

# The MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston, Author of "The Circle," Etc.

"Well, perhaps three weeks. We mustn't make a mess of things," Chilcote shifted his position. "Three weeks," he repeated. "Couldn't you?"

"No, I couldn't," Loder spoke emphatically. "I might never want to put pen to paper; but on the other hand, I might have to sign a check one day." He laughed. "Have you ever thought of that—that I might have to, or want to, sign a check?"

"No, I don't think that escaped me." "You risk your fortune that you may keep the place it bought for you?" Loder laughed again. "How do you know that I am not a blackguard?" he asked. "How do you know that I will clear out one day and leave you and try? What is to prevent John Chilcote from realizing £40,000 or £50,000 and then making himself scarce?"

"You won't do that," Chilcote said, with a faint smile. "I told you my reasons last night, and it wasn't money. Money isn't the rock you'll lean on." "You mean you think I'll split upon some other man's name?" "But that's beyond the question. It's to business again. You'll risk your signature?"

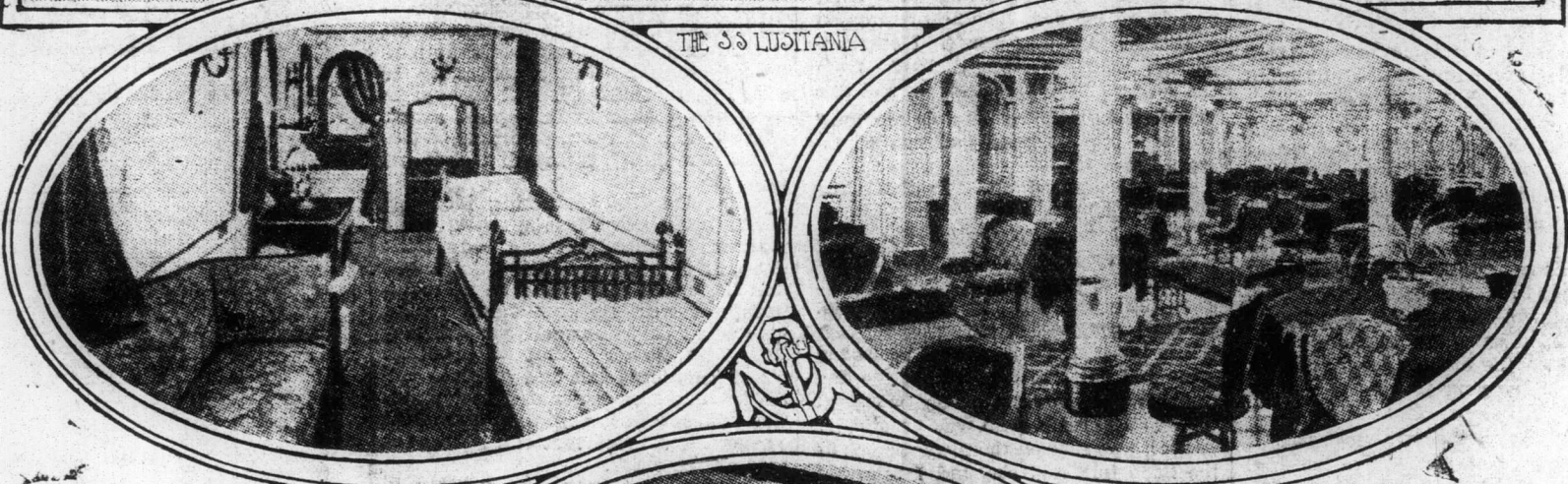
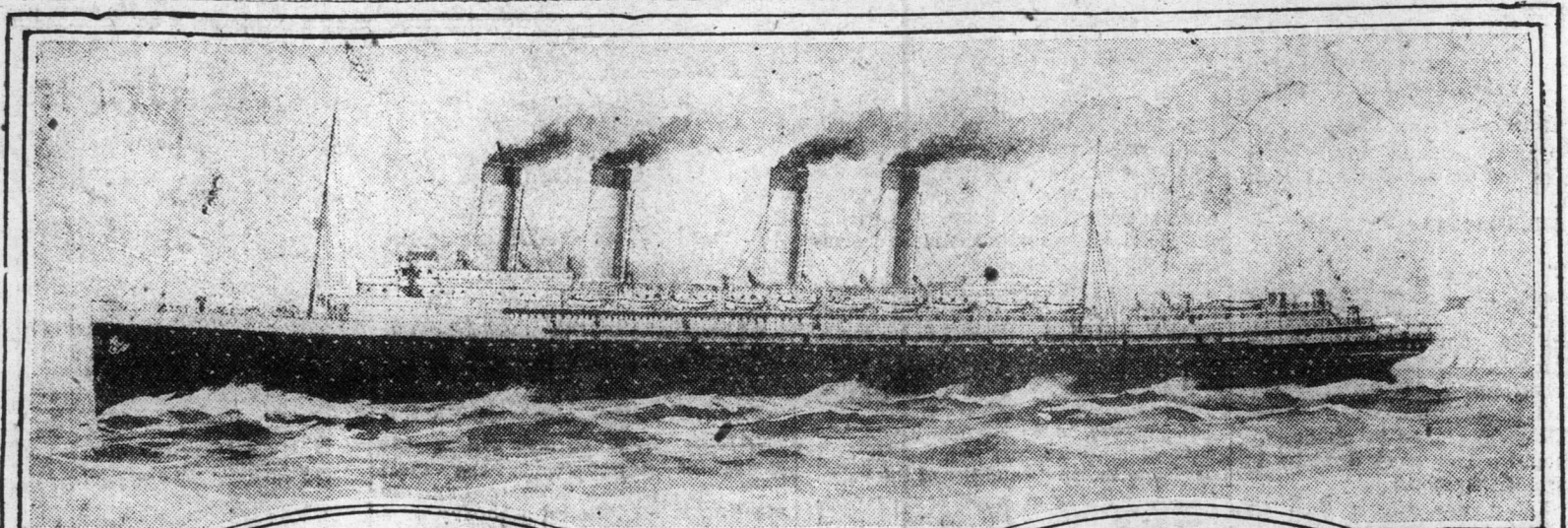
Chilcote nodded. "I have no men friends. I don't trust the idea of friendship. I have acquaintances, then." Chilcote looked up sharply. "I think you score there," he said. "I have a reputation for absentmindedness that will carry you anywhere. They tell me I can look through the most substantial man in the house as if he were glass, though I may have lunched with him the same day."

Loder smiled. "By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Fate must have been constructing this before either of us was born. It dovetails ridiculously. But I must know your colleagues, even if it's only to get them out of the way. You'll have to take me to the house." "Impossible!" "Not at all!" Again the tone of authority fell to Loder. "I can pull my hat over my eyes and turn up my coat collar. Nobody will notice me. We can choose the fall of the afternoon. I promise you 'twill be all right!"

"Suppose the likeness should leak out? It's a risk." Loder laughed confidently. "Tush, man! Risk is the salt of life. I must see you at your post, and I must see the men you work with." He rose, unlocked the door and took his hat from the rack. "When I go in for a thing I like to go in over head and ears," he added as he opened his door. "His pipe filled, he resumed his seat, resting his elbows on the table in unconscious imitation of Chilcote. "Got a match?" he said laconically, holding out his hand.

In response Chilcote drew his match box from his pocket and struck a light, as their hands touched an exclamation escaped him. "By Jove!" he said, with a fretful expression of disappointment and surprise. "I hadn't noticed that!" His eyes were fixed in annoyed interest on Loder's extended hand. Loder, following his glance, smiled. "I thought we should both have overlooked it! It clean escaped my mind. Got another ugly scar." He lifted his hand till the light fell upon the scar. Above the second joint of the finger ran a jagged furrow, the shape of a wound that had once been the bone. "How did you come by it?" he asked. "Another shrugged his shoulders. "It's an ancient history." "The results are present day enough," Chilcote remarked, very annoyingly. "I'm looking at his hand, didn't you notice?" "There's only one thing that would do that," Loder said. "Each wear two rings on the third finger of the left hand, and two rings ought to 'cover it.' It's a speculative measurement of the position of his pipe. "Loder looked irritable and disturbed. "I detest rings. I never wear any." "You raised his eyes calmly. "Nonsense!" he said, "but there's no reason for it." "Chilcote's irritability was starting. He pushed back his chair. "I don't like the idea," he said. "The other eyed him amusedly. "What never began you are?" he said. "You know the danger of a man signing his checks and shy at wearing a piece of jewelry. I'll have a fair share of responsibility to study."

Chilcote moved restlessly. "Everybody knows I detest jewelry." "Everybody knows you are capricious. It's got to be the rings or nothing so far as I make out." "Chilcote again altered his position, looking the other's eyes. At last, after a struggle with himself, he looked up. "I suppose you're right!" he said. "Have it your own way." It was the first small, tangible concession to the younger will. "Loder, look his victory smile."



CAPTAIN WILLIAM T. TURNER OF THE LUSITANIA

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THE LUSITANIA

GOOD, he said. "Then it's all straight sailing." "Except for the matter of the remuneration," Chilcote hazarded the word uncertainly. "There was a faint pause; then Loder laughed brusquely. "My pay?" "The other was embarrassed. "I didn't want to put it quite like that." "But that was what you thought. Why are you never honest—even with yourself?" Chilcote drew his chair closer to the table. He did not attend to the other's remark, but his fingers strayed to his waistcoat pocket and fumbled there. Loder saw the gesture. "Look here," he said, "you are overtaxing yourself. The affair of the pay isn't pressing. We'll shelve it to another night. You look tired out."

Chilcote lifted his eyes with a relieved glance. "Thanks. I do feel a bit fagged. If I may, I'll have that whisky that I refused last night." "Why, certainly," Loder rose at once and crossed to a cupboard in the wall. In silence he brought out whisky, glasses, and a siphon of soda water. "Say when!" he said, lifting the whisky. "Now. And I'll have plain water instead of soda, if it's all the same." "Oh, quite," Loder recrossed the room. Instantly his back was turned.

## THE ROLL OF HONOR

Ottawa, May 12.—The following is the list of casualties issued at 9 p.m. last evening:

- 1ST BATTALION
  - Killed in Action: Edwin John Davis, Covington, Va., U.S.A.
  - Wounded: Harry Griffin, England; Harry Ryder, England; Wentworth Johnson, England; Charles Lind (formerly 9th) Sweden.
- 3RD BATTALION
  - Killed in Action: Lawrence S. Shields, Ashcroft, B.C.
  - Wounded: D. Bethune, Scotland; Joseph Joys Dickens, (no particulars).
  - Missing: Charles H. Bowyer, New Toronto Postoffice.
- 2ND BATTALION
  - Wounded: J. R. Barker, England.
- 5TH BATTALION
  - Wounded: A. Boulter, Scotland; Peter Kelly, Scotland; John Felix Rogan, England.
- 7TH BATTALION
  - Killed in Action: James Maurice Keith, Atcheltz, B.C.
  - Wounded: Russell Kirkley Arnold, Chilliwack, B.C.
  - Lance Corp. Thomas Robert Noyes, Narmata, B.C.
  - Lance Corp. Sidney Oliver (formerly 12th), Greenwood, B.C.
  - Seriously Ill: Sigurdur Goodman (formerly 11th), Piney, Man.
- 8TH BATTALION
  - Missing: John Kellagher, Ireland; Thomas Stewart Leslie, Dundee, Scotland; David H. McMullan, Ireland; Archie McAllister (formerly 11th), Scotland; Harry Phillips, England; John Brown, Scotland; Earl R. Butler, Ireland; Archibald Harry Christopher, England; George W. Clement, England; Arthur James Edmondson, London, Eng.; Hamilton Borradaile Chipman (formerly 6th), London, Eng.; Samuel James Ferris, Aldershot, Eng.; Thomas Hampshire, England; Joseph Hughes, North Wales.
  - Wounded: Robert Wyatt (no particulars); George Bowles, England; Edward C. Hannam, London, Eng.; George Bruce Adams, Scotland.
- 10TH BATTALION
  - Wounded: Sergt. John Miller, Scotland; Neil Campbell, no particulars; D. A. Richardson, Ireland; R. Williams, Wales; Lillian London, Scotland; John Terrie, Scotland; Henry Stevens, no particulars; Thomas Roche (formerly 11th), no particulars.
- 13TH BATTALION
  - Wounded: William A. Jay, Montreal; George William Stead, Victoria, B.C.; G. Campbell, Papillion, Neb.; U. S. A.; David Clarke, Montreal; Gus Rees, (formerly 17th Battalion), Amherst, N.S.; Bernard J. Dahmann, Waterloo, Que.; Thomas Henry Moon, London, Ont.
- 15TH BATTALION
  - Wounded: Richard Pitt, England; Lance Corp. Gordon Caldwell Stewart, 1,238 Dufferin street, Toronto.
- 16TH BATTALION
  - Wounded: John Moore, England; W. Williams, England; Corp. James Gordon Craig, Scotland; Corp. George Kennedy Gray, Glasgow, Scotland; Lance Corp. Emil Olsen (formerly 17th), Norway; Maurice Jackin Watt, London, England; George Stock, London, England; Alexander McLeod, Scotland; Frank Marshall, Eng.; Erskin Moilliet, England.
- 1ST FIELD ARTILLERY
  - Wounded: Major Charles H. L. Sharman, Ottawa.
- 2ND FIELD ARTILLERY
  - Wounded: Gunner John Smith, Scotland.
- 3RD FIELD ARTILLERY
  - Killed in Action: Gunner George Talbot, Ireland.
- NO. 2 CANADIAN FIELD AMBU-LANCE
  - Seriously Wounded: James Mair, Aberdeen Scotland.

### FINAL EFFORTS MADE

By Special Wire to the Courier. Queenstown, May 12.—Final efforts are being made on a large scale to recover the Lusitania's dead. Not only are the tugs Flying Fox and Storm Cock cruising about the scene of the disaster, but a group of admiralty patrol boats is scouting a wide area. Beach patrols also are on the lookout from Queenstown to the southern tip of Ireland. One patrol boat has been designated to bring in any bodies which may be recovered, leaving all the others to continue the search.

If you haven't yet given PURITY a trial do so and you will use no other Flour again.

### IMPORTANT CHANGES IN GRAND TRUNK TRAIN SERVICE, EFFECTIVE, MAY 15TH.

New train No. 55 will leave Toronto at 10.15 a.m., daily except Sunday, for Barrie, Orillia, Severn, Muskoka Wharf, Huntsville, Algonquin Park, and North Bay, making connections at Muskoka Wharf for Muskoka Lakes and at Huntsville for Lake of Bay points. This train will carry the highest class of equipment, including parlor-car, buffet car and first-class coaches to North Bay. Train No. 43 now leaving Toronto at 3.30 p.m., arriving North Bay at 9.55 p.m., daily except Sunday, will be cancelled north of Gravenhurst. Full particulars on application to agents.

### SOLDIERS' SMOKES

Colonel Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he; He puffed at a pipe with an empty bowl, Then he called for his Soldiers Three. Every Soldier had something to smoke, But new a smoke had he. To-day, too-day, he laughed the Soldiers Three, We've some to spare, and we're glad to share. What's come from home for Soldiers Three, DON'T FORGET THE COURIER BOX.

### FOR THE LADIES

Ladies' patent Oxfords on a good last and new stock, all sizes, reg. \$2.00 Oxfords, while they last \$1.00 per pair Coles' Shoe Co., 122 Colborne street.

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THE UNION. al Temperance med among the h Ward under A. Shultis and ettings are held day school room 4 p.m. A very eld Tuesday af- g an inter- Influence of weely rendered These meetings and all child- under are wel- ing will be held

SCHOOL SHOES. nk, serviceable ices, try Coles' e Street.

STAND BLUFFING rmany to be Five Days. 13—A London says: "German into a situa- in South Am- as acute as, and from, that States by the nia. Diplomatic ely maintained of communica- on excellent etter have taken verance of dip- ven the two is considered with Chile's ach apology for utrality by the n in territorial ad this accep- dissatisfaction which the Chil- ered insuring warantable in- foreign rights what was prac- the effect that her expres- her flagrant amenities, or action as best circumstances. believing that an allowance to decide upon ue."

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CHAPTER VII. T was a little less than three weeks since Chilcote and Loder had drunk their toast and again Loder was seated at his desk. His head was bent and his hand moved carefully as he traced line after line of meaningless words on a sheet of foolscap. Having covered the page with writing, he rose, moved to the center table and compared his task with an open letter that lay there. The comparison seemed to please him. He straightened his shoulders and threw back his head in an attitude of critical satisfaction. So absorbed was he that when a step sounded on the stairs outside he did not notice it, and only raised his head when the door was thrown open unceremoniously. Even then his interest was momentary. "Hello!" he said, his eyes returning to their scrutiny of his task. Chilcote shut the door and came hastily across the room. He looked ill and harassed. As he reached Loder, he put

out his hand nervously and caught Loder's arm. Loder looked up. "What is it?" he asked. "Any new development?" Chilcote tried to smile. "Yes," he said huskily. "It's come." Loder freed his arm. "What? The end of the world?" "No. The end of me." The words came jerkily, the strain that had enforced them showing in every syllable. Still Loder was uncomprehending. He could not or would not understand. Again Chilcote caught and jerked at his sleeve. "Don't you see? Can't you see?" "No." Chilcote dropped the sleeve and passed his handkerchief across his forehead. "It's come," he repeated. "Don't you understand? I want you." He drew away, then stepped back again anxiously. "I know I'm taking you unaware," he said. "But it's not my fault. On my soul, it's not! The thing seems to spring at me and grip me!" He stopped, sinking weakly into a chair. "For a moment Loder stood erect and immovable. Then, almost with reluctance, his glance turned to the figure beside him. "You want me to take your place to-night, without preparation?" His voice was distinct and firm, but it was free from contempt. "Yes; yes, I do," Chilcote spoke without looking up. "That you may spend the night in morphia—this and other nights?" Chilcote lifted a flushed, unsettled face. "You have no right to preach. You accepted the bargain." Loder raised his head quickly. "Never," he began. Then both his face and voice altered. "You are quite right," he said coldly. "You won't have to complain again." Chilcote stirred uncomfortably. "My dear chap," he said, "I meant no offense. It's merely—" "Hello!" he said, his eyes returning to their scrutiny of his task. Chilcote shut the door and came hastily across the room. He looked ill and harassed. As he reached Loder, he put

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