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we have succeeded in doing is knocking our heads. I can see now that all our failures are due to one mistake."

"And what the devil is that?" he asked, irritably.

"We were in too much of a hurry at the beginning. Hargreave prepared himself for quick action on your part."

"And if I had not acted quickly he would have started successfully on one of his world have been the last of him, and we should never have learned of the girl's existence. So forer's your argument."

"Perhaps you are right. But for all that we have not played the game with any degree of finesses."

"Bah!" Braine lit a cigarette and smoked nervously. "I can't even get rid of that meddling reporter. He has been as much to blame for our failures as either Joses or Hargreave. I admit faat in his case I judged hastily. I believed him to be just an ordinary newspaper man, and he was slever enough to Juli my suspicious. But I'm going to get him, Olga, even if I have to resort to ordinary gunman tricks. If there's any final reckoning, by the Lord Harty, he shan't get a chance in the witness stand."

"And I had her in my hands, note and all!"

"But with all that water there will not be any writing left on the leiter."

"I'mistable lak is generally indelible and impervious to the action of water; at least the kind I use, is. I'd give a thousand for a sight of that letter."

"And it mist."

"But with all that water there will not be any writing left on the leiter."

"I'mistable lak is generally indelible and inpervious to the action of water; at least the kind I use, is. I'd give a thousand for a sight of that letter."

"Not the least douby of it in my mind. Olga, old girl, it does look as if my star was growing dim. We'll never get our hands or that in the least of the private of the private of the private of the private of th

"O, I'm not chiding you. I've failed, too."
"Are you turning against me?" he demanded bitterly.

"Do my actions point that way?" she countered. "No. But the more I view what has passed the more disheartened I grow. It has been a series of blind alleys, and all we have succeeded in doing is knocking our heads. I can see now that all our failures are due to one mistake."

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Don't will be absolute and final. Bothing of a literary nature will be considered in the decision, nor given any preference in the selection of the winner of the 20,000 price. The last two reals, 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 seme. The story corresponding to these motion pictures will appear in the secongapers coincidentally, or as year in the secongapers coincidentally, or as year in the secongapers of the pictures as practicable. With the last two reals will be shown the pictures of the viewer, his or her home, and other interesting features. It is understood that the newapapers, so far as practicable, in printing the last two chapters of the story by Hendle MacGrath, will also show a picture of the successful contestont.

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

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Nobdy sonnected either directly or in-CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE CONTEST.

The prize of \$10,000 will be won by the man, woman, or child whot writes the most scoeptable solution of the mystery, from which the last two rests of motion picture drame will be made and the last two chapters of the story written by Harold MacGrath.

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Solutions may be sent to the Thenhouser Film corporation at 5 South Websath avenue, Chicago, Ill., or Thenhouser Film corporation, 71 West Twenty-third street, New York City, N. Y., any time up to midnight, Jan. 14, 1916. This allows several weeks after the last chapter has been published.

A board of three judges will determine which of the many colutions received is the most cooperable. The judges are to be Harold MacGrath, Lloyd Lonergan, and Mise Mac Tines. The judgment of this SYNOPSIS OF PR

ealed at the rendenvous of the Hundred, a man learns of the re-of the box from the sea by a

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

Florence arrives from the girle' school. Countess Olga, Braine's companion, visite her and elshas her as a relative. The Black Hundred then see a means of making Florence a target for their attacks. They are after the \$1,000,000, and Braine, their leader, sets traps for Florence. The Black Hundred, after a number of attempts, fall, due to the wisdom of Jones, the Hargreave butler, and Nortoh, a newspaper man.

Concealed at the rendeavous of the Black Hundred, a man learns of the reanilor and of its subsequent return to the bottom of the sea, and he quickly communicates the fact to Jones. A de-plicate box is planted and later secured by the band, but before its contents are examined the box mysteriously disap-

examined the box mysteriously disappears.

Finding himself checkmared at every turn, Braine endeavors to enmesh the Hargreave household in the law in order to grin free access to the house. The timely discovery of the plot by Norton sets the police at the heels of the pack and results in a raid on the gang's rendeavous, which, however, proves to be barren of results.

The Black Hundred begin to fear Norton and plan to dispose of him. Again the unnoticed butter shows his hand by rescuing Norton and defeating Braine.

Braine and Countess Olga plan darfing attempt to capture Florence and Norton at a masked ball given by Pyincess Parliova. They defeat their own plan by overanxiety.

By chance Florence discovers a cave used by the Black Hundred. Being surprised by members of the band, she conceals herself and then learns of a saysterious paper which is of vital importance to her father's safety, and at great risk to herself secures the paper.

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CHAPTER XX.

**PRAINE TRIES ANOTHER WRAPON.

HAT I want now," said Braine, as he paced the living room of the apartment of the countess, "is revenge. I've been checkmated enough, Olga; they're playing with us." "That is nothing new," she replied, shrugging. "At the beginning I warned you. I never liked this affair after the first two or three failures. But you would have your way. You wanted revenge at that early date; but I cannot see that you've gone forward. Has it ever occurred to you that the organization may be getting tired, too? They depend solely upon your invention, and each time your invention has resulted in touching nothing but zero."

thought some joke had been played on me, then I chanced to remember the invisible ink letters you always wrote me. Understanding that you were to visit the cave in the morning, I had one man at the garden take fue note. And you never got it!"

"Some one shall pay for this carelessness. I'll call up Vroon and Jackson at once. Wait just a moment."

He went to the telephone. A low muttering conversation took place. Olga could hear little or none of it. When Braine put the receiver back on the hook 'ais face was not pleasant to see.

"That gir!!"

"What now?"

"It seems she had been out horseback riding that morning. She had seen one of the boys cross the field wild suddenly disappear; and she was curious to learn what had become of him. With her usual luck she stumbled on to the method of opening the door of the cave and went in. She must have been nowing about. She didn't have much time, though, as the boys came up to await me. Evidently she crawled into that old chest and in some inexplicable manner purloined the letter from Jackson's pocket. They left to reconnoiter; and it was them that Jackson discovered his loss. When Florence heard them returning she jumped into the well. And lived through that tunnel! The devil is in it!"

"Or out of it, since we consider him our

"I can go elsewhere," he replied coldly.
"You would leave me?"
"The moment you cross my will," em-

"The moment you cross my will," simplestically.

It became her turn to pace. Torn between her love of the man and the danger which stared her in the face, she was for the time being distracted. All the time he watched her with malevolent curiosity, knowing that in the end she would concur with his evil plans.

"Yery well," she said finally. "But ils-

the way up to her room:

The maid passed on into the library.

"What's this?" inquired Florence, as the maid held out the basket. She selected a peach and was about to set her white teeth into it when Jim interposed.

"Wait a moment, dear." Florence lowered the peach. Jim turned to the maid.

"Who sent it?"

"I don't know, sir. A messenger brought it, saying it was for Miss Hargreave."

"Let me see if there is a card." But Jim searched in vain for the card of the donor. At once all his suspicious arose. "Don't touch them. Better let the maid throw them

Florence knelt beside her friend's bed and cried softly.

"You called me just in time. An homister, nothing would have saved her. She would have been paralyzed for life."

Jim accompanied the dector to the door and went in search of Jones. He found fisces may and drawn, though his eyes blased with fury.

"Poison!"

"A pretty bad poison, too," said Jim. "We can't do anything. We've just got to sit still. But in the end we'll get them. That she devil. "."

"No, my friend; that he devil. The woman is mad over him and would commit any crime at his bidding. But this is his work. We want him. He want's without course, to send this fruit, knowing that I would instantly suspect the seader. Yet, I here no definite proof. I could not hold him in count in law. He will have bought the fruit piece by piece, the basket in a basic shop. He will have injected the poison himself when aloas. Poor Susani That messengar was without doubt some one overwhom he holds the threat of the death chair. That's the way he work."

"It has to be dipped into a colution; after that you can read it by heating. I have already dipped it into the solution. The moment the heat leaves the sheet the writing disappears again. The lak is waterproof. I'll show you."

Jones got a candle from the mantle, lit it, and held the sheet of paper vely close to the fanne. Gradually, almost imperceptibly, letters began to form on the blank sheet. At length the message was complete.

"Dear Hargreave—The flussian minister of police is at the Blank hotel under to mame of Henri Servan. He is investigating the work of the Black Hundred in this country and can free you from their vengescane if you supply the evidence needed."

"Now, what evidence can be want?"

"Now, what evidence can be want?"

"And suddenly tay atted."

"He are supply the evidence needed."

"Now, what evidence can be want?"

"And suddenly tay atted."

"My government has walle for ten years to gather in this delectable trio. A moath, if you like."

"He may take a week eve ten days."

"It may take a week

"And then."

"Quietly pack him off to Russis, where he is badly wanted."

"Who sent this message?"

"One of our mysterious friends. We have a few, as you already know. But I'll go and make this man Servan a visit. I have seen the real minister, and if this man is the same one, something of importance may turn up. I shall want you somewhere about. Here, I'll let you have this letter. Remember, heat brings it out and cold air makes it vanish. Now I'll go up for a moment to see how that poor girl is getting along. We are lucky; there's no gainsaying that."

"You're a clever man, Jones," said Jim.

ment to see how that poor girl is getting along. We are lucky; there's no gainsaying that."

"You're a clever man, Jones," said Jim. Jones turned upon him, his face grave. The two men looked steadily into each other's eres. Jones was first to turn aside his glance, as he had something to conceal and Jim had nothing.

When the ambulance took the tertured Susan away, Jones addressed Florence gravely.

"I am going out and so is Mr. Norton. Do not leave the house; not even if you have a telephone call from me or Norton. Bota of us will return; so don't let anything bother or confuge you."

"I promise," said Florence, struggling with a sob.

Jones went downstairs again, paused by a window as if cogitating, and suddenly threw it up and looked abroad. A rustle among the lilacs caused a smile to fit across his face. So they had sent some one to learn the effect of the poison? Or to follow him should he leave the house? He retired to the kitchen and gave some explicit orders to the chef, orders which did not in any way refer to cooking. Then Jones and the reporter left the house, each quite aware that they were being followed. Near the Blank hotel they separated in order to confuse the stalker. He might dodder and follow the wrong man. But it was evident that this time he had been directed to follow Jones; for he entered the hotel a minute after Jones.

Meantime a second spy, whom Jones and not seen, had observed the transfer of the invisible writing and had immediately informed Braine, who was not far away. That his poisoned fruit had stricken down an outsider troubled him none at all. But that mysterious message he meant to have; it might be a life and death affair, it might be a cleve to the treasure, or the where-it is a cleared to produce the contents of his wallet lay scattered at his feet, his watch dangled from the chains. The cigarette row shorter and search sont.

terror stricken as she recalled Susan's act.

"Miss Susan took a peach from the basket and was eating it on the way to her froom!"

"Good heavens!" gasped Jim. "I was right. The fruit was poisoned."

Jim had head enough to send for a specialist he knew. The specialist arrived about twenty minutes after Susan's first cry. To his keen eye it looked like a certain poison which had for its basis the venom of the cobra.

"Will sine live?"

"O, yes. But she'll be a wreck for some months. Send her to the hospital where I can visit her frequently. And I'll take that peach along for analysis. No police affair?"

"No. We dare not call them in," said Jim.

"That's your affair. I'll send down the ambulance. Keep her quiet. Sae'll have a species of paralysis; Sut that'll work off under the treatment. A strange business,"

"So it is," agreed Jim grimly,

"So it is," agreed Jim grimly,

"The Russian was standing by a window.

The page syed that card curiously. It was different from anything he had ever seem before. In one corner were written force of four words which resembled a cross between Hebrew and Greek.

"Humph!" muttered the boy. "Whadda y' know about that? Chicken scratches; but I guess the bell rings Rooslan. On your way, Hortense," he cried to the hall maid, who wanted a look at fine card. When the boy returned to Jones, he said: "Up t' th' room, sir. He'll see yuh!" The boy kept the silver salver extended expectantly, but Jones went past without apparently noticing the hint.

The Russian was standing by a window.

out to me."

"It may take a week or ten days."

"My government has waited for ten years to gather in this delectable trio. A month, if you like."

"The sooner the better. I shall call this evening after dinner. We shall begin with Mr. Braine; and generally where he is is the woman. Vroon will be the most difficult."

the woman. Vroon will be the most difficult."

"Aften dinner, then, since you know some
of his haunts. There is a reward."

Jones laughed shortly. "Keep it yourself,
sir. Mr. Hargreave would willingly double
whatever this reward is to eliminate these
despicable creatures from his affairs."

"Toanka."

While this conversation was taking place
Norton idled about; and feeling the cravings
for a cigarette, prepared to roll one, only
to find that he hadn't the "makings." So
fate urged him to step into the nearest tobacconist's. He asked for his favorite brand
and passed over the silver.

Braine and his companions saw Norton
enter fine shop. It agreed with their plans
perfectly. The tobacconist happened to be
affiliated with the order. So they hurried
into the shop. Jim instantly realized that
he was in a trap.

"How can I get out of here?" he whispered to the tobacconist.

The latter smiled. "I have to obey these
gentiemen. I don't know what they want
you for; but if I made a move to help you
I should find my own throat cut without
eaving yours."

"Tae deviil"

about his head.

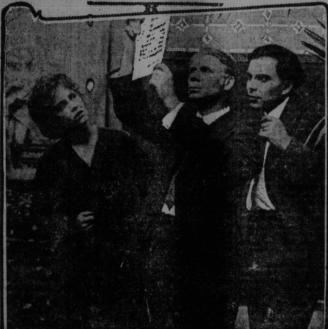
"He's got it on him somewhere. I saw him take it. He's got his nerve with him."
The cigarette glowed. Jim smoked heariedly.

Through every pocket they went. The contents of his wallet lay scattered at his feet; his watch dangled from the chain. The cigarette grew shorter and shorter. Suddenly one of the men stretched out a hand and whisked the cigarette from Jim's lips. He threw it to the floor and stamped out the coal.

L'SO DE CONTENUED.



CONES AND HENRI SERVAN RUSSIAN MINISTER OF POLICE, CONSDIRING TO TRAP BRAINE AND HIS ACCOMPLICES.



JONES READS THE BLANK SHEET OF PAPER . . .

the blank sheet of paper.

"I'll wager," said Jim, "the water washed all the writing away. The fire does not seem to do any good. We'll turn it over to Jones. Jones'll find a way to solve it. Trust him."

"What are you two chattering about?" asked Susan, who was arranging some flowers on the table.

"Secrets," said Jim, smiling.
"Humph!"
Susan puttered shout for a few minutes.

"Humph!"

Susan puttered about for a few minutes longer, then crossed to the reception room, intending to go upstairs. At that moment the maid was admitting a messenger with a basket of fruit.

"For Miss Hargreave," said he. He gave the basket to the maid, touched his cap awkwardly, and swung on his heel, closing the door behind him. He was in a hurry to deliver another message.

"O, what lovely fruit!" cried Susan, pausing. "I'm going to steal one," she laughed. She selected a pasch and began eating it on

"That's your affair. I'll send down the ambulance. Keep her quiet. Sae'll have a species of paralysis; but that'll work off under the treatment. A strange business," "So it is," agreed Jim grimly,

The Russian was standing by a window

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