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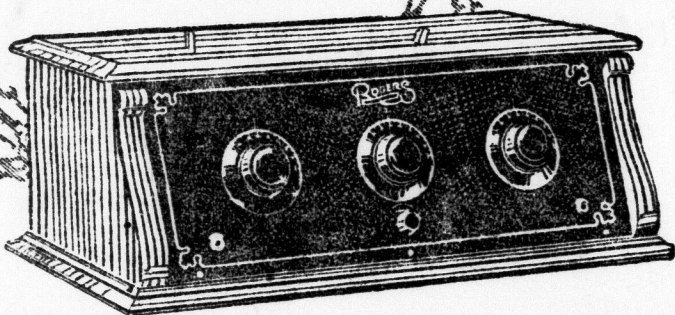
COMPLETE LINE OF ROGERS BATTERYLESS RADIOS AT
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"The Music Store on the Corner"

DUNDAS AND WATERLOO.

PHONE 2736W.

No "A" or "B"
Batteries!
No Aerial!



**REMEMBER THIS—When You are
Buying a Radio for Christmas**

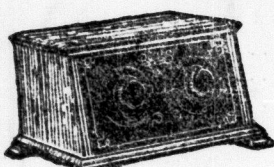
For the whole family to derive the maximum of pleasure from it—your Radio Set must be simple to operate and require no fussy upkeep or knowledge of radio science.

Consider then the advantages of the Rogers Batteryless A/C Sets.

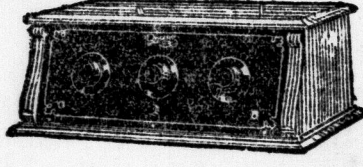
—Require no "A" Batteries—no "B" Batteries—no aerial.
—Operate from your light socket in any room in your house.
—Cost less than 5c a week to operate.

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ROGERS BATTERYLESS
RADIO RECEIVING SETS

For Sale by

W.M. McPhillips
LIMITED

MANY PLAY LAST TRIBUTE
Special to The Advertiser.
Tavistock, Dec. 9.—The funeral of the late John G. Schmidt, who died at his home here on Saturday, was held

Tuesday afternoon to Zion Evangelical cemetery. The large attendance, and many beautiful floral offerings indicated the high esteem in which he was held throughout the community, of which

he had been a resident for the past 36 years. He is survived by his widow, one daughter and four sons. The services were conducted by Rev. H. A. Kellerman, assisted by Rev. J. Grenzback of Shakespeare.

The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

It was so. Haufmann in his hurry and impetuosity had overlooked that important matter; but I thought it probable that he would recall the oversight and communicate, so I prevailed upon Klaw to remain. At last, however, I glanced at my watch, and found it to be nearly six o'clock, whereupon I looked blankly at Morris Klaw. That eccentric shrugged his shoulders and took up the caped coat. Then the phone bell rang. It was Haufmann.

I was glad to hear his familiar accent as he laughingly apologized for his oversight. Rapidly he acquainted me with the whereabouts of The Grove—for so the house was called.

"Come now," he said, "Don't stop to dress; you've only just got time," and rang off.

I thought Morris Klaw stared oddly through his plumes as I told him the address but concluded, as he made no comment, that I had been mistaken. There was just time to catch our train, and from the station where we alighted it was only a short drive to the house. Haufmann's car was waiting for us, and in less than three-quarters of an hour from our quitting the Strand, we were driving up to The Grove, through the most magnificent avenue of poplars I had ever seen.

"By Jove!" I cried, "what fine trees!"

Morris Klaw nodded and looked around at the towering trunks with a peculiar expression, which I was wholly at a loss to account for. However, ere I had leisure to think much about the matter we found ourselves in the hall where Haufmann and his two fascinating daughters were waiting to greet us.

I do not know which of the girls looked the more charming; Lillian with her bright mass of curls and blue eyes dancing with vivacity, or Greta in her dark and rather mystic beauty. At any rate they were dangerous acquaintances for a susceptible man. Even old Morris Klaw showed unmistakably that his mind was not so wholly filled with obscure sciences as to be incapable of appreciating the society of a pretty woman.

Greta I noticed looking thoughtfully at him, and during dinner she suddenly asked him if he had read a book called "Psychic Angles."

Rather unwillingly, as it seemed to me, Klaw admitted that he had, and the girl displayed an immediate and marked interest in psychical matters. Klaw, however, though usually but too willing to discuss this, his pet subject, foiled her attempt to draw him into a technical discussion and rather obviously steered the conversation into a more general channel.

"Don't let her get away on the bogus track," Mr. Klaw said Haufmann, approvingly. "She's a perfect demon for haunting chambers and so on."

Laughingly the girl pleaded guilty to an interest in ghostly subjects. "But I'm not frightened about them!" she added in pretended indignation. "I should just love to see a ghost!"

"Oh, Greta!" cried her sister. "What a horrid idea!"

"You have perhaps investigated cases yourself," Mr. Klaw asked Greta.

"Yes," rumbled Klaw, "perhaps so. Who knows?"

Since he thus clearly showed his wish to drop the subject, the girl made a little humorously wry face, whereat her father laughed boisterously; and no more was said during the said dinner about ghosts. I could not well avoid noting two things, however, in regard to Morris Klaw: one, his evident interest in Greta, and the other, a certain preoccupation which claimed him every now and again.

We left at about 10 o'clock, declining the offer of the car, as we had ample time to walk to the station. Haufmann wanted to come along, but we dissuaded him, with the assurance that we could find our way without any difficulty. Klaw, especially, was very insistent on the point, and when at last we swung sharply down the avenue and, rounding the bend, lost sight of the house, he pulled up and said:

"For this opportunity, Mr. Searles, I have been waiting. It may not, of course, matter, but this house, where the good Haufmann resides was formerly known as The Park."

"What of that?" I asked, turning on him sharply.

"It is," he replied, "celebrated as what foolish people call a haunted house. No doubt that is the reason why the name has been changed. As The Park it has been dealt with many times in the psychical journals."

"The Park," I mused. "Is it not included in that extraordinary work on the occult—'Psychic Angles'—of which Miss Haufmann spoke tonight—the place where the monk was supposed to have been murdered, where an old antiquary died, and some young girl, too, if I remember rightly?"

"Yes," replied Morris Klaw, "yes. I will tell you the secret. 'Psychic Angles' is a little book of my own, and so, of course, I know about this place."

His words surprised me greatly, for the book was being generally talked about. He peered around him into the



Dull—Unfit

Watch a Sparkling Drink
Change Things in an Hour.

Often men and women rise in the morning feeling dull and unfit, because the system is clogged. The poisons and wastes depress them.

There are long ways and short ways to a remedy, but the shortest and pleasantest is this:

Drink a glass of water on rising, either hot or cold. Add a little Jad Salts. It will make a sparkling pleasant drink.

Intestines. long ways and short ways to a remedy, but the shortest and pleasantest is this:

shadows and seemed to sniff the air suspiciously.

"Setting aside the question of any supernatural menace," I said, "directly the servants find out, as they are sure to do from others in the neighborhood, they will leave en bloc. It is a pleasant way servants have in such cases."

"We must certainly tell him, the good Haufmann," agreed Klaw, "and he will perhaps arrange to quit the place without letting the ladies to know of its reputation. That Miss Greta she has the sympathetic mind"—he tapped his forehead—"the plate so sensitive, the photo film so delicate. For her it is dangerous to remain. There is such a thing, Mr. Searles, as sympathetic suicide. That girl she is mediumistic. From The Park she must be removed."

"There is no time to lose," I said. "We must decide what to do tonight. Suppose you come along to my place?"

Morris Klaw agreed, and we resumed our walk through the poplar grove.

Although the night was very still, an eerie whispering went on without pause or cessation along the whole length of the avenue. Against the star-spangled sky the tall trees reared their shapes in a manner curiously suggestive of dead things so motionless.

Or this fancy may have had birth in the associations of the place. It was a fairly easy matter mentally to fashion one of the peculiarly grotesque forms of a monk; and no one, however unimaginative being acquainted with the history of The Grove, could fail to find in the soft and ceaseless voices of the trees, something akin to a woman's broken sighs. In short, I was not sorry when the gate was passed, and we came out upon the high road.

Later, seated in my study, we discussed the business thoroughly. From my bookcase I took down "Psychic Angles" and passed it to Morris Klaw.

"There we are," he rumbled, turning over the leaves. I read: "On Aug. 2, 1888, a Fra Guillemin of the peculiar religious brotherhood who occupied this house from 1851 to 1858, was found strangled at the foot of a poplar close by the entrance gate." "I could never find out much about them, this brotherhood," he added, looking up; "but they were, I believe, decent people. They left the place almost immediately after the crime. No arrest was ever made. Then—referring to the book—'about the end of February or early in the March of 1889, Mr. B. J. J. took the house. He was an antiquarian of European repute and a man of retired habits. With only two servants—an old soldier and his wife, he occupied The Park—that is The Grove—from the spring of '83 to the autumn of '85. Then follow verbatim reports by the well-known People of interesting events with people who had heard Mr. J.—declare that a hushed voice sometimes called upon him by name in the night, from the poplar grove, and the interview with his man-servant and with wife of latter, corroborating other statements. Mr. B. J. J. was found one September morning in the garden. Cause of death never properly established. The house next enters upon a period of neglect. It is empty; it is shunned. From '85 right up to '88 it stood so empty. It was then taken by a Mr. K—; but he only occupied it for two months, this K—. Three other tenants subsequently rented the place. Only one of them actually occupied it—for a week; the other hearing, we presume, of its evil repute, never entered into residence. Seventeen years ago the last tragedy connected with the unpleasant Grove took place. An eccentric old bachelor took the house, and in the summer of '02, had a niece there to stay with him. The evidence clearly indicates to me that this unhappy one was highly neurotic—on clearly so that the tragedy explains itself. She fell, or sprang, from her bedroom window to the drive one night in June, and was picked up quite dead at the foot of the first poplar in the grove. 'Sacred! It is a morgue, that house!'"

He returned the book and sat watching me in silence for some moments.

"Did you spend any time in the house yourself?" I asked.

On four different occasions, Mr. Searles. It is only from certain of the rooms that the whispering is audible, and then only if the windows are open. You will notice, though, that all the tragedies occurred in the warm months when the windows would be so open."

"Did you note anything supernatural in this whispering?"

"Nothing. You have read my explanation."

CHAPTER II.

Haufmann looked rather blank when we told him of some moments.

"Just my luck!" he commented. "Greta's read your book, Mr. Klaw, and if she hasn't fixed it yet she's sure to come to it that The Park and The Grove are one and the same. It was largely because of her I arranged this fact as it stood. The trouble I've told you about got on her nerves and she had the idea some guy was tracking her around. The medico said it was a common enough symptom and ordered a change. Anyhow, I quitted to give her a chance to tone up. Confound this business!"

He ultimately left quite determined to change his place of residence. But so adverse was his practical mind from the idea of inconveniencing oneself on such ghostly grounds, that two weeks slipped by, and still the Haufmanns occupied The Grove. The decoration of Morris Klaw's establishment being presumably still in progress, Klaw accompanied me on more than one other occasion to visit Shan Haufmann and the girls. At last, one afternoon Greta asked him point-blank if he thought the house to be that dealt with in "Psychic Angles."

Of course, he had to admit that it was so; long far from exhibiting any signs of alarm, the girl appeared to be delighted.

"How dense I have been!" she cried. "I should have known it from the description! As a matter of fact, I might never have found out but this morning the servants resigned unanimously."

Klaw looked at me significantly. All was baffling as we had foreseen.

"They told you, then?" he said. "Yes? No?"

"They said the house was haunted," she replied, "but they didn't seem to know much more about it. That simple fact was enough for them."

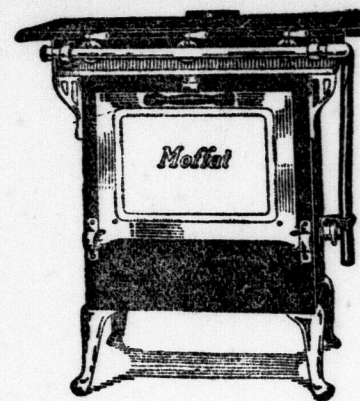
Haufmann came in and in answer to our queries declared himself helpless.

Lail and Greta won't quit," he declared. "So what's to do? I've called for servants from home. Meanwhile, we're at the mercy of day girls and char-women."

The concern evinced by Morris Klaw was very great. He seized an early opportunity of taking Haufmann aside and questioning him relative to the situation of the rooms occupied by the family.

"My room overlooks the avenue," replied Haufmann, "and so does Greta's. Lail's is on the opposite side. Come up and see them."

Klaw and I accompanied him. It was a beautiful clear day, and from his



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A Dressed
Turkey

WITH EVERY
FOUR-BURNER RANGE

A Dressed
Goose

WITH EVERY
THREE-BURNER RANGE

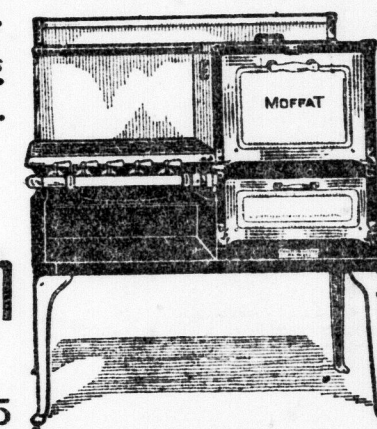
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WOUND CAUSES SURRENDER

Man Who Killed Policeman Wants to Leave Canada.

Chicago, Dec. 9.—Martin J. Durkin, fugitive police slayer, is about to come from hiding in an eastern city near the Canadian border and surrender, the authorities here have been informed.

An attorney representing him has made offers to the state attorney involving conditions that he is not to be rushed to trial; that he is to be given 60 days to prepare a defence, and

pending his appearance before a jury he is not to be placed in police custody.

Durkin's left arm, shattered by detectives' shotguns, requires medical attention, which has been impossible in his hiding-place.

TO CHISEL LEGENDS.

Associated Press Despatch.

Washington, D.C., Dec. 9.—Upon each of the 1,832 stone crosses that mark the resting places of unknown United States soldiers in France, the government will chisel this legend:

"Here rests in honored glory an American soldier, known but to God."

Vessel Passages

GODERICH.

Goderich, Dec. 9.—Cleared—Thomas J. Drummond, Ford William, light.