

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. Lon Chaney plays the "Phantom" who inhabits the Opera House and brings calamity on all who disobey him. Mary Philbin is the young opera star, Christine, and Norman Kerry is Raoul, her lover, who is puzzled by her strange absences.

(To be Continued.)  
CHAPTER VIII.  
At the Masked Ball.

The envelope was covered with mud and unstamped. It bore the words "To be handed to M. le Vicomte Raoul de Changny," with the address in pencil. It must have been flung out in the hope that a passer-by would pick up the note and deliver it, which was what happened. The note had been picked up on the pavement of the Place de l'Opera.

Raoul read it over again with fevered eyes. No more was needed to revive his hope. The sombre picture which he had for a moment imagined of a Christine forgetting her duty to herself made way for his original conception of an unfortunate, innocent child, the victim of imprudence and exaggerated sensibility. To what extent, at this time was she really a victim? Whose prisoner was she? Into what whirlpool had she been dragged?

Thus did Raoul's thoughts fly from one extreme to the other. He no longer knew whether to pity Christine or to curse her; and he pitied and cursed her turn and turn about. At all events he bought a white domino.

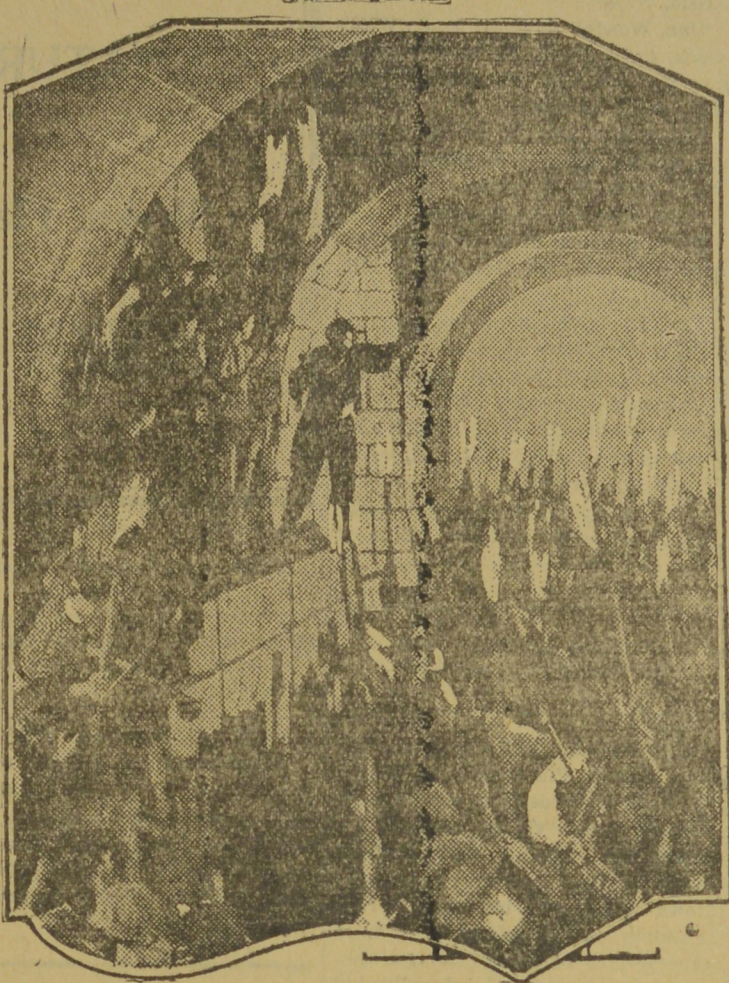
The hour of the appointment came at last. With his face in a mask trimmed with long, thin lace, looking like

a pierrot in his white wrap, the viscount thought himself very ridiculous. Men of the world do not go to the Opera ball in fancy-dress! It was absurd.

This ball was an exceptional affair, given some time before Shrovetide, in honor of the anniversary of the birth of a famous draftsman; and it was expected to be much gayer, noisier, more Bohemian than the ordinary masked ball. Numbers of artists had arranged to go, accompanied by a whole cohort of models and pupils, who, by midnight, began to create a tremendous din. Raoul climbed the grand staircase at five minutes to twelve, did not linger to look at the motley dresses displayed all the way up the marble steps one of the richest settings in the world, allowed no facetious mask to draw him into a war of wits, replied to no jests and shook off the bold familiarity of a number of couples who had already become a trifle too gay. Crossing the big crush-room and escaping from a mad whirl of dancers in which he was caught for a moment, he at last entered the room mentioned in Christine's letter. He found it crammed; for this small space was the point where all those who were going to supper in the Rotunda crossed those who were returning from tak-

## The Phantom of the Opera

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



ing a glass of champagne. The fun, here, waxed fast and furious.

Raoul leaned against a door-post and waited. He did not wait long. A black domino passed and gave a quick squeeze to the tips of his fingers. He understood that it was she and followed her.

"Is that you, Christine?" he asked, between his teeth.

The black domino turned round promptly and raised her finger to her lips, no doubt to warn him not to mention her name again. Raoul continued to follow her in silence.

As Raoul once more passed through the great crush-room, this time in the wake of his guide, he could not help noticing a group crowding round a person whose disguise, eccentric air and gruesome appearance were causing a sensation. It was a man dressed all in scarlet, with a huge hat and feathers on the top of a wonderful death's head. From his shoulders hung an immense red-velvet cloak, which trailed along the floor like a king's train; and on this cloak was embroidered, in gold letters, which every one read and repeated aloud, "Don't touch me! I am Red Death stalking abroad!"

Then one, greatly daring, did try to touch him . . . but a skeleton hand shot out of a crimson sleeve and violently seized the rash one's wrist; and he, feeling the clutch of the knucklebones, the furlous grasp of Death, uttered a cry of pain and terror. When Red Death released him at last, he ran away like a very madman, pursued by the jeers of the bystanders.

It was at this moment that Raoul passed in front of the funereal masquerader, who had just happened to turn in his direction. And he nearly exclaimed:

"The death's head of Perros-Guirec!"

He had recognized him! He wanted to dart forward, forgetting Christine; but the black domino,

stair and corridors were almost deserted. The black domino opened the door that leads to the Ro-beckoned to the white domino to follow her. Then Christine, whom he recognized by the sound of her voice, closed the door behind them and warned him. In a whisper, to remain at the back of the box and on no account to show himself. Raoul took off his mask. Christine kept hers on. And, when Raoul was about to ask her to remove it, he was surprised to see her put her ear to the partition and listen eagerly for a sound outside. Then she opened the door ajar, looked out into the corridor and in a low voice said:

"He must have gone up higher." Suddenly she exclaimed: "He is coming done again!"

She tried to close the door, but Raoul prevented her; for he had seen, on the top step of the staircase that led to the floor above, a red foot, followed by another . . . and slowly, majestically, the whole scarlet dress of Red Death met his eyes. And he once more saw the death's head of Perros-Guirec.

"It's he!" he exclaimed. "This time, he shall not escape me!"

But Christine had slammed the door at the moment when Raoul was on the point of rushing out. He tried to push her aside.

"Whom do you mean by 'he'?" she

asked, in a changed voice. "Who shall not escape you?"

"Who?" he repeated angrily. "Why, he, the man who hides behind that hideous mask of death! . . . The evil genius of the churchyard at Perros! . . . Red Death! . . . In a word, your friend . . . your Angel of Music! . . . But I shall snatch off his mask, as I shall snatch off my own; and, this time, we shall look each other in the face, he and I, with no veil and no lies between us; and I shall know whom you love and who loves you!"

"In the name of our love, Raoul, you shall not pass! . . ."

He stopped. What had she said? In the name of their love? Never before had she confessed that she loved him. And, in accents of childish hatred, he said:

"You lie, for you do not love me and you have never loved me! What a poor fellow I must be to let you mock and flout me as you have done!"

"You will beg my pardon, one day, for all those ugly words, Raoul, and when you do I shall forgive you!"

The boy stepped forward staggering as he went. He risked one more sarcasm:

"Oh, you must let me come and applaud you from time to time!"

"I shall never sing again, Raoul!"

(To be Continued.)

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## RED ROSE TEA "is good tea"

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## D. W. Olts Elected Director Of Agricultural Society No. 34 at Annual Meeting

Will Retire as City Council Representative—Plea  
Made for Better Accommodation for Women's Department—Statement of Finances.

The annual meeting of Agricultural Society No. 34 was held Thursday afternoon in the council chamber. The reports of President W. S. Hooper, Secretary W. Cruikshank and Treasurer C. F. Chestnut were received.

C. F. Chestnut tendered his resignation as a director having occupied the position for thirty-five years. It is hoped that he will consent to continue as treasurer.

Directors Elected.

The election of three directors for a term of four years according to by-law resulted in the choice of F. B. Edgecombe, A. C. Fleming and D. W. Olts. The latter at present represents the City of Fredericton on the directorate as an alderman but intends to retire from civic politics.

The other directors whose terms have not yet expired are W. S. Hooper, Alonzo Staples, H. A. Smith, F. L. Cooper, J. A. Cain,

G. H. Clark, C. D. Holder, L. B. C. Phair, R. W. Smith.

The meeting of the directors for the purpose of selecting officers will take place later.

Women's Department.

Mrs. Martha Harvey appeared before the Society and urged that the Women's Department of the Fredericton Exhibition be given better accommodation the exhibits at the 1925 Exhibition having been greatly crowded. Mrs. Harvey was informed that the matter was one for the directors to deal with and consideration was promised.

The report of Secretary Cruikshank referred to the Women's Department of the Fredericton Exhibition as the greatest east of Toronto.

Treasurer's Report.

The report of the treasurer C. F. Chestnut the finances of Fredericton Exhibition of 1925 was as follows:

### RECEIPTS

Membership Fees	\$ 125.00
Advertising	641.30
Entry Fees	1,235.83
Tickets: Exhibitors and Attendants	\$ 1,554.50
Gate	11,147.35
	12,701.85
Race Track: Rent	\$ 15.00
Exhibition Races: Admission	\$1,241.00
Reserved Seats	729.00
Paddock	127.50
Concessions	413.87
	\$ 2,511.37
	2,526.37
Grounds and Buildings: Rent	\$ 425.00
Sundries	71.50
	496.50
Amusements	2,601.40
Space and Concessions	5,123.00
Light	491.88
Bond Interest	71.50
Office Rent W. Cruikshank	150.00
Sundries	59.77
Total Ordinary Receipts	\$26,224.40
Grants: Provincial Government, Annual	\$ 138.62
Provincial Government, Special	500.00
Provincial Government, Exhibition 1925	3,500.00
Dominion Government, Exhibition 1925	5,000.00
City of Fredericton	1,500.00
	10,638.62
Total Receipts	\$36,863.02
Bank Loans Current Period	4,000.00
	\$40,863.02

### DISBURSEMENTS

Insurance	\$ 907.58
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(Continued on Page Five)

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