

"THE MARK OF ZORRO"

THE USUAL BIG SHOW FOR THE CHILDREN SATURDAY AFTERNOON

THUR. FRI. SAT. **Majestic** THUR. FRI. SAT.

From the All-Story Weekly Novel "THE CURSE OF CAPISTRANO."

MONDAY — PEARL WHITE — MONDAY IN "A VIRGIN PARADISE." A Wm. Fox Super-Special.

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GEMS OF EVIL. THE RING OF DEATH.

STUART MARTIN in Pearl's Weekly
 Prefet. I have come to the body of my sister."
 "The speaker was a young girl, neatly dressed, and apparently from the upper class of Paris. Her car was at the door of the prefecture, and she had just stepped out to look up at the applicant. She pointed to a
 "The sister, M'selle, was found in the two days ago.
 "You give any reason for her being drowned?" Can you offer any?
 "M'sieur le Prefet."
 "She was quite happy, without any cause of grief, without any reason."
 "As I know, yes. And yet—she was not to appear foolish in M'sieur le Prefet, but, strangely, my sister was somewhat nervous the last time I saw her. The prefecture is so trivial, yet so serious that I hesitate to—
 "You do not keep back anything, do you? The slightest clue may help in this tragedy, which has gone your family."
 "My sister hesitated, clasping her hands nervously in her lap. She was the sister of the girl whose body was found floating in the Seine, a member of one of the oldest French families. The tragedy kept the entire Prefet of France supplied with columns of theories and speculations for more than a week. It presented features which are still fresh in the public mind.
 "It is almost a silly thing, M'sieur le Prefet, but I will tell you. About four months ago my poor sister bought a ring in Montmartre. It was a single-stone ring, a beautiful diamond. We all admired it. Yet only a week after she bought it my sister told me that she always felt the most acute depression when she wore the ring. It seemed to have an evil influence on her. She seemed so impressed with this that I began to laugh.
 "I told her not to be silly, and persuaded her not to indulge in such morbid thoughts. A ring could not harm her. Yet I understand that she was still wearing the ring when her body was found. It that true, M'sieur?"
 "It is true she was wearing a ring such as you describe, M'selle, but you do not mean to suggest—"
 "I suggest nothing, M'sieur le Prefet. The thought merely crossed my mind; it was perhaps foolish of me to mention it.
 "Yet I cannot think why my sister

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STEEDMAN'S SOOTHING POWDERS
 Contain no Poison
 "The Doctor says, restful and soothing. Give him a Steedman's Powder and he will soon be all right."
 "took her life, if she did take it."
 "She may have fallen into the water, M'selle from one of the quay sides. A step in the dark would do it. Or she may have been pushed in. I do not wish to grieve you, M'selle, but had your sister any reason for fearing enemies?"
 "She had no enemies."
 "Then it may have been that our Apaches desired to rob her and she fell into the river when running from them. She was out on a shopping expedition in the district when the fatality occurred.
 "Her car was waiting for her at a restaurant further up the road. It is all very inexplicable, M'selle, but you may rely upon us doing our best to clear up this mystery."
 He leaned over his papers and began to sign the necessary documents for

the removal of the body to the house of the deceased's relatives.
 "When the young lady had gone the Prefet leant back in his chair and began to think. The death of Mlle. Bodeau was an event which called for an explanation, the public demanded a explanation, the girl's relatives demanded explanation. The honour of the Paris police was at stake.
 "The best detectives in the force were at work on the sad affair, even Gobaeux, the international detective. And Gobaeux had discovered no clue. The doctors who had examined the body declared that there was no bruise to suggest violence.
 "The Prefet dismissed the story of the ring at once. After all, it was but a girl's fancy, nothing more. In any case, how could a ring cause the death of the owner? The idea was preposterous.
 "Nevertheless, he sent for Gobaeux, and told him of the conversation he had had with Mlle. Bodeau.
 "I tell you this, he said, "because I am giving you every possible shred of suggestion."
 "Let me see the ring," demanded Gobaeux. He was a small, stout man, with a grey moustache and a bullet head, and eyes which looked out from under shaggy brows gloomily.
 "The two men went to the morgue where the body lay. On the middle finger of her right hand was a ring, in which gleamed a single stone of curious cut and large size. It was a diamond of great value.
 "The detective took the ring off the finger and slipped it into his pocket and walked out into the street again, his brows shaggy than ever and his eyes more gloomy than before.
 "Two hours later, after lunch-time, the Prefet was in his office when the detective was shown in.
 "M'sieur le Prefet, I have solved the problem."
 "What?"
 "I have solved it. Why did I not see that ring before? I have spent the last two hours among the jewellers of Paris and at the public libraries. Here is the ring. It is the Ring of Death."
 His tone was deep and tragic as he placed the ring on the Prefet's desk. Then he turned to the door and called a name.
 Into the room came a little man with a grey beard and spectacles.
 "Under his arm he carried a volume. He sat down in a chair indicated by the detective.
 "M'sieur le Prefet," said Gobaeux, "take a good look at that ring. Have you ever seen it before?"
 "Really, I cannot tell, Gobaeux. I have seen so many rings. Do you mean, have I seen it in this office before?"
 "Have you seen it in the morgue before? Do you realize that it has been in the Paris morgue six times within the last five years?"
 "Impossible!"
 "Nevertheless, it is true. Look here. A minute description of this ring was tabulated when Mlle. Bodeau's body was brought to the morgue. Now listen to this."
 He took the volume from the old spectacled man, who was the keeper of the records, and turned over to marked places and began to read. Six times he read the description of the ring, every time being a repetition of the previous description.
 "Before Mlle. Bodeau brought it here it came on the hand of the Englishman, Morton, who committed suicide in his hotel. Before that it came on the hand of the Russian Count Lavovsky, who was killed by an Apache. Before that it came on the finger of Mme. Jostivity, the celebrated dancer, who was found poisoned in her flat. Before that it came in the pocket of another Englishman named Chisholm, who was a dia-

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Yet in the Volume of "The Histories of Precious Stones," now in our Academy, you will find this stone described. It has left a trail of blood throughout the ages. "Napoleon had it on his finger when he led the Battle of Waterloo. Josephine had it on her hand when she endured the last fatal interview with Napoleon. It was in the possession of King Louis when he was led to the scaffold.
 "From the time that the stone left the nobility of France it has continued the trail of vengeance. No one knows where it came from originally. Some say it was stolen from a Ceylon monastery. Some say Cleopatra wore it when she died at the hands of her own poisoned cup.
 "I cannot tell these things. But the ring has the name of the Ring of Death. Its owners, by some psychic law, become possessed of strange fits of depression. While in these fits they desire to take their own lives. And for ages the owners of this ring have died violent deaths. That is the secret outside. The Ring of Death gathered her into the number of its victims."
 "And where did she get it?" asked the Prefet.
 "She bought it from a Jewish diamond merchant who had smuggled it into France. He had bought it back from the relatives of its victims after they were brought to the morgue. Every time he made a profit on it. I visited his shop to-day. He is dead—died of fright during the night."
 And this was the theory which held to this day, though the full story was never given to the public. It was merely stated that Mlle. Bodeau had walked into the river by error in the darkness. Only her sister heard the strange story of the ring.
 When the funeral was over a stranger called on Mlle. Bodeau and asked to see the ring, offering to buy it.
 He was Count Zocowski, a Russian, who kept a large villa at Nice, an immensely rich man, and a relation of Count Lavovsky, who had previously owned the ring.
 He laughed at Mlle. Bodeau's story of the ring bringing ill-luck, and urged her to sell the ring to him, as he wished to have a relic of his late cousin.
 He bought it at a ridiculously low figure. He was warned by the Prefet to have nothing to do with it; but he only laughed.
 "If the ring comes back to your morgue on my finger," he said, "then you may keep it. I shall give you a statement in writing to that effect if it pleases you."
 He gave the statement. Two months later Count Zocowski was carried in to the Paris Morgue. He had been killed in a midnight brawl. And that is why the Ring of Death is now in the hands of the Paris authorities in a glass case among other interesting relics.

Again Unabated-- Kearney Stages Warmth Week

Making the second step in The Tariff Reform Sale
 Men, and women, too, have realised the truth to their profit—the real reductions, the dependability of the lines, the purpose underlying the entire action. Tariff-Reform is coming! and, quick to grasp the fact, fast come the goods from my shelves and quick topple the prices. Warmth Week for Thursday, Friday and Saturday—Warm Woolen Goods bearing famous trade-marks hustled to the front to make name for this store. This event, standing alone for its honesty!
"Jaeger" All-Wool UNDERWEAR
 Vests and Pants of closely-woven fine-knit Wool; warmth without weight; won't irritate the skin. \$4.45 Garment.
Wool SCARVES
 Big, thick, fleecy fellows; Brown and Green Heather mixtures; Blue and Grey mixtures. Exceptionally fine. Scarves—exceptional value at \$2.20.
Dent's Tan Leather GLOVES
 Here we present the "germ" of true value for this week. All that you would expect in a good Glove is assured by the name—Dent's. The price is unexpected \$1.48!
Every Pair of Den't CHAMOIS GLOVES \$2.25
 Reaching unprecedented low levels in genuine Chamois Gloves, with the Dent's label. Sold previously at \$4.00.
"Jaeger" All-Wool GLOVES
 Tingling fingers! You'll like the clinging fit and cosy warmth of these Gloves. Only ALL Wool products can bear the name "Jaeger." New stock, \$1.30 pair.
"Jaeger" All-Wool Cashmere SOCKS
 You may buy cheaper Hose, but you can buy no better Hose for this price. The name ensures the quality, the warmth, the wear. \$1.05 a pair.
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 All that's left of them. Better than silk ties double the price.
 Christmas is shining in the distance; buy now, at these low prices, for future giving; you'll get larger selections and cheaper prices.
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Our Dumb Animals.
REPORT OF CHIEF AGENT FOR WEEK ENDING DEC. 1ST.
 Attended to the landing of some cattle from the Sable I, also attended a sale of cattle at Neal's wharf. Was asked to humanely put to death a cat for a lady on Victoria Street, also a cat for a lady on Queen's Road. The lady picked up the cat in a perishing condition on Prescott Street and phoned me to come and put it to death, which I did. I also received a letter from a lady in the East End about another person who had looked up their house and left a cat and kitten on the street; she requested me to advertise for some one who would take the animals as they were very valuable. I investigated the case and found the animals and got them put in comfortable homes. The lady promised to pay expenses if any were incurred. I also shot a dog for a lady on Young Street, and another on Spencer Street at the request of the owner. I also had four horses taken off the street for treatment. I was called on Tuesday night to Mr. M. A. Barstow's, Pleasant Street, to humanely put to death a very valuable horse owned by him. The animal picked up a nail and got lockjaw. I was also called to Long Pond Road on Tuesday night to shoot a horse owned by Mr. Tucker, truckman. The animal fell on the roadside. The owner asked me to shoot it, which I did just fifteen minutes after receiving the phone message.
 There seems to be a lot of neglect on the part of housekeepers in turning dogs and small animals out to perish. The Society intends to have these cases brought before court in future.
 Owners of horses are warned to check up wheels when horses are standing on grades in order to relieve the heavy strain on the collar.
JONAS BARTER,
 Chief Agent.
 One 20c. bottle of STAP-FORD'S Ginger Wine Essence makes nearly a gallon of good ginger wine.—deol.it
 Smartly dressed women are buying draped turbans molded to the head.
MINARD'S LINIMENT FOR WARTS.

Maybe He Was Half Shot Anyhow.
By BEN BATSFORD

Panel 1: A man is shot in the back. He says, "I TOLD YOU THEY'D LET MAC OFF FOR SHOOTING FRED TUNNEY IN THE FOOT."
 Panel 2: The man is lying on the ground, looking up. He says, "BAH!—ALL I GOTTA DO IF I WANTA 'GET A GUY, THESE DAYS, IS TAKE HIM OUT IN THE WOODS AN' SHOOT HIM AN' SAY YOU THOUGHT HE WAS A BEAR!"
 Panel 3: The man is sitting up, looking thoughtful. He says, "—HE SAYS IT MUSTA BEEN A MISTAKE 'CAUSE HE WAS OUT SHOOTING WITH MAC LAST FALL AND—"
 Panel 4: The man is standing up, looking satisfied. He says, "—HE SAYS THAT MAC COULDN'T HIT AN' TING EXCEPT BY ACCIDENT!"

A. JAMES
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