

THE RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE
Illustrated by F. D. STEELE

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE EMPTY HOUSE

It was in the spring of the year 1894 that all London was interested, and the fashionable world dismayed, by the murder of the Honorable Ronald Adair under most unusual and inexplicable circumstances. The public has already learned those particulars of the crime which came out in the police investigation, but a good deal was suppressed upon that occasion, since the case for the prosecution was so overwhelmingly strong that it was not necessary to bring forward all the facts. Only now, at the end of nearly ten years, am I allowed to supply those missing links which make up the whole of that remarkable chain. The crime was of interest in itself, but that interest was as nothing to me compared to the fascinating sequel, which afforded me the greatest shock and surprise of any event in my adventurous life. Even now, after this long interval, I find myself thrilling as I think of it, and feeling once more that sudden flood of joy, amazement, and incredulity which utterly submerged my mind. Let me say to that public, which has shown some interest in those glimpses which I have occasionally given them of the thoughts and actions of a very remarkable man, that they are not to blame me if I have not shared my knowledge with them, for I should have considered it my first duty to have done so, had I not been barred by a positive prohibition from my own lips, which was only withdrawn upon the third of last month.

It can be imagined that my close intimacy with Sherlock Holmes had interested me deeply in crime, and that after his disappearance I never failed to read with care the various problems which came before the public. And I even attempted, more than once, for my own private satisfaction, to employ his methods in their solution, though with indifferent success. There was none, however, which appealed to me like this tragedy of Ronald Adair. As I read the evidence at the inquest, which led up to a verdict of wilful murder against some person or persons unknown, I realized more clearly than I had ever done the loss which the community had sustained by the death of Sherlock Holmes. There were points about this strange business which would, I was sure, have specially appealed to him, and the efforts of the police would have been supplemented, or more probably anticipated, by the trained observation and the alert mind of the first criminal agent in Europe. All day, as I drove upon my round, I turned over the case in my mind, and found no explanation which appeared to me to be adequate. At the risk of telling a twice told tale, I will recapitulate the facts as they were known to the public at the conclusion of the inquest.

The Honorable Ronald Adair was the second son of the Earl of Maynooth, at that time governor of one of the Australian colonies. Adair's mother had returned from Australia to undergo the operation for catarrh, and his son, Ronald, and her daughter, and Hilda were living together at 47 Park Lane. The youth moved in the best society—had, so far as was known, no enemies, and no particular vices. He had been engaged to Miss Edith Woodley, of Chesters, but the engagement had been broken off by mutual consent some months before, and there was no sign that it had left any very profound feeling behind it. For the rest the man's life moved in a narrow and conventional circle, for his habits were quiet and his nature unemotional. Yet it was upon this easy-going young aristocrat that death came, in most strange and unexpected form, between the hours of ten and eleven-twenty on the night of March 30, 1894.

Ronald Adair was fond of cards—playing continually, but never for such stakes as would hurt him. He was a member of the Baldwin, the Cavendish, and the Bagatelle card clubs. It was shown that, after dinner on the day of his death, he had played a rubber of whist at the latter club. He had also played there in the afternoon. The evidence of those who had played with him—Mr. Murray, Sir John Hardy, and Colonel Moran—showed that the game was whist, and that there was a fairly equal fall of the cards. Adair might have lost five pounds, but not more. His fortune was a considerable one, and such a loss could not in any way affect him. He had played nearly every day at one club or other, but he was a cautious player, and usually rose a winner. It came out in evidence that, in partnership with Colonel Moran, he had actually won as much as four hundred and twenty pounds in a sitting, some weeks before, from Geoffrey Milner and Lord Balmoral. So much for his recent history as it came out at the inquest.

On the evening of the crime, he returned from the club exactly at ten. His mother and sister were out spending the evening with a relation. The servant deposed that she heard him enter the front room on the second floor, generally used as his sitting-room. She had lit a fire there, and as it smoked she had opened the window. No sound was heard from the room until eleven-twenty, the hour of the return of Lady Maynooth and her daughter. Desiring to say good-night, she attempted to enter her son's room. The door was locked on the inside, and no answer could be got to their cries and knocking. Help was obtained, and the door forced. The unfortunate young man was found lying near the table. His head had been horribly mutilated by an expanding revolver bullet, but no weapon of any sort was to be found in the room. On the table lay two banknotes for ten pounds each, and seventeen pounds ten in silver and gold, the money arranged in little piles of varying amount. There were some figures also upon a sheet of paper, with the names of some club friends opposite to them, from which it was conjectured that before his death he was endeavoring to make out his losses or winnings at cards.

A minute examination of the circumstances served only to make the case more complex. In the first place, no reason could be given why the young man should have fastened the door upon the inside. There was the possibility that the murderer had done this, and had afterwards escaped by the window. The drop was at least twenty feet, however, and a bed of crocuses in full bloom lay beneath. Neither the flowers nor the earth showed any sign of having been disturbed, nor were there any marks upon the narrow strip of grass which separated the house from the road. Apparently, therefore, it was the young man himself who had fastened the door. But how did he come by his death? No one could have climbed up to the window without leaving traces. Suppose a man had fired through the window, he would indeed be a remarkable shot who could with a revolver inflict so deadly a wound. Again, Park Lane is a frequented thoroughfare; there is a cabstand within a hundred yards of the house. No one had heard a shot, and yet there was the dead man, and there the revolver bullet, which had mushroomed out, behind me. When I turned again, Sherlock Holmes was standing smiling at me across my study table. I rose to my feet, stared at him for some seconds in utter amazement, and then it appears that I must have fainted for the first and the last time in my life. Certainly a grey mist swirled before my eyes, and when it cleared I found my collar-ends undone and the tingling aftertaste of brandy upon my lips. Holmes was bending over my chair, his flask in his hand.

"My dear Watson," said the well-remembered voice, "I owe you a thousand apologies. I had no idea that you would be so affected."

"I gripped him by the arms. "Holmes!" I cried. "Is it really you? Can it indeed be that you are alive? Is it possible that you succeeded in climbing out of that awful abyss?"

"Wait a moment," said he. "Are you sure that you are really fit to discuss things? I have given you a serious shock by my unnecessarily dramatic appearance."

"I am all right, but indeed, Holmes, I can hardly believe my eyes. Good heavens! to think that you—of all men—should be standing in my study." Again I gripped him by the sleeve, and felt the thin, sinewy arm beneath it. "Well, you're not a spirit, anyhow," said I. "My dear chap, I'm overjoyed to see you. Sit down, and tell me how you came alive out of that dreadful chasm."

He sat opposite to me, and lit a cigarette in his old, nonchalant manner. He was dressed in the seedy frock-coat of a poor merchant, but the rest of that individual lay in a pile of white hair and old books upon the table. Holmes looked even thinner and keener than of old, but there was a dead-white tinge in his aquiline face which told me that his life recently had not been a healthy one.

"I am glad to stretch myself, Watson," said he. "It is no joke when a tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my dear fellow, have I any ask for your co-operation, a hard and dangerous night's work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when the work is finished."

"I am full of curiosity. I should much prefer to hear now."

"You'll come with me to-night?"

"When you like and where you like."

"This is, indeed, like the old days. We shall have time for a current of dinner before we start. With me, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it."

"You never were in it?"

THE DOOLEY INQUEST

Lengthy Session Held Last Evening—Adjourned Until Monday.

Coroner Kenney's inquest into the death of Richard Dooley was continued last night in the city hall, Carleton. The most of the session was taken up in the examination and cross-examination of the jury.

Frederick Ring of the water department, was first put on the stand. He said that J. Alfred Ring told him about ten minutes before the accident that the trench was unsafe. He thought the bracing insufficient.

Supt. Murdoch described the duties of J. A. Ring, and said that it was part of them to direct the contractor to put in bracing where in his opinion it was required. The witness continued that Ring had expressed himself as impatient at the manner in which Crawford was doing the work.

A good part of the evening was taken up with debates between Recorder Skinner and Daniel Mullin, K. C., over technical points.

Mr. Murdoch thought day's work was superior to contract and better results were obtained.

The inquest was adjourned about 11 o'clock till Monday evening at 7.30.

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Dr. Chase's Ointment, 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

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As soon as the line is sufficiently reduced this special sale will cease.

The Canadian Drug Company Limited, St. John, N. B.

WILL OPEN TODAY New Cliff House and Park Restaurant at Seaside Park to be Ready for Business.

The new building to be known as Cliff House and park restaurant near the shore at Seaside Park will be opened today.

The building measures 70 by 40 feet, is two stories high with verandahs on both stories running the entire length of the building.

On the lower floor there is a 30x20 foot restaurant open and accessible from three sides. A stairway at the western end leads to the upper story. This is open on all sides and gives a commanding view of the shore and bay. There are tables for picnic and private parties on both stories. The building is designed for the pleasure of park patrons and is open to all. There will be found a shelter in case of a change of weather and at all times a delightful place for picnic parties to spread the good things from their baskets. The view of the sea from Cliff house is very fine.

The band will discourse sweet music from this balcony during this afternoon if the weather is fine.

The employees of W. H. Thorne & Co. more than eighty in number, are to have a jolly time this afternoon. A. T. Thorne, of the firm, is to take all hands for a drive to his lake on the Golden Grove Road and picnic there. The idea is a good one and it is certain that the outing with the "boss" will do nothing to destroy the kindly feeling now existing or make interest in the business of "the house" any the less keen.

My observations of No. 47 Park Lane did little to clear up the problem in which I was interested. The house was separated from the street by a low wall and railing, the whole not more than five feet high. It was perfectly easy, therefore, for any one to get into the garden, but the window was entirely inaccessible, since there was no waterpipe or anything which could help the most active man to climb it. More puzzled than ever, I retraced my steps to Kensington. I had not been in my study five minutes when the maid entered to say that a person desired to see me. To my astonishment it was none other than my strange old book collector, his sharp, wizened face peering out from a frame of white hair, and his precious volumes, a dozen of them at least, wedged under his right arm.

"You're surprised to see me, sir," said he, in a strange, croaking voice. "I acknowledged that I was."

"Well, I've a conscience, sir, and when I chanced to see you go into this house, as I came hobbling after you, I thought to myself, 'I'll just step in and see that kind gentleman and tell him that if I was not a bit gruff in my manner there was not any harm meant, and that I am much obliged to him for picking up my books.'"

"You make too much of a trifle," said I. "May I ask how you knew who I was?"

"Well, sir, if it isn't too great a liberty, I am a neighbor of yours, for you'll find my little bookshop at the corner of Church street, and very happy to see you. I am sure. Maybe you collect yourself here. Here's 'British Birds,' and 'Cats,' and 'The Holy War'—a bargain, every one of them. With five volumes you could just fill that gap on that second shelf. It looks untidy, does it not, sir?"

I moved my head to look at the cabinet.

(To be Continued.)

A BOOMERANG EXPLOSIVE

A Connecticut man of an inventive turn once sought an interview with Mr. Root, while the latter was secretary of war, for the purpose of explaining the merits of an explosive he had invented. It would destroy any enemy against which it was directed, he claimed to have the most powerful explosive the world had ever seen. It would destroy any enemy against which it was directed, he claimed to have the most powerful explosive the world had ever seen. It would destroy any enemy against which it was directed, he claimed to have the most powerful explosive the world had ever seen.

PRINCE LOUIS HAS ARRIVED

With a Greeting Belched from Many Cannon Quebec Welcomed Him.

Quebec, Aug. 11.—(Special)—Amid the thunder of guns from the citadel the ships of the second cruiser squadron under command of H. S. S. Prince Louis of Battenburg, arrived in the harbor of Quebec at 4.30 o'clock this afternoon, and cast anchor to remain for a visit which promises to be of the greatest interest in honor of which citizens of the ancient city have made preparations on a grand scale for a round of festivities such as has been seldom witnessed here.

Upon the arrival of the fleet it was received by a salute from the citadel and the salute was replied to by the flagship. Every point of vantage overlooking the river was crowded with those anxious to witness the spectacle of six of the pre-miensehips of the royal navy coming up the river.

A SAILOR DROWNED

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 11.—(Special)—The American fishing schooner M. B. Stetson arrived at St. Peter's (C. B.), today from the banks with the body of one of the crew, Alex. McDonald, who was found dead in his dory Tuesday last with his head hanging over the side in the water. A jury decided death was due to drowning brought about by a fit of epilepsy. Deceased leaves a wife at Gloucester.

COL. WHITE WILL STAY

Ottawa, Aug. 11.—Col. G. Rolt White will remain in St. John as the D. O. C. of district No. 8. The militia council has reconsidered their determination to transfer him to Quebec, and has transferred Col. Roy, of St. Johns (Que.), to that command.

YELLOW FEVER

There were 91 New Cases in New Orleans Yesterday.

New Orleans, Aug. 11.—The official report on the yellow fever situation up to 6 p. m. follows:

New cases today, 91; total cases to date, 608.

Deaths today, 9; total deaths to date, 133.

New sub-foci, 12; total sub-foci to date, 163.

With Surgeon White, of the marine hospital service, expressing no surprise in the number of new cases of fever and expecting that for some time to come there will be a large quota of new cases brought to light daily, the people of New Orleans have made up their minds to await in patience the results of the federal campaign, which is now fairly in swing.

The life of a stegomyia mosquito has not been definitely ascertained. Yellow fever had made so much headway here when it was discovered that many mosquitoes doubtless escaped the disinfecting crusade. These mosquitoes may be expected to transmit the disease for several days longer at least.

Surgeon G. M. Berry, of the marine hospital staff, was stricken today with yellow fever. Because he had been in the Cuban campaign and had yellow fever in Texas he was thought to be immune. He was put in charge of work in the originally infected area where he did yeoman service in disinfecting. There are 85 patients at the emergency hospital today. The death rate in this hospital grows less daily and many patients have been discharged as cured.

Patterson (La.) has 30 cases of yellow fever and financial assistance is said to be needed. Today three yellow fever nurses were sent to Patterson by the state board of health.

In the presence of a congregation of mourners that partly filled the cathedral and with some fifty priests participating in the services, mass was said today for Archbishop Chappelle. Burial in the crypt of the cathedral followed.

Mrs. Hicks—"Don't you think we'd better let Ella take singing lessons?"

Hicks—"Not while I own the adjoining houses."—Judge.

FARM LABORERS' EXCURSIONS

Information of Interest to Intending Excursionists.

This year's wheat crop in Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest has matured early, owing to the very favorable conditions that have prevailed throughout the entire season, and will far exceed in quality and quantity that of previous seasons. It is estimated that no less than 25,000 laborers will be required to assist in the harvesting, and an additional 5,000 as soon as threshing commences.

The farm laborers' excursion from the maritime provinces is the first excursion to be run this year, and laborers from our provinces will therefore have advantage over those from other sections—inasmuch as they will be the first on the ground, and will have the choice of positions and the longest period to work, and it is expected the number to go from the provinces this year will far exceed that of previous years.

The object of this excursion is to assist the farmers of the Northwest in harvesting their crops, and incidentally to enable the excursionists to visit and look over the country—at the same time earning sufficient money to defray the expenses of the trip.

The excursion from the maritime provinces has been arranged as follows:—

From stations in Nova Scotia east of New Glasgow, excursion will be Friday, Aug. 18th. An extra train will leave Sydney at 11.00 a. m., stopping at all stations between Sydney and New Glasgow to pick up excursionists.

From other points in Nova Scotia and from points in New Brunswick, excursion will be on Saturday, August 19th. The I. C. Ry. will start a passenger train from Halifax at 7.00 a. m., which will run through to St. John stopping at all stations to pick up excursionists. Business New Glasgow to Truro and Pictou to Oxford Junction will be carried on regular morning trains to main line junction points. From points north of Moncton to Campbellton, excursionists should proceed to that point by local trains taking Maritime express from Campbellton.

ST. JOHN MAN DROWNED

William C. Johnston was drowned at Coney Island, New York, August 4. He was a native of this city, son of the late Christopher Johnston, and brother of John Johnston, 5 Water street. No particulars have been received. Mr. Johnston had quite a reputation in his younger days for having saved persons from drowning in St. John and vicinity.

DOMINION CHARTERS

Ottawa, Aug. 11.—(Special)—The Nova Scotia Fire Insurance Company and the Acadia Fire Insurance Company, both Nova Scotia corporations, have been granted dominion licenses.

Piles

To prove to you that Dr. Chase's Ointment is a certain and absolute cure for each and every form of itching, bleeding and protruding piles, the manufacturers have guaranteed it. See testimonials in the daily papers. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMONDSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

HUMORS OF HISTORY---116.



Arrest of the Duke of Gloucester. A. D. 1389.

Gloucester's power did not last long; one day the King plucked up courage, seized a favorable opportunity, and deposited him and his friends from their office. Some time afterwards the Duke gave a garden party at Pleshey Castle, and suddenly seized, hurried away and shipped to Calais, where he died suddenly—some say through being placed between two feather beds.

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