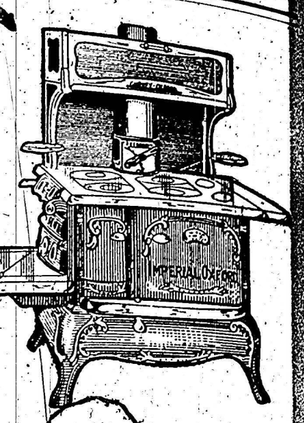
THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1910.



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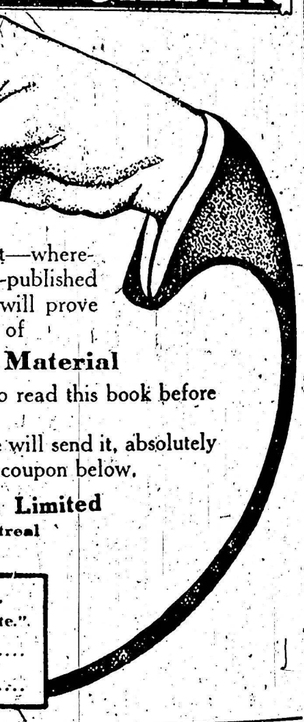

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Diarrhoea is always more or less prevalent during September. Be prepared for it. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is prompt and effectual. It can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. For sale by R. J. Stephen.

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...c a box, 6 for $2.50, or trial box, 25c ...dealers, or sent on receipt of price by ...Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

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Located in Toronto, offers best inducements for young men and women who wish to qualify promptly for assured positions in Business offices at fair salaries. Write for new Catalogue. W. H. Shaw, Principal, Yonge & Gerrard Sts.

Every person suffering from General Debility should take Miller's Compound Iron Pills. Sold by W. Turner & Co.

The Lure of the Mask

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER V (Cont'd.)

"But that is for the male voice!"

"You sang it very well nevertheless. I have a good memory too." He leaned forward, his arms crossed on his knees. Was there ever in all the world such an Arabian night?

She sang, but without that buoyant note of the first night. One after another he called out the popular airs of the old light operas. She had them all on her tongue's end.

Where had he seen that copy of Botticelli before? If only there was a little more light!

"Pardon me," he said. "You asked"—

She repeated her question, wondering what had drawn his attention.

"I like my grand opera after dinner. After dinner I shall want Verdi, Berlioz, Gounod."

"But after dinner I may not care to sing." She spoke in German.

He was not expecting this tongue. Besides, his German had never been a finished product. For all that, he made a passable reply.

"You speak as many languages as a Swiss hotel concierge."

"I wish I did. My mother had one idea in regard to my youth—I should speak four languages and eventually become a great diplomat. My mother had one of the loveliest voices. It was a joy to hear her speak, now Italian, now German, now French. We were great comrades. It was rare fun to go with her on an antique hunting expedition. They never fooled her nor got the better of her in a bargain."

She liked the way he spoke of his mother.

"But you," he said—"you are not Italian?"

She smiled.

Her fingers stirred over the keys again, and Grieg's "Papillon" fluttered softly from flower to flower.

CHAPTER VI.

INTO THE FOG AGAIN.

PRESENTLY she spoke, still playing softly.

"My father was an American, my mother Italian. But I have lived in Europe nearly all my life. There! You have more of my history than I intended telling you." The music went dreamily.

"I knew it! Who but an American woman would have the courage to do what you are doing tonight? Who but one of mine own countrywomen would trust me so wholly and accept me so frankly for what I am—an American gentleman?"

"Softly!" she warned. "You will dig a pit for your vanity."

"No. I am an American gentleman, and I am proud of it, though this statement in your ears may have a schoolboy ring."

"A nobility in this country? Impossible!"

"Not the kind you find in the Almanach de Gotha. I speak of the nobility of the heart and the mind." He was very much in earnest now.

"Indeed!" The music stopped, and she turned. She regarded his earnestness with favor. He continued:

"I have traveled much. I have found noblemen everywhere, in all climes, and also I have found beasts. Oh, I confess that my country is not wholly free from the beast! But the beast here is a beast—shunned, discredited, outcast. On the other side, if he be mentioned in the Almanach, they give him sashes and decorations. And they credit us with being money mad! It is not true."

"But, if you are not money mad, why these great fortunes?" dubiously.

"At a certain age a fortune in this country doubles itself without any effort on the part of the owner. Few of us marry for money, and when we do we at least have the manhood to keep the letter of our bargain."

"And when you marry?" she queried.

"Well, it is generally the woman we love. Dowries are not considered. There is no social law which forbids a dowerless girl to marry a dowerless man," laughing. "But over there it is always and eternally a business contract simply. You know that."

"Yes, a business contract," listlessly.

"But they talk of nobility on the other side. That is it; they talk, talk—Italy, France, Germany! Why, I had rather be the son of an English farmer than a prince on the continent. And I had rather be what I am than the greatest nobleman in England."

"Go on, go on! I like it. What do you call it—jingo?" she laughed.

"Call it what you will. Look at the men we produce. Three or four hundred years ago Europe gave us great poets, great artists, great soldiers, great churchmen and great rascals. I admire a great rascal when he is a Napoleon, a Talleyrand, a Machiavelli. But a petty one! We have no art, no music, no antiquity, but we have a race of gentlemen. The old country is not breeding them nowadays."

"Signora, dinner is served," the maid announced.

"Signora!" thought Hillard.

"After you, Mr. Hillard," she said.

He bowed and passed on before her, but not till he had passed did he understand the maneuver. To follow her would have been nothing less than the temptation to pluck at the strings of her mask. Would he have touched it? He could not say.

That dinner! Was he in New York? Was it not Bagdad, the bottle and the evil? Had he ever, even in his most romantic dreams, expected to turn a page so charming, so enchanting or so dangerous to his peace of mind, a game of magical hide and seek?

And she? A whim, a fantastic, unaccountable whim—the whim of a woman seeking forgetfulness, not counting the cost nor caring, simply a whim.

On the little table was a Tuscany brass lamp of three wicks, fed by olive oil. It was sufficient to light the table, but the rest of the room was sunk in darkness. He half understood that there was a definite purpose in this semi-illumination. She had no wish that he should by chance recognize anything familiar in this house.

"May I ask you one question?" he asked.

"No," promptly. There was something in his eyes that made her grow wary of a sudden.

"Then I shan't ask it. I shall not ask you if you are married."

"And I shall not say one way or the other."

She smiled, and he laughed quietly.

A running conversation; a fencing match with words and phrases; time after time she touched him, but with all his skill he could not break through her guard.

"And that interesting dissertation on the American gentleman?" she said lightly.

"That's the trouble with posing as a moralist. One must live up to the precepts. Would you believe me if I told you that at the age of three and thirty I am still heart whole?"

She deliberately drew a line across the center of the table.

She parried, "I trust you will not spoil that excellent record by making love to me." She reached for the matches, touched off one, watched it burn for a moment, extinguished it and then deliberately drew a line across the center of the tablecloth.

"Now, what might that represent?" he asked curiously.

"A line, Mr. Hillard. The moment you cross that line that moment you leave this house. On guard!"

"Come, that is not brave. You can retreat till your shoulders touch the mat, but I must stand this side of the line, unable to reach you. And you have the advantage of the mask besides. You are not a fair fencer."

"The odds should be in my favor. I am a woman. My wrist is not so strong as yours."

"Physically, of course, I may pass the line, to reach the salt, for instance. Will that be against the rules? You have put temptation in my path."

"Bid Satan get behind thee."

"I wish I knew the color of your eyes. Behind those holes I see nothing but points of fire, no color."

"They are blue. But supposing I wear this mask because my face is dreadfully scarred?"

"Vanity, yes; but scars, never. At least never so deep as you yourself can make. You wear that mask but out of mercy to me."

Once she rose and approached the window, slyly raising the mask and breathing deeply of the cold air which rushed in through the crevices. When she turned she found that he, too, had risen. He was looking at the steins, one of which he held in his hand. Moreover, he returned and set the stein down beside his plate.

"Tell me, why do you do that?" There was an anxious note in her voice.

"I have an idea. But let us proceed with the dinner. This salad"—

"I am more interested in the idea." She pushed aside the salad and took a sip of the ruby burgundy. Had he discovered something?

"May I smoke?" he asked.

"By all means."

He lighted a cigarette and put the case near the line.

"Do you enjoy a cigarette?"

"Sometimes," she answered. "But the idea"—

"Will you not have one?" He moved the case still nearer to the line.

She reached out a firm round white arm.

"One moment," he said. "Let us understand each other thoroughly."

"What do you mean?" her arm poised in midair.

"To touch a cigarette you must cross the line to this side."

She withdrew her arm slowly.

"I shall not smoke. If I crossed the line I should establish a dangerous precedent. And I must have that idea."

"The mirror over the piano confused me. I have seen it somewhere before. Then there is that old copy of Botticelli. The frame is familiar, but I could not place it. This stein, however." He laughed. The laughter was boyish, even triumphant.

"Well, that stein?" She was now leaning across the table, her fingers tense on the cloth.

"I bought that stein two seasons ago. This is the Sandfords' place, and you are the veiled lady who has been riding Mrs. Sandford's favorite hunter in the park."

They stood up simultaneously in a matter of this sort he was by far the quicker. In an instant he had caught her by the wrist, at the same time drawing her irresistibly round the table toward him.

"I must see your face. I shall never be at peace if I do not."

"Certainly you will never know any peace if you do. Be careful."

His free hand stole toward the strings of her mask. She moved not. His face was very close to hers now. If only she would struggle! He released her wrist.

"No; I haven't the courage. If I take that mask from your face it will be the end. And I do not want this ever to end. If you will not let me see your face of your own free will, so be it. I shall see it some day, mark me. Fate does not cross two paths in this manner without a purpose." He stepped back slowly. "You do not understand the lure of that mask."

"Perhaps I do. I am beginning to admire your self control, Mr. Hillard. But I am tired now, and I must ask you to go."

"Once more, will you let me see your face?"

"No. If, as you say, fate intends for us to meet again you will see it. But I have my doubts. So it is my will to pass out of your life as completely as though I had never entered it—from one fog into another. No, I am not a happy woman. I am not happy in my friendships. Listen to me," and her voice grew low and sweet. "Let me appeal to your imagination. This light adventure shall be a souvenir for your old age. One night romance stepped into your life and out of it. Think! There will always be the same charm, the same mystery, the same enchantment. I shall always be Cinderella or the sleeping beauty or what your fancy wills. Do you understand me?"

"Nothing," she proceeded, "nothing lasts so long in the recollection as a pleasant mystery—in other days, in other times. Well, on my side I shall recall this night pleasantly. Without knowing it you have given me a new foothold in life. I did not believe that there lived a single man who could keep to the letter of his bargain. Good night! And do not lean out of any more windows," she added lightly.

"You are right," he said reluctantly, "something to dream over in my old age. And certainly I shall dream of it—a flash of sunlight in the window."

Then slowly he reached down toward her wineglass. She understood his purpose and essayed to stop him.

"Do not deny me this little thing," he said.

She let her hand fall. He took the glass, held it against the light to see where her lips had touched it. Carefully he poured out the wine from the opposite side and kissed the rim.

"I shall keep this glass. I must have some visible object to make sure that this hasn't been a dream."

"You may kiss my hand, Mr. Hillard."

(To be Continued.)

Miller's Grip Powders Cure. Sold by W. Turner & Co.

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WHAT do we mean by uniformity in flour? We mean stability and dependability, every barrel like every other barrel, every baking like every other.

Now, uniformity in flour comes only from eternal vigilance. It is the result of everlasting care and watchfulness at the mill. It can only be produced by the most advanced methods of milling and the most expensive up-to-date equipment.

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It has taken enormous Capital and the experience of a life time to achieve the absolute uniformity of Royal Household Flour. The watch, watch, watch and test, test, test which have made ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR the world's finest flour are your permanent safeguard as to quality.

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Write for "Ogilvie's Book For a Cook". This book contains 125 pages of excellent recipes many of which have never before been published and will be sent free if you mention the name of your dealer.

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For sale by J. E. WALKER - Markdale.

WEST BERKELEY

(Intended for last week.)

We are sorry to report that our school teacher, Miss Schwandt, is sick with typhoid fever.

Miss Margaret Sowerby arrived home from the west last week.

Mr. R. Sowerby and aunt, Miss Sarah Sowerby, are spending their holidays around the old home.

Mr. John Craven spent Sunday at the parental home.

Harvesting is progressing favorably and will soon be completed.

VANDELEUR

(Intended for last week.)

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Baker spent a day the first of the week with friends at Kimberley.

Miss Della McGee spent the past week with her aunt, Mrs. John Boland.

Miss Emily Boland and sister, Mrs. F. W. Taylor, returned home on Saturday after spending a week with friends at Toronto and New Market.

Messrs. E. Wilcox, W. Hicks and A. Dunlop took in the Exhibition in Toronto last week. Mr. Dunlop also visited friends in Brampton.

Miss M. Pritchard, of Markdale, Sundayed at her home here.

Mr. Will Fawcett, of Kimberley, visited his cousin, Mr. H. Baker, recently.

Mr. John Boland and granddaughter, Miss Marian, celebrated their birthdays on Sept. 4th.

Mrs. McDonald, our school teacher visited in Toronto over Sunday.

Monday, Sept. 5th, was Labor Day, and the rest of the days on the farm.

RIVERDALE

Harvesting is about wound up around here.

Mr. [illegible] Johnston, of Cleveland, is visiting his mother, Mrs. R. [illegible] line, who has been ill for a few days but we think she is on the mend.

Misses D. T. Mathers and Ed. Johnston started for the west on Tuesday last.

Mrs. [illegible] Noble, of Medford, was visiting friends here on Sunday and Monday last.

Misses [illegible] and A. Lepard went to Toronto on Saturday to visit there for a while.

Miss [illegible] Ernest is visiting her uncle, Aunt, Mr. and Mrs. R. Harris, present.

Masters Russell Ormsby and Geo. [illegible] were visiting the former's uncle, Mr. Dan Trusby, of Massey, recently.

A sermon preached at Halifax [illegible] the Bishop of London said, Canada is destined to be the greatest nation for good or evil in the world.

Mrs. Boales Had Reached Allotted Span.

(By our Riverdale cor.)

Never before has the passing of a soul from our midst caused such a cloud of sorrow to settle upon us as in the death of Mrs. A. Boales, who after an illness of several weeks, borne with christian fortitude, passed peacefully away at her home in Riverdale, on Monday evening, August 29th, 1910, at the age of seventy years, one month. Deceased, whose maiden name was Susannah Knott, was born in Esquessing Township, near the village of Georgetown, and in the year 1860 was united in matrimony to the late Alexander Boales. In 1884 they moved to Riverdale, Euphrasia, where they resided happily together until parted by the death of her husband in October last, a pathetic occurrence from which she never fully recovered. Mrs. Boales was a faithful member of the Methodist church for many years and those who personally knew her found her of high moral tendencies, generous and benevolent disposition and although burdened with ill health for many years previous to her death she was always cheerful and optimistic. Deceased leaves to mourn her deeply regretted departure one daughter and three sons as follows: Mrs. B. Cutting, Riverside, Wash., of Spokane, U. S. A., John, of Markdale, and Lewis, at the late parent's home in this community. Interment took place on the following Wednesday afternoon to Elmer cemetery, an impressive and appropriate funeral service being preached in the church by her pastor, Rev. Mr Young, of Markdale, the beautiful wreath covered casket they being gently borne to its last resting place by the following bearers: Messrs. R. Ersline, Lee, Wm. Heath, Wm. Boyd, J. Irwin and Wm. Ward. We extend our sincerest sympathy to the bereaved family in this sad event in the loss of a loving mother.

A soul from our midst is gone,
Whose much loved is still;
A place is vacant in those hearts
The world can never fill.
She is missed, and oh! how sadly,
Sorrowing hearts alone can tell;
Earth has lost her, Heaven has gained her,
Jesus doeth all things well.