

TELS.

LIAM HOTEL
Harbor, opposite Dock
ata. Furnished
at table; American

HOTEL
Street,
Reading Hotel.
HERTY CO., LTD.
ida, Manager.

FFERIN
N, N, N, R.
ATES & CO.
Manager.

HOUSE
Proprietor,
Princess Street,
N, N, R.

A HOTEL
Than Ever.
St. John, N. R.
TEL CO., LTD.
etom.
P, Manager.

LIQUORS.
LIVAN & CO.
ad 1874.
Spirit Merchants
for
HOBBS GILLIAN
WHISKY,
PURE SCOTCH
KEY,
PURE OF LORDS
WHISKY,
PURE IV. SCOTCH
KEY,
BASS ALE,
LAGER BEER,
MAC BRANDIES,
46 Dock Street,
883.

LIQUORS.
and dealers in all
of Wines and Liq-
in stock from the
da, very Old Rye,
out, Imported and
ater Street.

LIQUORS.
s, successors to
Retail
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The MILLION DOLLAR MYSTERY By HAROLD MACGRATH

\$10,000 FOR ONE HUNDRED WORDS.

"The Million Dollar Mystery" story will run for twenty-two consecutive weeks in this paper. By an agreement with the Thinker Film company it has been made possible not only to read the story in this paper but also to see it each week in the various moving picture theaters. For the solution of this mystery story \$10,000 will be given by the Thinker Film corporation.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The price of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman, or child who writes the most acceptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two reels of motion picture drama will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

Solutions may be sent to the Thinker Film corporation, either at Chicago or New York, any time up to midnight, Jan. 14. This allows several weeks after the last chapter has been published.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many solutions received is the most acceptable. The judges are to be Harold MacGrath, Lloyd Lowmyer, and Miss Mae Fines. The judgment of this board will be absolute and final. Nothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the \$10,000 prize. The last two reels, which will give the most acceptable solution to the mystery, will be presented in the theaters having this feature as soon as it is possible to produce the same. The story corresponding to these motion pictures will appear in the newspapers coincidentally, or as soon after the appearance of the pictures as practicable. With the last two reels will be shown the pictures of the winner, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newspapers, so far as practicable, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Harold MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successful contestant.

Solutions to the mystery must not be more than 100 words long. Here are some questions to be kept in mind in connection with the mystery as an aid to a solution:

No. 1—What becomes of the millionaire?
No. 2—What becomes of the \$1,000,000?
No. 3—Whom does Florence marry?
No. 4—What becomes of the Russian countess?

Nobody connected either directly or indirectly with "The Million Dollar Mystery" will be considered as a contestant.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Stanley Hargrave, millionaire, after a miraculous escape from the den of the Black Hundred, lives the life of a recluse for sixteen years. Hargrave accidentally meets Braine, leader of the Black Hundred. Knowing Braine will try to get him, he escapes from his own home by a balloon. Before escaping he writes a letter to the girl's school where eighteen years before he mysteriously left on the doorstep his baby daughter, Florence Gray. The day Hargrave also draws \$1,000,000 from the bank, but it is reported that this dropped into the sea when the balloon he escaped in was punctured.

Florence arrives from the girl's school. Countess Olga, Braine's companion, visits her and claims her as a relative. Two bogus detectives call, but their plot is foiled by Norton, a newspaper man.

By bribing the captain of the Orient, Norton lays a trap for Braine and his gang. Countess Olga also visits the Orient's captain, and she easily falls into the reporter's snare. The plan proves abortive through Braine's good luck and only briefings fall into the hands of the police.

After failing in their first attempt, the Black Hundred trap Florence. They ask her for money, but she escapes, again foiling them.

Norton and the countess call on Florence the next day, once more safe at home. The visitors having gone, Jones removes a section of flooring and from a cavity takes a box. Pursued by members of the Black Hundred, he rushes to

a lock of his hair. He threw himself off the veranda and scurried across the lawn, zig-zag fashion. But no more bullets followed.

Jones turned on the lights and investigated the room, but he could not find anything disturbed, and naturally came to the conclusion that the intruder had been interrupted before he had begun his work. He turned off the lights and sat up the major portion of the night. Nothing more happened. Florence came down, but he sent her back to bed, explaining that some one had attempted to enter the house and he had taken a shot at him.

"Spider" Beggs had a letter to write. He was in high feathers. He had tackled a difficult job and had come away without a scratch. But he had the misfortune to write his letter to the secret service officials in a hotel often frequented by Norton. And

"Yes, Mr. Hargrave had it built several years ago. I don't know what his idea was; possibly he anticipated an event like this. You and your men will find entrance by this method. It can be done without exciting the suspicions of the watchers."

"Looks as if my yarn wasn't going to be delayed so long after all. Jones, you ought to have been in the secret service yourself," admiringly.

Jones smiled and shrugged. "I am perfectly satisfied with my lot—or would be if the Black Hundred could be wiped out of existence."

"I'll see the secret service people at once. I stand in well with them all."

"And good luck to you. We'll need good luck."

Norton was welcomed cordially by the chief. The secret service men trusted him



I SHALL HAVE TO REQUEST YOU AND THE FAMILY TO ACCOMPANY ME TO THE STATION.

new adage, Jones, I shouldn't mind heading it. But I'm only just out of school, where old adages are served from soup to pudding.

Good-night!"

And Jones went to the rear of the house, chuckling.

In the passing it might well be observed that the Hargrave house had a remarkable message. There was a gardener, a cook, and a maid; and the three of them reported to Jones each night before going to bed. They were all three detectives from one of the greatest organizations in America.

Finding themselves unable to lure Florence away from the environs of the Hargrave home, the Black Hundred set some new machinery in motion. They proposed to rid the house of every one in it by a perfectly logical device. But the first step in this new move was going to be extremely delicate and risky. It was no small adventure to enter the Hargrave home; and yet this must be done. So finally "Spider" Beggs was selected for the work. The man could practically walk over crockery without causing a sound; he could climb a house by the window ledges; and he could hold his breath like those professional tank swimmers.

Three or four nights after the Paroff fiasco, Jones started the rounds, putting out the lights. He left the one in the hall till the last, for it was his habit, after having turned off that light, to stand by the door for several minutes, watching. One never could tell.

On the other hand, "Spider" Beggs never approached a house till an hour after the lights went out. Persons were likely to move about for some minutes later; they might want something to eat, a drink of water. So he remained hidden behind the summer house till long after midnight. When at last he felt assured that all in the Hargrave house were asleep, he moved out cautiously. Both his future and his pocketbook depended upon the success of this venture. It took him ten minutes to crawl from the summer house to the veranda, and to have detected this approach Jones, had he been watching, would have needed a searchlight. Beggs hugged the lattice work for another ten minutes and then drew himself up and wriggled to one of the windows. Here was an operation that needed all his art and skill: to lift this window without sound. But he was an old hand and windows with ordinary locks were playthings under his deft touch. He raised the window, stepped over the sill into the library, and crouched down. He did not close the window; house thieves never do. They leave windows and doors open, because sooner or later they have got to make their escape that way.

Presently he stood up, flashed his torch, found the library shelves, and tiptoed toward them. He then selected three or four volumes, opened them at random and laid neat packages of money between the leaves. It was not real money, but only a bank clerk could have told you that. This done, he moved toward the window again.

"Stop!" said Jones quietly.

"Spider" Beggs gasped. It was so unexpected; but at the same time almost instinctively he plunged headlong through the window, and the bullet which followed snipped

and told him lots of tales that never saw light on the printed page. The reporter went directly to the point of his story, without elaboration, and the chief smiled and handed him the original letter.

"Norton, I've been after this gang of counterfeiters for months and they are clever beyond words. I've never been able to get anywhere near their presses. And for a moment I thought this note was from a squealer. I've a dozen men scouring the country. They find the bogus notes, but never the men who pass them. You see, it's new stuff. I know what all the old timers are at; but none of them has had a hand in this issue. Some foreigners, I take it, under the leadership of a man I'd very much like to know. Now, what's your scheme?"

Jim outlined it briefly.

"It all depends," said the chief, "upon the fact that they will be impatient. If they have the ability to wait, we lose. But we can afford to risk the chance. The man who wrote this letter is not a counterfeiter. He's an old yegman. We haven't heard anything of him lately. We tried to corner him on a postoffice job, but he slipped by. He may be a stool. Anyhow, I'll draw him in somehow."

"There'll be some excitement."

"We're used to that, too. All we've got to do is to locate this man Beggs. There are signs of spits in this letter. Very well played, if you want my opinion. What's this Black Hundred?"

"I'm not at liberty to tell just yet. It's a strange game; half political, half blackmail. It's a pretty strong organization. But if they're back of this counterfeiting, there's a fine chance of landing them all."

Here the chief's assistant came in. "Got Beggs on the wire. Says he'll conduct you to the home if you'll promise him immunity for some other offenses."

"Tell him he shall have immunity on the word of the chief. But also say that he must come to see me in person."

"All right, sir."

"I don't believe it would be wise for Beggs to see me here. I gave him a good send-off—Sing Sing—five years ago. He may recollect," said Norton.

"Suit yourself about that. Only, keep into communication with me by telephone and I'll tip you off as to when the raid shall take place. Lucky you came in. I should have honestly gone there and arrested innocent people, and they would have had a devil of a time explaining. It would have taken them at least a week to clear themselves. That would leave the house empty all that time."

Norton did not reply, but he put the blotter away carefully. There was no getting away from the fact, but the god of luck was with him.

"Do you know what's back of it all?"

"I can't tell you any more than I have," said Norton.

"Then I pass. I know you well enough. If you've made up your mind not to talk a can-opener. And that's why we trust you, my boy. Don't forget the telephone."

"I shan't. So long."

That same night Braine paid the Russian woman a brief visit.

"I think that here's where we go forward. The secret service will raid the house tomorrow and then for a few days we'll roam about as we bally please. I'm hanged if I don't have every plank torn up and all the walls pulled down. More and more I'm convinced that the money is in that house."

"Don't be too confident," warned Olga.

"So many times have we been tripped up when everything seemed in our hands. The house should be guarded but not entered for a day or two; at least not till after the raid

"H'm. Complimentary?"

"No; just ordinary everyday love."

"Ah, Olga, why the deuce must you go and fall in love with a bundle of ashes like myself? Ashes and bitter ashes, too. Sometimes I regret. . . . But the regretting only seems to make me all the more savage. What? opium and dope are to other men, danger and excitement are to me. It is not written that I shall die in bed. I have told you that already. There is no other woman—now. And I do love you after a fashion, and a man loves a comrade. Wait till this dancing bout is over and I may talk otherwise. And now I am going to a reception. I am going to shake hands and hobnob with the elite—beautiful world! And while I bow and smirk and crack witticisms, I and the devil will be chuckling in our sleeves. But this I'll tell you, while there's a drop of blood in my veins, a breath in my body, I'll stick to this fight if only to prove that I'm not a quitter."

He caught her suddenly in his arms, kissed her, ran lightly to the door, and was gone before she could recover from her astonishment.

The affair went smoothly, without a hitch. Norton and his men gained the house through the tunnel without attracting the least attention. The Black Hundred, watching the front and rear of the house, never dreamed that there existed another mode of entrance or that there was a secret cabinet room.

Half an hour later the head of the secret service, accompanied by his men, together with "Spider" Beggs, who was in high feather over his success, arrived, demanded admittance, and went at the front of the business at once.

"Your name is Jones," began the chief.

The butler nodded, though his face evinced no little bewilderment at the appearance of these men.

"What is it you wish, sir?"

"I am from the secret service and I have it from a pretty good source that there is counterfeit money hidden in this house. More than that, I can put my hand on the very place it is hidden."

"That is impossible, sir," declared Jones indignantly.

"I'm an old hand, Mr. Jones. It will not do you a bit of good to put on that bold front."

Beggs smiled. How was he to know that this was a comedy set especially for his benefit.

"I should like to see that money," said Jones, not quite so bravely.

"Come with me," said the secret service man. "Where's the library?"

"Beyond that door, sir."

The chief, beckoning to his men, entered the library, went directly to a certain shelf, extracted three volumes, and there lay the money in three neat packages.

"Good heavens!" gasped Jones.

"I shall have to request you and the family to accompany me to the station."

"But it is all utterly impossible, sir! I know nothing of that money, nor how it got there. It's a plot. I declare on my oath, sir, that I am innocent, that Miss Florence and her companion know nothing about it."

"You will have to tell all that to the federal judge, sir. My duty is to take you all to the station. It would be just as well not to say anything more, sir."

"Very well; but some one shall smart for this outrage."

"That red . . . be seen," was the terse comment of the secret service man.

He led his prisoners away directly.

Norton and his men had to wait far into the night. The Black Hundred did not intend to make any mistake this time by a hasty move. At quarter after 10 they descended. Braine was not with them. This was due to the urgent request of Olga, who still had her doubts. The men fought about the house, searching nooks and corners, examining floor and walls, opening books, pulling out drawers, but they found nothing. They talked freely, however, and the dictagraph registered every word. The printing plant, which had so long defied discovery, was in the cellar of the house occupied by the Black Hundred. Norton and his men determined to follow and raid the building. And the reporter promised himself a good front page story without in any way conflicting with his promises to Jones.

Events came to pass as they expected. The trailing was not the easiest thing. Norton knew about where the building was, but he could not go to it directly. He was quite confident that its entrance was identical with that which had the trap door through which he had been fished that memorable day when he had been shanghaied.

When they reached the building he warned the men to hug the wall to the stairs. The trap rawned, but no one was hurt. They scampered up the stairs like a lot of eager boys; broke the door in—to find the weird executive chamber dark and empty and an acrid smoke in their nostrils. This latter grew stifling as they blundered about in the dark. By luck Norton found the exit and called to the men to follow. They saw Beggs at the top of the stairway and called out to him to surrender. He held up his hands and the stairs collapsed. Real fire burst out and Norton and his companion had a desperate battle with flame and smoke to gain the street.

The fire was put out finally, but there was nothing in the ruins to prove that there had been a counterfeiting den there. There was, however, at least one concealing feature: in the future the Black Hundred would have to hold their star-chambers elsewhere.

It was checkmate; or, rather, it was a draw.

BE CONTINUED.]