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A stirring romance in which, in every chapter, Mrs. Ward reveals her deep-stirred enthusiasm for the Canadian land, which she triumphantly hails as "the great new State being laid under your eyes, deep and strong, by men who know what it is they are doing—to see history begun by men who know what they are writing."

Begins in the October

LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

Delivered to any address on request to

JOHN MILLS, 398 Richmond St.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, Philadelphia

THE MYSTERY OF PROFESSOR GREER

BY WILLIAM LE QUEX.

In the direction he had taken towards Oxford street, I started off, but before me the lights blurred in the misty obscurity. Foot passengers on the pavement loomed up in the uncertain light and melted again, and as I hurried on I discerned the figures before me with difficulty. Where the shop-fronts were lit were patches of red mist, but where they were closed, it was almost complete darkness, for in that neighborhood the fog was thicker than further westward, and Dick had had considerable trouble in finding his way there at a snail's pace.

In my haste I collided with several persons coming my way, apologising and going forward again until I came to a corner where a shop was well-lit. Of a sudden I distinguished the man I was following; he had halted in conversation with the shop-keeper, who was pointing up the side street.

In the fog, Kershaw Kirk was evidently out of his bearings. I drew back, so as to escape observation, but I watched him plunge into the darkness of the side street, and I was soon at his heels. It was a squalid neighborhood into which we had entered. I had been through it before, but was not certain on which street it might be down which we were going.

Guided by his footsteps I went on behind him. Fortunately my tread was soft, owing to the rubber heels I wore. At the crossing I listened, at first uncertain whether he had turned to the right or left, or gone straight on.

Again the footsteps sounded out of the obscurity, which now caused my eyes to smart, and I knew that he had gone straight forward, so on I went.

At the next corner I was nearer him, near enough to distinguish that he crossed the road and suddenly turned along the pavement to the right. We were evidently going in the direction of Fitzroy Square, though in

Another Case of Blood Poisoning.

Persisted in paring his corns with a razor. Foolish when cure is so painless and sure with Putnam's Corn Extractor. Use Putnam's only—it's the best—guaranteed and painless.

which street I had no idea. In fear lest his quick ears should detect that I was following, I fell back a little, allowing him to get further in front. The houses we were then passing were good-sized private ones interspersed with shops, substantial houses of the usual style found in the decayed districts of London, dark, gloomy, and mysterious-looking. I recognized that we were in Cleveland street. Then we turned again—the first turning on the left round the corner, by a laundry.

Of a sudden I heard Kirk halt, as though in doubt. It seemed as though he was retracing his steps, having passed the house of which he was in search. Quick as thought, in order to avoid meeting him face to face, I stepped off the kerb into the roadway.

He passed by within a few yards of me, yet entirely unconscious of my proximity. Then he reappeared, as though having satisfied himself that he had not yet reached his goal. In London fog, one house is very much like another, especially in a side street. In the distance I saw a red glimmer—the light of a surgery.

Two dark, evil-looking men lurched past me, and then a woman half-drunken and reeling. For a few seconds I lost his footsteps, but again they reached my ears. The sound was a different one. He had ascended one of the flights of steps!

I hurried forward, but as I did so, I heard a door close sharply. He had entered one of those dark houses, but which of four or five I was, unfortunately, utterly at a loss to decide.

The exterior of each I examined carefully, taking note of their number. In two of them yellow gas jets were burning over the grimy fanlights, throwing out a faint light into the pall of the fog, while in one a light was burning in the front room of the ground floor.

All were let in squalid apartments, for there seemed a general frowiness about the undesirable neighborhood, where the greater part of the inhabitants were foreigners of the working class. Each house, with its railings and deep area, had but little to distinguish it from its neighbors, all were dirty, neglected, and forbid-

ding in that darkness and gloom. I stood in chagrin at having thus lost sight of my mysterious friend, and could only wait for his exit. Two of the houses were within the zone of the weak light thrown by the street light; the other three were in obscurity.

In one of them—which one I knew not—Kershaw Kirk had kept an appointment, arranged, perhaps, by that signal which he had made by the raising and lowering of the blind.

My position was most tantalising, yet I felt that if I remained there on watch I should most certainly see him come out, and then at least know the number of the one he had visited.

Midnight rang out from a church clock somewhere, but there had been no sign of him.

Dick must, I knew, have grown tired of waiting, and, thinking me lost in the fog, would slowly creep homeward. The ever-watchful vigil I was keeping in that terrible atmosphere fagged me. I became numb with cold, and very hungry.

Yet I dare not leave the spot lest Kirk should come forth, so I stood leaning against the railings in patience full of wonder and apprehension.

More than once I feared that the "dealer in secrets" might notice me from within, if he chanced to look out. Hence from time to time I changed my position.

My impression was that he had entered with a latch-key, for scarce had he reached the top of the steps when he was inside, with the door closed behind him; either that, or else someone was waiting there to admit him.

Another hour had nearly passed, when suddenly a woman's piercing scream—which appeared to come from the first of the houses which lay in the darkness.

Twice was that cry repeated, and I sped to the house whence it emanated. The place was in complete darkness. No light shone from any window of the gloomy, dismal house.

A third time was the shriek repeated, coming from the room behind the railing on a level with the door. As I stood upon the pavement I was only a few feet from the window.

"Help! Help! For God's sake, help! You brute!" I thought I had escaped you. No. Ah! Don't! I beg—I implore you! Ah!" shrieked a refined and the voice of a young woman. And then, in despairing tones that grew fainter with every syllable, I heard the words long drawn out. "Ah! You—you've—killed—me! Killed me!—just as you killed my—dear—father!"

I stood listening to that dying ap-

peal, utterly staggered. What could I think? Place yourself in my position, and ask yourself what you, in those circumstances, would have thought!

CHAPTER VII.
In Which Another Person Becomes Inquisitive.

I was uncertain what to do. Was it best to ascend the steps, knock boldly at the door, and inquire the reason of that frantic appeal? Or should I remain silent and watch?

If Kirk had caused the Professor's death, then why had he enlisted my aid? But was I not a complete novice in the detection of crime, and might not all his protestations of friendship be a mere blind, a clever ruse to cover the truth?

I stood on the pavement, my ears strained to catch any sound within. But all was silent again.

Those final words of the woman's desperate appeal for help rang in my ears. "You've killed me, just as you killed my dear father."

The woman who shrieked could surely have no connection with the tragedy in Sussex Place, for alas! Ethelwynn Greer was dead. I had, with my own eyes, seen her stiff and stark. Then what did it all mean? Was this an additional phase of the already inscrutable problem?

I gazed at the window, where no light escaped through the lowered venetian blinds. The very darkness struck me as strange; for either there were closed shutters upon the blinds, or some heavy curtain had been drawn carefully across to exclude any ray of light from being seen without. In the neighborhood wherein I was, I recollected there were many mysterious houses—secret clubs where waiters and foreigners of the lower class danced, drank and played faro, and were often raided by the police. Those streets bore a very bad reputation.

After all, I was not exactly certain that the house whence emanated the shrieks was the actual house which Kirk had entered. Hence I was both undecided and bewildered. For that reason I waited, my eyes glued upon the dark door and house-front.

Suddenly, above the fanlight, I saw a flickering light of a candle carried down the hall, and a moment later the door opened. In fear of recognition, I sprang back into the roadway where at that distance, the fog obscured me. Someone descended the steps, and turning to the left, went in the direction whence I had come. I followed stealthily for some distance until I at last made out the figure in the weak light of a street lamp.

It was not Kirk, only a forbidding-

looking old woman in faded bonnet and shawl—a typical gin-drinking hag of a type one may see in hundreds in that neighborhood. I had followed her down into Cleveland street, where she turned to the left, when it suddenly occurred to me that, in my absence, Kirk might make his exit. Therefore I rather foolishly abandoned pursuit, and retraced my steps.

Judge my chagrin, my utter disgust, with myself when, on returning, I failed to recognize from which house the woman had come. In that puzzling pall of fog, which grew thicker and more impenetrable every moment, I hesitated to decide which of three of four houses was the place whence the woman's cries had emanated.

That hesitation was fatal to my success. In my excitement I had taken no notice of the number upon the door, and now I paced backwards and forwards before the railings of four houses, all almost exactly similar, all in darkness, all equally dingy and mysterious. Which of those houses held Kershaw Kirk I knew not, neither could I decide from which of the four had come those despairing cries.

I had been a fool, a very great fool, for not going boldly to the door and demanding an explanation, even though I might have received rough handling alone and unnamed as I was. So I returned to the street lamp and tried to recognize the house from the point where I had stood when the first cry had fallen upon my ears. But alas! again I could not decide.

To Be Continued.

NUMEROUS PITFALLS FOR LITTLE FEET

A Strong Plea for the Sunday School—Story of "A Great Man's Sister."

The Sunday school and its importance as a factor of religious reform was the topic dealt with in several local Baptist churches yesterday. At Adelaide Street Church, Rev. T. T. Shields took up the narrative of the finding of Moses by Pharaoh's daughter, Exodus ii, 2-10. The preacher used this story to illustrate the dangers which beset child-life; the means which may be employed for its protection, and the certain reward awaiting those who engage in this holy ministry.

The first thing that strikes one in this story," said the preacher, "is the picture of a little child in danger. There must be something sadly lacking with the world when this is possible. But there are moral diseases infinitely more to be dreaded than all the physical ills that afflict child-life. Could we see with angel-eyes, we would be aware that the world is full of little children, suffering from the disease of sin. How many traps are set for little feet; how early the springs of life are poisoned and the whole character marred? The Prince of the Power of the Air has, like Pharaoh, given commandment to have the little ones destroyed, and God's best work is a mark for hell's enmity. Our adversary, the devil, has no pity even for little children."

Home Influences. In speaking of means for the protection of the infant Moses, the preacher said, the mother herself, "had him three months." The home—if it is what a home should be, may for a while safeguard the little ones, but there comes a time when they outgrow the limitations of home life, and the mother can "no longer hide" her child from the evil without other help.

Mission of the Sunday School. The mother in this story appealed in an ingenious way to other mother-hearts to co-operate with her heart. "It may seem far-fetched," said Mr. Shields, "to institute a comparison between the ark of bulrushes, placed where Pharaoh's daughter could see it, and the Sunday school, but the underlying principle is the same—a mother's heart crying out for other mother-hearts to help her save her child. And that is the mission of the Sunday school—to supplement the ministry of the home, and 'hide' the child, which the home, unaided, can no longer 'hide.' Pharaoh's daughter had no thought of adopting one of the Hebrews' children; but when 'the babe went' the victory was won. Many of the King's daugh-

ters wander aimlessly about, who, if their eyes were opened to see the sorrows of little children, would have compassion on them."

Home Co-Operation.

But the home did not withdraw itself from the supplementary agency. The babe's sister "stood afar off to wit what would be done to him." "You might, at least," said the preacher, pointedly, "look on while others try to save your children. In this case the mother became the child's nurse, and teacher—surely Christian parents ought to be interested in Sunday school work."

In conclusion the preacher spoke of the rich reward which always comes from a service of love. "The salvation of that child," he said, "meant the salvation of the family; the salvation of the Hebrews; the salvation of all nations."

TO PROTECT PAPER MILLS

United States Government May Be Involved in Tariff War.

New York, Sept. 26.—A statement in the matter of an impending trade war with Canada has been issued by the committee on paper of the American Publishers' Association.

"To protect a combination of worn-out paper mills, some of which have since been abandoned for news print paper making purposes," the statement says, "the United States Government has been forced into a tariff war with Canada, which promises to be far reaching in its scope. The Canadian authorities say they sell \$90,000,000 worth to the United States and buy from it \$160,000,000. If it comes to a

tariff war, they claim they have the whip-hand, and while they regret the situation, they do not propose to be forced to terms.

"Canadian retaliation will strike American exports as varied as coal and cotton, iron and meat, fruit and automobiles, oil and live stock. But the most serious feature of the prospective war is that which affects world products valued at \$30,000,000, brought into the United States by the Dominion. Directly or indirectly, all the masses who read for amusement or instruction, must pay a tax upon knowledge for the benefit of derelict paper mills, and trade between the two countries is to be paralyzed."

McMASTER APPOINTMENTS.

Toronto, Sept. 26.—The senate and board of government of McMaster University made the following appointments at a meeting Friday night:

To be professor of homiletics and practical theology—Rev. Thos. Trotter, D. D., LL. D., of Toledo, Ohio. Librarian and reader of English—E. J. Farmer, B. A., of Toronto.

Director of education and physical culture at McMaster Ladies' College—F. H. Kirkpatrick, of the Conservatory of Music.

Master of science at Woodstock College—T. E. Layne, B. A., of Smith's Falls.

GODERICH MASONIC TEMPLE.

Toronto, Sept. 26.—Among the charters granted by the Ontario Government are the Welland, of St. Catharines, Limited, capital, \$100,000. The Masonic Temple Association, of Goderich, Limited, capital, \$40,000. The Balmoral Hotel Company, Limited, Bowmanville, capital, \$40,000.

LADIES' NEW FALL SUITS



We've left nothing undone to bring the stocks in our ready-to-wear department to a state of perfection, and you could hardly believe that so much variety could be gathered into one department. Style after style of New Suits, Coats, Skirts and Waists. You'll be delighted with the completeness of our stock of ready-to-wear garments. Visit us Tuesday, we're having a special exhibit of the new Suits, and we want your opinion about them. We believe we've exceeded previous good records in the buying of our Suits; but we want your indorsement, and these Suits must be seen to be appreciated. Come, we welcome your criticism. Tuesday we feature the following lines:

LADIES' SERGE SUITS—Material is all-wool, in black and navy. Coat is 38 inches long. Good mercerized lining. Collar trimmed with braid. Skirt is eight-gore style with plait down the front, and buttons. Price \$10.00

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LADIES' FANCY WORSTED SUITS. Coats lined throughout with satin, and trimmed with self-strappings and buttons. Skirts are straight-plaited and Moyen Age effects. Colors are catwaba and taupe. Special \$25.00

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