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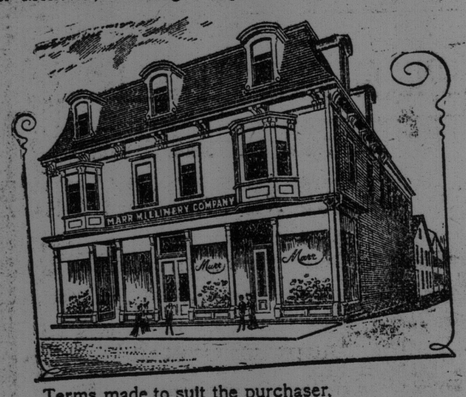

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THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

Author of "All Men are Liars," "Fields of Fair Renown," etc., etc.

(Continued)

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Chapters I and II—Justin Blake and Gertrude Forrest meet in a railway carriage, and, quite unknown to each other, travel from London to be the Christmas guests of Tom Temple, the master of an old family estate in Yorkshire. A large party is gathered on Xmas Eve, and among them two rather strang individuals, Herod Voltaire and an Egyptian known as Aba Wady Kaffar. It is quite evident that Justin has fallen in love with Gertrude; also that Herod, in league with Kaffar, is determined tot thwart him and win Gertrude for himself in order to become possessed of her ample fortune. Thus the reader at once becomes absorbed in the encounters which take place between these very energetic, enthusiastic, and determined young persons.

Chapters III and IV.—Further disagreeable incidents disturb the relationships of the men "at daggers drawn,' and for them, at any rate, Christmas is anything but what it should have been, despite the efforts of Tom Temple to make everybody happy. Meanwhile Gertrude Forrest is happily oblivious of all that is going on. One evening Voltaire relates to the assembled guests a weird and romantic story of the East, which, while it makes a deep impression on the ladies' only intensifies the jealousy and hatred rankling in the breast of Justin Blake, and determines him to "have it out" with Voltaire on the first opportunity that presents itself.

"'Not too heavy for you, Abou,' I said. 'The soul has flown, but when the three times seven years is complete you can call her back and learn her wisdom.'

"'I can call her back, but the secret—ah, I know it not,' he said."

By this time there was a deadly silence in the room. Every ear was strained, so that not one sound of Voltaire's voice might be missed. As for him, he sat with his eyes fixed, as if he saw beyond the present time and place, while his face was like a piece of marble. Kaffar, I noticed, fixed his eyes upon his friend, and in his stony stare he seemed possessed of an evil spirit.

None of the English guests spoke when Voltaire stopped a second in his narration. All seemed afraid to utter a sound, except Kaffar.

"Go on, Herod," he said; "I am up in Egypt again."

"It was little we ate," said Voltaire, "during the next seven days. We were too anxious to know whether the secrets of the dead were to be revealed. Neither could we speak much, for the tongue is generally silent when the soul is wrapped in mystery; and right glad were we when the day dawned on which the veil should be made thicker or altogether drawn aside.

"We did not seek to know the mystery after which we were panting until the midnight of Ilfra's birthday. Then, when the earth in its revolution spelt out that hour, we entered the room of that maiden whose soul had departed.

"The Egyptians have lost much of the knowledge of the ancients, especially in the art of embalming. Often the sons of Egypt moan over their departed wisdom; still the art is not altogether gone. The body of Ilfra lay embalmed before us as we entered. She had been beautiful in life, but was more beautiful in death, and it was with reverence for that beauty that I stood beside her.

"'Fetch Helfa,' said Abou to a servant, 'and then begone.'

"Helfa was Abou's son. Here, in England, you would cruelly designate him as something between a madman and an idiot, but the Easterns look not thus upon those who possess not their ordinary faclties. Through Helfa, Abou has seen many wonderful things, and now he was going to use him again.

"'Howajja Herod,' he said to me, 'I am first to use one of our old means of getting knowledge. It has failed me in the past, but it will be, perchance, more potent in the presence of Ilfra the Understanding One.'

"With that he took some ink and poured it into Helfa's hand. This ink was the most precious in his possession, and obtained by means not lawful to relate. When it was in his son's hands he looked at me straight in the eyes, until, while I was in possession of all my senses, I seemed to live a charmed life. My imagination soared, my heart felt a wonderous joy.

"'Look,' said Abou, 'look into Helfa's hand.'

"I looked intently.

"'What see you, son Herod?'

"'I see a paradise,' I replied, 'but I cannot describe it. The beauties are incomparable, Ilfra is there; she mingles with those who are most obeyed.'

"'See you anything by which the mystery can be learned?'

"'I can see nothing.'

"I heard a sigh. I had returned to my normal condition again, and had told nothing.

"'I expected this,' he said, 'but I will try Helfa.'

"The experiment with Helfa, however, was just as fruitless.

"Then he turned to me. 'Son Herod,' he said, 'prepare to see the greatest deed ever done by man. All the knowledge and power of my life are to be concentrated in one act.'

"With that he looked at Helfa, who staggered to a low cushion.

"'Spirit of Helfa, leave the body,' he said.

"Instantly the eyes of Helfa began to close; his limbs grew stiff, and in a few seconds he lay lifeless by us.

"'I have a mission for you, spirit of Helfa. Flee to the home of spirits, and bring back the soul of thy sister, that she may tell me what we wish to know.'

"When the command was given, I felt that a something—an entity—was gone from us. Abou and I were alone with the two bodies.

"'What expect you, Abou?' I said, anxiously.

"'If the labor of a lifetime has not been a failure,' he said, 'these two bodies will soon possess their spirits.'

Again Voltaire stopped in his recital, and looked around the room. He saw that every eye was fixed upon him, while the faces of some of the young ladies were blanched with terror. Evidently they were deeply moved. Even some of the young men shuddered, not so much because of the story that was told, as the strange power of the man that told it. As he saw these marks of interest, a smile crept over his face. He evidently felt that he was the strongest influence in the room—that all had to yield to him as their superior.

"I confess," he went on, "that my heart began to beat quickly at these words. Fancy, if you can, the scene. An Egyptian village, not far removed from some of the great temples of the dead past. Above our heads waved tall palm trees. Around was a strange land, and a wild, lawless people. The hour was midnight, and our business was with the dead.

"We had not waited above three minutes when I knew that the room was peopled—by whom I knew not, except that they came from that land from whose bourne, your greatest poet says, 'no traveler returns.' I looked at Abou. His face was as pale as the face of the dead, except for his eyes. They burned like two coals of fire. He uttered some strange words, the meaning of which was unknown to me, and then I knew some mighty forces were being exerted in that old sheik's hut. My brain began to whirl while a terrible power gripped me; but still I looked, and still I remembered.

"'Spirit of Ilfra,' said Abou, 'are you here?'

"No voice spoke that I could hear, and yet I realized that Abou had received his answer.

"'Enter thy body then, spirit of my daughter, and tell me, if thou darest, the secret I have desired so long.

"I looked at the embalmed body. I saw the eyelids quiver, the mouth twitch, and then the body moved.

"'Speak to me, my daughter, and tell me all,' said Abou.

"I only heard one sound. My overtaxed nerves could bear no more; the living dead was too terrible for me, and I fell senseless to the ground.

"When I awoke to consciousness, I found only Abou and Helfa there. The body of Ilfra had been removed, where, I knew not, for I never saw it again; but Helfa was like unto that which he had been before.

"'The secret is mine, son Herod,' said Abou, 'but it is not for you to learn yet. Be patient; when your spirit is prepared the knowledge will come.'"

Voltaire stopped abruptly. One of the young ladies gave a slight scream, and then he apologized for having no more to tell.

"But has the knowledge come since?" asked a voice.

"I did not know who spoke, but is sounded like Gertrude Forrest's voice. I turned towards her, and saw her looking admiringly at this man whom I could not help fearing.

His answer was a beaming smile and a few words, saying that knowledge should never be boasted of.

That moment my jealousy, which had been allayed, now surged furiously in me, and I determined that that very night I would match the strength of my mind with the strength of his.

CHAPTER V.—CHRISTMAS NIGHT—THE FORGING OF THE CHAIN.

"You have more than redeemed your promise, Voltaire," said Tom Temple, after a silence that was almost painful. "Certainly there is enough romance and mystery in your story to satisfy anyone. What do you think of it, Justin?"—turning to me.

"Mr. Voltaire used the word 'imagination' in his story," I replied, "and I think it would describe it very well. Still, it does not account for much after one has read Dumas' 'Memoirs of a Physician.'"

"Am I to understand that you doubt the truth of my words," asked Voltaire, sharply.

"I think your story is all it appears to be," I replied.

"Honestly, however, I did not believe in one word of it. On the very face of it, it was absurd. The idea of taking a spirit from a living body and sending it after some one that was dead, in order that some secret might be learned, might pass for a huge joke; but certainly it could not be believed in by any well-balanced mind. At any rate, such was my conviction.

"I have heard that Mr. Blake has attempted to write a novel," said Voltaire. "Perhaps he believes my story is made on the same principle."

"Scarcely," I replied. "My novel was a failure. It caused no sensation at all. Your story, on the other hand, is a brilliant success. See with what breathless interest it was listened to, and how it haunts the memories of your hearers even yet!"

This raised a slight titter. I do not know why it should, save that some of the young ladies were frightened, and accepted the first opportunity whereby they could in some way relieve their feelings. Anyhow it aroused Mr. Voltaire, for, as he looked at me, there was the look of a demon in his face, and his hand trembled.

(To Be Continued)

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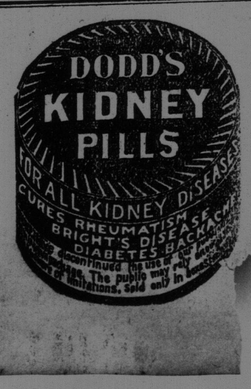

Fashion Hint for Times Readers

CHINCHILLA WITH GRAY VELVET.

A reception gown of chiffon velvet in vapor gray has a bodice draped over embroidered net, dyed to match the gown color. A huge muff of the velvet, shirred in bag shape, is trimmed at top and sides with gray chinchilla fur. The low, round turban of the velvet is trimmed with chinchilla and shows a sweeping gray paradise plume at the right side. This placing of the trimming at the right side of the hat is a very modish notion of this season and is a very grateful change from the hats invariably trimmed at the left.

IN THE GRIP OF COCAINE

A Former Medical Student's Excuse for Theft and Forgery —His Tragic Life Story.

(Toronto News).

Though he started his life with evidences of a brilliant future, and was given every facility to aid him, Frederick Presnall, formerly a student in the Medical department of Toronto University, was forced to admit three charges of theft and forgery in the Police Court this morning, and to plead as his excuse a weakness for cocaine.

Presnall's life story, as given to The News, contains many incidents of more than ordinary interest. He is now under twenty-four years of age, tall, good-looking and speaks with a pleasing accent. His father, a well-known and respected Torontonian, died some years ago, after trying vainly to start the son on a worthy road. The lad was placed as a student in the Medical School of the University, and succeeded in getting through his second year, and well on in the work of the third year, when the passion for cocaine using took hold of him.

He grew indifferent to his studies, became a burden and a despair to his people, and finally capped his actions by marrying a trusting girl whom he was quite unable to support. Refusing to maintain the new home, the wife was forced to accept a stenographer's position, and on the pay from her work, has maintained Presnall in comfort.

By this time his cocaine habits had gained the upper hold. Unable to get money from his wife to gratify the craving, he invented criminal means, and among them was forgery and theft.

On the 16th of May last, he secured $5.50 from the De Young Company, along with some wearing apparel. On the 24th of October last, he secured $4.50 from Carveth & Co., medical booksellers, and from Mervin Van Zant on November 2nd, he took $3.

To all of these charges he pleaded guilty in this morning's Police Court. Crown Attorney Corley, however, urged Magistrate Kingsford to take the circumstances of the case into favorable consideration.

"His people are very respectable," said Mr. Corley, "and have done a great deal for him. The money secured in these fraudulent ways was always in small amounts, and was intended for the purchase of drugs."

"The best place for him," said his Worship, "is in a place where he cannot possibly gratify the craving for a couple of years."

"If I get a chance," begged Presnall, "I swear I'll never do it again."

Some inquiries will be made into Presnall's history by the magistrate, and on Monday afternoon next he will receive his sentence.

Tomorrow in Ottawa Miss Emily Jean Clarke, daughter of P. J. Clarke, of Ottawa, will be married to Frederick Roy Graham, D. D. S., son of J. A. Graham, of Portland street, St. John. Dr. Graham is a graduate of the University of Maryland, of the class of '05. After receiving his degree, he practiced in Sussex, but removed early in 1907 to Estevan (Sask.), where he has since been located. Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Graham and Miss Nellie Graham left last night to attend the wedding.

Followers of the boxing game are to have an evening's entertainment in Moncton tomorrow. The main bout will be between Ramsay, of this city, and Alfie Lynch, of Quebec, for fifteen rounds. John T. Power will be the referee. There are to be two preliminary matches of four rounds each. Danny Fitch and Don Longley will appear in the curtain raiser, and Young Donohoe, of Eastport, and Kelly, of St. John, will follow.

Halifax, Dec. 21.—The total estimates of Halifax civic taxation as prepared by the committee of public accounts tonight call for an assessment of $529,710, which is $20,910 more than last year, and means an addition of a fraction over eleven cents in the rate of taxation. The rate will be about $2.02 on the hundred dollars for the coming year. Last year the rate was $1.91.

EXPLORER DIED IN CENTRAL AMERICA

New York, Dec. 20—Word was received here today that death had overtaken one of the party of explorers headed by Dr. MacMunn Holly, who sailed for Central America early last month.

Henry E. Vineing, 52, an electrical engineer, of the New York Fire Department, lost his life, according to a letter, while attempting to cross a swollen tributary of the Chagres River, on November 19. Albert Holly, son of Dr. Holly, swam the stream with a rope in his teeth and tied the end around a tree on the bank. Dr. Holly had meantime made fast his end on his side of the tributary, which was worse swollen by the floods from the mountains than it had been for 25 years.

Vineing started across, hand over hand, on the rope, up to his neck in the rushing waters, closely followed by Dr. Holly. In the middle of the stream Vineing's strength gave out and he let go the rope. Dr. Holly grasped him with one hand, but Vineing clung to him and fought so desperately the doctor had to break his hold to save his own life. Vineing's body was swept six miles down stream.

Dr. Holly is the Brooklyn physician who nearly lost his life experimenting with X-rays.

From the tea bush in Ceylon to the sealed lead packets in which "Salada" reaches you, such methods of pure cleanliness are used as scarcely any other food manufacture can claim.

R. B. Emerson, chairman of the board of school trustees, said last night that he will soon advertise the sale of the issue of $33,000 school board bonds. They will be advertised in the St. John press and the Monetary Times. He is taking this action after consulting with the board's bankers.

The weekly bowling roll-off on Black's alleys was won last night by Edward Moore with a score of 116.

Only One "BROMO QUININE," that is Laxative Bromo Quinine E. W. Grove on every box. 25c
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

THE COMMON APPLE A GREAT SOURCE OF HEALTH

The Juice of the Ordinary Apple is One of the Best Things in the World for Keeping the Blood Pure.

Few people there are but enjoy a ripe, juicy apple. But how many realize that it is a medicine as well as a treat?

Apple juice has a very marked effect on the kidneys, increasing their power to throw off the waste products of the body, called ures, and thus prevent Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, and similar troubles that come from poisoned blood.

Similarly, other fruits stimulate the action of the liver and bowels—others of the skin. Combined, they keep the blood pure—the body clean and healthy.

To get this effect, however, one must eat a great deal of fruit, or better, eat a little fruit and take "Fruit-a-tives."

"Fruit-a-tives" are tablets in which the juices of ripe fruits, with their medicinal value intensified, are combined with valuable tonics. They act directly on Bowels Kidneys and Skin and put them in perfect condition—thus ensuring the thorough elimination of all waste matter and poisons from the body. Trial box 25c Regular size 50c.—6 boxes for $2.50. Fruit-a-tives Limited, Ottawa.

MRS. JOHN DOYLE TOOK CARBOLIC ACID

Westmorland Road Woman's Case Puzzles the Physicians —Did She Take Poison?

Mrs. John Doyle, of No. 111 Westmorland road, is dying in the General Public Hospital, and circumstances point to carbolic acid poisoning. The case is remarkable. Dr. J. M. Barry was called to the house early Monday afternoon and found the woman dying. Two other doctors saw her and could not hold out many minutes of life, but she rallied wonderfully. Again there are no signs of carbolic acid effects about her mouth or throat.

Mrs. Doyle, who is twenty-nine years of age, resided with her husband and child in the lower flat at No. 111 Westmorland road. The upper flat is occupied by Edward Selmes, whose wife is a sister of Mrs. Doyle.

Monday afternoon at the request of her sister, Mrs. Selmes bought a two ounce bottle of carbolic acid in Mowatt's drug store, Mrs. Doyle saying she wanted it for use on a horse's lame leg. As Mr. Doyle is a teamster, the request seemed reasonable, and the purchase was made.

After delivering the bottle to her sister, Mrs. Selmes went to her own apartments. About 1 o'clock she heard a noise downstairs and on investigating found Mrs. Doyle lying on a lounge. "I've taken the carbolic," was the startling statement she made. Mrs. Selmes sent word to Dr. Barry who arrived soon after and on examination he announced that the woman was dying. Dr. W. F. Roberts was later notified and he also agreed that Mrs. Doyle was in a dying condition. She rallied, however. Dr. A. A. Lewin called with Dr. Barry Monday evening and she was much the same. It was decided to take her to the hospital. The ambulance was summoned and the woman taken there about 10.30 o'clock. Examination there brought the same opinion as before—the woman was dying. She rallied again and at 1.30 o'clock. was still alive.

The case was a puzzling one for the doctors. There were no signs on her face or throat to indicate that she had taken the acid. In the room where she was found, there was the empty acid bottle and two cups, one smelling of carbolic acid and the other had apparently contained liquor. The supposition is that the woman mixed the poison and the liquor, and thus escaped burning her face and throat.

Her husband said he could not account for his wife's act. He had left her in the morning apparently happy and contented, and when he returned at supper time she was unconscious. They had been married twelve years, and always got along peacefully. The only reason he could assign for her act was that she had been drinking.

At 3.40 Mrs. Doyle was said to be dying in the hospital. It was then thought she could not live more than a few minutes.

OVER MILLION BUSHELS OF GRAIN WAS SHIPPED

Heavy grain shipments are being made through St. John this season, and there are many Canadian cattle also being shipped. The C. P. R. have handled more than 650,000 bushels of grain so far this season, and the I. C. R. more than 350,000, a total of more than 1,000,000 bushels. Approximate figures up to Saturday last are:

Receipts at C. P. R. Elevator.

	Bushels.
Wheat	584,721
Oats	2,668
Peas	3,998.50
Barley	70,824
	662,211.50

Receipts at I. C. R. Elevator.

	Bushels.
All grains	645,251
Sent forward	302,010
Now in elevator	343,241

Cattle received at West St. John and exported up to and including Saturday last were:

Cattle shipped direct from West St. John	3,399
Cattle shipped to Halifax over I. C. R.	1,199
	4,598
Horses shipped from West St. John	15

FIRE IN WEST SIDE

While passing the grocery store of Mrs. Mary D. McCallum, in Ludlow street, about 1 o'clock this morning, C. Clark saw flames within. He broke a window, opened the door and, seeing he could not extinguish the fire, sent in an alarm. The fire was put out without much damage. Its origin is a mystery.

About the time the fire bells sounded the clock bell of St. George's church went out of order and clanged and clanged. Many people assembled, thinking the church was afire.

SAVINGS BANK INSURANCE AND OLD AGE ANNUITIES

Before the Public Service Commission in New York last week Louis D. Brandeis of Boston spoke on the "Massachusetts Savings Bank Insurance and Old Age Annuities.

"The United States, like the leading industrial nations of Europe," said Mr. Brandeis, "must provide some adequate system of old age annuities for superannuated wage-earners. In England's most prosperous years, one-fifth of her men and women over 65 years old have been dependent upon the poor rates for bare subsistence; about another one-fifth would have been dependent upon poor rates but for aid given by private charitable societies, relatives or friends. In other European countries, like conditions have led to comprehensive legislation. Germany has its compulsory old age insurance act. England has just adopted a system of old age pensions paid from national revenues. America must protect her supernnuated wage-earners from want. The only question is, How shall it be done? Massachusetts offers in her savings bank insurance and annuity system a practical solution of the old age problem, as well as a means of furnishing protection to the family, through life insurance, in case of premature death.

"The Massachusetts savings bank insurance system has the following, among other merits: 1. It enables the American wage-earner to provide himself with absolutely safe life insurance as well as with an absolutely safe fixed income in his old age at the lowest possible cost. 2. It gives the American wage-earner an equal opportunity with the business or professional man of securing financial independence in old age (though, of course, on a different scale), by enabling the wage-earner to make payments monthly from current wages. 3. It is consistent with the American ideas of civil liberty; for, unlike the German system, it is not compulsory or inquisitorial. 4. It makes the American wage-earner independent in his old age, instead of dependent upon state support as under the English old age pension system. 5. It relieves instead of further burdening general taxation, as do the English and German systems.

"The Massachusetts savings bank insurance system rests upon the proposition that every reasonable, industrious and frugal wage earner has the right to expect and should be enabled to secure financial independence in his old age, and to make a provision for his family in case of his death. It recognizes that the cost of making such a provision is a part of the current cost of living necessarily included in the living wage.

"By extending the functions of savings banks to the issuing of life insurance and old age annuities in small amounts, Massachusetts utilizes the widespread confidence of her people in her savings banks by leading them to enter upon the other forms of saving represented by life insurance and old age annuities. How great is the confidence of the people and the good will of these savings banks is shown by the fact that with a population in the state of little more than 3,000,000 inhabitants, Massachusetts savings banks now have on deposit $706,940,596, represented by 1,971,644 separate accounts. The first requisite of low cost insurance and annuities is a small expense account and a large net income from invested funds. The private industrial insurance companies consume over 40 per cent. of the premiums in expenses of management, and dividends to stockholders. The expenses of the savings banks of Massachusetts during the past ten years (other than taxes) were less than one-quarter of 1 per cent. of the amounts invested. The high net earnings on invested funds are due in part to the fact that these banks are operated wholly for the benefit of depositors. Savings banks have no stockholders and the valuable services of the trustees are with trifling exceptions unpaid. The necessary expert insurance services and supervision are furnished by the state to the banks without charge, through the state actuary and state medical directors—officers created exclusively for this purpose."

A NORTH SHORE ROW MAY END IN DEATH

Jack Cable, of Upper Napan, Left for Dead After Drunken Row — Badly Frozen and Battered.

Chatham, N. B., Dec. 21—Jack Cable, of Upper Napan, was brought to town tonight by Chief of Police Lawson and Policeman Morris and taken to the Hotel Dieu in a serious condition as a result of injuries sustained in a drunken brawl on Thursday night and subsequent exposure. He is badly battered, with bruises on his body and head and both feet are frozen so badly that they may have to be amputated.

The story of the affair which has reached town implicates two men. There has been bad blood between the injured man and the others for some time and some time during Thursday night Cable became involved in a quarrel with them and getting decidedly the worst of the encounter was left for dead along the road, where he was heartlessly allowed to remain all night.

Frank Jardine, a farmer, going for a load of wood early Friday morning, came across the prostrate and unconscious form of Cable and took him to a nearby house.

The injured man has been mixed up in many unsavory cases and so little sympathy was felt for him that no effort was made to arrest his assailants.

The case was reported to the town police and investigation by Chief Lawson today resulted in Cable being brought to the hospital. His recovery was at first despaired of, but some hopes are now held out that he will survive.

Much interest was created today by the news that Charles Bernard, the well known barber, had received his reward for supporting the Hazen government by being appointed lumber inspector. Mr. Bernard has already laid the shaving kit aside and has invested in the surveyor's rule. His duties will be to watch the winter landings with the object of determining any logs cut under the regulation size.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local application, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its natural condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine case out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

A MINE EXPLOSION IN COBALT REGION

Cobalt, Ont., Dec. 21.—Two men were killed today in Temagami Gold Reef mine at Cobalt and three others injured by the explosion of a quantity of dynamite that stuck in the drill.

The dead are: Michael Doherty, single, North Bay; Alfred Rioux, single, Sudbury.

Injured: William Brennan, married, aged about 45 years, may die; Eli Lalonde, badly cut and bruised; La Vallee, slightly hurt.

Dogfish, or "flake," are seriously interfering with the Cornish herring fishery.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

JUST LANGUAGE.

We say "Good day," although it may
Be raining pitchforks, as they say,
We say "Good night," though there is quite
A blizzard and the ground is white.

Find two of his friends.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

1. Scamp—upper left corner down under nose.
2. Victim—upside down, in head.