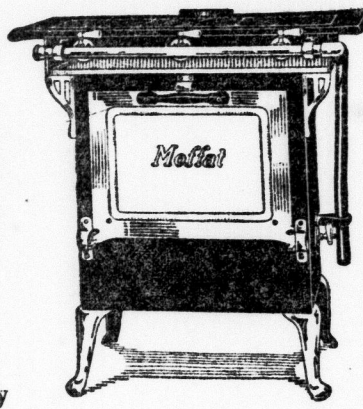


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RANGES
\$20.00
AND
UP
Convenient
Payments
\$4.00 Down
\$4.00 Monthly



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COOK
WITH
GAS

WITH EVERY
CABINET GAS RANGE

A Dressed
Turkey

WITH EVERY
FOUR-BURNER RANGE

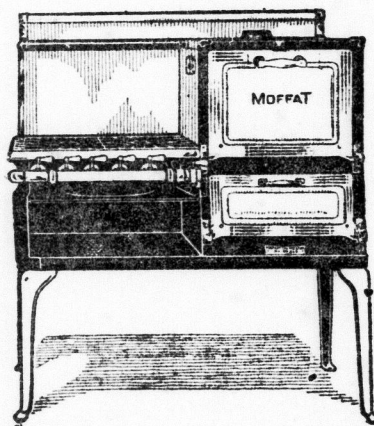
A Dressed
Goose

WITH EVERY
THREE-BURNER RANGE

A Dressed
Chicken

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Gas Range.



Our Free
Turkey, Geese
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Continues until Friday. Come in and get suggestion from this expert demonstrator.

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FARMERS PROTEST LIGHT LAW FOR ALL VEHICLES IN COUNTY

Middlesex Council Refers Matter To Good Roads Committee—
Ontario Motor League, Halton County, Ask For
Action in Matter.

Communication both for and against a bylaw, making it compulsory for horse-drawn vehicles to carry lights at night on county roads, were read at the meeting of the county council yesterday afternoon. All the letters were referred to the good roads committee for action.

Halton county council, the Ontario Motor League, and the London Motor club each asked the Middlesex Council to take some action to secure a province-wide law, making the carrying of lights on wagons, implements and buggies compulsory.

Several letters were read from farmers of the county, protesting against the passing of any such bylaw. One farmer characterized the move as "one sponsored by city speed demons who were in a hell of a hurry to get no place, yelling as they went along, 'let the hay-seeds take care of themselves.'"

Caradoc U. F. O. club went on record before the council as opposed to a bylaw, making the carrying of lights necessary. "If reasonable care is exercised," read the letter, "lights will not be necessary. Most farmers are auto drivers, and it will be a hardship to them to have to provide lights for vehicles they seldom use."

A report of a special meeting of the house of refuge committee held in Strathroy on September 2 was read, and the report recommended the payment of bills for the third quarter amounting to \$1,858.44.

All the councillors were present excepting to look in Mr. McPherson presided over the afternoon session.

The Dream Detective

By SAX ROHMER

"No, no," said Isis, but smiled enchantingly. "No hand but mine must touch it until my father has secured his impression."

She laid the coat upon the chair, completely covering it, and Moris Klaw sat down. "Another cup of coffee," he said, and his daughter poured one out and handed it to him. "This is Java coffee and not coffee at all. There is no English will never learn. Return in an hour, gentlemen. Isis, ask that no disturbing sound is allowed within or without. That committee, it can go home. None of it has the diamond."

"And the other gentlemen?" asked Grimby. "They'll be anxious to get about their business, too. There's Sir John Carron from the India office, and Mr. Gaultani, Chinje—the Gaekwar's representative."

"Of course—certainly," mused Moris Klaw. "But, of course, too, they will all be anxious to know immediately the result of my inquiries. Listen—Mr. Anderson will remain; he can represent the city. Mr. Chinje, you will perhaps ask him to remain, to represent."

"Grimby, he might be so good. Make those arrangements, Mr. Grimby, and let nothing again disturb me."

We left him, returning to the outer office. Sir John Carron expressed himself willing to remain.

"If I may use your telephone for a moment, Mr. Anderson," he said. "I can put off an engagement."

Mr. Chinje had no other engagement, and Mr. Anderson's duties had detained him in any event. There was some general, but subdued, conversation before the rest of the party left; but finally Sir John, Chinje, Grimby, Isis Klaw, and myself found ourselves in a waiting-room on the opposite side of the corridor, provided with refreshments, cigars, and the hospitable and deeply anxious Messrs. Anderson pilled the table with periodical literature for our entertainment.

It was a curious interlude, which I shall always remember. Sir John Carron, a tall, bronzed military man, middle-aged and perfectly groomed, surveyed Isis Klaw through his monocle with undisguised admiration. She bore this scrutiny with the perfect composure which was hers, and the presently engaged the admiring baronet in some conversation about India, in which Mr. Chinje presently joined.

Chinje had all the quiet self-possession of a high-caste Hindu, and his dark handsome face exhibited no signs of annoyance when Sir John adopted that tone of breezy patronage characteristic of some Anglo-Indian officers who find themselves in the company of a well-bred native. Grimby, with recognition of his social inferiority written large upon him, smoked, for the most

Had 43 Boils And Carbuncles At One Time

Mr. Cland Melanson, Castleford, Ont., writes:—"In regard to your remedies I have to say that B.B.B. was the only medicine I could get to relieve me of my boils and carbuncles. I had forty-three at one time, and my doctor told me to take

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of the Gaekwar of Nizam?" Chinje and Sir John stared. "At the office—possibly," replied Sir John.

"I have my instructions, signed by him," said Mr. Chinje. "But not here."

"At your hotel, yes?" "Yes," replied Chinje, shortly. He gave me the impression that he resented Moris Klaw's exclaiming as that of a fool and an incompetent mediator with affairs of great importance.

"Then, gentlemen," said Klaw, "we must adjourn to examine that signature."

"Really," the younger Mr. Anderson burst out, "I must protest against this. You will pardon me, Mr. Klaw; I believe you to be sincere in your efforts on our behalf, but such an expedition can be no more than a wild goose chase. What can the Gaekwar's signature have to do with the theft of the diamond?"

"I will tell you something my feverish friend," said Moris Klaw, slowly. "The Blue Rajah is not on these premises. It is gone. It went before I came. If it is ever to come back you will put on your hat and accompany me to examine the signature to Mr. Chinje's instructions."

"I must add my protest to Mr. Anderson's," remarked Chinje. "This is mere waste of time."

"Mr. Grimby," resumed Klaw, placidly, "it is a case to be hushed up, this. There must be no arrests."

"Sir John Carron will ring up the commissioner and he will say that Detective Inspector Grimby has traced the Blue Rajah, which was stolen from that, for reasons of state, Detective Inspector Grimby will make a confidential report and no arrest."

"Really—" began Sir John. "Mr. Klaw," cried Anderson interrupting excitedly. "You are jesting with men who are faced by a desperate position. I ask you, as man to man, if you know who stole the Blue Rajah and where it is?"

"I reply," mumbled Moris Klaw, "that I suspect who stole it, that I am doubtful how it was stolen, and that when I have examined the Gaekwar's signature I may know where it is."

His reply had a tone of finality quite unanswerable. His attitude was that of a stone wall, and he had, too, something of the rugged strength of such a wall—of a Roman wall, commanding respect.

Sir John got into communication with the commissioner, as desired by Klaw, and we all left the office and went down in the lift to the hall.

"Two cabs will be needed," said Moris Klaw, and two cabs were summoned.

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RELIABLE AS THE SUN!

MAGIC BAKING POWDER

Made in Canada
No Alum!

Moris Klaw entered one; Isis Klaw, Grimby, Chinje, and I the other.

"The Hotel Astoria," directed Chinje. Throughout the drive to the Strand, Isis chatted to Grimby, to his great delight. Mr. Chinje contented himself with monosyllabic replies to my occasional observations. He seemed to be disgusted with the manner in which the inquiry was being conducted. When the two cabs drove into the court yard of the hotel, the one in which I was seated followed the other. Mr. Chinje, upon my left, descended first, and Moris Klaw also descended first from the cab in front. As he did so he stumbled on the step and clutched at Chinje for support. Isis leapt forward to his assistance.

"Ah," growled Klaw, hobbling painfully, and resting one hand upon Chinje's shoulder and the other upon his daughter's. "That foolish ankle of mine. How unfortunate. An accident. Mr. Chinje, which I met with in Egypt, I fell quite twenty feet in the shaft of a tomb and broke my ankle. At the least strain, I suffer yet."

"Allow me, Mr. Chinje," said Grimby, stepping forward. "No, no!" rumbled Klaw. "If you will hand me my hat which I have dropped, and see that my verbera has not fallen out—thank you—Mr. Chinje and Isis will be so good as to walk with me to the lift. A few moments' rest in Mr. Chinje's apartments will restore me."

This arrangement accordingly was adopted, and we presently came to the rooms occupied by the Gaekwar's representative, upon the fourth floor of the hotel. At the door, Mr. Chinje asked me to take his place whilst he found his key.

I did so and Chinje opened the door. To my great surprise he entered first. To my greater surprise, Moris Klaw, scornful of my assistance and apparently forgetting his injury, rapidly followed him in. The rest of us flocked behind, possessed with a sense of something impending. We little knew what impended.

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CONTINUED TOMORROW.

Child Perishes In Toronto Fire

Three Others Rescued
Mother When Stove
Explodes.

Toronto, Dec. 7.—Three small children were rescued from flames by their mother, but two-year-old George Haddock was burned to death when a stove fire in the lower floor of the home of Mrs. Haddock on Sackville street day.

The mother and a nine-year-old stepson are in a serious condition at St. Michael's hospital, suffering from burns.

Mrs. Haddock was unable to save baby, who was on a couch near the stove.

A second infant was carried out from the burning house by its seven-year-old brother.

Chief Coroner Dr. Graham is investigating the circumstances.

Gloves—

Whether he seeks Dress Gloves or Gauntlet Gloves for motoring, here's a fine selection; very special **\$1.75, \$2.50, \$3.50**



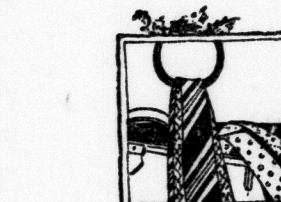
Bathrobes—

Here's a gift that he will find every day use for; a complete selection offered at only **\$9 to \$15**



Pullovers—

Every young man and youth will want one; in plain colors and fair isle patterns; at **\$3.50 to \$5.50**



Neckwear—

Here are pure silks, cut full-fashioned and offered in the season's newest patterns; **75c, 95c, \$1.50**

Suspenders—

Shown in a variety of patterns with the silk web; special at **50c to \$1.00**

Mufflers—

Variety enough for every purchaser—silk ones, wool ones and plaid ones; special at **\$2.50, \$3.50 to \$6**

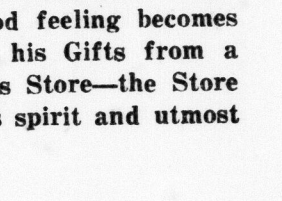
Pyjamas—

Presenting an excellent selection of madras, percale and soisette Pyjamas at **\$2.50 to \$3.50**



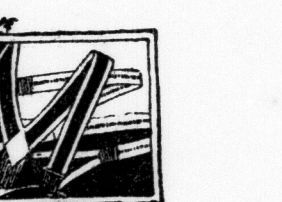
Underwear—

Presented in weights and materials suitable for present wear; unusual values at **\$1.75 to \$5.00**



Caps—

Offering an extensive selection of one and eight-piece caps; at the season's newest; at **\$2.00 to \$3.00**



Mufflers—

Variety enough for every purchaser—silk ones, wool ones and plaid ones; special at **\$2.50, \$3.50 to \$6**

Suspenders—

Shown in a variety of patterns with the silk web; special at **50c to \$1.00**

Mufflers—

Variety enough for every purchaser—silk ones, wool ones and plaid ones; special at **\$2.50, \$3.50 to \$6**

Gifts That Keep "Him" Happy Always!

CHRISTMAS—it's the glad time when every heart is thrilled—when the spirit of good feeling becomes boundless. Buy his Gifts from a Man's Store—this Store—the Store of the Christmas spirit and utmost values.

OAK HALL

156 DUNDAS STREET

THANK YOU!

I wish to express my sincere thanks to the men and women of London for the support accorded me at the polls yesterday and my appreciation for the splendid efforts of those who assisted me during the election campaign.

JOHN M. MOORE