

Amateur Music Master

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about—her. The mother saying — "Well, she seems to be getting better. Then at the door as Bardo played eavesdropper in the vestibule, she added,

"We're going to the hospital to see her."

He saw the carriage drive off opposite to the usual direction. The day was raw and windy; occasional whirls of snow; the downtown area by the waterfront was bleak and grey and cold. Mr. Bardo was seized with a sudden decision. He would—follow that carriage.

So he ran. How he ran! Once he got past the church throng into the streets heading for the wharves and all sorts of dark, dingy buildings, he could make better headway. The carriage was two blocks ahead, leisurely clacking along. He could keep up very well, and as long as the streets did not tangle themselves up he hoped to be within two blocks of the rig whenever it stopped at her hospital—queer place for a hospital down among the damp winds and the smoke and the soot, but he never thought of that; it was probably some very exclusive place with a large number of red curtains, soft carpets and dim mystical lights. And as he ran that Chopin nocturne got into his feet. It became a waltz to which he kept time stupidly as though he were skating.

When suddenly Mr. Bardo, then getting his second wind, discovered that the carriage was nowhere to be seen. Nowhere to be heard. He was alone on a warehouse street, not far from some sort of market and a couple of strange ugly hotels.

He still believed he could not miss that? It would turn up somewhere. Musical Fate intended him to find the place where the woman of his musical dreams was lying ill. Not that she would ever know or care, or that he could do anything more than work out his own foolishness. But that was all he wanted. And he felt sure he could find the clack of that carriage again in the solitude of those crooked streets.

Suddenly he bumped into a person with a bad breath, at the door of one of the hotels. It was the man who had the wife in the room next to his. He recognized the man and dodged to get past. This was no time for whiskey smell when he was smelling Richmond roses in that Chopin nocturne.

The malodorous man recognized him also, and made a quick grab for Mr. Bardo's coat-tail which he captured.

"Hol' on, ol' chap," he said chummily. "Not so fast. 'Taint time for Shunday School yet—"

Bardo panted a cloud, through which he saw the psychic gleam of a drunken man's eyes. The malodorous man laughed.

"I know," he said, with the insight that sometimes comes from liquor. "You're runnin' to find a girl. That's the only reason you'd do it. Don't let me—detain you."

Bardo broke away. The delay was probably fatal. He felt too angry for words; quite disgusted. But he ran again—on and on; stopping somewhere to catch the sound of hoofs—which he did, knowing very well what hoofs they were; but having no idea

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OBEY THE LAW!

Report at once for Service or Claim Exemption

Under the Military Service Act, all men in Class One are soldiers to-day absent with leave and without pay. Failure to obey the law amounts to DESERTION and can be punished as such.

Class One includes bachelors and widowers without children (not otherwise excepted) who were 20 years old on the 13th October, 1917, and whose 34th birthday did not occur before January 1st, 1917.

DO IT TO-DAY!

The rush in the last few days may be such that in the hurry and stress a number of men may fail to comply with the requirements under the Act. That will not be recognized as an excuse, as every man is being given ample time to report for service, or claim exemption.

GO TO YOUR POST OFFICE TO-DAY and ask for a form for reporting for service or for claiming exemption. Understand, it is a matter of LAW that all the men of Class One must report for service or claim exemption not later than November 10th, 1917.

Issued by the Military Service Council.