The RETURN of SHERLOCK HOLMES

By A. CONAN DOYLE

Illustrated by F. D. STEELE

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THE ADVENTURE OF THE MISSING THREE-QUARTER

We were fairly accustomed to receive weird telegrams at Baker street, but I have a peculiar recollection of one which reached us on a gloomy February morning, some seven or eight years ago, and gave Mr. Sherlock Holmes a puzzled quarter of an hour. It was addressed to him and ran thus:—

"Please await me. Terrible misfortune. Right wing three-quarter missing, indispensable tomorrow.—Overton.

"Strand postmark, and dispatched ten-thirty-six," said Holmes, reading it over and over. "Mr. Overton was evidently considerably excited when he sent it, and somewhat incoherent in consequence. Well, well, he wil be here, I dare say, by the time I have looked through the Times, and then we shall know all about it. Even the most insignificant problem would be welcome in these stagnant days."

Things had indeed been very slow with us, and I had learned to dread such periods of inaction, for I knew by experience that my companion's brain was so abnormally active that it was dangerous to leave it without material upon which to work. For years I had gradually weaned him from that drug mania which had threatened once to check his remarkable career. Now I knew that under ordinary conditions he no longer craved for this artificial stimulus, but I was well aware that the fiend was not dead but sleeping, and I have known that the sleep was a light one and the waking near when in periods of idleness I have seen the drawn look upon Holmes' ascetic face, and the brooding of his deep-set and inscrutable eyes. Therefore I blessed this Mr. Overton, whoever he might be, since he had come with his enigmatic message to break that dangerous calm which brought more peril to my friend than all the storms of his tempestuous life.

As we had expected, the telegram was soon followed by its sender, and the card of Mr. Cyril Overton, Trinity College, Cambridge, announced the arrival of an enormous young man, sixteen stone of solid bone and muscle, who spanned the door-way with his broad shoulders, and looked from one of us to the other with a comely face which was haggard with anxiety.

"Mr. Sherlock Holmes?"

My companion bowed.

"I've been down to Scotland Yard, Mr. Holmes. I saw Inspector Stanley Hopkins. He advised me to come to you. He said the case, so far as he could see, was more in your line than in that of the regular police."

"Pray sit down and tell me what is the matter."

"It's awful, Mr. Holmes—simply awful! I wonder my hair isn't grey. Godfrey Staunton—you've heard of him, of course? He's simply the hinge that the whole team turns on. I'd rather spare two from the pack, and have Godfrey for my three-quarter line. Whether its passing or tackling, or dribbling, there's no one to touch him, and then, he's got the head, and can hold us all together. What am I to do? That's what I ask you, Mr. Holmes. There's Moorhouse, first reserve, but he is trained as a half, and he always edges right in on to the scrum instead of keeping out on the touchline. He's a fine place-kick, it's true, but then he has no judgment, and he can't sprint for nuts. Why, Morton or Johnson, the Oxford fliers, could romp round him. Stevenson is fast enough, but he couldn't drop from the twenty-five line, and a three-quarter who can't either punt or drop isn't worth a place for pace alone. No, Mr. Holmes, we are done unless you can help me to find Godfrey Staunton."

My friend had listened with amused surprise to this long speech, which was poured forth with extraordinary vigor and earnestness, every point being driven home by the slapping of a brawny hand upon the speaker's knee. When our visitor was silent Holmes stretched out his hand and took down letter "S" of his commonplace book. For once he dug in vain into that mine of varied information.

"There is Arthur H. Staunton, the rising young forger," said he, "and there was Henry Staunton, whom I helped to hang, but Godfrey Staunton is a new name to me."

It was our visitor's turn to look surprised.

"Why, Mr. Holmes, I thought you knew things," said he. "I suppose, then, if you have never heard of Godfrey Staunton, you don't know Cyril Overton either?"

Holmes shook his head good humoredly.

"Great Scot!" cried the athlete, "Why, I was first reserve for England against Wales, and I've skippered the 'Varsity all this year. But that's nothing! I didn't think there was a soul in England who didn't know Godfrey Staunton, the crack three-quarter, Cambridge, Blackheath, and five Internationals. Good Lord! Mr. Holmes, where have you lived?"

Holmes laughed at the young giant's naive astonishment.

"You live in a different world to me, Mr. Overton — a sweeter and healthier one. My ramifications stretch out into many sections of society, but never, I am happy to say, into amateur sport, which is the best and soundest thing in England. However, your unexpected visit this morning shows me that even in that world of fresh air and fair play, there may be work for me to do. So now, my good sir, I beg you to sit down and to tell me, slowly and quietly, exactly what it is that has occurred, and how you desire that I should help you."

Young Overton's face assumed the bothered look of a man who is more accustomed to using his muscles than his wits, but by degrees, with many repetitions and obscurities which I may omit from his narrative, he laid his strange story before us.

"It's this way, Mr. Holmes. As I have said, I am skipper of the Rugger team of Cambridge 'Varsity, and Godfrey Staunton is my best man. Tomorrow we play Oxford. Yesterday we all came up, and we settled at Bentley's private hotel. At ten o'clock I went round and saw that all the fellows had gone to roost, for I believe in strict training and plenty of



The Missing Three-Quarter.

sleep to keep a team fit. I had a word or two with Godfrey before he turned in. He seemed to me to be pale and bothered. I asked him what was the matter. He said he was all right — just a touch of headache. I bade him good-night and left him. Half an hour later, the porter tells me that a rough-loking man with a beard called with a note for Godfrey. He had not gone to bed, and the note was taken to his room. Godfrey read it, and fell back in a chair as if he had been pole-axed. The porter was so scared that he was going to fetch me, but Godfrey stopped him, had a drink of water, and pulled himself together. Then he went downstairs, said a few words to the man who was waiting in the hall, and the two of them went off together. The last that the porter saw of them, they were almost running down the street in the direction of the Strand. This morning Godfrey's room was empty, his bed had never been slept in, and his things were all just as I had seen them the night before. He had gone off at a moment's notice with this stranger, and no word has come from him since. I don't believe he will ever come back. He was a sportsman, was Godfrey, down to his marrow, and he wouldn't have stopped his training and let in his skipper if it were not for some cause that was too strong for him. No: I feel as though he were gone for good, and we should never see him again."

Sherlock Holmes listened with the deepest attention to this singular narrative.

"What did you do?" he asked.

"I wired to Cambridge to learn if anything had been heard of him there. I have had an answer. No one has seen him."

"Could he have got back to Cambridge?

"Yes, there is a late train—quarter past eleven."

"But so far as you can ascertain, he did not take it?"

"No, he has not been seen."

"What did you do next?"

"I wired to Lord Mount-James."

"Why to Lord Mount-James?"

"Godfrey is an orphan, and Lord Mount-James is his nearest relative—his uncle I believe."

"Indeed. This throws new light on the matter. Lord Mount-James is one of the richest men in England."

"So I've heard Godfrey say."

"And your friend was closely related?"

"Yes, he was his heir, and the old boy is nearly eighty—cram full of gout, too. They say he could chalk his billiard cue with his knuckles. He never allowed Godfrey a shilling in his life, for he is an absolute miser, but it will all come to him right enough."

"Have you heard from Lord Mount-James?"

"No."

"What motive could your friend have in going to Lord Mount-James?"

"Well, something was worrying him the night before, and if it was to do with money it is possible that he would make for his nearest relative who had so much of it, though from all I have heard he would not have had much chance of getting it. Godfrey was not fond of the old man. He would not go if he could help it."

"Well, we can soon determine that. If your friend was going to his relative, Lord Mount-James, you have then to explain the visit of this rough-looking fellow at so late an hour, and the agitation that was caused by his coming."

Cyril Overton pressed his hands to his head. "I can make nothing of it," said he.

"Well, well, I have a clear day, and I shall be happy to look into the matter," said Holmes. "I should strongly recommend you to make your preparations for your match without reference to this young gentleman. It must, as you say, have been an overpowering necessity which tore him away in such a fashion, and the same necessity is likely to hold him away. Let us step round together to the hotel, and see if the porter can throw any fresh light upon the matter."

(To be continued).

THE OLD ELECTRIC FAN

I.

When the air is growing hot,
When the breeze is blowing not,
When the brain is fairly sizzling in its pan,
Oh, it's then I think a while
And it's then I wear a smile
As I polish up my old electric fan!

II.

Oh, electric fan of mine,
Oh, electric fan so fine,
You're a sweeter song than sweetest Jenny Lind!
Sound of birdland, voice of stream
I can hear as in a dream,
And the pine-harps, played by fingers of the wind.

III.

Sing away, electric one,
Sing away till summer's done,
Sing away the cares and worries of a man,
When 'tis cooler you shall be
Snugly stored and carefully,
Warmly stored from winter's chill, electric fan.

—Newark Evening News.

THE PACE IN CHICAGO

A Chicago paper gives the following in regard to the pace in its city:—

A death every 15 minutes.
A birth every 8 minutes and 27 seconds.
A murder every 70 hours.
A suicide every 18 hours.
A serious accident, necessitating nurse's or physician's care, every four minutes.
A fatal accident every five hours.
A case of assault and battery every 26 minutes.
A burglary every three hours.
A holdup every six hours.
A disturbance of the peace, to attract attention, every six seconds.
A larcency every 20 minutes.
An arrest every seven minutes and 30 seconds.
A fire every hour.
An arrest for drunkenness every 15 minutes.
A case for the coroner every three hours.

OUTDOORS

Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks;
Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread
His first sweet evening yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
Come, hear the woodland linnet,
How sweet his music! on my life,
There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things,
Let Nature be your teacher.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil, and of good,
Than all the sages can.

Enough of science and of art,
Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
That watches and receives.

—Wordsworth.

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 press and ask your neighbors what they think of it. You can use it and get your money back if not cured. 60c a box, at all dealers or EDMANSON, BATES & CO., Toronto.

Dr. Chase's Ointment

When You Feel Out of Sorts

Look for the Symptoms of Torpid Liver and Biliousness.

Biliousness is caused by the failure of the liver to filter the bile and other poisonous impurities from the blood. The result is a clogging and poisoning of the whole system.

Indigestion, headache, languid, melancholy feelings, irritability of temper, constipation, alternating with looseness of the bowels, pains in the muscles and bones and a pale, sallow complexion are among the symptoms.

Fortunately there is prompt and certain cure for biliousness and torpid liver in Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

They cure by thoroughly cleansing the filtering and excretory systems and awakening the action of the liver to renewed energy and activity.

When you feel out of sorts and notice any of the symptoms of torpid liver and biliousness put Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to the test, and you will then understand why this great medicine is considered indispensable in the great majority of homes.

Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

THE FREDERICTON BRIDGE

Engineer Wetmore, of the provincial department of public works, who is in the city, says that the Fredericton bridge will probably be ready for traffic in a week or ten days. Thursday night the workmen were well across with the piling on the first span, from the Fredericton side, and the flooring is being extended as fast as the piling is in.

A survey of the bed is now being made, and as soon as the temporary bridge is finished the work of constructing the two new spans on a permanent basis will go on. It is quite probable these will be of steel. At least one masonry pier will be built. It is uncertain whether the department will this season build anew all three on which the new spans will rest.

Mr. Wetmore was called here from Fredericton to consult with Premier Tweedie and the commissioners respecting the work on the Central Railway.

A POSTSCRIPT

(Washington Post).

The late Gen. Benjamin F. Butler told the following on himself:

Several years after the war the general had occasion to visit Georgia, and from a town on the railroad took a two-seated rameshackle vehicle, driven by a typical southern darky, for his place of destination.

The general entered into conversation with the driver, and learned that he was one of eleven boys, and that he had a twin brother. He asked the driver his name.

"Abraham Lincoln Backus," was the answer.

"A fine noble name," said the general. The driver was quiet a moment, then suddenly said: "Wat yo' think dat twin brudder's name is?"

"I have no idea," said the general.

"His name is Benjamin F. Butler Backus."

The general appreciated the compliment, and was thinking it over, when the driver added: "Boss, I was always glad dat I was born fust."

TWO POISONS

(Exchange).

Col. John H. George of Concord, N. H., was one of the most prominent lawyers in his state. His wit was of the keenest, and he was prompt in repartee. He was an aggressive Democrat, and a popular speaker. He used to tell this story on himself:

On one occasion while waiting at a railroad station he met a farmer who was an old acquaintance. After exchanging greeting, the farmer said to him: "How is it that you retain your youthful appearance?" to which Col. George replied facetiously, "I drink New England rum and vote the Democratic ticket."

"Yes, I see; one pizen neutralizes t'other," said the farmer.

ABSURD DIFFIDENCE

(Hartford Courant.)

Craven Laycock, professor of oratory at Dartmouth College, enjoys the acquaintance of many of the prominent men of New England. He relates the following story:

Choate, "Tom" Reed and Bourke Cockran were dining together in New York a number of years ago, and during the progress of the dinner Choate said:

"I am glad that I can say that I have kept the promise I made my mother that I would never smoke, chew nor drink."

"I wish I was able to say that," said Cockran.

"Why don't you?" remarked Reed. "Choate does."

No Breakfast Table complete without

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An admirable food, with all its natural qualities intact, fitted to build up and maintain robust health, and to resist winter's extreme cold. It is a valuable diet for children.

COCOA

The Most Nutritious and Economical.

TOMORROW IN THE CHURCHES

Following is the church directory of St. John. Unless otherwise noted, the hours of service will be 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Changes of church notices must be in the office not later than 7 o'clock Friday night to ensure insertion:

Church of England.

St. George's, West End—Rev. W. H. Sampson, rector.

St. Jude's—Rev. G. F. Scovil, rector; 8, 11 and 7.

St. James—Rev. A. D. Dewdney, rector. Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Holy Communion at the evening service. All seats free.

St. Paul's—Holy Communion, 8 a. m.; morning prayer, 11 a. m; evening prayer, 7 p. m.; preacher at both the morning and evening service, the rector, the Rev. A. G. Hamilton Dicker.

Mission—Rev. Canon Richardson at 8 a. m., and Rev. G. R. E. McDonald at 11 a. m.

Trinity—Rev. Canon Richardson, rector; Rev. G. R. E. MacDonald. Celebration of the Holy Communion at 8; morning service at 11.05; evening service, when all seats are free, 7. The rector in the morning and Mr. MacDonald in the evening.

St. John (Stone)—Rector, Rev. Gustav A. Kuhring; 11 a. m., morning prayer; 7 p. m., evening prayer with Holy Communion; preacher morning, the rector; preacher evening, Rev. Allen Daniel, rector of Rothesay. Seats free Sunday evening.

Presbyterian.

St. Andrew's—Rev. David Long, M. A., B. D., pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

St. David's—Minister, Rev. A. A. Graham, M. A., B. D. Sabbath services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m., Rev. Dr. Morison, of Chicago, former minister of St. David's church, will preach at both services.

Calvin—Pastor, Rev. Allan S. Reid. Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Reformed Presbyterian—Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. by Rev. J. T. Mitchell, of Beaver Falls (Pa.)

Methodist.

Zion—Rev. Thomas Pierce, pastor. The Rev. W. W. Lodge at 11; the pastor will preach in the evening to be followed by a brief address from Rev. Dr. Wilson, giving some particulars of the earlier history of the church, this being the 47th anniversary of its dedication.

Centenary—Services 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Rev. Howard Sprague, D. D., in the morning and Rev. James Henderson, D. D., of Toronto, in the evening.

Carleton—Rev. H. D. Marr, pastor; Rev. Prof. Redell, of Edmonton College, at 11 a. m. and the pastor in the evening.

Fairville—Rev. T. J. Deinstadt, pastor; services 11 a. m., by the pastor, and at 7 p. m. by F. G. Stephenson, M. D., of Toronto.

Exmouth street—Rev. C. W. Hamilton, pastor; services 11 a. m., Rev. Jas. Henderson, D. D., of Toronto, and at 7 p. m., Rev. E. A. Westmoreland.

Portland—Rev. S. Howard, B. D., pastor; services 11 a. m. by F. G. Stephenson, M. D., of Toronto, teacher of Young People's Forward Movement for Missions, and at 7 p. m. by Rev. C. W. Hamilton.

Queen square—Rev. G. M. Campbell, 11 a. m., Rev. Prof. Reddell, of Edmonton, Alberta, at 7 p. m.; sacrament of the Lord's supper at close of evening service.

Baptist.

Waterloo street F. BaptistRev. A. J. Prosser, pastor; preaching at 11 and 7.

The Tabernacle—Minister, Rev. P. J. Stackhouse, B. D., at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Evening subject, "Character and Environment." All seats free.

Germain street—Rev. G. O. Gates, D. D., pastor; services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Leinster street—Pastor, Christopher Burnett, in the morning, and Rev. J. F. Floyd in the evening.

Christian.

Douglas avenue—J. Chas. B. Appel, minister; services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

Coburg street—J. F. Floyd, minister; services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. In the evening Rev. Christopher Burnett and the pastor will preach in the Leinster street Baptist church.

Catholic.

Cathedral—Rt. Rev. Dr. Casey, D. D.; Rev. A. W. Meahan; 7.30, 9 and 11; vespers at 3.15 p. m.

St. Peter's, North End (Redemptorists)—6, 7.30, 9 and 10.30; vespers at 7.30 p. m.

Holy Trinity—Rev. J. J. Walsh; 8 and 10; vespers at 7.

St. John the Baptist—Rev. W. F. Chapman, V. G.; 8 and 10; vespers at 7 p. m.

Church of the Assumption, West End—Rev. J. J. O'Donovan.

Other Services.

Congregational Church—Rev. W. S. Pritchard, B. A., pastor; services at 11 a.m. and 7 p. m.; morning subject: "Burden Bearing;" evening subject: "Building Bigger Barns."

STATISTICS OF A LOVE EPISODE

I.—He wrote her a note. Thirty words.

II.—She wrote him one. Thirty-six words.

III.—He wrote a two-page, chatty letter.

IV.—She replied with three pages of the same.

V.—He wrote four pages of tender sentiments.

VI.—She wrote six of the same stuff.

VII.—He wrote eight pages of love and passion.

VIII.—She countered with 10 of the same sort.

IX.—He wrote 20 pages of passionate endearment.

X.—She penned 26 pages of soft yearning.

(Then he paid her a visit.)

XI.—He wrote a note.

XII.—Her lawyer wrote a short letter.

XIII.—He paid up and the case was dismissed.

30 Cash Prizes.

It is really wonderful to hear people talk of the great relief that Foot Elm gives to those who suffer from tired, aching, sweaty, blistered, parboiled, tender feet, and in order to more thoroughly introduce it we are offering 30 prizes ($1.00 to $25.00) to those who use it. Send stamp for particulars or 25c. box of 18 powders. Dept. 10, STOTT & JURY, Bowmanville, Ont.

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Abbey's Effervescent Salt

will protect the system against changes of climate, diet and water. It cleans the stomach—stirs up the liver—cures Constipation—will help you to get all the good you should out of your summer trip.

Take a bottle with you. 25c. and 60c.—at all druggists.



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The upper and lower sections are disconnected and overlap. There is an elastic gore on each side.

And so with every motion of the body there is instantaneous adjustment.

This is a corset of perfect ease, superior grace, and stylish elegance.

And it positively will not break at the waist.

Don't forget what to ask for—

THE CREST.

Price of D. & A. Crest Corset—$1.25.

Dominion Corset Mfg. Company

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Call and see the display in our showroom, comprising a large variety of excellent values.

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

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50c. Per Bottle.

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Hawker's Tonic,

"The Great Invigorator."

Made of Purely Vegetable Ingredients. A Palatable, Purifying Remedy for Half Sick Folks.

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