WOMEN and THE HOME

CLANDEBOYE SEES GOLDEN WEDDING

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Paton Entertain Friends On Happy Occasion.

OLD-TIME FUNCTION Bride and Bridesmaid of Fifty Years Ago Dress the

Part.

Special to The Advertiser. Clandeboye, Nov. 4.-An event of much interest to the village of Clandeboye was the celebration by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Paton of their recent golden wedding anniversary. Mr. and Mrs. Paton were married just 50 years ago by the Rev. Mr. Ames, Methodist minister of the village of Parkhill at that time.

Of the nine living children of Mr. and Mrs. Paton, eight, whose names follow, were present to tender their congratulations: William Paton of congratulations: William Paton of Parkhill, A. Earl Paton and James H. Paton of Clandeboye, Enoch W. Paton of Cleveland, Mrs. Carley of Cleveland, Mrs. Glendenning of Lieury and Mrs. Pierson of Detroit. The eldest son. John Paton of Loverna, Sask., was unable to attend the celebration. Bridesmaid Present.

Sixteen grandchildren were present. Mrs. Paton's bridesmaid, now Mrs. Revolt of Port Huron, was a guest, adding interest to the occasion. Among the immediate relatives able to attend were Mrs. Paton's sister, Mrs. Harrison of Ailsa Craig, and her brother, W. H. Connor of Centralia, and Mr. Paton's two sisters. Mrs. William Ross of Parkhill and Mrs. J. B. Young of Moray. A sister of Mrs. Paton, Mrs. William Nicholks of Moray. Law, was unable to be

of Moose Jaw, was unable to be present.

The gifts of the day were many and appropriate, Mr. Paton presented his wife with an amethyst ring, the sons and daughters gave their par-ents \$150 in gold, while the grandchildren gave Mrs. Paton a large purse and Mr. Paton a gold-headed cane. Little Catherine Carley gave her grandfather as a love-token, a gold ring, Other gifts from relatives and friends present included a golden toward a judginger an achievary. teapot, a jardiniere, an ash-tray, a golden frame enclosing verses descrip tive of an ideal golden wedding, a gold jewel-box and a pin specially de-signed for Mrs.' Paton, set with

Congratulatory Address. The address of affectionate congratulations was read by the daughter, Mrs. Carley, while the grand-children made the presentations. Little Margaret Bateman of Stratford gave the "bride" a beautiful bouquet of bridal roses and carnations, after which those present formed in marching order, led by Mr. and Mrs. Paton and Mrs. Revolt, who sang a verse of Down to Dover

Women's Lives

are relieved of a great hygienic handicap in this way

THERE is now a new way in woman's hygiene. A way scientific and exquisite that ends the uncertainty of old-time "sanitary pads."

You wear sheer frocks and gowns without a second thought, any time, anywhere. You meet every day every business or social demand unhandicapped.

It is called "KOTEX." Eight in every 10 better-class women have Five times as absorbent as ordi-

nary cotton pads, it banishes danger of mishaps. Deodorizes, too. And thus ends

ALL fear of offending. Discards as easily as a piece of tissue. No laundry. No embarrass-

You obtain it simply by saying "KOTEX." Women thus ask for it withut hesitancy. Costs only a stores. Proves old ways a folly.

KOTEX



Treat Colds Externally

For sore throat, bronchitis or deep chest colds, rub Vicks VapoRub briskly over throat and chest and cover with warm flannel.

Vicks acts in two ways-both direct: absorbed like a liniment and inhaled as a vapor. A quick relief for the cold troubles of all the family.





CELEBRATE GOLDEN WEDDING.

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Paton of Clandeboye, who marked their golden wedding anniversary recently by gathering their friends about them and holding an old-fashioned party.

ding march. At the close of this demonstration all took their places at the dinner table, the immediate relatives sitting at the "bride's" Aileen Lamont Chats on Dress table while at the other table were guests from Strathroy, Stratford, London, Cleveland and Alisa Craig.

New York, Nov. 15 .- The furs and Bride Prepares Dinner. plumage of the beasts and birds of A bountiful dinner had been pre-pared by Mrs. Paton herself, and she the jungle are reproduced in the made it as nearly as possible an exact dupuicate of the wedding dinner served 50 years ago. The was set with fine, old-fashioned dishes, even to a set of the quaint open salt-cellars of the old days. The panne," can hardly be told from menu included fresh boiled ham and menu included fresh bolled nam and pressed chicken, vegetables and pickles, a real old-time poundcake, twister-doughnuts, grandmother's cookies, buns, old-style rolled jelly cake, pumpkin pie and the real thing in old-fashioned mincepies. satin. Among the designs are tiger, leopard, peacock and lizard.

in old-fashioned mincepies.

After dinner there were speeches given and telegrams and letters of congratulations read from friends in New York, Detroit, Chicago, Cobalt. and points in Saskatchewan. The af-ternoon was devoted to music and games, in which Mrs. Paton and her ridesmaid took a leading part. Both were dressed for the occasion in the style of 50 years ago—black silk dresses, white hosiery and black shoes, and each arranged her naturally curling locks in the fashion of her girlhood days. The pleasant celebration was closed with an even-ing spent in dancing old-fashioned dances to old-time violin melodies, and the guests departed after wishing the host and hostess many happy re-turns of their wedding anniversary.

CLUB NEWS

The members of the Literary society of the Lambeth continuation school held their October meeting on Friday in the auditorium of the school. The president, A. Jones, opened the meeting with a brief address, referring to the increased membership and the interest in the society. G. Jarvis gave several delightful musical numbers. A very fine vocal duet was rendered by the

A very successful bazaar was held in the kindergarten of the Empress avenue school on Friday by the Mothers' Club of the school. \$81 was Then, too perhaps Robb ealized for the work of the club. The each night that those hunters, having talls throughout were prettily deben fooled so often would give up. corated and attracted a large custom. Mrs. Harry Donahue was general convener of the bazaar with the folowing sub conveners: candy, Mrs. convener, Mrs. Harold Donahue; Mrs. H. Munro and Mrs. John Davis, cashier; grocery store, Mrs. A. Stillson, convener, Mrs. C. Linnell, ashier, Mrs. Wm. Bathurst and Mrs. George Bryant; ice cream, Mrs. R. Janmon, convener, Mris Scott, Mrs. that night. He didn't doubt that he Williamson, cashier; lucky bit, Mrs. H. Bryant, convener, Mrs. Hazelgrove, Mrs. L. Bryant, cashier; home

at all dangerous. He knew that that H. Bryant, convener, Mrs. Hazelcooking, Mrs. Newman, convener, Mrs. Ellison, Mrs. Bayne, Mrs. W. Wright cashier; aprons, Mrs. Harry Bernard, convener, Mrs. L. Rosenthal. Mrs. L. Cooper, Mrs. C. Tanner, Mrs Gray, cashier; fancy work, Mrs. George Hutchinson, convener Axford, Mrs. R. Benner, Mrs. J.

Lamont, cashier. WOMEN TEACHERS' GUILD.

Miss Mabel Bowden is to be the speaker at the November meeting of the Women's Teachers' guild on Mon-day afternoon next, when she will give an illustrated lecture talk on Old London: The illustrations are lantern slides made from drawings done by her own pupils in London.

BAZAAR SHOWER.

A very pleasant afternoon was spent recently at the home of Mrs. W. Spring, Hamilton road, Dorchester, when the committee in charge of the country store of the bazaar to be held in the cnurch on five ladies were entertained during who aspires to perfect health, for the afternoon. The program consisted of pleasing solos by Mrs. Martin, of London, and Mrs. A. Chittick, of deranged and all kinds of discusses. Dorchester, accompanied by Mrs. B.
A. Rivers; guitar selections by Mrs.
Yake and daughter, Miss Mildred
Vales, humanous readings, but Mrs. Yake; humorous readings by Mrs. Rivers, and piano numbers by Miss Laura Rogers and Miss Gretta Gill. I'wo contests, conducted by Mrs. W. Gill, caused much merriment and

ved most entertaining. Mauve shaded lights in the diningom east a soft glow over the room. The tea table, presided over by Mrs. L. L. Yorke, of London, and Mrs. Reuben Finch, of Dorchester, was very pretty with its cluny clot centered with a bowl of mauve 'mums, you will find that they will regulate while tall mauve candles in crystal and keep your bowels and liver in holders marked the corners. Assistng at the tea hour were Mrs. L. Crockett, Mrs. C. Barr, Mrs. J. Furner, Mrs. Gill, Mrs. S. Crockett d Mrs. M. Malpass. The committee charge of country store are Mrs. R. A. Logan, convener, Mrs. Will P.

DELEGATES TO GO

Conservative Women of London Affiliation With the Local Council of Women.

The decision to affiliate the London Conservative Women's associa-tion with the local council of women vas made at a recent meeting of the Conservative women. The executive, it was decided, would form the rep-

Much regret was expressed at the illness of the president, Mrs. James M. Chalmers, and a message of sympathy was sent her with a gift of flowers.

"I suppose it is all right if Mr. Glade vouches for him," said Coram. "But does anybody here know Mark."

tend are Mrs. A. T. Edwards, Mrs. H. A. Winnett, Mrs. John Walton, Mrs. Antie. Mrs. Thomas Fortner and Mrs. Laura O'Dell.
Mrs. O'Dell was named correspond-

AGED WALLACEBURG MAN BURIED FROM HOME OF SON

ing secretary.

Wallaceburg, Nov. 13.—The funeral of the late Henry Benoit, who died at the home of his son Leo, Chatham most lifelike way by the present-day manufacturers. Garments made church by Rev. Father J. Brennan, of or trimmed with the new "jungle and interment made in Wallaceburg The pallbearers were five a brother. The late Mr. cemetery. sons and a brother. those of actual fur. Usually this Benoit was 61 years of age, and was material is combined with plain born in Sombra township, in which satin Among the designs are tiger, vicinity he has resided all his life. satin. Among the designs are tiger, leopard, peacock and lizard.

All women have their small vanities. And most of them now carry the vanities which are adjuncts to the toilet in a bag which is a duplication of the flat under arm coveled.

Stewart of Detroit, Leo of Chatham Gore, and one daughter, Mrs. Bertha Stewart of Detroit, Leo of Chatham Gore, and one daughter, Mrs. Bertha

leather in brown and gold or black and gold or gray and silver. Since they are too small to be carried state is virtually at an end.

under the arm, they have a chain metal handle.

Many an ostrich is losing plumage at present to make a boudoir holiday. Boudoir gowns are being heavily trimmed with feathers. One worn by Miss Gladys Cooper, the British stage star, is of white quilted satin, with rose sleeves. It is trimmed at collar, cuffs, front and bottom, with row after row of small white ostrich.

The mand for riding habits this season, whatever there may be in that line when the horses are mounted. Nearly every habit is accompanied by a Derby hat which seems universally worn by equestriennes, both hat the took out one of those small hat he took out one of those small cylindrical scent sprays and played its contents upon his high, bald its contents upon his scantily that the detective.

"On undoubtedly!" was the reply. "In any case, he can do no harm. My berow. An odour of verbena filled the air. He replaced the spray in the hat, the hat upon his scantily thatched from the took out one of those small on bottom. "On undoubtedly!" was the reply. "In any case, he can do no harm. My berow. An odour of verbena filled the hat, the hat upon his scantily thatched from the took out one of those small of the took out one of those small hat he took out one of those sm row after row of small white ostrich feathers. The mules she wears with this robe are edged with ostrich.

There is no falling off in the de-

cate of the flat under-arm envelope in design but of Lilliputian size. Stewart of Detroit. Hartford, Conn.-Governor Trum-These bags usually are of braided

Bobby Coon Gets Badly Scared, So Badly Scared He Cannot Think

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

Copyright.

Wouldn't you think that Bobby Coon would have been satisfied to stay at home after he had had a couple of narrow escapes from the hunters who visited the Green Forest night after night to look for him? But no, nothing of the kind. Each night Misses E. Adams and E. Axford, while the L. C. S. orchestra, led by A. Jones, gave several brilliantly-igned from the control of the control rendered numbers. Following this short program the L. C. S. paper, Le Petit Journal, was read by L. Fox.

EMPRESS CLUB BAZAAR.

Just greediness that sent Booby browling about. No, sir. it wasn't just greediness. It was a kind of thrift. Bobby was doing his best to lay up plenty of fat under that fur. coat of his so that when he should awake in the spring when food was scarce he would be able to get along

Then, too, perhaps Bobby though Anyway, Bobby didn't worry enoug about them to stay at home. The ver night after Yowler the Bob Cat had managed to get even with him, Bobby was out again. This time, however he kept his ears open for warning that that dog was after him, and as he munched beechnuts he planned just what he would do if that dog should come barking along his trail would hear that dog a long time bedog would bark the very instant that his nose was tickled by the scent left by Bobby in his tracks. Usually that was far behind Bobby, and so he had of time to decide what to do and where to go. It didn't pop into Bobby's head that anything different might happen. It had happened that way so often that Bobby had the feeling that it always would happen

But that is where Bobby Coon made mistake. That things happen just o over and over again is no proof that they always will happen just so it is all right to expect them to happen just so. It is all right to exet them to happen just so, but he who is wise will be prepared in case they do not happen just so. Bobby had been out ever since the Black Shadows had reached the Green For

Do Your Bowels Ever Become

If you take our advice and use Milburn's

there is not much chance of you ever | instant he recovered his wits. That

being sick.

This valuable remedy has been on the market for the past 32 years:

was a sharp reminder of something he had quite forgotten.

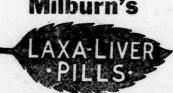
(Copyright, 1925, by T. W. Burgess.) the market for the past 32 years; par up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited. Torontc. Out.



"They must have given up," said Bobby to himself. have decided that I am too smart for them, so it is useless to try to get me. I have fooled them so often that they should know by this time that trying to get me is a waste of time.
Well, it certainly is good to be let alone for one night. I can't get if I have to run every night. I'll run don't see what they hunt me for anyway. I mind my own business and never have done them any harm. so I don't see why they cannot leav me alone Mm-m-m, these beechare sweet! Nothing nicer in the Green Forest than ripe beechnuts. Hello, what is that?"

Constipated?

A free motion of the bowels, every gave a shower. About forty- day, should be the aim of every one



He took to his heels, and how he did

didn't think there was any longer so much as a chance that those hunters and that dog would be looking for

Bobby stopped eating beechnuts and listened. There it was again, the snapping of a stick. And then Bobby caw a light bobbing along between the trees. Those hunters were look-ing for him after all! But why hadn't he heard that dog? Bobby no

> Now the reason that Bobby had not enheard that dog before was that that dog and those hunters had not entered the Green Forest until late that night and then they had come in from a direction which did not lead them across Bobby's trail until they were close to him. This time they were close to him. This time they were between Bobby and the Laughing Brook, so he had no chance to seek the friendly water to wash away his scent. Neither was there handy the track of Yowler the Bob Cat or any one else wherewith to get that dog mixed. Bobby was scared. Yes, sir,

can run surprisingly fast for a

tree because those hunters were

Bobby Coon was badly seared this time. He was so scared that he couldn't think. He had quite lost his wits, as the saying is.

And at last when he was puffing and blowing and quite in despair he stepped on something sharp. It hurt, but he didn't mind that. Right that

The next story: The Coon That

The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

trained this"-he tapped his brow

"to reproduce those photographs! May I sleep here tonight, Mr. Coram?"

assistance," answered my friend.

Coram of the inspector

the Greek Room

"No police must be here tonight, rumbled Moris Klaw. "No heavy

footed constables, filling the room

with thoughts of large cooks and small Basses must, fog my negative!" "Can that be arranged?" asked

"The men on duty can remain in the hall, if you wish it, sir."

He moistened his brow with verbe

bowed uncouthly, and shuffled frem

CHAPTER III

Moris Klaw reappeared in the even-

"The Greek Room has been closed."
"It is well, Mr. Coram. Let no one

"Some pillows and a blanket, Mr.

"Good!" rumbled Moris Klaw.

SECOND INSTALMENT.

CHAPTER II The heavy door swinging open, there entered Hilda Coram, a slim, classical figure, with the regular features of her father and the pale gold nair of her dead mother. She looked unwell, and stared about her saistance." answered my friend.

apprehensively.
"Good morning, Mr. Searles," she greeted me. "Is it not dreadful about poor Conway!"—and then glanced at Coram. I saw that she held a card in her hand. "Father, there is such a singular old man asking to see

She handed the card to Coram, who in turn passed it to me. It was that of Douglas Glade of the Dail Cabel, and had written upon it in Glade's hand the words, "To introduce Mr

"But does anybody here know Moris Klaw?"

Mrs. J. E. Dennis was named delegate to the fifth annual meeting of the Ontario Conservative association, taking place in Toronto on Dec. 1, with Mrs. S. F. Lawrason as alterage. When the conservative association of the kind; got a ramshackle old place by Wapping old Stairs—sort of a cross between the conservative association. The change of face upon the part dealer or something of the kind; got a ramshackle old place by Wapping old Stairs—sort of a cross between the conservation of the conservation o with Mrs. S. F. Lawrason as alternate. Others who will probably at Jamrach's and a rag shop. He's lately Moris Klaw. "She assists to develop Jamrach's and a rag shop. He's lately been hanging about the Central Criminal Court a lot. Seems to fancy his luck as an amateur investigator. He's certainly smart," he added, grudgingly, "but cranky."

Jamrach's and a rag shop. He's lately Moris Klaw. "She assists to develop my negatives."

Grimsby became all attention. Leaving two men on duty in the hall, Moris Klaw, his daughter, Grimsby, Coram, and I went up to the Greek added, grudgingly, "but cranky."

"Ask Mr. Klaw to come through, Hilda," said Coram.

Coram, and I went up to the Greek Room. Its darkness was relieved by a single lamp.

single lamp.
"I've had the stones in the Athen Shortly afterward entered a strange figure. It was that of a tall man ean Harp examined by a lapidary," who stooped, so that his apparent height was diminished—a very old they might have been removed and man who carried his many years lightly, or a younger man prematurely aged; none could say which. His skin had the hue of dirty yellum, and that, too. No visitors have been adhis hair, his shaggy brows, his scanty mitted here during the day?" beard were so toneless as to defy classification in terms of colour. He wore an archaic brown bowler, smart gold-rimmed pince-nez, and a black silk muffler. A long, caped black cloak completely enveloped the stooping figure; from beneath its lain. mud-spattered edge peeped long-toed

mud-spattered edge peeped long-toed continental boots.

He removed his hat.

"Good morning, Mr. Coram," he said. His voice reminded me of the "Some pillows and a blanket, Mr. Klaw?" suggested the suddenly attentive Mr. Grimsby.

"I thank you, no," was the reply. "They would be saturated with alien distant rumbling of empty casks; his accent was wholly indescribable. "Good morning" (to the detective), by Conway's last mental emotion of the control of t "Mr. Grimsby. Good morning, Mr. reaches my brain unpolluted. Good-Searles. Your friend, Mr. Glade, tells me I shall find you here. Good morn-We withdrew, leaving Moris Klaw ing, Inspector. To Miss Coram I to his ghostly vigil.

already have said good morning."

From the lining of the flat-topped worthy?" whispered Coram to the

"Mr. Coram," he continued, "I am successful!" "Several times!" she cried, scorn-treams. Crime has been the hobby fully. "What! has he ever failed?" dreams. Crime has been the hobby of a busy life. I have seen crime upon the Gold Coast, where the black fever it danced in the air above the murdered one like a lingering soul, and I have seen blood flow in Arctic Lapland, where it was frozen up into red ice almost before it left the veins, laby a large of the coal for the coal forms of the coal forms Have I your permit to see if I can call you a cab?" help?" "I thank you, no." She rewarded

All of us, the police included, were him with a dazzling smile. "Good strangely impressed now.

"Certainly," said Coram: "will you step this way?"

Inight."

Coram opened the doors of the Museum, and she passed out. Leaving

Moris Klaw bent over the dead man.
"You have moved him!" he said, harply.

the men on duty in the hall, Coram and I shortly afterward also quitted the Museum by the main entrance. It was explained that this had been for the purpose of a medical examination. He nodded absently. With the aid of a large magnifying glass he was scrutinizing poor Conway. He brought us coffee. She was unsupplied to the state of the second examined his hair, his eyes, his hands, naturally pale, and her eyes his fingernails. He rubbed long feverishly bright. I concluded that flexible fingers upon the floor beside the tragedy was responsible. "Someone so kindly will tell me all Coram; "but she is studying music the body—and sniffed at the dust.

lead man's pockets. Coram briefly recounted much of the foregoing and replied to the oddly chosen questions which from time to time Moris Klaw put to him.

Throughout the duologue, the singular old man conducted a database of the foregoing and replied to the oddly standpoint, but were unable to surmise how the thief had entered, how left, and why he had fled without his old man conducted a detailed search booty. of every square inch, I think, of the Greek Room. Before the case con-

He threw back his head, closing his a repetition of the dreadful busines "have histories—and the crimes they occasion operate in such a such as the crimes they be to take??"

The Scotland Yard man blew down is nose.

"You snort, my friend," said Moris

"You snort, my friend," said Moris

"Was early afoot and around to the Museum. Isis Klaw was there before hadn't he heard that dog: Bobby in sooner asked himself that question than he did hear that dog. That dog hegan to bark, and he was so near began to bark, and he was so near in the desert screaming out Coram.

"You snort, my friend," said Moris Museum. ISIS Flaw in the desert screaming out Coram. began to bark, and he was so near snort less if you had waked scream-father that his voice seemed to be in ing, out in the desert; screaming out Coram.

distance. He didn't dare climb delivery thrilled us all.

"What is it," continued the weird leplied. "I do not doubt Mr. Klaw's hopesty of nurpose." old man, "but the odic force, the honesty of purpose."

ether—say it how you please—which

"Wait till you hear his mad theory the reason that Bobby had not ether-say it how you please-which

mprinted on the surrounding at- Grimsby coughed—then flushed as mosphere like a photograph. I havehe caught the eye of Isis. imprinted on the

The Vacuum Sealed tin supplies the

Rideau Hall COFFEE

Off for the day's work with

Full of vim and pep, easy-to-serve





"And to think I was poisoning my own Baby!"

Mothers are the best friends of Ask your druggist for Nujol

<u>Nujol</u>

THE INTERNAL LUBRICANT

it is so safe, gentle, and natural

Constipation is dangerous for anybody. Nujol is safe for everybody. It does not affect

the stomach and is not absorbed

Nujol simply makes up for a

deficiency-temporary or chronic

-in the supply of natural lubri-

cant in the intestines. It softens

the waste matter and thus per-

mits thorough and regular elimi-

Nuiol can be taken for any

length of time without ill effects.

To insure internal cleanliness, it

should be taken regularly in ac-

cordance with the directions on each bottle. Unlike laxatives,

it does not form a habit and can

to-day and begin to

enjoy the perfect

health that is pos

sible only when eli

mination is normal

be discontinued at any time.

in its action.

by the body.

intestinal muscles.

For Constipation and regular.

Nature's own aid

to Beauty and

and a lovely complexion.

Campana's

Italian Balm

Use it morning and night and

have beautiful soft, white hands

Loveliness

"I couldn't see why he didn't gain. I never dreamed that my constipation was responsible until the doctor told me.

"He explained that faulty or allowed poisons to form and be absorbed by the blood-and this meant tainted milk for baby.

Nujol. When pre-

cious new lives are

at stake they seek the remedy that

medical authorities

approve because

ALAA

AN BLEGANT

Campanas BACM

"He prescribed the Nujol treat ment and it made a world of he said, turning out the and, I fear, overworking in order to difference to both of us. Now pass a stiff exam. that I know how dangerous constipation is and how easily it is prevented. I am never going to allow myself to get into that

condition again. Nujol helps Nature in Nature's own way

"It is here that the trouble centers," he muttered. "What do I know of such a Grecian instrument? Let me think."

"It is here that the trouble centers," he muttered. "What do I know of such a Grecian instrument? Let me think."

"It am very in at ease. Coram, "that I am very in at ease. We haven't the remotest idea how the murderer got into the Greek Room or how he got out again. Bolts and bars, it is evident, do not prevail thinks that we may expect against him, so that we may expec at any time

"have histories—and the crimes they occasion operate in cycles." He waved his hand in a slow circle. "If I but hew the history of this harp! Mr. hext week or so, but, after that, we shall have to rely upon a night shall have to rely upon a night."

He glanced toward my friend.
"Thoughts are things, Mr. Coram. If I might spend a night here—upon the very spot of floor where the poor Conway fell—I could from the surrounding atmosphere (it is a sensitive plate) recover a picure of the thing in his mind"—indicating Conway—"at the last!"

The Scotland Yard man blow down.

Shall have to rely upon a night watchman. The funds only allow of the appointment of four attendants: three for day and one for night duty."

"Do you think you will find any difficulty in getting a man?"

"No." replied Coram. "I know of a steady man who will come as soon as we are ready for him."

Bobby's very ears. Bobby didn't stop to do any more wondering. He took to is heels, and how he did run! with fear of the dripping beaks of the vultures—the last dreadful fear proached me. which the mind had known of him "I see you're looking at the cushion, "But the cushion," Bobby is stout and he looks clumsy, but like his big cousin. Buster Bear, haunted spot!"

The spot and he will be spot an up-to-date a 'plant.' He's not an up-to-date haunted spot!"

The words and the manner of their cracksman. Nothing missing!"

"Why," people ask, "is Rideau Hall Coffee so strong, so fresh, so delicious?'

wonder he has for the white woman and great fear for the Athenean Harp, which she carries!"

Harp each night. Good morning, gentlemen!"

His arm linked in his daughter's' "Which she carries!" cried Coram. he left the Museum. "Some woman took the harp from its case a few minutes before Conway died!" affirmed Moris Klaw. "I have much research to make now, and with aid from Isis shall develop my negative! Yesterday I learnt from the in its test of national prohibition, its case a few minutes before Conway

"Poor Conway's mind," continued time. Until you har from me again Klaw, "is filled with such a pleture you will lay dry plaster of Paris all when he breathes his last—great around the stand of the Athenean

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

negative: Yesterday I learnt from the in this test of national promoted, constable who was on night duty at the corner of the Square that a conserved the square that a co that there was no way out, you understand. Is it important? I can-not say, it often is such points that matter. We must however, waste no traffic, she said.