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There's harmony in every line—they are "tailored to fit"—and pleasing from every standpoint of high quality and reasonable price.

Ask to see our "B-9" Navy Serge—it is a beautiful dark blue—

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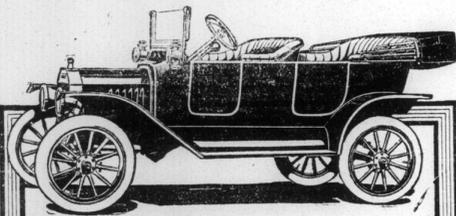
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**"MADE IN CANADA"**  
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Your neighbor drives a Ford—why don't you? We are selling more Fords in Canada this year than ever before—because Canadians demand the best in motor car service at the lowest possible cost. The "Made in Canada" Ford is a necessity—not a luxury.

Runabout \$510; Town Car price on application. All Ford cars are fully equipped, including electric headlights. No cars sold unmounted. Buyers of Ford cars will share in our profits. If we sell 20,000 cars between August 1, 1914, and August 1, 1915.

**C. J. MITCHELL, 55 Darling St.**  
Dealer for Brant County



**MASQUERADER**

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

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Loder suddenly lifted his head. "Absurd!" he said. "Absurd! Such a scheme was never carried through." "Precisely why it will succeed. People never suspect until they have a precedent. Will you consider it? At least consider it. Remember, if there is a risk it is I who am running it. On your own showing you have no position to jeopardize."

The other laughed curly. "Before I go tonight will you promise me to consider it?"

"No."

"Then you will send me your decision by wire tomorrow. I won't take your answer now."

Loder freed his arm abruptly. "Why not?" he asked.

Chilcote smiled nervously. "Because I know men and men's temptations. We are all very strong till the quick is touched. Then we all wince. It's morphia with one man, ambitions with another. In each case it's only a matter of sooner or later." He laughed in his satirical, unstrung way and held out his hand. "You have my address," he said. "An revoir."

Loder pressed the hand and dropped it. "Goodby," he said meaningly. Then he crossed the room quietly and held the door open. "Goodby," he said again as the other passed him.

As he crossed the threshold Chilcote paused. "Au revoir," he corrected, with emphasis.

Until the last echo of his visitor's steps had died away Loder stood with his hand on the door. Then closing it quietly he turned and looked around the room. For a considerable space he stood there as if weighing the merits of each object. Then very slowly he moved to one of the bookshelves, drew out May's "Parliamentary Practice," and, carrying it to the desk, readjusted the lamp.

**CHAPTER VI.**

ALL the next day Chilcote moved in a fever of excitement. Hot with hope one moment, cold with fever the next, he rushed with restless energy into every task that presented itself, only to drop it as speedily. Twice during the morning he drove to the entrance of Clifford's inn, but each time his courage failed him and he returned to Grosvenor square to learn that the expected message from Loder had not come.

It was a wearing condition of mind, but at worst it was scarcely more than an exaggeration of what his state had been for months and made but little obvious difference in his bearing or manner.

In the afternoon he took his place in the house, but, though it was his first appearance since his failure of two days ago, he drew but small personal notice. When he chose, his manner could compel attention with extraordinary effect, and of late men had been prone to draw away from him.

In one of the lobbies he encountered Fraide—surrounded by a group of friends. With his usual furtive haste he would have passed on, but moving away from his party the old man accosted him. He was always courteous, particular in his treatment of Chilcote, as the husband of his ward and godchild.

"Better, Chilcote," he said, holding out his hand. At the sound of the low, rather formal tones, so characteristic of the old statesman, a hundred memories rose to Chilcote's mind, a hundred hours distasteful in the living and unbearable in the recollection, and with them the new flash of hope, the new possibility of freedom. In a sudden rush of confidence he turned to his leader.

"I believe I've found a remedy for my nerves," he said. "I believe I'm going to be a new man." He laughed with a touch of excitement.

Fraide pressed his fingers kindly. "That is right," he said. "That is right. I called at Grosvenor square this morning, but I've told me your illness of the other day was not serious. She was very busy this morning. She could only spare me a quarter of an hour. She is indefatigable over the social side of your prospects, Chilcote. You owe her a large debt. A popular wife means a great deal to a politician."

The steady eyes of his companion disturbed Chilcote.

He drew away his hand.

"Eve is unique," he said vaguely.

Fraide smiled. "That is right," he said again. "Admiration is too largely excluded from modern marriages." And with a courteous excuse he rejoined his friends.

It was dinner time before Chilcote could desert the house, but the moment departure was possible he hurried to Grosvenor square.

As he entered the house the hall was empty. He swore irritably under his breath and pressed the nearest bell. Since his momentary exaltation in Fraide's presence his spirits had steadily fallen until now they hung at the lowest ebb.

As he waited in unconcealed impatience for an answer to his summons he caught sight of his man Allsopp at the head of the stairs.

"Come here," he called, pleased to find some one upon whom to vent his irritation. "Has that wire come for me?"

"No, sir. I inquired five minutes back."

"Inquire again."

"Yes, sir," Allsopp disappeared.

A second later after his disappearance the bell of the hall door whizzed loudly.

Chilcote started. All sudden sounds, like all strong lights, affected him. He half moved to the door, then stopped himself with a short exclamation. At the same instant Allsopp reappeared.

Chilcote turned to him excitedly. "What the devil's the meaning of this?" he said. "A battery of servants in the house and nobody to open the hall door!"

Allsopp looked embarrassed. "Crap-ham is coming directly, sir. He only left the hall to ask Jeffries."

Chilcote turned. "Confound Crap-ham!" he exclaimed. "Go and open the door yourself!"

Allsopp hesitated, his dignity struggling with his obedience. As he waited the bell sounded again.

"Did you hear me?" Chilcote said.

"Yes, sir," Allsopp crossed the hall. As the door was opened Chilcote passed his handkerchief from one hand to the other in the tension of hope and fear, then as the sound of his own name in the shrill tones of a telegraph boy reached his ears he let the handkerchief drop to the ground.

Allsopp took the yellow envelope and carried it to his master.

"A telegram, sir," he said. "And the boy wishes to know if there is an answer." Picking up Chilcote's handkerchief, he turned aside with elaborate dignity.

Chilcote's hands were so unsteady that he could scarcely insert his finger under the flap of the envelope. Tearing off a corner, he wrenched the covering apart and smoothed out the flimsy pink paper.

The message was very simple, consisting of but seven words: Shall expect you at 11 tonight.

Loder.

He read it two or three times, then he looked up. "No answer," he said mechanically, and to his own ears the relief in his voice sounded harsh and unnatural.

Exactly as the clocks chimed 11 Chilcote mounted the stairs to Loder's rooms. But this time there was more of haste than of uncertainty in his steps, and, reaching the landing, he crossed it in a couple of strides and knocked feverishly on the door.

It opened at once, and Loder stood before him.

The occasion was peculiar. For a moment neither spoke; each involuntarily looked at the other with new eyes and under changed conditions. Each had assumed a fresh standpoint in the other's thought. The passing astonishment, the half-impersonal curiosity that had previously tinged their relationship, was cast aside, never to be reassumed. In each the other saw himself—and something more.

As usual, Loder was the first to recover himself.

"I was expecting you," he said. "Won't you come in?"

The words were almost the same as his word of the night before, but his voice had a different ring, just as his face when he drugg back into the room had a different expression—a suggestion of decision and energy that had been lacking before. Chilcote caught the difference as he crossed the threshold, and for a bare second a flicker of something like jealousy touched him, but the sensation was fleeting.

"I have to thank you," he said, holding out his hand. He was too well bred to show by a hint that he understood the drop in the other's principles, but Loder broke down the artifice.

"Let's be straight with each other, since everybody else has to be deceived," he said, taking the other's hand. "You have nothing to thank me for, and you know it. It's a touch of the old Adam. You tempted me, and I fell." He laughed, but below the laugh ran a note of something like triumph—the curious triumph of a man who has known the tyranny of strength and suddenly appreciates the freedom of a weakness.

"You really realize the thing you have proposed?" he added in a different tone. "It's not too late to retract even now."

Chilcote opened his lips, paused, then laughed in imitation of his companion, but the laugh sounded forced.

"My dear fellow," he said at last, "I never retract."

"Never?"

"No."

"Then the bargain's sealed."

Loder walked slowly across the room and, taking up his position by the mantelpiece, looked at his companion. The similarity between them as they faced each other seemed abnormal, defying even the closest scrutiny. And yet, so mysterious is nature even in her lapses, they were subtly, indefinitely different. Chilcote was Loder deprived of one essential; Loder, Chilcote with that essential bestowed. The difference lay neither in feature, in coloring nor in height, but in that baffling, illusive inner illumination that some call individuality and others soul.

Something of this idea, misted and tangled by nervous imagination, crossed Chilcote's mind in that moment of scrutiny, but he shrank from it apprehensively.

"I came to discuss details," he said quickly, crossing the space that divided him from his host. "Shall we?—Are you?" He paused uneasily.

"I'm entirely in your hands," Loder spoke with abrupt decision. Moving to the table, he indicated a chair and drew another forward for himself.

Both men sat down.

Chilcote leaned forward, resting elbows on the table. "There will be several things to consider," he began nervously, looking across at the other.

"Quite so," Loder glanced back appreciatively. "I thought about those things the better part of last night. To begin with, I must study your hand-writing. I guarantee to get it right, but it will take a month."

(To be continued.)

**GOING OUT OF THE FURNITURE BUSINESS**

**CLIFFORD'S Furniture House**

Has decided to discontinue the Furniture Business, and will offer their entire High-class Stock of FURNITURE, valued at

**\$20,000**

AT MANUFACTURERS' WHOLESALE PRICES!

This is the first and only genuine opportunity that the people of Brantford and surrounding country have had to purchase high-grade and

UP-TO-DATE STYLE IN FURNITURE at These Sacrifice Prices

We Are Actually Going Out of Business, and Everything Will be Sold

**SALE COMMENCES MONDAY, APRIL 26th**

and will continue until this mammoth stock has been disposed of. Don't miss this opportunity. Cliffords—one of the oldest establishments in Brantford.

**CLIFFORD'S, 78 Colborne Street BRANTFORD**

*The Full Dinner Pail*  
Is what we need in Canada N.P. SOAP is made in Canada by Canadian workmen and helps keep the dinner pail full by costing less and giving more and better soap for the money. One 15¢ bar of N.P. SOAP weighs more than four or five ordinary cakes

**Old World Notes**

Life insurance claims paid in respect to British officers killed in the war amount to \$9,500,000.

Dining cars are likely to be taken off all trains in England, in accordance with the campaign to economize the claims of civilian traffic on the railway system in favor of the national military requirements.

The King has awarded the Board of Trade silver medal for gallantry in saving life at sea to Wilfrid Whitehead, leading seaman of H.M.S. Essex, who tried to rescue a diver working on the wreck of the Empress of Ireland in the St. Lawrence river on June 21, 1914.

Army huts are being erected in St. James' Park, London. Work is now in full progress on the grass slope along the Mall near the Admiralty end of the park. The site of the buildings is about 200 yards in length and the huts are being built on brick foundations.

A group of Chinese toys with which the King played when a child are included in the Nature Study and Art Exhibition now opened at White-chapel Art Gallery. They are now the property of the Stepeny Borough Museum to which institution they were presented by the Queen.

A new style of finger print clue was mentioned at Kingston Police Court the other day, when a police constable stated that his suspicion that a man he was watching had gone into a certain house was justified by the sight of finger prints on the dew on the gate near the latch.

In order to enlist motor drivers for the mechanical transport section of the Army Service Corps, a recruiting meeting was held the other night at the National Motor Club Company's garage in Hammersmith road, London. The men are offered 6s. a day,

with separation allowance and all found. Mr. Bywater, general secretary, of the London and Provincial Union of Licensed Vehicle Workers, in appealing for recruits, announced that he had himself enlisted as a motor driver.

**SCOTLAND.**

Forestry employment is to be given to women and invalided soldiers in Scotland. At a meeting of the Council of the Royal Scottish Arboricultural Society, held in Edinburgh, it was reported that considerable progress had been made with the arrangements in connection with the employment of women in forestry operations. The replies received from the representatives of properties in various districts were most gratifying, and already a number of women have received appointments. Further demands for them were coming in. It was also suggested that soldiers discharged owing to physical weakness might find employment in connection with forestry operations and this matter is to receive the attention of the committee.

The outstanding fact of the statistics of crime in Edinburgh during the first quarter of the year, as dealt with at the police court, is that there has been a substantial decrease in the total number of appearances as compared with the figures of the first month of last year. Under the heading of drunkenness, however, an increase has to be recorded. These figures represent perhaps persons arrested as being incapable, but drink is also the cause of the majority of persons apprehended for disorderly conduct, and under this heading the figures show a gratifying decrease.

The half yearly "Feeling Fair for East Stirlingshire" was held the other day in Falkirk, when there was a large attendance of farmers and servants. Labour, however, was scarce, and some degree of difficulty was experienced in securing servants. So far as male workers were concerned,

this was regarded as being due to some extent to enlistments. The wages offered for male employees showed an increase compared with the figures of last "feeling fair."

**C. P. R. METHOD OF PURCHASING OF SUPPLIES.**

Nothing in municipal history excited more interest than the recent adoption by the City of New York of the C. P. R. method of purchasing supplies. New York orders for municipal goods each year, and found that there was much duplication and waste, some of the departments paying retail prices for the same goods as were purchased wholesale by others. Under the C. P. R. system everything is centralized so as to cut out the possibility of duplication, either in purchase or payment of goods, while the terms are naturally all the more in favor of the railways. New York City sent a special investigator round the Continent to study methods of purchasing supplies and he decided that the C. P. R. system was the "best for efficiency and saving." This was naturally the source of much gratification to Sir Thos. Shaughnessy, who was himself at one time purchasing agent for the C. P. R., and established the present system. The New York expert investigator has been busy ever since answering letters from other American municipalities. They pour in at the rate of about one hundred a week, all wanting to know about the C. P. R. and its method of purchasing department, with a view to adopting similar methods in other cities. It has been calculated that the adoption of C. P. R. methods by American cities has saved Uncle Sam a waste of over a billion dollars.

**Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA**

LAST EDITION

FORTY-FIFTH YEAR

**SPRING**

GENERAL

**Furniture Add**

Many Branches Hospital—Brighten to the Public One Letter

The Honor Roll for Brantford to grow and the ready claiming her share: Corporal Charles George Huggins, and Private Kelly have answered their call and over three graves in a grave yard, we have been Eyewitness which is behind the Canadians, the Lat been sounded. Sympathy chords of patriotic and honor and all feel a kinder this hour of their sorrow. To those who are lying beds in the hospitals, to every one who can take the and paper apparent. A "home," no matter if the recipient are unknown to will help to stimulate the powers, that recovering journey into the Valley of ows, need the touch of absent things to revive the life.

SEND PAPER OR Just pick out a name published and send a letter newspapers—they need no cent issue, a bundle of old or journals will give infinite happiness to some of the some casualty ward.

HONOR ROLL PTE. GEORGE HUGGINS in action. PTE. JAMES HILLBOED. PTE. HARRY ADAMS street, wounded.

**U. S. NO AND TO**

**Wilson's No the Honor Germans S**

By Special Wire to The Con

Washington, May 12.— States Government, in a many to-day, formally the Imperial Government counting for the loss of lives in the sinking of the and violations of American the war zone. It also asks that there will be no such events or practices. With the plain intimations of the United States is preparing an eventualty that may a non-compliance, the co-phrased in unmistakable language, was prepared to Berlin by nightfall.

Written by President approved unanimously by conservative members of the note was being care-ed by Counselor Lansing law officers of the govern state department to-day sure that its phraseology every point of law involved White House officials a fact that the president had terminated the course of pursued in the following issued by Secretary Tu conference with the Pr. The course of the had been determined. It will be just as soon as it is published the note now in press.

This was taken to me American Government, usual diplomatic amenities await the receipt of the tion in Berlin before public. At first there was gestion that the consent person by the Emperor William, but