

The World's Strangest
Mystery Story!

The PHANTOM of the OPERA

(Published by Arrangement with Universal Pictures)

by
GASTON LEROUX

This story is published by arrangement with Universal Pictures, who have produced it as a tremendous spectacle. Erik (Lon Chaney), supposed to be a Phantom, has fallen in love with Christine (Mary Philbin) and carried her away to his dwelling below the Paris Opera. She confides her strange experiences to Raoul, her lover (Norman Kerry).

(Continued.)

It said that, if I did not love you, I would not avoid you, but treat you like any other old friend. It made me scene upon scene. At last, I said to the voice, 'That will do! I am going to Perros tomorrow, to pray on my father's grave, and I shall ask M. Raoul de Chagny to go with me.' 'Do as you please,' replied the voice, 'but I shall be at Perros too, for I am wherever you are, Christine; and, if you are still worthy of me, if you have not lied to me, I will play you The Resurrection of Lazarus, on the stroke of midnight, on your father's tomb and on your father's violin.'

"But, after all," cried Raoul, "you soon came to know the truth! Why did you not at once rid yourself of that abominable nightmare?"

"Know the truth, Raoul? Rid myself of that nightmare? But, my poor boy,

I was not caught in the nightmare until the day when I learned the truth! . . . Pity me, Raoul, pity me! . . . You remember the terrible evening when Carlotta thought that she had been turned into a toad on the stage and when the house was suddenly plunged in darkness through the chandelier crashing to the floor? There were killed and wounded that night, and the whole theatre rang with terrified screams. My first thought was for you and the voice. I was at once easy, where you were concerned, for I had seen you in your brother's box and I knew that you were not in danger. But the voice had told me that it would be at the performance and I was really afraid for it, just as if it had been an ordinary person who was capable of dying. I thought to myself, 'The chandelier may have come down upon the voice,' I was then on the

The Phantom of the Opera

Fictionized by Patrick Kearney from Universal's screen version of the novel by Gaston Leroux



LIBERALS IN THE OLD COUNTRY ARE SAID TO BE SEEKING A FUSION WITH THE LABORITES

London, Dec. 3—Lloyd George has aroused some of his Liberal teammates to a high pitch of fury because until he is sure his land bill will obtain the party's unqualified backing he will not unlock his coalition strong-box to help swell the \$5,000,000 fund which the party is trying to raise.

Disgruntled Liberals declare that the Welshman is really aiming to place the party on a dole. This coalition war chest before now has been the source of much trouble—for the Liberal party, that is, not for the Welshman. He has guarded it as a miner would a gold claim.

Two years ago George is reported to have said that estimates of its contents were greatly exaggerated. But his fellow Liberals must think otherwise and their belief is shared pretty generally in political quarters. As long as Lloyd George has this substantial fund at his disposal he is in a very good tactical position. It is suggested today that unless the Liberals support his land bill, the Welshman will break away and form another party.

The present situation is intriguing enough to arouse the keenest attention in the political world, despite the many other immediate claims on its attention, and this interest is accentuated by the olive branch which Ramsay MacDonald a few days ago extended to the Liberals.

The Daily Chronicle, which has long been the Welshman's mouthpiece, comes out with a very definite suggestion that the Liberals and Laborites should make common cause against the Tories, who, under the urging of the diehards, are moving toward a purely protectionist policy.

The Chronicle said: "Distrust of Baldwin and resentment at his protectionist shuffle is forcing old foes into new friendships in the common cause. In the matter of protection the Liberals and Labor ought to be and to some extent are already, working together for a common political end."

It adds even more significantly: "There are other democratic causes which would be greatly helped for

ward by the same policy of cooperation. It is well that sometimes their respective leaders should strike a note of comradeship against common foes, which MacDonald struck so powerfully at Northampton."

Great interest is aroused in the political world today as a result of this extension of the glad hand to the Laborites in the chief Lloyd Georgian newspaper. It so happens that it was published coincidentally with an editorial in the Daily Herald, Labor's official mouthpiece, in which the prospects of a new Lloyd George party were discussed.

It asserts: "The British nation once trusted Lloyd George. It didn't know him then. It knows him now."

There is an admonition to MacDonald to go slow in the matter of unholy alliances.

Judging by outward appearances, Lloyd George is the most unperturbed man in the political world which again is suddenly absorbed in his tactics and future prospects.

FORMER M'ADAM CONSTABLE IS UNDER ARREST

Boston, Dec. 2—A document indicating that George Clifford was a constable of York county, New Brunswick, was found when police arrested him in a liquor raid in the market district here today. A trunkful of liquor was seized. A typewritten paper, the police say, which was in the trunk with the liquor, recorded the oath of "George Clifford, of McAdam Junction, N. B., to fulfil my duties as constable for the county of York without fear, favor or partiality to the best of my ability."

The oath had been attested by a justice of the peace.

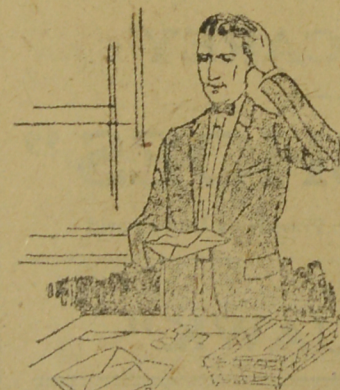
Clifford was born and raised in McAdam. He had been on the town police for some three years ago for, about nine months, going to Boston soon after he had resigned from the police. He had been back in McAdam recently on a vacation from Boston. The Telegraph-Journal learned last night.

Are Wolves Returning.

A Washington, D. C. sportsman by the name of F. Johnson who lately returned from an extended hunting trip to the Little Dismal swamp, claims that he saw a wolf track during his stay in the woods. After the first snow came he says that fox tracks were very numerous but on one occasion his attention was attracted by the tracks of a much larger animal. He examined them closely and satisfied himself that they were made by a wolf. Uncle Henry Braithwaite, when asked his opinion said that he never saw signs of a wolf in the Miramichi Country, but at the same time he realized that it is possible for them to be there, although not probable.

G. E. Foster of Montreal is in the city.

BLUNDERS



WHY IS THIS WRONG?

It is unwise to guess the weight of a letter to determine the amount of postage required. Such guessing often results in "Postage Due," which may cause delay in delivery and, in the case of business letters often results in a dissatisfied customer.

stage and was nearly running into the house, to look for the voice among the killed and wounded, when I thought that, if the voice was safe, it would be sure to be in my dressing-room and I rushed to my room. The voice was not there. I locked my door and, with tears in my eyes, besought it, if it were still alive, to manifest itself to me. The voice did not reply, but suddenly I heard a long, beautiful wail which I knew well. It was the plaint of Lazarus when, at the sound of the Redeemer's voice, he begins to open his eyes and see the light of day. It was the music which you and I, Raoul heard at Perros. And then the voice began to sing the leading phrase, "Come! And believe in me! Whoso believes in me shall live! Walk! Whoso hath believed in me shall never die!"

I can not tell you the effect which that music had upon me. It seemed to command me, personally, to come, to stand up and come to it. It retreated and I followed. 'Come! And believe in me!' I believed in it, I came. . . . I came and—this was the extraordinary thing—my dressing-room, as I moved, seemed to lengthen out . . . to lengthen out . . . Evidently, it must have been an effect of mirrors . . . for I had the mirror in front of me . . . And, suddenly, I was outside the room without knowing how!"

"What! Without knowing how? Christine, Christine, you must really stop dreaming!"

"I was not dreaming, dear, I was outside my room without knowing how. You, who saw me disappear from my room one evening, may be able to explain it; but I can not. I can only tell you that, suddenly, there was no mirror before me and no dressing-room. I was in a dark passage, I was frightened and I cried out. It was quite dark, but for a faint red glimmer at a distant corner of the wall. I cried out. My voice was the only sound, for the singing and the violin had stopped. And, suddenly, a hand was laid on mine . . . or rather a stone-cold, bony thing that seized my wrist and did not let go. I cried out again. An arm took me round the waist and supported me. I struggled for a little while and then gave up the attempt. I was dragged toward the little red light and then I saw that I was in the hands of a man wrapped in a large cloak and wearing a mask that hid his whole face. I made one last effort; my

limbs stiffened, my mouth opened to scream, but a hand clasped it, a hand which I felt on my lips, on my skin . . . a hand that smelt of death. Then I fainted away.

"When I opened my eyes, we were still surrounded by darkness. A lantern, standing on the ground, showed a bubbling well. The water splashing from the well disappeared, almost at once, under the floor on which I was lying, with my head on the knee of the man in the black cloak and the black mask. He was bathing my temples and his hands smelt of death. I tried to push them away and asked, 'Who are you? Where is the voice?' His only answer was a sign. Suddenly, a hot

breath passed over my face and I perceived a white shape, beside the man's black shape, in the darkness. The black shape lifted me on to the white shape, a glad neighing greeted my astounded ears and I murmured, 'Cesar!' The animal quivered. Raoul, I was lying half back on a saddle and I had recognized the white horse out of the Profeta, which I had so often fed with sugar and sweets. I believed in the voice, but had never believed in the ghost. Now, however, I began to wonder, with a shiver, whether I was the ghost's prisoner. I called upon the voice to help me, for I should never have imagined that the voice and the ghost were one.

"I made no movement and let myself go. The black shape held me up, and I made no effort to escape. A curious feeling of peacefulness came over me and I thought that I must be under the influence of some cordial. I had the full command of my senses; and my eyes became used to the darkness, which was lit, here and there, by fitful gleams. I calculated that we were in a narrow circular gallery, probably, running all around the Opera, which is immense, underground. I had once been down into those cellars, but had stopped at the third floor, though there were two lower still, large enough to hold a town.

"I could not tell you, even approxi-

mately, how long this ride lasted; I only know that we seemed to turn and turn and often went down a spiral stair into the very heart of the earth. At last, Cesar raised his nostrils, sniffed the air and quickened his pace a little. I felt a moistness in the air and Cesar stopped. The darkness had lifted. A sort of blue light surrounded us. We were on the edge of a lake whose laden waters stretched into the distance, into the darkness; but the blue light lit up the bank and I saw a little boat fastened to an iron ring on the wharf!

"I don't know whether the effects of the cordial had worn off when the man's shape lifted me into the boat but my terror began all over again. My gruesome escort must have noticed it for he sent Cesar back and I heard his hoofs trampling up a stair-case while the man jumped into the boat, untied the rope that held it and seized the oars. He rowed with a quick, powerful stroke; and his eyes, under the mask, never left me. We slipped across the noiseless water in the blue light which I told you of; then we were in the dark again and we touched shore. And I was once more taken up in the man's arms. I cried aloud. And then, suddenly, I was silent, dazed by the light. . . . Yes, a dazzling light in the midst of which I had been put down."

(To be Continued.)

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