## TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY. GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

SARNIA TUNNEL TO SUSPENSION
BRIDGE AND TORONTO.

Arrive from the East—\*4:47 a.m..
10:56 a.m., \*11:06 a.m., \*11:22 a.m., \*6:30
p.m., \*7:55 p.m., 10:45 p.m.

Arrive from the West—\*12:14 a.m.,
3:43 a.m., \*5:40 a.m., \$:50 a.m., \*11:55
a.m., \*4:10 p.m., 6:25 p.m.

Depart for the East—\*12:19 a.m., \*3:48
a.m., \*5:45 a.m., \*7:20 a.m., 9:00 a.m.,
\*12:05 p.m., 2:05 p.m., \*4:25 p.m., \*6:52
p.m. Depart for the West-4:52 a.m., 7:40 .m., \*11:13 a.m., \*11:27 a.m., 1:50 p.m.,

LONDON AND WINDSOR. Arrive—10:23 a.m., 4:00 p.m., 6:50 m., 11:05 p.m. Depart—6:25 a.m., \*11:35 a.m., 2:05 STRATFORD BRANCH.

Arrive—10:00 a.m., 11:15 a.m., 1:39
b.m., 5:53 p.m., 7:55 p.m., 11:30 p.m.
Depart—5:00 a.m., 7:15 a.m., 10:00
a.m., 12:30 p.m., 2:45 p.m., 4:55 p.m.
LONDON, HURON and BRUCE.
Arrive—10:00 a.m., 6:10 p.m.
Depart—3:30 a.m., 4:40 p.m.
Trains marked \* run daily. Those not marked daily except Sunday marked, daily, except Sunday

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY. Arrive from the West — \*5:05 a.m., \*1:12 p.m., \*8:00 p.m., 7:20 p.m.

Depart for the East—\*5:15 a.m., 8:00 a.m., \*1:20 p.m., \*5:20 p.m., \*8:08 p.m.

Depart for the West—8:10 a.m., \*11:22 a.m., \*7:35 p.m., \*9:32 p.m.

Trains marked, daily, except Sunday.

Trains marked, daily, except Sunday.

they were practically ruined. Her commoney, she said. "I hate it, hate ing and going were a nine-days' wonder, and then the public found something else to talk about.

Norton was a constant visitor at the Hargreave place. There was to him a marked, daily, except Sunday.

The same of the west of the work of the public found something else to talk about.

Norton was a constant visitor at the Hargreave place. There was to him a marked, daily, except Sunday.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL BAILWAY, signments, he ran out to Riverdale and :05 a.m., 11:20 a.m., 4:58 p.m., did what he could to amuse his sweet- asked. epart. 7:22 a.m., 2:22 p.m., 5:27 p.m., heart. Later, they took short rides in the runabout, and at length she became as lively as she had ever been.

TRACTION COMPANY. Sunday service through to Port Stan-y, 9:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 1:00 p.m., 3:00 m., 5:00 p.m., 7:00 p.m. St. Thomas,

TORONTO-CHICAGO TORONTO-MONTREAL Unexcelled Train Service.

ey after you again?"

a game of truce."

'Heavens, no! I'm only a vague issue.

not bother them. It has dwindled into

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Men and women who are growing hard of hearing and who experience a stuffy feeling of pressure against their

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Fast Trains. Choice of Routes.



Chrisimes Lainnes From figlifax to Liverpool

Dec. 14 After 1 a.m. PANSYLVANIA After 1 a.m. For particulars apply to W. Fulton. 161 Dundas street, F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street, R. E. Ruse, Clock Corner, E. de la Hooke, 422 Park av-chue, or The Robert Reford Co., Limit-

Express and passenger car now leaves London 1:30 p.m. daily, except Sunday; runs direct to Wabash Station, St. Thomas, connecting with G. T. R. eastbound train at



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CHRISTMAS SAILINGS

Dec. 2, .... \*Missanable .... Dec. 15.

This new one-class ship has accommodation for 520 cabin and 1,200 third-class, is 520 feet in length, 64 feet breadth, 13,000 tons. Orchestra,

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Grampian One Class Cabin (II)
Scandinavian One Class Cabin (II)
55.00
33.75 95 King Street

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with hot and cold salt and fresh water with every room. and for these bathrooms no extra charge will be made during the Fall and Winter Season.

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American plan dining rooms. Atlantic City

bright Fail climate, is particularly attractive over week-ends at older chairs, theatres, and countiess recreations and amusements.

OWNERSHIP MANAGEMENT. JOSIAH WHITE & SONS COMPANY

# Million Dollar Mystery

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

[Copyright: 1914: By Harold MacGrath.] 1 "Why, yes."

"What's the use of trying to fool me,
Jim? If they haven't been after you,
the man to learn what he was doing CHAPTER XIX. you are sensing a presage of evil. I'm so far from the city. She would never A Blank Sheet of Paper. Florence was a fortnight in recovering from the shock of her experience at through enough to make me a woman? dreadful night when the note had lured her into the city. She would never forget that face. She had seen it that ing from the shock of her experience at

the masked ball of the Princess Par- Sometimes I feel very old." the masked ball of the Princess Parlova, who, by the way, disappeared from in all this wide world. No, you're not a personated her father. New York shortly after the fire, no child any longer. You are a woman, doubt because of her fear of the Black brave and patient; and I know that I as well do a little detective work on the reporter? Braine continued to pole Hundred. The fire did not destroy the house, but most of the furnishings were house a secret which is not his and which have a secret which is not his and which was beginning to crave for the excite-Arrive from the East — \*11:15 a.m., 10:45 a.m., \*7:25 p.m., \*9:25 p.m., 11:45 so thoroughly drenched by water that he hasn't any right to disclose."

PERE MARQUETTE RAILWAY.

Corrected to Sept. 27, 1914.

Trains leave London: 5:30 a.m., for Port Stanley, 7:30 a.m., for Walkerville and Port Stanley, Trains arrive from: Port Stanley.

Stanley, 6:30 p.m.; Walkerville, 1:40 p.m., Port

Stanley, 6:30 p.m.; Walkerville, 1:40 p.m., Port

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Stanley, 6:30 p.m.; Walkerville, 1:40 p.m., Port

Stanley, 6:30 p.m.; Walkerville, 1:40 p.m., Port

lose ever so slowly. "Do you know where I can find her?" chest. The maid eyed him with covert keen-

Week-day service. 6:45. \*7:45. 9:00. as lively as she had ever been.

1:30, 12:00 a.m., \*1:30, \*3:00, 4:15. \*5:15. But often she would catch Norton broading.

But often she would catch Norton porter was with Florence said: "I bearsked \* run through to Port Stanley." lieve she is at the Rose Garden this af-"What makes you frown like that?" "Was I frowning?" innocently enough. "That is in town?" "I find you this way a dozen times in

"Yes." afternoon. What is the matter? Are "Thanks." The man turned abruptly and ran down the steps.

The maid ran back to Jones. 'Why didn't you call me?" he de-They will not bother me so long as I do manded impatiently.

'Did you tell him where she was?' "Do you think so?" eying him curiousif Mr. Norton had not been with Miss Florence.'

eyed the back of the man hastening down the street, smiled, and returned to his work, or, rather, to the maid. He Stop Head Noises ok her by the shouldes, whirled her about, and shot a look into her eyes that boss will be able to read it. 'Always call me hereafter, no matter

what I'm doing. That man has never laid eyes on Florence and has no idea ny coffee the night of that ball?" She stepped back.

uffy feeling of pressure against their ir drums, accompanied by buzzing, imbling sounds in their head, like a r falling or steam escaping, should prompt and effective measures to this trouble. Head noises are most invariably the forerunners of omplete or partial deafness, and most bad people suffer from them constantly, cometimes these head noises become so istracting and nerve-racking, with etting that doctor send Florence to Atstracting and nerve-racking, with cir never-ceasing "hum," they drive e sufferer almost frantic and complete strough breakdown and even violent sanity have been known to result.

Let them find the the table but the cave and the confederates: I always know every move they make; that is why no one is missing from this house. There is a traitor. Let them find him if they can, traitor. Let them find him if they can, the confederates is missing from this house. There is a traitor. Let them find him if they can.

When she crouched down again the magic paper was hers.

It seemed hours to her before the cave. As she heard the will you walk straight, or will you is missing from this house. There is a lit seemed hours to her before the are," she answered quickly. traitor. Let them find him if they can, men left the cave. As she heard the "That damned Hargreave"

strength; your druggist has it or he can get it for you; if not, send 75c to the International Laboratories, 74 St. Antoine street, Montreal, P.Q., who make a specialty of it.

"All right; you're the admiral," 'All right; you're the admiral," he id, with pretended lightness. So the two of them joined their subenemy, conscience of a tingle of zest aid, with pretended lightness.
So the two of them joined their subs they did so. On her part, the countwas always suspicious of this sleepyeyed reporter. She never could tell how much he knew. But of Florence she was reasonably certain; and so long as she could fool the pretty infant the susicions of the reporter were of a negligible quantity. She greeted them efusively and offered them chairs. For half an hour they sat there, chatting in-

ith deeper concerns. When the man in search of Florence ventually arrived and asked the manager of the garden if he knew Miss Har. creave by sight, the manager pointed oward the box. The man wound hi way in and out of the idlers and by the me he reached the box Jim and Flor nce had made their departure. nan bowed, approached, and asked if she was Miss Hargreave. For a moment he countess suspected a trap. Then it ppealed to her mind that if there was trap it might be well to pose as Florce, if only to learn what the outcome

anities, all the while each mind busy

"Yes. What is wanted?" she asked. The man took a letter from his pocket d handed it to Olga, saying: "Give his to your father. He knows how to

light be

urned and was hurrying away. Olga opened the note, her heart beatng furiously. It was utterly blank. At first she thought it was a hoax. Then gave up work, and I was in bed for she happened to remember that there such a thing as invisible ink. At last! Hargreave was alive; this letter settled all doubt in her mind on this e girl and Jones were evidently in

unication with him. She sumoned a waiter, made a secret sign, and bowed and approached. She slippe the letter into his hand and whispered: Show that at the cave tomorrow. It is invisible ink, and meant for Harreave."

"He's alive?" "Positively. "Very well." The waiter bowed and trolled away nonchalantly.

Braine was in Boston over night, therwise the countess would have taken the mysterious note at once to him. She remained for perhaps a quarter of an hour longer and then left the garden. She would have taken the letter to her own apartment but for the fact that the chemicals needed were hid-

den in the cave. Now it happened that Florence went out for her early ride the next morning, and crossing a field she saw a man with a bundle under his arm. The sun struck his profile and limned it plainly. and Florence uttered a low cry. The man had not observed her. So, very

المال كالمستحدد كالمستحد كالمستحدد كالمستحد كالمستحدد كالمستحد كالمستحدد كالمستحدد كالمستحدد كالمستحدد كالمستحدد كالمستحدد كال quietly, she slipped from the horse,

ment, strange as this may seem. they were practically ruined. Her coming and going were a nine-days' wonder, and then the public found something followed the man with no little skill, and woman with just power enough to keep "As in my case, for instance. If I were poor and had to work, no one would bother me."

at length saw him approach a knoll, stoop, apparently press a spring, and a hole suddenly yawned. The man van-osity. It might be!

thing, however: He felt a sense of less than an hour when a man ran up your range, she came out from the girl and pulled her into the launch Jim ing into the water. Port security in regard to Florence such as the steps of the veranda and rang the place of concealment, crept up the knoll, saw her face plainly. 8:45 a.m.; Walkerville, 1:40 p.m., Port security in regard to Florence such as the steps of the veranda and rang the and searched about for the magic handle bell. Jones being busy at the rear of the house, the maid came to the door.

Stanley, 6:30 p.m.; Walkerville, 10 p.m. he had not felt before. So, between as-"Is Miss Hargreave in?" the stranger warded her, and she soon found herself in a large, musty, earth-smelling "No," abruptly. The door began to cave. Loot was scattered about, and from heaven, but this is what I cal sibly after some desperate adventure has cast another horseshoe and it's against society. She found nothing to mine." reward her hardihood, and as she was in the act of moving toward the cave's door she beheld with terror that it was

moving! She was near the chest at that moment. The cave was not a deep one There was no tunnel, only a wall. Resolutely she raised the lid of the chest, stepped inside, and drew the lid down. She was just in time. The door ing volubly. They felt perfectly secure talking as loudly as they pleased To Florence it seemed almost impossible that they did not hear the thunder of her heart? Strain her ears as she Jones ran to the front, dashed out, might, she could gather but little of

what they said, except: "If Hargrave had this paper we might all be put on the defensive. To an outsider it is a blank paper. But the The speaker moved away from the vicinity of the chest, and she heard

Very deftly Florence raised the lid what she looks like. Why did you drug just enough to peep out. The man who had been talking was putting the note She stepped back.

"And how much did they pay you for the chest he sat down on the soap-box immediately in front of the chest. An with the water again. lantic City? I know everything. Here- inspiration came to the girl, an exceedafter, walk straight. If you play an- ingly daring one. She took her liberty other trick I'll kill you with those two in her hands as she executed the deed. hands. And listen and tell this to your But the dimness of the cave aided her.

the sufferer almost frantic and complete insanity have been known to result. Thanks to a remarkable scientific discovery made recently in England, it is covery in the money was too big a temptation. The money was

The men came in with a rush. They foot. You and Jones have coddled me long enough. Inasmuch as I am the stake they are playing for I into the chest, and the man who was evidently in command gazed down the well, shaking his head. Their search was thorough ave something more than a speaking gan to reason that perhaps a woman

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"Dr. Wood's" is put up in a yellow wrapper; three pine trees the trade Before she could reply the man had tured only by The T. Milburn Company, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Mrs. Thomas Bridges, Gorrie, Ont. writes: "I was so bad with a cold weeks, being unable to do anything. thought the cold was turning to bron chitis, so I changed my medicine to Dr nestion. Alive! And not only that, but bottles, and they completely cured me and I am as strong as ever. I highly recommend it to all sufferers

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ad got as far as the door and the rom nowhere at all, came a pair of

rned away, walking on the turf. Meantime Florence was borne alor the swift current of the river ch gained in swiftness every mon From time to time she bumpe ng the rocky walls, but she clung to valiantly. In ten minutes she was ept to the other side of the hill, into rapids; but the blue sky was overd, she was out in the familiar world in. On, on she was carried. Even ugh she was half dead, she could ar the roar of a falls somewhere in

the treasure, and with his usual omptness he set about to learn if it vas worth anything He procured a nch, and began to prowl about, using throat. pole as a feeler. All the while he was being closely watched by Norton, who had concluded to hang onto her into the hands of her enemies. The Braine's trail till he found something rthy of note. Braine was disguised, ut this time Jim was not to be fooled long, sometimes pausing to look over the gunwale down into the water. In

ising his head after the last investi-Like gation he discerned something struggling the water, about three hundred yards away. he object into full view. It was a young Braine proceeded to move the launch

n the direction of the girl. It was this movement that turned the reporter's gaze. He, too, now saw the woman in He flew from his vantage point, found skiff, and started after Braine.

"By the Lord Harry!" murmured the "Well, they can talk of manna rogue. from heaven, but this is what I call where, into my arms! The god of luc! He had a flask in his pocket, and he

forced some of the biting spirits down the girl's throat. She opened her eyes. "Well, my beauty?" Florence eyed him wildly, not quite inderstanding where he had come from.
"I don't know how you got here," he said: "and I don't care. But here we are together at last. Where is your father?" "I-I don't know," dazedly.

"Better think quickly," he warned. "I want lucid answers to my questions, or back you go into the water. I'm about t the end of my rope. I've been beaten too many times, my girl, to have any particular love for you. Now, where is your father?

"I don't know; I have never seen him." Braine laughed. And Jim's boat ran afoul some rocks and into the water he went. He had attracted Braine's attentio tunately. He began to swim toward the drifting launch.

'Where have they hidden that 'I don't know. "Well, well;" I've given you your

hance. You'll have to try your luck Florence, weak as she was, set her "You don't ask for mercy?" he said panteringly.

or mercy from such a monster as you "That damned Hargreave nerve!" he

toward her. She braced herself, but did not turn her eyes from his. Suddenly

"I should be wasting my breath to ask

ands. One clutched the gunwale and the other laid hold of Braine. A quick il followed, and Braine began to top But even as he fell he managed t s himself atop his assailant; and only when the struggle began in th ter that he recognized the reporter Il the devil in him came to the su e and he fought with the fiercenes.

a tiger to kill, kill, kill in near very instance this meddling report had checkmated him. This time one ther of them should stay in the west Norton recognized that he had a larrder before him to disable Braine. To recognition between them was Braine thought he really had a clue frank and absolute; there could neve again be any diplomatic sidestepping.
"You're a dead man, Norton!" pante Braine, as he reacned for the reporter's

Norton said nothing, but struck th hand aside. For a moment they both went under. They came up sputtering each trying for a hold. It was a te

rimy enervating struggle Florence could do nothing. The boa in which she sat continued to drift away from the fighting men. Once sh tried to reach Braine with the pole he had been using, but failed.

From the shore came another boat For awhile she could not tell whether i The current leisurely brought contained friends or enemies. It was terrible to be forced to wait, absolutely helpless. When she heard the comers call encouragingly to Braine she knew then that the brave fight of he sweetheart was going to naught. She knew a little about mo tors. She threw on the power and headed straight toward the rowboat. The men shouted at her, but she did not the water and wondered how she had come there. When Braine reached the sides crushed in and the men went pil-

began to swim madly for the motorboat, which Florence had brought about. Even with tender brusqueness.

"I stole this from one of the men in the cave with the cave. He said this blank paper." then it was only by the barest luck in of my own," she faltered. the world that Norton managed to catch "It looks as if you had done it, You Jim took it. "Hm! Invisible ink, and the gunwale. The rest of it was simple. Will you never learn to keep washing. When they finally reached a haven, Floroutside this muddle? It's a man's work." "But maybe it is water the gunwale. The rest of it was simple. Outside this muddle? It's a man's work." ence, oddly enough, thought of the horse tables. She laughed hysterically.
"I guess he won't die. We can send "You poor child. I'm a brute!" And stables. She laughed hysterically.

Sunlight Soap

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effort and entirely without injury. Try one cakeyou'll find it's kind to the

At all grocers hands, too. 155

ne out for him. Now, for heaven's | he comforted he Norton suddenly flung off Braine and were you? What have you been up to?" bered the blank paper.

Florence, thoroughly weakened by her "Maybe it is. Anyhow, Miss Sherlock she had left tethered nine miles from the long immersion in the water, began to we'll show it to Jones and see what he

sake, how did you get into this? Where | Later that day, at home, she remem would probably save father."

> "But maybe it is waterproof." says."

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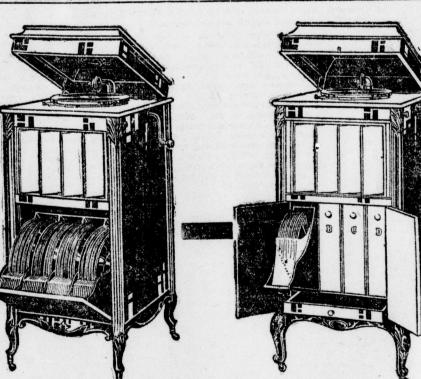
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and other high-

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