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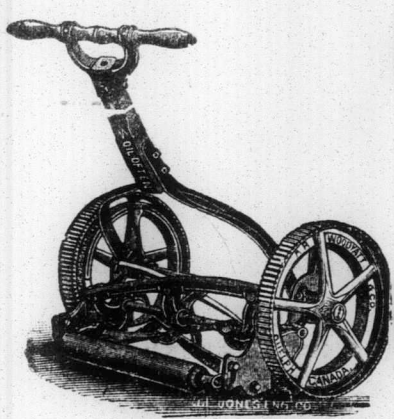
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State Commissioner Mason of Chicago, annulled a passport granted a young woman, saying it is no time to go to Europe.

Stanley Barcaak, who wounded a policeman when caught stealing bread in Chicago, was set free because he was real hungry.

THE MASQUERADER

By Katherine Cecil Thurston,
Author of "The Circle," Etc.
Copyright, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

There the massive furniture and somber atmosphere fitted better with his mood than the energy and action which the study always suggested. Walking directly to the great bed, he sat on its side and for several minutes stared straight in front of him, apparently seeing nothing; then at last the apathy passed from him, as his previous anger against Chilcote had subsided. He stood up slowly, drawing his long limbs together, and recrossed the room, passing along the corridor and through the door communicating with the rest of the house. Five minutes later he was in the open air, walking steadily eastward, his hat drawn forward and his overcoat buttoned up.

As he traversed the streets he awaited himself no thought. Once, as he waited in Trafalgar square to find a passage between the vehicles, the remembrance of Chilcote's voice coming out of the fog on their first night and his quick, guarding himself from even an involuntary glance at the place of their meeting. The Strand, with its unceasing life, came to him as something almost unfamiliar. Since his identification with the new life no business had drawn him east of Charing Cross, and his first sight of the narrower stream of traffic struck him as garish and unpleasant. As the impression came he accelerated his steps, moved by the wish to make regret and retrospection alike impossible by a contact with actual forces.

Still walking hastily, he entered Clifford's Inn, but there almost unconsciously his feet halted. There was something in the quiet immutability of the place that sobered energy, both mental and physical; a sense of changelessness—the changelessness of inanimate things, that rises in such solemn contrast to the variability of mere human nature, which a new environment, a new outlook, sometimes even a new presence, has power to upheave and remold. He paused, then with slower and steadier steps crossed the little court and mounted the familiar stairs of his own house.

As he turned the handle of his own door some one stirred inside the sitting room. Still under the influence of the stones and trees that he had just left, he moved directly toward the sound and, without waiting for permission, entered the room. After the darkness of the passage it seemed well lighted, for, besides the lamp with its green shade, a large fire burned in the grate and helped to dispel the shadows.

As he entered the room Chilcote rose and came forward, his figure thrown into strong relief by the double light. He was dressed in a shabby tweed suit; his face looked pale and set with a slightly nervous tension. But, besides the look and a certain added restlessness of glance, there was no visible change. Reaching Loder, he held out his hand.

"Well!" he said quickly. The other looked at him questioningly. "Well? Well? How has it gone?" "The scheme? Oh, excellently!" Loder's manner was abrupt. Turning from the restless curiosity in Chilcote's eyes he moved a little way across the room and began to draw off his coat. Then, as if struck by the incivility of the action, he looked back again. "The scheme has gone extraordinarily," he said. "I could almost say absurdly. There are some things, Chilcote, that fairly bowled me over."

A great relief tinged Chilcote's face. "Good!" he exclaimed. "Tell me all about it." "But Loder was reticent. The moment was not propitious. It was as if a hungry man had dreamed a great banquet and had awakened to his starvation. He was chary of imparting his visions.

"There's nothing to tell," he said shortly. "All that you'll want to know is here in black and white. I don't think you'll find I have slipped any thing. It's a clear business record." From an inner pocket he drew out a bulky notebook, and, reentering the room, laid it open on the table. It was a correct, even a minute, record of every action that had been accomplished in Chilcote's name. "I don't think you'll find any loose ends," he said as he turned back the pages. "I had you and your position in my mind all through." He paused and glanced up from the book. "You have a position that absolutely insists upon attention," he added in a different voice.

At the new tone Chilcote looked up as well. "No moral lectures!" he said, with a nervous laugh. "I was anxious to know if you had pulled it off—and you have reassured me. That's enough. I was in a funk this afternoon to know how things were going—one of those sudden, unreasonable funks. But now that I see you"—he cut himself short and laughed once more—"now that I see you, I'm hanged if I don't want to prolong your engagement."

Loder glanced at him, then glanced away. He felt a quick shame at the eagerness that rose at the words—a surprised contempt at his own readiness to anticipate the man's weakness. But almost as speedily as he had turned away he looked back again.

"Tush, man!" he said, with his old intolerant manner. "You're dreaming. You've had your holiday, and school's begun again. You must remember you are dining with the Charringtons to-night. Young Charrington's coming of age—quite a big business. Come along, tortoise."

"I want my clothes," he laughed and, moving closer to Chilcote, slapped him on the shoulder.

Chilcote started; then, suddenly becoming imbued with the other's manner, he echoed the laugh. "By Jove," he said, "you're right! You're quite right. A man must keep his feet in their own groove." Raising his hand, he began to fumble with his tie.

But Loder kept the same position. "You'll find the check book in its usual drawer," he said. "I've made one entry of £100, pay for the first week. The rest can stand over until"—He passed abruptly.

Chilcote shifted his position. "Don't talk about that. It upsets me to anticipate. I can make out a check to-morrow payable to John Loder."

"No. That can wait. The name of Loder is better out of the book. We can't be too careful. Loder spoke with unusual impetuosity. Already, a slight, unreasonable jealousy was coloring his thoughts. Already he grudged the idea of Chilcote with his unstable glance and restless fingers opening the drawers and sorting the papers; that for one stupendous fortnight had been his without question. Turning aside, he changed the subject brusquely.

"Come into the bedroom," he said. "It's half past 7 if it's a minute, and the Charringtons show is at 9." Without waiting for a reply, he walked across the room and held the door open.

There was no silence while they exchanged clothes. Loder talked continually, sometimes in short, curt sentences, sometimes with ironic touches.

(To be continued.)

BOOSTERS' CAMPAIGN IS CLOSED

Successful Campaign Has Now Been in Force.

The Boosters Campaign has finally come to a close after accomplishing its end in a most successful manner. The large bulletin at the Y. M. C. A. upon which the names of new members have been daily registered, contains a great number of names and proves what a success the campaign was. On account of the financial stringency in existence all over the country, this year has been the worst in the annals of the Association. It had to remain open and active, so something had to be done to increase the membership. The officials got together and planned the campaign, which has shown itself successful in every way.

The prayers of the officers being so satisfactorily answered, they determined to close the campaign with a banquet, which was held last evening in the Y. M. C. A.

After the good things had been disposed of Master Booster C. H. Thompson, acting as chairman, requested a speech from the secretary.

MR. GOODWIN was pleased to state that the membership of the Association now made a total of about 1120. Although the campaign was virtually closed, he hoped that the boosters would still keep at the task and bring in more much-desired membership forms. Throughout the campaign, the boys had worked hard and earnestly and should be given all possible praise for their good services.

Mr. Goodwin's remarks were very interesting to everyone. The chairman next called on

PROMOTION BOOSTER H. Fleming. He hoped that the Boosters who had not been fortunate

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in securing many new members, would not be discouraged but would stick to their task and show themselves worthy of the name of Booster. Harry concluded his short but good address with an amusing story, without which no speech appears to be complete.

Mr. Danby proposed that a hearty vote of thanks be extended to the ladies who had taken such a generous and active part in the campaign. Messrs. Lockington and Hutton were also loud in praising the ladies work.

BIG BOSS BOOSTER The Master Booster then introduced the winner of the campaign—the person who had secured the most members, and dubbed him the Big Boss Booster of the Y. M. C. A. This lucky fellow was no other than Fern Sayles. He was heartily congratulated and presented with a fine Y. M. C. A. lapel button.

Mr. Thompson explained that the honor was being bestowed on one who deserved it, for he had always been prominent in former campaigns.

After the Boss had made a fitting reply, the other fellows who had helped him, were announced and given the title of Big Boosters. They were: E. L. Boyce, C. Sills, C. Clark, W. Grist, D. Blacker and H. Taylor. The race for the title had been a close one and the initial position was most won by H. V. Hutton, who lost by only one member. Dr. Gandier came third on the list and several others followed closely after him.

Splend d Concert at Wellington Street Church

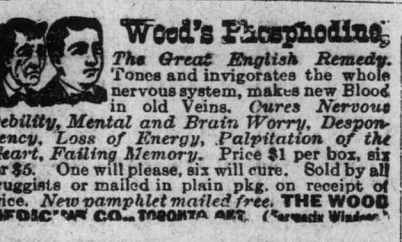
Congratulations showered upon Mr. Thomas Darwin, the popular organist of Wellington street Methodist church last night when the annual choir concert was given. It needed no keen-sighted observer to note the reason, for it was self-evident in the success of the occasion. The choir excelled itself, and with the aid of a splendid duo from Toronto, and Miss Emma Jackson, had provided an entertainment that was, besides being a credit to all concerned, a revelation of the height to which the musical talent of the Wellington street chorists have been trained. Harmony was the keynote to their brilliant exposition, and the same might well be said of the entire church.

It is over ten years ago since Mr. Thomas Darwin first became identified with the choir of this, the first Methodist church of the city, and since that time the quality and strength of the organists has been remarkably well maintained. In all some forty-five voices comprise the unit, and they are each individually brought under the personal supervision of the ever alert director.

Little wonder, therefore, that the congregation is proud of its choir and grateful to its leader. His sentiments in this respect were ably voiced by the chairman of the evening, Pastor R. D. Hamilton, who spoke feelingly of the pleasure of the aid and of the stimulus he had received as the result of their good work in the church.

He laid particular stress upon the noble work done by the Darwin family, for which he felt an ever increasing respect. During the last four years, during which he had been in contact with its members, they had done a great and appreciated work. He would miss them and would miss the choir when he went to pastures new.

Following this tribute to the organ-



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Frank McCarthy was fined \$3 in New York for playing "Die Wacht am Rhein" on a mouth organ.

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ist and the choir, a response was given in two organ solos, which only went to show that the confidence placed in Mr. Darwin could not be held in better trust. With a true artist's touch he rendered Hollins' "Spring Song," and Funeral March of A. Maronetti (Gounod).

Rarely has a voice so sweet, so powerful, and yet so finely modulated been heard as that of Mrs. Beecroft, of Toronto. Her interpretation of the lighter works of the masters was magnificent, her glorious soprano voice being heard to perfection in such gems as Leoni's "Birth of Morn," Lidley's "Roundelay," and Villanelle (Dell-Acqua). "Burst Ye Apple Buds" was another splendid selection, while "Madcap Marjory," rendered as an encore was further heartily applauded.

With Mr. Charles Darwin of Toronto, formerly of Wellington Street, Mrs. Beecroft rendered "Calm as the Night," and this fine vocal effort was very cordially received. The art of elocution has been mastered by Miss Emma Jackson, who, with histrionic ability of no mean order, gave a dramatic reading, "The Cattle Thief." That was so well greeted that an encore was demanded and given, a splendid selection from Dr. Drummond's works being the subject of further admiration. Miss Jackson's skill has placed her among the foremost ranks of church entertainers.

Long before he took up his resi-

dence in Toronto, Mr. Charles Darwin and his basso voice were often heard in the city, and a welcome visit was paid to the church last evening, when among the items keenly applauded were Handel's "Aria," "Where'er You Walk," Wagner's "Sublime Sweet Evening Star," Schumann's "Two Grenadiers" and "Pluck this little Flower."

Under the baton of Mr. Thomas Darwin, in sweet tit-bits of harmony, the choir was heard, not an unblending voice being noted. Every part was superbly balanced and combined to make a fine and well-versed choir. All credit to their conductor.

"The Singers," "Hail Bright Abode (Wagner)" and the anthem, "Leave us not neither forsake us," were among the selections rendered.

This concluded the program, adjudged to be one of the best ever held in Wellington Street.

The choristers and entertainers then adjourned to the schoolroom where the Ladies' Aid provided ice cream and cake, being praised for their concerted effort, while the popularity of the choir-master was further attested. Mr. Standing, Mr. W. G. Ranton and the choir paying tribute. Mr. Darwin replied, expressing his gratification, and extending thanks to the choir for the support tendered to him as organist. To them all praise was due. A social half hour closed with a united rendering of the time-honored Auld Lang Syne.

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