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heavy storm on Saturday morning. Mr. and Mrs. C. Lyons and family spent Sunday at Mr. J. Lyons' home. Born-On Wednesday, July 14, 1910, to Mr. and Mrs. N. McClellan, a son.

Mr. Ted Lyons and Miss H. B. Amy spent Sunday with the former's sister, Mrs. W. Little, Wingham.

Mr. T. Wauchob spent a couple of days last week at Mr. S. Hopkins' Durham.

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London, July 14.—Sir Edward Sessell's bill, making compulsory the equipment of all passenger vessels with a wireless system, passed the House of Commons yesterday. A penalty of \$5,000 is provided in the event of failure to obey the law.

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Walter Northrup, said to have lived in Toronto for ten years, disappeared mysteriously from Syracuse a week after he had been married.

The Lure of the Mask



By **HAROLD MAC GRATH**

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out his mind was far away from his task.

There was a pitiful story, commonplace enough—a daughter, a loose living officer, a knife flung from a dark alley, the sudden flight to the south. Hillard had found him wandering through the streets of Naples, hiding from the carabinieri as best he could. Hillard contrived to spuggle him on the private yacht of a friend. He found a peasant who was reconsidering the advisability of digging sewers and laying railroad ties in the Eldorado of the west. A few pieces of silver and the passport changed hands. With this Giovanni blandly lied his way into the United States. After due time he applied for citizenship, and through Hillard's influence it was accorded him. He solemnly voted when elections came round and hoarded his wages, like the thrifty man he was. Some day he would return to Rome or Naples or Venice or Florence, as the case might be, and then:



When the boots shone lawlessly he carried them to Hillard's door and softly tiptoed back. He put his face against the cold window. He too had heard the voice. How his heart hurt him with its wild hope. But only for a moment. It was not the voice he hungered for. The words were Italian, but he knew that the woman who sang them was not.

CHAPTER II.
OBJECT, MATRIMONY.

WINTER fogs in New York are never quite so intolerable as their counterparts in London, and while their frequency is a matter of complaint their duration is seldom of any length. So by the morrow a strong wind from the west had winnowed the skies and cleared the sun. There were an exhilarating tinge of frost in the air and a visible rime on the windows. Hillard, having breakfasted lightly, was standing with his back to the grate in the cozy breakfast room. He was in boots and breeches and otherwise warmly clad and freshly shaven. He rocked on his heels and toes and ran his palm over his blue-white chin in search of a possible slip of the razor.

Giovanni came in to announce that he had telephoned and that the signor's brown mare would be at the park entrance precisely at half after 8. Giovanni still marvelled over this wonderful voice which came out of nowhere, but he was no longer afraid of it. The curiosity which is innate and childlike in all Latins soon overcame his dark superstitions. He was an ardent Catholic and believed that a few miracles should be left in the hands of God. The telephone had now become a kind of plaything, and Hillard often found him in front of it patiently waiting for the bell to ring.

The facility with which Giovanni had mastered English amazed his teacher and master. But now he needed no more lessons. The two when alone together spoke Giovanni's tongue, Hillard because he loved it and Giovanni because the cook spoke it badly and the English butler not at all.

"You have made up your mind to go, then, amico?" said Hillard.

"Yes, signor."

"Well, I shall miss you. To whom shall I talk the tongue I love so well when Giovanni is gone?" with a lightness which he did not feel. Hillard had grown very fond of the old Roman in these seven years.

"Whenever the signor goes to Italia he shall find me. It needs but a word to bring me to him. The signor will pardon me, but he is like—like a son."

"Thanks, Giovanni. By the way, did you hear a woman singing in the street last night?"

"Yes. At first"—Giovanni hesitated.

"Ah, but that could not be Giovanni; that could not be."

"No; it could not be. But she sang well," the old servant ventured.

"So thought I. I even ran out into the street to find out who she was, but she vanished like the lady in the conjurer's trick. But it seemed to me that, while she sang in Italian, she herself was not wholly of that race."

"Buonissima!" Giovanni struck a noiseless brava with his hands. "Have I not always said that the signor's ears are as sharp as my own? No; the voice was very beautiful, but it was not truly Roman. It was more like they talk in Venice. And yet the sound of the voice decided me. The hills have always been calling to me, and I must answer."

"And the unforgetting carabinieri?"

"Oh, I must take my chance," with the air of a fatalist.

"What shall you do?"

"I have my two hands, signor. Besides, the signor has said it—I am rich." Giovanni permitted a smile to stir his thin lips. "Yes, I must go back. Your people have been good to me and have legally made me one of them, but my heart is never here. It is always so cold, and every one moves so quickly. You cannot lie down in the sun. Your police, bah! They beat you on the feet. You remember when I fell asleep on the steps of the cathedral? They thought I was drunk and would have arrested me!"

"Everybody must keep moving here. It is the penalty of being rich."

"And I am lonesome for my kind. I have nothing in common with these beads of Sicilians and Neapolitans who pour into the streets from the wharfs." Giovanni spoke scornfully.

"Yet in wartime the Neapolitans sheltered your pope."

"Vanity! They wished to make an impression on the rest of the world. It is dull here besides. There is no joy in the shops. I am lost in these great palaces. The festa is lacking. Nobody bargains; nobody sees the proprietor. You find your way to the streets alone. The butcher says that his meat is so good so, and you pay. The grocer marks his tins such and such, and you do not question, and the baker says that, and you pay, pay! What? I need a collar; it is quindici—fifteen you say! I offer quattordici. I would give interest to the sale. But, no! The collar goes back into the box. I pay quindici or I go without; it is the same everywhere—very dull, dead, lifeless."

Hillard was moved to laughter. He very well understood the old man's lament. In Italy if there is one thing more than another that pleases the native, it is to make believe to himself that he has got the better of a bargain. A shrewd purchase enlivens the whole day. It is talked about, laughed over and becomes the history of the day.

Hillard presently left the house and hailed a fifth avenue omnibus. He looked with negative interest at the advertisements, at the people in the streets, at his fellow travelers. One of these was hidden behind his morning paper. Hillard squinted a little. The world never holds very much romance in the sober morning. What a stupid piece of folly! The idea of his sending that personal inquiry to the paper! Tomorrow he would see it sandwiched in between samples of shopgirl romance, questionable intrigues and divers search warrants. Ye gods! "Will the blond who smiled at gentleman in blue serge, elevated train, Tuesday, meet same in park? Object, matrimony." Hillard sighed. "Young man known as Abonnis would adore stout elderly lady independently situated. Object, matrimony." Pish! "Girlie. Can't keep appointment tonight. Willie." Tush! "A French widow of eighteen, unimpaired, and so forth and so on. Rot, bally rot, and here he was on the way to join them!" "Will the lady who sang from 'Mme. Angot'—communicate with gentleman who leaned out of the window? J. H., Burgomaster Club." Positively asinine!



The flash of a pair of eyes.

There was scarce one chance in a thousand of the mysterious singer's seeing the inquiry, not one in ten thousand of her answering it. And the folly of giving his club address! That would look very dignified in ponder agony column. He would cancel the thing.

He dropped from the omnibus at the park entrance, where he found his restive mare. He gave her a lump of sugar and climbed into the saddle. He directed the groom to return for the horse at 10 o'clock, then headed for the stable path. It was heavy, but the air was so keen and bracing that neither the man nor the horse worried about the going. Only one party attracted him, a riding master and a trio of brokers who were verging on embarrassment and were desperate and looked it. Hillard went out. The park was not lovely; the trees were barren, the grass yellow and sodden.

"She is so innocent, so youthful!" He found himself humming the refrain over and over. She had sung it with abandon, tenderness, lightness. For one glimpse of her face! He took the rise and dip that followed. Yards ahead a solitary woman cantéred eastward. Hillard had not seen her before. She spurred forward, faintly curious. There was nothing familiar to his eye in her charming figure. She rode well. As he drew nearer he saw that she wore a heavy gray veil. And this veil hid everything but the single flash of a pair of eyes the color of which defied him. Then he looked at her mount. Hal! There was only one rangy black with a white throat—from the Sandford stables, he was positive. But the Sandfords were at this mo-

"My habits are always exemplary," answered Hillard. "But yours?"

"Kitty Killgrew leaves in two weeks for Europe."

"And who is Kitty Killgrew?"

"I don't know her. You haven't heard of Kitty Killgrew in 'The Modernist'?"

"There have you been? Pippi's soufrette that's hit the top of the pop?"

"I don't know her either. What's the attraction?"

"What's the attraction? Jack, I'm a lousie. Half the time I can't get away from the footlights. I'm no Johnnie. You know that. No banging around stage, strangles and buying wildcat dividends. I might be reckless enough to buy a bunch of roses when I'm broke. But I like 'em—the night ones. They keep a fellow amused. Most of 'em speak good English and come from better families than you would suppose. Just good fellows, you know. Maybe a rabbit and a couple of beer after the performance of a little quarter limit at the apartment, singing and good stories. What's in your mind is the chorus boys. Not for mine!"

Hillard recalled his conversation with the collection man.

"Get it all out of you, mister. You're stirred."

"Add their fiddles a fellow's vanity to be seen at them at the restaurants. That's the way it begins, you know. I'm perfectly frank with you. It's just what the other fellows say most of the chorus ladies would do to him. And the girls that you and I know think I'm a devil of a fellow—well, but interesting, and all that."

Hillard's temper broke forth again, and he bent back. Merrithew would always be twenty-six; he would always be rich.

"And that? Kitty Killgrew? I believe I've seen posters of her in the windows at that you speak of it."

(Continued.)

the more. He was about to cross the square when he was hailed.

Hillard wheeled and saw Merrithew. He too, was in riding breeches.

"Why, Dan, glad to see you. Were you in the park?"

"Riverside. Beasts cold too. Come join me in a cup of good coffee."

The two entered the cafe.

"How are you behaving yourself these days?" asked Merrithew.



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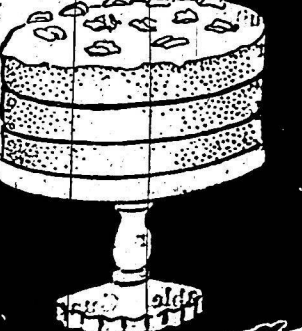
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