Y 5, 1915

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We Are Having a

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CANADA STEAMSHIP LINES LIMITED

"COURIER" WANT ADS.

By Katherine Cecil Thurston, Author of "The Circle," Etc. Copyright, 1904, by Harper &

Brothers

we the quiet court, to gain the Strand, to hail a belated hassom, was he work of a moment. By an add conrivance of circumstance the luck that had attended every phase of his dual life was again exerted in his behalf. No one had noticed their entry into difford's inn; no one was moved to uriosity by their exit. With an involintary thrill of feeling he gave expresion to his relief.

"Thank God it's over!" he said as a cab drew up. "You don't know what the strain has been."

Moving as if in a dream, Eve stepped nto the cab. As yet the terrible deouement to their enterprise had made no clear impression upon her mind. For the moment all that she was concious of, all that she instinctively acknowledged, was the fact that Loder was still beside her.

In quiet obedience she took her place, drawing aside her skirts to make room for him, and in the same subdued manner he stepped into the vehicle. Then, with the strange sensation of reliving their earlier drive, they were aware of the tightened rein and of the horse's first forward movement.

For several seconds neither spoke. Eve. shutting out all other thoughts. sat close to Loder, clinging tenaciously to the momentary comforting sense of protection. Loder, striving to marshal his ideas, hesitated before the ordeal of speech. At last, realizing his responsibility, he turned to her slowly.

"Eve," he said in a low voice and with some hesitation, "I want you to know that in all this-from the moment saw him-from the moment I understood-I have had you in my thoughtsyou and no one else." She raised her eyes to his face.

"Do you realize"- he began afresh. "Do you know what this-this thing Still she remained silent.

"It means that after tonight there wile be no such person in London as John Loder. Tomorrow the man who was known by that name will be found in his rooms; his body will be removed. and at the post mortem examination it will be stated that he died of an overdose of morphia. His charwoman will identify him as a solitary man who liv ed respectably for years and then suddenly went down hill with remarkable speed. It will be quite a common case. Nothing of interest will be found in his rooms. No relation will claim his body. After the usual time he will be given the usual burial of his class. These details are howrible, but there are times when we must look at the horrible side of life, because life is incomplete with-

"These things I speak of are the things that will meet the casual eye. out in our sight they will have a very different meaning.

"Eve." he said, more vehemently, "a whole chapter in my life has been closed tonight and my first instinct is to shut the book and throw it away. But I'm thinking of you. Remember, I'm thinking of you. Whatever the trial, whatever the difficulty, no harm shall ome to you. You have my word for

"I'll return with you now to Grosenor square. I'll remain there till a easonable excuse can be given for Chilcote's going abroad. I will avoid Fraide. I will cut politics-whatever the cost. Then at the first reasonable moment I will do what I would do now, tonight, if it were possible. I'll go away, start afresh; do in another

ountry what I have done in this." There was a long silence; then Eve turned to him. The apathy of a moment before had left her face. "In another country?" she repeated. "In another country?"

"Yes, a fresh career in a fresh counnot too old to do what other men have

He paused, and for a moment Eve looked ahead at the gleaming chain of amps. Then very slowly she brought her glance back again. "No." she said affairs." very slowly. "You are not too old. But there are times when age and things like age-are not the real consideration. It seems to me that your own inclination, your own individual sense of right and wrong, has nothing to do with the present moment. The question is whether you are justified in going away"-she paused, her eyes fixed teadily upon his-"whether you are free to go away and make a new life, whether it is ever justifiable to follow a phantom light when-when there's a lantern waiting to be carried." Her breath caught. She drew away from

im, frightened and elated by her own Loder turned to her sharply. "Eve!" e exclaimed; then his tone changed. You don't know what you're saying,' e added quickly. "You don't under

stand what you're saying." Eve leaned forward again. "Yes," she said slowly. "I do understand." Her voice was controlled, her manner convinced. She was no longer the girl conquered by strength greater than her own. She was the woman strenuously demanding her right to individual hap-

"I understand it all," she repeated. I understand every point. It was not chance that made you change your identity, that made you care for me. that brought about-his death. I don't believe it was chance. I believe it was something much higher. You are not

neant to go away."

brance of his first days as Chilcote rose again, the remembrance of how he had been dimly filled with the belief that below her self possession lay a strength-a depth-uncommon in womar. As he studied her now the instinctive belief flamed into conviction. 'Eve!" he said involuntarily.

With a quick gesture she raised her head. "No:" she exclaimed. "No: don't say anything. You are going to see things as I see them-you must do soyou have no choice. No real man ever casts away the substance for the shadow." Her eyes shone-the color, the glow, the vitality, rushed back into her

"John," she said softly, "I love you. and I need you, but there is something with a greater claim-a greater need than mine. Don't you know what it

He said nothing. He made no ges-

"It is the party-the country. You may put love aside, but duty is different. You have pledged yourself. You are not meant to draw back." Loder's lips parted.

"Don't," she said again. "Don't say anything. I know all that is in your mind. But when we sift things right through it isn't my love-or our happi ness-that's really in the balance. It is your future." Her voice thrilled. "You are going to be a great man, and a great man is the property of his country. He has no right to individual ac-

Again Loder made an effort to speak, but again she checked him.

"Wait!" she exclaimed. "Wait! You believe you have acted wrongly, and you are desperately afraid of acting wrongly again But is it really truer. more loval for us to work out a long probation in grooves that are already overfilled than to marry quietly abroad and fill the places that have need c" us? That is the question I want you to answer. Is it really truer and nobler?

Oh, I see the doubt that is in your mind! You think it fi: to go away and make a new life than to live the life that is waiting you-because one is independent and the other means the use of another man's name and another man's money-that is the thought in your mind. But what is it that prompts that thought?" Again her voice caught, but her eyes did not falter. "I will tell you. It is not self sacrifice, but pride." She said the word fearlessly.

A flush crossed Loder's face. "A man requires pride," he said in a low "Yes, at the right time. But is this the right time? Is it ever right to

throw away the substance for the shadow? You say that I don't understanddon't realize. I realize more tonight than I have realized in all my life. I



My consent or refusal lies with-my

know that you have an opportunity that can never come again and that it's terribly possible to let it slip"-She paused. Loder, his hands rest. ing on the closed doors of the cab, sat

very silent, with averted eyes and bent "Only tonight," she went on, "you told me that everything was crying to

you to take the easy, pleasant way. Then it was strong to turn aside, but now it is not strong. It is far nobler to try, something clean to offer you. I'm fill an empty niche than to carve one for yourself. John"-she suddenly leaned forward, laying her hands over his-"Mr. Fraide told me tonight that in his new ministry my-my husband was to be undersecretary for foreign

The words fell softly, so softly that to ears less comprehending than Lo der's their significance might have been lost, as his rigid attitude and unresponsive manner might have conveyed lack of understanding to any

eyes less observant than Eve's. For a long space there was no word spoken. At last, with a very gentle pressure, her fingers tightened over his

"John," she began gently, but the word died away. She drew back into her seat as the cab stopped before Chil-

cote's house. Simultaneously as they descended the hall door was opened and a flood of warm light poured out reassuringly

into the darkness. "I thought it was your cab, sir," Crapham exclaimed deferentially as they passed into the hall. "Mr. Fraide has been waiting to see you this half hour. I showed him into the study." He closed the door softly and retired. Then in the warm light, amid the gravely dignified surroundings that had marked his first entry into this hazardous second existence, Eve turned to

As she turned his face was still hidden from her, and his attitude betrayed nothing. "John," she said slowly, "you know

Loder for the verdict upon which the

A Buffalo firm will construct the Oswego breakwater on a \$78,606 con-



why he is here. You know that he has come to personally offer you this place to personally receive your refusal-or

She ceased to speak, there was a moment of suspense, then Loder turned. His face was still pale and grave with the gravity of a man who has but re cently been close to death, but beneath the gravity was another look, the old expression of strength and self reliance, tempered, raised and dignified by a new humility. Moving forward, he held out

"My consent or refusal," he said very quietly, "lies with-my wife."

Terrace Hill

The many friends of Mr. Tattersall of Grand street, will greatly regret to hear that he is seriously ill.

Mr. F. Morison, Deanery Inspector of the Anglican Church Sunday schools, visited St. James' church on Sunday last. He expressed himself to the rector as pleasantly surprised at the splendid attendance and progress the Sunday school showed and at the number of adult teachers and

officers. The annual Sunday school picnic of St. James was held at Gaywood, the home of Lt.-Col. Muir, the supperintendent, on Saturday, July 3rd.
The picnic of Sydenham St. Sunday school will be held on Wednesday afternoon, July 7th to Bell Homestead. They will go in motor busses leaving the church at r olclock.

Mrs. Lumsden and Miss Evelyn

Lumsden, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. Huffman St. George St. The Alerts lost to MacBrides on Saturday afternoon by a score of 8-12. The play was better than the score would indicate. On several ocasions the Alerts had three men on bases, and by marvellous one-hand and difficult catches they managed to prevent Alerts from scoring. on the previous occasion when Mac-Brides played on the Hill, the Alerts really lost the game through errors. They outhit the printers by one, but they failed to hit safely at opportune times. The Hill boys have a kick coming. The game according to leaque rules was called for 3 oclock. Rain, of course prevented play at this Shortly after 4 o'clock the MacBride team arrived, together with the umpire. The official declared the game should go on. As a result the Alerts lost a good collection and also to play a weak team, owing to he crowd and some of the players believing the game to be called off. It is a question as to whether the umpire could call "play ball" after a

game has been delayed an hour. The residents of the Hill greatly appreciate the action of the Courier n its advocacy of the street cars for this residential section. They hope the Courier will keep it up until the city fathers and commissioners take action in the matter. We have a promise several years old that the cars would come on the Hill, but both the Holmedale and Eagle Place have received the preference. We have helped pay for the dykes, water extensions, etc., and think it about time we received the railway line, more especially as we can prove by he jitney service now in operation,

that it would be a paying proposition. Rev. Wm. Smythe, Mrs. Smythe, and Miss Eleanor Smythe have taken up their residence in the Sydenham Street parsonage.

Friends of Mrs. King will regret to learn that her condition is quite ser-

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Six skeletons of murdered victims were found on the premises of Eugene Butler, near Grand Forks, N.D., a recluse, who died in Jamestown

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