

V, DECEMBER 12, 1913

the car dashed over an embankment and fell into a pit.

Mrs. Constance of Chislewood was found hanged, but the George Symons, was killed.

Master Hanged

by discrepancies in his Charles Frederick Country, master of the Fulwell Golf club, was found hanged, but the George Symons, was killed.

By-Laws

A council, after a long deposed humane slaughter, decided by twenty-five twenty-one on Monday night the local government board to the proposed new regulations which provide that all animals, sheep, shall be slaughtered by an instrument prescribed by the council.

Medal

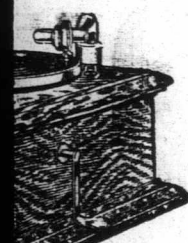
attering of postmen at Bolton post office on Monday afternoon, the recently appointed master, handed to T. H. Fielding, the King of the King for meritorious long services.

by His Son

intention of the council of Chester University to honor Lamb, one of the senior students, by presenting him with a portrait in oils, painted by his son, Henry Lamb, who has painted a faithful life-size portrait of his father.

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OWN

ALER

The Cash Intrigue

By George Randolph Chester

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"What a moment!" said Lillian, as she stepped out beside him, looking at the door after her. He paused for a moment with sudden mastery to gather her in his arms, and for just that moment she laid her head in surrender upon his shoulder. She knew now that her dreams of a youthful ideal—a ideal, which had made her see Philip through distorted eyes, which had clouded her vision to this startling love.

"It looks like desertion," said Lillian, "but we can do no good here."

He struck out with her along the path, but she pulled against his direction.

"This way," she insisted, "straight back from the house to the garden and around past the kennels. Then we can be under cover all the way."

In the meantime in the library the

of Mrs. Rensselaer, cool and collected, inquired:

"How shall we prepare to die—standing or crouching?"

Dr. Zephaniah, standing where he had been, looked swiftly about the room.

They two were the only occupants.

Two sharp, resounding shots echoed just outside the hall door.

"The guards!" exclaimed Zephaniah.

"They are still at the door. There is a part of your America, the part that I love. What wonderful material for my book! Come! If we must die, let us die crouching, and without waiting for the end of the stairs, heading toward the attic."

Nelson hesitated a moment. Two more shots rang out, followed by howls of hate, and then a fusillade of bullets splattered against the walls, crashed through the glass and imbedded themselves with soft thuds into the heavy woodwork of the doors. Nelson hesitated no longer, but followed the doctor.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE doors opened but a brief resistance after the two guards had been beaten down and torn and shattered, and then the dust-laden mob came bursting in.

At their head Lillian Breed, the incarnation of wild atavistic gypsiness, the incarnation of all the evil things that are red.

"Welcome to our home!" she cried, and, thrusting her left arm beneath that of Blagg, she wheeled with him into the library, while their followers poured after them like a foul flood throughout the house.

"Help yourselves, my good friends," she shouted. "The house is yours and all that it contains, even to its flammable contents. If you find them."

In the library Blagg jumped upon the rug table which Breed had so lately quitted and clasped his hands for silence.

"Order, there!" he shouted and stamped heavily with his nail-studded heel upon the polished mahogany of the table top.

"Who orders order?" roared a half-drunk tinner who had already seen

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Blagg jumped down from the table to her side, and together they threw open the door. Lillian broke out instantly into a shrill laugh.

"Why, look who's here!" she cried.

"It isn't my dear old friend, Mrs. Rensselaer?"

Mrs. Rensselaer stepped back from her vain attempt to bolt the door.

With her gray hair and her neat gown and her calm dignity she overawed Lillian for a moment, and then anger came as a natural reaction.

"Why, how delightful!" said Lillian, with mock civility.

"Mrs. Rensselaer, you must come out and let me introduce you to some of my friends. Ladies," she called, "I am going to turn Mrs. Rensselaer over to the reception committee."

The women, blushing travelers of their sex in all their grim trowiness and excitement, gripped and pressed forward.

"This is Mrs. Rensselaer," continued Lillian, dragging forth her many years' companion.

"She is the last lady of one of our very, very oldest families. None of her ancestry has worked since America was a nation."

Her nephew is General Rensselaer, who is commander in chief of the army of Emperor Kelvin. Philip, I know you will enjoy her society."

A mere slip of a girl this and former, but whose face already bore the unmistakable traces of living death, laughed a shrill laugh and with a soldier's cap that had once been a boy's slapped Mrs. Rensselaer across the face.

Flushing crimson with the indignity, Mrs. Rensselaer turned to Lillian, but she had neither time to protest nor need of it, for Lillian, obeying another of the sudden tigerish impulses to which in the past week she had wholly given herself, changed her attitude completely and with blazing eyes rushed between Mrs. Rensselaer and her tormentors.

"That will do!" she cried. "Mrs. Rensselaer was my friend for a great many years and treated me more patiently than I deserved. She is my guest now and must be respected as such."

Mrs. Rensselaer, sit here," and she seated her one time social tutor and sponsor behind the library table in the chair that Breed had lately vacated.

"Whitney! Gaspari! Williams! Larve! Perth! Green! Stand around my table and protect her from any further insults in my name! As for you," and she turned to the young woman who had slapped Mrs. Rensselaer, her eyes narrowed and grew cold as she confronted the girl, "take her out and throw her in the lake," she directed.

Two men, laughing cruelly, seized hold of her and began dragging her toward the door.

"But I can't swim!" shrieked the girl.

"That's why I am having you thrown in the lake," said Lillian coolly.

"The rest of you will take note by this that Mrs. Rensselaer is to be protected."

She started back toward the door of the smaller room. The girl, struggling against the two who had her in charge, suddenly burst into a stream of repulsive profanity so vicious, that even Lillian, lulled as she was by the past week's experience to language of the sort, shuddered.

"I must have your rings and your brooch, I think," Mrs. Rensselaer said, and, swiftly going behind the table, she disengaged the diamond cluster from Mrs. Rensselaer's throat and stripped the rings from the unresisting fingers.

Even as she did this her mood changed again, and she whispered, "It is the best thing for you." Taking the jewels in her hand, she cried, "A gift from aristocracy to equality and fraternity!" and she tossed them in the air.

A hundred hands reached for them as they came down, and a clamor of excited voices told how popular that action had been.

"Come on," she said; "we have work to do." And, followed by Blagg and his score of picked men, she hurried through the little rear room.

They found the closet door open and its rear wall pushed back, revealing the narrow secret staircase. Single file they hurriedly descended this, Lillian at the head, and turned into the wide cemented vestibule where an electric light was already burning.

Lillian dropped down before the combination knob and turned it carefully backward and forward several times.

"I feared so," she said to Blagg, who knelt beside her. "The combination has been changed."

Blagg took the knob in his long, sensitive fingers and, not looking at it, bent his ear close to it, while Lillian said he was arm loosely across his shoulders. He turned the knob slowly and gently, he stopped and turned it backward, slowly and gently, and then smiled as he gave the ring of the door a clutch and pulled. The door came open.

"It's a good thing that I practiced those long, long hours every night on that simple knob in my room upstairs," he said as he waited to the next one.

Slowly, but with remarkable skill, he worked his way through the four iron doors, each with Lillian by his side, he had driven the last one open, and there in the vault, with a great pile of gold and bills scattered thickly about him, with his robe and crown still on and his scepter in his hand, stood Henry Breed.

"Cash!" he cried. "Cash! The greatest force in all the world! The great social dynamo! The golden lever of Archimedes! Cash! Salute your master, Cash, loyal subjects, and your master's master, the king of Cash!"

"Grandfather," said Lillian, hurrying to him, "come with me. We want to put this money away and lock it up so no one can get it. See, you have left all the doors open!"

The babble of voices from the upper part of the house caused him to straighten up, and his dim old eyes grew wide.

"Hush! They are coming!" he said. "They shan't have it!" he suddenly screamed. "It's mine! Mine! Every dollar of it!"

He rushed toward the door to close it, but he stumbled and fell upon the

floor and lay quite still.

As soon as Henry Breed was carried out there was room for the full score of men in the big vault, and Blagg called them all in by name; men whom he came forward looking very like brown sacks from about his middle.

"Gather up the money from the door first," Blagg directed. "Then take the drawers systematically, beginning at the bottom and working up."

Eagerly the men began filling their sacks, with many exclamations of amazement and gratification as the silver feet of the paper and the metallic touch of the metal glided through their fingers.

In the house above the gentlemen and ladies of equality and fraternity had hunted out the stores of food and liquor. These dispatched they swarmed over the house like rats, seeking what they might pilfer or destroy.

They searched with almost whining eagerness in every nook and cranny large enough to conceal human life. They did not find Zephaniah, but they did find Jews, and he faced them, fought and died standing as he had preferred.

Had he remained concealed for but a few brief moments he might still have lived, for there came suddenly upon the big gray house a new and terrible sound, borne by swift, steady engines that swept upward along the wide, curving driveway almost noiselessly, except for a rush and a whirl. Out of the purring silence they burst upon the rabble outside with a sharp rattling hailstorm of leaden death.

Kelvin and his squad of flying Gatling guns arrived and close behind him trotted the detachment that had been bivouacked nearest the gates. He moved down men as if they had been weeds. Stalwart men in khaki carried a Gatling and planted it in the very doorway, pouring its deadly blight back into the hall. They set it up next at the library door and swept that room as bare and clear of living humanity as if a flood had washed it out, while the men in khaki swarmed through the house, pursuing the followers of Blagg into bloody corners and exterminating them as if they had been vermin.

A detachment, with Rensselaer and Kelvin in the lead, stepped over the ghastly, huddled heaps in the library, hurried back through the little room and poured down the narrow secret staircase. As they had swept through the library Rensselaer had caught a brief glimpse of a gray-haired woman in a black silk gown, with her head upon her folded arms, sitting at the table, but the picture was confused with others of his ridged and useless kind, and he hurried to be in the lead as they went down the staircase, but as he turned into the closet entrance a huge black form thrust itself in before him, and Sam led the way unarmed except for the formidable weapon with which nature had provided him.

The greedy harvesters of Breed's golden harvest were taken by complete surprise. They turned from their tasks as the men in khaki streamed in upon them, but their weapons had been laid aside, and they had only bags of money with which to fight, and these were too heavy.

Sam was shouting aloud. An irresistible demon, he clutched first one thin throat in his mighty hands and cracked it and threw the limp, useless body aside and sprang for another, and the second man to fall before him. Even as he did this he fell before Blagg, with a mighty oath, sprang for Kelvin, who had entered just behind him, but one of Rensselaer's lieutenants was quick enough to intercept him. Blagg gradually bent his assailant backward and in the act managed to draw the lieutenant's pistol from his holster. In place of turning it upon his own antagonist he leveled it over the man's shoulder straight at Kelvin.

(To be continued)

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What Did Grandpa Say?



At last this question has been settled definitely, and the winning answer is published below.

It has been a source of much pleasure to the Proprietors of Holbrook's Sauce to conduct this contest in such a city as Brantford, and they take this opportunity to congratulate the contestants upon the many clever suggestions sent in.

The whole contest has passed off smoothly and without hitch and a very large number of replies were received.

Owing to the undoubted cleverness of many of the answers, it was extremely difficult to select the winners.

The Story and the Winning Completion

FOXY GRANDPA'S mischievous nephews are always on the lookout for a good joke. They suddenly remember Grandpa's fondness for Holbrook's Sauce, and that he never eats a meal without it; so they empty the bottle and put it on the table at dinner, thinking "Grandpa" would have to go without "Holbrooks" for that meal at least. But Foxy Grandpa, as usual, discovers their scheme—says nothing—and when they pass him the empty bottle at dinner quietly puts his hand down and pulls out of his pocket a new bottle of Holbrook's Worcestershire Sauce, winks at his nephews and says: "My nephews you have lots of sauce about you, but Holbrook's Sauce can beat yours."

1st Prize \$15.00 was won by MISS LILLIAN CLARK, 134 Grey Street, who sent in the above answer.

2nd Prize \$10.00 was won by MR. HAROLD MCCANN, 14 Marlborough Street.

3rd Prize \$5.00 was won by MISS ADA PEARCE, 180 Nelson Street.

Answer: "Believe me, boys, grandpa is boss; can't do without his Holbrook's Sauce."

4th MAY PORTER, 84 Erie Ave.

5th LESLIE THOMSON, 65 Palace Street

6th MRS. J. SKIDMORE, 295 Brant Ave.

7th M. BUCKBOROUGH, 125 West Street

8th CLIFFORD DENSMORE, 261 Nelson Street

9th A. GARNHAM, 58 Walnut Street

10th MRS. JAS. GRIERSON, 64 Clyde Street

11th MONTE ENGLESON, 184 Marlborough Street

12th F. F. HOWELL, R. R. No. 4, Paris

13th L. T. SANDERSON, R. R. No. 4, Paris

Presentation of Prizes

Mr. T. H. Preston, proprietor of The Brantford Expositor, has kindly consented to present the prizes to the winners at the "Expositor" office at 2.30 to-morrow afternoon. This will be a very interesting little ceremony and all winners are earnestly requested to be there if possible.

In conclusion, we wish to thank all those who have taken part in this contest and hope that those who have not won a prize will not feel disappointed. In any contest it is absolutely impossible for all to win prizes, and in this one especially, the large number of replies, nearly all of which were deserving of a prize, made it extremely difficult to choose the winners, and only the fair and unprejudiced work of the judges could have produced such satisfactory decisions.

We wish to extend to all contestants and in fact all readers of Brantford papers a "Very Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year." Do not forget that the good things on the table at Christmas—the Roast Beef, Soup, Fish, Steak, Chops, Fowl, Gravies, Salad Dressings, Sandwiches, Oysters, Game, etc., will be greatly improved by

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