

NOTICE!

The Tip Top Tailors respectfully ask their patrons friends and prospective patrons who can possibly do so, to call in the early part of any day so that we may give to each customer the attention necessary to insure to all entire satisfaction and prompt delivery of their Suits.

Our Spring rush this year has been even greater than ever before. Remember, we guarantee perfect fit.

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Tip Top Tailors
68 Colborne Street

Open Evenings 'till 9 — Saturday 'till 10 p.m.

Elaine the Fair

A Serial Story of Absorbing Interest.

"Ah!" A sudden exclamation was drawn from him as his eyes fell on "Dame Adrienne." It was terrible in its powerful delineation. The expression which lurked in the painted face was subtly intensified in the representation. Surely none but an actress of commanding genius could have so embodied the hidden meaning of the original. It was the triumph of evil—the love of evil for its own sake—the hatred of good. Yet all this was expressed without the distortion of a feature, with a smile on the curved red lips and in the brilliant blue eyes. For a moment he gazed, appalled, then looked again. Had it only been his own fancy? The face now before him was innocent and appealing as a little child's. The wide blue eyes were clear and limpid as the summer sky, a half smile parted the rosy lips, the dress, the pose, the figure were the same, but it was the real picture no longer. He roused himself and passed on. The rest he saw as in a dream. "Well, how did it go?" said half a dozen voices as the "pictures" descended from their positions and came round to where he stood. "Did we look real?"

"Marvelous! It was marvelous!" he said. "I could not have believed it was possible to produce such a perfect illusion."

"To which do you give the palm?" said Elaine.

"Where all was perfect it would be invidious to discriminate," he replied politely. "But I must confess I admired Miss Beresford's interpretation of 'The Lady Elgytha.' It had the charm of novelty."

"It was your fault, Mr. Bolton!" cried Lisabel, laughing. "The expression on your face overcame my resolution. I am thankful you will not be present to-morrow. Miss Verinder would never forgive me if I spoiled everything."

"No, indeed," said Elaine. She was still in her novices dress, and the slight touch of rouge on her cheeks was visible. "I shall be very angry if you do not take it more seriously. Lisabel made a grimace.

"Then you should have put me somewhere else. I am like honest Digory. 'I must laugh.'"

"Let us get off our things, and then if Miss Verinder wants to be very good she will sing for us," said Colin Grantly. "It is wicked not to share such a gift with the world, and she has only sung once for me."

Everyone joined eagerly in the request, and Elaine graciously consented if they would allow her to stand in the improvised gallery while doing so, since the small drawing-room was occupied by the guests.

She gave her orders with reference to the piano, and then they all retired to remove their costumes, Elaine going to her own room.

Presently the curtains separating the two apartments were drawn back and Mademoiselle was seen seated with her back to the company at a small piano.

Elaine was advancing with her music in her hand. A cluster of electric lights above and a little behind her caused the butterflies in her hair and on her shoulders to send forth gorgeous scintillations. Her exquisitely graceful figure was thrown into relief by the sober background.

She began, and every voice was hushed, every eye was fixed on the singer. Mr. Bolton had placed himself near the curtain and watched every movement of the fair vocalist. The song was a weird Italian love-song—sad, despairing, rebellious. It thrilled the hearers with a hopeless plaint. Each note fell, round, liquid, like the pearls from the lips of an angel, yet, while each heart was pained and chilled, no tear rose unbidden, no gentle melancholy softened the feelings of the hearers. They listened spell-bound, admiring, but touched with a vague uneasiness.

At length the music ceased and an audible sigh passed through the audience, and after an instant's pause Elaine began again, this time in a passage from an opera calculated to bring out the full powers of the singer's magnificent voice. Higher and higher it rose without flaw or break, ending in a prolonged note of silver clearness dying away into silence; then the singer bent her head, slipped behind the screen, and was gone. Her maid, gathering her music together, followed, while the applause of the listeners at last broke forth.

When Elaine re-entered the drawing room a few minutes later she was surrounded by a crowd of her guests, exclaiming, "wondering, entreating, Mr. Bolton joined the others in the plea that she would sing one more song."

"It is the occasion of a lifetime," he said. "I must soon say 'Good-bye,' and I may never have another opportunity of hearing your marvellous voice."

But Elaine said she made it an invariable rule never to sing more than twice in the same evening, and admitted that it was an effort to do even that much.

"Owing perhaps to the seclusion in which my dear father brought me up, I would prefer never to sing in company, and it is only because you all seemed so anxious to hear me that I consented at all."

"It is a pleasure never to be forgotten by any of us," said Lord Brixton heartily.

Elaine moved away, and soon the interrupted conversation was in full swing. It turned chiefly on the subject of the pictures, and after a reference to Dame Adrienne, Lisabel said to Mr. Bolton, who sat near her—"I have often wondered who she was and what was her story. Do you know it, Mr. Bolton?"

"I can tell you," said Mr. Bolton, "but you need not mention to any one that I know it. It is a strange tale and one now almost forgotten."

"Somewhere in the early part of the sixteenth century a younger son of the family was travelling in the north of England, when he happened to be a great nunery in the neighborhood, whose rule was of the strictest, and whose inmates were celebrated for the peculiar sanctity of their lives. He

heard that a novice had either escaped or wandered away in delirium from this convent, and though a search had been instituted, she could not be found. It was reported that she was very beautiful, and many said that she had been forced by her relatives to enter the nunnery, and that as the end of her novitiate drew near she had run away rather than take the final step. As it afterwards turned out there was no truth in this statement.

"That evening it happened that Sir Guy Verinder was riding alone across a peculiarly wild and desolate piece of moorland, when his horse shied violently. A white figure had stepped out from behind a lichen covered rock directly in his horse's path and was holding up appealing hands.

"To say that Sir Guy was free from fear would not be true, but he was not superstitious, and the remembrance of the story of the escaped nun flashed back on his mind. He felt convinced that this was she; and, being a sturdy Protestant, he resolved to help the fugitive by every means in his power. He jumped from his horse and holding the bridle so that the animal could not escape, he advanced towards the apparition with reassuring words.

The moon was full and it was almost as light as day. He was struck dumb with amazement and delight when the girl, for she appeared not more than seventeen or eighteen, turned towards him the loveliest face he had ever seen. Her novice's veil was over her white forehead. Her face had the soft, appealing loveliness and grace of a child, and to his fascinated gaze she seemed half saint, half sprite.

"She threw herself on his chivalry and generosity, and told a moving tale of merciless persecution at the hands of the Mother Superior and of the cruel fraud that had been practised to immure her in her prison, and she begged Sir Guy to hide her and help her to escape."

"She looked so lovely in her distress that Sir Guy's susceptible heart was captured, and he vowed he would be her true knight and devote his life to her service."

"He wrapped her in his great riding cloak and made her mount behind him, and in this manner rode through the night and the greater part of the following day, causing her to lie securely hid while he changed his horses at various stages.

"As soon as they had left all danger of recognition behind he placed her in comfortable lodgings and provided her with everything she required in the way of wearing apparel. He visited her every day and became more and more infatuated with her beauty and charm. She told him her name was Adrienne Levasseur, that she belonged to a noble French family, but that they, wanting to rid themselves of the care of her, had put her in the convent and had insisted that the following week she should complete her martyrdom by taking the veil. Over-

come with horror at the thought of a life for which she had no vocation, she had escaped by a daring plan and had fled to the lonely moor, where she had concealed herself for several days, her principal food being berries from which the brambles were covered at that time, and her drink the water from a spring which was the

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ROYAL NAVAL COLLEGE OF CANADA.
THE next examination for the entry of Naval Cadets will be held at the examination centres of the Civil Service Commission in the month of April, at the Royal Naval College on or about the 1st August. Applications for entry will be received up to the 10th April by the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Ottawa, from whom blank entry forms can now be obtained.
Candidates for the examination in May next must be between the ages of fourteen and sixteen on the 1st July, 1916.
Further details may be obtained on application to the undersigned.
G. J. DESHARATS,
Deputy Minister of the Naval Service, Ottawa, January 10th, 1916.
Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.—9073.

Auction Sale

OF HOUSEHOLD FURNITURE.
S. G. READ, Auctioneer, has received instructions from Mrs. Laura Jennings, to sell by public auction, at her residence, No. 183 Wellington St. on Thursday, the 20th of April, at 1:30 in the afternoon, the whole of her household furniture, consisting in part as follows:—
PARLOR AND DINING ROOM.—Marshall and Smith square piano, extension table, linoleum, leather seated rocker, chairs, clock, small rocker, walnut sideboard with mirror, bookcase, number of books, pictures.
HALL.—Hall rack, floor oilcloth.
CONTENTS OF THREE BED-ROOMS.—2 bedroom suits, mattresses and springs, tapestry carpets, iron bed and brass bedstead, chairs, pictures, Singer sewing machine (nearly new).
KITCHEN AND SHED.—Gas cooking stove, Hamilton washing machine and wringer, butter merger, newly purchased, cost \$5, electric iron, tables, chairs, lounge, mirror garden tools, garden hose and other articles.
Terms—Cash before delivery. Remember the date of sale, Thursday, April 20th, at 1:30 p. m.
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