\$10,000 FOR 100 WORDS only hirelings

The publication of "The Million-Dollar Mystery" began Aug. 1 In he Advertiser. The story will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an arrangemen. with the Thanhouser Film Company it has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper, but also to see it each week in the Advertiser district. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE

CONTEST. The prize of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman, or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two reels of motion picture drama will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thanhouser Film Company, either at Chicago or New York, two weeks after the last installment is published in this paper, Advertiser readers would have to submit their solutions on or before January 14.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. 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 prize. The last two reels, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mystery, will be presented in the theatres having this feature as soon as It is practo produce same. The story corresponding to three motion pictures will appear in The Advertiser coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures of the winner, his or her home, and other Interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practical, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Harold MacGrath, 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 solution: No. 1-What becomes of the millionalre?

No. 2-What Becomes of the \$1,000,000? No. 3-Whom does Florence mar-

No. 4-What becomes of the Russian countess? Nobobdy connected either directly indirectly with "The Million-Dollar Mystery" will be considered as a contestant.

(Copyright, 1914, By Harold MacGrath.)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS told him the rest of the story. Stanley Hargreave, millionaire, after miraculous escape from the den of the

neither man apparently recognizes the other, Hargreave hurries to his mag-nificent Riverdale home and lays plans making his escape from the coun-He writes a letter to the girls' school in New Jersey where eighteen years before he had mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. He also pays a visit to the hangar of a daredevil aviator. Braine and members of his band surround Hargreave's home at night, as they enter the house the watchers outside see the balloon leave the roof The safe is found empty-the million which Hargreave was known to have drawn that day was gone. Then some one announced the balloon had been punctured and dropped into the sea. Florence arrives from the girls' school. Princess Olga, Braine's companion, visits her and claims to be a relative. Two

bonus detectives call, but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaperman. By bribing the captain of the Orient Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Princess Olga also visits the Orient's captain and she easily falls into the reporter's snare. The plan proves aborlive through Braine's good luck and



does make

and butter

taste

no exception to the rule.

ception of their elders in view.

CHAPTER IV. (Continued.)

"She has never seen a scrap of it. All that Miss Farlow ever received was money. The original note left on the doorstep with Florence has been lust. Trust me to make all these inquiries."
"Another good point. I'm going to after dinner, a taxicab will await her just around the corner. Grange is the best man I can think of. He's an artist when it comes to playing the old man parts."
"Not, too old, remember. Hargreave

she could drop to sleep like that. Very stretch out here on the divan and snooze for a while. Had a devil of a but she filled it.

"When shall I wake you?" We'll have an early dinner sent in. I want to keep out of everybody's way. By-by!'
In less than three minutes he was sound asleep. The woman gazed down at him in wonder and envy. If only she could drop to sleep like that. Very softly she pressed her lips to his hair

At 11 o'clock the following night the hall light in the Hargreave house was turned off and the whole interior be-A shadow crept through the lilac bushes without any more sound than a cat would have made. Florence's window was open, as the arch-conspirator had expected it would be. With a small string and stone as a sling he sent the letter whirling skillfully through the air. It sailed into the girl's room. The man below heard no sound of the stone hitting anything, and constituted that the detartick the hed cluded that it had struck the bed

He waited patiently. Presently a wavering light could be distinguished over the sill of the window. The girl was awake and had lit the cande. This knowledge was sufficient for his need. The tragic letter would do the rest, that is, if the girl came from the same pattern as her father and mother—strong willed and adventurous. ong willed and adventurous. He tiptoed back to the lilacs, when

noise sent him close to the ground. Half a dozen feet away he saw a shadow creeping along toward the front Presently the shadow stood up as if listening. He stooped and ran ightly to the steps, up these to the loor, which he hugged. Who was this? wondered Braine.

Patiently he waited, arranging his posture so that he could keep a lookout at the door. By and by the door opened cautiously. A man, holding a candle, appeared. Braine vaguely recognized Olga's description of the butler. The man on the veranda suddenly blew out the light

Braine could hear the low murmur of voices, but nothing more. The conversation lasted scarcely a minute. The loor closed and the man ran down the steps, acress the lawn, with Braine lose at his heels.

"Just a moment, Mr. Hargreave," he called ironically: "just a moment The man he addressed as Hargreave turned with lightning rapidity and struck. The blow caught Braine above knocking him flat. When he regained his feet the rumble of a motor

By the dim light of her bedroom of brilliant thleves known as the candle Florence read the note which had Black Hundred, lives the life of a re- found entrance so strangely and mys- could no more resist the desire to see cluse for eighteen years. Hargreave one in the lived, he needed her! Alive, but there comes face to face with the gang's leader. Braine. which him! She longed to fly to him at once. a new angle, presenting a new face, then and there. How could she wait a roseate vision. It rather subdued till tomorrow night at 8? Immediately she began to plan how to circumvent the watchful Jones and the careful Susan. Her father! She slept no more

that night "My Darling Daughter-I must see you. Come at 8 o'clock tomorrow night to 78 Grove street, third floor. Confide in no one, or you seal my death war-

"FATHER." What child would refuse to obey a

mmons like this? A light tap on the door startled 'Is anything the matter?" asked the

mild voice of Jones. "No. I got up to get She heard the footsteps dle away down not half a dozen great pianists ever She thrust the letter played correctly), Monastery Bells, and the corridor. into the pocket of her dress, which lay the like. neatly folded on the chair at the foot martyr of himself; instead, he was disof the bed, then climbed back into the tinctly and delightfully entertained.

ed itself. She must not tell even Mr. any chance, know 'The Maiden's Pray- and Mr. Norton to come to tea tomor-Was the child spinning a romance over the first young man she had ever met? In her heart of hearts she did S

not know. It was all so terribly simple, to match ever, be in the music cabinet. woman's mind against a child's. Both you like to hear it?" mischievously. vorton and the sober Jones had explicitly warned her never to go anywhere, receive telephone calls, or leters, without first consulting one or the her heart; and the smile on her face other of them. And now she had planned and the gayety on her tongue were to deceive them with all the cunning of forced. "Confide in no one." she re-

The next morning at breakfast there warrant. was nothing unusual either in her appearance or manners. Under the shrewd that?" he asked. scrutiny of Jones she was just her everyday self, a fine bit of acting for one who had not yet seen the stage. But of it."

Are you going to keep your promise?" 'Never to leave this house without Jones or myself being with you.' "I couldn't if I wanted to. I'll wager

easy banter

sne said.

'What news?" she asked.

"None," rather despondently. I'm

sorry. I had hope by this time to get

She did not ask him what he meant

"Shall I play something for you?

He drew a chair beside the plane

board. She played Chopin for him,

Mendelssohn, Grieg, and Chaminade;

and she played them in a surprisingly

scholarly fashion. He had expected the

usual schoolgirl choice and execution;

Titania, the Moonlight Sonata (which

"You don't," he said whimsically,

She laughed. This piece was a stand-

"I have never played it. It may, how-

All the while the letter burned against

peated mentally, "or you seal my death

"Why do you shake your head like

"Did I shake my head?" Her heart

fluttered wildly. "I was not conscious flat.

forfend!" he murmured,

ing joke at school.

raising his hands.

"Heaven

when she finally stopped, "you don't, by

He had prepared to make a

can't get any further than this house

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born in man to fight, and Florence was ute. I know; it is all for my sake. But the swift picture she had of a well-Jones was indeed in the hall; and head upon his arms. it bothers me."

She read with Susan, played the piano, sewed a little, laughed, hummed, and did a thousand the signed deeply if silently. and he sighed deeply if silently. and did a thousand and one things young girls do when they have the de- At quarter to 8 Florence, being alone

All day long Jones went about like fed it down the register. an old hound with his nose to the wind. There was something in the air: something burning!" but he could not tell what it was. Some-Jones dashed into the room, sniffed, Florence went into, there was Jones and dashed out again, heading for the within earshot. And she dared not show cellar door. His first thought was natur-

the least impatience or restiveness. It ally that the devils incarnate had set fire was a large order for an ally that the devils incarnate had set fire was a large order for so young a girl, to the house. When he returned, hav-

SHE CHANCED TO LOOK INTO THE CRACKED MIRROR.

The Million-Dollar Mystery in moving pictures will be run in

London at the Majestic Theatre

theatres in Brantford, Chatham,

Sarnia, Stratford, Owen Sound

and other Western Ontario points.

Read the story in The Adver-

wildered Susan's eyes. Out into the

street, up and down which he looked.

In the house Susan was answering the

"Who is it?" Jones whispered, his lips

He took the receiver from her roughly

"This is Olga Perigoff. Is Florence

"No. madam. She has just stepped

ut for a moment. Shall I tell her to

"Yes, please. I want her and Susan

Jones hung up the receiver, sank into

"What is it?" cried Susan, terrified by

'She's gone! My God, those wretche

always loved in dreams, yet never seen.

Number 78 Grove street was not an at-

when she reached the door of the third

was instantly opened by a man who

wore a black mask. She would have

She knocked timidly. The door

Her father! She was actually

a chair nearby and buried his face in

tiser, then see the pictures.

which seemed incredible to the

lephone, talking incoherently

all you when she returns?"

the haggardness of his face.

have got her! They've got her!"

Florence was whirled away at

Woodstock,

white and dry.

"The princess.

"Hello! Who is it?

Good-bye."

and watched her fingers, white as the Far away he discovered a dwindling

lvory keys, flutter up and down the taxicab. The child was gone.

Guelph,

Windsor

" began Susan

dressed man at a table. He lay with his "Father!" she whispered.

The man raised his careworn face: so out. A leap from there would kill her. very well done that only the closest She turned her gaze toward the lamp. scrutiny would have betrayed the paste wondering. r a minute, set fire to a veil and stuf- of the theatre. He rose and staggered toward her with outstretched arms. But "Jones," she called excitedly, "I smell the moment they closed about her Flor-

"My child!" murmured the broken man. "They caught me when I was father; you know them better than I. about to come to you. I have given up Since she saw no escape, she was de

What was it? wondered the child, her longer. but she filled it.

She rather expected that the reporter would appear some time during the afternoon; and sure appears and sure appears of the hall. Her hat was missing. He to the hall was not would appear some time during the afternoon; and sure appears and s ternoon; and sure enough he did. He made for the hall door with a speed glance about the room. There was a

When he was gone she tried doors. They were locked. Then crossed over to the window and looked

The false father returned, dejectediy. "It is as I said. They insist upon sending someone. Write down the directions I gave to you. I am very weak! "Write down the directions yourself,

> "I am not your father." Braine, in the other room, shook his

termined to keep up the tragic farce "So I see," she replied, still with the

till September 21st. Ontario's Great Livestock Exhibition. Prize List this year. W. J. REID, President.

men. But Florence was ready. She Someone groped for the lamp, lit it, seized the lamp and hurled it to the and turned in time to see Florence pass floor, quite indifferent whether it ex- out of the room into that from which Happily for her 4 they had come. The door slammed. The was extinguished. At the same moment surprised men heard the key click. She cast the manp she caught hold of a She was free. But she was no longer chair, remembering the direction of the a child. window. She was superhumanly strong

A crash followed. "She has thrown herself out of Grange blew the whistle. Instantly she the room became filled with masked window!" yelled a voice. Someone groped for the lamp, lit it

Increased

A. M. HUNT, Secretary.

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sofa, a table, some chairs, and an enor- | head savagely. Father and daughter;

mous clock, the face of which was dent- the same steel in the nerves. Could

ed and the hands hopelessly tangled. they bend her? Would they have to

Why, at such a moment, she should note break her? He did not wish to injure

such details disturbed her. Then she her bodily, but a million was always a hanced to look into the cracked mirror. million, and there was revenge which

These men were peering at her through itself. He listened, motioning to the

the money," went on the wretch who the scoundrel who discarded the broken

stead of terror, an extraordinary calm 'whistle the men in the other room will

"Very well, father. I will go and get wise. Money is nothing; life is every-

Wait, my child, till I see if they will this vile creature to be an impostor, se

other to be silent.

"I refuse

"Write the directions," commanded

"Then your father dies this night.

'Once more. The moment I blow this

understand that your father is to die. Be

"I refuse!" Even as she had known

Grange put a whistle to his lips. "Sign,

"I know of no hidden money.

Did you ever have the good fortune, precise rows and climbing with wellto wander idly in an old-fashioned gar- trained precision. But once in a while den-one of those high-walled ip one stumbles unconsciously upon a closures, with a blur of color tintings sacred little, haunt which is usually those quaint old posies that were kept by some dear old body, with a the pride and glory of colonial days: delicious sense of "things past," and a garden running over with wild plant where just an honored few are alprim and trim in the shadowy back- fragrant borderland connecting the ground, jassamine here, a tiny tuft of "Land of Memories" and that visionary fragrant heather blowing there? In a word, every description of old-fashioned bloom, where every truant seed is welto grow to suit its own sweet And sometimes, if it is a really sordidness. She was rather out of breath truly old-fashioned garden, one may suddenly emerge upon a path

In it she saw several faces, all masked.

al! that stands between me and death."

Then she knew! The insistent daily

warnings came home to her. She un-

derstood now. She had deliberately

walked into the spider's net. But in-

dared to perpetrate such mockery. "It is ,man style.

Gently she released herself from thing.

the half-closed door behind her.

fell upon her.

those horrible arms.

"That leads where none may guess Save lovers to exchange unseen Shy whispers and caress."

then to make the scene idealistic and harming, at the end of this path, there s an old rustic seat, half hidden behind shady shrubs "Just a place to sit and dream

All your dreams over."

Surely such a garden as this was meant for moments of idleness and ontemplation, just the place to dream of those things we strive so hard to attain, and which never come true, the place to build those wondrous air castles that surely never materialize n the prosaic humdrum of the worka-day world. Foolish nonsense, you say, yet that is where the charm lies, just the luxury of dreaming them. And where better can these precious minutes be passed than in the garden, where the leaves rustle softly as the breeze tosses them to and fro, and the lengthening shadows across the green sward as the sun goes down, filling the garden with a strange and radiant glow, when imperfections are lost in the gathering dusk, and even the prosaic shrubbery seems a likely home for elves and faries?

Where Flowers Slumber. Let the idler, with flowers, fragrant breath for greeting, go softly across the grassy ways that lead between the roses. A magic door closes upon the world of work and strife. The hurry and hustle, the strain of everyday grind are things of the past-a far off echo of a bad dream. Everything is peace. The soft sighing of the wind, the gentle flutter of some petal as it falls from a full-blown flower, the fragrance-laden air, fills you with a contentment that is beyond words to express, a content that is born of peace and perfect sympathy with surroundings. This you saw is a dream that never comes true. The garden is like some delightful picture book. The turning of the first page is the most. entrancing, since all the others lie hidden, and even as the garden slumbers, so it will awake to give us greet-

Nowadays gardens are more or less methodical affairs, the flowers set in

with stately hollyhocks standing lowed to enter. It seems like the "Never, Never Land." With the Hollyhocks.

And what sweet suggestions there are of other days. Even a tiny fragrant tuft of heather recalls some loved incident, or the slender long stalk, bursting here and there with flaming hollyhocks, tall sentinels of the garden, stirs our brain to hosts of pleasant thoughts.

Dear old-fashioned garden, overrun with moss, where the lily of the valley is allowed to pursue its way unchallenged, and where wild plant life, such as a common weed, are held sacred by its owner, unmolested and welcome.

Close-nestling leaves and subtle-scented flowers. That deepen joy and soothe the sad dened hour, of strenuous life with summer showers

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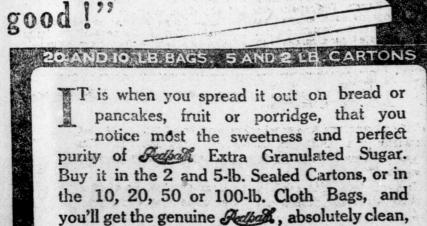
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