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TRADE MARK



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THE purity of the wool and the care in making JAEGER UNDERWEAR give it much longer life than other underwear which is made of inferior or adulterated materials and less carefully put together. . . .

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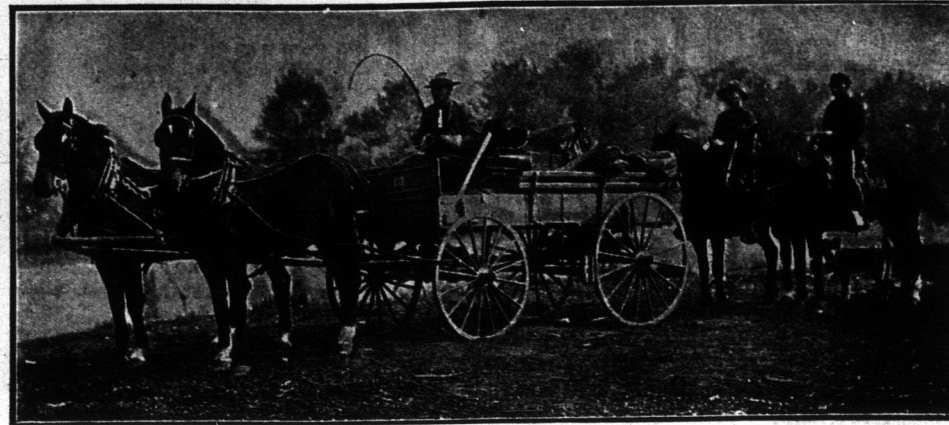
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Orange Maize



N.W.M. Police Waggon and Escort.

to be a teacher when dire necessity had prompted her to accept this position as housemaid, but she was a sensible girl and thought herself fortunate to have it, honest and secluded as it undoubtedly was.

Mrs. Timmins she thought a kind, old woman, rather vulgar and a typical upper servant, but very good for all of that, and she did not misjudge her. The cook was just such another one, and William, while much younger, she thought simply a nice fellow, and so droll.

She loved to spend the long summer afternoons, sitting on the shaded side piazza, hemming linen for Mrs. Timmins, within sound of the bell, listening to gossip of the great town-house and laughing at William's stories.

The astute William was careful to begin with stories that would provoke merely a mild general laugh and as long as the cook and Mrs. Timmins were within hearing, avoided anything which would bring a reminder from them that the Master hated to hear laughter.

Mary had been told that he was eccentric and hated noise and women, that she must keep out of his sight, and that William would always answer his bell, so she had never seen him.

During the second week of her stay William found the coast clear and determined to put into execution the plan he had so carefully laid. The cook was in the farthest corner of the kitchen-garden and Mrs. Timmins was out. Mary sat in her usual place on the veranda hemming napkins. It was very warm and every door and window stood wide open. The air was still and not a sound was to be heard but the drowsy humming of the bees.

William stood just inside the door and began on his funniest story. He told it with real skill and at the climax was rewarded by peal after peal of delighted laughter. Mary forgot that now that she was a maid she must not laugh so unrestrainedly and let her mirth ripple forth high and clear as a tinkling fairy bell in a perfect cascade of silvery sounds as artlessly as a child.

William held his breath, straining his ears to catch the profane exclamation from the library, but he waited in vain for the sharp peal of the bell which he fully expected.

Mary was oblivious of all this and picked up her sewing again. "Oh, William, I think that was the most ridiculous story I ever heard." And suddenly she abandoned herself to another fit of laughter as musical as the first.

This time the bell did ring and William hastened off to answer it. "Ah, now, my lady Timmins," he said vindictively, "we'll see what will become of this pet of yours—the little fool! I'll have a rare bit of sport turning her out." His malicious grin gave place to his professional mask of wooden gravity as he entered the library, and it speaks wonders for his training that the mask did not fall at sight of his master.

The old millionaire was pacing nervously up and down the carpet, his eyes distended and his limbs shaking as if about to fail him while his usually pallid face was flushed and the veins stood out in knots on his forehead. The footman for an instant was completely dumfounded. Rage, to which the ill-tempered old czar of finance often surrendered himself, never had this effect. It left him pale and

rigid and moved to torrents of profanity. He did not appear to see his servant and stretched out a shaking hand to the bell.

"Beg pardon, sir, did you ring?" "That's real. That's William's voice, I'll swear," muttered Milluns, darting him a piercing glance, as if half expecting to see someone else.

"Yes, sir," said William, wondering if this strange behaviour was the forerunner of apoplexy. He must proceed cautiously. If the old man should die he would be out of a good place and then what? He was almost sorry he had made that girl laugh so. Self-interest reminded him that here was the very advantage he had worked for. The old man seemed again forgetful of his presence, keeping up his feverish pacing and now and then lifting his hand to wipe away the perspiration.

"Excuse me, sir. I am so sorry that the new maid disturbed you with her laughing. She is green yet and—"

"What?" cried Milluns, stopping short. "Did you say somebody laughed?"

"Yes, sir; it was the new maid, sir." "Maid?—the maid?" repeated Milluns, confusedly. He seemed, about to



N.W.M.P. on Duty.

fall and tottered uncertainly toward his arm-chair.

"The old guy is getting dotty," thought William, as he sprang to assist him and poured out a glass of wine. "Will you drink this, sir?" he said soothingly.

"Damn it, no!" shouted Milluns suddenly enraged. "Don't stand there drooling like an infant, man! Go fetch that maid here, I say! Let's have a look at her."

"He's more than dotty, he's mad as a March hare. Well, I guess this finishes Mary all right, all right." Meeting her in the hall, he gave his message and hurried off.

She stepped into the darkened library and stood still. The old man leaned suddenly forward in his chair. His high-bred, face lit with great, black eyes that burnt an almost uncanny brilliancy, as he fixed an unwavering gaze on the slender, little maid.

She had paused just inside the threshold and was about to speak when she noticed his apparent emotion. This was her first sight of him, and she was at a loss to read his face, wondering at his half angry, half curious expression.