

Room 53, 301 St. James Street, Montreal



The Haunted House on **Duchess Street**

(Continued from page 10)

with tranquil unconcern and passed into the room. Mr. Horsfall followed quickly at his very heels—only to find that he had been beguiled with a counterfeit, and that there was no one there.

There was no one there. Then he stepped back into the hallway, and entered the larger room with cudgel raised, fully expecting to find several men there. To his unspeakable astonishment he found nobody. Again he hurried from room to room, upstairs and downstairs. Again he examined the doors and windows to see if the fastenings had been tampered Again he examined the doors and windows to see if the fastenings had been tampered with. No, all was tight and snug. The family were again astir, hurrying hither and thither, in quest of they knew not what; but they found nothing to reward their search, and after a while all gathered together half clad in the dining room, where they began to ask each other what these singular disturbances could mean. mean.

Mr. Horsfall was a plain, matter of fact personage, and up to this moment no idea of any supernatural visitation had so idea of any supernatural visitation had so much as entered his mind. He however, perceived plainly enough that this was something altogether out of the common way, and he announced his intention of going to bed no more that night. The others lay down again, but we may readily believe that they slept lightly, if at all, though nothing more occurred to disturb them. Soon after daylight the family rose and dressed for the day. Once more they made tour after tour through all the rooms, only to find that everything remained precisely as it had been left on the preceding night. After an early breakfast, Mr. Horsfall

the preceding night. After an early breakfast, Mr. Horsfall proceeded to the house of Mr. Washburn, where he found that gentleman was still asleep, and that he could not be disturbed. The visitor was a patient man and declared his intention of waiting. In about an hour Mr. Washburn came down stairs, and heard the extraordinary story which his tenant had to relate. He had certainly not anticipated anything of this sort, and gave vehement utterance to his surprise. In reply to Mr. Horsfall's enquiries about

the house, however, he gave him a brief account of the life and death of Captain Bywater, and supplemented the biography by a narration of the singular experiences of Jim Summers and his wife. Then the American fired up, alleging that his land-lord had had no right to let him the house, and to permit him to remove his family into it, without acquainting him with the facts beforehand. The lawyer had ad-mitted that he had perhaps been to blame, and expressed his regret. The tenant declared that he then and there threw up his tenancy, and that he would vacate the house in the course of the day. Mr. Washburn felt that a court of law would probably hesitate to enforce a lease under such circumstances, and assented that the arrangement between them should be treated as cancelled.

And cancelled it was. Mr. Horsfall soon afterwards secured a house where no

soon afterwards secured a house where no guests, canine, or otherwise, were in the habit of intruding themselves uninvited in the silent watches of the night. Mr. Horsfall made no secret of his rea-sons for throwing up his tenancy, and his adventures were soon noised abroad throughout the town, He was the last tenant of the sombre house. Thence-forward no one could be induced to rent it or even to occupy it rent free. It was commonly regarded as a whisht, gruesome spot, and was totally unproductive to its owners. owners

And now what more is there to tell? Only this: that the main facts of the fore-going story are true. With regard to the supernatural element, I am free to confess that I am not able to accept it in entirety. This is not because I question the veracity of those who vouch for the alleged facts, but because I have not received those facts at first hand, and because I am not very ready to believe in the supernatural at all. I think that, in the case under consideration, an intelligent investigation at the time might probably have brought to light circumstances as to which the narrative, as it stands, is silent. Be that as it may, the tale is worth the telling, and I have told it.

In the Realm of Books (Continued from page 16)

Cavalry of the Clouds

By "CONTACT" (CAPT. ALAN BOTT, M.C.) McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart EVERY day adds something to the achievements of aviation and brings to light further possibilities of adventure and romance. In the years of warfare that lie behind us, there has been an al-most incredible development of man's power over this new element and tales of that mastery hold for us still all the thrill and excitement of novelty. This volume, "Cavalry of the Clouds," is one of the first books that have yet appeared about fighting airman, "Contact," other-wise known as Capt. Alan Bott, M.C., who has been most successful in conveying to the reader the sense of exploit and VERY day adds something to the to the reader the sense of exploit and adventure that he has passed through. Captain Bott has added an interesting and well-written chapter to the literature of the war.

Garden Steps By ERNEST COBB Silver Burdett & Co. Price, 60c.

"GARDEN STEPS" is a practical G manual for amateur gardeners, which was originally designed for use in Into its chapters is gathered schools. much information as to the growing of each of the important garden vegetables, soils, fertilizers, and other general information, as well as directions for canning and preserving. This book is endorsed by numerous agricultural experts and is most convenient for reference when, in the course of his work, the amateur gardener finds himself in difficulties

The False Faces

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE McClelland, Goodchild & Stewart Price, \$1.40

THOSE who followed with interest the career of "The Lone Wolf" will be delighted to renew their acquaintance with him in the pages of the latest volume from

the pen of Mr. Louis Joseph Vance, "The False Faces." Beginning in the mud of No-Man's Land, Michael Lanyard is carried through a series of hairbreadth escapes and adventures until once more love comes to him in the streets of New York. The book is a thoroughly successful one of its kind and the interest of the reader is kept at fever heat throughout.

Oh, Money, Money! By ELEANOR H. PORTER Thomas Allen Price \$1.50

Price \$1.50 IN her latest volume, "Oh, Money, Money!" the author of "Pollyanna" has given us a pleasant story in her usual manner. Stanley G. Fulton, millionaire, wishing to make the best possible final disposition of his property, determines upon trying an experiment. He will present to each of the three distant cousins, who are his next of kin, a substantial sum of money and going down to the village where all three live, under the pretext of tracing out the genealogy of the Blaisdell family, of which they are members, will watch the result of his experiment per-sonally. How he succeeds we will leave it to the reader to discover. Suffice it to say, that he learns many lessons, and finds say, that he learns many lessons, and finds happiness at the end of the road.

Captured

By LT. J. HARVEY DOUGLAS McClelland, Goodhild & Stewart Price, \$1.40

THIS volume gives a true, vivid and valuable account of what our missing soldiers face—the life led by soldier prisoners in the hands of the Huns. The author ers in the hands of the Huns. The author was the first soldier from this side of the water to be repatriated under the new scheme arranged at the Hague last spring. He describes in no flattering way the bill of fare in German prison camps and gives an account of the morale of the German people. The book is illustrated with photographs by the author. (See also page 45)



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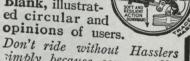


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