

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. In spite of warnings from the Phantom the opera "Faust" is presented with Carlotta as star. Raoul (Norman Kerry) is in love with Christine (Mary Philbin). Lon Chaney plays the Phantom.

(Continued.)

Carlotta croaked like a toad:
"Co-ack!"

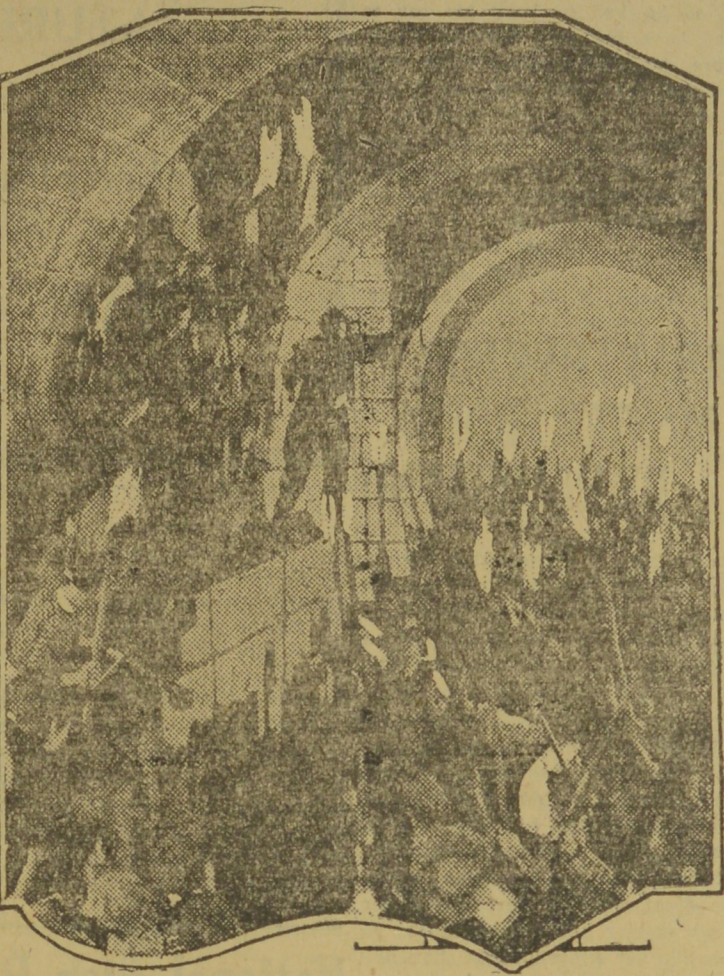
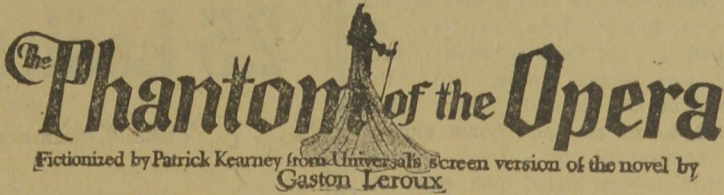
There was consternation on Carlotta's face and consternation on the faces of all the audience. The two managers in their box could not suppress an exclamation of horror. Every one felt that the thing was not natural, that there was witchcraft behind it. That toad smelt of brimstone. Poor, wretched, despairing, crushed Carlotta!

The uproar in the house was indescribable. If the thing had happened to any one but Carlotta, she would have been hooted. But everybody knew how perfect an instrument her voice was; and there was no display of anger, but only of horror and dismay, the sort of dismay which men

would have felt, if they had witnessed the catastrophe that broke the arms of the Venus de Milo. . . . And even then they would have seen . . . and understood . . .

But here that toad was incomprehensible! So much so that, after some seconds spent in asking herself if she had really heard that note, that sound that infernal noise issue from her throat, she tried to persuade herself that it was not so, that she was the victim of an illusion, an illusion of the ear, and not of an act of treachery on the part of her voice.

Meanwhile, in Box Five, Moncharmin and Richard had turned pale. This extraordinary and inexplicable incident filled them with a dread which was the more mysterious inas-



much as for some little while, they had fallen within the direct influence of the ghost. They had felt his breath. Moncharmin's hair stood on end. Richard wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Yes, the ghost is late," said Firmin, behind them, beside them; they felt his presence without seeing him. They heard his breath, close, close, close to them! . . . They were sure that there were three people in the box. . . . They trembled. . . . They thought of running away. . . . They dared not. . . . They dared not make a movement or exchange a word that would have told the ghost that they knew that he was there!

What was going to happen? This happened:
"Co-ack!"

Their joint exclamation of horror was heard all over the house. They felt that they were smarting under the ghost's attacks. Leaning over the ledge of their box, they stared at Carlotta as though they did not recognize her. That infernal girl must have given the signal for some catastrophe. Ah they were waiting for the catastrophe! The ghost had told them it would come! The house had a curse upon it! The two managers gasped and panted under the weight of the catastrophe. Richard's stifled voice was heard calling to Carlotta:

"Well, go on!"
No, Carlotta did not go on. . . . Bravely, heroically, she started afresh on the fatal line at the end of which the toad had appeared.

An awful silence succeeded the uproar. Carlotta's voice alone once more filled the resounding house:

"I feel without alarm. . . . The audience also felt, but not without alarm. . . . I feel without alarm. . . . I feel without alarm—co-ack! With its melody ewined me—co-ack!"

And all my heart sub—co-ack!"
The toad also had started afresh! The house broke into a wild tumult. The two managers collapsed in their chairs and dared not even turn around; they had not the strength; the ghost was chuckling behind their

backs! And, at last, they distinctly heard his voice in their right ears, the impossible voice, the mouthless voice, saying:

"Her singing will bring the chandelier down!"

With one accord, they raised their eyes to the ceiling and uttered a terrible cry. The chandelier, the immense mass of the chandelier was slipping down, coming toward them, as the call of that fiendish voice. Released from its hook, it plunged from the ceiling and came smashing into the middle of the stalls, amid a thousand shouts of terror.

CHAPTER VII The Letter.

That tragic evening was bad for everybody. Carlotta fell ill. As for Christine Daae, she disappeared after the performance. A fortnight elapsed during which she was seen neither at the Opera nor outside.

Raoul, of course, was the first to be astonished at the prima donna's absence. He wrote to her at Mme. Valerius' flat and received no reply. His grief increased and he ended by being seriously alarmed at never seeing her name on the program Faust was played without her.

One afternoon he went to the managers' office to ask the reason of Christine's disappearance. He found them both looking extremely worried. Their own friends did not recognize them: they had lost all their gaiety and spirits. They were seen crossing the stage with hanging heads, care-worn brows, pale cheeks, as though pursued by some abominable thought or a prey to some persistent sport of fate.

The fall of the chandelier had involved them in no little responsibility; but it was difficult to make them speak about it. The inquest had ended in a verdict of accidental death, caused by the wear and tear of the chains by which the chandelier was hung from the ceiling; but it was the duty of both the old and the new managers

to have discovered this wear and tear and to have remedied it in time. And I feel bound to say that MM. Richard and Moncharmin at this time appeared so changed, so absent-minded, so mysterious, so incomprehensible that many of the subscribers thought that some event even more horrible than the fall of the chandelier must have affected their state of mind.

In their daily intercourse, they showed themselves very impatient, except with Mme. Giry, who had been reinstated in her functions. And their reception of the Vicomte de Chagny when he came to ask about Christine was anything but cordial. They merely told him that she was taking a holiday. He asked how long the holiday was for, and they replied curtly that it was for an unlimited period, as Mme. Daae had requested leave of absence for reasons of health.

"Then she is ill!" he cried. "What is the matter with her?"

"We don't know."
"Didn't you send the doctor of the Opera to see her?"

"No she did not ask for him; and as we trust her, we took her word."

Raoul left the building a prey to the gloomiest thoughts.

His valet found him in the morning sitting on his bed. He had not undressed and the servant feared, at the sight of his face, that some disaster had occurred. Raoul snatched his letters from the man's hands. He had recognized Christine's papers and handwriting. She said:

"Dear:
"Go to the masked ball at the Opera on the night after tomorrow. At twelve o'clock, be in the little room behind the chimney-place of the big crush-room. Stand near the door of a private box and tunda. Don't mention this appointment to any one on earth. Wear a white domino and be carefully masked. As you love me, do not let yourself be recognized."

"Christine."
(To be Continued.)

W. E. McLELLAN, OF HALIFAX, THINKS CO-OPERATION, NOT UNION, WOULD ADVANCE MARITIME INTERESTS

Well-considered co-operation between the three Maritime Provinces, not Maritime Union, is what is most needed in the interests of the provinces.

Or, at all events, that is the view taken by W. E. McLellan, of Halifax, in the latest issue of The Dalhousie Review, the excellent quarterly established at Halifax a year or two ago.

Mr. McLellan indicates that he has no faith in Maritime Union, and less patience with some of the comments made upon the problems of the Maritimes by observers more or less remote from this part of the world.

Mr. McLellan, long a well-known figure in Canadian journalism, is now Post Office superintendent for Nova Scotia but he still puts his pen to frequent use. What he writes is always forceful and always interesting even if it does not always convince. His reference to Maritime Union is interesting and his statements are forceful. Do they carry conviction? Well, here they are, read them and decide for yourself:

Partisan bias has done much of late to misrepresent and humiliate the Maritime Provinces of Canada. Not only "none so poor," now, "to do them reverence," but none so ignorant as to refrain from tendering them gratuitous advice. "One way to save money" is the heading placed over an editorial article, proposing 'Maritime Union' in a leading Canadian newspaper. Another "way to save money" would be for all the people of the world to unite, regardless of racial and historic differences, under a common government or for all the nations of Europe to unite. . . . Sovietism and hegemony. The main objection to the suggestion is that most people have deep-seated, traditional preferences which they are seldom, if ever, willing to sacrifice for mere pecuniary considerations.

The youngest of the Maritime Provinces is over a century old. Three generations of men and women have participated in its history. A fourth generation is in possession. Can any sane person, whose ignorance of human nature is not hopeless, imagine that all the traditions and sentiments of all those years would now be sacrificed by those people for the sake of the few thousand dollars of annual public expenditure required for the maintenance of their independent status? Sir John Macdonald was a legislative unionist when he set out to unify British North America. It took very little observation and experience to convince him that only a federal union was practicable or possible. What he discovered with regard to all the provinces is quite as true as to the Maritime group, and will continue true indefinitely.

Maritimes and New England. "One way to save money" in the United States would be for the New England States to re-unite. Little Rhode Island is no larger than Prince Edward Island. Together, the New England population would be scarcely larger than that of the single State of New York. Their joint territory would not be more than a fraction of that of almost any one of the new Western states. Can one fancy such a re-union and abrogation of historic statehood possible? If not possible in New England, why should it be thought

practicable in what was once New Scotland—for all the Maritime Provinces of Canada originally constituted Nova Scotia. They were separated more than a hundred years ago by deliberate act of the Home Government. And the separation was justified.

Prince Edward Island, formerly St. John's, is a self-contained island, best fitted to deal with its own local affairs.

The present province of Nova Scotia is, in effect, another island, with interests wholly different from those of its territorial neighbors.

New Brunswick is completely separate from either.

What would any of them have to gain, apart from the few thousands of dollars annually that the maintenance of independent Government costs each by entering into political union? And the records of the Canadian Dominion hardly encourage the belief that even economy would be served by Maritime Union.

Outsiders who feel an irrepressible call to offer advice to the Maritime Provinces would do well to consider, in the first place, whether they comprehend what they presume to talk about. Well-considered co-operation among the Maritime Provinces is what is indicated, not political union.

DISTILLERIES CLOSE; WHISKEY SALES FALL OFF

London, Nov. 25—The Distillers Company, Ltd., the vast combine which embraces the Buchanan and Dewar whisky interests, have closed down two distilleries which they recently acquired from the Scottish Malt Distillers when they absorbed that concern into the combine.

The distilleries, which are thus put out of use for the production of whisky, are to be used to store the whisky produced by other distilleries of the combine.

Owing to the over-production of malt whisky the Highland distilleries agreed to reduce their output by 25 per cent. The Distillers Company is in control of the grain whisky production of the world.

There has been a distinct falling off in the world consumption of whisky.

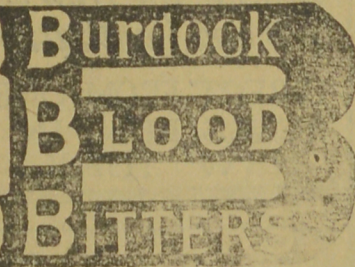
SOCIETY WOMEN SHOOT BUTLER IN RABBIT HUNT

Chicago, Nov. 25—Each year J. Ogden Armour, millionaire packer, grants twenty hunting permits allowing society members of Lake Forest to shoot game in his 2000-acre estate, Melody Farm. But there will be no hunting there this year. A score of society women armed with shotguns went rabbit and squirrel hunting on the estate yesterday. Mr. Armour's butler went along to help bring in the game. Instead the huntresses brought back the butler. He had been shot in the back by one of the nimrods. Last night Mr. Armour canceled all the permits.

A Pimply Face Is Unsightly

Miss C. C. M. Smart, South Battleford, Sask., writes:—"A while ago I was troubled with facial blemishes, especially pimples, and was really ashamed to go out with such a bad looking face."

I tried 2 or 3 different remedies, but they didn't help me any, so one day a friend, who had been troubled the same as I was, advised me to use



After I had taken two bottles there wasn't a pimple of any kind left on my face, and I now have a clear, smooth and velvety complexion. Put up only by The T. M. Armour Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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