

HAVE US ALL FOR SHOES

ne 369A and we will
and deliver your
me day if required.

rn Shoe Repair
S. WADE
of Street East.

LEGAL.

K. A. CAMPBELL, B.
Solicitor, Notary Public,
conveyancer. Money to lend
at low rates. Collections prompt.
Office over the
office, Ingersoll.

MEDICAL.

HARMID, B.Sc., M.D., C.
L.L.M.C.C. Licentiate of
Ontario Medical Council
over old Royal Bank,
Ingersoll, and King, Office
p. 11 a.m., 1 to 3 and 7 to
p. 11 a.m., 2 to 4 p.m. Phone
No. 8; House, 316A.

MacDONALD, HONOR.
medicine, late House Surgeon
at his new office, King
Street, Office hours 9 to 10.30
a.m., 4 and 7 to 8.30 p.m.
Ing. 360, Ing. Phone 367.

PHYSICIAN & OSTEOPATHY.

BEST, GRADUATE DRUG-
ician. Specialist in nervous
and diseases peculiar
to the office and residence
Office hours 9-11 a.m.
and 6-7.30 p.m., Ing. phone

DENT.

KAY, L.D.S., D.D.S., D.M.
noticed in all his branches
attention paid to children
Office Royal Bank Building,
Ingersoll, Phone 1601.

MURRAY, L.D.S., D.D.S.,
removed to Dr. O'Leary's
ing St. West, phone
Bell 1981, Res.
all 1981.

DWORTH, DENTIST, 36
a. 9 to 12 a.m., and 1 to 4
ing by appointment. Office
et west, opposite the town
ons 221A.

SOCIETIES.

ORDER OF FORESTERS
Marquis of Lorne, No. 418
t and 3rd Thursday, Jan.
C.R.; E. H. Albrington.

ouse Circle, No. 125, Com-
of the Forest, meets on
r. Mrs. Wm. McCrea, C.O.
McKinnon, Secy.
John, No. 34, Juvenile
d Thursday, Wm. Ward, W.
G. Henderson, Secy.
meet in the I.O.O.F. Hall
oor I.O.O.F. Block.

ORDER UNITED WORK-
k Lodge, No. 130, Ingersoll
n the second floor, I.O.O.
k on the second and last
venings of each month.
Visiting brethren always
Robt. McMillan, P.
Workman; Douglas Ferguson;
Hugh Moon, Financial;
bson, Recorder.

EN ORDER OF FORESTERS
xford, No. 176, meets on
oor of the I.O.O.F. Hall on
nd fourth Tuesdays of
nth at eight o'clock p.m.
are accepted between the
15 and 35 years. Visiting
always welcome. Fur-
iculars can be had from
ers of the Court, A. H.
Chief Ranger; W. H. Byer-
Secy.; Wm. English, Fin.
N. Thurlill, Treasurer; Dr.
ornish, Physician; F. M.
Organizer.

AUCTIONEER.

ADY, CEMETERY ROAD,
icensed auctioneer for
of Oxford and Middlesex.
ales a specialty. Ingersoll
8, terms moderate. Office
Ingersoll Inn, King Street

OLUTE INSURANCE
and most reliable Fire In-
mpenies represented by
CUTHBERTSON
adian Express Office

RAILWAY TIME TABLE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY GOING WEST

*Detroit & Chicago Express 6.37 a.m.
*Accommodation 10.22 a.m.
Chicago Express 10.37 a.m.
Detroit & Chicago Express 10.51 a.m.
Toronto & London 2.57 p.m.
Buffalo to Chicago 7.47 p.m.
*International Limited 8.34 p.m.
*Mail 8.56 p.m.

GOING EAST

New York Express 12.57 a.m.
Buffalo & New York Exp. 6.30 a.m.
*Mail 8.03 a.m.
*Ontario Limited 9.30 a.m.
Toronto & Buffalo Ex. 12.10 p.m.
*Day Express 2.51 p.m.
New York Express 4.56 p.m.
Eastern Flyer 7.36 p.m.
*Run daily except Sunday.

*Does Not stop at Ingersoll only to
let passengers off from Buffalo and
east thereof.
*Stops at Ingersoll only to let pas-
sengers off from Kingston and East
thereof.

A. Macaulay, Town Agent.

F. N. Burke, Station Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Going East 4.52 a.m.
Going East 5.25 p.m.
Going West 11.03 a.m.
Going West 7.33 p.m.
Ar. from Pt. Burwell 8.10 a.m.
Ar. from Pt. Burwell 6.15 p.m.
Going South 11.10 a.m.
Going South 7.40 p.m.

INGERSOLL NORTH

Arrive 8.55 a.m.
Depart 9.55 a.m.
Arrive 5.50 p.m.
Depart 7.00 p.m.

Jas. Enright, Station Agent.

Geo. Sutherland, Town Agent.

INGERSOLL POST OFFICE.

The following are the hours of de-
parture of mails from Ingersoll Post
Office

G. T. R. Going East.

8.03 a.m. mail closes here at 7.30 a.m.
2.37 p.m. mail closes here at 2 p.m.
12.56 p.m. mail closes here at 12.15 p.m.
All trains daily except Sunday.

Going West.

10.32 a.m. mail closes here at 9.40 a.m.
9.55 p.m. mail closes here at 8.30 p.m.

Mails C. P. R.

11.04 a.m. mail closes here 10.30 a.m.
Going East.

5.30 p.m. mail closes here at 4.56 p.m.

Stages.

Bayham-Arrives 9.30 a.m.; closes
10.30 a.m.
All Rural Routes close here at 10.30
a.m. They comprise Routes Nos. 1,
2, 3, 4, and 5.

Registered mail matter closes 20
minutes earlier than ordinary matter.
English Mails.

First boat sails via New York on
Wednesday. Mail closes here at 8.30
p.m. Monday.

Second boat sails via Canadian line
Saturday. Mail closes here at 2.15
p.m. Thursday. Sails from Halifax.

Third boat sails via New York on
Saturday. Mail closes here Thursday
at 8.30 p.m.

* A WANT AD. THOUGHT
FOR TO-DAY.

* Want advertising, when used
* in a business way, is the sil-
* ent salesman that tells the
* public what the advertiser
* wants them to know. It is also
* an insurance policy against
* them forgetting. A frequent in-
* jection of advertising stimulat-
* es the heart of business.

Are You In Business For Business?

If you had an opportunity
of addressing 1,000 people in a
hall with the privilege of
delivering an address on your
business and the wares you
sell, you would be apt to
make that address as inter-
esting as possible, so that
your hearers would listen
and you could profit by it. It
is just the same with an ad-
vertisement in The Chronicle
You have the privilege of
talking every day to hun-
dreds of people and if you are
selling honest goods and tell
the people about them in a
straightforward manner you
cannot avoid reaping a bene-
fit. But bear in mind that
no man can get out as good
an advertisement for your
business as you can. You
know all the little details,
the goods you bought at a
bargain, and all that.

The BLACK BOX by E. Phillips Oppenheim

Novelized from the Photo Play of the Same Name. Produced by the Universal
Film Manufacturing Company.

SYNOPSIS.

Sanford Quest, master criminologist of
the world, finds that in bringing to jus-
tice Macdonald, the murderer of Lord
Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just be-
gun a life-and-death struggle with mys-
terious master criminal. In a hidden but
terrible mansion, a skeleton of a
living inhuman creature, half monkey,
half man, dressed by a pair of black boots
have appeared from a dark hole in the
wall. In his room, the professor finds
a collection of threatening notes, signed
by a pair of armless hands. Laura and
Lenora, his assistants, suspect Craig,
der. The black boxes continue to appear
in Quest's room. Craig is trapped by
Quest but escapes to England, where
Quest, Lenora and the professor follow
him. Lord Ashleigh is murdered by the
and rescues. Craig is captured and es-
capes to Port Said.

TENTH INSTALLMENT

CHAPTER XXII.

THE SHIP OF HORROR.

Quest leaned a little forward and
gazed down the line of steamer chairs.
The professor, in a borrowed overcoat
and cap, was reclining at full length,
studying a book on seagulls which he
had found in the library. Laura and
Lenora were both dozing tranquilly.
Mr. Harris of Scotland Yard was deep
in a volume of detective stories.
"As a pleasure cruise," Quest re-
marked grimly, "this little excursion
seems to be a complete success."

Laura opened her eyes at once.
"Trying to get my goat again, eh?"
she retorted. "I suppose that's what
you're after. Going to tell me, I sup-
pose, that it wasn't Craig I saw aboard
this steamer?"

"We are all liable to make mis-
takes," Quest observed, "and I am in-
clined to believe that this is one of
yours."

Laura's expression was a little dog-
ged.
"If he's too clever for you and Mr.
Harris," she said, "I can't help that.
I only know that he came on board.
My eyes are the one thing in life I do
believe."

"If you'll excuse me saying so, Miss
Laura," Harris ventured, leaning def-
erentially towards her, "there isn't a
passenger on board this ship, or a ser-
vant, or one of the crew, whom we
haven't seen. We've been into every
stateroom, and we've even searched
the hold. We've been over the ship,
backwards and forwards. The cap-
tain's own steward has been our guide,
and we've conducted an extra search
on our own account. Personally, I
must say I have come to the same
conclusion as Mr. Quest. At the present
moment there is no such person as
the man we are looking for on board
this steamer."

"Then he either changed into an-
other one," Laura declared obstinate-
ly, "or else he jumped overboard."

"Come on, Harris, you and I prom-
ised to report to the captain this
morning. I don't suppose he'll be any
too pleased with us. Let's get through
with it."

The two men walked down the deck
together. They found the captain
alone in his room, with a chart spread
out in front of him and a pair of com-
passes in his hand. He turned round
and greeted them.

"Well?"

"No luck, sir," Quest announced.
"Your steward has given us every as-
sistance possible and we have
searched the ship thoroughly. Un-
less he has found a hiding place un-
known to your steward, and not appar-
ent to us, the man is not on board."

"The captain frowned slightly.
"You are not suggesting that this is
possible, I suppose?"

"Quest did not at once reply. He
was thinking of Laura's obstinacy.
"Personally," he admitted, "I should
not have believed it possible. The
young lady of our party, however, who
declares that she saw Craig board the
steamer, is quite immovable."

"Brown," said the captain, turning
to the steward, "I understand that you
say that you have taken these gentle-
men into every corner of the ship, that
you have ransacked every possible
hiding place, that you have given them
every possible opportunity of search-
ing for themselves?"

"That is quite true, sir," the man
acknowledged.

"You agree with me that it is im-
possible for anyone to remain hidden
in this ship?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"You hear, gentlemen?" the captain
continued. "I really can do no more.
What the mischief are you hanging
about for, Brown?" he asked, turning
to the steward, who was standing by
with a carpet-sweeper in his hand.

"Room wants cleaning out badly,
sir."

The captain glanced distastefully at
the carpet-sweeper.
"Do it when I am at dinner, then,"
he ordered, "and take that damned
thing away."

The steward obeyed promptly. Quest
and Harris followed him down the
deck.

"Queer-looking fellow, that," the lat-
ter remarked. "Doesn't seem quite at
his ease, does he?"

"Seemed a trifle overanxious, I

thought when he was showing us
round the ship," Quest agreed.

"Mem," Harris murmured, softly,
"as the gentleman who wrote the vol-
ume of detective stories I am reading
puts it, to keep our eye on
Brown."

The captain, who was down to din-
ner unusually early, rose to welcome
Quest's little party, and himself ar-
ranged the seats.

They settled down into the places
arranged for them.

An elderly lady, dressed in some-
what oppressive black, with a big
cameo brooch at her throat and a
black satin bag in her hand, was being
shown by the steward to a seat by
Quest's side. She acknowledged the
captain's greeting acdly.

"Good evening, captain," she said, "I
understood from the second steward
that the seat on your right hand would
be reserved for me. I am Mrs. Fos-
ton Rowe."

The captain received the announce-
ment calmly.

"Very pleased to have you at the
table, madam," he replied, "as to the
seating, I leave that entirely to the
steward. I never interfere myself."

Laura pinched his arm, and Lenora
glanced away to hide a smile. Mrs.
Foston Rowe studied the menu disap-
provingly.

"Hors d'oeuvres," she declared, "I
never touch. No one knows how long
they've been opened. Bouillon—I will
have some bouillon, steward."

"In one moment, madam."

The professor came ambling along
towards the table.

"I fear that I am a few moments
late," he remarked, as he took the
chair next to Mrs. Foston Rowe. I of-
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"Doctor," he said, "I happen to have
my chemical chest with me, and some
special testing tubes. If you'll allow
me, I'd like to examine this cup of
bouillon. You might come round, too,
if you will."

The captain nodded.
"I'd better stay here for a time," he
decided. "I'll follow you presently."

The service of dinner was resumed.
Laura, however, sent plate after plate
away. The captain watched her anx-
iously.

"I can't help it," she explained. "I
don't know whether you've had any
talk with Mr. Quest, but we've been
through some queer times lately. I
guess this death business is getting
on my nerves."

The captain was startled.
"You don't for a moment connect
Mrs. Foston Rowe's death with the
criminal you are in search of?" he
exclaimed.

Laura sat quite still for a moment.
"I was offered first to
Mr. Quest," she murmured.

The captain called his steward.

"Where did you get the bouillon
from you served—that last cup, espe-
cially?" he asked.

"From the pantry just as usual,
sir," the man answered. "It was all
served out from the same cordon."

"Any chance of anyone getting at
it?"

"Quite impossible, sir."

In Quest's stateroom the doctor,
the professor, Quest and Lenora were
all gathered around two little tubes,
which the criminologist was exam-
ining with an electric torch.

"No reaction at all," the latter mut-
tered. "This isn't an ordinary poison,
anyway."

The professor, who had been stand-
ing on one side, suddenly gave vent to
a soft exclamation.

"Wait!" he whispered. "Wait! I
have an idea."

He hurried off to his stateroom.
The doctor was poring over a volume
of tabulated poisons. Quest was still
watching his tubes. Lenora sat upon
the couch. Suddenly the professor
came in, carrying a small
notebook in his hand, his manner be-
trayed some excitement. He closed
the door carefully behind him.

"I want you all," he begged, "to
listen very carefully to me. You will
discover the application of what I am
going to read when I am finished.
Now, if you please."

"This," he began, "is the diary of a
tour made by Craig and myself in
northern Egypt some fourteen years
ago. Here is the first entry of im-
port:

MONDAY—Twenty-nine miles southeast
of Port Said. We have stayed for two
days at a little Mongar village. I have
today come to the definite conclusion that
anthropoid apes were at one time den-
sities of this country."

TUESDAY—Both Craig and I have been
a little uneasy today. These Mongars
into whose encampment we have found
entry some seven hundred years before
Christ, but have preserved in a mar-
vellous way their individuality as a race. They
have the narrow eyes and the thick nose
base of the pure Oriental; also much of
his cunning. One of their special weak-
nesses seems to be the invention of the
most hideous forms of torture, which
they apply remorselessly to their ene-
mies."

WEDNESDAY—This has been a won-
derful day for us, chiefly owing to the
fact that we have been able to get a
bravery by Craig, my servant. Early this
morning, a man-eating lion found his
way into the encampment. The Mongars
behaved like ardent cowards. They fled
right and left, leaving the chief's little
daughter, Feera, at the brute's mercy.
Craig, who is by no means an adept in
the use of firearms, chased the animal as
he was making off with the child, and
more by good luck than anything else
managed to wound it mortally. He
brought the child back to the encamp-
ment just as the chief and the warriors
of the tribe returned from a hunting ex-
pedition. Our position here is now abso-
lutely secure. We are treated like gods
and, appreciating my weakness for all
matters of science, the chief has today
explained to me the tribe, which they
call Vedemzoo. It brings almost instant
death, and is exceedingly difficult to trace.
The addition of sugar causes a curious
condensation and renders almost to a
white paste. The only antidote is a sub-
stance which they use freely, and
which is exactly equivalent to our cam-
phor."

The professor closed his book.
Quest promptly rang the bell.

"Some sugar," he ordered, turning
to the steward.

They waited in absolute silence.
The suggestion which the professor's
disclosure had brought to them was
stupefying, even Quest's fingers, as a
moment or two later he rubbed two
knobs of sugar together so that the
contents should fall into the tubes of
bouillon, shook. The result was
magical. The bouillon turned to a
strange shade of gray and began
slowly to thicken.

To be Continued.

BLACK BOX
PICTURE
STARTING ON
Friday Nights
At 8.20 and 9.50 O'clock
Saturday Nights
At 8.20 and 10 O'clock
AT
MASON THEATRE

"A Message From the Hands! Look!"
look in her face. With scarcely a
murmur she fell back in her seat.
Quest leaned hurriedly forward.

There was a slight commotion. The
doctor came hurrying up from the
other side of the saloon. He bent over
her and his face grew grave.

"What is it?" the captain demanded.
The doctor glanced at him mean-
ingly.

"She had better be carried out," he
whispered.

"Was it a faint?" Lenora asked.
"We shall know directly," the cap-
tain replied. "Better keep your places
I think. Steward, serve the dinner as
usual."

The man held out his hand to with-
draw the cup of bouillon, but Quest
drew it towards him.

"Let it wait for a moment," he or-
dered.

He glanced at the captain, who nod-
ded back. In a few moments the doc-
tor reappeared. He leaned down and
whispered to the captain.

"Dead!"

Quest turned around.

A Fool And His Money

George Parr
McCutcheon

Author of "Graustark,"
"Truxton King," Etc.

Copyright, 1915, by George Parr
McCutcheon.

He grinned. "I reckon I'd better
hurry or you'll beat me down, boss."

She was still in her riding habit
when I found her alone in the parlor
of the Titus suit.

I gave you my word my heart almost
stopped beating.