Increase	7,211,758.00
Cash Income	19,288,997.00
Increase	789,892.00
New Assurances issued and Paid for in Cash	47,811,567.00
Increase	6,089,570.00
Assurances in Force at December 31st, 1917.	\$11,870,945.00
Increase	22,431,245.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders	1,599,589.00
Increase	449,488.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders, in past five years.	5,224,963.00
Total Payments to Policyholders, 1917.	8,840,245.00
Payments to Policyholders since organization	\$39,094,318
Assets held for Policyholders	90,160,174
Premiums received since organization	\$159,254,490
Payments to Policyholders and Assets held for them exclusive of the premiums received by:	183,961,228
Undivided surplus at December 31st, 1917, over all liabilities including capital	\$5,893,264
	\$8,550,761.00

THE COMPANY'S GROWTH

YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCE IN FORCE
1875	\$ 48,210.72	\$ 96,421.45	\$ 1,061,230.00
1887	477,410.68	1,812,204.48	10,773,777.00
1907	2,228,894.74	7,322,571.44	44,862,796.73
1917	19,288,997.68	90,160,174.24	311,870,945.71

The Company takes this opportunity of thanking its policyholders and the public generally for the continued confidence and goodwill of which the above figures give such strong evidence.

SUN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF CANADA

1871 HEAD OFFICE MONTREAL 1917
T. B. MACAULAY, President

INTERNATIONAL LESSON XIII.

Verse 1. Let troubled—His does not accord the kingdom he up. They are devoted to panishment and the few brief him. Believe me—That is, I like because cleared up if you me.

2. In my Pa one of those im which there and his son at. They are to thought that porary, and the together.

3. I go and you—He had to love. He had the Father. W that he should felt when the time when he heavenly home. When was that the final and it would be na look for a day per that ap is impossible, with verse 18.

4. Whither sent them forth Will receive y only will he co to him. wonderful tend there ye many tions as to the small, compar ment. Let it be where Jesus he has prepar

5. All honor to willing to let Jesus had pres 6. I am the the life—ess through him a Father and th tain entrance i Peter wishes a and later. Jea questions are s the way to th faith is not a herence to a d in Christ, the to him.