

# BATTLE

Friday

Don't let today pass without visiting our Great 15th Anniversary Sale and securing one of New York's rarest Millinery Creations at a price never before equalled at a bargain event in feminine headgear.

The most fetching designs are being rapidly picked up, and you should make your selection early.

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## for Recruits

on-commissioned officers  
7 Canadian Army Ser-  
meet at the Armoury  
o'clock for the issue of  
equipment. There is room  
s, who can apply at the

By order,  
KEAN,  
O. C. No. 7 Company,  
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## HOLIDAY BILL!

Two Pretty Children  
**THE SOLIMINES**  
Violin and Piano  
At 3, 4, 8 and 9 p. m.  
**MAJOR COCKBURN**  
Scottish Baritone  
(1) "Loch Lomond."  
(2) "Annie Laurie."  
**ELSA MARIE**  
The Lullaby from  
"Erminie."  
Woman in \$1,000 Ladies' World Prize Story.  
**WONDERFUL NIGHT**  
Entancing Film-Story Yet to Hand.

**HOUSE THOMPSON-WOODS**  
STOCK CO.

—Matinee and Night  
ALL THIS WEEK  
Wednesday, Friday and Saturday  
**NEW MINISTER**

of New England Life  
of "The Old Homestead"

**BOX**  
TAIN THE MILLION DOLLARS  
**FOUND**

TERIOUSLY DISAPPEARS AGAIN!  
**VE TREASURE BOX**  
Chapter of  
N DOLLAR MYSTERY"

ODD THINGS IN OUR THANKSGIVING DAY  
PROGRAM  
—Jones is Another, and  
ORTH AMERICAN TIMBER TRADE" is Another

# The MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

## \$10,000 FOR 100 WORDS.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" story will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangement with the Thompson Film company it has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it each week in the cinema, moving picture theatre. For the edition of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given by the Thompson Film corporation.

## CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The prize of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman, or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two reels of motion picture drama will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thompson Film corporation, either at Chicago or New York, any time up to midnight, Jan. 14. This allows several weeks after the last chapter has been published.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judges are to be Harold MacGrath, Lloyd Lowrey, and Miss Mae Tinee. The judgment of this board will be absolute and final. Nothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the \$10,000 prize. The last two reels, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mystery, will be presented in the theatre having this feature as soon as it is possible to produce the same. The story corresponding to these motion pictures will appear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures as practicable. With the last two reels will be shown the pictures of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as possible, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Harold MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant.

Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as an aid to a solution:  
No. 1—What becomes of the millionaire?  
No. 2—What becomes of the \$10,000,000?  
No. 3—Whom does Florence marry?  
No. 4—What becomes of the Russian countess?

Nobody connected either directly or indirectly with "The Million Dollar Mystery" will be considered as a contestant.

## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the gang of brilliant thieves known as the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for eighteen years. Hargrave accidentally meets Braine, leader of the Black Hundred. Knowing Braine will try to get him, he escapes by a balloon. Before escaping he writes a letter to the girls' school where eighteen years before he mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. That day Hargrave also draws \$10,000,000 from the bank, but it is reported that this dropped into the sea when the balloon he escaped in was punctured.

Florence arrives from the girls' school. Countess Olga, Braine's companion, visits her and claims to be a relative. Two bogus detectives call, but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man. By bribing the captain of the Orient Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Countess Olga also visits the Orient's captain, and she chafes into the reporter's snare. The plan proves abortive through Braine's good luck and only meetings fall into the hands of the police.

After failing in their first attempt the Black Hundred trap Florence. They ask her for money, but she escapes, again foiling them.

Norton and the countess call on Florence the next day, and move safe at home. The visitors having gone, Jones removes a section of flooring and from a cavity takes a box. Furnished by members of the Black Hundred, he rushes to the water front and succeeds in dropping the box into the sea.

Countess Olga succeeds in breaking the engagement existing between Florence Hargrave and Norton.

Accomplices of Braine succeed in kidnapping Florence while she is shopping and hurry her off to sea. She leaps into the sea and is picked up in a dazed condition by a party of fishermen. The Black Hundred locate her and Braine, disguised as her father, succeeds in taking her back to sea with him. Florence sets fire to the boat and is rescued by a ship on which Norton has been stranded.

Norton and Florence, safely ashore and with no longer any misunderstanding between them, take the train for home. The train is wrecked and waiting members of the Black Hundred carry the injured Florence to a deserted hut. Norton, who tries to rescue her, is tied to the railroad tracks. Florence saves him and finally Jones comes to the rescue of both.

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## CHAPTER XXI.

**DIPSY-CHANTY**, if you please; of sailormen in jerseys and terry caps, of rolling gulls, strong tobacco and diverse profanity; of cutters, and blundering schooners, and tramps, came and steam, some of them honest, some of them shady, and some of them pirates of the first water who did not find it necessary to hide aloft the skull and bones. The men were dotted with them. They remind you of the once prosperous merchant, run down at the head, who sinks along the side streets, ashamed to meet those he knew in the past. You never hear them mentioned in the maritime news, which is the society column of the ships; you know of their existence only by the bleached bones of them, strewn along the coast.

An honest ship, run down at the head, rode at anchor in the sound, a fourth-rater of the hooker brand; that is, her principal line of business was hauling barges up and down

the coast. When she could not pick up enough barges to make it pay, why, she'd go galavanting down to Cuba for bushes of tobacco or over to the Bermudas for the heaven-smelling onion. Today she was an onion ship; which precludes any idea of adventure. She was about 4,000 tons, and her engines were steamward and not windward. She carried two masts and a half dozen hot beams, and the only visible sign of anything new on her was her bowsprit. This was new doubtless because she had poked her nose too far into her last ship.

Her crew was orderly and tractable. There were shore drunks, to be sure, because they were sailors; but they were a peaceful lot. At this moment they were at work. There was a mutter among this crew, and he went by the name of Steve Blossom; and he was one of his kind. A grimy dime novel protruded rakishly from his hip pocket, and his right cheek was swollen as with the toothache, due, probably, to a generous "chaw" of Seaman's Delight. He was a real tobacco chewer, for he rarely spat. He was as peaceful as a backwater bay in summer; non-argumentative and passive, he stood his watch in fair weather and foul.

No one gave the anchor any more attention after it came to rest. The great city over the way was fairly like in its business and transparency. It was the poetry of angles, of shafts and spars of stone; and Steve Blossom, having a moment to himself, leaned against the rail and stared regretfully. He had been generously drunk the night before, and it was a pleasant recollection. Chance led his glance to trail down the cutter. His neck stretched from his collar like a turtle's from its shell.

"Well, I'll be hornswoggled!" he murmured, shifting his end from starboard to port. Caught on the fluke of the anchor was the strangest looking box he had ever laid eyes on. There was leather and steel bands and diamond-shaped ivory and mother of pearl, and it hung jauntily on the point of the rusty fluke.

Treasure! And Steve was destined never to be passive again. His first impulse was to call his companions; his second impulse was to say nothing at all, and wait for an opportunity to get the box to his bunk without being detected. Diamonds and rubies and pearls and old Spanish gold; all hanging to the fluke of the anchor.

"Hornswoggled!" in a kind of awestruck whisper this time. "An' we a-headin' for th' Bahamas!" For under his feet he could hear the rhythm of the engines. "What'll I do? If I leave it, some one else'll see it." He scratched his chin perplexedly; and the end went back to starboard. "I got it!"

He took off his coat and carefully dropped it down over the mysterious box. It was growing darker and darker all the time, and shortly neither coat nor anchor would be visible without close scrutiny. Treasures, greed, cupidity, crime. Steve saw only the treasure and not its camp followers. What did they call them?—doubloons and pieces-of-eight?

He ate his supper with his messmates, and he ate heartily as usual. It would have taken something more vital than mere treasure to disturb Steve Blossom's appetite. He was one of those enviable individuals whose imagination and gastric juices work at the same time. And while he ate he planned. In the first place, he would buy that home at Bedford; then he would take over the Gilson house and live like a lord. If he wanted a drink, all he would have to do would be to turn the spigot or tip a bottle; and more than that, he'd have a bartender to do it. Onions! He swore he would not have an onion within a mile of the Gilson house. "Onions!" Quite unconsciously he spoke this word aloud.

"Huh? Well, if you don't like onions, find a booker that packs violets in her hold," was the cheerful advice of the man at Steve's elbow.

"Who's talkin' 't' you?" granted Steve.

"Who'd I say?"

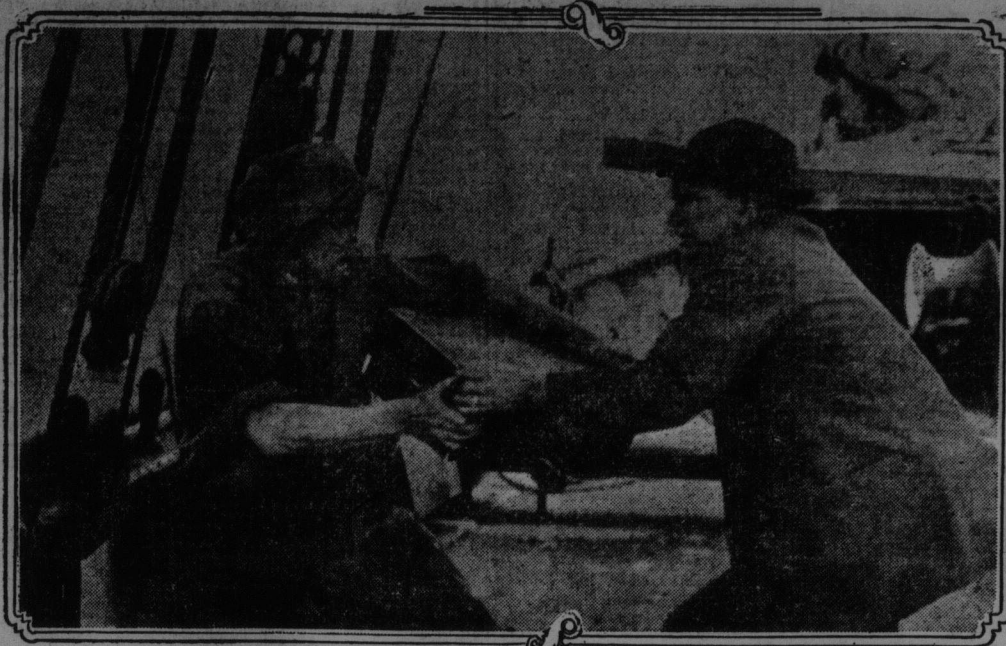
"Onions, ye lubber! Don't we know what onions is? Ah! we ain't 'em so long that ye could stick yer nose in th' starboard light an' not smell no keereens? Onions! Pass th' cawf!"

Steve helped himself first. The man who spoke barked over him, and they were not on the best of terms. There was no real reason for this frank antagonism; simply, they did not spice any more effectively than cotton rope and hemp splices. Sailors are moody and superstitious; at least they generally are on hookers of the "Captain Manners" breed. Steve was superstitious and Jim Dunkers was moody and had no thumb on his left hand.

Spanish doubloons and pearls and diamonds and rubies! It was mighty hard not to say these words out loud, too; blare them into the million faces grouped about the table. He was off watch till midnight; and he was wondering if he could get the box without attracting the attention of the lookout, who had a devilish keen eye for everything that stirred on deck or on water. Well, he would have to risk it; but he would wait till full darkness had fallen over the sea and the lookout would be compelled to keep his eyes off the deck. The boys wanted him to play cards.

"Not for me. Busted. How long 'd' y' think \$40 'll last in New York, anyhow?" And he stalked out of the forecastle and went down into the waist to enjoy his evening pipe, all the while keeping a weather eye forward, at the rusty old pilot house.

It was 10 o'clock, land time, when he rammed his cutty into a pocket and reënterly walked forward. If any one watched him they would think he was only looking down



"YOU LEMME BY!" BREATHED STEVE.

the cutter. The thought of money and the pleasures it will buy makes cunning the stupidest of dots; and Steve was ordinarily a dolt. But tonight his brain was keen enough for all purposes. It was a hazardous job to get the box off the fluke without letting it slip back into the sea. Steve, however, accomplished the feat, climbed back on the rail and sat down, waiting. A quarter of an hour passed. No one had seen him. With his coat securely wrapped about his precious find he made for the forecastle. His mates, save those who were doing their watch, were all in their bunks. An oil lamp dimly illuminated the forward partition. Steve's bunk was almost in darkness. Very deftly he rolled back the bedding and secreted the box under his pillows, and then stretched himself out with the pretense of snoring till the bell called him to duty.

He was rich; and the moment a man has money he has troubles: there is always some one who wants to take it away from you. His bunk was on the port side, and there was plenty of hiding space between the iron plates and the wooden partition. He intended to loosen three or four planks, and then when the time came, slip the box behind them. Some time during the morning the forecastle would be empty, and then would be his time.

But he suffered the agonies of damnation during his four hours' watch. Supposing some fool should go rummaging about his bunk and discover the box? Suppose . . . But he dared not suppose. There was nothing to do but wait. If he created any curiosity on the part of his mates he was lost. He would have to divide with them all, from the captain down to the cook's boy. It was a heart-rending thought. From being the most open and frank man aboard, he became the most cunning. From being a man without enemies, he saw an enemy even in his shadow.

At 4 o'clock he turned in and slept like a log.

In the morning he found his opportunity. For half an hour the forecastle was empty of all save himself. Feverishly he pried back the boards, found the brace beam, and gently laid the box there. It was a mighty curious looking box. Once he had stoked up the Chinese coast from the Philippines, and he judged it to be Chinese in origin. He tried to pry open the cover and feast his eyes upon the treasure; but under the leather and ivory and mother of pearl was impervious steel. It would take an ax or a crowbar to stir that lid. He sighed. He replaced the boards, and became to all appearances his stolid self again.

But all the way down to the Bahamas he was moody, and when he answered any question it was with words spoken testily and jerkily.

"I know what's th' matter," said Dunkers.

"He's in love."

"Shut your mouth!"

"Didn't I tell you?" laughed the tantalizer, dancing toward the companionway. "Steve's in love, 'r he didn't get drunk enough on shore 't' satisfy his whale's belly!"

A boot thudded spitefully against the door jamb.

"You fellows let me alone, 'r I'll bash in a couple o' heads!"

"O, yuh will, will yuh?" cried Dunkers from the deck. "If yuh want a little exercise, yuh can begin on me, yuh moonshine swab! What's th' matter with yuh, anyhow? Where'd yuh git this grouch? What're we doin' 't' yuh? Huh?"

"You keep out o' my way, that's all. I'm muddin' my watches, an' don't ask no odds of you duffers. What if I have a grouch? Is it any o' your blame business? All right. When we step ashore at th' Bahamas, Mister Jim Dunkers, I'll tell the ropes out o' your pulley blocks. But till we git there, you 't' upper bunk an' me 't' mine."

"Leave th' 't' grouch alone, Jim. Th' mate won't stand for no scrapperin' aboard. We'll have th' thing done right in th' custom sheds. We'll have a finish fight, Queensberry rules, an' any th' best man win."

"I'm willin'," said Jim.

"So'm I," agreed Steve. But his intentions were not honorable. He proposed to desert



AND THAT IS WHY THE ORIGINAL BOX WAS ABLE TO BE HIDDEN ONCE AGAIN.

before any fight took place. Not that he was physically afraid; no; he wanted to dig his hands deep into those doubloons and pieces-of-eight.

So the four days passed otherwise uneventfully, amid paint pots and iron rust and three meals a day of pork, onion soup, potatoes, and strong, bitter coffee. The winds became light and balmy and the sea blue and gentle. The men went about in their undershirts and dunnies, barefooted. Of course the coming fight was the main topic of conversation. It promised to be a rattling good scrap, for both men were evenly matched, and both had a "kick" in either hand. Even the captain took a mild interest in the affair. He was an old sailor. He knew that there was no such word as arbitration in a sailor's vocabulary; his disputes could be settled only in one manner, by his called-out fate.

When the old mudhook (and some day Steve was going to buy it and hang it over the entrance of the Gilson house) slithered down into the smiling waters of the bay, Steve concluded that discretion was the better part of valor. He would stow ashore on the quarantine tug which lay alongside. He was willing to fight under ordinary circumstances, but he must get his treasure in safety first. They could call him a welscher if they wanted to; devil a bit did he care. So he pried back the boards of his bunk wall, took out the box, eyed it fondly, and noted for the first time the lettering on it:

STANLEY HARGRAVE.

He wrinkled his brow in the effort to recall a pirate by this name, but was unsuccessful. No matter. He hugged the box under his coat and made for the gangway, and inadvertently ran into his enemy.

Dunkers caught a bit of the box peeping out from under the coat.

"What 'a' yuh got there?" he demanded truculently.

"None o' your damn business! You lemme by; hear me?"

"Ain't none o' my business, huh? Where'd yuh git a box like that? Steal it? By cripes, I'm goin' 't' have a look at that box, my hearty. It don't smell like honest onions."

"You lemme by!" breathed Steve, with murder in his heart.

Suddenly the two men closed, surged back and forth, one determined to take and the other to hold this mysterious box. Dunkers struggled to uphold his word: not that he really wanted the box but to prove that he was strong enough to take it if he wanted to.

been in th' water long, etc. Somethin' 'bout overboard by some private yacht, 't' my thinkin'. I'll keep out o' Steve's way. I'll lay low on shore, sir."

And though Steve made a perfect range of the spot, he never came back to find the mysterious box, never saw the Gilson home back home, nor did he ever see Dunkers again. On the voyage home he brooded continually, and was frequently found blubbering; and one night he skipped his watch and went to Dunkers' locker.

Dunkers had not told at all the same he had seen on the box; and Blossom had not thought to. The name Hargrave had instantly brought back to Dunkers' mind the newspaper stories he had recently read. There was no doubt in the world that this box belonged to the missing millionaire, who had drawn a million from his banks and vanished; and, moreover, there was no doubt in Dunkers' mind that this million lay in the Bahamas waters. It had been drawn up from the bottom of the sound, under the path of the bottom. He proceeded, then, to take a most minute range. It would require money and partners; but half a loaf would be far better than no loaf at all; and he was determined to return to New York to find backing. Finding is keeping, on land or sea.

Now it happened that his favorite grog shop was a cheap saloon across the way from the headquarters of The Black Hundred; and Vroom occasionally dropped in, for he often picked up a valuable bit of maritime news. Dunkers was an old friend of the bartender, and he proceeded to pour and fuzzle down his throat a very poor substitute for whisky. He became communicative. He bragged. He knew where there was a million, and all he needed was a first class diving bell. A year from now he would not be drinking cheap whisky; he'd be steering a course up and down Broadway and buying wine when he was thirsty. He was no other. But he had to have a diving bell; and where the blue devil could he get one with \$12 and an Ingersoll watch in his pocket?

From his table Vroom made a sign which the bartender understood. Then he rose and approached Dunkers.

"I own a pretty good diving apparatus," he said. "If you've got the goods, I'll take a chance on a fifty-fifty basis." Vroom did not believe there was anything back of this talk; but it always paid to dig deep enough to find out. "Have a drink; and, Bill, give us a real whisky and none of your soap-lye. Now, let's hear your yarn."

"I don't know yuh," said Dunkers, with drunken caution. "How is it, BERT?" turning to the bartender.

"He's the goods, Jim. You've heard of Wyant & Co.?"

"Sure I've heard o' them. Best divin' apparatus they is."

"Well, this gent here is Mr. Brooks, general manager for Wyant & Co. I can O. K. him."

Vroom threw an appreciative glance at the bartender. He was not affiliated with The Black Hundred, but he had often aided Vroom in minor affairs.

"All right, if yuh say so, Bill. Well, here's th' yarn."

"And when he had done, Vroom smoked quietly without speaking.

"Don't yuh believe it?" demanded Dunkers, truculently.

"But 600 feet of water, in a coral bottom, and no way of telling just where it fell overboard. That's a tough proposition."

"O, is it, is it? I'm a sailor. I can sap my hand right over th' spot. Do yuh think I'd be fool enough 't' hunt for it without a perfect range?" Dunkers tapped his coat pocket suggestively.

And Vroom knew that the one thing he wanted was there, a plan or a drawing of the range. So there was another man shagwagged that night, and his destination was Cape Town, twenty-two days' voyage by the calendar.

Vroom carried his information to the organization that same night. They would start the expedition at once, and till this was accomplished, Hargrave's daughter was to be immune from attacks. Besides, it would give Hargrave (wherever he was) and the others the idea that The Black Hundred had concluded to give up the chase.

Above, with his ear to a small hole, skilfully bored through the ceiling without permitting the plaster to fall, kept a man with a bandaged arm. He could never see any faces; no one ever took off a mask in this sinister chamber. But there were voices, and he was never going to forget some of them. After the meeting came to an end, he waited an hour after, and then stole into the street by the aid of the fire escape. Later, he entered a telephone booth and called up Jones. Then, one leather and steel box, dotted with bits of ivory and mother-of-pearl, came two; and the second one was soaked in mud and salt water for two weeks till you could not have told it from the original. And that is why Jones was able, some weeks later, to hide once more the original box. As for the substitute, just as Braine was about to use a mallet and chisel upon it, the lights went out. There was a wild scramble, a chair or two was overturned.

"The door, the door!" shouted Braine, furious.

It slammed the moment the words left his lips. And as suddenly as they had gone out the lights sprang up. The box was gone. There were evidently traitors among The Black Hundred.

(END AND CONTINUED.)