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THE WEAPONS OF MYSTERY
BY JOSEPH HOCKING.

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

(Continued)

Under some secret influence Simon Slowden was led to the piano, and there executed some of the latest and most difficult pieces of music, and, without hesitation, told things that were at least marvellous. Then, when excitement was at its height, he woke up, and coolly rubbed his eyes.

No one uttered a word, we were all too much amazed. At last Voltaire, with a side-glance at me, asked whether we were convinced, and one by one the members of the party expressed their wonder and astonishment. I, however, was silent. Some power of obduracy seemed to possess me. I would not tamely admit his victory, after I had openly defeated him before. Still I did not speak a word.

"Is Mr. Blake convinced?" said Miss Staggles, leaning towards me.

"Of what?" I asked.

"Of Mr. Voltaire's power."

"Undoubtedly."

"Come," said Kaffar, "Mr. Blake is still a sceptic. I think it fair that he should consent to test this for himself."

"Certainly not," I replied.

"But I think it our right," said Voltaire. "You have expressed your want of faith in our power; now, if you have the courage of a man with an opinion, test the matter. Sit here as Simon did, and see whether you are right."

I thought I heard a voice saying "Don't close to my eye, and I hesitated."

At this there was a titter among the young ladies.

"Evidently our Thomas is afraid," said Miss Staggles.

There was an ugly look in her eyes as she said this, but the titter increased into a kind of derisive laugh.

I knew it was an evidence of my cowardice, but I could not withstand their laughter. I forgot the warning voice behind me; I refused to take notice of Mrs. Temple's warning glance; I rose up, went to the chair in the middle of the room, and defiantly said "There! do all you can with me."

Voltaire and Kaffar came up to me, while the rest crowded around. The former fixed his terrible eye upon me as if he would pierce into my very soul. A strange feeling began to creep over me, but I struggled against it with all my strength, and for a minute I seemed to gain the mastery. I laughed in his face as if I scorned his boasted strength. A strange gleam was emitted from his light grey eyes, while his lips became deadly pale. Then I saw him grip Kaffar's hand, instantly the room was peopled with a strange crowd. Dark forms seemed to come from Voltaire's eyes; peculiar influences were all around me. The faces of the two men became dimmer and dimmer, the people appeared to float in mid air, and I with them; then something heavy seemed to move away, I thought I heard strange creeping noises, like that of an adder crawling amid thick dry grass, and then all was blank.

CHAPTER VI.—AFTERWARDS.

When I awoke to consciousness I was in my bedroom. For some time I could not gather up my scattered senses; my mind refused to exercise its proper functions. Presently I heard some one speak.

"I had no idea he was so far gone," I said. "You see, his power of resistance is very great, and it needed four times the magnetism to bring him under that it did your servant."

"I'm sorry you experimented on him at all," said the other voice.

"Oh, I can assure you no harm is done. There, you see, he's coming to."

I felt something cold as my temples, then a strange shivering sensation passed over me, and I was awake.

Voltaire, Kaffar, Tom Temple, and Simon Slowden were in the room.

"How do you feel, Mr. Blake?" asked Voltaire, blandly.

I lifted my eyes to his and felt held by a strange power. "I'm all right," I said almost mechanically, at the same time feeling as if I was under the influence of a charm.

"Then," said Voltaire, "I will leave you. Good night."

Immediately he left, followed by Kaffar. I experienced a sense of relief. "Did I do anything very foolish?" I asked, recollecting the events of the evening.

"Oh, no, Justin," replied Tom. "And yet that Voltaire is a terrible fellow. Half the young ladies in the room were nearly as much mesmerized as you were. You acted pretty nearly the same way as Simon here but nothing else. Do you feel quite right?"

"I am awfully weak," I said, "and cold shivers creep down my legs."

"You were such a long time under the influence, whatever it is," said Tom. "But

you'll go back to the drawing-room?"

"No, I don't feel up to it. But don't you remain. I'm feeling shaky, but I shan't mind a bit if you'll let Simon remain with me."

And so Tom left me with Simon.

"Do you feel shaky and shivery, Simon?" I asked.

"Not a bit on it, sir," was the reply. "Never felt better. But 'tween you and me and the gatpost, you hinfidhel hadn't served me like he he you. I don't like the look o' things, yer honor."

"Why, Simon?"

"Why, sir, 'tain't me as ought to tell, and yet I don't feel comfortable. I wish I could 'a had a confabulation with yer afore this performance come off. I haint got you with in my mind but that hinfidhel and his dootifil brother he got dealin's with the devil."

Simon rose and went to the door, opened it, and peered cautiously around.

"That Egyptian is a wather," he said grimly, "and I don't like either o' em."

"What's the matter, Simon?"

"What's this yer morning, I wur exchanging a few pleasant remarks with one of the maid-servants, when I hears the Egyptian say, 'It's gwine beautiful.' 'How?' says 't'other. 'He'll nibble like hanthying,' was the answer, and then I hearn a nasty sort o' laugh. Soon after I see you with a bootifil young lady, and I see that hinfidhel a-watchin' yer, with a sneaky look in his eyes. And so I kep on watchin' and seuse me, yer honor, but I can guess as ow' things be, and I'm feard as 'ow this waccination dodge is a trick o' this 'ere yourself, Simon."

"Explain yourself, Simon."

"Well, sir, I knows as 'ow you've only bin yer one day, but I could see in a minit as 'ow you was a smitten with a certain young lady, and I can see, too, as 'ow that white-eyed william is smitten in the same quarter, and he sees 'ow things be, and he means business."

It was by no means pleasant to hear my affairs talked of in this way, and it was a marvel to me how Simon could have learnt so much, but I have found that a certain class of English servant seems to find out everything about the house with which they are connected, and I am afraid I was very careless as to who saw the state of my feelings. At any rate, Simon guessed how things were, and more than that, he believed that Voltaire had some sinister design against me.

"What do you mean by what you call the vaccination dodge?" I asked, after a second silence.

"Seuse me, yer honour, but since that doctor vaccinated me and nearly killed me by it, though as I be, I come to call all foolmoery by the same name. I've been in theatres, yer honor, and played in pieces, and I've known the william in two plays to get up a shindy like this. I knows they're only got up to 'arrow up the feelin's o' tender females; but I'm afear'd as 'ow this Voltaire 'ev got something in his head, a concoctin' like."

"Nonsense, Simon," I said. "You are thinking about some terrible piece you've read, but your imagination is carrying away your judgment."

"I hope as 'ow 'tis, sur; but I don't think so. If you chop me up, sur, you'll not find sixpenny'th of imagination in my carcass, but I calculate I'm purty 'eavy w' judgment. Never mind, sur; Simon Slowden is in the house, if you should want help, sur."

I did not feel much inclined to talk after this, and so, dismissing Simon, I began to think of how matters stood. Certainly everything was strange. Everything, too, had been done in a hurry. It seemed to me I had lived a long life in twenty-four hours. I had fallen in love, I had made an enemy, and I had matched myself against men who possessed a knowledge of some of the secret forces of life, without ever calculating my own strength. And yet I seemed to be beating the air. Were not my thoughts concerning Voltaire's schemes about Miss Forry all fancy? Was not I the victim of some Quixotic ideas? Was not the creation of Cervantes' brain about as sensible as I? Surely I, a man of thirty, ought to know better? And yet some things were terribly real. My love for Gertrude Forrest was real; my walk and talk with her that day were real. Ay, and the hateful glitter of Voltaire's eyes was real too; his talk with Kaffar behind the shrubs the night before was real. The biological or hypnotic power that I had felt that very night was real, and, above all, a feeling of dread that had gripped my being was real. I could not explain it, and I don't want till you're bald before using could not throw it off, but ever since I had awoke out of my mesmeric sleep, or whatever the reader may be pleased to call it, I felt numbed; weights seemed to hang on my limbs, and my whole being was in a kind of torpor.

(To Be Continued)

Fashion Hint for Times Readers



EGYPTIAN NECKLACE OF DULL GOLD.

A recent French play, having a great vogue in Paris, started the fad for Egyptian jewelry of all kinds. Makers have been informing themselves in regard to the ancient symbols and hieroglyphics, and some of the ornaments that are turned out for quite reasonable prices would have disgraced discriminating Cleopatra herself. The scarab—or Egyptian beetle—with outspread wings, forms the center of the unique necklace. The links represent ancient symbols, each of which has its particular significance.

**CHRISTMAS EVE TRAGEDY
AT THE JOGGINS MINES**

Two Men Suffocated in the Mines and a Third is so Badly Burned That His Death is Expected.

Amherst, N. S., Dec. 25.—The homes of three men at Joggins Mines were saddened at the Christmas time by a terrible accident which occurred in the mines there between 10 and 11 o'clock last night, when two men lost their lives and another is so seriously burned that but slight hopes are entertained for his recovery.

The dead are John H. Coleman, jr., and George Sawyer. The injured man is Frank McNeil. All three are coal cutters and belong to the night shift, and at the time were working at their cutter in the old slope of the Joggins mines, now owned and operated by the Maritime Coal, Rail, and Power Co. In some way, not yet explained, the brattice cloth, a device consisting of burlap or canvas curtains in screens which cross the cut, enabling the free circulation of air, caught fire, and before the unfortunate men were able to escape they were so seriously burned that death in the two cases mentioned resulted almost instantly. McNeil was also terribly burned, but the latest reports are that he was living, but with very slight hopes of his recovery.

Dr. J. A. Munroe, coroner, held an inquest with J. D. Clarke as foreman. The commissioner of mines was represented by Deputy Inspector A. V. Cameron, and the company by G. B. Burchill, general manager. After hearing the evidence the following verdict was given:

"That John H. Coleman and George Sawyer came to their death by suffocation in the mines of the Maritime Coal, Rail, and Power Co., on the 24th of December, 1908. They also recommended that in the future asbestos or fire material be used by the company where any one has to pass with open lights."

The latest word from Frank McNeil is that hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Coleman was a young unmarried man about 26 years of age, son of John Coleman, sr. He was a man of great promise. His mother, who also survives him, is a sister of J. H. Arthur, formerly chief of police, now collector of taxes and Scott Act inspector for Amherst. Two brothers, Hueston and William, at home, and two sisters, Mrs. J. M. T. Bates, of Gardiner, Me., and Miss Lillian, formerly of Amherst, now with her sister in Maine. Another sister, Mrs. Ripley, lost her husband under similar circumstances in an accident at the mines, Springhill, a few months ago.

Coleman was a prominent member of the Orange and Oddfellows lodges.

William Adamson, foreman in one of the departments of the Amherst Boot and Shoe Company, while working near a revolving shaft late yesterday, had the sleeve of his coat caught in the set screws. The sleeve of his coat and his outer and undershirt were literally torn in shreds, but this fortunately saved him from losing his arm and possibly his life. As it was, his arm was badly bruised.

**CARLETON MAN HAD
A NARROW ESCAPE**

Alex. McAllister Came Very Near to Drowning Yesterday Morning.

Alexander McAllister, of Middle street, Carleton, had a narrow escape from drowning in the harbor of Sand Point yesterday morning about 3.30 o'clock. He was hatchman at No. 1 hatch on the C. P. R. liner Lake Michigan, and while linging the fall down the gangway to place a sling of freight aboard, he slipped and fell between the steamer and wharf.

The cry of a man overboard was heard, and soon the front of the wharf was crowded. Edward Murray, a C. P. R. foreman, climbed down the side of the wharf by means of a rope and rescued McAllister as he rose to the surface. A rope sling was made fast around him, and he was hoisted to the wharf and he was carried to a gear shed in an unconscious condition.

The ship surgeon attended him, and after he regained consciousness he was removed to his home.

**SHOCKING CRIME IN
GRAND TRUNK TRAIN**

Baby Was Hurled From a Car Window Near London, Ont., and Picked up Dead.

London, Ont., Dec. 24.—While standing at the side of the track this morning to pass a Grand Trunk express from Detroit, a Section Foreman McKellar was horrified to see the body of a baby thrown through one of the car windows. The child was dead when he picked it up. Instructions were telegraphed ahead, but no arrests have been made. An inquest will be held at Komoka, where the body was taken.

**MONTREAL ICE PALACE
WILL BE SKY SCRAPER**

Montreal, Dec. 24.—The winter carnival committee today accepted a design for the ice palace, to be erected on Fletcher's Field, at a cost of \$8,000.

The palace will consist of three towers, the tallest 190 feet, to be surrounded by a fortress wall. The structure is to be illuminated at night and the interior will be large enough to provide a promenade for sleighs and automobiles.

One of the chambers, forty feet square, will be used for exhibition purposes.

Building operations will be started as soon as the river ice is thick enough to get the required size of blocks. The blocks are to be cemented by wet snow, as the intention is to have no artificial material used in the palace.

PICTURE HOUSES CLOSED

New York, Dec. 25.—More than 300 of New York's city's 550 moving picture showmen met today and protested with vehemence against Mayor McClellan's action in revoking their licenses and closing their shows last night.

A committee of twenty-five was appointed to report a plan of organization for the purpose of legally contesting the enforcement of the mayor's decree. Particular indignation was expressed because the late-ness of the hour at which the closing order was issued preventing the showmen from getting out injunctions last night and so forced them to lose their expected Christmas day receipts.

The mayor's closing order was rigidly enforced today in Manhattan and the Bronx, where all places devoted exclusively to the exhibition of moving pictures were closed.

Only One "BROMO QUININE" that is
Laxative Bromo Quinine
Cures a Cold in One Day, Grip in 2 Days

W. & W. on every box. 25c

**THE DOCTORS SAID
"THERE MUST BE
AN OPERATION"**

"Fruit-a-tives" Saved Mrs. McCreedy From Suffering and Almost Certain Death.

"Publish this for humanity's sake," writes Mr. C. McCreedy, of Putnam, Ont., in his letter to the owners of "Fruit-a-tives." Physicians said that only an operation could save his wife's life. But again "Fruit-a-tives" proved its wonderful powers. The doctors were wrong—Mrs. McCreedy is today well and strong—and "Fruit-a-tives" have made friends of every one for miles around Putnam.

"Dear Sirs,—My wife suffered for over a year from Indigestion and Bowel trouble. Several doctors treated her for this trouble and advised her that only an operation would save her life, as they stated it was a tumor that was causing the trouble. The operation was to cost \$200 and, while she was debating in her own mind about being operated on, she was advised to try "Fruit-a-tives," which I procured for her from our local merchant. From the first box she improved, and after having taken four boxes she is completely cured and is now as well as ever.

I decided then that "Fruit-a-tives" was the most wonderful remedy in the world and it certainly saved my wife's life. She still takes one tablet every night, and she gives them to her children with excellent results, and they have to thank "Fruit-a-tives" for the fact that their mother is now with them, they fully expected she would be in her grave. Publish this for humanity's sake."

(Sgd.) C. McCREEDY.

For Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Biliousness, for all troubles due to defective action of Bowels, Kidneys and Skin, "Fruit-a-tives" is a certain cure. These tablets are made of fruit juices and tonics, are pleasant to take and quick to act. Trial size, 25c—regular size, 50c, a box of 6 for \$2.50.

At all dealers or sent on receipt of price by Fruit-a-tives, Limited, Ottawa.

**CHANGES IN THE
SCHOOL BOOKS**

Text Book Committee of Province Will Meet Here on Tuesday.

A meeting of the text book committee of the province will be held in the office of the school trustees here on Tuesday, 29th inst., at 3 p. m., to make recommendations for the year 1909.

The members of the committee are the chief superintendent of education, the chancellor of the University of New Brunswick, principal of the Manual School, Inspector Carter, appointed from the inspectors; and B. C. Foster, of Fredericton; H. C. Bridges, of St. John; F. O. Sullivan, of St. Stephen; S. W. Trous, of Moncton, and Miss Annie Harvey, of Fredericton—elected members.

It is believed that some necessary changes will be recommended and it is probable that the present texts in English grammar, geometry and possibly health readers, arithmetic and copybooks will come under review.

**EDWARD HOWARD
HAS LEG BROKEN**

First Accident of Season at Sand Point Occurred Yesterday.

The first serious accident of the winter port season of 1908-9 occurred at Sand Point yesterday morning about 9 o'clock, when Edmund Howard, of King street, Carleton, fell forty feet into the hold of the C. P. R. steamer Lake Michigan, and narrowly escaped being killed.

Howard was hatchman at No. 6 hatch, and was ordered to make a line fast on the side of the steamer. He grasped the fall and swung across the hold, expecting to land on a cattle deck. The fall slackened, however, and he was carried back. His head struck the combing of the hatch, the blow rendered him unconscious, and he fell to the bottom of the hold, striking on his right side on some hatches.

He was brought to the deck by means of a sling and was carried into the ship's hospital. The ship's surgeon attended him and found that his right leg had been broken in two places, and the side of his head badly bruised.

He was removed in the ambulance to the hospital.

**1300 HUNGRY MEN
FED AT MONTREAL**

Montreal, Dec. 25.—Half a ton of turkeys, 1,500 pounds of beef, with potatoes and plum pudding to match, were served out today in Christmas dinners to some 1,300 hungry men at the Old Brewery Mission and house of refuge, which is the largest number of free Christmas dinners ever handed out at these institutions.

All the afternoon the doors of the two places were surrounded by crowds waiting their turn for a feed, and it was noticeable that a large proportion of these were respectable looking British immigrants who were unable to secure work during the winter.

The flavor, fragrance, purity and deliciousness of "Salada" Tea commend it to the favor of every lover of good tea. Every year has but served to demonstrate more emphatically its superiority.

**A DINNER AND TREE
FOR POOR CHILDREN**

Mrs. M. B. Edwards made some forty poor children happy in St. Stephen's church yesterday. She gave them a substantial dinner and afterwards a tree, on which were gifts for all. Mrs. Edwards had invited about sixty, but owing to the weather they could not all attend.

In the dining room Mrs. Edwards, with her corps of volunteer waitresses, was kept busy ministering to the appetites of the little ones. After the dinner had been disposed of all present went upstairs where the Christmas trees had been prepared. It was an unlooked for event, and the enjoyment was proportionate. All present received gifts of candy and toys from the well laden branches and the happy party broke up after spending some time in delightful play and admiration of their gifts, feeling deeply grateful to Mrs. Edwards for all the entertainment so generously provided for them.

E. N. Todd, of the C. P. R., has been appointed export freight agent in charge of export traffic via the Atlantic seaboard, with office in Montreal, succeeding Paul B. Earle, resigned. G. D. Robinson has been appointed assistant export and import freight agent in charge of export and import traffic Ontario division lines west of Smith's Falls, office, Union Station, Toronto, succeeding E. N. Todd. These changes will take effect on Jan. 1.

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Terms made to suit the purchaser.
Apply at once to
HENRY G. MARR
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Maple Buds**

A deliciously dainty chocolate confection indeliberably inviting and toothsome. Like all of Cowan's specialties, of superlative excellence. The name "Cowan" stamped on every bud.

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For PARLOR SCHOOL and EXHIBITION

Suitable Selections for all Occasions

Robinson's Book of Modern Conundrums Sent Postpaid for Twelve Cents in Stamps

McCleod & Allen, 42 Adelaide St. W., Toronto, Ont.

**KILLED HIS FATHER
Ontario Boy Shot His Parent Dead Rather than Submit to a Whipping.**

Toronto, Dec. 24.—A shocking tragedy took place in Essex county, near Amherstburg, today, in which Elijah Thompson, a well known colored farmer, father of ten children, was shot and killed by William, his sixteen-year-old son. Three boys were set at a task by their father, and did not finish it to his satisfaction. He flogged the two younger, and was looking for William with a whip when the boy ran upstairs, got hold of a Winchester rifle, and shot his father on the stairs. The bullet passed through the liver and intestines, and death was almost instantaneous. William was arrested in a dazed condition. He declares he did not want to kill his father.

The Times Daily Puzzle Picture



NO GENTLEMAN.
If here or hereafter in regions below
I happen to find
The sorry inventor of shoveling snow
I'll give him a piece of my mind.
Kind another shoveler.
ANSWER TO THURSDAY'S PUZZLE.
Upside down, against face.

**DODD'S
KIDNEY
PILLS**

FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BACKACHE, DIABETES, GRAVEL, AND ALL URINARY AFFECTIONS.