A Boston schoolboy was tall, weak and sickly.

His arms were soft and flabby. He didn't have a strong muscle in his entire body.

the family for thirty years prescribed Scott's Emulsion.

would think he was apprenticed to a blacksmith.

____THE____ Masquerader

By KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON,

Copyright, 1905, 1904, by Harper & Brothers

to break the monotony of tone. All was quiet, dingy, neglected. But to Chilcote the shabbiness was restful, the subdued atmosphere a satisfaction. 'Among these sad houses, these passers-, by, each filled with his own concerns, he experienced a sense of respite and relief. In the fashionable streets that bounded his own horizon if a man paused in his walk to work out an idea he instantly drew a crowd of inquisitive or contemptuous eyes. Here if a man halted for half an hour it was nobody's business but his own.

Enjoying this thought, he wandered on for close upon an hour, moving from one street to another with steps that were listless or rapid, as inclination prompted, Then, still acting with wagrant aimlessness, he stopped in his

The place was low ceiled and dirty, the air hot and steaming with the through the door and moved to one of then, with his usual instability, he the tables with no expression of disgust and with far less furtive watch- stood a yard or two away. fulness than he used in his own house. By a curious mental twist he felt a novel and a crystal gazing ball, was greater freedom, larger opportunities in drab surroundings such as these Chilcote picked up the ball and held it than in the broad issues and weighty responsibilities of his own life. Choos- laughed superciliously, tossed it back ing a corner seat, he called for coffee; into its place and caught the kitten's and there, protected by shadow and tail. The little animal stirred, stretchwrapped in cigarette smoke, he set ed itself and began to pur. At the about imagining himself some vagrant same moment the door of the room unit who had slipped his moorings and opened. was blissfully adrift.

permanent. Of late the greater part of his sufferings had been comprised in the irritable fickleness of all his aims-the distaste for and impossibility of sustained effort in any direction. He had barely lighted a second cigarette when the old restlessness fell npon him. He stirred nervously in his seat, and the cigarette was scarcely

small bill and left the shop. Outside on the pavement he halted, pulled out his watch and saw that two hours stretched in front before any appointment claimed his attention. He wondered vaguely where he might go to, what he might do, in those two hours. In the last few minutes a distaste for solitude had risen in his mind, giving the close street a loneliness that had escaped him before.

burned out when he rose, paid his

As he stood wavering a cab passed slowly down the street. The sight of a well dressed man roused the cabman. Flicking his whip, he passed Chilcote close, feigning to pull up.

The cab suggested civilization. Chilcote's mind veered suddenly, and he raised his hand. The vehicle stopped, and he climbed in.

"Where, sir?" The cabman peered down through the roof door.

Chilcote raised his head. "Oh, anywhere near Pall Mall," he said. Then, as the horse started forward, he put up his hand and shook the trapdoor. "Wait?" he called. "I've changed my mind. Drive to Cadogan gardens, No.

. The distance to Cadogan Gardens was covered quickly. Chilcote had hardly realized that his destination was reached when the cab pulled up. Jumping out he paid the fare and

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tins, preserving its full flavor and freshness. The Robert Greig Co. Limited, Toronto 9 11

THE RESIDENCE OF THE PARTY OF T

The physician who had attended

To feel that boy's arm you

Author of "The Circle," Etc.

walked quickly to the hall door of No. "Is Lady 'Astrupp at home?" he ask-

> The servant drew back deferentially. "Her ladyship has almost finished lunch, sir," he said.

> For answer Chilcote stepped through the doorway and walked halfway

turb her on my account. I'll wait in the white room till she has finished." And, without taking further notice of the servant, he began to mount the

In the room where he had chosen to wait a pleasant wood fire brightened the dull January afternoon and sofwanderings and entered a small eating tened the thick white curtains, the gilt furniture and the venetian vases filled with white roses. Moving straight forward, Chilcote paused by the grate smell of food, but Chilcote passed and stretched his hands to the blaze; turned and passed to a couch that

On the coach, tucked away between a white Persian kitten, fast asteep. between his eyes and the fire, then he

The imagination was pleasant while larly said you were not to be disturbpleasure?" He spoke fast, with the uneasy tone that so often underran

> be observant where women are concerned? The manner of the smile was very sweet and almost caressing, and that sufficed.

> "What have you been doing?" she asked after a moment. "I thought I

figure still suggested the suppleness. the possibility of future development that belong to youth. She wore a lace colored gown that harmonized with the room and with the delicacy of her

about the room. I shan't mind which." She nestled into the couch and picked up the crystal ball.

looked at her from the mantelpiece, against which he was resting. He had never defined the precise attraction that Lillian Astrupp held for him. Her shallowness soothed him; her inconsequent egotism helped him to forget himself. She never asked him how he was, she never expected impossibilities. She let him come and go and act as he pleased, never demanding reasons. Like the kitten, she was charming and graceful and easily amused. It was possible that, also like the kitten, she could scratch and be spiteful on occasion, but that did not weigh with him. He sometimes expressed a vague envy of the late Lord Astrupp, but even had circumstances permitted it is doubtful whether he would have chosen to be his successor. Lillian as a friend was delightful, but Lillian as a wife would have been a

different consideration. "What is the toy for?" he asked

of you, Jack! It is my very latest

March and gaze for all you dull politi-

> done?" he asked, momentarily amused. and streke them very softly while you the sympathy, you know." She looked

> Chilcote moved a small table nearer to the couch and spread his hands upon it, palms downward. "Like this, eh?" he said. Then a ridiculousness seized him, and he moved away. "Some other day," he said quickly. "You can show me some other day. I'm not very fit

If Lillian felt any disappointment she showed none. "Poor old thing!" she said softly. "Try to sit here by me and we won't bother about anything." She made a place for him beside her, and as he dropped into it she took his hand and patted it sympathetically.

The touch was soothing, and he bore it patiently enough. After a moment she lifted the hand with a little exclamation of reproof. "You degenerate person! You have

tone changed. "When a man gets to 'my age." he added "little social luxn-



"'Other Men's Shoes,'" he read. Personally I envy the beggar in the street-exempt from shaving, exempt from washing"-

Lillian raised her delicate eyebrows. The sentiment was beyond her percep-

"But manicuring." she said reproachfully, "when you have such nice hands. It was your hands and your eyes, you know, that first appealed to me." She sighed gently, with a touch of sentimental remembrance. "And I thought it so strong of you not to wear rings. It must be such a temptation." She looked down at her own fingers, glittering with jewels.

touch was gone. Chilcote drew away his hand and picked up the book that

"'Other Men's Shoes," he read. "A novel, of course?" She smiled, "Of course. Such a fan-

tastic story-two men changing identi-Chilcote rose and walked back to the

"Changing identities," he said, with a touch of interest. "Yes. One man is an artist, the oth-

er a millionaire. One wants to know what fame is like, the other wants to know how it feels to be really sinfully rich. So they exchange experiences for a month." She laughed.

he asked. "Oh, I told you the idea was absurd. Fancy two people so much alike that

see any difference! Such a thing couldn't be, could it?" Chilcote looked down at the fire. "No," he said doubtfully. "No. I sup-

"Of course not. There are likenesses but not freak likenesses like that." Chilcote's head was bent as he spoke, but at the last words he lifted it.

"By Jove! I don't know about that!" he said. "Not so very long ago I saw two men so much alike that I-I"-He stopped. Lillian smiled.

He colored quickly. "You doubt me?" icately reproachful.

agination has been playing me tricks?" | cote stepped quietly out of his place. "My dear boy! Nothing of the kind. | One or two men spoke to him as he Come back to your place and tell me the whole tale?" She smiled again, and I them off almost uncivilly, and, making patted the couch invitingly.

But Chilcote's balance had been upset. For the first time he saw Lillian as one of the watchful, suspecting crowd before which he was constantly on guard. Acting on the sensation, he moved suddenly toward the door. "I-I have an appointment at the

another day when-when I'm better company. I know I'm a bear today. My nerves, you know." He came back to the couch and took her hand. Then with his fingers.

yourself-and the kitten," he added

That afternoon Chilcote's nervous condition reached its height. All day he had avoided the climax, but no evasion can be eternal, and this he realized as he sat in his place on the opposition benches during the half hour of wintry twilight that precedes the turning on of the lights. He realized it in that half hour, but the application of the knowledge followed later, when the time came for him to question the government on some point relating to the proposed additional dry dock at Talkley, the naval base. Then for the first time he knew that the sufferings of the past months could have a visible as well as a hidden side-could disorganize his daily routine as they had already demoralized his will and

traordinary lack of preparation. He sat through the twilight with tolerable calm, his nervousness showing only in the occasional lifting of his hand to his collar and the frequent changing of his position, but when the lights were turned on and he leaned back in his seat with closed eyes he became conscious of a curious impression-a disturbing idea that through his closed lids he could see the faces on the opposite side of the house, see the rows of eyes, sleepy, interested or vigilant. Never before had the sensation presented itself, but once set up it ran through all his susceptibilities. By an absurd freak of fancy those varying eyes seemed to pierce through his lids, almost through his eyeballs. The cold perspiration that was his daily horror broke out on his forehead, and at the same moment Fraide, his leader, turned, leaned over the back of his seat and touched his knee.

Chilcote started and opened his eyes "I-I believe I was dozing," he said

confusedly. Fraide smiled his dry, kindly smile. "A fatal admission for a member of the opposition," he said. "But I was looking for you earlier in the day, Chilcote. There is something behind this Persian affair. I believe it to be a mere first move on Russia's part. You big trading people will find it worth watching."

Chilcote shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I don't know," he said. "I scarcely believe in it. Lakely put a match to the powder in the St George's, but 'twill only be a noise and a puff of

the feeling down at Wark?" he asked. "Has it awakened any interest?" "At Wark? Oh, I-I don't quite

know. I have been a little out of touch with Wark in the last few weeks. A man has so many private affairs to look to"- He was uneasy under his chief's scrutiny.

head. His mind was possessed by one consideration - the consideration of himself. He glanced down the crowded, lighted house to the big glass doors; he glanced about him at his colleagues, indifferent or interested; then surreptitiously his fingers strayed to his waistcoat pocket.

loids with him, but today by a lapse of memory he had left them at home. He knew this, nevertheless he continned to search, while the need of the drug rushed through him with a sense of physical sickness. He lost hold on the business of the house; unconscious-

ly he half rose from his seat. The man next him looked up. "Hold your ground, Chilcote," he said. "Rayforth is drying up."

With a wave of relief Chilcote dropped back into his place. Whatever the confusion in his mind it was evident-

the usual slight stir and pause; then again his eyes strayed toward the doors, but Fraide's erect head and stiff back just in front of him held him quiet. With an effort he pulled out his notes and smoothed them nervously; but, though his gaze was fixed on the pages, not a line of Blessington's clear writing reached his mind. He glanced at the face of the speaker, then at the faces on the treasury bench, then once more he leahed back

The man beside him saw the movement. "Funking the dry dock?" he

whispered jestingly. "No"-Chilcote turned to him suddenly-"but I feel beastly-have felt beastly for weeks."

The other looked at him more closely. "Anything wrong?" he asked. It was a novel experience to be confided

grind." As he said it it seemed to him suddenly that his strength gave way. He forgot his companion, his position, everything except the urgent instinct that filled mind and body. Scarcely knowing what he did he rose and leaned forward to whisper in Fraide's ear.

Fraide was seen to turn, his thin

face interested and concerned, then he was seen to nod once or twice in achurried from the house, but he shook

The drive to Grosvenor square was a misery. Time after time he changed from one corner of the cab to the other, his acute internal pains prolonged by every delay and increased by every motion. At last, weak in all his limbs, he stepped from the vehicle at his own

pushed the door wide. The light had been switched on, but the room was empty. With a nervous excitement scarcely to be kept in check, he entered, shut and locked the door, then moved to the wardrobe and, opening it, drew the tube of tabloids from the

ried the tube to the table. The strain of the day, the anxiety of the past hours, with their final failure, had found sudden expression. Mixing a larger dose than any he had before allowed himself, he swallowed it hastily and, walking across the room, threw himself, fully dressed, upon the bed.

CHAPTER IV.

O those whose sphere lies in the west of London, Fleet street is little more than a name and Clifford's inn a mere dead letter. Yet Clifford's inn lies as safely stowed away in the shadow of the law courts as any grave under a country church wall. It is as green of grass, as gray of stone, as irresponsive to the

little court stood the house in which John Loder had his rooms. Taken at a first glance the house had the desert ed air of an office, inhabited only in the early hours, but as night fell lights would be seen to show out, first on one floor, then on another-faint, human beacons unconsciously signaling each other. The rooms Loder inhabited were on the highest floor, and from their windows one might gaze philosophically on the treetops, forgetting the uneven pavement and the worn railing that hemmed them around. In the landing outside the rooms his name appeared above his door, but the paint had been soiled by time and the letters for the most part reduced to shadows, so that, taken in conjunction with the gaunt staircase and bare walls, the place had a cheerless look.

Inside, however, the effect was some what mitigated. The room on the right hand as one entered the small passage that served as hall was of fair size, though low ceiled. The paint of the wall paneling, like the name above the outer door, had long ago been worn to a dirty and nondescript hue, and the floor was innocent of carpet. Yet in the middle of the room stood a fine old Cromwell table, and on the plain deal bookshelvest and along the mantelpiece were some valuable books-political and historical. There were no curtains on the windows and a common reading lamp with a green shade stood on a desk. It was the room of a man with few hobbies and no pleasures, who existed because he was alive and

worked because he must. Three nights after the great fog John Loder sat by his desk in the light of the green shaded lamp. The remains of a very frugal supper stood on the center table, and in the grate a small and economical looking fire was burn-

common with men who have worked long at an uncongenial task. Shredding

Almost at the moment that he applied the light the sound of steps mounting the uncarpeted stairs outside caught his attention and he raised his head to listen.

Presently the steps halted and he heard a match struck. The stranger was evidently uncertain of his whereabouts. Then the steps moved forward

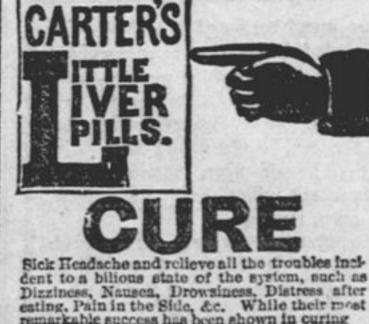
An expression of surprise crossed Loder's face and he laid down his pipe. As the visitor knocked he walked quietly across the room and opened the

The passage outside was dark and the newcomer drew back before the light from the room.

"Mr. Loder?" he began interrogatively. Then all at once he laughed in embarrassed apology. "Forgive me," he said. "The light rather dazzled me.

I didn't realize who it was." Loder recognized the voice as belonging to his acquaintance of the fog. "Oh, it's you!" he said. "Won't you come in?" His voice was a little cold.

This sudden resurrection left him sur-(To be continued.)



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ed sharply as the door swung back in answer to his knock.

across the hall. "All right," he said. "But don't dis-

Chilcote turned around. "I particuhe began. "Have I merited dis-

Lady Astrupp took his hand with a confiding gesture and smiled. "Never displeasure," she said lingeringly, and again she smiled. The smile might have struck a close observer as faintly artificial. But what man in Chilcote's frame of mind has time to

was quite forgotten." She moved across to the couch, picked up the kitten and kissed it. "Isn't this sweet?" She looked very graceful as she turned, holding the little animal up. She was a woman of twenty-seven, but she looked a girl. The outline of her face was pure, the pale gold of her hair almost ethereal, and her tall, slight

"Now sit down and rest or walk

"What is the toy for?" Chilcote

She looked up slowly. "How cruel

It was part of her attraction that she was never without a craze. Each new one was as fleeting as the last, but to each she brought the same delightfully insincere enthusiasm, the same picturesque devotion. Each was a pose, but she posed so sweetly that nobody lost

"You mustn't laugh!" she protested, letting the kitten slip to the ground. "I've had lessons at 5 guineas each from the most fascinating person-a professional-and I'm becoming quite an adept. Of course I haven't been much beyond the milky appearance yet, but the milky appearance is everything, you know. The rest will come. I am trying to persuade Blanche to let me have a pavilion at her party in

cal people." And she smiled, Chilcote smiled as well. "How is 1 "Oh, the doing is quite delicious. You sit at a table with the ball in front of you. Then you take the subject's hands, spread them out on the table gaze into the crystal. That gets up

up innocently. "Shall I show you?"

this afternoon."

ceased to manicure. What has become of my excellent training?" Chilcote laughed. "Run to seed," he said lightly. Then his expression and

ries don't seem worth while. The social necessities are irksome enough.

But the momentary pleasure of her lay between them.

Chilcote laughed as well. "But how?" neither their friends nor their servants

"My dear Jack!" Her voice was del-"Then you think that my-my im- quiescence, and a moment later Chil-

house," he said quickly. "I'll look in | door,

he touched her cheek for an instant "Goodby," he said. "Take care of

with forced gayety, as he crossed the

The thing came upon him with ex-

smoke." But Fraide did not smile. "What is

Fraide's lips parted as if to make reply, but with a certain dignified reticence he closed them again and turned Chilcote leaned back in his place and furtively passed his hand over his fore-

Usually he carried his morphia tab-

ly not obvious in his face. Rayforth resumed his seat, there was Salett, the member for Salchester, rose, With Salett's first words Chilcote's hand again sought his pocket, and

in his seat.

in by Chilcote. "Oh, it's the grind-the infernal

for the nearest exit, hailed a cab.

Entering the house, he instantly mounted the stairs and passed to his own rooms. Opening the bedroom door he peered in cautiously, then

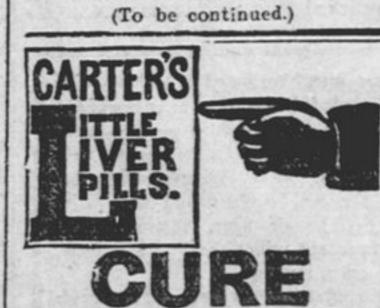
His hand shook violently as he car-

passing footstep. Facing the railed in grass plot of its

Having written for close on two hours, he pushed back his chair and stretched his cramped fingers. Then he yawned, rose and slowly walked across the room. Reaching the mantelpiece he took a pipe from the pipe rack and some tobacco from the jar that stood behind the books. His face looked tired and a little worn, as is

the tobacco between his hands he slowly filled the pipe, then lighted it from the fire with a spill of twisted

again and paused.



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