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Brantford Asphalt Slates

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The MASQUERADER

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

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"The man eyed him half stupidly, half timidly. 'Well?' Loder insisted. 'Well, sir,' Renwick responded, with some slowness, 'you look the same and you look different—a healthier color, perhaps, sir, and I eye clearer.' He gave more confident under Loder's half-humorous, half-insistent gaze. 'Now that I look at you, sir'—

Loder laughed. 'That's it!' he said. 'Now that you look at me, you'll have to grow observant. Observation is an excellent quality in a servant. When you come into a room in future, look first of all to me and take you eye from that. Remember that serving a man with nerves is like serving two masters. Now you can go, and tell Mrs. Chilcote's maid that I shall be quite ready at a quarter past 10.'

'Yes, sir. And after that?' 'Nothing further. I shan't want you again tonight.' He turned away as he spoke and moved toward the great fire that was always kept alight in Chilcote's room. But as the man moved toward the door he wheeled back again. 'Oh, one thing more, Renwick! Bring me some sandwiches and a whisky.' He remembered for the first time that he had eaten nothing since early afternoon.

A few minutes after 10 Loder left Chilcote's room, resolutely descended the stairs and took up his position in the hall. Resolution is a strong word to apply to such a proceeding, but something in his bearing, in the attitude of his shoulders and head, instinctively suggested it.

Five or six minutes passed, but he waited without impatience. Then at last the sound of a carriage stopping before the house caused him to lift his head, and at the same instant Eve appeared at the head of the staircase.

She stood there for a second, looking down on him, her maid a pace or two behind holding her cloak. The picture she made struck upon his mind with something of a revelation.

On his first sight of her she had appealed to him as a strange blending of youth and self-possession—a girl with a woman's clearer perception of life. Later he had been drawn to study her in other respects—as a possible comrade and friend. Now for the first time he saw her as a power in her own world—a woman to whom no man could deny consideration. She looked taller for the distance between them, and the distinction of her carriage added to the effect. Her black gown was exquisitely soft—as soft as her black hair. Above her forehead was a cluster of splendid diamonds shaped like a coronet, and a band of the same stones encircled her neck. Loder realized in a glance that only the most distinguished of women could wear such ornaments and not have her beauty eclipsed. With a touch of the old awkwardness that had before assailed him in her presence, he came slowly forward as she descended the stairs.

"Can I help you with your cloak?" he asked, and as he asked it something like surprise at his own timidity crossed his mind.

For a second Eve's glance rested on his face. Her expression was quite impassive, but as she lowered her lashes a faint gleam flickered across her eyes. Nevertheless, her answer, when it came, was studiously courteous.

"Thank you," she said, "but Marie will do it for me."

Loder looked at her for a moment, then turned aside. He was not hurt by his rebuff. Rather, by an interesting sequence of impressions, he was stirred by it. The pride that had refused Chilcote's help, and the self control that had refused it graciously, moved him to admiration. He understood and appreciated both by the light of personal experience.

"The carriage is waiting, sir," Crapham's voice broke in.

Loder nodded, and Eve turned to her maid. "That will do, Marie," she said. "I shall want a cup of chocolate when I get back, probably at 1 o'clock." She drew her cloak about her shoulders and moved toward the door. Then she paused and looked back. "Shall we start?" she asked quietly.

Loder, still watching her, came forward at once. "Certainly," he said, with unusual gentleness.

He followed her as she crossed the footpath, but made no further offer of help, and when the moment came he quietly took his place beside her in the carriage. His last impression as the horses wheeled round was of the open hall door—Crapham in his somber livery and the maid in her black dress, both silhouetted against the dark background of the hall; then as the carriage moved forward smoothly and rapidly he leaned back in his seat and closed his eyes.

During the first few moments of the drive there was silence. To Loder there was a strange, new sensation in this companionship, so close and so disinterested. He was so near to Eve that the slight fragrant scent from her clothes might almost have belonged to his own. The impression was confusing, yet vaguely delightful. It was years since he had been so close to a woman of his own class, his own caste. He acknowledged the thought involuntarily he turned and looked at her.

She was sitting very straight, her fine profile cut clear against the carriage window, her diamonds quivering in the light that flashed by them from the street. For a space the sense of his first entrance into Chilcote's life touched him again; then another and more potent feeling rose to quell it. Almost involuntarily as he looked at her his lips parted.

"May I say something?" he asked.

Eve remained motionless. She did not nod her head, as most women would have done. "Say anything you like," she said gravely.

"Anything?" He bent a little nearer, filled again by the inordinate wish to dominate.

"Of course."

It seemed to him that her voice

through him as he spoke. "Look at me now! Do I look as I looked this morning—or yesterday?"

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Brant Ice Cream is fine for the whole family, grown-ups too. Serve it as dessert—they'll appreciate it. Delicate people and invalids will take it when they refuse everything else.

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(To be continued.)

DIRECTIONS REGARDING WAR STAMPS.

Inquiries having been received in regard to postage stamps being used for the payment of war duties on bank cheques, bills of exchange, promissory notes, express money orders, proprietary or patent medicines, perfumery, wines or champagne, as well as upon letters and postcards, postal notes and post office money orders, notice is hereby given that this use of postage stamps is in strict accordance with the provisions of the special War Revenue Act, 1915, which provides that postage stamps may be used in lieu of Inland Revenue War Stamps in fulfillment and discharge of any requirement under the Act that

adhesive stamps be affixed. The public is at liberty at all times to use postage stamps for any purpose for which Inland Revenue War Stamps may be used, but it is especially provided in the Act that Inland Revenue War Stamps are not to be used on letters, postcards, postal notes or post office money orders, the only stamps allowed on these being ordinary postage stamps or postage stamps upon which the words "War Tax" have been printed,

Rev. Allan Robichaud, pastor of St. Anselm's Church, Fox Creek, N.B., has let the contract for a new three-story convent which he is erecting in his parish. Near Campbellton, N.B., an I. C. R. train narrowly missed being wrecked by logs which had slid down a hill side on to the track. The train was flagged just in time. St. Luke's Church, North End St. John, N.B., has wiped out the debt on its rectory.

M N The Story Jan Chan



By THREE the fever had Congo bas and with recovery amous diffi fauna in white manures of J with Her Museum o most com mens that has ever been w dark Continent. Six year grilling sun and teeming r before the great task was. Now Chapin is back w tion, while Lang, still in packing of the rest of the all and consisting of more The rare okapi, the bongo, dwarf elephant of the Con scientists have argued at rhinoceros, scaly ant eat almost unknown varieties huge packing cases full of will necessitate the buildin ties in which to display the Chapin, a tall, loosely knit chap of twenty-five—he was i when he left Columbia Unive his junior year to go to Afric steady blue eyes and a trick of ing when he is engaged in the probably learned in the blaz light of Africa—does not at first resemble a man who has lived through the African wilds. H while tanned, is not of the li one would expect from one s lived and worked under the But for all his youthful face he himself like one accustomed to orders, while, as for the tan, he his long sea trip from Boma, vi pool, to New York, in which to of the effect of the sun's rays. already an ornithologist of so in scientific circles before he United States. He was a member of the Island Association of Arts and when he was fifteen years old, at that time one of the most c collections of North American i in existence. Some of the rarest mena at present in the Americ seem were presented to it by Young Chapin is very mod refuses to believe that he has accomplished anything wonder though he gives great praise to M for what he has done. As for tures, he shook his head and when I asked him if he had had usual experiences. "No, I never was in great o he said. "And I had no adventu "How about animals?" "Well, the nearest I ever ca wild animal was when I shot that dropped in a thicket abou feet away. As I walked toward I had taken for a heap of brid duly resolved itself into a rid who clambered to his feet, lo over, snorted and ran away." Of course, it all depends up point of view. So far as the v concerned, if a perfectly good sh should suddenly appear and s him from a distance of thirty fe modestly forbids boasting of the records that would be broke adventures! He also told of how, while a village in the Ituri district, entered his room, at a number he was going to stuff and endi ing away with one of his shoe puttee. "I knew nothing about it unt ing, when we found his tracks,