MEMOIRS OF

SHERLOCK HOLMES,

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE STOCKBROKER'S CLERK

Shortly after my marriage I had bought a connection in the Paddington district. Old Mr. Farquhar, from whom I purchased it, had at one time an excellent general practice; but his age, and an affliction of the nature of St. Vitus's dance from which he suffered, had very much thinned it. The public not unnaturally goes on the principle that he who would heal others must himself be whole, and looks askance at the curative powers of the man whose own case is beyond the reach of his drugs. Thus as my predecessor weakened his practice declined, until when I purchased it from him it had sunk from twelve hundred to a little more than three hundred a year. I had confidence, however, in my own youth and energy, and was convinced that in a very few years the concern would be as flourishing as ever.

For three months after taking over the practice I was kept very closely at work, and saw little of my friend, Sherlock Holmes, for I was too busy to visit Baker street, and he seldom went anywhere himself save upon professional business. I was surprised, therefore, when, one morning in June, as I sat reading the "British Medical Journal," after breakfast, I heard a ring at the bell, followed by the high, somewhat strident tones of my old companion's voice.

"Ah, my dear Watson," said he striding into the room, "am very delighted to see you! I trust that Mrs. Watson has entirely recovered from all the little excitement connected with our adventure of the Sign of the Four."

"Thank you, we are both well," said I, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"And I hope, also," he continued, sitting down in the rocking chair, "that the cares of medical practice have not entirely obliterated the interest which you used to take in our little deductive problems."

"On the contrary," I answered, "it was only last night that I was looking over my old notes, and classifying some of our past results."

"I trust you don't consider your collection closed."

"Not at all. I should wish nothing better than to have some more of such experiences."

"To-day, for example?"

"Yes, to-day, if you like."

"And as far off as Birmingham?"

"Certainly, if you wish it."

"And the practice?"

"I do my neighbor's when he goes. He is always ready to work off a debt."

"Ha! nothing could be better," said Holmes, leaning back in his chair and looking keenly at me from under his half-closed lids. "I perceive that you have been unwell lately. Summer colds are always a little trying."

"I was confined to the house by a severe chill for three days last week. I thought, however, that I had cast off every trace of it."

"So you have. You look remarkably robust."

"How, then, did you know of it?"

"My dear fellow, you know my methods."

"You deduced it, then?"

"Certainly."

"And from what?"

"From your slippers."

I glanced down at the new patent-leathers which I was wearing. "How on earth—" I began, but Holmes answered my question before it was asked.

"Your slippers are new," he said. "You could not have had them more than a few weeks. The soles which you are at this moment presenting to me are slightly scorched. For a moment I thought they might have got wet and been burned in the drying. But near the instep there is a small circular wafer of paper with the shopman's hieroglyphics upon it. Damp would of course have removed this. You had, then, been sitting with your feet outstretched to the fire, which a man would hardly do even in so wet a June as this if he were in his full health."

Like all Holmes's reasoning the thing seemed simplicity itself when it was once explained. He read the thought upon my features, and his smile had a tinge of bitterness.

"I am afraid that I rather give myself away when I explain," said he. "Results without causes are much more impressive. You are ready to come to Birmingham, then?"

"Certainly. What is the case?"

"You shall hear of it all in the train. My client is outside in a four-wheeler. Can you come at once?"

"In an instant." I scribbled a note to my neighbor, rushed upstairs to explain the matter to my wife, and joined Holmes upon the doorstep.

"Your neighbor is a doctor," said he, nodding at the brass plate.

"Yes; he bought a practice as I did."

"An old-established one?"

"Just the same as mine. Both have been here ever since the houses were built."

"Ah! then you got hold of the best of the two."

"I think I did. But how do you know?"

"By the steps, my boy. Yours are worn three inches deeper than his. But this gentleman in the cab is my client, Mr. Hall Pycroft. Allow me to introduce him Whip your horse up, cabby, for we have only just time to catch our train."

The man whom I found myself facing was a well-built, fresh-complexioned young fellow, with a frank, honest face and a slight crisp yellow mustache. He wore a very shiny top hat and a neat suit of sober black, which made him look what he was—a smart young city man, of the class who have been labelled cockneys, but who give us our crack volunteer regiments, and who turn out more fine athletes and sportsmen than any body of men in these islands. His round, ruddy face was naturally full of cheeriness, but the corners of his mouth seemed to me to be pulled down in a half-comical distress. It was not, however, until we were all in a first-class carriage and well started upon our journey to Birmingham that I was able to learn what the trouble was which had driven him to Sherlock Holmes.

"We have a clear run here of seventy minutes," Holmes remarked. "I want you Mr. Hall Pycroft, to tell my friend your very interesting experience exactly as you have told it to me, or with more detail if possible. It will be of use to me to hear the succession of events again. It is a case, Watson, which may prove to have something in it, or may prove to have nothing, but which, at least, presents those unusual and outre features which are as dear to you as they are to me. Now, Mr. Pycroft, I shall not interrupt you again."

Our young companion looked at me with a twinkle in his eye.

The worst of the story is, said he, that I show myself up such a confounded fool. Of course it may work out all right, and I dont see that I could have done otherwise; but if I have lost my crib and get nothing in exchange I shall feel what a soft Johnnie I have been. I am not very good at telling a story, Dr. Watson, but it is like this with me:

I used to have a billet at Coxon & Wood house's, of Draper's Gardens, but they were let in early in the spring through the Venzuelan loan, as no doubt you remember, and came a nasty cropper. I had been with them five years, and old Coxton gave me a ripping good testimonial when the smash came, but of course we clerks were all turned adrift, the twenty-seven of us. I tried here and I tried there but there were lots of other chaps on the same lay as myself, and it was a perfect frost for a long time. I had been taking three pounds a week at Coxon's, and I had saved about seventy of them, but I soon worked my way through that and out at the other end. I was fairly at the end of my tether at last, and could hardly find the stamps to answer the advertisements or the envelopes to stick them to. I had worn out my boots paddling up office stairs, and I seemed just as far from getting a billet as ever.

At last I saw a vacancy at Mawson & Williams's, the great stock-broking firm in Lombard st. I dare say E. C. is not much in your line,but I can tell you that this is about the richest house in London. The advertisement was to be answered by letter only. I sent in my testimonial and application, but without the least hope of getting it. Back came an answer by return, saying that if I would appear next Monday I might take over my new duties at once, provided that my appearance was satisfactory. No one knows how these things are worked. Some people say that the manager just plunges his hand into the heap and takes the first that comes. Anyhow it was my innings that time, and I don't ever wish to feel better pleased. The pay was a pound a week rise, and the duties just about the same as at Coxon's.

And now I come to the queer part of the business. I was in diggings out Hampstead way, 17 Potter's Terrace. Well, I was sitting doing a smoke that very evening after I had been promised the appointment, when up came my landlady with a card which had "Arthur Pinner, Financial Agent," printed upon it. I had never heard the name before and could not imagine what he wanted with me; but, of course, I asked her to show him up. In walked, a middle-sized, dark haired, dark-eyed, black-bearded man, with a touch of the Hebrew about his nose. He had a brisk kind of way with him and spoke sharply, like a man who knew the value of time.

"Mr. Hall Pycroft, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, sir," I answered, pushing a chair towards him.

"Lately engaged at Coxon & Woodhouse's?"

"Yes, sir."



"My Boy, My Boy, You Are Much Too Good to Be a Clerk at Mawson's!"

"An old-established one?"

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"Mr. Hall Pycroft, I believe?" said he.

"Yes, sir," I answered, pushing a chair towards him.

"Lately engaged at Coxon & Woodhouse's?"

"Yes, sir."

"And now on the staff of Mawson's."

"Quite so."

"Well," said he, "the fact is that I have heard some really extraordinary stories about your financial ability. You remember Parker, who used to be Coxon's manager? He can never say enough about it."

Of course I was pleased to hear this. I had always been pretty sharp in the office, but I had never dreamed that I was talked about in the city in this fashion.

"You have a good memory?" said he.

"Pretty fair," I answered, modestly.

"Have you kept in touch with the market while you have been out of work?" he asked.

"Yes. I read the stock exchange list every morning."

"Now that shows real application!" he cried. "That is the way to prosper! You won't mind my testing you, will you? Let me see. How are Ayrshires?"

"A hundred and six and a quarter to a hundred and five and seven-eighths."

"And New Zealand consolidated?"

"A hundred and four."

"And British Broken Hills?"

"Seven to seven-and-six."

"Wonderful!" he cried, with his hands up. "This quite fits in with all that I had heard. My boy, my boy, you are very much too good to be a clerk at Mawson's!"

(To be continued.)

A Sale of Moire

Antique Petticoats

AT $1.69

They Are Easily Worth $2.50. Made with a 12 inch flounce, finished with ruffles. Three sizes, 38, 40 and 42 inches.

Colored Moire Antique Petticoats at $2.25 in brown, black, navy blue and cardinal. Wide flounce headed with three rows of Tucking and finished with a dust ruffle.

Ladies' Jackets. Many of our friends are telling us that our stock is one of the best to be seen in the city, and the prices are in harmony with the reputation of this store. German made tweed coats, very pretty effects at $9.50, $10.50 and $14.50. The latter prices include the seven eighths length.

Children's Coats to Fit Children from Three to Twelve Years, and Young Ladies' Coats up to the Sixtecn Year Size.

A Pretty Line of Children's Coats with Inverness capes, is priced from $3.75 up to $4.95 according to size.

Infants' Eiderdown Coats at $1.30, $1.89 and $2.25, in white and cardinal

Infants' and Children's White Bear Skin Coats at from $2.90 to $5.50. We have half a dozen samples of these white coats which are just one third below their regular prices.

F. A. DYKEMAN & CO., 59 Charlotte Street.

round the world." She will appear in the public squares of great cities, her takings, beyond expenses, being given to local charities.

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Mme. Emma Calve's concert tour has been extended to include Havana. From Havana she will probably go to Mexico.

* * *

R. G. Knowles, of London (Eng.), is going to lecture on "Titles that trouble the traveller," "Old worlds through new eyes," and "Songs and stories of the stage."

* * *

A timely editorial in The Brooklyn Eagle begins with this paragraph: Here are some titles of plays recently offered for sale: "The Girl Who Lost Her Character," "A Disgrace to Her Sex," "A Girl's Cross Roads," "Her Second Time on Earth," "A Female Swindler" and "The Worst Woman in London." And yet Inspector Cross wonders where the juvenile depravity comes from! He could trace some of it at least to the long lines of little girls and boys to be seen waiting for the gallery doors to open at theatres where such pabulum as this is offered for consumption.

* * *

It was Thomas Carlyle who said that all genius was akin to savagery. Sarah Bernhardt exemplifies this in the boudoir of her chateau in Paris. Madam Bernhardt is a perfect barbarian in her defiance of all the conventionalities regarding color scheme. Her sleeping room is hung in royal purple, picked out with peacock plumes. Over her Louis XVI. bed is a canopy made of unspun silk taken directly from the silkworm cocoon. A great spash of crimson satin, in the form of a shield, adorns the centre. The walls are hung in old tapestries, and in the interstices of the hangings are row after row of tiny monkey skulls, the eye sockets of which are illuminated with electric lights. The "Divine Sarah" has parted with her pet tiger, and now has for a companion a large and ugly baboon, whose ears have been pierced so that them can carry large rings of solid gold. Bernhardt is said to look as young as she did twenty years ago. Her face is without wrinkles and her step is as spry and her manner as vivacious as when she first electrined her native city as an actress.

SACKVILLE.

SACKVILLE, Oct. 6—Mrs. Frank Blinkburn, of Nappan, N. S., is visiting Mrs. Amos Ogden.

Mrs. Robert Kan, of Midgic, is dangerously ill.

The following officers were elected last evening by Bethel Sewing Club: Mrs. J. E. Phinney, president; vice-president, Mrs. Lawson Smith; treasurer, Miss Julia Hicks; secretary, Miss Bliss Ayer; executive, Mrs. Fred Thompson, Mrs. W. C. Morice, and Mis Laura Silaliker.

E. A. Dixon, of Sackville, has taken a position in the Royal Bank at Port Elgin.

Mt. Allison University up to the present time have registered fifty new pupils.

All the institutions have an unusually large attendance this year and brilliant prospects for a successful term.

LOVE'S BOND

Good will be in thy heart
To all who thee surround;
Bear balm to others' hurt.
And this shall close thy wound;
So thou on earth and I
In heaven be closer bound.

For all my life is love,
And love thy life should be.
Oh, let love's shadow brief
Divide not thee and me;
Look where the dawn rose blooms
And there my signal see!
—Edith M. Thomas.

First Girl—"Did you enjoy your ride in George's new auto?"

Second Girl: "I should say so. I was completely carried away with it."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

GIRL QUEEN OF FORGERS

Acted as Leader of Girls Who Got Men Intoxicated and Then Robbed Them.

LONDON, Oct. 6—The police authorities of Vienna have arrested several persons who, it is stated, are confederates of the man Schapira, who was arrested in London this week for the alleged forgery of Austrian bank-notes.

One of the persons arrested is said to be an attractive girl, twenty-four years old, named Laura Klugmann, the daughter of a cantor in a synagogue at Budapest. Although living in apparent poverty with her father in a miserable garret in the latter city, about £80 in cash, forged and genuine bank notes to the value of £300, and a large quantity of valuable jewellery were found on the premises.

The girl, Klugmann, it is stated, acted as the manager of a gang of girls whose business it was to induce well-dressed men to drink in their company until intoxicated. It is alleged that the girls then rifled their pockets and substituted spurious paper for the genuine bank-notes found upon them.

In Galicia three more members of the gang of forgers, of which Schapira is said to be the head, have been arrested. They are Judah Leib Katz, Moses Parness, an elder in a synagogue, and his brother-in-law, Pinchas Friedmann.

Schapira, it is alleged, was sentenced in 1879 to eighteen months' hard labor for the forgery of Russian postage stamps to the value of many thousands of pounds, which were circulated throughout the Empire.

Shortly afterwards he escaped to London, and, it is alleged, induced a number of other counterfeiters to come and assist him in his criminal work. Among these was an engraver who received 20 per cent on the value of the notes and stamps designed by him.

The receipts of the gang for the last five or six years are estimated by the police at many hundreds of thousands of florins.

U. S. RAILS SHUT OUT

Shareholders of our steel concerns will be interested in the statement that, whereas for the first eight months of 1904 the States sent 93,256 tons of steel rails to Canada, only 4,680 tons came in this year.

The Wall Street Journal prints a long article on the development, and says that the members of the "steel rail pool are receiving an object lesson in the practical working of the protective duty when the shoe is on the wrong foot. They are unable to bid for any part of the order of 150,000 tons of steel rails just given by the Grand Trunk Pacific to the Dominion Iron and Steel Company, because of the new Canadian duty of $7 a ton levied on all steel rails bought in the United States."

FOREIGN METAL MARKET

Henry R. Merton & Co., Ltd., of London, in their weekly metal market circular, dated Sept. 23, say: "Consumers have been buying refined copper to a moderate extent. The recent attack upon the market is still exercising its restraining influence upon the trade, and up to the present purchases have been confined to such quantities as are absolutely necessary to replenish the diminishing stocks at manufacturing works. There is, however, every evidence of good consumption in other branches, and a buying movement in refined copper is likely to set in if the speculative market maintains its bullish attitude. Advices from America report a steady market, but transactions have been of no great importance so far. The enormous shrinkage in the visible supply during the first two weeks in September, though seemingly ignored by the bulk of the trade, has aroused some attention in certain quarters where the strength of the position is more readily recognized.

"The iron and steel trade situation is eminently satisfactory at home, as well as abroad, and prospects for the near future are very hopeful."

"That's 'pi' all right," groaned the disgusted compositor as the boy let the form fall, "but it's not the kind that mother used to make."—Baltimore American.

Stock Jobber (to new Irish clerk, who is working out the Bull and Bear list).—"Hullo, why do you put 'B' against your results?"

Clerk: "Shure, sir, that's for 'Bull' to distinguish them from 'Bear.'"—Punch.

White Waist Sale!

Beautiful

Lawn Waists

AT

One-half Price

Today Only!

Don't hesitate a moment, these waists are in all sizes from 32 to 40. They are new, dainty productions, the balance of our regular stock.

$1.50 kind, fancy insertion, well made, very stylish waists, were great value at regular price. **Saturday Price . . . 75c.**

75c. waists, pleated and tucked. A nice looking waist for ordinary wear. Good variety Come early for the first choice. **Saturday Price 38c.**

50c. waists, a number of plain ones that have been sold regularly at this price. Offered at less than you could make them. **Saturday Price 25c.**

Here is an opportunity to save money.

Patterson's Daylight Store

Corner Duke and Charlotte Streets.

OPEN UNTIL 11 P. M.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Plans for the coming season are sufficiently advanced to permit of the publication of the vehicles in which well known stars have arranged to appear. Following is the list of the leading player folk, the plays in which they will appear and their authors:

Sarah Bernhardt, Repertoire; Ada Rehan, Captain Brassbound's Conversion, by George Bernard Shaw; Jefferson De Angelis, Fantana, by Smith and Hubbell; De Wolf Hopper, Happyland, by Ranken and De Koven; Eddie Foy, The Earl and the Girl, by Seymour Hicks and Ivan Caryll; Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin Repertoire; Blanche Bates, Play Unnamed, David Belasco; David Warfield, The Music Master, by Charles Klein; Mrs. Fiske, What Will People Say, by Robert Huges Bertha Kalisch, Repertoire; Bertha Galland, Sweet Kitty Bellaires, David Belasco; Annie Russell, The Little Grey Lady, by Channing Pollock; Ethel Barrymore, Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire, J. M. Barrie; Wilton Lackaye, The Pit, by Channing Pollock; James K. Hackett and Mary Mannering, The Walls of Jericho, by Alfred Sutro; Maude Adams, Peter Pan, by J. M. Barrie; E. H. Southern and Julia Marlow, Repertoire, William Shakespeare; Robert Loraine, Man and Superman, by George Bernard Shaw; William Faversham, The Squaw Man, by Milton Nobles; Lawrence D'Orsay, The Embassy Ball, by Agustus Thomas; John Drew, DeLancey, by Augustus Thomas; Edna May, The Catch of the Season, Hicks and Francis; Maxine Elliot, Her Great Match, Clyde Fitch; William Gillette, Clarice, by William Gillette; Viola Allen, The Toast of the Town, Clyde Fitch; Edna Aug, The Four Leaf Clover, Martha Morton; Thomas E. Shea, The Great Adventurer, Channing Pollock; Robert Edeson, Pierre and His People, Gilbert Parker; Henrietta Crosman, Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary; Frank Daniels, Sergeant Brae, Lehman & Hall; Richard Mansfield, Repertoire; Arnold Daly, Repertoire, George Bernard Shaw; Julia Deane, In The Bishop's Carriage, Channing Pollock; Nat C. Goodwin, Beauty and the Bargee, W. W. Jacobs; Francis Wilson, Cousin Billy,, by Clyde Fitch; Raymond Hitchcock, Easy Dawson, E. E. Kidder; Grace George, The Marriage of William Ashe, Margaret Mayo; Joseph Wheelock, The Varsity Man, George Ade; Thomas W Ross, A Fair Exchange, Henry W. Blossom.

Margaret Anglin will probably continue as the star at the Princess theatre for the greater part of the season. She has an arrangement with the Shuberts whereby she is to remain most of the year at one house. A number of plays will be presented in several of which Miss Anglin is to appear with Henry Millan, who will direct the whole undertaking. It will be remembered that the first piece was Zira, on Sept. 18th, in which Miss Anglin scored such a remarkable success. At the conclusion of the season the organization will go on tour.

* * *

Among the musical events of the near future the principal one will be the visit of the Irish Guards Band on October 16.

This band is one of the very finest in the British Empire and during their Canadian tour they have everywhere been received with the greatest enthusiasm. Their visit to St. John will probably be an event in the musical history of the city and it is to be sincerely hoped that local theatre-



BANDMASTER HASCELL.

goers will show their appreciation by their patronage.

* * *

Jules Cohen's Theatrical Guide gives the following next weeks' dates of companies and actors well known in St. John

Thomas E. Shea, Boston Oct. 9 to 21.
Myrkle-Harder Co, Lancaster, Pa.
Jere McAuliffe, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
Dan Ryan, Paterson, N. J.
San Toy, St. Paul and Minneapolis.
Lewis Morrison, Montreal.

* * *

London theatrical managers are just now greatly disturbed over a new rule for theatres promulgated by the London County Council, which insists that the auditorium during any scene must never be wholly darkened. Unless a compromise be effected it will be impossible to get a dark scene on the stage or even get a moonlight effect.

* * *

Grace George will star in "The Marriage of William Ashe" this season under the management of William A. Brady.

* * *

Mdle. Eugenie Buffet, a well known Paris music hall singer, started recently from Liege, Belgium, to "sing her way



PILES Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and guaranteed cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles. See testimonials in the press and ask your neighbors about it. You can use it and get your money back if not satisfied. 60c, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & Co., Toronto.

DR. CHASE'S OINTMENT.