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230 YONGE STREET

AMERICAN GIRL HURT ABOARD THE SUSSEX

Other Citizens of United States Believed to Have Lost Lives.

(Continued From Page 1.)
from the admiralty this morning, between 90 and 100 passengers of the Sussex have been landed at Dover, and about 250 passengers and members of the crew in France.

Information Source.
The difficulties imposed by war conditions in communicating with English and cross-channel ports have made it impossible thus far to obtain accurate information regarding the circumstances of the sinking of the Sussex and the names and nationalities of the passengers. The greater part of the passengers is supposed to have been made up of continental. There were 270 women and children on the vessel. Two members of the crew are French.

American Girl Hurt.
Miss Baldwin, daughter of a prominent American resident of Paris, was injured seriously. Miss Baldwin's father and mother also were on board the vessel. All have been taken to Boulogne. In addition to other injuries, Miss Baldwin's leg was broken.

Engineer Killed.
The chief engineer was killed by the explosion and the purser was wounded seriously.

An American whose name is not known to survivors of the Baldwin family, close to the captain's bridge, when the explosion occurred. It has not been seen since that time and is supposed to have been lost.

The explosion occurred at about 3 p.m., when the Sussex was an hour and a half out of Folkestone. The wireless apparatus was destroyed and no help arrived until nearly midnight. Had it not been for the water-tight compartments, the Sussex would have sunk, and the loss of life would have been heavier.

The American referred to as J. M. Baldwin, undoubtedly is Prof. J. Mark Baldwin of Baltimore and Paris. Prof. Baldwin is an author and educator, and formerly occupied chairs in the faculties of Princeton University, Lake Forest (Illinois) University and the University of Toronto.

Edward Marshall, who has been connected with various American journals and news syndicates, in an editorial capacity and as European correspondent, has been in Europe for several months, engaged in the writing of war correspondence for newspapers in this country. He is a New Yorker.

LATER.
He—May I kiss you before I go?
She—Have you a cold?
He—No.
She—Or the grip?
He—No.
She—Have you a sanitary gauze with you?
He—Oh, yes.
She—And an antiseptic spray?
He—Surely.
She—Well, I suppose there must be passion—but don't muss my hair.

MARRIAGES.
MARTIN-GORDON—On Saturday, Mar. 18th, 1916, at St. James' Cathedral, Cora, youngest daughter of Mrs. Gordon and the late Mr. James Gordon, Pickering, Ont., to Pte. Geo. A. Martin, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Martin of Toronto, by Captain F. J. Moore, chaplain of the 83rd Battalion, C.E.F.

DEATHS.
HILAND—Suddenly, on March 24, William Hiland.
Funeral from his son's residence, 191 Grenadier road, Monday, 27th inst., to St. Vincent de Paul Church, thence to Mt. Hope Cemetery. (Private).

IN MEMORIAM.
MARKS—In loving memory of William Marks, a loving husband and father, who departed this life on March 26, 1915. (Inserted by his wife and family.)

Announcements

Notices of any character relating to future events, the purpose of which is the raising of money, inserted in the advertising columns at fifteen cents a line. Announcements for churches, societies, clubs or other organizations of future events, where the purpose is not the raising of money, may be inserted in this column at two cents a word, with a minimum of fifty cents for each insertion.

THE CANADIAN SERBIAN RELIEF COMMITTEE, which is incorporated (Montenegrin Relief), has received up to date \$377.27, of which \$232.20 has been sent to the British committee in London. Over 20 large cases of clothing have been despatched, and a large quantity of clothing is now ready for shipment. The donations have been so numerous that it is impossible to give a detailed list; the committee must, therefore, give a general word of thanks to express their appreciation of the generosity shown. There is still urgent need of more funds to help this worthy cause. Subscriptions may be sent to the treasurer of the Toronto local committee, Mr. R. D. Richardson, 108 St. Clair West, or to Mrs. L. D. E. Richardson, 4 Wellington East.

THE NEXT MEETING of the Club for the study of Social Science will take place at the Margaret Eaton Hall, on Monday, March 27, at 8 p.m. The members will be addressed by Miss Belle, daughter of the Soldiers' Commission, M. Meule d'Aubigne, on "Social Service in France Through Peace and War," and will show illuminated views of war conditions in France today.

ON TUESDAY EVENING, 28th inst., Mrs. F. J. (Dr.) Shierovoy, is giving the promise to be a very delightful musical entertainment, including a piano recital assisted by a pupil of Mrs. Frank E. Blachford, on April 8, at Conservatory Music Hall, at Conservatory.

GERMANS MAKE CLAIM OF HOLDING GROUND

Claim That Russian Attack Broke Down With Heavy Loss.
BERLIN, March 25.—(Via London).—The text of the official statement is as follows:
"Western Theatre: There have been no actual changes in the situation since yesterday. In the Meuse district artillery duels were especially lively and in the course of these engagements Verdun was set on fire.
"Eastern Theatre: West of Jacobstadt the Russians again opened an attack after having brought forward fresh Siberian troops and after strong artillery preparation had been made. The attack broke down with heavy losses to the Russians.
"Minor enemy advances southwest of Jacobstadt and southwest of Dvinsk were easily repulsed. All the enemy's efforts, even those repeated during the night against our front north of Viday, were completely unsuccessful.
"Further to the south, in the region of the Narocz Lakes the enemy yesterday limited his activity to artillery bombardments.
"Balkan theatre: During a renewed aeroplane attack one enemy machine was brought down after an aerial battle between the enemy lines and our positions. It was there destroyed by artillery."

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NEW SERIES OF CANADIAN STORIES

No. 2—"THE GHOST HUNT"

By BESSIE F. WALLACE

ARTHUR CARSON raised his eyes from his half-packed box and looked enquiringly about his room. His narrowed gaze fell on a small black cabinet in a corner and measured it speculatively. "Perhaps I'd better put it in," he mused, "tho I don't suppose I'll ever need it."

He lifted the cabinet and fitted it snugly into the trunk, little dreaming of the occasion when he should next use its contents. Carson was a typical younger son of a prosperous English family. His elder brother would inherit the broad Carson acres, but his father had died more intelligently with him than some English squires had with their younger sons.

Instead of sending him out with a smattering of general education, Carson, his father had insisted, "Get your doctor's degree first, then you will have a profession on which to depend, no matter what happens. Afterwards you can seek your adventures, if you still so desire."

Now, that he had won his M.D. degree, Arthur still desired. The letters from his old pal, Nelson, only added to his enthusiasm, even when they told of the experiences, that he, as a tenderfoot, had been obliged to undergo. Nelson certainly had not made anything brilliant of his career. He was not over-ambitious, it is true, nor was he especially equipped for any particular business. Consistent of a few years' travel and having a good time, he had been content to settle down for the time being at a humble position in charge of the freight sheds in a small mining camp near the Rockies.

When Arthur wrote telling Nelson of his intention to join him, Charlie had been delighted, but while urging his friend to come had sounded a warning note. "If you want to earn respect as a tenderfoot," he wrote, "do not come to anybody's apron-strings. I'll be at the station, of course, but you must never have any man before you start acquaintance. I won't see you stuck, of course, but you must appear to stand on your own feet. There will be some hazing ahead of you, but I know you will be glad for it."

At the Mining Camp.
When the westbound transcontinental train stopped at the mining camp a few weeks later, a young Englishman alighted dressed in a very fashionable, loud-checked tweed suit. Arthur was particularly fond of that check.

Arthur had had a second suit made of the same pattern. "I might not be able to get anything like it out there, you know," he reasoned. And perhaps he was quite correct.

The half-dozen stragglers around the table stepped and nudged each other as they sized up that suit and what was in it. Further up the track, a young man dressed in blue dandy overalls was superintending the unloading of a freight car. He had a long whistle of consternation.

"Thought he'd have had some sense. Should have warned him, but I thought he'd know better than to carry your bags. Buck in and trot them over to Ike's yourself. You stand to get shot up if you don't do in Rome as Romans do."

"Thanks, awfully," answered Art, as a group of rough looking miners drew near. Arthur leisurely lit a cigar and passed his well-filled clear-cut case around among the curious men. "Well, here is the moon, now," Job Wilson gave a startled look and exclaimed, "That's so! where is it? It must be nearly time for a new moon."

Lank Tom O'Hara took the almanac from the moon at the end of the chimney shelf and studied it carefully. "There's a new moon tomorrow night," he announced impressively. "Time we were getting ready then. Better get your rifles in good shape, boys."

"What's all the excitement about the moon?" asked Carson, looking up from the book he was perusing. "Why it is time for the White Horseman to pass. Haven't you heard of him?" asked one of the miners with a shiver.

"Never met the gentleman. Who is he?" asked Carson, with evident interest. "Why I dunno as we can tell you just who he is. Some say he is a ghost. Anyway, he passes just north of here twice a year, always at the new moon. He is dressed in white and rides a white horse and goes like the wind. If anyone can succeed in shooting at him as he passes, and scaring him off, he brings good luck to the camp for a full year, especially for the man that scares him. If he gets by, we have had luck. Why, the first time Job there ever struck pay dirt was just after he scared the white rider."

Once he got by, right past Tim Harrison, and the very next week Tim took sick and had to go to the hospital. He never came back. Well, boys," he addressed the sombre-faced group of miners, "we'll have to be up all night tomorrow, so it's early to bed tonight. Hunt up all the old horse-shoes you can hang over the doors. Then turning to Arthur again he asked,

them, in spite of their prejudices. It was Nelson who later suggested, "Perhaps the stranger could give us a song."

Arthur understood the suggestion and his rich baritone voice soon filled the room. It was such a treat as the miners had seldom enjoyed. In spite of that checked suit, Arthur was making good with his companions.

He spent several days exploring the mines and the surrounding country. His clothes and his inexperience were the target of much sarcasm and some practical jokes, but his unflinching good humor saved him from much of the rough play the tenderfoot usually receives.

And so Arthur's first days in the camp passed without important incident. One morning, on one of his excursions thru the country, he came across a little shack hidden in a group of trees, half-way up a hill-side. This, he knew, must be the home of old Dan McClure, who had a reputation among the miners as having a particularly vile temper and was consequently shunned by them.

As curiosity drew Carson nearer he heard groans, and, looking inside the door, saw the old man lying on the floor. At first Dan angrily resented any interference, but, finally, explained he had been repairing a leak in the roof of his shack and had fallen, his leg, Arthur helped him on to his bed and upon examination found the old man had broken his leg. His medical training enabled him to quickly set the broken bone, which was not badly fractured. He warned old Dan he would have to lie still for several days and suggested he get someone to wait on him. The old man refused absolutely, saying he could manage himself, but the doctor would use a few ounces of brandy and a pitcher of water within reach.

Carson Put on His Guard.
Carson did not mention this experience at the camp, but, thereafter went twice a day to see that his patient was properly fed and made comfortable.

Old Dan took a great fancy to Carson. One day he asked him, "Have they taken the tenderfoot to hunt for the White Horseman yet?"

Arthur admitted that he had not yet had that pleasure. "Oh, you'll have it soon enough," chuckled old Dan. "But I am going to put you wise, for they are sure to try it on you sooner or later. First they will tell you yarns about a mysterious horseman that is supposed to be the spirit of the first white miner in this region. He is said to pass a few miles beyond the camp, and he has to be shot at and frightened away when he passes, if he is not frightened away the camp has bad luck."

Then they all plan to go out to hunt for him. Take position about a mile apart. The tenderfoot's place is always at the top of this hill; they always choose this hill because there is a long roundabout road to the top of it, while it is really quite near the camp when you know the short cut. On the way they will try to scare you by telling you ridiculous yarns about the horseman and how fierce the timber-wolves are. They will stand you at the top of the hill and light a big bonfire to frighten off the wolves. Then they will pretend that they are going to shoot you. They will then say it's funny how often the tenderfoot falls for that yarn. Of course the others all go home and leave him to spend the cold, lonely night there, with the wolves often barking in the distance. They leave a gun with him, of course, for sometimes a wolf does venture near, but not often."

That very night as the men sat around Ike's saloon, "Long" Bill Smith suddenly looked "By the way, where is the moon, now?" Job Wilson gave a startled look and exclaimed, "That's so! where is it? It must be nearly time for a new moon."

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"What do you say, Carson? Will you come?"

"Thanks, awfully," answered Arthur innocently, "I'd love to have a good night's sport."

That night as Arthur prepared for bed, he grinned. "So they are going to teach me ghost-hunting are they? All right, I'll be ready for them."

Then as he looked in his box for a fresh suit of pyjamas, his eyes fell on the black cabinet he had placed there before leaving England. An idea occurred to him, and he chuckled slyly to himself.

Next morning Arthur went early to see old Dan. Before going he secured a small empty can, which he put in his pocket. He carried a small bundle with him, also his gun, as he intended to do some shooting. "Well, Dan," he greeted his patient, "we are going ghost-hunting to night."

"I thought they would be after you before long," nodded the old man. "Well, when they leave you up there, as soon as they are out of sight, you come back and spend the night here."

"Maybe it will; we'll see. In the meantime I am going to leave this parcel under your bed," and shoving the parcel under the cot, Carson picked up his rifle and went out.

He succeeded in bagging a couple of partridge. As each bird fell he quickly secured it, cut its throat, and, taking the empty can from his pocket secured its blood. Then he carefully covered the can and put it back in his pocket.

That afternoon he went to his room, and, taking the black cabinet from his box, looked thoughtfully at its contents. He chose several pieces from it and wrapped them up carefully.

This parcel he carried up to old Dan's and left beside the other under the bed.

Start to Find the Ghost.
It was drawing toward midnight when the hunting party left Ike's saloon. The road chosen was long and circuitous, and if Carson had not been warned, he would not have realized that it led to a point only a couple of miles from the camp. But Nelson couldn't. "I don't mind being alone. I'll just smoke a pipe while I'm waiting."

"We're letting you stay here," explained Long Bill, because it is nearest the camp. "That's all right, boys," Arthur assured them cheerfully. "I don't mind being alone. I'll just smoke a pipe while I'm waiting."

And so they left him. Nelson had made several ineffectual attempts to speak privately to Carson, but it seemed to him that the latter was purposely avoiding him.

Left alone, Arthur stretched himself out by the fire and smoked his pipe till he felt sure that everyone was out of sight and hearing. Then he got up and made his way leisurely down the hill to old Dan's shack. Dan was expecting him, but was surprised when Arthur explained that he had just come after his parcels and was going back up the hill again.

About an hour later, as a number of the hunting party were preparing for bed, they thought they heard two or three rifle shots being fired in the distance. They went outside to listen, but all was quiet and they went jubilantly to bed, feeling that they had succeeded in "putting one over" on the tenderfoot.

When by breakfast time the following morning Arthur Carson had returned, the men were surprised tinged with uneasiness that there was still no sign of him. They began to recall the shots they had heard fired during the night and a search party was hurriedly organized and started for the top of the hill.

A gruesome sight awaited them. Beside the burned-out ashes of the bonfire were scattered bones in all sections of human bones, but the ground was much trampled and a checked garment—undoubtedly Carson's coat—was torn to pieces and stained with blood. In an inner pocket of the lining there still remained a letter addressed to him. A pair of boots lay close by and rags of clothing were strewn all about. An empty rifle lay near, its walnut stock gnawed and splintered as though by the teeth of an animal.

Horror-stricken the searchers gathered the bones together. Some were missing, including the right arm and hand. On a finger bone of the left hand, Carson's signet ring still rattled.

As they gazed down at the ghastly collection the miners did not stop to ponder how human bones could become so bleached and dry in so short a time. But they knew little of physiology. Nelson, alone, puzzled over it, and as he gazed he became conscious of a slight sense of relief. But if he had any theory he said nothing of it.

Carefully the bones were wrapped in the torn coat, and sorrowfully brought back to camp. Mournfully the men discussed the tragic ending of their night's sport, and with heavy hearts, planned for the burial of all that remained of poor Carson. There was no church or minister near. Neither was there a cemetery. Only one death, when old Pete Harrison had passed out, ever taken place at the camp. Pete's son had taken his father's

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SANITARY WASHED WIPING RAGS AND CHEESE CLOTH. E. PULLAN 3-6-7 20 Maud St. Ad. 780

The others nodded. Breakfast was eaten in silence. "We'll have to tell the boys." The boys were told. Some were doubtful about the reality of a ghost, but none could doubt the sincerity of the three men who claimed to have seen it.

"We'd better send down to the city for a decent coffin. If we telegraphed right away it will come up this afternoon," suggested one. "We'll have to write to his people," said Babe. "Nelson will do that."

So it was agreed. The coffin came. The bones were lifted from their temporary grave and placed in

(Continued on Page 7, Column 3)

Pig Tin, Pig Lead Ingot Copper Bertha Spelter Antimony, Aluminum Prompt Delivery Canada Metal Co. LIMITED FRASER AVENUE, TORONTO