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For Sale by all Dealers.

KITCHENER'S MOB

By Jas. NORMAN HALL.

CHAPTER X.—(Cont'd.)

I remember that march in the light of our later experiences, in the light of the official report of the total British casualties at Loos; sixty thousand British lads killed, wounded, and missing. Marching four abreast, column of casualties miles in length. I see them plodding light-heartedly through the mud at the end of that gray September day, their faces wet with the rain, and a bloke standing by the side of the road would think they were a-go'n to a Sunday-school picnic. The sergeant was in a talkative mood. "Listen to them guns barkin'! We're in for it this time, straight!" Then, turning to the men behind: "Ave got yer wills made out, you lads? You're a-go'n to see a scrap presently, an' it ain't a-go'n to be no flea-bite, I give you my word!" "Right you are, sergeant! I'm leavin' me razor to 'is Majesty. 'Ope 'e'll tyke the 'int."

It is fine for cleaning cans—says the dairyman

Comfort Lye

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 leave. For they say, "At that WALKER HOUSE it's just like staying home."

Where is 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

long files of ambulances which moved as rapidly as the darkness and the awful condition of the roads would permit. I counted twenty of them during one halt, and then stopped, thinking of the pain of the poor fellows inside, their wounds wrenched and torn by the constant pitching and jolting. We had vivid glimpses of them by the light from flashing guns, and of the Red Cross attendants at the rear of the cars, steadying the upper tiers of stretchers on either side. The heavy (garrison) artillery was by this time far behind us. The big shells went over with a hollow roar like the sound of an express train heard at a distance. Field artillery was concealed in the ruins of houses on every side. The guns were firing at a tremendous rate, the shells exploding several miles away with a sound of jarring thunder claps.

In addition to the ambulances there was a constant stream of horses carrying traffic of other kinds: dispatch riders on motor cycles, feeling their way cautiously along the side of the road; ammunition supply and battalion transport wagons; the horses rearing and plunging in the darkness. We approached a crossroad and halted to make way for some batteries of field pieces moving to new positions. They went by on a slippery cobblestone road, the horses at a dead gallop. In the red lightnings of heavy-gun fire they looked like a series of splendid sculptured groups.

We moved on and halted, moved on again, stumbled into ditches to get out of the way of headquarters cars and motor lorries, jumped up and pushed on. Every step through the thick mud was taken with an effort. We frequently lost touch with the troops ahead of us and would have to march at the double in order to catch up. I was fast getting into that despondent, despairing frame of mind which often follows great physical weariness, when I remembered a bit of wisdom out of a book by William James which I had read several years before. He had said, in effect, that men have layers of energy, reserves of nervous force, which they are rarely called upon to use, but which are, nevertheless, assets of great value in times of strain. I had occasion to test the truth of this statement during that night march, and at intervals later, when I felt that I had reached the end of my resources of strength, and I found it to be practical wisdom which stood me in good stead on more than one occasion.

We halted to wait for our trench guides at the village of Vermelles, about three miles back of our lines. The men lay down thankfully in the mud and many were soon asleep despite the terrific noise. Our batteries, concealed in the ruins of houses, were keeping up a steady fire, and the German guns were replying almost as hotly. The weird flashes lit up the shattered walls with a fascinating, bizarre effect. By their light, I saw men lying with their heads thrown back over their pack-sacks, their rifles leaning across their bodies; others standing in attitudes of suspended animation. The noise was deafening. One was thrown entirely upon his own resources for comfort and companionship, for it was impossible to converse. While we were waiting for the order to move, a homeless dog put his cold nose into my hand. I patted him and he crept up close beside me. Every muscle in his body was quivering. I wanted to console him in his own language. But I knew very little French, and I should have had to shout into his ear at the top of my voice to have made myself heard. When we marched on I lost him. And I never saw him again.

There was a further march of two and a half miles over open country, the scene of the great battle. The ground was a maze of abandoned trenches and was pitted with shell holes. The clay was so slippery and we were so heavily loaded that we fell down at every step. Some of the boys told me afterward that I cursed like blue blazes all the way up. I was not conscious of this, but I can readily understand that it may have been true. At any rate, as a result of that march, I lost what reputation I had for being temperate in the use of profanity.

We crossed what had been the first line of British trenches, which marked the starting-point of the advance, and from there the ground was covered with the bodies of our comrades, men who had "done their bit," as Tommy says, and would never go home again. Some were huddled in pathetic little groups of two or three as they might have crept together for companionship before they died. Some were lying face downward just as they had fallen. Others in attitudes revealing dreadful suffering. Many were hanging upon the tangles of German barbed wire which the heaviest of bombardments never completely destroys. We saw them only by the light of distant trench rockets and stumbled on them and over them when the darkness returned.

It is an unpleasant experience, marching under fire, on top of the ground, even though it is dark and the enemy is shelling haphazardly. We machine gunners were always heavily loaded. In addition to the usual infantryman's burden, we had our machine guns to carry, and our ammunition, water supply, tools and instruments. We were very eager to get under cover, but we had to go slowly. By the time we reached our trench we were nearly exhausted.

The men who were to relieve were packed up, ready to move out, when we arrived. We threw our rifles and equipment on the parapet and stood close to the side of the trench to allow them to pass. They were cased in mud. Their faces, which I saw by the glow of matches or lighted cigarettes, were haggard and worn. A week's growth of beard gave them a wild and barbaric appearance. They talked eagerly. They were hysterically cheerful; voluble from sheer nervous reaction. They had a sense of getting away for a little while from the sickening horrors: the sight of maimed and shattered men; the deafening noise, the nauseating odor of decaying flesh. As they moved out there were the usual conversations which take place between incoming and outgoing troops. (To be continued.)

CREAM WANTED

Sweet or Churning Cream. Highest market prices paid. We supply cans, pay express charges, and remit daily. Mutual Dairy & Creamery Co. 743-5 King St. West. Toronto

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.

A NEW FAD.

A Collection of Daguerreotypes Would Be An Interesting Possession.

Have you a hobby? Here is a brand new one, just out of somebody's imagination box. It's to be a collection of daguerreotypes.

Haven't you known of persons who have spent years collecting candlesticks, rugs, odd dishes or beads? Why not daguerreotypes? What could yield more interesting stories than these dainty little colored relics of the past? Truly they are of the past, for the art of Daguerre is a lost one and has never been successfully revived. Did you know that?

So let us go to grandfather's, get the old picture box in the writing desk drawer and find them in their little plush and gold-rimmed cases. Perhaps you will find one of grandmother in her teens. That dainty, soft-coloring will tell you more of her charms than she is willing to confess.

You will find them most interesting and you will catch yourself looking for the different types of faces.

I have one that I hold dear—it's a double. A broad-shouldered young man looking out on a beaming world, while by his side is seated his dainty little bride, her hand on his knee. You will begin to take an interest in the quest, too, and be soon rich in a possession you are proud of, and in a fad which offers an easy field of acquisition.

Try it.

The tractor gets you somewhere, which is more than can be said of the tractor.

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Food Control Corner

Regulations to govern the sale of Pacific Ocean fish other than halibut, salmon and sablefish have been issued by the Canada Food Board. The prices payable to the fishermen are fixed at from 1 1/4c. to 3 1/2c. per pound dressed f.o.b. dock. These prices depend upon whether the fishermen are operating on "Company Boats" or Independent Boats. Exclusive of all rail charges, the price to be charged to or paid by any retail dealer in British Columbia, Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba for flat fish caught on the "Company Boat," iced and boxed, or frozen and boxed, must not exceed five cents per pound, over and above the actual price paid to fishermen and five and one-half cents per pound for all other fish. Similarly the price chargeable to or payable by any retail dealer for fish taken by an "Independent Boat," iced and boxed or frozen and boxed must not exceed three cents per pound exclusive of rail charges over and above the price actually paid to the fishermen. On flat fish, other than halibut and on cod fish other than sablefish, the prices to be charged by any retail dealer in the four western provinces are limited to three cents per pound over and above the actual cost of such fish delivered at the place of sale. Arrangements have been made with the Department of Marine and Fisheries by which the Government will pay two-thirds of the transportation charges from landing point to selling point of such fish.

Bob Long
Union-Made
Overalls
Shirts & Gloves

My Dad wears 'em

Bob Long says:
"My overalls and shirts are the best made, because they are roomy and comfortable. I designed them with the idea that you might want to stretch your arms and legs occasionally."

Insist on "Bob Long" brand. Ask your dealer for Big 11—the big grey overalls—the cloth with the test.

R. G. LONG & CO., LIMITED
TORONTO - CANADA

WHEN PEARLS NEED DOCTORING

MUST BE WORN CONTINUALLY TO RESTORE LUSTRE.

Here Are Some Little Known Facts About One of the Most Precious Jewels.

Are you the lucky possessor of a string of angels' tears, as someone once poetically visioned pearls, which happen to be the real and genuine article? If so, wear them, and don't keep them cooped up in the family vault or heirloom casket, for pearls, more than any other precious gem, are almost human in their susceptibility to change, neglect, and indifferent treatment, and if not properly looked after will lose their "life" to an extent which sometimes considerably depreciates their value, says a London weekly.

Perhaps you have noticed that your morning "Mirror" nearly always contains portraits of duchesses and other ladies of high degree engaged in war work and lazzar openings, always accompanied by their own particular famous pearls, even though it be early morn, which we lesser mortals were taught to regard as quite the wrong end of the day to wear a small fortune in baubles.

Sleeps in Them. But there is method in their ostentation. Their jewellers and insurance agents have insisted that pearls to retain their precious lustre, must be worn continually.

Indeed, many Society beauties and actresses, whose pearls are almost as famous as themselves, wear their gems under their gowns when display is unwise, and they even sleep in them!

Gaby Delys, whose pearls are worth many thousands, once told me that she attributed their wonderful sheen and exquisite coloring to the fact that she always wore them in bed.

When that conversation took place we happened to be midway across the Atlantic, and rumor had it that the steamship line detailed a particularly hefty individual to sleep on the mat outside the door of her suite.

It is bad enough to be responsible for the safety of the one and only Gaby, but quite another thing to guard a collection of pearls which is said to have scarcely an equal.

Gaby also told me that her friend, the luckless Mlle. Lantelme, who was drowned in the Rhine some years ago while on a pleasure trip on her husband's yacht, was also the possessor of some wondrous pearls, and always retired with her entire collection distributed over her hands, arms, neck, and ears.

Buried With Them. In fact, when the body of the beautiful actress was recovered from the river, it was found that she was clad only in her night robe and her pearls.

Paris was a long time forgetting the tragic death of the woman whose eyes were like black pansies, and whom they called the Lady of the Pearls, and some time after her grave was shockingly desecrated by some ghastly fiends, and the jewels which had been buried with her were stolen under particularly nauseous circumstances.

Curiously enough, not all women are good for pearls, and many owners have to delegate the wearing of them to their mothers or healthier relatives.

Some women, however, are famous pearl cure-alls, and one or two years ago one of the big museums of Paris advertised for a young and healthy maiden to sit for a few hours daily wearing some of their pearl exhibits which had lost "life."

The successful applicant for the unusual post was required to wear the jewels next her flesh under the eagle eye of one or two attendants, who were told off to see that she did not play any hanky-panky tricks.

This young girl proved such a good cure-all that she was commissioned by many European royalties and society folk to pay periodical visits to their treasures.

Don't Like the Ex-Czarina.

The ex-Czarina of Russia also possesses wonderful ropes of the most lovely bauble in the world, but very few are aware that other people have to give them their "medicine," as she is constitutionally antagonistic to them.

Senora Tortola de Valencia, of Barcelona, who is one of the famous exponents of the dancing which is peculiarly Spanish, is said to have restored the pearls of the ex-Czarina to life several years ago by wearing them next her heart while dancing at Petrograd.

The pearls had lost their lustre, and the insurance companies were beginning to be alarmed; but after the fascinating Tortola had worn them, they "glistened once more with all the fire of life, youth, and health," according to the unbiased and uncensored report of an admirer of the famous danseuse.

Rely on North America.

Lord Rhonda says: "The Allied larder is dangerously empty but we are carrying on in the resolute belief that we can rely on the people of North America to prevent our food supplies from becoming so diminished as to imperil the issue for which we are all fighting."

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.			\$90,100,174.00
Cash Income.			19,288,907.00
New Assurances issued and Paid for in Cash.			47,811,567.00
Assurances in Force at December 31st, 1917.			311,870,945.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders.			1,860,380.00
Profits paid or allotted to Policyholders, in past five years.			5,224,963.00
Total Payments to Policyholders, 1917.			8,840,245.00
Assets held for Policyholders since organization.			\$69,004,210
Assets held for Policyholders.			\$90,100,174
Premiums received since organization.			\$120,251,400
Payments to Policyholders and Assets held for them exceed the premiums received by:			\$6,895,264
Undivided surplus at December 31st, 1917, over all liabilities including capital.			\$8,550,761.00

THE COMPANY'S GROWTH			
YEAR	INCOME	ASSETS	LIFE ASSURANCES IN FORCE
1912	\$ 48,810.23	\$ 98,423.95	\$ 1,094,270.63
1913	477,410.00	1,812,204.48	10,873,777.49
1914	2,298,891.74	7,287,571.44	44,962,704.79
1915	6,249,895.75	26,429,500.15	111,185,894.78
1917	19,288,907.00	90,100,174.24	311,870,945.73

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 T. B. MACAULAY, President 1917