

# Mysterious Masquerade

By J. R. WILMOT

At a London club, Molly Carstairs meets Roger Barling who comes to get her a job. The following morning Molly is stopped by a policeman and taken to the station where she is identified by a Mr. and Mrs. Silver as their missing niece. She discovers she is being used as a decoy in a gambling game. The Silvers next tell Molly that Major Carstairs' father has returned from India. Molly meets her supposed father and they take a taxi to town where Roger Barling attends a dinner given by her father. She uses her new money to escape from her father's clutches. Molly Carstairs writes a convincing letter and goes home.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

Major Aldous Carstairs hated to distrust anyone without very good cause. He had been back in London a month and he had enjoyed every moment of it. But at the back of his mind there was a recurring doubt. He had expected Molly to be changed. After all, when last he had seen her, she had been but a baby. Now she was a woman; and the process of change from one to the other he realized could quite materially alter a person, and when he added to this the fact that the girl had suffered a temporary disturbance of her memory, it was wondered why that little doubt of his still persisted.

It has been said that a mother always knows her own child, but whether the paternal parent is so gifted has never been proved to the satisfaction of the scientists. The elemental link that binds mother and child together is something stronger than instinct, but there is no link of the father that is at all comparable.

Major Carstairs hated the doubt that was in his mind. The girl was strange to him, it is true, but under the circumstances what could be more natural? When a girl of Molly's age suddenly finds herself in the possession of a parent whose society and influence she had never known, the individual reactions of one to another are certain to be unusual, and it was this thought that comforted him most in those moments when doubt assailed him.

He felt it would be an impertinence on his part to question Paul Silver about the girl. Silver and his wife had, ostensibly, been very good to her, but when he had questioned Molly about the Silvers—when, he recollected, he had suggested making them a present in recognition of all that they had done for her, the girl had begged of him to do nothing until she was able once more to remember something of the past.

Her request had struck him as being rather odd, but he had, nevertheless, fallen in with her wishes. Yet this and a host of other things had fed the fires of his doubt until now he felt as if he could know no peace until he had positive proof of Molly's identity.

Tomorrow he determined to run over to Paris. It was fortunate that he had recalled, from one of Silver's letters to him, the name of the finishing school Molly had been sent to. He would inquire there. He would arm himself with a photograph of her—one which he had persuaded her to have taken a week ago.

Tonight they were to pay a visit to the Silvers at Hampstead, Paul Silver having that morning telephoned to say that they would be delighted at the prospect of knowing how father and daughter were faring. Well, he would mention, quite casually, of course, that he had some business on hand in Paris and that he would be away for a day or two. It was also his intention to ask them to "keep an eye on Molly" during his absence. Or perhaps it would be better still if he entrusted her to Roger Barling. He decided that, in many respects this latter course would be preferable.

Molly seemed rather out of sorts, he thought, and over lunch which they took at a West End hotel he asked her where she had been the previous night while he had been speaking at Sir Hugo's meeting.

"I stayed at home for once," she smiled. "I had thought of going down to Chelsea to visit a friend, but I decided after all to settle down with a book. I felt so tired, as I told you at breakfast, that I went to bed ridiculously early."

"You don't think we've been rather rough on the pace a bit too much?" he inquired. "I should hate to think that you're knocking yourself up."

"I don't think that's possible," she laughed, brightly. "And there's no need for you to worry yourself about me," she added. "I'm as fit as a fiddle."

"You don't appear to be eating much lunch," he intimated, doubtfully. Molly leaned across the table. "Young women who desire to protect their figures against the ravages of obesity never eat much lunch," she told him, seriously. "You wouldn't like to watch me grow fat, would you, now?" But though Major Carstairs joined in the laughter with her, he sensed that there was something weighing heavily on the girl's mind; something, in fact, that had not been there yesterday.

As for Molly, she had lived in a semi-dream since her visit to the real Molly Carstairs the night before. Fear gnawed at her heart. The secret which she carried there was growing too big for her to share alone. There were times when she felt like buttonholing the first person she met in the streets and pouring out her story; throwing herself on the mercy of anyone. It is a form of hysteria not entirely unknown, and comes of acutely concentrated attention; the bottling of a highly gaseous mixture in a vessel too small to allow of expansion under pressure.

She was aware, too, that today Major Carstairs seemed somewhat different and her panic increased when she wondered whether he suspected anything. And Molly's fears would have been heightened had she known that Major Carstairs that morning had been informed by the caretaker of the building that at eight-thirty the previous night a gentleman called inquiring for Miss Molly, and that it was this, and this alone that had prompted the Major's inquiry at lunch as to where she had been the night before.

During the afternoon Major Carstairs had an unexpected visitor. "My name is Blayton," the smartly dressed man informed him, "and I'm from Scotland Yard. No cause for alarm, Major," he added, noting the sudden elevation of the Major's eyebrows, "I merely wanted a few words with you."

"Anything I can do to help so admirable an institution," responded the Major, indicating a chair. "Have a drink, Inspector?"

"Thanks, no! I'm on the water-wagon for a few days. A touch of liver, you know."

"Now, Major, I want to know something about an old friend of yours—fellow named Silver."

The Major's face went a shade darker.

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Illustrated Dressmaking Lesson Furnished With Every Pattern.



Its simple smartness makes it so appropriate for school and fall days without a coat.

It boasts new sleeve interest with shoulder height.

It's delightfully chic and becoming as the original in bright red rabbit-hair woolen. You'll find it so inexpensive.

It can also be fashioned in a voguish tartan plaided woolen, silk and synthetic mixtures, striped crepe, wool jersey, etc.

Style No. 2852 is designed for sizes 11, 12, 13 and 14 years.

Size 15 requires 2 1/2 yards 54-inch with 1/4 yard 35-inch contrasting.

HOW TO ORDER PATTERNS. Write your name and address plainly, giving number and size of such patterns as you want. Enclose 15c in stamps or coin (want preferred; wrap it carefully) for each number, and address your order to Wilson Pattern Service, 73 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

## Lady Peel Declares London Town Gay

### Former Torontonian Pays Visit to Son at School in England

London.—Lady Peel, otherwise known as Beatrice Lillie, and a former Torontonian, has been one of London's summer visitors.

She went over there to play the part of a perfect mother. She wanted to be with her 12-year-old son, Bobby, who is at school in Nunstun, Norfolk.

Bobby's holidays finished long ago but Lady Peel is still in London, waiting for the next vacation.

Slim and boyish of figure as ever, her close-cropped hair concealed by a white silk knitted cap, she smiled, the well-known Lillie smile that accentuated the slightly turned-up nose.

"It's strange, but at last London is the gayest city in the world," she said, "and I really do find it fascinating this time. I don't want to leave it in the least."

"New York is dull, so is Paris. So is every other capital compared to London," she said.

"Everyone seems gay and prosperous, and if there's a depression you don't hear about it."

A year or two ago Lady Peel was offered the highest salary ever promised to an English stage star in New York. She refused it.

Her refusal caused a sensation in the United States. Americans are not used to having English women throwing away dollars like that!

"I refused it," Lady Peel said gently, "because I felt I simply couldn't live up to it. So I let it go."

The highlights of the border were the wine-red flowers—hibiscus. In delicate pink and white combinations of these colors it appears at intervals in this border, where countless other perennials also find what seems to be the right spot for the best effect.

Though the authors of this beautiful spot have never consulted a landscape artist, their designs have been their own. The beautiful lake-like approach was originally a public street, with its cutstone roadway bordered on the north side with a well-grooved green-sward. Fifty feet is the total width of sward road and border.

## 650 Years Old

Next years the city of Jonkoping, Sweden, the centre of that country's match industry, will celebrate its 650th anniversary. It was founded in 1284. Situated in Southern Sweden, in the province of the same name, it now has a population of more than 30,000.

A Chuckle. Wife—"But I enclosed a small file in the last pie sent you, Bert." Convict—"That's your blinking pastry again, Liz. I didn't notice it."

## Autumn

The year is growing old! Man claims the right To taste life as the ease his youth may earn; But not so Nature—tired and spent, her plight 'Tis to be faced by storm and struggle stern.

Though dying, she must summon up her will, And own nor snow, nor frost, nor wind her master; For with the leaf decay, the sap stand still, Her progress travels deeper, if not faster. The glory of the spring she sets in train That, when the turning year shall slide the panel, Young growth shall kiss to beauty—death's dark gain, And last year's dust shall prove the new life's channel.

—Eva Wendick, in "John O'London's Weekly."

Black will be seriously rivalled this season by the new color triumph—less of wine or wild blackberry.

## "IN THE AIR"

Radio's All-Star Presentations

Table with columns: Station, Wave Lengths, Kilo-Cycles. Lists various radio stations and their frequencies.

## THURSDAY

Table listing radio programs for Thursday, including 'Amos 'n' Andy', 'The Lone Ranger', etc.

## FRIDAY

Table listing radio programs for Friday, including 'The Lone Ranger', 'The Green Hornet', etc.

## SATURDAY

Table listing radio programs for Saturday, including 'The Lone Ranger', 'The Green Hornet', etc.

## SUNDAY

Table listing radio programs for Sunday, including 'The Lone Ranger', 'The Green Hornet', etc.

## MONDAY

Table listing radio programs for Monday, including 'The Lone Ranger', 'The Green Hornet', etc.

## TUESDAY

Table listing radio programs for Tuesday, including 'The Lone Ranger', 'The Green Hornet', etc.

## WEDNESDAY

Table listing radio programs for Wednesday, including 'The Lone Ranger', 'The Green Hornet', etc.

## THURSDAY

Table listing radio programs for Thursday, including 'The Lone Ranger', 'The Green Hornet', etc.



## COMMENTS

Howard Petrie is the tallest of the network's announcers. Graham McNamee, of the air is hardly ever beyond sound of the radio. He keeps receivers going in every room of his apartment. . . .

## EVENTS

### Personal Glimpses of Mike Masters

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### McCormack Greets Radio Listeners

America first heard McCormack at the St. Louis World's Fair nearly 30 years ago. A young medal winner at the Dublin Music Festival in his native Ireland, he had been brought to sing in the "Irish Village" at the Fair. . . .

### Carrie Gray, the "Ontario Song-Bird"

From a successful season of broadcasting Carrie Gray, the Canadian girl with the melodious voice that has entranced listeners, makes her debut before the footlights this week. . . .

### He Just Has to Get Up

Arthur Bagley director of the Tower Health exercises, is a human alarm clock beginning the day's broadcasts at 6.45 a.m., every day. . . .

### Post-Scripts

Radio's biggest musician is Herbie Berman, bass fiddler with Norman Cloutier's orchestra who weighs 255 pounds. . . .

### Woman Authors Almost as Numerous as Male Authors

The Herald writer of "From The Lookout" says: "Intrude any bookseller's establishment or bookstore in Montreal today and you will find, as I have done, that books by women are almost as numerous as those by male authors. . . .

### Gems from Life's Scrap-book

"An acre of performance is worth the whole sea of promise."—Howell. "A promise is the child of the understanding, and the will; the understanding begets it, the will brings it forth."—Fielding.

### The Falling Leaf

This is the season of the falling leaf. Deciduous trees drop their foliage toward the close of the season. . . .

### Neighbors Talk

"I'm employed in a theatre and it is a problem to make ends meet, as it help support my mother and sisters. I like to dress well but haven't very much to spend on clothes. . . .

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## Latest Notes

In Science World

### SEVEN NEW JAGUARS.

Scientists of the National Museum in Washington have just discovered seven new kinds of jaguars, the largest extant members of the cat family in the New World. . . .

### SLEEPING SICKNESS.

Recent reports of the outbreak of "sleeping sickness" in this country emphasize again that the name is a misnomer. It cannot be expected that the public will call the disease by its medical name of encephalitis lethargica, but some other choice might be made. . . .

### ANTARCTIC BROADCASTS.

When Signor Guglielmo Marconi arrives in New York one of his first appointments will be to discuss radio problems incidental to the Byrd expedition to Antarctica with Admiral Byrd. . . .

### Winter Threat

Edward J. Fitzgerald in the New York Sun. I had not known Aunt-Sun would raise so brown a bar. . . .

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Advertisement for Gillett's Pure Flake Lye, featuring an illustration of a woman cleaning a floor.

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Advertisement for ENO'S FRUIT SALT, featuring an illustration of a bottle and text describing its benefits for skin and digestion.

Advertisement for Aspirin, featuring an illustration of a person in pain and text describing its effectiveness for headaches and pain.

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