THE IRON CLAW

By ARTHUR STRINGER

Author of "The Wire Tappers," "The Gun Runners," "The Hand of Peril," Etc.

(The Marvelous Story, Hitherto Unpublished From Which the Pathe Photoplay of the Same Name Was Made.)

Seventh Episode

"The Hooded Helper"

Margory Golden's serenely self-willed Aunt Agatha disliked animals almost as much as she disliked mysteries. And about her tranquil Cedar home she felt were transpiring events altogether felt were transpiring events altogether liking.

So when Hannah, the plump but less practical-minded caretaker of that meanwhile abode of tranquility, tremulously announced that a stranger in a yellow mask had left a bright-colored parrot, answering to the name of Tito, at the door for Miss Margory, the bird in question was viewed with open disfavor, and Margory was subjected to many disturbing interrogations.

None of the girl's answers proving satisfactory, however, her firm-willed maiden aunt proposed that they proceed with their interrupted game of "Preference." But a green parrot's instinct and enigmatic cry of "Look out for the Iron Claw" proved in no way consistent with so tranquilizing a game, and the owner of the house finally and firmly commanded the departing Hannah, who "slept out," to carry the disturbing creature off to her own cottage for the night.

This Hannah did, with much mumbling. But her feathered charge, harping with parrotlike joy on its newly learned phrase of "Look out for the Iron Claw," proved anything but a cheering companion, once the shades of night had closed about Hannah's humble cottage. That rebellious and thoroughly aroused woman, in fact, determinedly gathered up her loquacious guest and deposited it in her chicken coop.

* * *

There Tito would have spent a quiet and uneventful night, in all likelihood, had not a certain mildly predacious negress answering to the name of Jemima Watson, returned all but empty-handed to her suburban home. For one of the by-products of this dusky lady's activities as a scrubwoman was the gathering of those trifles which find their way to the waste baskets and refuse cans of office buildings. And her only harvest, on this occasion, was a half portion of a time-yellowed code chart and map, which, having blown from the dizzy balcony of the Central Tower Building, lay unnoticed in the gutter of Broadway until spied by a hurrying ledger-keeper who, after puzzling over its foolish list of words and meaningless maze of lines, contemptuously consigned it to his waste paper basket. And it was with a gesture almost as contemptuous that Rastus Watson, Jemima's lord and master, flung the same sheet of paper down on their kitchen table when the same was placed before him as the extent of a day's "pickin's."

Now, Rastus, who was of much portlier frame than his spouse, was a firm believer in the efficiency of forced feeding. And since the day's harvest had been a lean one, and the larder showed disturbing signs of emptiness, that plump-bodied negro possessed himself of a worn gunnysack and announced his determination of acquiring a few pullets while hunger ran high and the moon swung low. Instinct combined with fate to lead Rastus by the nose, take him stealthily over the back yard fence of the aforementioned Hannah, and from there to the door of the padlocked coop. There, after a moment of cautious reconnoitering, he discovered the vulnerable point of the coop to be its window, on the southern end. The moon being low, Rastus decided to make the haul a good one. If in the excitement of that conquest the lightness of one bird tossed into the bag escaped his attention, it was perhaps due to the haste with which he had to make off with his prisoners. He was blinking cautiously about, to make sure the coast was clear, when a voice startlingly close to his own portly carcase called out with a sudden warning:

"Look out for the Iron Claw!"

"How's dat?" was the answering cry of the tingling Rastus.

"I'll get you!" announced the bodeful voice behind him. And at that threat utter and unreasoning panic seized the terrified Rastus, who, with a throaty hollow of agony, charged across a newly dug garden and bounded like a rotund jackrabbit down a moonlit alley bordered with shadowy fences. At the end of this alley Rastus plunged thru a narrow gate, and charged bodily into the peaceful beer garden belonging to the roadhouse of one Antonio Dibello, where sat four men in quiet conference about one of the little iron tables well out of public ken.

These men showed prompt resentment at this unheralded interruption to their talk. But as the parrot, with its head thrust thru a hole in the gunnysack, repeated its shrill cry of "Look out for the Iron Claw," these men rose in a body to their feet. Their leader, who, in even the dim light from the garden lamps showed himself to be a one-armed man with a strangely scarred face, sprang for the terrified negro. Rastus, however, was in no mood for either interruption or argument. He merely emitted a whoop of reawakened terror and headed for home.

There he burst in upon the astounded Jemima and collapsed with a quavering groan of exhaustion. But before Jemima could either understand the nature of his ailment or investigate the contents of his gunnysack, a second and even more violent interruption took place. Legar and his men dragged the quaking and gasping Rastus to his feet, shoved him into a chair, and snatched up the gunnysack. From it they took out the loudly protesting green parrot and wonderingly examined it.

"Where did you get that parrot?" was the quick demand of the man who wore an iron hook where a hand ought to be. Rastus merely wheezed and shook in the legs and showed the whites of his eyes. It was, indeed, several minutes before he was so much as awakened to the fact that he was not in the grip of the law. But once convinced of that fact, he became voluble enough in his protestations to oblige the "white gen'l'men" with any information they desired. He even led those white gentlemen back to the neighborhood of Hannah's chicken coop.

There were certain phases of that hurried pursuit, however, which had not entirely escaped the attention of a circumspect stranger who had motored casually about the quiet streets of Cedarton earlier in the evening. Aunt Jemima Watson, in fact, had scarcely recovered from the shock consequent upon the sudden invasion of her cottage when she discovered herself confronted by still another stranger. And the fact that this stranger wore a yellow mask did not add to her immediate peace of mind.

For lying overhead on the floor, close beside a battered water bucket, he caught sight of a familiar-looking oblong of yellow paper. In another moment he had possession of it.

"Where did that paper come from?" he demanded. For he knew that it was the long-sought Golden chart which he held in his hand.

"Dat done come from mah 'offus sweepin's," explained the other. "But mah Rastus allows it hain't even wuff a green tradin' stamp!"

"Your Rastus may be right," was the stranger's quiet reply. "But it's worth this much to me." And Aunt Jemima found a $10 bill thrust into her astonished pink palm. "That is yours, my good woman, if you do just one thing, and do it quickly. I want you to go to the sheriff's, wake him up, and get him to the house where that woman called Hannah works. Tell him to get there in a hurry and to bring his men, or there'll be murder done in this village before the sun rises!"

* * *

The man in the yellow mask waited for nothing more. A minute later he was off, running shadowlike thru the darkness. Shadowlike, too, he approached an ivy-bowered bungalow in which three women were quietly playing "preference" in the light of a green shaded reading lamp. But the man in the mask, preferring to leave that peaceful game undisturbed, stole quietly in thru the back of the house, locked himself in a small room above stairs, and there adroitly but quickly made a facsimile of the map.

Before the map could be completed, tho, strange events were already transpiring directly beneath whore he sat. For Margory Golden, glancing up from her game, stared idly into the old-fashioned mirror of bevel plate facing her from the opposite wall. And peering in at the window reflected in that mirror she saw a bearded face seamed with an unmistakable scar.

The move she quietly decided upon was to call the strangely reticent chauffeur of her strangely elusive deliverer and ask him to make ready for an immediate flight to the city. She watched that chauffeur as he threw on a heavy bearskin coat and cap, wound a muffler about his neck, and started for the garage. She watched him as he stepped out into the darkness. Then the bear-skinned figure became the centre of strange and unlooked-for activities, for it was plain that several men, lurking there in the darkness, had sprung upon him. It was equally plain that they lost little time in overpowering him, for before the startled women could rise from the card table they found that home of peace invaded by a group of audacious-eyed ruffians headed by Legar himself.

At the same moment another unexpected intruder entered the room. Only this time it was the oddly interruptive figure of that man of mystery known as the Laughing Mask. And before any move could be made or any word spoken he was close beside Legar and calmly confronted him. Much of his quiet authority, no doubt, arose from the fact that in his right hand he held a short-barreled and ugly-looking automatic pistol.

* * *

"Not a move from any man here!" he cried out as he faced that threatening circle.

"Before we start any shooting around here," the Laughing Mask calmy suggested, "I want just a word or two, Legar, with you. I know what you're after. You want Golden's portion of a Windward Island chart. Well, I have that chart, and I have it with me. But there is no reason why women should be dragged into this fight. So the first thing you have to do, if you want that chart, is to allow Mary Golden and her mother here to return quietly to the city with my chauffeur, and return tonight!"

Legar's lip curled.

"So your getting ready to strike a bargain?" mocked the other.

"Then suppose I hand you over this gun! Would that persuade you I was sincere?

"The gun and the map together," was the prompt demand.

"And then what?" inquired the Laughing Mask.

"Then you wait in this closet until I make sure it's the map I've got," announced the audacious Legar.

The Laughing Mask stood apparently studying his opponent.

"And on these conditions you promise there will be no acts of violence in this house, there will be no interference with these ladies, and no attempt to interrupt their return to the city?"

"Watch him, men!" Legar ordered as he took the gun and map from the Laughing Mask's outstretched hand and stepped to the closet door and turned the key in the lock.

"I wait your decision, gentlemen, in the jury-room," mockingly announced the latter as he stepped into the closet.

Quick as a shot Legar shut and locked that door. He clutched the map.

"By God, I've got it!" exulted Legar.

Let out that driver in the bearskin first," he commanded, "and if that fool in the mask trives to move, plug him one. For I've got a little personal reckoning with him, later on!"

He handed the automatic to one of the men and motioned to him to unlock the closet door. Then he ordered the chauffeur to step out.

"Now, you beat it with these ribs, and beat it quick!" was the brusque command to the man in the bearskin coat and cap.

That chauffeur had not taken six steps across the room before a sudden cry broke from one of the men standing close beside the card table.

"Your map's gone!" was the bewildering message that fell on Legar's ears as he leaped to the table side. The man in the bearskin at the same moment stepped out thru the door.

"That guy gave you a copy, a fake copy done in disappearing ink."

Legar gave one glance. Then, with an oath, he leaped for the closet door, flung it open and sprung bodily on the masked figure, dragging it out to the light as he tore away the band of yellow that covered the latter's face.

A shout went up from the startled group.

"That's the chauffeur!" cried one of the men. "They switched makeups in that closet and the main guy's got away!"

For one second Legar stood stunned and motionless. Then, with his jaws set, he sprang for the lean-faced chauffeur, already edging along the wall toward the door. At the same moment that the man with the automatic ran toward the centre of the room, leveling his gun as he went, a shot rang out from beside the open window.

Legar, realizing the outcome, with one sweep of his hooked arm flung the green-shaded lamp from its table, jumped thru a window and vanished from sight.

* * *

The Shell of Deceit.

Margory Golden, all things considered, was once more in very excellent spirits. There were even moments when young David Manley considered those spirits as both deplorably and disturbingly excellent, due, thought he, to the presence of young Count Luigi de Espares.

He had come, as more than one impoverished young nobleman had come to America, to dispose of those canvases and curios which, if they had not once graced his own ancestral halls, had at least been conscientiously made, on the far side of the Atlantic, after models bearing every earmark of the authentic. And one of the treasures which he had succeeded in disposing of to Enoch Golden was a full suit of medieval Japanese armor, complete even to the long-bladed Kagiaski dagger and grotesquely fashioned metal face mask.

That leering metal face David Manley hated from the first moment he saw it in position at the far side of the somber Golden library. The ugliness of that metal monstrosity, in fact, seemed accentuated by the soft-toned canvas painting which stood immediately behind it. And he hated it more than ever as he stepped into the room and saw Margory smilingly contemplating it from the chair beside her father's table.

"It seems so mysterious," was her answer. "It keeps suggesting something which I can't quite define, and I was just wondering if I hadn't solved the mystery, even as you came in thru the door."

"You mean this man De Espares?" Manley asked with a wince.

"No, not exactly. But that leering metal face makes me think of the Laughing Mask, and now I'm almost certain I know who this Laughing Mask is."

"Who?"

"Count Lugi de Espares himself!"

"I don't believe it!"

"Yes, but listen: Quite by accident yesterday, when we were having tea together, a yellow domino dropped from his pocket. He was confused and seemed unwilling to make any real explanations about it."

"And the count will remain with it?" demanded Manley, keeping calm only by an effort.

"Well, since he's not exactly a rug peddler who can be shown the door as soon as his pack is tide up, I imagine he will remain our guest until quite convinced he is no longer welcome here."

* * *

Three hours later he was peremptorily summoned to the billiard-room, where he found Enoch Golden in slippers and dressing gown feverishly pacing the floor.

"It's another of Legar's Spotted Warnings!" exclaimed Golden ,in a voice heavy with apprehension.

"That new footman, Wrench, brought it to me. He says it was thrown thru the glass front of the old conservatory."

"I never knew you had a second conservatory."

"There was a smaller one that opened by a narrow passage from the library. But when the new buildings shut off the light it was closed up and the passage covered with wainscoting. Wrench heard the crash in the empty room and went to investigate. This is what he found!"

"Did you speak to De Espares about this?" Manley asked.

"No. De Espares went to bed an hour ago."

"And Margory?"

"Margory is with her mother."

"Then the first thing to do is to make sure that she is still safe."

Manley, with a sinking of the heart, continued his search thru the lower regions of the house. And he did not breathe freely until, quietly opening the side door into the library, he caught sight of Margory herself, in a narrow-backed Jacobean chair, bent low over a book which lay open on her lap.

She sat clearly outlined in the bright fulcrum falling over her carelessly-posed body, leaving her in a luminous shower from the single wall light, which she had left turned on immediately above her. He could see the polished metal of that armor flash venomously in the strong sidelight.

Just then a gasp of incredulity burst from his lips. For as he stared at the metalled hand holding the long-bladed dagger, he saw, or thought he saw, that hand slowly raise, as tho some miracle had endowed its insensate links and plates and vambraces with life. Then the very blood in his body seemed to curdle with sudden horror, for now there was no doubt about it. The mailed hand holding the glimmering knifeblade above the softly breathing girl was slowly but surely being lifted, higher and still higher. And in another moment, Manley felt, it would surely strike.

Quick as a flash he caught the automatic from his pocket, swung it up and trained the barrel on the glinting high lights along the mailed fist. The nhe fired.

* * *

There was a muffled shout of pain, a short scream of terror from the startled girl and answering calls from abovestairs as the uproar echoed thru the midnight house. But to all of these Manley paid scant attention. With ten steps he had crossed the room. Then he flung himself on the suit of mail, twisting it about and sending it toppling from its stand. But one glance showed it to be empty. The framed canvas that stood behind it he jerked from the wall. Then an exclamation of wonder burst from his lips, for in the wainscoting at each side of where the canvas had hung he discovered two holes cut, not a yard apart, and sufficiently large enough to admit of a man's arms being thrust thru them.

Some enemy, secreted behind that waistcoting, had thrust an arm into the metal shell of an arm holding the dagger and had lifted it to strike down the girl so close beside it. And that enemy, Manley resolved as he battered down the panel and crowded his way thru into a narrow passageway, he would discover and capture or know the reason why.

Yet that passage, which led to the abandoned conservatory and from there back to a long unused butlers' pantry, proved to be entirely empty. All that rewarded Manley's frantic search was a sleeve button and a shred of cloth torn from a service coat, caught on a nail where the passage itself made against the wainscoting. And by the time he had pushed his way back to the library Golden and De Esparges and Wilson were already there.

* * *

"Where's Wrench, that new footman?" he demanded.

"I saw Wrench in the upper hall, sir, two minutes ago," was Wilson's prompt reply.

He was off the next moment, running with all his speed thru the house, with his automatic in his hand as he went.

It was not until he had mounted a second and then a third flight of stairs that he came to a stop. That was beside the door of Wrench's own room. And listening there he heard the sound of movement within.

He did not even try the door. Backing quickly away, he shouldered against the wooden panels with all his weight. The lock gave way and he went staggering into the room.

There, bent over a suitcase, he caught sight of Wrench himself. One glance at that startled and pallid face, one glimpse at the sleeve of the service coat, from which a button had clearly been torn away, convinced him that all his vague suspicions of the past week had been only too well founded. And he wasted on words on argument.

He leaped to that startled figure, thrust his automatic against the waist line of the service coat and commanded Wrench to back up against the wall. As he did so, a sudden shout sounded from the doorway behind him, and instinctively he glanced about to ascertain the meaning of the shout. Wrench, seeing his chance, knocked the menacing automatic barrel to one side and sprang bodily on Manley. As he did so an unexpected, strangely-manteled figure glided into the narrow room. It was a figure wrapped and hooded in heavy velour, and only a second glance at its strange coverlet would have revealed the fact that it was a portiere quickly torn from its fastenings and improvised into a mask to conceal its wearer's identity.

It was not until that hooded figure had joined in the contest that Manley became aware of the second portiere which his newer opponent carried. For this portiere was deftly thrown over the young secretary's head and suddenly drawn tight about his arms.

* * *

Manley himself, maddened by the thought of that culprit's escape, swung about on his hooded assailant with a fury that sent the latter also retreating toward the hall. That unknown enemy even sought to escape as his colleague had done, but at the stairhead Manley overtook him. Together they went down the stairs, a tangle of limbs and striking fists and portiere ends.

Manley fell sprawling, tangled in many yards of velour, and landed on the cowering head and shoulders of the astounded Wilson, who, at that sudden assault, promptly and vociferously shouted for help.

When Manley, stunned for a minute or two by the fall, once more opened his eyes and blinked enquiringly about him, he saw both Golden and his wife and Margory herself clustered at his side.

"Did you get him?" he demanded.

"Get who?" asked Enoch Golden.

"That murderous blackleg, De Espares!" was Manley's reply.

"But Count de Espares has nothing to do with this," protested the girl, with a frown of bewilderment. "He's only been helping us, as he always helped us!"

"Yes, as he will tell you himself!" For at that moment, suave and smiling, the count joined the wondering circle.

"Ah, monsieur, I keep watch above, as you ask," he explained, with a shrug. "But nosing happen. I see nobody. Then, mon Dieu, I hear the tumult, and come down to you. But I cannot comprehend. So tell me, monsieur, I beg, what has happen?"

Manley rose stiffly and slowly to his feet.

"But what do you mean by this, anyway, Manley?" demanded Enoch Golden.

"Oh, I guess he's merely the guy that put the Laugh in the Laughing Mask," was Manley's embittered yet enigmatic retort.

(To be Continued Next Week.)

Shall We In Our Prosperity Forget War-Destitute Belgium?

Nine Million Belgians Face Starvation While Canada Thrives on Record Crops and Huge War Orders?

When at first the War depressed business, and we felt the pinch ourselves, our sympathies and aid went out freely to Belgium, suffering in the same cause.

Now that prosperity has returned to Canada, and we are engrossed in paying business, there is danger that we forget our debt to our destitute Allies. For this is a real debt that we owe! Our present prosperity is, directly or indirectly, almost entirely a result of the war. We are profiting legitimately, of course, but it is only simple justice that we share these profits with those to whom the War has brought only want, suffering and sorrow.

Belgium's need was never greater, if as great as it is today! Germany's rule has lost none of its ruthless, heartless, grinding oppression! Practically unable to earn money except by hateful munition-making for the enemy, the Belgians are gradually exhausting what little financial resources the Hun levies have left them.

For food they are absolutely dependent on the Belgian Relief Commission, which imports it from this side of the Atlantic. Those who can pay for it do so—those who cannot are fed anyway. As the proportion of the 7,000,000 hungry Belgians who cannot pay is steadily growing, this means a heavy demand on the generosity of Canada, Great Britain and the United States.

So far, with splendid gifts of flour and money, Canada has done her share. Now, in the face of urgent need, the Belgian Relief Commission is sending out another call. Besides the growing demand for flour, there is now pressing need for condensed milk for Belgian babies. This call comes right home to those of us who are living in comfort and prosperity—who have made no real sacrifices either to help along the war or to aid its victims.

A subscription of $2.50 a month, in the hands of the wonderfully efficient Belgian Relief Commission, will provide bread for one Belgian family, and save their lives! How many Belgians can you afford to support till the War is over? Whatever you feel you can give, send your subscription weekly, monthly, or in one lump sum, to Local or Provincial Committees, or 9

Send Cheques Payable to Treasurer **Belgian Relief Fund**

59 St. Peter St., Montreal.

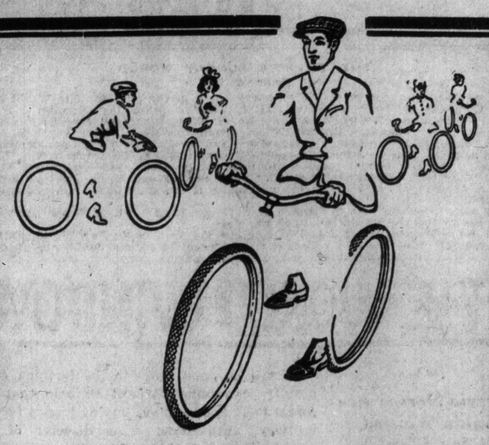
$2.50 Feeds a Belgian Family One Month

Woman's Dress

WE ARE living in an era of possibility. Woman has departed from every suggestion of the masculine in her dress. She is no longer severe or tailor-made, she is essentially feminine. She is beruffled and beflounced and she is dainty in the extreme. She trips along in her light colored shoes and in her dainty hosiery lightly and airily. Every hint of severity has been lost. Even the sports costumes are given a sense of daintiness and the picturesque element is notable. Coquetry appears to have been at work among the designers, also, for the most demure costumes of grey or of beige or of white are given a daring touch by a brilliant colored flower tucked into the girdle, a scarf of bright hue or some other touch of brilliancy which lifts them out of the commonplace. The woman who is quick to get effect and who realizes the possibility of a bit of bright hue is the woman who will make her costume a success.

Shadow Boxes for Children

An absorbing occupation for the children, when a day indoors is in order, is the making of a shadow box. The inner sides of a cardboard box are lined with black paper. Then the background of the little stage or landscape to be made is pasted to the inside bottom of the box. A colored postcard affords a good background for most scenes. Scenery, such as trees, flowers, houses, and the like, can be cut from other postcards and pasted on the sides of the box. The glass is fastened to the box by a strip of tape, glued across the joint of box and glass. Small figures, cut from cards and pasted in the foreground, on bits of paper turned under and pasted down, afford endless opportunities for composition and action. A Japanese card for background and side wings, with the tiny trees, shrubs and Japanese figures which may be purchased so reasonably, gives a charming little scene.



Goodyear Bicycle Tires offer you a standard—the highest—by which to judge all tires.

GOODYEAR MADE IN CANADA

$3 Blue Streak White Diamond BICYCLE TIRES Black Diamond $2

An aristocratic tire of white rubber—the All-Weather Tread, as strong as it is handsome—the bicycle tire de luxe.

A rugged tire of tough, durable, dark grey rubber, finished with the ever-popular All-Weather Tread.

MAKING PAPER FLOWERS

It's not to be expected that little folks, without any special training, will be able at once to make all sorts of paper flowers. This is a very real art, and to become expert takes time and study, says the Detroit Press. In Japan, where the children make a very great many of their own toys, they try constantly to perfect themselves in this pretty accomplishment of artificial flower making, and they seldom attempt the more complex flowers.

Any deft child can, however, with a little practice, learn to make very lovely simple flowers, such as the wild rose, single violet, daisy, or black-eyed Susan.

Green and pink tissue paper and yellow silk are needed if you are going to begin by attempting a wild rose. Don't be discouraged, if your first attempts are rather messy. Everybody's are, and you will learn in time.

Cut out five petals from your pink tissue paper and be sure that they really resemble the natural flower in shape and size. Lay these aside and next stuff a bit of green paper with cotton, making the calyx, or little green cup which holds the flower. When this is finished to your satisfaction and a stem is wound of wire and green tissue, paste the petals in position and sew the yellow silk in such a manner that the strand stand up thru the paper in little tufts that look like stamens and pistils. You can make the pistils by knotting the silk at the very top and cutting it off close. When finished, the flower will be very stiff, but bend the petals up about the pistils and stamens as naturally as possible and this unnatural look will be lost.

Generally speaking, you can follow these directions for other flowers, using appropriate colors.

You will soon work out a method of your very own, for not two makers of artificial flowers work alike. This is because hands, for one thing, are of different sizes and different dexterity, and each should adopt the easiest way.

When you have mastered the simplest flowers you can gradually proceed to try your hand at more difficult ones—things that will be a real decoration to your home, or at least to the room which you call your very own.

TO REMOVE SCORCH SPOTS.

All traces of the damage done by an overheated iron can be removed by wetting the scorched part with water and then applying to it a thick paste made of ordinary lump starch, with just enough water added to make it stick well. Use plenty of the paste and let it dry on the material. Then, when dry, be sure to rinse all the starch out with water, so that the iron will not scorch the garment in the same place again.

Asperula odorata, commonly called woodruff, is delightfully scented. When the plant is wilted it has the odor of new mown hay and when sprinkled among clothes imparts an agreeable perfume and is also said to keep them free from insects.

FIRST AND PARAMOUNT, ABSOLUTE SECURITY TO POLICYHOLDERS

What the "Want" Columns Reveal

WANTED—BY REFINED ELDERLY widow, employment for few hours daily, light housework or sewing; good needlewoman. Box 817, Star. 46

GENERAL HOUSEWORK—YOUNG MOther, quick, capable worker, will be glad to hear of a comfortable home, where she can keep her baby with her. Apply to Box 1317, Star.

ENGLISH WOMAN, WITH CHILD, DEsires position as housekeeper to widowman; good cook and manager. Apply Box 420, Star.

The above from recent issues of a Toronto newspaper, tell the story of the heartbreaking position in which many widows are placed unexpectedly.

Snatched away in the prime of life—uninsured—their husbands had thought to-morrow would be time enough to insure—but to-morrow never came.

Will your wife come to this, or will you provide for her while there is yet time? An Imperial Home Protection policy is the solution. Ask for particulars.

THE IMPERIAL LIFE Assurance Company of Canada

HEAD OFFICE - TORONTO

Branches and Agents in all important centres

COPYRIGHT