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THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY

BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

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

(Continued.)

My heart began to beat violently now, for I felt I was near the time when my labors would be rewarded by success, or I should have to give up my search in despair.

"Are they all Europeans?"

"No. There was one Turk, one Frenchman, two Italians, and one Egyptian."

My heart gave a great bound. Surely I had been guided aright; I should find him at last.

"Are they at home during the day?"

"No," was the reply; "they are mostly out."

"But they come home at night?"

"Yes, they come home at night, all except one."

Which was he?

The Egyptian.

Did he stay at home during the day?

He really could not say. He only came a little more than two days ago, and his habits seemed uncertain.

"And is the Egyptian at home now?"

"No," said the man, eyeing me keenly.

"Might I ask when he will be home?" I asked eagerly.

"I do not think it right to answer questions about my lodgers," said the man, sharply. "You have asked a great many; I must know your reasons for so doing before I answer any more."

I began to chide myself for my folly. I had raised suspicions and now I might not be able to get the information I wanted. "I did not intend to be offensive," I said. "If I mistake not, this Egyptian gentleman is acquainted with a man in England whom I know, and I have a message of great importance to convey."

"To Mr. Kaffar's advantage?" asked the Italian, eagerly.

No words can express what I felt as the man unthinkingly uttered Kaffar's name. I had not come on a false report. The Egyptian bore the name of the man I wanted to find.

"He can turn it to his advantage," I replied.

"Mr. Kaffar is not in Turin at present," he said confidently.

"Could you tell me where he is?" I said, with beating heart.

"I cannot. You see——" and the Italian put his face close to mine. "Might I ask if you are somewhat of a——well, a gentleman fond of play?"

I did not reply.

"Ah, I thought so," said he, cunningly. "At first I was afraid you were a detective fellow, but I see now. Well, you will perhaps know that Mr. Kaffar is a very accomplished gentleman, and he left yesterday afternoon for a little tour—where I don't know. Another accomplished gentleman went with him. We have a jolly house, and you Englishmen would enjoy a few nights here. Come up to-night and win some of our Italian gold."

"When will Mr. Kaffar be back?"

"He said he might be back on Monday night—on Tuesday morning at latest."

"I daren't come and play till he comes," I said. "Will he let you know when he is coming back?"

"Yes; he said he'd telegraph."

"Would you mind letting me know the train? I am staying at the Hotel Trombetta."

"Yes, yes, I shall be delighted; and then, when he comes, we'll—— But what name shall I write on my message?"

"Herod Voltaire," I said.

I went away then, and began to think. I had found the man, and yet I had not. Nothing was certain yet. It was now Saturday, and he would not return until Monday night or Tuesday morning, and I must be in London by Wednesday at midnight, or all was lost. Say he came back on Tuesday by noon, there would then be only thirty-six hours left in which to get to London. Thirty-six hours, and many hundreds of dreary, weary miles between! Or if he should not come at all! If the Italian were deceiving me!

I shall not try and relate what happened the next two days, except to say that I set Simon to watch every train that came into Turin station, while I did all I could to discover whether he were hiding in Turin.

Neither of us saw Kaffar, nor did we hear anything of him.

Monday night came. I had received no message from the lodging-house keeper, neither had I heard any news. The suspense was becoming terrible.

Six o'clock! Seven o'clock, and no news!

"Simon," I said, "go to the lodging house and ask whether any message has been received."

The willing fellow, still with a smile on his face and a cheery look, started to do my bidding. I do not know how I should have borne up during those two terrible days, but for my faithful friend.

He had not been gone above half a minute before he came bounding back to my room.

"A message jist a come, yer honor!" he cried.

Eagerly I snatched it, and read—"Expect me home tonight by the midnight train.—Kaffar."

I caught up a time-table and anxiously scanned it. The telegram was from Nice. There was a train due from this fashionable seaport at 12.30.

The lodging-house keeper had kept his word, and Kaffar would be safe. It was becoming intensely real, intensely exciting!

Five hours to wait—five hours! Only those who have felt as I did can know what they meant.

At twelve o'clock I sent Simon to the station, while I went to the lodging-house, to await Kaffar's arrival.

"Mr. Kaffar will have supper, I suppose?" I said to the proprietor of the house.

"Yes, I shall prepare supper."

"Where?"

"In his own room."

"Just so. Could you manage to put me in a room where I can see him at supper without being observed? I should like to enter quietly and give him a surprise."

"You mean nothing wrong?"

"On my honor, I do not."

"It is said," mused the Italian, "that an English gentleman's honor is like English cloth; it can always be depended on. The adjoining room is empty, sir."

"Thank you," I replied, while he led the way to the room.

I had not been there long before I heard some one enter with the landlord. The two rooms, like many we find in French hotels, could easily be made one, as a doorway led from one to the other. I had arranged my door to be slightly ajar, so was able to see.

The man with the landlord was Kaffar! I found that Kaffar could not speak Italian. He spoke in French enough to make himself understood, and, as his host was proficient in that language, French was the tongue in which they conversed.

"Has any one been asking for me?" asked Kaffar.

"Yes, sir."

"Who?"

"A gentleman from England."

"From England! What kind of a man?"

"A giant, with brown hair."

"A giant, with brown hair! man, where is he now?"

"How can I say?" said the Italian.

Kaffar held down his head for a minute, and then said hastily, "And his message?"

"Something to your advantage, sir."

"My advantage? Can it be he? Did he give his name?"

"Herod Voltaire!"

"Voltaire! Never! He dare not come near me; I'm his master for many reasons—he dare not come! But——"

He checked himself, as if he were telling the Italian too much. The host then left the room, while Kaffar went on with his supper.

I opened the door noiselessly and went into the room, and said distinctly, "Good evening, Mr. Kaffar."

He looked up and saw me. Never, I think, did I see so much terror, astonishment, mingled with hate, expressed on a human face before.

He made a leap for the door. I caught him, and held him fast.

"No, Mr. Kaffar; you must not escape," I said, leading him back to his chair.

"You cannot—kill me—here!" he gasped. "I mean no wrong—to you. I—Ah, you've followed me for revenge."

For an answer I went to the door and locked it.

"Have mercy!" he said. "Don't kill me. I—you don't know all! Voltaire's your enemy, not I."

"You knew I was following you, did you?" I said.

"Yes. Voltaire said you were mad for my life; that you swore to be revenged; that you would pull me limb from limb! Ah, you do not know."

Surely I had found out the man's nature. He was a coward, and stood in deadly fear of me. He had been Voltaire's tool, who had frightened him to do his every bidding. Now I must use his fear of me to make him do my will.

"Well, I have found you out," I said. "You thought you would master me, didn't you? Well, I'm master of you both. Voltaire's influence over me is gone, and now he is in my power; while you——"

"Ah, Mr. Blake, have mercy," he whined. "I only did what he told me, and he has treated me like a dog."

"Yes; he intended me to kill you, while both of you tried to ruin me."

"Curse him! I know he did. Oh, I am not his friend now. Mr. Blake, forgive me. Ah, say——"

I felt that if I allowed this man to think my welfare depended on his doing my will, he would defy me. I must use means suitable to the man.

"Kaffar," I said, "had I a heart like you Egyptians, you know what I should do; but—well, I will be merciful on one condition."

"Oh, what—what?"

"That you will come back to England with me at once."

"I cannot; I dare not. He has promised to take life-blood if I do."

"No harm shall happen to you, I promise."

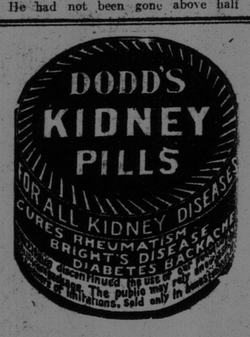
"You will not allow him to touch me?"

"He shall not."

"Then I will go."

My point was gained. The man had promised to accompany me willingly, while I had expected a difficult matter in getting him to England.

(To be continued.)



Fashion Hint for Times Readers

EVENING FROCK, WITH EMBROIDERED NET TRIMMINGS.

The embroidered bandings which are sold by the yard make very rich trimmings for satin evening frocks. Such a trimming is used most effectively on this charming costume of pastel rose satin. The net bands, in a soft rose tint, are embroidered with silver threads and silks of rose shades in light and medium tones. Across the shoulders go bands of moire silk in a rose shade somewhat darker than the satin of the frock, and at one side of the corsage are two artificial blossoms in rose and American beauty colors. The simple lines of this model are very beautiful, the apron drapery sweeping downward to the point of the train. The hem at the bottom is set in by hand and is heavily weighted to make the skirt drag on the floor.

ITS A MATTER OF THE MEN MORE THAN THE METHODS

Ex-Controller Spence, of Toronto, Addressing the Canadian Club Upon Civic Government by Board of Control Points to This Truism—Says Fifty Good Men Can Bring Reform — An Excellent Address.

From the nature of the subject—civic government by board of control—the address given by F. S. Spence, of Toronto, before the Canadian Club last evening, struck a note of greater personal interest for the members than has been touched by the long array of able speakers since the club was founded.

From the fact that only recently Mr. Spence himself ceased to be a controller on the Toronto board, he was able to present his subject with a knowledge born of experience. He showed the changes which had been made since the system was adopted ten years ago, indicating some of the weaknesses and emphasizing the features which made for good administration.

Dealing with the problem of civic government in general, Mr. Spence laid stress on the importance of men rather than methods and condemned the indifference of citizens in the choice of candidates. Fifty high-minded men, he declared, could control the nomination of candidates in practically every constituency in the dominion.

He made an appeal that politics should be treated in the broadest sense as part of every man's religion. "I have no patience," he said, "with the man who goes to a prayer meeting, and lets the business of the city go to the devil and whines that it is not better."

There was a large attendance, and the address was listened to with the closest attention. Before closing, Mr. Spence answered questions put to him by the members.

By invitation of the executive several members of the board of trade and aldermen who were not members of the club were present.

The election of a nominating committee to select officers for the ensuing year resulted in a breezy discussion, some objecting to cut and dried methods. Instead of a committee of five, which was the original number put in nomination, four others were added by the meeting. The committee will report at the annual meeting on February 2, when Professor Leacock will be the speaker.

Dr. T. Dyson Walker, the president, in introducing Mr. Spence, said the general opinion of the citizens in St. John was that a better system of civic government should be adopted. He briefly referred to the satisfactory results in Toronto from the establishment of a board of control of which, until recently, Mr. Spence had been a member.

Mr. Spence was given a very hearty reception. He would be glad, he said, if he could be of any assistance in solving the civic problem in St. John. He regretted the subject on which he was to speak was not more interesting or attractive. The results would probably be more entertaining than the machinery by which they were achieved. In the present day the question of civic government was everywhere proving of great interest. The tendency to live in cities and towns was largely on the increase. The old saying, "God made the country, but man made the town," conveyed the idea that cities were bad places. Men were beginning to disabuse their minds on this point. City life could be made good and wholesome, and it was certainly more comfortable.

It would perhaps be as well if he told them first about some mistakes which had been made in civic government. Learning came mostly by blundering. The world was wise today because of the foolishness of yesterday. In the past, people had frequently failed to appreciate the double character of civic government. A municipal body was a co-operative business enterprise and a political organization, and much misunderstanding had arisen through not recognizing the importance of both.

A municipality had also another duality. Not only was it a self-governing body but it was also the agent of the local government. Much of the civic machinery was operated on the local government's behalf. He was not well acquainted with the form of administration in St. John but in Toronto, in establishing a board of control, they had a serious problem to solve.

He would like to impress on them that continual changes were not desirable. No good results would come from making radical changes which had not been carefully thought out. In the English municipal system, which was regarded as a model for the world, they were very slow at making changes. They stood for a continuity not only of methods but of men.

The board of control in Toronto had been in operation now for ten years, and the system had developed more usefulness and effectiveness than its advocates expected. It should not be lost sight of that what might suit one city might not prove satisfactory in another. Position, climate, industries and other factors had to be considered, but the same general principles would apply everywhere.

There were three main functions in civic government—the legislative function which made the law, the executive function which enforced it, and the judicial function which interpreted it. All difficulties arose in the relationship between these three. The legislative function should be democratic; the executive strong and active, and the judicial impartial, uniform and just.

The same functions were in evidence in the provincial and federal governments. The legislatures and the dominion parliament were democratic; the executive consisted of a cabinet, every member of which was responsible to the legislative body; and outside these two and independent of both were the judges and magistrates to interpret the law.

In the United States, so anxious were they to make everything democratic, that they fell into the mistake of making both the executive and judiciary elective and independent. The result was disastrous. Frequent cases could be called to mind in which localities elected officials not to enforce the law but to act in accordance with the local prejudices which prevailed.

In drawing up the system in Toronto, the best British and United States municipal principles were incorporated. The council was elective, every member being responsible to the people. The board of control or municipal cabinet, which consisted of four members besides the mayor, had seats in the council. Reports of all work done were submitted to the council which criticized and had the right of veto.

The board of control was, in effect, the government; the council, which was composed of eighteen members—three from each of the six wards—was the opposition. Every recommendation by the government was sure to be handled pretty severely. At first the board of control was elected by the council. This was not found to work well. There was wire pulling by men who wanted to be chairmen of committees, and as a result of the manipulation which went on the board was taken out of the council's hands and the mayor and the four comptrollers were elected by the people.

There had formerly been a wise provision that to be eligible for a seat at the board of control a man must serve two years as alderman. This qualification, however, had been taken away and men who had not previously sat in the council were admitted.

When the board was first organized every citizen had four votes which could be cast in favor of one man, with the result that there was minority representation. This had since been changed. The citizens still had four votes but only one could be given to each candidate.

The English system of administration by committees had been tried but it was found that good men had not the time, so the United States system by executive concentration, or board of control, was adopted.

The board of control met every morning except Monday and Saturday at 11 o'clock. As a result every citizen who had public business to transact could get it done at once. There was continuous supervision over every department.

While the board of control was largely executive, it also considered questions of legislation. A committee of the council, after preparing a report, submitted it first to the board of control and as a result nothing went to the council in a raw state, and the aldermen and the public were prepared by reports in the press. The board of control also acted as finance committee. The council could not make expenditures without a two-thirds vote, nor deal with any civic matter not recommended by the board of control unless able to carry it by a two-thirds vote. The council could negative any proposition by a majority vote.

Some slight hindrance to the working of the system was caused by the old style of alderman not liking to give up the patronage. The public, however, had taken to the new method, and the alderman who kept abreast of the times was able to get along very well. Under a board of control, public business was presented to the council in a more systematic way and by men who had studied it; it was a great convenience to the public as the board was in session and could dispose of business every day; the departments of finance, works, property and fire were all under one executive body which knew how one department affected another and distributed the financial burden. The men on the board looked after the city as a whole and were not sectional in their opinions. They got into a way of handling the business that no committee could do.

Mr. Spence then went on to refer briefly to the plan of government by commission and instanced Galveston, where, he said, the plan first adopted went to pieces almost at once because two members were elected by the citizens and three by the government. The government men, being in the majority, ran the business. At the present time all the members were elected by the people for a two years' term. The result was that, once elected, no one could get at them during their term of office. He contended that administration must be conducted under some body which could critizie it.

(Fontinued on page 5.)

"Don't Neglect a Cough or Cold."

It can have but one result. It leaves the throat or lungs, or both, affected.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup is the medicine you need. It is without an equal as a remedy for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Quinsy and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

A single dose of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup will stop a cough, soothe the throat, and if the cough or cold has become settled on the lungs, the healing properties of the Norway Pine Tree will proclaim its great virtue by promptly eradicating the bad effects, and a persistent use of the remedy cannot fail to bring about a complete cure.

Do not be humbugged into buying so-called Norway Pine Syrups, but be sure and insist on having Dr. Wood's. It is put up in a yellow wrapper, three pine trees the trade mark, and price 25 cents.

Mrs. A. Elles, Innisfail, Alta., writes: "Last spring I had Typhoid fever and Bronchitis, which left me with a terrible cough. I tried doctor's medicine but got no relief until my husband got me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, and before I had finished it my cough was cured. My husband also uses it whenever he has a cough. I would not be without it."

The Fight Is On

Every moment of your life, when you are at home or abroad, awake or asleep—

Between the poison germs that are in air, food and water, — everywhere in fact,— and the billions of your invisible friends, the little soldier-corpuscles in your blood.

If these little soldiers are kept strong and healthy by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, you need have no fear of disease. Begin using it at once if you are at all under the weather, or have troubles of the blood, stomach, liver or kidneys. Get it of your druggist.

STARTLING STATEMENT

It's Statements Like That of H. Heyman, Kingston, Ont., That is Making Mi-o-na World Famous For Obstinate stomach Complaints.

Mr. H. Heyman, 132 Colborne street, Kingston, Ont., says: "Mi-o-na is worth its weight in gold as a remedy to quickly cure long-standing cases of dyspepsia. For years I had suffered with my stomach, and could find no cure nor even relief. I could not eat anything, as it would sour and form gas on my stomach that had a pressure on the heart. Heavy pains would come around my side and pit of my stomach. I was unable to sleep for this and there was nothing to relieve my miserable condition. I was weak and languid and would feel as tired in the morning as on going to bed, and perspiration would break out all over my body. I would be so weak from vomiting that I would fall to my knees. My head would ache and spells of dizziness would leave me unable to see. Doctors had termed the trouble gastritis, but failed to benefit me. I tried Mi-o-na, which I procured at Chas. Wasson's, 100 King street, on advice of a friend, which has cured me when all else failed. I am sound and well, and feel grateful to Mi-o-na for my present health.

It's the known results obtained by Mi-o-na that places it far and away above all other remedies and confirms Chas. Wasson, 100 King street in offering to refund the money if Mi-o-na fails to cure stomach trouble. 50 cents a box. Relief in twenty-four hours.

Rev J. G. Shearer, D. D., of Toronto, general secretary of the Moral and Social Reform committee of the Presbyterian church in Canada, arrived in the city on the C. P. R. last evening. He addressed a meeting of the session of St. David's church last night on Conditions in the Kootenay and the plans of the church to cope with the difficulties of the situation. Rev. Dr. Shearer left on the midnight train for Halifax.

Headaches and Neuralgia From Colds

LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine, the world-wide Cold and Grip remedy removes cause. Call for full name. Look for signature E. W. Grove. 25c.

RIBBON SALE

All Silk Ribbons and Satin and Silk Ribbons

Good values at **30c** per yard. Our price for a few days

19c per Yard

And no charge for making the bows when the ribbon is purchased from us. Colors, black, white, cream, leghorn, navy, tabac, maroon, mexique, reseda, Saxe or Alice blue, myrtle, lotus, moss, champagne, sky, rose, cardinal, rosewood, turquoise, wine, paon, coral, gold, coquelicot, argent, lilac, prue and castor.

THE BEST RIBBON VALUES EVER OFFTRED.

Marr Millinery Co.

Corner Union and Coburg streets, and 687 Main street, North End.
SAME VALUES ALSO AT MONCTON, N. B.

Your Advt. Here

Will be read by thousands every day

GREAT INCREASE IN PLAYGROUNDS

Electric lights have been installed in the playground at Glen Falls, N. Y. The grounds are now open until 9 p. m.

Playgrounds at the public schools of Jersey City, N. J., have proved so successful that the Board of Education will go into the work more extensively next year.

Both houses of the city council of Kansas City, Mo., have passed an ordinance which provides playgrounds for the children of the North End. There will be separate playgrounds for the negroes and whites.

Mrs. T. M. Scruggs was made president of the Memphis, Tenn., Playgrounds Association on August 13th. Mrs. Scruggs stated that it was the object of the association to establish swimming pools, shower baths and industrial schools as well as outdoor gymnasiums.

The city of Alameda, Cal., has just purchased a 12-acre tract costing $40,000, and a sea beach park costing $45,000. Arrangements are also being made to purchase another tract in the central part of the city. Playgrounds will be established in all three.

The residents of Oak Park, Ill., have formed a playground association to buy land for a playground. They will contribute funds to hold the property until such time as the village government has money to purchase it.

Twenty-two lots in the vicinity of the Dallas (Tex.) cotton mills were bought by the Park Board on September 12th. The property will be used as a public park and playground. Residents and owners of property in the neighborhood have subscribed $1,000 for equipment and maintenance of the playground.

R. E. Cavin, of Buffalo, N. Y., has established a sort of neighborhood club and playground for the boys. The playground is well equipped.

KICKERS IN CONGRESS WANT RULES AMENDED

Washington, D. C., Jan. 18—Definite action was taken today by the house "insurgents" in their fight against the existing rules of the lower branch of congress.

At a caucus attended by twenty-four members, two principles were agreed upon—first, the house and not the speaker should select all committees, including the committee on rules; second, that there should be a call of the committees at least one day a week.

A committee consisting of representatives Gardner, of Massachusetts, chairman; Madison, of Kansas, and Cooper, of Wisconsin, was appointed to so revise the house rules as to conform to these principles and report next Monday night, when another caucus will be held.

DISEASED KIDNEYS

Made Sound and Strong Through Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Two doctors told me that I was incurable, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I am a well woman to-day." This strong statement was made by Mrs. Ed. Rose, of St. Catherines, to a reporter, who hearing of her remarkable cure called to see her. "A few years ago while living in Hamilton," continued Mrs. Rose, "I was attacked with kidney trouble. The doctor lulled me into a state of false security, while the disease continued to make inroads. Finding that I was not getting better I consulted a specialist, who told me that the trouble had developed into Bright's disease and that I was incurable. I had dwindled to a mere shadow and suffered from pain in the back, and often a difficulty in breathing. Insomnia next came to add to my tortures and I passed dreary, sleepless nights, and felt that I had not long to live. In this dispairing condition my husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to please him I began to take them. After using several boxes, I felt the pills were helping me and I continued taking them until I had used some twenty boxes, when I was again restored to perfect health, and every symptom of the trouble had disappeared. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly brought me back from the shadow of the grave, and I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Every drop of blood in the body is filtered by the kidneys. If the blood is weak and watery, the kidneys have no strength for their work and leave the blood unfiltered and foul. Then the kidneys get clogged with painful, poisonous impurities, which bring aching backs and deadly Bright's disease. The only hope is to strike without delay at the root of the trouble in the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new blood. They flush the kidneys clean, heal their inflammation and give them strength for their work. Common kidney pills only touch the symptoms—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the cause. That is why they cure for good, and at the same time improve the health in every other way. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers, or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

GIVES ANCIENT WEAPONS TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM

London, Jan. 19—J. Pierpont Morgan has purchased and presented to the British Museum the collection of pre-historic weapons which was made by Canon Greenwell, of Durham, illustrating for the most part the bronze age in Great Britain. Some of the weapons were secured on the continent and in the east.

Newitt—"Yes, old Goodman's three boys are a bad lot. Two of them, at least, ought to be in gaol."

Brown—"Some redeeming quality about the third one, eh?"

Newitt—"Yes, he's already there."

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture

CONCERNING COLLECTIONS.

"Let me collect my thoughts," said he,
Then came a little lull.
"Alas, I am afraid," said she,
"You'll find collections dull."
Find another man.

ANSWER TO YESTERDAY'S PUZZLE.

Lenore—Left side down, under vines.
Raven—Right side down, in foliage.