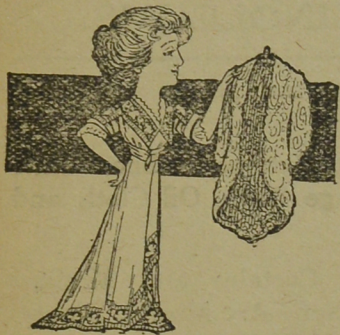


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## A MILLION A MINUTE

A ROMANCE OF MODERN NEW YORK AND PARIS

BY HUDSON DOUGLAS.

(Continued.)

On Sunday, therefore, they definitely decided to advertise the car which had been such a source of pleasure to both of them. Fanchette had very often accompanied the girl on her excursions, and had even become, under her tuition, a fairly expert mechanic. Now all she had to do was her was the thought that, since Jules Chevre was no further away than New York, it would not have been safe for either of them to be seen about so openly. The dread that the Frenchman would yet discover their whereabouts was always with her, and she even feared that their modest advertisement might bring undesirable visitors to the bungalow.

Of the half dozen envelopes which came to them from the newspaper office, five were circulars from agencies and salesrooms, and only the sixth seemed to hold out any hope of business resulting. It was dated from the Fifth Avenue Hotel, subscribed by A. Newman, conveying no just cause for suspicion as to its good faith, and Fanchette answered it according to the girl's direction, signing herself, for politic reasons, F. Smith, a free translation of Fanchette Lefevre. She was known as F. Smith in Stormport, the bungalow was rented to her in that name, and her charge passed colloquially as "the Smith woman's boarder."

Their tenancy of the tiny dwelling expired at the end of that month, and, after having despatched her reply, Fanchette devoted herself to packing up their belongings, as some precaution against any hostile movement in their direction. It was for the girl that she feared, and she was devoted body and soul to her mistress, would fight for her to the last ditch.

For this reason she received Quaintance with a distrust which was more what too evident, although it must be conceded that his subsequent behavior afforded her justification. In the first place he seemed disappointed to see her, as though he had half expected to see some one else, and, while she was still congratulating herself on the fact that the girl had gone off to the beach, he stumbled over the name he gave. Then he asked idle questions, appeared in be interested in the car's recent movements rather than in its actual efficiency, which was what he had come there to determine. She was al-

most tempted to turn him away before he at last proceeded with his inspection and so, to some extent, lulled her doubts.

It was no slight relief to her when he decided to buy the car, but that again was detracted from by his invasion of their tiny stronghold and his vacillation as to when he would take delivery of his purchase. She did not quite know what to make of him in the end. His appearance was all in his favor, and he looked too frank a gentleman to act as a spy in their camp. But, none the less, Fanchette, who trusted nothing in trousers, followed him as he departed, for all that she had ostensibly bolted the door behind him.

When he backed the big touring car in among the trees half way down the track her distrust increased. It was evident that he had come there with double intention of some sort. She shadowed him through the thicket as far as the road, and stayed there on watch under cover while he turned along toward the creek.

After he disappeared she stood undecided whether to walk as far as the bend and see if he had crossed the bridge on his way to Stormport, or to take to the shore in search of her mistress, but that was determined for her by the approach of a second pedestrian, who came into view precisely where she had lost sight of the other, at a point where the road zigzags to avoid a marsh. Fanchette knew him at once, and all her worst fears were confirmed, for he was none other than their arch-enemy, source of their every misfortune.

To fly from him would have been futile since he had found out their poor secret. She stayed where she was, in hiding, and watched him as he knew nearer. Her face was pale now, her lips moved tremulously, although, to be fair to the oncomer, there was nothing to terrify her in his outward appearance.

He was a man of medium height, a young man, about thirty, wearing a light tweed suit and a Panama. He had a flower in his buttonhole, and carried a cane with much silver on it. His features were dark, and most women would have described them as handsome, but a man, a man of the world especially, would have discovered about them the ugly stamp left by evil living. At any rate they were very well moulded and regular, like the white teeth which showed when

## IS KITCHENER A WOMAN HATER?

A Chicago Lady Reporter Sets Out to Satisfy Herself on this Question, but Meets with Poor Success.

Is Lord Kitchener a woman hater? Or does he merely ignore the sex? Or is he having a good time pretending?

The warrior was in Chicago recently. He remained there too short a time to settle many burning questions, particularly where they related to opinions representing the accumulated sentiment of a life of activity. But one reputation had preceded him, and this was of sufficient importance to snatch a "lady reporter" from her regular duties and send her to present the question point blank to his lordship. In its inquisitorial form it went something like this: "Lord Kitchener, you have the reputation of being the longest term woman hater in all the British Isles. Is this correct?"

To be sure a woman had to do it. How could even a fighting English lord remain unperturbed, retain his innate gallantry, and at the same time tell a woman face to face that her sex was not to his liking.

As to the reporter she reminded herself of the small boy, who repeated his mother's errand so often on the way to the store that he had forgotten it when he arrived. She had repeated the question in its inquisitorial form all the way over to the La Salle street station all right, but it is so easy to rehearse to a passing street crowd and so hard to put the questions right to a man when he is a big, bronze individual with a long string of victories at his belt. She swallowed cleared her throat, tried to stretch her drying lips into a smile, look straight into his eyes, and—there it was out, as per rehearsal. Suppose he had said gruffly: "And whose business is it?" Suppose he had? What argument could one have used?

But he didn't. He just laughed, a low, little, "chuckling" laugh, and said quietly.

"Well, one always must live up to one's reputation, you know."

"Oh," said the reporter, "then it is true, Lord Kitchener?"

His blue eyes, which look out frankly, danced mischievously.

"No, no, I can't say that, you know; I can't really say that; but, as I say one has some reputations which must be lived up to."

"At least," went on the questioner "we trust the feeling applies only to individuals, not to woman as a whole."

"Absolutely, absolutely," replied the fighter, relapsing into an amused silence.

Why didn't he volunteer something nice about the sex? A dragged out compliment is worse than none. The reporter had a brilliant thought.

"And the American woman," she persisted inwardly she was saying: "Ah, here is the subject upon which all of them commit themselves."

But to Lord Kitchener she said: "Have you met many American women on this trip?"

For a moment he became serious.

"No," he said; "no," and the reporter tried hard to convince herself there was a shade of disappointment in his tone. But there he stopped.

"But you have known many of them in England?"

"Oh, yes; I have met many American women other there."

Why didn't he add, "and always I have found them charming?" Distinguished masculine travellers never overlook this opportunity. But Lord Kitchener only smiled up at the reporter, waiting for the next question. Instinctively one felt he knew

he smiled. He was smiling now.

Fanchette augured no good from that fact. She was staring out at him from under the leaves with despair in her eyes, and, when he came to the narrow track leading through the trees to the bungalow, he halted there, almost opposite her.

"Peste!" said he aloud, looking down at it as far as was possible, speaking quick French. "Where does that path lead to? A field, no doubt. What human being would live in such wilds! Forward, then, Etienne, mon brave gar! We've the whole afternoon to devote to our search. There will be time enough to explore this later, if need be."

He passed on, and Fanchette still stared, but it was at his back now. Her pale lips parted and the breath came quickly through them. Her bosom heaved. She started, as if from a trance, crossed herself, wrung her hands, and fled swiftly toward the bungalow.

Half-way up the lane she paused, a desperate scheme of escape already afloat in her mind. There was only the stranger's motor, and—her need was very urgent. In it lay a last rash resort, the sole, slender thread of hope that she might yet save the situation and with every chance against her.

"Heaven help us if I'm caught at it!" said Fanchette, and pushed her way through the branches behind which the big car was hidden.

(To Be Continued.)

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The musical festival in connection with the closing of the Mount Allison Institutions at Sackville promises to be the musical event of years in the Maritime Provinces. The Boston Orchestra Festival Club, one of America's most artistic organizations and Miss Helen Larle Wetmore a soprano of remarkable power, range, and sweetness of voice, will be heard in a series of concerts.

On Thursday evening, May 26th, there will be the formal opening of Fawcett Hall, the large new convocation hall, when at 8 o'clock there will be given a grand concert by the Choral Class, the Ladies College orchestra of forty pieces and other institutional talent. For this concert the Choral Class will be strengthened by leading singers from different towns. The chorus will include over one hundred trained voices. On this occasion the hall will be formally handed over to the institutional authorities.

On Friday at three o'clock there will be a concert by the Boston Festival Orchestra Club. This club—fifteen pieces—is composed of master musicians. Everywhere it has been heard across the border it has been the delight of musical authorities.

On Friday evening there will be a third concert. On this occasion the Orchestra Club will be assisted by Miss Helen Larle Wetmore, soprano. Miss Wetmore is a vocalist who has been trained by the best teachers in America and Germany. Masters on both sides of the water have praised her voice enthusiastically. She stands today in the very front of the younger generation of noted singers.

On Saturday at 10 a.m., the Orchestra Club and Miss Wetmore will again be heard. This will be the last concert of the series.

Season tickets for the four concerts will cost \$2. The single prices will be as follows:—Thursday night, reserve 50c; general admission 35c; Friday afternoon, reserve 75c; admission 50c. Friday evening reserve further particulars write Dr. Borden, Sackville, N.B.

Touring recently in her car near the Franco-Spanish frontier, the Queen of Portugal reached the shores of Lac d'Irieux, and, noting the beautiful character of the scenery, determined to alight and wander for a while along the margin of the lake. No sooner had she alighted than she discovered that she was within the lines of a French manoeuvre camp occupied by reserve officers and men of the Forty-ninth regiment of the line in garrison at Bayonne. The Queen was quickly recognized and was received with military honors by the young officer in command. The Queen very much enjoyed her brief inspection of military camp life. The artist has succeeded in catching an excellent likeness of Queen Amelia, who is forty-five years old this year.

what was wanted and instinctively one felt he wouldn't say it.

"Well," said the reporter, resignedly. "While we are on the subject of women, Lord Kitchener, won't you tell us what you think of the English suffragettes?"

And then Lord Kitchener did laugh. "To tell the truth," he replied, "they do not exist when I left England. You see it has been eight years since I have been home and really you know, I do not know her, so I truly haven't thought of her at all."

Not even the militant suffragette had gained his attention and thought! And this from Lord Kitchener—strong, manly, frank entertaining, the essence of courtesy and polish, a hero many times over, the combination which all femininity has adored since the beginning of time.

So, is he or isn't he? He says only as to individuals, not as a whole but is Lord Kitchener's "whole" made up of all the feminine individuals? Woman in general is interested because some woman in particular is missing a great deal.

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