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eorge M, Cohan's Clever Comedy DADWAY JONES "
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By HAROLD MAC GRATH-



\$10,000 FOR 100 WORDS. a The Millon Doller Mystery" story attracted run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an errangement with the Thenhouser Film company it has been nade possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it such week in the various meving picture theaters. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given by the Thanhouser Film corporation.

Ples corporation.

OONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The price of \$10,000 will be soon by the most company, redshift who swrites the most acceptable colution of the mystery, from which the last two reals of motion picture frame will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold McGrath.

Moograth.

Solutions may be east to the Thanhouser Kilm corporation, either at Chicago or New York, any time up to midnight, in 1.4. This allows everal weeks after the last chapter has been published.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judges are to be Harold MacGrath, Loyd Lonergam, and like Maa Tinee. The judgment of this board will be absolute and final. Nothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the \$10,000 price. The last two reals, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mysthe decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the vinner of the \$10,000 prize. The last two reals, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mystery, will be presented in the theaters having this feature as seen as it is possible to produce the same. The story corresponding to these mosion pictures will appear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures as practicable. With the last two role will be shown the pictures of the vinner, his or her home, and other interesting features. Is is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Herodd MacCirath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant.

Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as an aid to a colution:

No.1—What becomes of the Millonaire?

No.2—What becomes of the Millonaire?

No.5—What becomes of the Russian countest?

No.4—What becomes of the Russian countest?

SYNOPSIS OF EMERYIOUS CHAPTERS.
Stanley Hargreave, millionaire, after a siraculous escape from the den of the ang of brilliant thieves known as Black undred, lives the Hig of a recluse for ighteen years. Hargreave accidentally seets Braine, leader of the Black Hunsired. Knowing Braine will try to get tim, he escapes from his own home by balloon. Before escaping he writes a citer to the girls' school where eighteen ears before he mysteriously left on the laoystep his baby daughter, Florence iray. That day Hargreave also draws me million dollars from the bank, but it is reported that this dropped into the ear when the balloon he escaped in was sunctured.

ping the box into the sea.

Countess Olga, scheming to break the engagement existing between Florence Hargreave and Norton, invites them both to her apartments and pretends to faint in the reporter's arms. Florence appears in the doorway just at the planned moment, and as a gasalt gives Norton back his ring.

Accomplices of Braine succeed in kidnaping Florence while she in shopping and hurry her off to sea. Eyton receives a wireless later informing him that the girl had leaped into the sea and been drowned.

Florence is picked up in a dazed condition by a party of fisherman. The Black Hundred locate her and Braine, diaguized as her father, succeeds in taking her back to sea with him. Florence sets fire to the boat and is rebound by a ship on which Norton has been shanghaled.

(Copyright: 1914: By Harold MacGrath.) CHAPTER XI.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Jones received the telegram that Florence was safe, the iron nerve of the man broke down. The suspense had been so keenly tarrible that the sudden reaction left him almost hysterically weak. Three weeks of waiting, waiting. Not even the scoundrel and his wife who had been the principal actors in the abduction had been found. From a teat ship in midocean they had disappeared. Joubtless they had hidden among the imalignants, who, for a little money, would have fooled all the officers on beard. There were about the room, wailing and laughts and wringing her hands. You would have fooled. The sight of her stirred the maternine lips of the buttler into a smile. But the did not remonstrate with her. In fact, he mater carried her freedom in emotion. Here we're going to have

sign of weakness; and he dared not let even Susan see any sign of weakness in him. So the reporter had found her, and she was safe and sound and on her way to New York? Knowing by this time something of the reporter's courage, he was eager to learn how the want had come about. When he had not heard a telephone message from Norton in forty-sight hours, he had decided that the Black Hundred had finally succeeded in getting hold of him. It had been something of a blowy for while he looked with disfavor upon the reporter's frank regard for his charge, he appreciated the fact that Norton was a staff to lean on, and had behind him all the power of the press, which included the privilege of going everywhere even if one could not always get back.

As he folded the telegram and put it into

"It is Jones, madam."

"Mr. Hargreave's butler, madam."

"It would be useless, madam, for I know nothing except what I learned from a tele-gram I have just received. But no doubt some time this evening you might risk a call." "Ring up the instant she returns. Did she say what train?"

"No, madam," lied Jones, smiling.

"No, madam," lied Jones, smiling.

He hung up the receiver and stared at the telephone as if he would force his gase in and through it to the woman at the other end. Flesh and blood! Wall, greed was stronger than that. Treacherous cat! Let her play; let her weave her nets, dig her pits. The day would come, and it was not far distant, when she would find that the mild eyed mongoose was just as deadly as the cohra, and far more cunning.

The heads of the Black Hundred must be destroyed. Those were the orders. What good to denounce them, to send them to a prison from which, with the aid of money and a tremendous secret political pull, they might readily find their way out? They must be exterminated, as one kills off the poisonous plague rats of the crient. A woman? In the law of reprisal there was no sex.

Shortly after the telephone episode (which rather puzzled the princess) she received a wire from Braine, which announced the fact that Florence and five had escaped and were coming to New York on train No. 25, and advising her to meet the train en route. She had to fly about to do it.

"No matter."

even if one could not always get back.

As he folded the telegram and put it into his pocket, he observed the man with the opera glasses over the way. He shrugged. Well, let him watch till his eyes dropped out of his head; he would see only that which was intended for his eyes. Still, it was irksome to feel that no matter when or where you moved, watching eyes observed and chronicled these movements.

Suddenly, not being devoid of a sense of dry humor, Jones stepped over to the telephone and called up her highness the Princess Perigoff.

"Who is it?"

He was forced to admit, however return

He was forced to admit, however reluctantly, that the woman had a marvelously fine speaking voice.

"O! You have news of Florence?"

"Yes." It will be an embarrassing day for humanity when some one invents a photographic apparatus by which two persons at the two ends of the telephone may observe the facial expressions of each other.

"What is it? Tell me quickly."

"Florence has been found, and she is on her way back to New York. She was found by Mr. Norton, the reporter."

"I am so glad! Shall I come up at once and have you tell me the whole amazing

and advising her to meet the train en route. She had to fly about to do it.

When Capt. Bannock released Braine, he had been in no enviable frame of mind. Tricked, fooled by the girl, whose mind was as unclouded as his own! She had succeeded in bribing a coal stoker, and had taken him unawarea. The man had donned the disguise he had laid out for shore approach, and the blockhead Bannock had nover suspected. He had not recognised Norton at all. It was enly when Bannock explained the history of the changhaied stoker that he realized his real danger. Norton! He must be pushed off the board. After this episode he could no logger keep up the pretense of being friendly. Norton, by a rare stroke of luck, had forced him out into the open. So be it. Self-preservation is in no wise looked upon as criminal. The law may have its ideas about it, but the individual recognizes no law but its own. It was Braine whom he loved and admired, or Norton whom he hated as a dog wift rubies hates water. With Norton frea, he would never again dare return to New York openly. This meddling reporter aimed at his case and elegance.

He left the freighter as soon as a boat could carry him ashore. The furfitives would make directly for the railroad, and thither he went at top speed, to arrive ten minutes too late.

"Free!" said Florence, as the train began to increase its speed.

EXO BE SILENT YOU SCUM



AND HE FELL INTO AN AMBUSH WITHIN A HUNDRED VARDS OF HIS GOAL

trouble with the conductor when he comes."
"Why?"

"Why?"

He pulled out his pockets suggestively.

Not a postage stamp. They'll put us off at the next station. And," with a giance in the little mirror between the two windows, "I shouldn't blame them a bit." He was unshaves, he was wearing the suit substituted for his own; and Florence, sartorially, was not much better off.

She smiled, blushed, stood up, and turned her back to him. Then she sat down again. In her hand she held a small dilapidated roll of banknotes.

"I had them with me when they

"I had them with me when they abducted me," she said. "Besides, this ring is worth

"Thank the Lord?" he exclaimed, reliev-

"Thank the Lord?" he exclaimed, rellevedly.

So there was nothing more to do but be happy; and happy they were. They were quite oblivious to the peculiar interest they aroused among the other passengers. This unshaven young man, in his ragged coat and soiled jersey; this beautiful young girl, in a wrinkled homespun, her glorious blonde hair awry; and the way they looked at each other during those lulis in conversation peculiar to lovers the world over, impressed the other passengers with the idea that something very unusual had happened to these two.

The Pullman conductor was not especially polite; but money was money, and the stockholders, waiting for their dividends, made it impossible for him to reject it. The regular conductor paid them no more attention than to grumble over changing a \$20 bill.

So, while these two were hurrying east to meet them. The two trains met and stopped at the same station about eighty miles from New York. The princess, accompanied by Vroon, who kept well in the background, entered the car occupied by the two castaways.

In the mirror at the rear of the car Norton happened to cast an idle glance, and he saw the princess. Vroon, however, escaped his eye.

"Be eareful, Florence," he mid. "The

the princess. Vroon, however, escaped his eye.

"Be careful, Florence," he said. "The princess is in the can The game begins again. Pretand that you suspect nothing. Fretty quick work on their part. And that's all the more reason why we should play the comedy well. Here she comes. She will recognize you, throw her arms eround you, and show all manner of effusiveness. Just keep your head and play the game."

"She Hed about you to ma."

The farmer thought it over for a moment.

"All right. You can have the buggy for twenty dollars. When you get to the village take the nag to Doc Sanders' livery. He'll know what to do."

"Thank you. Help me in with her."

Viscon drove away without the least intention of going toward the village. As a result,
when Florence came to her senses she found
herself surrounded by strange and ominous
faces. At first she thought that they had
taken her from the wreck out of kindness; but
when she saw the cold, impassive face of the
man Vroon she closed her eyes and lay back in
the chair. Well, fill and weak as she was,
they should find that she was not without a
certain strength. ertain strength.

"I'll give you twenty dollars for the use of that rig of yours."

/ "But it's a case of humanity, sir!" indig-nantly. "You are refusing to aid the unfor-

"Can't do it, mister."

certain strength.

In the meantime Norton revived and looked about in vain for Florence. He searched among the crowd of terrified passengers, the hurtgand the unharmed, but she was not to be found. He ran back to the princess and helped her out of the broken car.

"Where is Florence?" she asked dazedly.

"God knows! Here, come over and sit down by the fence till I see if there is a field tele-graph."

"O!" cried the princess. She seized Florence in a wild embrace. She was an inimitable actress, and Norton could not help admiring her. "Your butler telephoned me! I ran to the first train out. And here you are, back safe and sound! It is wonderful. Tell me all about it. What an adventure! And, good heavens, Mr. Norton, where did you get those clothes? Did you find her and rescue her? What a newspaper story you'll be able to make out of it all! Now, tell me just what happened." She sat down on the arm of Florence's chair. The girl had steeled her nerres against the touch of her. And yet she was beautiful! How could any one so beautiful be wicked? graph."

They had already erected one, and his message went off with a batch of others. This time he was determined not to trust to chance. The shock may have brought back Florence's recent mental disorder, and she may have wandered off without knowing what she was doing. On the other hand, she may have been carried off. And against such a contingency he must be fortified. Money! The curse of God was upon it; it was the trail of the ser-

head, and she limped besides.

They stopped at the first farmhouse, explained what had happened, and the mistress urged them to enter. She, she had seen no one, and certainly not a young woman. She must have wandered off in another direction. She ran juto the kitchen for a basin and towel and proceeded to patch the princess' hurts.

She was artismed, we are the state of the state

huddled together on the floor, under the uprooted chairs.

Vroon had escaped with only a slight cut on
the hand from flying glass. He climbed over
the chairs and passengers with a single object
in view. He saw that all three he was interested in were insensible. He quickly examined
them and saw that they had not received serious injuries. He had but little time. The
princess and Norton would have to take their
chance with the other passengers. Resolutely
he stooped and lifted Florence in his arms and
crawled out of the car with her. It was a
difficult task, but he managed it. Outside, in
the confusion, no one paid any attention to
him. So he threw the unconscious girl over
his shoulder and staggered on toward the road.

It was fortunate that the accident had occurred where it did. Five miles beyond was
the station marked for the arrest of Norton as
an abductor and the taking in charge of Florence as a rebellious girl who had run away
from her parents. If he could reach the
Swede's but, where his confederates were in
waiting, the game was his.

After struggling along for half an hour a
carriage was spied by Vroon, and he hailed it
when it reached his side.

"What's the trouble, mister?" asked the
farmer.

"A wreak no the religed. We denote to and proceeded to patch the princess' hurts.

She was extremely uneasy. That she should be under obligation to Norton galled her. There was a spark of conscience left in her soul. She had tried to destroy him, and he had been kind to hea. Was he a fool or was he deep, playing a game as shrewd as her own? She could not tell. Where was Vroon? Had he carried Florence off?

An hour later a way agant to see him that she kissed him that's butler? Hs was brave and loyal and kind.

"They tied him to the track," she cried. "Look at my writts!" The butler did so, and kissed them tenderly. "And I saved him."

Jones stretched out a hand over Wlorence was treated to the stretched out a hand over Wlorence was treated to the reaction of the same and nearly crushed the breath out of her. And she was so glad to see him that she kissed him that a be kissed him that a be was her fa-ther." Hs was brave and loyal and kind.

"They tied him to the track," she cried. "Look at my writts!" The butler did so, and kind the properties of the same and the same

The princess twisted her fingers.

The farmer rudely described Florence.
"Have you another horse and a saddle?" "What's your hurry?"

"A wreck on the railroad. My daughter is badly hurt and I must take her to the nearest willage. How far is it?"

" Xou will be in good hands," he answered

briefly. "I am going to find out what he become of Florence. Is there a deserted farm house hereabouts?" he asked of the farmer. "Not that I recollect."

"Why, yes, there is, Jake. There's that old hut about two miles up the fork," volunteered the wife. "Where the Swede died last win-

"By fingo! I'm going into the village ar

"But get my horse first. My name is James Norton, and I am on the Star in New York, Which way do I go?"

Once the horse was saddled, Norton setvoff at a run. He was unarmed; he forgot all about this fact. His one thought was to find the woman he loved. He was not afraid of meeting a dosen men, not while his present

And he fell into an ambush within a hundred yards of his goal. They dragged him off the horse and buffeted and mishandled him into the hut.

"Both of them?" said Vroon, rubbing his bands.

"I know you, you Russian rat!" cried Nor-ton. "And if I ever get out of this I'll kill you out of hand! Damn you!"

"O, yes; talk, talk; but it never hurts any one," jeered Vroon. "You'll never have the chance to kill me out of hand, as you say. Besides, do you know my face?"

"I do. The mask doesn't matter. You're the man who had me shanghaied. The voice is enough."

is enough."

"Very good. That's what I wished to know. That's your death warrant. We'll do it like they used to do it at the old Academy: the you to the railroad track. We shall not hurt you at all. If some engine runs over you heaven is witness we did not guide the engine. Remember the story of the boy and the cat?" with sinister amiability. "The boy said he wasn't pulling the cat's tail, he was only holding it; the cat did the pulling. Bring him along, men. Time is precious, and we have a good deal to do before night settles down. Come on with him. The track is only a short distance."

"Jim, Jim !" cried Florence in angulab.

" Jim, Jim!" cried Florence in anguish. "Never you mind, girl; they're only bluff-ing. They won't dare."

"You think so?" said Vroon. "Wait and see." He turned upon Florence. "He is your lover. Do you wish him to die?"

"No, no !" "We promise to give him his freedom twelve hours from now on condition that you tell where that money is."

"Florence!" warned Norton. Vroon struck him on the mouth. " Be silent, you scum !"

"It is in the chest Jones, the butler, threw into the sound," she said bravely. And so it might be, for all she knew. Vroon laughed. "We know about where that is."

"Florence, say nothing on my account. They are not the kind of men who keep their word." "Eh?" snarled Vroon. "We'll see about that." He gianced at his watch. "In half an hour the freight comes along. It may become stalled at the wreck. But it will serve."

and she described her adventures, omitting, to be sure, Braine's part in it.

She had reached that part where they be were they left in the Ilps. The three of them were fung violently to the side of the car amid splintering wood, thikling glass, and the shrick of steel and the didd day asy as the car careened over on its side.

The three were rendered unconsclous and were headed that part where they be defered they are the didded together on the floor, under the up-rooted chairs.

Vroon had escaped with only a slight cut on the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry to the ring the part of the chairs and passengers with a sixted to entry to the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry to the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry to the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry to the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry to the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry to the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the could not refuse her did not provided the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the chair and passengers with a sixted to entry the chair and passengers with a sixted the chair and passengers with a sixted to the chair and passengers with a sixted the containt and the chair and the chair and passengers with a sixted to the chair and the chai

Jones arrived with last a dozen policemen.
Vroon alone escaped.

The butler caught Florence in his arms and
nearly crushed the breath out of her. And she
was so glad to see him that she kissed him
helf a dozen times. What if he was her father's butler? He was brave and loyal and

he carried Florence off?

An hour later a man came in.

"Hullo! More folks from the wreck?"

"Wher's the horse and buggy, Jake?" his wife asked.

"Rented it to a man whose daughter was hurt. He want to the village."

"Will you describe the daughter?" asked Norton.

"When the tight time comes and my master's engine are confounded. But always the rooks, never the hawks, do we catch. God bless you, Norton! I don't know what I should have done without have done

"I know, I know," interrupted Jones. "The second relief train is waiting. Let us hurse back. I she'n't feel secure till we are come more in the house."

"What's your hurry?"

"I'll tell you laten. What I want now is the horse."

"What is to become of me?" asked the princess.

So, arm in arm, the three of them west fown the tracks to the hand car which had brought the police.

And now for the iron bound chest at the

bottom of the sen.