

MEMOIRS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES,

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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THE MYSTERY OF THE MUSGRAVE RITUAL.

(Continued.)

"And now how was I to proceed to reconstruct this midnight drama? Clearly, only one could fit into the hole, and that one was Brunton. The girl must have waited above. Brunton then unlocked the box, handed up the contents presumably—since they were not to be found—and then—then what happened?"

"What smouldering fire of vengeance had suddenly sprung into flame in this passionate Celtic woman's soul when she saw the man who had wronged her—wronged her, perhaps, far more than we suspected—in her power? Was it a chance that the wood slipped, and that the stone had shut Brunton into what had become his sepulchre? Had she only been guilty of silence as to his fate? Or had some sudden blow from her hand dashed the support away and sent the slab crashing down into its place? Be that as it might, I seemed to see that woman's figure still clutching at her treasure trove and flying wildly up the winding stair, with her ears ringing perhaps with muffled screams from behind her and with the drumming of frenzied hands against the slab of stone which was choking her faithless lover's life out."

"Here was the secret of her blanched

face, her shaken nerves, her peals of hysterical laughter on the next morning. But what had been in the box? What had she done with that? Of course it must have been the old metal and pebbles which my client had dragged from the mere. She had thrown them in there at the first opportunity to remove the last three of her crime."

"For twenty minutes I had sat motionless, thinking the matter out. Musgrave still stood with a very pale face, swinging his lantern and peering down into the hole."

"These are coins of Charles the First," said he, holding out the few which had been in the box, "you see we were right in fixing our date for the Ritual."

"We may find something else of Charles the First," I cried as the probable meaning of the first two questions of the Ritual broke suddenly upon me. "Let me see the contents of the bag which you fished from the mere."

"We ascended to his study, and he laid the debris before me. I could understand his regarding it as of small importance when I looked at it, for the metal was almost black and the stones lustreless and dull. I rubbed one of them on my sleeve, however, and it glowed afterwards like a spark in the dark hollow of my hand. The metal work was in the form of a double ring, but it had been bent and twisted out of its original shape."

"You must bear in mind," said I, "that the royal party made headway in England even after the death of the King, and that when they at last fled they probably left most of their most precious possessions buried behind them, with the intention of returning for them in more peaceful times."

"My ancestor, Sir Ralph Musgrave, was a prominent cavalier and the right hand man of Charles the Second in his wanderings," said my friend.

"Ah, indeed!" I answered. "Well now, I think that really should give us the last link that we wanted. I must congratulate you on coming into the possession, though in rather a tragic manner, of a relic that is of great intrinsic value, but of even greater importance as an historical curiosity."

"What is it then?" he gasped in astonishment.

"It is nothing less than the ancient crown of the kings of England."

"The crown!"

"Precisely. Consider what the Ritual says. How does it run? 'Whose was it?' 'His who is gone.' That was after the execution of Charles. Then, 'Who shall have it?' 'He who will come.' That was Charles the Second, whose advent was already foreseen. There can, I think, be no doubt that this battered and shapeless diadem once encircled the brows of the royal Stuarts."

"And how came it in the pond?"

"Ah, that is a question that will take

some time to answer. And with that I sketched out to him the whole long chain of surmise and of proof which I had constructed. The twilight had closed in and the moon was shining brightly in the sky before my narrative was finished."

"And how was it then that Charles did not get his crown when he returned?"



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asked Musgrave, pushing back the relic into its linen bag.

"Ah, there you lay your finger upon the one point which we shall probably never be able to clear up. It is likely that the Musgrave who held the secret died in the interval, and by some oversight left this guide to his descendant without explaining the meaning of it. From that day to this it has been handed down from father to son until at last it came within the reach of a man who tore its secret out of it and lost his life in the venture."

"And that's the story of the Musgrave Ritual, Watson. They have the crown down at Hurlstone—though they had some legal bother and a considerable sum to pay before they were allowed to retain it. I am sure that if you mentioned my name they would be happy to show it to you. Of the woman nothing was ever heard, and the probability is that she got out of England and carried herself and the memory of her crime to some land beyond the seas."

(The End.)

A CAPTAIN'S COMPLAINT

Captain Salter of the Parraboro schooner Silver Leaf, which put into this port yesterday out of the storm in the bay, was compelled to enter his vessel at the customs house immediately on his arrival. The captain says that he also was compelled to get a new bill of health from the American consul, when he already had procured one at Port Greville from the representative of the U. S. government there. This, the captain says, was made necessary by the officials at the customs requiring him to enter and clear his vessel. No other ports in the world says Captain Salter would make such strict rules when a vessel is compelled to seek safety. There must be something wrong in dealing out the law in this matter. Formerly a vessel could make a verbal report to the collector which, if made within 24 hours, would suffice. After that they would have to enter and clear.

THE HUNGARIAN CABINET

BUDA PEST, Hungary, Oct. 19.—With the exception of M. Andreas Gyorgy, whose portfolio as minister of agriculture has been given to Baron Arthur Felitsch, the Fejervary cabinet, which was gazetted this morning, is composed of the same members who were appointed by Baron Fejervary on June 13 last.

ANOTHER SERVICE

OTTAWA, Ont., Oct. 19.—(Special)—The department of trade and commerce has received a cable message from a British steamship firm that are forwarding an offer for a steamship service between Canada and New Zealand.

The first degree was exemplified upon five candidates by St. John Council No. 637 Knights of Columbus, last evening. Some time next month the council will have exemplification of the third degree.

COBALT HAS FINE FUTURE

T. J. Drummond Gives His Opinion of Ontario's New Mining Camp.

MONTREAL, Oct. 18.—T. J. Drummond, of Drummond, McCall & Company, vice-president of the Consolidated Lake Superior Company, has returned from Sault Ste. Marie and the Cobalt district, where he has been on a business trip.

Referring to the operations at Sault Ste. Marie, Mr. Drummond stated that the plants were working with smoothness, and they were in every way satisfied with the results.

Mr. Drummond also took occasion to visit the Helen Mine, from which so much good ore is being taken. The development, he said, was well ahead, and the mine is in splendid condition. This year it was expected that no less than 200,000 tons would be taken out.

Speaking of Cobalt, Mr. Drummond stated that the district was getting to look more and more like a mining camp every day. People there are living very largely in tents, and even the Bank of Commerce is doing business under canvas, their branch not yet being ready for occupancy.

In Mr. Drummond's opinion the country was really rich, though he did not take any stock in the fabulous stories which had been told here and there. In his opinion, what they wanted to keep clear of is the mine boomers, who made their business to swoop down upon a new country like a cloud of locusts.

People are coming in crowds, and leaving in crowds also, for the Cobalt district was no exception when it came to shoals of disappointed people. However, if people were conservative and the district properly worked he had no hesitation in saying that a great deal of money would be made.

TRAFALGAR DAY

Local Celebration Opens Tonight with Dinner in White's

Tonight, in White's restaurant, the Sons of England will foregather to do all honor to the 100th anniversary of England's greatest naval triumph—Trafalgar. The dinner promises to be one of the most successful in the history of the society. Good musicians, singers and speakers will be present. The dinner will commence at 8 o'clock.

This will be the first feature of the local celebration of Nelson's centenary, and it will be followed by general observance Saturday—citizens flying flags—a grand smoker and patriotic evening Sunday by the St. George's Society; pulpit references Sunday, and on Sunday morning the attendance of the Sons of England at divine service in St. Mary's church.

TRAFALGAR CENTENARY

Service of Marlborough Lodge, Sons of England, at St. Mary's church, Sunday next, Oct. 22, 11 a. m.—Preacher, the rector, Rev. Dr. Raymond; opening hymn, "All people that on earth do dwell." Venite, Te Deum and Jubilate to Cathedral Chants; Psalm 66 and 124, read responsively; Scripture lessons, 1st Kings viii, 44-61; 1st John iv, v, 7 to the end. Anthem, "Fear not O land, but be glad and rejoice; hymn, 'Praise to our God whose bounteous hand;' hymn, 'Praise the Lord; today we raise.' After the Benediction,

RETURN OF A PRODIGAL

MIDDLETOWN, N. Y., Oct. 19.—Geo. E. Olney, a son of Willis Olney, one of the victims of the mysterious tragedy at the Olney farm, arrived here yesterday to claim a share of his father's estate. He left here years ago and had been given up by the family as dead. He said he had been working in the coal mines of Pennsylvania.

A WAR MEMORIAL

Lord Strathcona Contributes to One Being Organized in Wales—Speaks of Canada's Appreciation.

MONTREAL, Que., Oct. 19.—(Special)—The Star's London correspondent cables: Lord Strathcona who yesterday contributed to the Welsh National war memorial now being organized by the Cardiff Western Mail says Canadians cordially appreciate this recognition of the patriotism of the men of Welsh blood, and of those here and in Canada and the other colonies who laid down their lives for the empire in South Africa.

Going to Bed Hungry

It Is All Wrong and Man Is the Only Creature That Does It.

The complete emptiness of the stomach during sleep adds greatly to the amount of emaciation, sleeplessness and general weakness so often met with. There is a perpetual change of tissues in the body, sleeping or waking, and the supply of nourishment ought to be somewhat continuous and food taken just before retiring, adds more tissue than is destroyed, and increased weight and vigor is the result. Dr. W. T. Cabell says: "All animals except man eat before sleep and there is no reason in Nature why man should form the exception of the rule."

If people who are thin, nervous and sleepless would take a light lunch of bread and milk or oatmeal and cream and at the same time take a safe, harmless stomach remedy like Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in order to aid the stomach in digesting it, the result will be a surprising increase in weight, strength and general vigor. The only drawback has been that thin, nervous, dyspeptic people cannot digest and assimilate wholesome food at night or any other time. For such it is absolutely necessary to use Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets, because they will digest the food, no matter how weak the stomach may be, nourishing the body and resting the stomach at the same time.

Dr. Stevenson says: "I depend almost entirely on Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets in treating indigestion, because it is not a quack nostrum, and I know just what they contain, a combination of vegetable essences, pure pepsin. They cure Dyspepsia and stomach troubles, because they can't help but cure." Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by druggists everywhere at 50 cents per package. They are in lozenge form, pleasant to take, and contain nothing but pure pepsin, vegetable essences and bismuth, scientifically compounded. Your druggist will tell you they give universal satisfaction.

"You say you did nothing that was questionable to secure your election?" said the frank acquaintance.

"Absolutely nothing," answered Senator Sorghum. "I put myself in the hands of my friends. But I made sure they were friends who wouldn't allow me to get left."—Washington Star.

STATE BALL FOR PRINCE

Fredericton Function for Battenburg Will Take This Form—Approaching Society Wednesday.

Fredericton, N. B., Oct. 19.—(Special)—Col. H. H. McLean, A. D. C., to the lieutenant governor, arrived from St. John this evening to make arrangements for the visit of Prince Louis to New Brunswick next week. He had a conference with Private Secretary Barker and T. B. Winslow, secretary of the board of works, in regard to the reception and ball to be held in the legislative buildings in honor of the royal visitor.

It has been decided that the affair shall take the form of a state ball and invitations will be sent out on Tuesday next. Invitations will be extended to the officers of the fleet to attend. Mayor McNally will present the prince with an address of welcome on behalf of the city, at city hall in the afternoon.

D. D. MacLaren came up from St. John tonight to attend a meeting of the directors of the Alex. Gibson Railway and Manufacturing Company at Marysville.

Fredericton, Oct. 19.—What is expected to be one of the most elaborate society events in this city for a long time will be the wedding of Mr. H. Leif Shaw, formerly of the Bank of Nova Scotia, and now treasurer of the Imperial Life Insurance Company at Montreal, and Miss Sadie Thompson, the charming daughter of Senator and Mrs. P. P. Thompson, of this city. The nuptials will be celebrated on Wednesday, Nov. 29th, at the guests will include the Marchioness of Donsgate.

IN VANCOUVER

Mrs. W. C. Sprague Entertains for Miss Fawcett and Miss Emerson.

From the Vancouver Daily Province of recent date we clip the following interesting item:—Mrs. W. C. Sprague gave a delightful dinner on Thursday evening in honor of Miss Grace Fawcett and Miss Molly Emerson, who are her guests.

The hostess wore a becoming white gown and was assisted by Miss Fawcett in a dainty blue frock and Miss Emerson in a charming costume of white silk and chiffon. The drawing room was prettily decorated with red dahlias and trails of ivy, and the floor and music were all that could be wished for. The guests included Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Macaulay, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Nelson, Mr. and Mrs. Bain, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Emerson, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Brydson-Jack, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sprague, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Scott, Mrs. W. W. Sprague, Madame Harrison, Miss MacLaren, Miss Russell (Victoria), Miss Wilson, Miss Burpee, Miss Hilkin, Miss Leeming (Victoria), Miss Doherty, Miss Johnstone, Miss McIntosh, Miss Stirling, Miss Perkins, Miss Bishop, A. G. Stewart, Atwell King, Fred Harris, R. A. Corbet, B. F. Garrett, Robt. Walker, Jack Emmerson, J. B. Allen, Dr. Gibson, Cecil Killam, J. W. Robinson, D. McIntosh.

P. H. Beer and S. F. Hudson, of Charlottetown, are in the city awaiting the arrival of the body of L. L. Beer, who died recently in Winnipeg. The late Mr. Beer was vice-president of the Merchants' Bank of Charlottetown (P.E.I.).

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