

UPPER CANADA COLLEGE

FOUNDED 1829

TORONTO

THE ETON OF CANADA

The thorough training in school and residence—the healthful manly sports—and the College History with its inspiring traditions of 79 years—combine to inculcate high ideals and broad views in the minds of the boys.

Courses qualify for University, Royal Military College and Business. Fifty acres of ground with extensive playing fields in healthiest district. Senior and Preparatory Schools in separate buildings. Every modern equipment.

Autumn Term Begins Thursday, September 10th.

ENTRANCE SCHOLARSHIPS for resident and day pupils. Special scholarships for sons of "old boys."

EXAMINATIONS for entrance scholarships, Saturday, September 12th

HENRY W. AUDEN, M.A., (Cambridge), Principal

Trinity College School

PORT HOPE, ONT.

RESIDENTIAL SCHOOL FOR BOYS

Magnificent and Healthy Situation
Modern Fireproof Buildings
Extensive Playing Fields
Skating Rink
Gymnasium

Boys prepared for the Universities, Royal Military College and Business Pursuits. Special attention given to the younger boys. Next Term begins Tuesday, September 10 For Calendar and all other information apply to the Headmaster

Rev. Oswald Rigby, M.A., LL.D.
St. John's College, Cambridge

St. Alban's Cathedral School

For Boarders and Day Boys, Boys prepared for honor matriculation in the Universities and the Royal Military College. Special attention given to boys entering commercial life. RE-OPENS SEPT.

10th. For Prospectus apply to
M. E. MATTHEWS, Prin., TORONTO

O'Keefe's PILSENER



Insist that your dealer always sends
O'KEEFE'S "PILSENER"

"THE LIGHT BEER IN THE LIGHT BOTTLE"
(Registered)

The O'Keefe Brewery Co.
of Toronto, Limited

SUMMER SCHOOL

June, July and August leads into our Fall Term without any break. Enter any time. New Catalogue free. CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto. W. H. SHAW, Principal.

Why Mrs. Burbank Ran Away

Continued from page 15)

Astro's expression had changed wonderfully as he heard the news. He hastened to offer his sympathy anew to his client, and assured him that it was only a question of a few hours before his wife would return. This promise seemed to quiet the old man's distress. Astro went back into the studio with a new expression, at once determined and jubilant. He sat down, wrote a note, and despatched it by a messenger boy. This done, he set the phonograph carefully at the beginning of the strange exclamation that interrupted the song on the record, and waited.

In a half-hour Buttons opened the heavy portieres, announced "Colonel Trevellian!" and a man walked in.

The visitor looked about scornfully. He was a lean, yellow, bony faced man, with deep set eyes and a drooping mustache. He spoke with a drawl. "I believe you requested to see me on a matter of importance and of a confidential nature," he observed languidly.

"I did," Astro replied. "I am about to make a request of you."

"Indeed, you do me a great honour." The man's tone was sarcastic.

Astro scarcely looked at him. "I would be infinitely obliged to you, Colonel Trevellian, if you would consent to pack up your things, leave New York, and not return for five years."

The Colonel scowled, took a step nearer, and clenched his fist. "You infernal charlatan! if you'll take off that nightgown and sweeping cap, I'll see that you don't decorate this cozy corner any longer! What the deuce do you mean? By Jove! I'll thrash you and pitch you out of your own window!"

Astro yawned. Then he brought his two hands down on his knees, and his handsome head was outstretched toward the Colonel, on whom he turned two blazing eyes. "Colonel Trevellian," he said in a voice like the rattling of paper, "you have persecuted Mrs. Burbank long enough! If you fancy you understand the art of hypnotic suggestion, I can show you that you're a fool as well as a cur. For her sake I consent to permit you to leave town without informing the Major exactly what kind of a cad you are; but you'll have to leave quickly!"

The Colonel had already lost the most of his nerve; but he made a last attempt to bluster. "What do you mean, sir? I've done nothing at all, I assure you. You're quite mistaken. Why, the Major is my best friend!"

"And do you not wish to supplant him as husband of your old sweetheart, Mrs. Burbank?"

"Of course not. It's absurd." The Colonel's face was ashen now.

"And you did not suggest, after hypnotizing her and getting her somewhat under your influence, that she—"

The man stared hard at Astro, and his jaw had dropped. "That she—what?" He almost whispered it.

Astro touched the phonograph. "Kellem, kellem, kell—" it ground out raucously.

The Colonel stared first at the mechanism, then at the palmist. He dropped a step back, undecided, then, turning suddenly, bolted out of the room.

Astro dropped again into his chair folded his arms, and drew a long breath.

The hansom drew up at No. 234. A woman got out, paid the driver, and looked curiously at the front door. Apparently puzzled, she drew

a telegram from her purse and read it over. She was a fine looking woman of thirty-five, dressed all in black, even to her furs, though she wore no mourning veil. Her only luggage was a small travelling bag. Everything about her stamped her as a woman of culture and influence; if not rich, at least comfortably off. Yet her demeanor was timid, almost frightened.

As she started to ascend the steps, a private brougham, driving furiously, came down 34th street, and drew up suddenly before her. A young girl, fresh and pretty, smartly dressed, and with an air of jaunty confidence, jumped out.

The woman who had first arrived stared at her in astonishment. "Why," she said, "how do you happen to be here?" The look of perplexity and timidity in her eyes deepened now into positive alarm. "Oh!" she breathed, "you're not a detective?"

Valeska took her hand affectionately. "No, my dear Mrs. Burbank, only a friend who wants to help you. I knew that if I told you on the train, you'd never come here; so I didn't dare to explain that we had really imposed upon you. Bobby is quite well, I assure you. You needn't worry on his account. And I hope on no other account either; for I'm sure that by this time the Master has been able to straighten things out."

"The Master!" Mrs. Burbank gasped.

"Yes. Astro the Master of Mysteries, my employer and my friend, as I'm sure he is yours. Your husband secured his services; for no one else would have been able to find you and help you without danger of publicity. Come right up, and you'll hear from him that everything is all right."

"Oh, if it only was!" The woman followed Valeska hopelessly.

Ten minutes after that Mrs. Burbank sat smiling in the studio. Astro had told her that there would be nothing more to fear from the persecutor who had made the last few weeks hideous. She had herself confessed everything: how, after that first hypnotic sleep, the Colonel had given her persistently, so often that it drove her almost distracted, the horrible suggestion that she kill her husband. She had struggled hard against it; but the iteration of the words "Kill him!" so distorted as to be unintelligible to anyone else, coming now in letters, now over the telephone, now from the innocent lips of her own child, had finally unstrung her mind; and, for fear lest in her distress she should actually commit the crime, she had run away to get out of the Colonel's power.

"When I went away," she concluded, "I thought I had destroyed every evidence that might enable my husband to know how I had been tormented; that is, every piece but one—the phonograph cylinder. I was afraid I could not destroy that, and feared to leave it in the house. I took it with me when I went to see Edward, hoping that I should find some place to conceal it. But everyone seemed to be watching me, and I was too nervous to risk throwing it away. So, when I got to Edward's apartment I left it there in the ash barrel. I had intended to tell him everything and ask his advice; but the poor fellow was so blue that I didn't have the heart to worry him with my own troubles, and I left him without saying anything."

She looked curiously at Astro. "I can't imagine how you ever found out. It's wonderful!"

Astro's look was cryptic. "My dear Mrs. Burbank," he replied, "such a nervous force as yours is intensely dynamic; it effects a disturbance of the ether, and to one sensitive to such vibration the mes-

ONE YEAR'S GROWTH

The strength of a bank is tested by its ability to successfully weather financial storms.

The strength of a Life Company is tested by its ability to grow in "hard times." Last year the New Business of

The Mutual Life Assurance Co.
OF CANADA.

amounted to \$7,081,402, a gain over 1906 of \$1,577,855, bringing up the total insurance in force to \$51,091,848, a gain over 1906 of \$4,179,440—and yet the operating expenses were just about the same as last year.

The Company also made substantial gains over 1906—in Assets, \$1,271,255; in Reserves, \$906,221; in Income, \$171,147, and in Surplus, \$300,341.

Agencies in all the principal Towns and Cities in Canada.

HEAD OFFICE - - WATERLOO, ONT.

The THIEL Detective Service Co. of Canada, Limited

—OFFICES—

Toronto, Canada

Suite 604-5-6, Traders Bank Building

MONTREAL, CANADA, Liverpool, London and Globe Bldg.

WINNIPEG, MAN., Union Bank of Canada Bldg.

CHICAGO, ILL., Monadnock Block.

DENVER, COLO., Majestic Building.

KANSAS CITY, MO., New England Bldg.

NEW YORK, N. Y., Broadway Maiden Lane Bldg.

PORTLAND, ORE., Chamber of Commerce.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., Mutual Savings Bank Bldg.

SEATTLE, WASH., New York Block.

SPOKANE, WASH., Empire State Building.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Century Bldg.

ST. PAUL, MINN., Germania Life Building.

CITY OF MEXICO, MEX., Equitable Life Ins. Bldg.

LOS ANGELES, 621 Trust Bldg.

The Hamilton Steel and Iron Company

LIMITED

PIG IRON

Foundry, Basic, Malleable.

FORGINGS

of Every Description.

High Grade Bar Iron.

Open Hearth Bar Steel.

HAMILTON - ONTARIO

PATENTS that PROTECT—

Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6c. stamps

R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D.C. Estab. 1869



ONTARIO, MANITOBA and
NORTHWEST BRANCH

ALFRED WRIGHT, Manager - TORONTO