

SAVE US ALL FOR YOUR SHOES... S. WADE

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RAILWAY TIME TABLE GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY GOING WEST

GOING EAST

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

INGERSOLL NORTH

INGERSOLL POST OFFICE

INGERSOLL SOUTH

INGERSOLL NORTH

INGERSOLL SOUTH

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 justice the murderer of Lord Ashleigh's daughter, he has but just begun a life-and-death struggle with a mysterious master criminal...

TENTH INSTALLMENT CHAPTER XXXII

THE SHIP OF HORROR

Quest leaned a little forward and gazed down the line of the 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...

"I fear that I am a few moments late," he remarked, as he took the chair next to Mrs. Foster Rowe. I offer you my apologies, captain. I congratulate you upon your library, I have discovered a most interesting book upon the habits of seagulls. It kept me engrossed until the very last moment, and I am hungry.

"Well, you'll have to stay hungry a long time at this table then," Mrs. Foster Rowe snapped. "Seems to me that the service is going to be abominable."

"The steward, who had just arrived, presented a cup of bouillon to Quest. The others had all been served. Quest stirred it thoughtfully.

"And as to the custom," Mrs. Foster Rowe continued, "of serving gentlemen before ladies, it is, I suppose, peculiar to this steamer."

"Pray allow me, madam," he begged. "The steward was to blame."

"Mrs. Foster Rowe did not hesitate for a moment. She broke up some toast in the bouillon and commenced to sip it.

"The spoon suddenly went clattering from her fingers. She caught at the sides of the table, there was a strange look in her face. With scarcely a murmur she fell back in her seat. Quest leaped 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 her meaningly. "She had better be carried out," he whispered.

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

"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 some round, too if you will."

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

The service of dinner was resumed. Lenora, however, sent plate after plate away. The captain watched her anxiously.

"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. Foster Rowe's death with the criminal you are in search of?" he exclaimed.

Lenora sat quite still for a moment. "You haven't been offered first to Mr. Quest," she murmured.

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

"From the pantry just as usual," 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 examining with an electric torch.

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

The professor, who had been standing 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 emerged from his stateroom.

"He has been carrying a small notebook in his hand, his manner betrayed 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."

A Fool And His Money

George Parr McCutcheon

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

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He grinned. "I reckon I'd better hustle 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 give you my word my heart almost stopped beating. I've never seen any one so lovely as she was at that moment—never, I repeat. Her hair, blown by the kind November winds, strayed—but no! I cannot begin to define the loveliness of her. There was a warm, rich glow in her cheeks and a light in her eyes that actually bewildered me, and more than that I am not competent to utter.

"You have come at last," she said, and her voice sounded very far off, although I was lifting her ungloved hand to my lips. She clinked my fingers tightly. I remember that and also that my hand shook violently and that my face felt pale.

"I think I said that I had come at last. She took my other hand in hers and, drawing dangerously close to me, said:

"I do not expect to be married for at least a year, John."

"I—I congratulate you," I stammered foolishly.

"I have a feeling that it isn't decent for one to marry inside of two years after one has been divorced."

"How is Rosemary?" I murmured.

"You are in love with me, aren't you, John, dear?"

"Good—good heaven!" I gasped.

"I know you are. That's why I am so sure of myself. It is asking too much of you to marry me in a year from now."

I haven't the faintest notion how long afterward it was that I asked her what was to become of that poor, unlucky Lord Amberdale.

RIGHT IDEA IN BUSINESS

THE modern merchant filled with the modern spirit carries his business to his customers' homes; that is, he doesn't wait to be found out or risk the danger of not being found out.

The best carrier of businesses to customers' homes is the newspaper. The Chronicle can carry every business in Ingersoll to the homes of this community with ease and without confusion—the business of grocers, dry goods men, hardware dealers, clothiers, stationers, boot and shoe houses, druggists, jewelers, furniture dealers, fruiterers, butchers, grain and feed stores and every other class of business.

To the Merchants of Ingersoll

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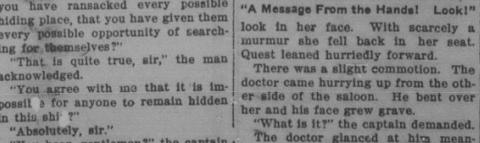
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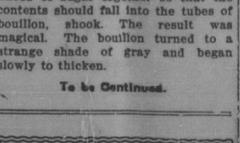


A Message From the Hands! Look!

look in her face. With scarcely a murmur she fell back in her seat. Quest leaped hurriedly forward.

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To be Continued.

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