

SARNIA FERRY CO. SEEKS EXPANSION

**\$150,000 Increase in Capital
Stock Planned—Another
Boat Is Bought.**

Special to The Advertiser.
Sarnia, Dec. 15.—Increase of \$150,000 in the capital stock of the Port Huron and Sarnia Ferry Company will be made if the public utilities commission of Michigan approves a petition to be presented to that body. Many improvements, including the purchase of a boat formerly used by the state as a ferry boat at the Straits of Mackinac, will be made. The boat is already negotiated for and is now on its way to Sarnia. Although four vessels are now operated, increase of traffic is said to warrant another boat.

CANADA WILL PROFIT BY BRITISH TARIFF ACT

**Leather Gloves, Cutlery, Gas
Mantles To Receive Third
Preference.**

Canadian Press Despatch.
Ottawa, Dec. 15.—Canadian exports of leather, gloves, and certain classes of cutlery will, it is expected here, benefit under the new "safeguarding of industry" duties proposed by the British government. The dominion government has been officially notified that Canada will receive a third preference under the new duties.

COUNCIL ENDS YEAR'S WORK

Mayor C. E. Richardson, St. Marys, Retires After Two Years.

Special to The Advertiser.
St. Marys, Dec. 15.—The term of the 1925 St. Marys town council was brought to a close at the statutory meeting this morning. Provision was made for the holding of nominations for the municipal offices on December 28. The council accounts amounting to \$1,546.29 were passed. Mayor C. E. Richardson thanked the council for the harmony and co-operation that existed during the year. Mayor Richardson, who has acted for two years, will not run again. Councillor Dr. J. R. Stanley, chairman of the finance committee for the past two years, will likely run for the mayoralty.

IF YOU RELISH COFFEE

With That Rich Flavour and Fragrant Aroma, Try

ROWAT'S COFFEE, 75c Lb.

T. A. Rowat & Co.

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Proper Glasses will overcome the inaccuracies in your vision, which often cause so much trouble and inconvenience.

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QUALITY BEYOND QUESTION

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OLD FAVORITES

Ping Pong, Pitt, Ludo, Bunco, Lotto, Lost Hell, and many other popular games on sale at

Red Star News Co.

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FURS

Our stocks of FURS at this time represent the latest reproductions of the handiwork models in the fur trade. It is now time to consider your fur needs.

We can assure you that if will give us great pleasure to show the various lines. Call, write or wire us and be assured of our prompt attention.

SPITTAL BROTHERS, LIMITED.

333 RICHMOND STREET, LONDON

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The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

"Good morning, Mr. Seales," came his rumbling greeting over the wires; "it is very wet again. This appalling English climate becomes disastrous. I have lost in one week two marmosets and a Peruvian squirrel. They see the fog and rain, they sneeze, they cough, they die. I have to make to you a request, Mr. Seales: it is that you secure for myself and I the invitation to Mr. Len Hassett's party at his new studio."

"Certainly, Mr. Klaw," I replied, trying to keep out of surprise from my voice. "Hassett and I are old friends. I have only to mention your name and you will be heartily welcomed. That is, unless you would be welcome in a damnable, where, I think I had never before become so fully conscious of the mystery enshrouding the life of this oddly assorted pair as I did during that drive to Chelsea."

Who, I asked myself, was Moris Klaw, the inscrutable genius who so gladly offered his services to the guardians of law and order—who dealt in beasts and birds and reptiles and furniture and fusty books—who lived in one of the most unsavory quarters of London?—whose daughter was an unchallenged beauty, possessed of clothes and jewels which never were purchased out of the profits of the Wapping business? My reflections, however, availed me nothing.

Arrived at Chelsea, we met our host in the lounge hall of the house, and, introductions being over and the beauty of Isis having annoyed every other pretty woman in the place I presently found myself escorting Moris Klaw's daughter through the garden to the studio, whither some of the party had preceded us. We paused for a moment and looked in at the window.

A group of a dozen people were gathered around the piano at the farther end of the place; but, nearer to us, seated in a high armchair before the blazing fire and expressing a black cat which rested upon his knee, was a strange-looking, gaunt-faced man. Upon his harsh features the dancing firelight played odd shadows, so that at one moment it was a smiling, benevolent face, and in the next, the face of a devil.

It was a mere illusion, of course, but when I turned again to Isis and we proceeded toward the door, I saw her biting her lip in sudden agitation and: "What is the matter?" asked. "Nothing," she replied—"but what a queer-looking man that was sitting before the fire."

Presently we met him, however, as well as the black cat (which proved to belong to Len Hassett). He was Serg. Skobolov, a Russian pianist whose reputation was growing by leaps and bounds. Upon Isis his curious small eyes rested greedily, and that she was repelled, the girl was unable to disguise. In due course, when the merriment was in full swing, there were songs, and a certain amount of dancing took place, and then meeting at the right moment, and the entreaties of Hassett, Skobolov agreed to play.

"You know," said a lady journalist who was sitting on the floor near me, "Skobolov has composed numerous works, but not one of them is published." "Ah," came a hoarse whisper. "I glanced over my shoulder and saw Moris Klaw standing in the shadow behind us. 'How strange! Does he refuse then to publish his compositions?'"

"Absolutely," the lady declared earnestly. "He maintains that no one else could play them."

"Perhaps he is right. Presently we shall hear and judge for ourselves."

He became silent, as the pianist, seating himself, began to speak. "Ladies and gentlemen," he said in his broken English, "you know that the friend of us all, our good Hassett, takes this studio because it is haunted. Here, murder is done, yes, and so I shall play to you a prelude newly composed in which—it is appropriate—I try to express in music the last of slaying."

He paused amid an uncomfortable silence, and then: "Some of you must know," he resumed, "that all my compositions are emotions, attempts to paint in chords things experienced. Some experiences one cannot have and so can never paint—no atmosphere, atmosphere, is everything! Now I shall paint for you the story of this studio."

With that he began to play, and although I had never heard him before, I realized from the outset that he was a master of his instrument. Indeed, I thought, a genius. His theme and its treatment alike were unusual, grotesque. There was some quality in the man's technique which I found myself unable to define. He possessed uncanny power. When at last the prelude ended it was greeted by a silence more eloquent than any applause.

It was only momentary, of course. Then came a wild outburst of enthusiasm. Yet it had been long enough, that moment of stillness, for me to hear the quivering of Moris Klaw's coat spray immediately behind me. And when at last the clapping and shouting died down:

"That prelude," came his voice, almost in my ear, "it has a bad smell. Soon, Isis my child, we must go. It grows late. But perhaps Mr. Hassett will permit me to telephone to my chauffeur, as I allow him to go away? It is all right? Very well. How wonderful is that prelude."

CHAPTER V

Skobolov's attentions to Isis Klaw became very marked. Presently following some whispered words from her father, I noticed with surprise that she had ceased to avoid the Russian pianist, indeed was consenting to smile upon him. Hence, when presently Moris Klaw's car arrived, I was prepared for Skobolov's acceptance of an offer of a lift as far as his hotel.

For my own part I confess quite frankly that I disliked the man. I had disliked him on sight, and nearer acquaintance did nothing to dispel that first impression. That Isis disliked him also I could not doubt. Therefore, I divined that she was playing a part, although its purpose defeated my imagination.

Throughout the drive from Chelsea to the hotel Moris Klaw discussed music, a subject with which I had not hitherto believed him to be acquainted. Perhaps his intention was to exhibit Skobolov's intense egotism, for indeed the man was a monument to his own colossal vanity. His genius I could not dispute, but his personality was detestable.

I had foreseen that he would try to detain the party at his hotel, or, rather that he would try to detain Isis. I had no doubt whatever that he would gladly have excused both Moris Klaw and myself. But I had not been prepared for Klaw's acceptance of the offer. However, as we descended from the car and I hesitated whether to accept Skobolov's grudging inclusion of myself in the party, or to walk home, I detected an unmistakable expression in Moris Klaw's queer eyes, twinkling behind the pebbles of his pince-nez.

Suddenly the fact came home to me that I was a minor actor in some mysterious comedy directed by the genius of Wapping Old Stairs.

The Russian occupied a luxurious suite, and Moris Klaw, with reluctance which I could see to be feigned, agreed at Skobolov's pressing invitation to drink one glass of wine and then to depart for home.

Skobolov did his best to make himself agreeable, proffering cigars and cigarettes, and opening a bottle of Bollinger. Moris Klaw and I declined to smoke, but Isis accepted a cigarette and lay back in a deep lounge chair blowing smoke rings and watching the vainglorious Russian musician through half-lowered lashes.

There was a grand piano in the room and Moris Klaw, who had not touched his wine, prevailed upon Skobolov to play for us once more the prelude which we had heard at Hassett's studio. The pianist shrugged, glanced at Isis, and then seated himself at the instrument. Placing his cigarette in a little ashtray, he laid his fingers carelessly on the keyboard, and once more my soul was harrowed by those indescribable strains.

As the sound of the last chord died away: "Good," said Moris Klaw, "excellent, most excellent. And now, please"—he stood up and, as an old musician, an absent odd fool. Do you object that I telephone to my chauffeur? I just remember that Isis leaves her ermine cloak in the car. Is it not so, my child?"

"Good heavens, yes!" Isis exclaimed. He crossed the room to the telephone, circled ungainly around the piano, raised the instrument, and: "Will you be pleased to ask Mr. Moris Klaw's chauffeur to bring in from the car the cloak?" he said, distinctly. "Yes, all right, very well." He hung up the receiver and turned to face us again, shrugging his shoulders. "So greatly tempting," he explained, "to some prowler thief."

I now became aware that Isis had suddenly grown very pale. She had stood up and was watching Skobolov intently. He seemed rather to be enjoying the scrutiny of her fine dark eyes—when there came a preemptory rap upon the door.

"Come in!" said the Russian sharply. The door opened—and Detective Inspector Grimby stood on the threshold. Moris Klaw nodded in Skobolov's direction, and literally stupefied with astonishment, I heard Grimby say: "Serg Skobolov, I arrest you on a charge of having murdered Mr. Pike Webley at his studio on the night of November the fourteenth. I must warn you—"

"But he got no further. Uttering a sound which I can only describe as the roar of a wild beast, Skobolov leapt upon him, clasped his hands about the speaker's throat, and hurled him to floor."

To Moris Klaw, Grimby owed his life. The Russian was kneeling on the detective's chest and literally squeezing the life out of him, when Klaw, surprisingly agile, sprang forward. He stooped over the would-be murderer and performed the simple operation which threw Skobolov upon his back.

In two seconds the madman was up again, and even now, I sometimes see in my dreams a devil face, transfixed by such evil as I could not have supposed to reside in any human being. He opened and closed his hands in a horrible, writhing, suggestive movement, looked at Grimby who was trying slowly, painfully to struggle to his feet, looked at Isis, looked at Moris Klaw, looked at myself. Then, bursting into peals of laughter, he ran to the French windows, threw one open, sprang on to the parapet outside, and uttering one final frenzied shriek, leapt into the courtyard sixty feet below.

CHAPTER VI
"Everyone will say," Moris Klaw declared, "he was a failure that old fool from Wapping"—for how can a dead man confess, and what use for the newspapers to tell the public why this poor Russian leaps from his window? He shrugged his shoulders, looking around my study. "You say to me," he continued, addressing Grimby: "What is the sound you hear when you sleep in the studio? and I do not tell you because you would not understand. But now I shall tell you. I hear, my friend, a chord in G minor."

CONTINUED TOMORROW.

JUNIOR FARMER CLUBS

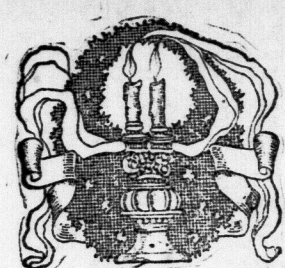
TO MEET JANUARY 13

January 13th is the date named for the annual meeting of the Junior Farmer clubs of Middlesex county, at a meeting of the executive held yesterday afternoon in the offices of the Ontario department of agriculture here.

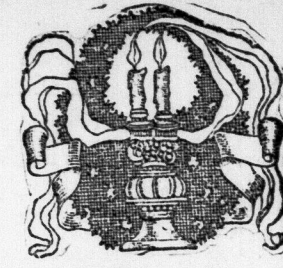
Miss Marian Campbell presided at the meeting, with R. A. Finn and Frank Parrish present in an advisory capacity.

Details of the program of the society for the coming winter include a debate at the university, public-speaking contests, musical competitions, and a dance on January 13th. Details of the latter party were left in the hands of Mr. Finn and Mr. Parrish to arrange.

About 25 young men and women were present, and enthusiastically entered into the proceedings.

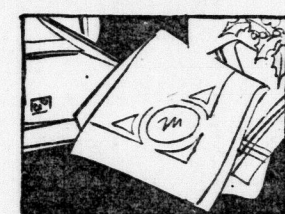


A Man's Christmas



Gifts That Are Smart Things of the Moment For Men!

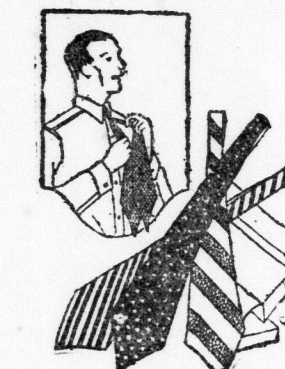
Women may choose from the thousands of gifts for men assembled in the Smallman & Ingram Men's Shop with the assurance that they are buying gifts that men like; gifts that denote quality—modish but not extreme. We will gladly help you choose.



HANDKERCHIEFS

A Gift for a Man.

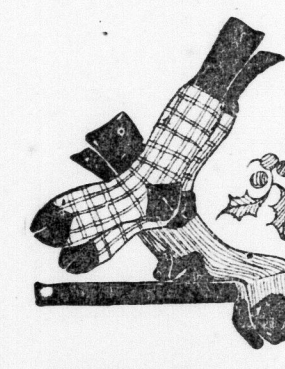
From Ireland, beautiful Linen Handkerchiefs; from England, finest Lavers and Novelties; from Japan, beautiful Silk Handkerchiefs.
Men's Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, 4-inch hem 29c
Men's Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, 4-inch hem, 35c, 3 for \$1.00
Men's Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, 4-inch hem 50c
Men's Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, with initial, 35c, 3 for \$1.00
Men's Pure Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, with initial 50c each
Colored Border Fine Lawn Handkerchiefs 35c, 3 for \$1.00
Pongee Silk Handkerchiefs, monogrammed 75c
Crepé Silk Fancy Handkerchiefs \$1.00, \$1.50



TIES

Beautiful French Moirés, Swiss Silks and Silk and Wool Creases, in richly colored striped and patterned effects. 59c to \$1.35

Imported Matching Sets—Ties and Handkerchiefs—\$2.25, \$3.00, \$4.00



NEW HOSIERY

A Splendid Gift.

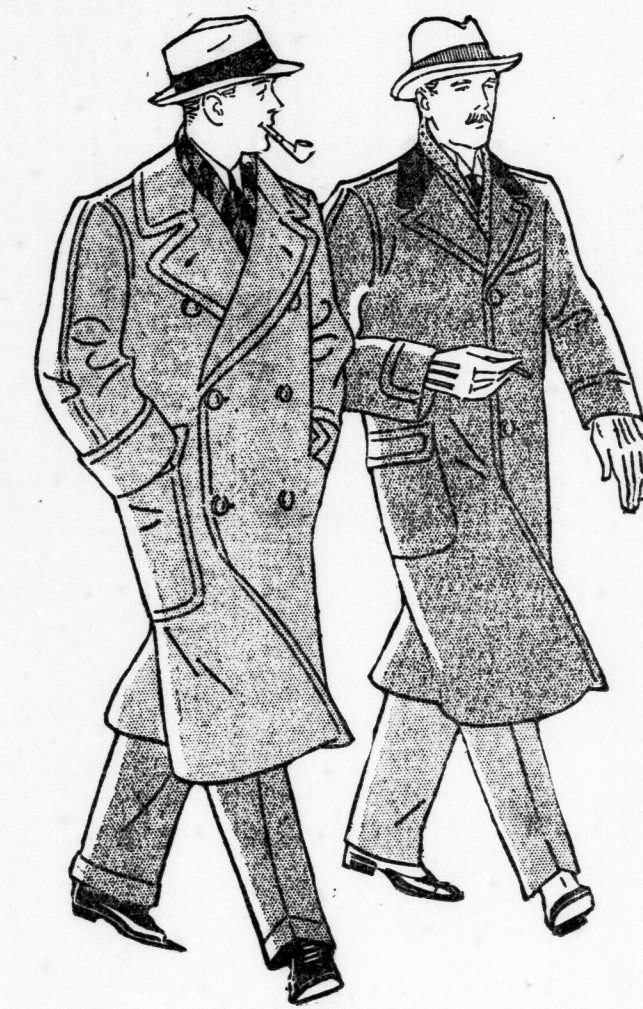
The new Hosiery for men has colorings much brighter. New fancy checks, in fine all-wool and silk and woolen silks. A few are listed here: In my dreams, some devil face, transfixed by such evil as I could not have supposed to reside in any human being. He opened and closed his hands in a horrible, writhing, suggestive movement, looked at Grimby who was trying slowly, painfully to struggle to his feet, looked at Isis, looked at Moris Klaw, looked at myself. Then, bursting into peals of laughter, he ran to the French windows, threw one open, sprang on to the parapet outside, and uttering one final frenzied shriek, leapt into the courtyard sixty feet below.

Fine Ribbed Botany Wool, 75c pair
Fancy Lisle, Rayon and Wool, 98c
"Interwoven" Fancy Checks, \$1.35
Fine English Botany Wool, in many colorings with smart patterns, \$1.50 pair
Fine All Silk, \$1.00 to \$2.50 pair

BATHROBES

These cosy Robes in terry and blanket cloth; new imported Rayons and Velvet Robes; unusual colorings and patterns. House Coats in warm fabrics for greater comfort.

\$8.95 \$10 \$15 to \$32



There They Go

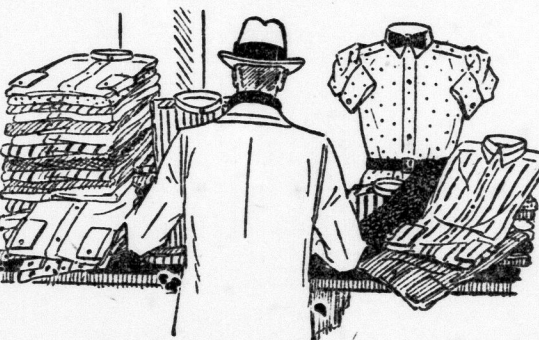
and every eye is upon them. These striking overcoats, longer and narrower through the hips, wider through the shoulders and chest, are the popular models this winter. Everywhere they command attention. Try one on and see how comfortable you feel and how well you look.

\$30—\$35—\$45

Others to \$90.

Gift Shirts for Men

WELCH-MARGETSON, ARROW, FORSYTH, LANG



In the new pencil stripes, solid colors and other new patterns.

Percalés
Madras
Zephyrs
Soisettes
Repps
Broadcloth
Silk Stripes
Striped Broadcloth
Crepé Silk
Flannels

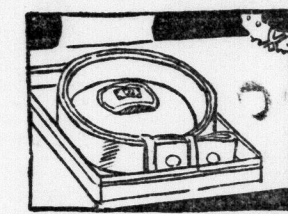
\$2.00—\$2.50—\$3.00

to \$10.00.

English Broadcloth Shirts, \$1.98

WITH SEPARATE COLLAR TO MATCH.

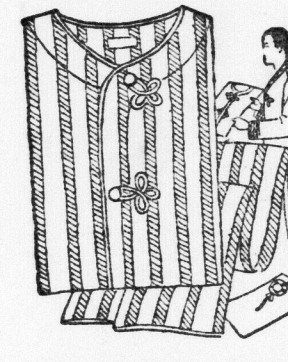
Blue, White, Sand, Helle and Gray—Men's English Broadcloth Shirts of fine quality. Soft double cuffs and neat separate collar of like material to match. Sizes 14 to 16½. Unusual value at this price.



HICKOK BELTS, BUCKLES AND BELTOGRAMS

"Hickok" Fine Belts and Buckles for men; fine leathers in plain and sport styles. Initialed Buckles and Beltoigrams, beautifully boxed in sets for gifts—

\$1 \$1.50 \$2 to \$8.50



MEN'S PYJAMAS

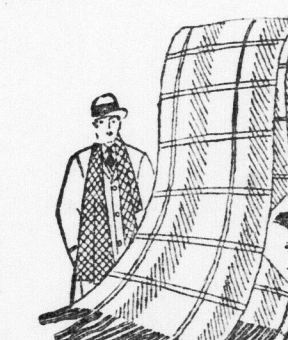
A Gift a Man Likes.

Scores of new pyjamas have been gathered for this gift that a man really likes. The large assortment makes selection particularly simple. English Flannellette Pyjamas \$2.49

"Faultless" Fine Flannellette Pyjamas. Suit \$3.50

Welch-Margetson Pyjama, suit, \$5

Rayon and Silk Pyjamas, imported, Suit \$10.00 to \$19.00



SCARFS

A Welcome Gift.

Beautiful Scotch Wool Cashmere Scarfs, in rich color combinations; also Silk Knitted Scarfs, Rayons, and large Silk Squares in polka dot or figured patterns. A large selection to choose from at

\$1.98, \$2.50, \$3.50 to \$15.00

English Imported Golf Sweaters and Aberley Sweater Coats For Men

All-Wool Sweaters from England, in the Fair Isle and other rich color combinations, many with golf hose to match, and Aberley finely woven All-Wool Sweater \$6.00 Coats with V neck..... \$6.00 Others at \$6.50, \$7.50, \$10.00 and up



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