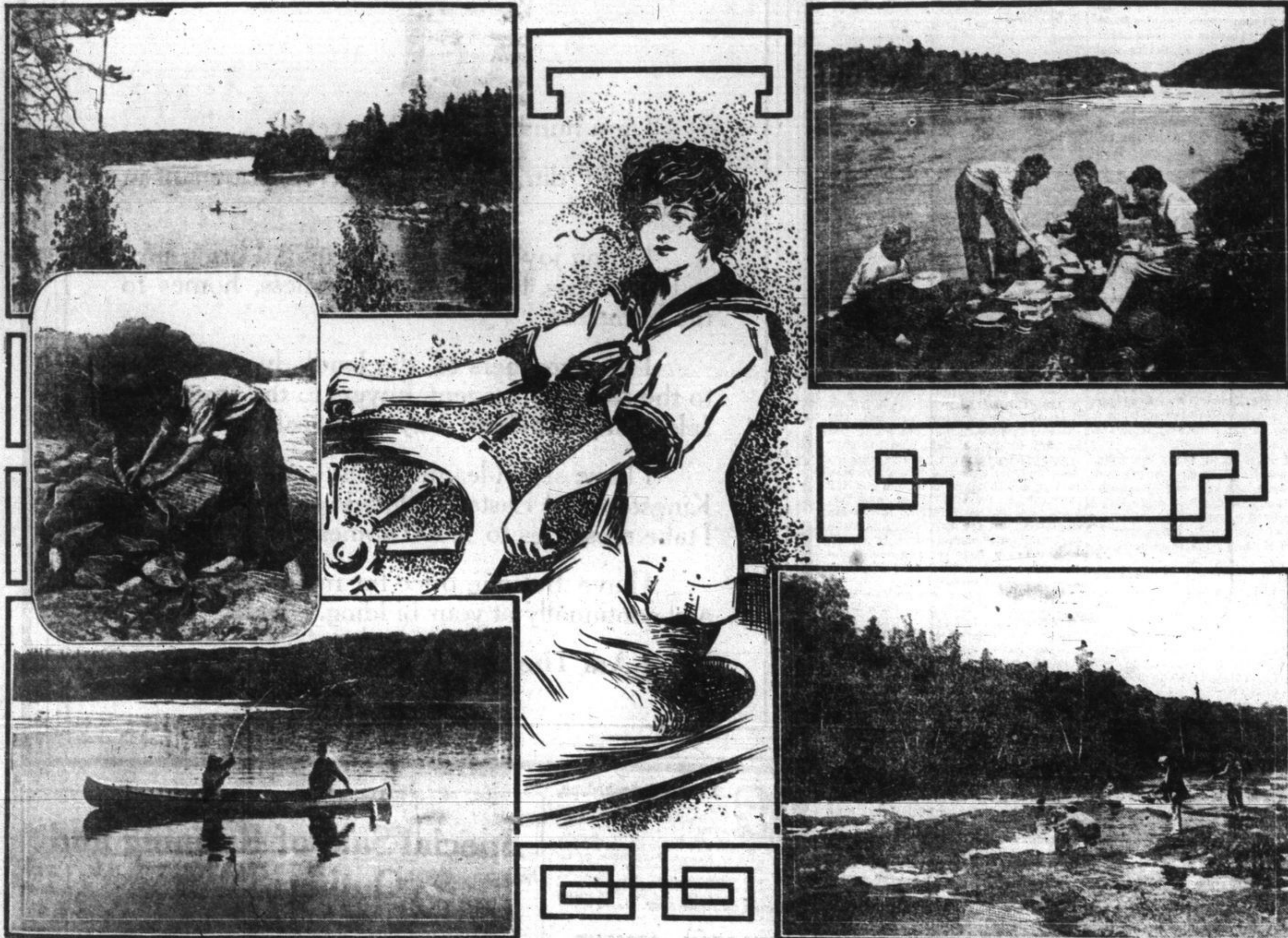


CAMPING ON THE FRENCH RIVER



THE French River is, in reality, a chain of small lakes connecting Lake Nipissing on the east with the Georgian Bay on the west, a distance of sixty miles. Prior to the completion of the Toronto-Sudbury Branch of the Canadian Pacific Railway in June, 1908, which crosses the French River two hundred and fourteen miles north of Toronto, forty-five miles of this magnificent waterway was practically inaccessible. Until then these wilds of Northern Ontario were unexplored, excepting by a few lumbermen. French Station, where the railway crosses the French River, is the most convenient centre for hunting area. From French the canoeist can reach the French Village, nineteen miles to the west, with but three portages, or the possessor of a launch may travel at leisure fifteen miles east to Five Mile Rapids; from Pickering Landing, one mile and a quarter south of French, the launch may be utilized for a trip nineteen miles west to Petite Dalles Rapids, from which point the French River may be reached by footpath, a distance of one mile; or the launch may be used to the east of Kidd's Landing, a distance of seven miles; there is also the Dry Pine Bay-Murdoch River and chain of small lakes canoe trip to Wannup and down the Wannapitae River to Little Wannapitae Lake, to Ox Lake, the confluence of the French and Pickering Rivers; which give but a glimpse of the vastness of these almost virgin fishing and hunting wilds. Apart from cabin and ordinary camp accommodation offered by Mr. Martin H. Fenton, Mr. Wm. A. Elder, and Messrs. Dubois and Eldon, an outing in this district must be considered purely a camping proposition, and prospective sportsmen not making arrangements through these gentlemen should prepare accordingly. Excellent fishing is found all through this district, portions of which are shown by the above illustrations.

IN THE OLD CLOCK CASE

The rumor that old Gabriel Morse had been murdered ran like wildfire through the little town of Hampden. Soon afterward every telephone was humming busily, and a stream of morbidly curious men, women and children passed to and from the fine old house at the head of the street. In the dining room of the house the chief of the town police force interviewed the dead man's two servants.

The chief was an eagle eyed man of fifty, stern lipped, with grizzled hair and beetling brows.

"Now, Amanda," he said to the housekeeper, "tell me just what happened last night."

Amanda Smith pressed a handkerchief to her wet eyes and smoothed down the folds of her lavender cambric dress. She was a wholesome looking woman, and her mother had kept house for Gabriel and his father many years ago.

"It was this way, Mr. Lane," she began nervously. "Mr. Morse had his dinner at 7 as usual and afterward went into the library."

"At 8 o'clock the front door bell rang, and Professor House came in. He was quite a crony of Mr. Morse's and sometimes came every night for a week and then for a spell he would not come for a month."

"I ushered him into the library and heard Mr. Morse greet him. Later, about 10 o'clock, the library bell rang, and Mr. Morse told me I could close up the house. He would let Professor House out himself."

"So I closed and locked all the doors and windows excepting the front door, which I left for Mr. Morse to do."

"I went up to bed and didn't hear a sound until Peter came up this morning and knocked at my door saying that Mr. Morse was dead."

Chief Lane turned to the man, coachman, gardener and house servant.

"Well, Peter?" he prompted.

"It's all as Amanda has said, sir," said Peter, soberly. "I helped her lock up the house, and then I went out to my room over the carriage house and awoke about 5 this morning."

"I had a pass key to the kitchen door, so I went in and started the fire in the kitchen stove and the cellar furnace. Then I went into the library to start up the fire on the hearth. Mr. Morse always had his breakfast in there."

"I found the room in great confusion and the body of Mr. Morse undressed in his armchair. He was quite dead, I could see that, but I telephoned for Dr. Gray, and I guess he sent for you."

Lane dismissed the two servants and went into the library. He locked the door on the inside, and, walking down the window shades to shut out the curious faces peering in from porch and veranda, he lighted the lamps and made a careful survey of the richly furnished room.

What a struggle there must have been there in that quiet room! Chairs were overturned, pictures were hanging askew, books were scattered about.

"And he was found choked to death in his easy chair!" mused the officer.

Some one was fumbling at the door-knob, and he crossed the room and opened the door.

"Oh, it's you, Gray!" he said as he admitted the physician. "I was wishing you would come down. Well what do you make of it all?"

Dr. Gray, who had been Gabriel Morse's most intimate friend, sadly shook his head.

"It's a bad business, Lane. Murder, of course. But why?"

"Nothing missing. His gold watch was untouched, and look here." He unlocked a drawer in the great mahogany desk and, pulling out a tin box, displayed it filled with crisp banknotes and gold double eagles.

"I found the drawer unlocked and possessed myself of the key," he said. "The contents were undisturbed. Elucidate robbery as a motive, what next?"

"Revenge," promptly answered the other.

"Did Gabriel have an enemy?"

"Not that we know of, but he might have had one—eh?"

"What is it?" asked Lane.

"What about Professor House?"

Where is he?"

"The professor was suddenly called away this morning. His lady said he was summoned by telegram."

"Let us interview Mrs. Quayle, then."

Locking up the library, the two men left the house. Pushing their way down the steps, avoiding the eager questions of the increasing crowd, they walked over toward Phoebe Quayle's house.

Professor House, a quiet, unobtrusive man of middle age had

boarded with Mrs. Quayle for two years, ever since he had come to assume the duties of principal of the Hampden High school.

Mrs. Quayle met them at the door, a silent, dark eyed, thin faced woman possessed of a melancholy spirit.

"We would like to see Professor House," said the doctor, pleasantly.

"Not at home, doctor," said the woman. "He was called away by a telegram before breakfast. He left at once."

"What time did he come in last night?" asked Chief Lane.

"About 11 o'clock. I heard the front door close, and just as his footsteps creaked across the floor over my head the clock in the hall struck 11."

"Did you hear him go out again?"

"Mercy, no! I went sound asleep and didn't wake up until the messenger rang the doorbell and asked for Professor House. I signed the book and took the message up and put it under his door. Ten minutes afterward he came down carrying a small bag and saying he was called to New York for a few days."

"And about the school?"

"It's holiday time, you know, sir."

"Of course it is. You don't know the nature of the message he received?"

"I know it word for word. He left it on his bureau," she returned, taking a crumpled yellow paper from her apron pocket.

"The two men bent over the telegram, reading the brief message contained therein:

Time is up. Do it now or receive your reward! KESTNER.

Lane turned to the woman.

"Was Professor House in good spirits when he went away this morning?"

"Oh, yes, and he smiled and seemed quite cheerful."

"Of course he didn't know that Gabriel Morse had been murdered," observed the doctor.

"No," said the woman in a dull voice.

Dr. Gray looked at her coolly.

"Now, we will take a look at the professor's room Mrs. Quayle."

"Without a word she led the way upstairs, the men following.

"Here are his rooms," she said, throwing open a door into study and adjoining bedroom. "Just as he left them."

Dr. Gray looked around at the orderly rooms and then at the unmade bed.

"Except that you have rumpled the bedclothes to make it appear that he slept here, when he did not," he said mildly.

"I don't know what you're driving at, Dr. Gray," said the woman sullenly.

"The truth, Mrs. Quayle," he said. "I've told all I know," she insisted.

"Come, Lane," said the doctor curtly.

They went down the front stairs. In the corner behind the front door was the tall grandfather's clock.

"Your clock has stopped," Mrs. Quayle, said Dr. Gray.

"It does not keep good time, sir," she said in a strained voice.

"Perhaps I can mend it," said Dr. Gray, and before the woman could remonstrate he had pulled open the door.

Something bulky filled the ancient clock case.

Chief Lane blinked dazedly.

"Why it's the professor!" he cried. "He's unconscious or dead!"

"Dead in a few minutes if you don't hurry. Help me to put him on the couch yonder. Hand me my

medicine case, open the windows, then lock that woman up securely."

Half an hour later Professor House was able to sit up and give a connected account of what had happened since he had left Gabriel Morse's home the night before.

"I said good night to Mr. Morse and came home at 11 o'clock. Just as I was entering the gate I met a man coming stealthily out. He did not see me until I placed my hand on his shoulder. Then he turned and struck savagely at me."

"In the moonlight I recognized him as Mrs. Quayle's son, Andrew, who, you know, is or was serving a long prison sentence for burglarly. He wrenched away and vanished up the road. I supposed he had escaped from prison. I felt sorry for his mother."

"The house was quiet, and I went up to go to bed, but I didn't go after all. I sat by my open window, thinking about Gabriel Morse's splendid collection of diamonds which he had been showing me that evening."

"There was no light in my room and I must have nodded off to sleep. A touch on my face awakened me. Quayle was crouched on the piazza roof, holding something wet to my mouth and nose. I recognized the smell of chloroform and then lost consciousness. You tell me that you found a saturated sponge tied about my face?"

"Yes," said Dr. Gray. "In another hour it would have been too late to revive you."

"Then it was Quayle who murdered Gabriel Morse!" broke in Chief Lane.

"Gabriel dead?" echoed Professor House.

"Oh, no!" Dr. Gray smiled cheerfully. "We thought he was—but Quayle was a coward after all—he dared not finish the job he began."

"He got in through the unlocked front door and surprised Gabriel as he was putting away the unset diamonds. They fought all over the place, and finally he choked the old man into insensibility. Then he got away."

"Gabriel Morse whispered the story to me just before I joined you in the library, chief."

Lane looked chagrined. "Then there hasn't been a murder, after all."

"I hope Mr. Morse will recover. In the meantime you might begin your hunt for Andrew Quayle."

"I'll try the railroad first," said the chief, moving toward the door.

"You might begin by searching this house," advised the doctor dryly. "I stepped on a loose diamond in the upper hall."

Half an hour afterward Chief Lane unearthed Andrew Quayle in the farthest corner of his mother's attic, and the stolen diamonds were recovered.

As for Professor House's telegram it was a clumsy forgery prepared by Andrew Quayle to draw suspicion away from his mother's house so he could escape.



This caricature was executed by a French soldier at the front, and proved a striking embellishment to his tent. Gen. Joffre is seen leading the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, Austrian Emperor and a sick Turk to the scaffold. All are roped together with strings of German sausage.

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